

# BLOOD ON THE MOON

Screen Play

by

Lillie Hayward

Behind the CREDIT TITLES we see, through a drizzle which casts a misty haze over scene, a man (Jim Garry) riding along the ridge of a range of western mountains, silhouetted against a rain-drenched sky. He wears a slicker and leans forward a little, bending his head against the rain. Reaching f.g. he rides forward to where the mesa abruptly sheers off to the plain below, pulls up alongside a tree growing at the edge of the mesa as the last CREDIT TITLE FADES.

It is dusk and the period is somewhere in the late 1860's.

- 1 CLOSE SHOT - Jim looking down at the valley below. He is tall, lean, good-looking - his seat in the saddle that of a born horseman. Both man and horse are wet and weary as though they'd come a long, hard journey. Jim has a two days' growth of beard. There is a blanket roll and saddle bags tied behind his saddle - a rifle close at hand.

EXT. MASSACRE BASIN - DUSK

- 2 SHOOTING DOWN (FROM Jim's ANGLE.) A long vista of the valley as seen through the rain, stretching out to rolling pine-covered hills with snow-capped mountains beyond. A sluggish stream, flanked by cottonwoods, ribbons its way through the floor of the valley.
- 3 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, unheeded of the rain, sits for a moment gazing thoughtfully down into the valley.
- 4 CLOSEUP. His horse turns, regards him with a look.
- 5 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim turns, sees the horse looking at him, pats him comfortingly. Then he looks off for a spot to camp, turns the horse, heads for it as the rain begins to fall in earnest.

DISSOLVE

CLOSE SHOT - night. On a flickering campfire, Jim's hand fanning the feeble flame with his sodden hat. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Jim in the camp which he has pitched on a strip of grass. He has taken off his slicker and now wears only a sheepskin-lined coat, and has rigged up a tarp lean-to as a shelter for himself and his outfit in the lee of a clump of rain-drenched aspens. His horse, its saddle removed, is standing nearby, nibbling grass. The fire finally takes hold, flames leaping up. Jim warms his cold hands over it for a moment, then sets an old black iron coffee pot to boil. This done, he sits down on his bedroll, starts to take off his wet boots.

7 MED. SHOT - he yanks them off with a rueful expression, places them upside down on a couple of sticks in front of the fire, then reaches for a canvas sack of hard tack.

8 CLOSE SHOT - he takes out a piece, starts munching on it. Presently he becomes aware of a low, rumbling SOUND, lifts his head to listen. Then the earth trembles with the mounting beat of advancing hoofs. He turns, stares off in startled disbelief.

EXT. RAVINE - DUSK

9 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. An IMPRESSIONISTIC SHOT as seen through the rain and dimly outlined against the dark sky. Coming down the narrow ravine, is a herd of thirty bellowing, stampeding cattle, headed straight for Jim.

10 CLOSE SHOT. Jim reacts to the impending danger, jumps to his feet.

11 A WIDER ANGLE as he lunges for a slope.

12 FULL SHOT. He has just time to grab hold of a young aspen and pull himself up to safety when the herd hits his camp, funneling through it with the annihilating force of an avalanche. They are gone in twenty seconds, taking Jim's startled horse with them, scattering his outfit in every direction.

LH  
13

3

CLOSE SHOT - Jim. His face setting a little grimly. He turns, slides down the slope to his camp, CAMERA MOVING WITH him. As he reaches it his stocking feet sink in the mud churned by the cattle.

14

ANOTHER ANGLE as he surveys the ruined camp. Nothing is left of it but the muddy hump of his saddle. The tarp is in tatters. He looks around for his boots, sees one sticking out of the mud. He pulls it out, scrapes off a little of the mud and is about to put it on, when from o.s. comes the SOUND of an approaching horse.

15

A WIDER ANGLE. It heaves into sight, silhouetted against the sky, rears back on its haunches as the rider, a seamy-faced range cowboy, sees Jim standing directly in his path and pulls up short.

16

MED. SHOT. For a second neither man speaks - then the rider, Bart Daniels, ventures cautiously.

BART

Who's that?

Jim doesn't answer, leans back against a tree, pulls on his boot.

BART (cont'd) (1)

(curtly)

Put a light on yourself.

JIM (2)

With what?

He starts fishing around in the mud for his other boot. Bart seems mollified by his retort, rides a little closer, dismounts. But Jim notices that he carries his rifle and is careful not to get too close to him.

17

MED. CLOSE SHOT - featuring Bart, who now sees the remains of the ruined camp.

BART (3)

Man, man. I didn't know that.

JIM (4)

(pointedly)

I had a fire..

(CONTINUED)

BART  
(nodding off  
after cattle)  
I couldn't a stopped 'em if I'd  
seen it.

Jim makes no comment, continues the search for his boot,  
his companion watching him in puzzled wariness.

BART (cont'd) (5)  
Don't think I've seen you  
around here before, have I?

JIM (6)  
Nope.

He reaches down into the mud, but instead of coming up  
with his boot, he brings up his mud-covered gun.

18 CLOSEUP - Bart, tensing at the sight of the gun.

19 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Jim scrapes a little of the mud off  
the gun, sets it carefully alongside a tree, continues  
the search for his boot. Bart watches him with  
mounting suspicion.

BART (7)  
Come over the peaks?

JIM (8)  
With an outfit.

He finds his boot, spills out the water.

BART (9)  
What are you doing here?

JIM (10)  
(with an  
expressionless  
face - pulling  
on boot)  
I'm waitin' till you get out of  
camp. Then I'll roll in -- if  
I can find my blankets.

He looks around for them, locates a tattered remnant.  
Bart watches him, trying to figure out who he is.

(CONTINUED)

BART (11)

(finally)

You can't stay here without  
horse or grub -- our camp's  
just below -- maybe you better  
come along.

(nodding to  
his horse)

We can make it double that far.

Jim straightens up, gives Bart a long, level look.

JIM (12)

All right - I guess I can do  
with a cup of coffee.

He tosses the blanket back in the mud. Bart leads the  
horse over to him. Jim picks up his rifle, starts to  
mount.

DISSOLVE

EXT. APPROACH TO JOHN LUFTON'S CAMP - NIGHT

20 FULL SHOT. The rain has died down to a drizzle. Jim  
and Bart ride into scene, approach f.g. Jim, in front  
of Bart, is looking off toward the camp o.s.

EXT. JOHN LUFTON'S LINE CAMP - NIGHT

21 A MOVING SHOT of the camp from Jim's ANGLE. All we can  
see is a group of men around a campfire and the  
silhouette of half a dozen horses, grazing in a meadow  
at the edge of the camp. These latter snort at the  
approach of Bart and his companion, which causes a  
couple of the men to get quickly to their feet and,  
rifle in hand, move into the surrounding shadows.

BART'S VOICE (13)

Hey! It's me -- Bart.

EDGE OF CAMP - NIGHT

22 MED. SHOT. They ride into camp. Bart halts and he  
and Jim dismount, start over to the campfire, Bart  
leading his horse.

## EXT. LUFTON'S CAMP - NIGHT

23 MED. FULL SHOT. We now see that a big slanting tarp has been rigged between two trees facing the fire. A tall figure moves into the circle of fire-light as Jim and Bart come up. This is John Lufton - a rugged, keen-eyed greying man in his early fifties. Cap Willis, his foreman, appears at his elbow. A little older than Lufton, Cap is short and stocky, grey-haired and tough as spit. The two riflemen return from the shadows but keep a tight grip on their rifles.

24 GROUP SHOT. Lufton gives Jim an inquisitive glance, turns to Bart who answers his unspoken question.

BART (14)

I dunno. I was bringin' my gather down the creek when they cleaned out his camp -- I brung him along.

Lufton nods approvingly, regards Jim with cool appraisal. Jim, aware of the hostile atmosphere of the camp, looks at the men with a kind of brash curiosity.

LUFTON (15)

(to Jim)

Come over the peaks?

JIM (16)

That's right.

LUFTON (17)

Why didn't you take the pass?

JIM (18)

(easily)

There's no law says a man has to stick to a wagon road, is there?

Lufton doesn't answer for a moment as if adjusting his judgment.

LUFTON (19)

My men caught your horse. It's branded Lazy J....I don't know it.

JIM (20)

(quietly)

Don't you?

(CONTINUED)

Cap takes a step towards him. The men tighten their grip on their guns.

LUFTON (21)

Wait, Cap --

Cap steps back but watches Jim warily. Jim looks from him to the rest of the grim-faced group, a half smile crinkling the corners of his mouth.

JIM (22)

Make a fellow feel right at home, don't you?

Lufton studies Jim appraisingly, then speaks.

LUFTON (23)

All right -- my name's Lufton -  
John Lufton--

(nodding to Cap)

This is Cap Willis, my foreman.  
A month ago nobody would have  
asked you any questions. It's  
different now. Who are you?

Jim sees that Lufton has provided a graceful exit, considers it a moment, then answers quietly.

JIM (24)

Jim Garry. Lazy J is a Texas  
brand.

LUFTON (25)

Headed for Sun Dust?

JIM (26)

(nodding)

That's right.

LUFTON (27)

Know anybody there?

JIM (28)

(after a slight  
hesitation)

Nope --

Again Lufton gives him a sharply appraising look, then relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

LUFTON (29)

All right -- I apologize -  
(with a wry grin)

-- for my steers.  
(then briskly)

We'll replace your outfit...  
(indicating tarp)

Make yourself comfortable.  
(then to cook)

Joe, rustle up some grub.

25 FULL SHOT - The men move into the shelter of the tarp, Lufton going over to the chuck wagon with Joe, the camp cook. Jim sinks gratefully down on a bed roll beside the fire.

26 GROUP SHOT - He sets his rifle against the bed roll beside him, takes off his hat and with his neckerchief wipes the water off his face, neck and hair. Lufton's men on the other side of the fire watch him, their expression still wary and guarded. Paying no attention to them, Jim picks up his gun, starts carefully cleaning off the mud. Lufton comes into scene with two cups of coffee, hands him one.

LUFTON (30)

A rotten night.

JIM (31)

(putting gun  
down)

Yeah.

Lufton seats himself alongside with the second cup.

27 TWO SHOT - Lufton and Jim.

LUFTON

I'm sorry we had to be so rough  
with you, Garry. But you're a  
loose rider and we've got to watch  
them these days.

Jim pauses with his cup half way to his mouth, looks questioningly at Lufton.

(CONTINUED)

LUFTON (cont'd) (32)  
(with wry humor)  
It's a little argument over  
grazing land.

JIM (33)  
Oh --

At this point the cook brings Jim a plate of food and  
as scene proceeds he eats.

28 MED. SHOT - featuring Lufton.

LUFTON (34)  
For five years I've been supplying  
the beef to feed the Indians here  
on the Reservation. This year  
they've got a new agent - fellow  
named Pindalest.  
(a little grimly)  
He's rejected my beef and is  
kicking me off the Reservation grass.

Jim ponders this briefly. It doesn't quite satisfy  
him.

JIM (35)  
That doesn't explain about the  
loose riders.

LUFTON (36)  
No - not in itself - but I haven't  
any graze to move to except what  
I used to claim in the Basin across  
the river -- and there seems to be  
a little difference of opinion now  
as to who owns that -- me or the  
homesteaders that have been  
drifting in.

JIM (37)  
(nodding)  
I see ....

LUFTON (38)  
(nodding)  
Yeah. Now that I need my graze  
it's taken.  
(grimly)  
I'm moving back.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (39)

They'll fight.

LUFTON (40)

(with a  
grim smile)

I reckon they will.

(rising)

They say they will, now that  
they've been told they ought to.

29 A WIDER ANGLE. Jim stops eating, looks up at him with  
a puzzled expression.

LUFTON (41)

(explaining)

A newcomer moved in this summer.  
He's got 'em organized. Name's  
Riling.

30 CLOSEUP of Jim. For a split second there is a flicker  
in his eye and then it's gone.

JIM (42)

That still doesn't explain about  
the loose riders.

31 GROUP SHOT.

LUFTON (43)

(meaningly)

He's bringing gunmen in.

Jim realizes from the way Lufton waits, what he's  
driving at. He glances off at the punchers who are  
eyeing him grim-faced. He sets his plate on the  
ground with a deliberate movement, but speaks equably.

JIM (44)

Nobody can blame you for being  
careful.

LUFTON (45)

(quietly - with  
underlying grimness)

I'm afraid you don't get it.

JIM (46)

Get what?

(CONTINUED)

LUFTON (47)

This. It's work for me or --  
ride on out of the country.

JIM (48)

(after a  
slight pause)  
And if I don't?

LUFTON

I'll give you a day in Sun Dust  
and then -- you'd better drift.....

Jim's glance shuttles from Lufton to his men on whose  
faces is the same grim challenge as on Lufton's.

LUFTON (cont'd) (49)

(mildly)  
Sleep on it, Garry.

He exits out of scene.

32 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He looks after him a moment  
thoughtfully, then mechanically reaches for his gun,  
resumes cleaning it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. LUFTON'S CAMP - MORNING

33 FULL SHOT. A beautiful sunny morning has followed the  
rainy night. The crew is getting ready for the day's  
work while Jim, a new outfit behind his saddle, leads  
his horse over to the chuck wagon where Lufton is  
having a cup of coffee. Behind Lufton and the chuck  
wagon, we can see the wide valley spread out below --  
the Massacre River ribboning its way through cottonwoods

34 MED. SHOT.

JIM (50)

(to Lufton)  
Much obliged for the outfit.

LUFTON (51)

(quietly)  
Well, Garry - working for me?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (52)

(mildly)  
No - I think I'll be drifting.

LUFTON

It's your choice.

Jim nods, his expression sober.

LUFTON (cont'd) (53)

Mind leaving a note at Block house  
with the women folk? That's my  
place over in the Basin - it's  
on your way.

JIM (54)

Be glad to.

Lufton tears a label off a large tomato can, writes  
the note while Jim makes a final adjustment of his  
outfit. Lufton folds the note, hands it to him.

LUFTON (55)

Thanks -- and good luck.

Jim puts the note in his pocket, gets on his horse.

35 A WIDER ANGLE. He makes a gesture of farewell, rides  
out of camp, Lufton looking after him with a quizzical  
expression on his face. Cap moves into scene - also  
watches Jim ride off.

DISSOLVE

36 OMITTED

EXT. RIVER (THE MASSACRE) - DAY

37 FULL SHOT. Jim comes leisurely down the slope to the  
river's edge, rides into the shallow water at a  
willow-fringed ford. CAMERA MOVES IN to a MED. SHOT  
as he gives the horse his head and lets him drink.

38 CLOSE SHOT. Jim. He reaches into his pocket for the  
makings to roll a cigarette, brings up Lufton's note  
with the tobacco sack. He glances at it briefly, then,  
with a shrug, puts it back in his pocket without opening  
it. He proceeds to roll the cigarette when the CRACK  
of a rifle is heard exploding in the stillness.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim, as a geyser of water leaps up beside his horse. Without moving, he looks off across the river.

40 LONG SHOT - FROM Jim's ANGLE on a thicket of willows across the river as a telltale wisp of smoke drifts up.

41 MED. CLOSE SHOT - on Jim. He has located the spot from which the shot issued. Still he doesn't move. The only SOUND is his horse slobbering water.

JIM  
(calling off)  
Hold it! I'm riding through.

The answer is a second shot at his horse's feet, sending the water in its face. Slow anger mounts in Jim's face and again he calls off.

JIM (cont'd) (56)  
Come out and talk.

A third shot follows on the heels of his call. It flicks his Stetson, hits the rocks behind him and whines off in ricochet. Jim yanks his horse around and rowels it toward the bank from which he came, at the same time taking his rifle out of its scabbard.

42 A WIDER ANGLE. As his horse hits the bank, Jim rolls out of his saddle and sprawls behind a boulder.

43 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim, rifle in hand, behind the boulder as he lays a sight on the willows across the river and begins emptying his rifle.

44 MED. SHOT on willows on other side of the river as Jim's shots are laid in rapid succession two feet apart.

45 MED. CLOSE SHOT on Jim as he reloads his rifle, his glance cautiously searching the opposite shore.

46 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. Across the river a horse breaks from the trees and lunges up the slope away from the river. On the horse's far side the rider is holding onto the saddle horn, bent over, shielded from sight.

- MED. SHOT. Jim seizes this opportunity, vaults on his horse, and holding the rifle clear of the water, puts the animal into the stream at a lope.
- 48 MED. LONG SHOT. The horse and rider on the other side of the river have reached high ground. Now we see the rider drop below a ridge.
- 49 MED. PANNING SHOT on Jim, as he rides out on the opposite side of the river and plunges into a screening thicket of cottonwoods, dropping from his saddle.
- 50 MED. CLOSE SHOT on Jim as he hits the ground, bellies down on the loose gravel, and with his gun held in readiness, edges up toward the top of the ridge and peers over.
- EXT. SLOPE OF RIVER
- 51 LONG SHOT FROM Jim's ANGLE. Hiding behind a big boulder is the other rifleman, bellied down -- rifle in hand, looking off across the river, ready to shoot when he locates Jim.
- 52 CLOSE SHOT. Jim, his face hardening at the sight of the rifleman, lifts his rifle, takes careful aim, shoots.
- 53 MED. CLOSE SHOT of his opponent as the heel of his boot flies off. At the impact the bent-over figure straightens up with a jerk, knocking off its hat and sending a bright sheen of hair tumbling down its back. It whirls to face Jim, and we now see that it is a girl, (Amy Lufton) and a very pretty girl at that - dressed in a flannel shirt and worn blue jeans.
- 54 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, reacting. Slowly he lowers his gun.
- 55 CLOSE SHOT. Amy, recovering her surprise, lifts her rifle.

AMY (57)

(angrily)

Can't take a warning, huh!

She aims, fires.

CLOSE SHOT - Jim. The shot whizzes past him.

JIM (58)

(a little grimly -  
to himself)

Don't care who you kill, do you?

He takes careful aim, fires again.

57 CLOSE SHOT - Amy. Jim's shot sends the dirt at her feet into a little geyser of dust. She comes to her feet with a jerk, her eyes blazing defiance, lifts the rifle to her shoulder, fires.

58 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, as the bullet whizzes past his hat.

JIM (59)

(squaring  
his jaw)

Fine brand of hospitality you  
folks around here have got!

He punctuates his words with an answering shot.

59 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Amy. The shots follow in quick succession, kicking gravel so close to her feet that she almost has to dance to keep from getting hit. She starts backing around the boulder to get behind it for cover, suddenly trips (missing her heel), falls flat, the gun flying out of her hand.

60 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, grinning as Amy sprawls on her face. Slowly, gripping his rifle, he starts toward her.

61 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Amy, picking herself up. She shoots Jim a baleful look, reaches for her gun. He lays a shot within a foot of it, kicking dirt and dust in her hair and face. She ducks back, flattens herself against the boulder.

62 A MOVING SHOT of Jim still coming toward her, enjoying himself.

MED. SHOT. Amy suddenly stoops, makes another attempt to get her gun. Jim puts a shot so close that she leaps back automatically. Boiling with rage and frustration, Amy gives up trying to get the gun, starts backing away, limping on her heelless boot as she goes.

64 A WIDER ANGLE. She is backing straight toward the river.

65 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - Jim. He grins as he sees what's happening - keeps straight on.

66 MED. SHOT - Amy. She reaches the river, stops short as she feels the cold water swirling around her ankles. A shot kicks up the water at her feet. She turns, starts pell-mell into the river.

67 FULL SHOT - Jim, driving her on, shooting up the water until she is in waist deep. Then he stops.

68 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, looking off at her with an infuriating smile on his face.

JIM (60)

Maybe that'll cool you off!

Then abruptly he turns on his heel, walks over to his horse, CAMERA FOLLOWING, mounts, rides away from the river without a backward look.

69 CLOSE SHOT - Amy, looking after him, burning.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BLOCKHOUSE RANCH - DAY - (JOHN LUFTON'S RANCH)

70 FULL SHOT. The house, a low, rambling stone affair with a long veranda across the front, is squatted under a stand of trees - the barns, corrals, sheds and bunkhouse clustered in the rear at the edge of a meadow. Jim rides up to the house, halts. He sees Carol Lufton (Amy's older sister) standing at the edge of the veranda, surveying him with a lazy, arrogant stare. Jim swings his horse around and rides over to her, touching his hat as he pulls up.

LH  
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17

MED. SHOT - the two. Carol is a beautiful woman and knows it. She is dressed in a handsome frock of the period. Jim sees a rifle leaning against the veranda railing beside her - then shifts his gaze to her face, fully aware that she is sizing him up.

JIM (61)

I've got a note from John Lufton.

CAROL

I'm Carol Lufton.

Jim climbs down from his saddle, brings the note from his pocket, hands it to her.

CAROL (cont'd) (62)

(opening it)

You're working for us now?

JIM (63)

No.

He waits while she reads the note, watching her.

72 CLOSE SHOT - Carol reading. Her expression inscrutable.

INSERT NOTE which reads:

Am making a drive across the  
river at Rocky Ford tonight.

Dad

73 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Carol finishes reading the note, folds it, but makes no comment on it.

CAROL (64)

Did Dad say when he was coming  
down from the Reservation?

JIM (65)

No, ma'am.

CAROL (66)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Jim realizes that he has been dismissed. He touches his hat again and turns back to his horse. Simultaneously from o.s. a peremptory voice halts him.

AMY'S VOICE (67)

Stop right there!

Jim's gaze whips to the corner of the house.

74 MED. LONG SHOT (FROM his ANGLE). Amy, her rifle pointed at Jim, is standing by the corner of the house.

AMY (68)

You're the man that shot at me by the river.

75 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He realizes that she means business, but his voice is mild and expressionless when he speaks.

JIM (69)

I guess I am.

76 CLOSE SHOT - Amy.

AMY (70)

I'm going to show you how it feels.

She puts her finger on the trigger.

77 FULL SHOT.

CAROL

(sharply)

Put that gun down, Amy!

Amy, ignoring her, fires, kicking up the dust at Jim's feet.

CAROL (cont'd) (71)

Amy! Stop it!

Amy pays no attention to her, advances a couple of steps toward Jim, aims, fires again.

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78

19

CLOSE SHOT - Jim. His hat is lifted from his head, falls to the ground. He winces, but stands his ground.

CAROL'S VOICE (72)

Amy! Stop it! Stop it! Do you hear!

79

FULL SHOT. Jim stands motionless, looking straight at Amy who again takes careful aim while Carol looks on helplessly. She fires. Simultaneously Ted Elser, the top wrangler, runs into scene, bats the gun down. It goes off at Amy's feet.

80

CLOSE SHOT - Jim, heaving an involuntary sigh of relief. We can almost see the beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead.

81

FULL SHOT. Amy is struggling frantically with Ted. Finally seeing it is useless, she relinquishes the gun as Carol runs up to her.

CAROL (73)

Amy! Amy! Have you gone crazy?

She puts her hands on Amy's shoulders and shakes her as though she were a naughty child. Amy pushes her off, stands looking at Jim with burning eyes. Ted, a pleasant-faced young chap, looks from Amy to Jim.

TED (74)

What's going on here?

AMY (75)

(nodding to Jim)

Ask him.

Jim stoops, picks up his hat, looks at the hole in its crown and then at Amy, but remains silent.

82

GROUP SHOT.

AMY (76)

I was just giving him back a little of what he gave me.

TED (77)

(to Jim)

What about it?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (78)

She's right.

AMY (79)

I put a warning shot close to him when he started to cross the river -- he didn't turn back. Then he came up behind me -- started shooting at me...almost hit me, too.

TED (80)

(looking from  
Amy to Jim)

You mean you tried to hit her?

JIM (81)

Scare her. A woman's bullet kills as quick as a man's.

AMY (82)

Why has Dad kept a guard at the river for a week if it isn't to keep riders from crossing?

TED (83)

(to Jim)

What are you doing here?

CAROL (84)

He delivered a note from Dad.

JIM (85)

(indicating Amy)

That's what I was going to tell her but she didn't give me a chance.

TED (86)

(tersely,  
to Jim)

All right -- you've delivered the note. Now get out.

Jim shrugs, walks over to his horse.

83

A WIDER ANGLE. He swings into the saddle, touches his hat to Carol. She smiles at him, watches him ride out. Then she turns to Amy who is glaring off after him, grins.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (87)

Well, for once you bit off more  
than you can chew.

Amy tosses her head angrily, turns and limps on her  
heelless boot, into the house, her back as straight  
as a ramrod.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN STREET - SUN DUST - NIGHT

84 FULL SHOT. It is a typical western town of the  
period - the sheriff's office near one end - the  
Bella Union at the other - old man Settlemeir's  
combination blacksmith shop and feed stable across  
from it.

Most of the street and store lamps are lighted, a  
couple of homesteaders' wagons pulling out for home -  
the usual string of horses tied to the rail outside of  
the Bella Union from whence issues a ballad of the day  
being softly played on a piano.

Jim rides into scene at the far end, proceeds slowly  
down the center of the street looking it over.

85 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - Jim - his face lighted  
intermittently as he passes street lamps and lighted  
store windows. He comes abreast of the sheriff's  
office, continues on past without giving it more than a  
cursory glance.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

86 MED. SHOT. Sheriff Manker, seated on the wooden porch  
is on the point of lighting a cigar, when he sees Jim  
passing. Holding the lighted match poised, he nods  
off to the street, speaks to a big man (Milo Sweet),  
leaning against the doorway also looking off at Jim.

MANKER (88)

That him?

SWEET (89)

Yeah. What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

MANKER (90)

(his eyes on Jim)

Maybe.....

SWEET (91)

(bluntly)

Maybe my foot, Manker! You gotta get hit on the head with it? Lufton threatened to get one, didn't he?

MANKER (92)

(thoughtfully -  
lighting his  
cigar)

You ain't sure it's him.

SWEET (93)

I cut his sign going into Lufton's ranch this morning and I cut it going out.

(meaningly)

He's a stranger, ain't he?

MANKER (94)

(mildly - his  
eyes on Jim)

John Lufton's got a right to hire a range detective if he wants to, Milo.

SWEET (95)

(flatly)

Not to watch us, he ain't.

MANKER (96)

(an edge to  
his words)

Well, let Riling handle it. And  
no shootin'.

Sweet goes down from the porch, starts along the street in Jim's direction.

87 CLOSE SHOT - Manker, looking after him, worriedly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

88 A MOVING SHOT - of Sweet walking along the street. He pauses, looks off.

LH

EXT. SETTLEMEIR'S STABLE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT

89 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. Jim has pulled up at the entrance and is talking to old man Settlemeir who stands in the archway which leads into the stable, holding a lighted night lantern.

90 CLOSE SHOT - Sweet. He stands for a moment, watching Jim narrowly, then starts slowly toward the stable.

EXT. SETTLEMEIR'S STABLE - AT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

91 MED. SHOT. Over scene the melancholy MUSIC from the Bella Union. Jim dismounts, starts into the stable with his horse.

SETTLEMEIR (97)

Take the third stall -- the boy'll bring you some hay.

As Jim and the horse disappear in the shadows of the dark stable, Settlemeir hangs the night lantern in the archway. Its beam falls aslant of Sweet's face as he comes into scene, pauses beside Settlemeir, nods off after Jim.

SWEET (98)

(in low tone)

Got any idea who that fellow is, Settlemeir?

SETTLEMEIR (99)

Lazy J's the brand. I don't know it.

SWEET (100)

He say anything?

SETTLEMEIR (101)

Asked where he could find Tate Riling.

SWEET (102)

(taken  
aback)

Riling?

He stands for a moment, peering into the stable, then, with a murmured "Hmmm", turns and cuts across the street, headed for the Bella Union.

EXT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

92 FULL SHOT. The lights stream through the doorway silhouetting the horses tethered to the rail. Sweet hurries into scene, shoulders through the door.

INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

93 FULL SHOT. It is apparently the slack hour. There is just a scattering of customers - a couple of drummers at one end of the bar and an Army man talking to a couple of punchers. Barney, the barkeeper, is just setting a bottle in front of them. The piano player is a wiry young puncher who is amusing himself improvising. Sweet comes into scene, his glance raking the bar, heads for a table in the back where a group of men are playing poker. As he passes the bartender he says:

SWEET (103)

I'll take it at the table,  
Barney.

Barney ad libs "sure", reaches for a bottle and glass.

94 GROUP SHOT - poker table. The faces of the men are thrown into vivid relief by an old-fashioned overhead lamp. Among the group are - Nels Titterton, a grey-haired homesteader, Kris Barden, an elderly, honest, hard-working cattle rancher, and his son, Fred, a good-looking but weak and reckless young chap, Mitch Moten, a thin taciturn man, and Chet Avery, also a homesteader.

FRED (104)

I'm raising.

NELS (105)

I'll stay.

Kris looks up as Sweet stops beside him.

SWEET (106)

Lufton's watcher just drifted in.

The men tense at this information.

BARDEN (107)

Cattle detective?

(CONTINUED)

SWEET (108)  
(seating himself)  
What else? He's looking for  
Riling.

95 GROUP SHOT - at table.

NELS (109)  
Riling?

SWEET (110)  
Yeah. He asked Settlemeir  
where he could find him.

The men look at each other. Barney enters, sets a  
bottle and glass in front of Sweet, exits.

BARDEN (111)  
(to Sweet)  
If he's Lufton's watcher, what  
do you figure he wants with  
Riling?

FRED (112)  
(with a grin)  
Let's find out.

Sweet looks at Fred, breaks into a smile.

SWEET (113)  
Yeah - why not?

CHET AVERY (114)  
(cautiously)  
But how? Riling ain't here.

SWEET (115)  
(exchanging a  
look with Fred)  
Sure he is.

CHET AVERY (116)  
Where?

SWEET (117)  
(gesturing to  
Nels)  
Right here.  
(chuckling grimly)  
Eh, Nels?

(CONTINUED)

NELS (118)

(doubtfully)

We better wait till Riling gets here -- we wouldn't want to make any mistake.

SWEET (119)

(caustically)

All right, Nels -- maybe you want the law to come in here and find out what we're planning to do -- so he can go back and report to Lufton.

NELS (120)

(giving in  
reluctantly)

All right, Milo ---

SWEET (121)

(tossing off  
his drink)

I'll tell Barney --

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET NEAR BELLA UNION

96 FULL SHOT. Jim is proceeding leisurely along the street toward the Bella Union, his saddle bags over his shoulder. He is rolling a cigarette. He rummages around in his pockets for a match. He has none. He tosses the cigarette away. Sweet saunters into scene, about to pass him, halts, speaks with elaborate casualness.

SWEET (122)

Got a match mister?

JIM (123)

Sorry - I haven't.

SWEET (124)

(confidential)

I hear you're looking for Tate Riling.

Jim peers at him in the half light, suddenly suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (125)  
(mildly - without  
expression)  
Tate Riling? I'm not looking  
for anybody.

Sweet looks a little puzzled - then starts moving,  
nods over his shoulder.

SWEET (126)  
He's over at the Bella Union.

97 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, looking after him, wondering if he's  
up to anything. He glances toward the Bella Union,  
decides to find out, crosses the street, CAMERA  
FOLLOWING. He pauses beside the hitch rack, reading  
the brand of the horses hitched there, then looks back  
down the street after Sweet, finally goes into the  
Bella Union - a cagey expression on his face.

INT. BELLA UNION

98 FULL SHOT. Jim comes in, walks up to the bar, taking  
in at a glance the number and location of the men  
there, the Army man and the traveling salesman. Jim  
puts his saddle bags alongside the bar. Barney sets  
a bottle in front of him.

JIM (127)  
(pouring himself  
a glass)  
Know where I can find Tate Riling?

BARNEY (128)  
(deadpan - nodding  
off to poker table)  
Back table.

Jim looks off, a slightly puzzled look appearing in his  
eyes as he sees group at poker table.

99 LONG SHOT - poker table - FROM Jim's ANGLE.

100 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He studies the men briefly, then  
as he hears the SOUND of the swinging door behind - he  
turns.

LH  
101

28

MED. SHOT - at front door. Sweet comes in, leans against the door jam, eyeing Jim with just a touch of arrogant challenge.

102 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He sees he's walked into something - decides to play it out - starts over to the poker table.

103 GROUP SHOT - poker table. Jim comes into scene, stands a moment, looks the group over. The men are all tense and although they do not turn around, each of them is plainly aware that Jim has entered beside them. Fred Barden glances up at him.

JIM

(to Fred)  
Tate Riling?

Fred nods to Nels across the table.

JIM (cont'd) (129)

(to Nels)  
Riling?

NELS (130)

That's me.

Jim studies him a brief moment. If he knows that he is lying, he doesn't let on.

JIM (131)

I'd like to talk to you.

NELS (132)

These are my friends.

He makes no attempt to move. Jim glances off at Sweet, at the front door, shifts his feet a little, moving closer to Fred Barden.

JIM (133)

(still speaking  
easily)  
I'm looking for a riding job.

The men exchange surreptitious looks.

NELS (134)

Who said I was hiring riders?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (135)

I heard it.

NELS (136)

You hear what I'm hirin' them  
for, too?

JIM (137)

I heard that too.

Nels exchanges another look with the others,  
triumph in his eyes, puts both hands on the table,  
starting to rise.

NELS (138)

Why, yes ---

104 MED. SHOT. That is as far as he gets. Jim whips  
an arm around Fred's neck and hauls him roughly  
backwards out of his chair and toward the back of the  
room, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENING to a FULL SHOT. In the  
same motion Jim unholsters his gun, and confronts the  
players. Sweet slips out through the front door.

JIM

A dumb play, boys.

They stand caught flatfooted. The drummer hurries out  
through the front door, leaving the Army man facing  
the bartender. Jim calls to him.

JIM (cont'd) (139)

Stay set Army.

105 FULL SHOT - featuring Jim moving toward the front door,  
still using Fred for a shield. The men at the poker  
table move slowly out from behind the table into the  
center of the room. Jim hauls up beside the door,  
puts his foot in the middle of Fred Barden's back and  
shoves him crashing into a nearby table. Jim dodges  
out through the front door.

EXT. BELLA UNION

106 FULL SHOT - as Jim comes through the door, followed by  
a shot from inside. Simultaneously from behind a  
spring wagon across the street, Milo Sweet opens up.  
The first slug hits the doorjam, just missing Jim.  
He whirls, drives two shots toward Sweet, and then,  
stooping low, so as not to be silhouetted against the  
saloon window, starts running down the street.

LH  
107

30

A MOVING SHOT - of Jim, running. A bullet from Sweet's gun hits a store window in front of him, sending the glass crashing at his feet. He flinches, halts just a second, then continues on, finding protection a couple of doors down in a narrow opening between two buildings.

EXT. SALOON

108

FULL SHOT. The homesteaders are pouring out. Sweet runs across the street shouting ad lib "The back alley."

They all start in pursuit - part of them running back into the saloon to cut off Jim's retreat.

EXT. ALLEY

109

MED. LONG SHOT. Jim turns into the alley from the opening between the two buildings. It is pitch black except for the patch of light thrown by the rear windows of the saloon. Suddenly, from ahead of Jim comes the SOUND of a running horse. It is almost on him, riding him down. He lunges to one side, flattening himself against the building as the rider dashes past.

110

CLOSE SHOT - Jim looking after the rider.

111

MED. LONG SHOT (FROM his ANGLE). For a brief instant the rider is seen in the light of the saloon's back windows. It is Carol Lufton. She hurls something through the saloon window, shattering the glass, then continues on her way and is quickly swallowed up in the shadows.

112

CLOSE SHOT - Jim reacting. But he hasn't time to waste in speculation as to what she is doing here, starts down the alley again toward the side street.

SIDE STREET

113

MED. SHOT - Sweet and Fred turn into the alley in pursuit of Jim.

114

MOVING SHOT - of Jim. He sees them, stops, turns and heads back the other way only to stop short, crouching low at something he sees ahead.

EXT. REAR DOOR OF SALOON - NIGHT

115 MED. SHOT. The door bursts open and Nels and the rest of the homesteaders pour out, cutting off Jim's avenue of escape.

116 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim. Realizing he's trapped, he starts creeping along a dark wall, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. He reaches an opening between two buildings that will lead him back to the street, steps into it.

EXT. REAR DOOR SALOON

117 FULL SHOT. The men are spreading out cautiously, guns raised, peering off into the dark trying to locate Jim. Nels sees him go into the opening between the buildings.

NELS (140)

He's headin' for the street.

With this everybody piles pell mell back into the saloon to head him off.

EXT. STREET AT OPENING BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS

118 MED. SHOT. Jim appears in the opening, looks out cautiously - takes a step forward, then stops short, stares off at the SOUND of approaching horses.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BELLA UNION

119 MED. LONG SHOT (from Jim's ANGLE). Three horsemen dash up to the saloon, come to a halt. They are Tate Riling and his two gunmen, Shotten and Reardon. The lights from the saloon throw Tate's face into sharp relief as he brings his spirited horse to a rearing stop. He is a big, good-looking chap, outwardly jolly and easy-going - only his burning eyes showing his shrewd cunning.

120 CLOSE SHOT - Jim steps back into the shadows, his face devoid of all expression.

EXT. FRONT OF SALOON

121 FULL SHOT. Tate and his companion dismounting. Simultaneously the men pursuing Jim run into scene from the saloon - stop short at the sight of Tate.

SWEET (141)

It's Riling --

They hurry over to Tate, crowding around him while Shotten and Reardon tether the horses.

122 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, calmly regarding the scene before him.

123 GROUP SHOT. Riling and the homesteaders.

NELS (142)

---and he wanted a ridin' job with us, Tate.

RILING (143)

(hard).

Then get him.

The men turn to execute his order, stop short as they see Jim walking toward them through the shadows.

SWEET (144)

There he is!

The men wheel and split, lifting their guns. Jim does not falter - keeps straight on toward Riling.

RILING

(suddenly -  
to the men)

Hold it!

Jim continuing through the shadows suddenly steps into the circle of light from the saloon window.

RILING (cont'd) (145)

Jim Garry!

JIM (146)

(easily)

Hello Tate.

And then Riling's booming laugh lifts into the night. The men halt, look questioningly at him.

(CONTINUED)

RILING (147)

This is Jim Garry - the man I  
sent for! He's no range detective.

He strides over to Jim, grabs his hand, flings an arm  
about his shoulder.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Jim and Riling.

RILING (148)

What went wrong, Jim? Who  
started this?

JIM (149)

(smiling - a  
little wryly)  
Ask these jokers, Tate.

SWEET (150)

(eyeing Jim  
suspiciously)  
If that's Garry, what was he  
doing at Lufton's?

RILING (151)

Lufton's?  
(to Jim -  
puzzled)  
You were at Lufton's place?

SWEET (152)

Yeah -- I seen him.

Riling looks sharply at Jim, whose face is bland.

JIM (153)

That's right. I delivered a note  
from him to his women folk. What  
about it?

RILING (154)

But Lufton's is the outfit that's  
tryin' to run us out of the  
country, Jim.

JIM

(mildly)  
Am I supposed to know that?

(CONTINUED)

RILING (156)

(breaking  
into a brash,  
friendly grin)  
Why no. I forgot --  
(turning to  
the men)

-- I never wrote Jim about our  
fight with Lufton. I told him  
I needed him and to come up.  
So quit chewin' leather, an'  
go and get a drink.

The crowd, satisfied with Riling's explanation, moves  
toward the saloon, while Riling turns to Jim with  
amused affection.

125 TWO SHOT.

RILING (157)

Same old Jim. When lightning  
strikes you're there.

JIM (158)

(with a  
grin)  
Wasn't a fair test.

RILING

(laughs)  
Come on -- let's get you a room.

He leads off toward the Bella Union, CAMERA MOVING  
WITH them.

RILING (cont'd) (159)

(giving Jim  
a warm look)  
It's good to see you again, Jim.  
I wasn't sure you'd come.

JIM (160)

I'm here.

At the undertone of bitterness in his voice, Riling  
shoots him a sharp look.

RILING

Yeah -- I heard things ain't  
been breaking too good.

(CONTINUED)

Jim makes no comment.

RILING (cont'd) (161)  
It's a bootless game -- trail  
driving -- I told you that two  
years ago when we split up.

JIM (162)  
Yeah --

RILING (163)  
Understand you finally got your  
own herd.

JIM (164)  
(nods bitterly)  
Two weeks later I saw 'em strung  
along the bottomlands - dead of  
the Fever.

RILING (165)  
Well, forget it -- there's money  
in this deal -- big money.

By now they have reached the Bella Union -- go in.

INT. BELLA UNION

126 FULL SHOT. The men are grouped along the bar, Barney  
setting up drinks as Tate comes in with Jim.

127 GROUP SHOT - bar.

RILING (166)  
How about a room for my friend  
here, Barney?

BARNEY  
(grinning)  
Wouldn't wish one on him if he  
was a friend of mine --

But he reaches under the counter for a key, hands it  
to Jim. Then, as an afterthought, he reaches onto the  
back of the bar for something, hands it to Riling.

BARNEY (cont'd)  
Oh -- this has got your name  
on it.

(CONTINUED)

It is a small rock around which a note is tied. Riling unfastens the note.

BARNEY (cont'd) (167)

Someone fired it through the back window during the ruckus.

Riling, deadpan, unfolds the note.

128 CLOSE SHOT - Riling. A fleeting smile of satisfaction passes over his face as he reads it.

129 INTERCUT CLOSEUP - Jim, pouring himself a drink, watching Riling. He remembers seeing Carol Lufton hurl something through the window, and wonders at the connection.

130 CLOSE SHOT. Riling folds the note without comment, walks over to the group of homesteaders lined up at the bar, CAMERA MOVING WITH him.

RILING (168)

We're riding tonight, boys -- I know where Lufton's crossing.

SWEET (169)

(with a scowl)

How do you know?

RILING (170)

Never mind, I know. Be ready to leave in half an hour.

He turns on his heel, goes back to Jim. The men look after him, Sweet still scowling. There is just a suggestion that he does not quite trust Riling.

131 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim, as Riling comes up to him saying:

RILING (171)

Drink up, Jim.

Jim does so, picks up his saddle bags, and the two men go across the lobby to the stairs, start up. Riling looks off down into the lobby, sees:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

132 A MOVING SHOT FROM Riling's ANGLE. A middle-aged man is sitting in a lobby chair, watching Jim and Tate go upstairs. He rises, follows them.

INT. CORRIDOR - AT JIM'S DOOR - NIGHT

133 FULL SHOT - Jim and Tate come into scene. Jim unlocks the door, goes in. Riling glances back down the corridor, then follows him in.

INT. JIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

134 FULL SHOT. Jim dumps his saddle bags on a chair, lights a lamp as Riling comes in, closes the door.

RILING (172)

(heartily)

I suppose you'd like to know what this is all about?

JIM (173)

I have been kinda wondering.

RILING

(with a smile)

I'm not going to tell you, I'm gonna show you.

Jim gives him a look, then peels off his coat, unfastens his holster, puts it on the bed and steps over to an old-fashioned washstand, pours a basin of water to wash up. There is a KNOCK at the door.

RILING (cont'd) (174)

Come in.

135 MED. SHOT - featuring door as it opens and the man from the lobby steps in, closing the door behind him. He stops short as he sees Jim, frowns.

136 GROUP SHOT.

RILING

Jim, this is Mr. Pindalest, the United States agent for the Ute Indians over at the Reservation.

(CONTINUED)

Jim puts out his hand and Pindalest tentatively gives his, looking at Riling for an explanation of Jim's presence.

RILING (cont'd) (175)

This is Jim Garry - my partner.

PINDALEST (176)

Partner? You didn't tell me you had a partner, Riling.

RILING (177)

I am now.

PINDALEST (178)

Before we go on I'd like to have it understood now how he'll figure in this.

RILING (179)

(drily)

You mean money? Don't worry, Pindalest - I'll share with Jim.

PINDALEST (180)

(relieved)

Oh -

He takes a bulky manila envelope from his pocket, looks obliquely at Jim.

137 GROUP SHOT - at table.

PINDALEST (181)

Here's the - uh--item we were discussing the other day, Riling. I think you'll find it satisfactory.

He hands the envelope to Riling.

RILING (182)

United States dollars are usually satisfactory, aren't they?  
(smiling)

I told you Garry is my partner, Pindalest. What I know, he knows.

PINDALEST

I see---

(CONTINUED)

He is uneasy now, and when Jim shoves a chair toward him, he shakes his head nervously.

PINDALEST (cont'd) (183)  
No, I can't stay, thank you.  
I must be going.

RILING (184)  
Scared?

PINDALEST (185)  
I'm merely being cautious, Riling...

He nods to Jim and goes out. When he is gone, Riling looks at Jim and makes a wry face.

RILING (186)  
That's our partner, Jim. A cross  
between a lick-spit and a scared  
snake.  
(he taps envelope)  
And this is our working capital --  
courtesy of the United States  
Government.

Jim frowns, not understanding, and Riling laughs.

138 MED. CLOSE SHOT.

RILING (187)  
It's enough to buy me twenty-five  
hundred head of Lufton's beef at  
four dollars a head.  
(grinning)  
Cheap enough, isn't it?

JIM (188)  
(lathering  
his hands)  
Too cheap - where's the catch?

RILING (189)  
There isn't any.  
(seats himself -  
lighting a cigar)  
You met Lufton, you say.

JIM (190)  
(nodding)  
Camped with him last night.

RILING (191)

Did he tell you Pindalest has ordered his cattle off the Reservation?

JIM (192)

(nodding)

Said he'd refused his beef.

RILING (193)

And did he tell you that the Army from Ft. Liggett has orders to seize the cattle if they're not off the Reservation by the first of November?

JIM (194)

No---he didn't tell me that.

RILING

Well, that's the layout, Jim. I've organized these two-bit ranchers to fight any move Lufton makes to push his herd across the river into the Basin here.

Jim opens one of his saddle bags, takes out his razor, and starts stropping it.

RILING (cont'd) (195)

The ranchers'll fight because they figure they're fighting for their range--but the truth is they'll be fighting for me! Without any graze to move to, Lufton'll be caught on the Reservation and his herd seized. So what does he do?

JIM (196)

Sell?

RILING (197)

(nodding)

To me! Cheap, because he'd rather get a little money than lose everything.

(rises)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (198)

Sounds like you've got him over  
a barrel.

140 A WIDER ANGLE.

RILING (199)

I have --- I buy 'em cheap an'  
sell 'em back to the Government  
through Pindalest at full  
contract price --- your cut'll  
be ten thousand dollars.

Jim reacts to the size of the amount - considers it a  
moment, then says quietly.

JIM (200)

And what do I have to do to  
earn it?

RILING (201)

Lufton's tough. These ranchers  
aren't. You'll make up the  
difference.

Jim stops stropping, stares gravely at Riling.

JIM (202)

I see.

(then a little  
bitterly)

I've been mixed up in a lot of  
things, Tate---but up to now---  
I've never been hired for my gun.

RILING (203)

Can you afford to be particular?

JIM (204)

(after a pause)

No - I guess I can't.

(CONTINUED)

LH  
140 (CONTINUED)

42

RILING (205)

(satisfied)

I'll meet you in the lobby in  
ten minutes.

He exits. Jim looks after him, then mechanically resumes stropping. His eyes stray. He sees something o.s., stops stropping. CAMERA PANS to the bed where his gun lies in the holster. HOLD ON it a moment.

FADE OUT

141  
142  
143

OMITTED

FADE IN

EXT. ROCKY FORD - TOWARD HEIGHTS ABOVE - SUNRISE.

- 144 LONG SHOT. Amy and Carol are riding along the rim of the heights approaching Rocky Ford, silhouetted against a flaming sunrise. Amy is a little in the lead.
- 145 A MOVING SHOT of Amy. She looks back over her shoulder, sees Carol lagging behind, smiles, reins in, waits for her to come up.

AMY

Come on, slow poke....

Carol comes abreast.

AMY (cont'd)(206)

(lightly)

Don't you want to know if Dad  
got across?

CAROL (207)

(averting her  
eyes - mumbles)

Of course....

As they continue on their way, riding side by side, we see that Carol's expression is uneasy and troubled. Amy, glancing over at her, notices it. At first she is a little puzzled....then she grins.

(CONTINUED)

AMY (208)  
What's the matter? Did I get  
you out of bed too early?

CAROL (209)  
(evasively)  
I'm worried about Dad....hope  
he didn't have trouble crossing  
last night.

AMY (210)  
Could only be trouble if Riling  
found out about it.

Carol shoots her a look but says nothing. She feels too guilty and scared to trust herself to speak. Her look of uneasiness deepens as Amy swerves her horse, rides over to the edge of the ridge, looks down. She follows, pulls up alongside, forces herself to look down.

146 LONG SHOT - Rocky Ford SHOOTING PAST Amy and Carol. A picturesque vista of the ford in the creek, with the river woods beyond. There is no living creature in sight.

AMY (211)  
(puzzled)  
Nobody's crossed here.

She urges her horse forward.

147 FULL SHOT. She makes a spectacular plunge down the slope to the river bank, Carol right behind her.

EXT. RIVER BANK

148 MED. SHOT - as they pull up, look around. Both stare o.s. in surprise as they see.

EXT. RIVER BANK BEYOND

149 FULL SHOT - from their ANGLE - A dozen men, all dismounted, are standing by a clump of trees, looking off at the two girls. They are the homesteaders previously seen at the Bella Union, and Riling, who is standing beside his two gunmen, Shotten and Reardan. Jim stands by himself - a little apart from the rest.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Amy and Carol eyeing the grimfaced men. Amy, without noticing the look of panic that spreads across Carol's face, starts toward them. As they ride, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH them, Amy's look of bafflement gradually gives way to slow understanding. She hauls up sharply as she reaches the group, Carol pulling up alongside.

151 GROUP SHOT. Riling smiles easily, approaches Amy.

RILING (212)

Looking for someone, Miss Lufton?

Amy doesn't answer immediately. She has spotted Jim Garry, looks at him with contempt.

AMY (213)

So you're one of them!

Jim stands motionless accepting the taunt. Amy continues to stare at him a moment, then she **swings** out of her saddle, pushes Riling aside, goes over to him.

152 MED. SHOT.

AMY (214)

I guess Dad wasn't so wrong about you, after all.

JIM (215)

(quietly)

Wrong?

AMY

He must have spotted you for one of Riling's gunmen the minute he saw you.

Riling laughs. Amy wheels to face him.

AMY (cont'd) (216)

It's funny, isn't it, Riling?  
But not to you. By now Dad's probably got his herd across the river someplace else while you wait here at Rocky Ford to throw him back.

(CONTINUED)

RILING (217)

(with a mock  
innocent drawl)

Is that why we're here?

AMY (218)

Isn't it? Simply because Dad was smart enough to give this saddle tramp a note to us that he was sure to read. He knew he'd tell you and decoy you over here.

153 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Riling's eyes flash as he realizes he has been double-crossed. The homesteaders shift uneasily. Amy looks around at them. Her gaze settles on Kris Barden. There is something in his rugged face that belies dishonesty and it hurts Amy to see him and his son here.

AMY (219)

How do you like it now, Kris? You and your son? Why, you aren't even being led by a smart crook.

Fred looks sullenly defiant, but his father shifts on his feet.

BARDEN (220)

We're only fightin' for what belongs to us, Miss Amy.

AMY (221)

You didn't fight for it before Riling gave you the idea.

(softening)

Why didn't you go to Dad, Kris-- talk to him....you used to work for him -- you know he's not unreasonable.

FRED (222)

(hotly)

Call it reasonable to kick us off our land?

Amy doesn't answer this. She has spotted one of Riling's gunmen.

(CONTINUED)

AMY (223)

I don't believe I've seen you  
around here before. Are you  
fighting for your own graze, too?

REARDAN (224)

(uneasily)

No'm.

AMY

(to Shotten)

And you?

She doesn't wait for his answer but shuttles her glance  
back to Kris Barden.

AMY (cont'd)

I thought you were all old  
timers fighting for land you  
settled on, Kris.

(indicating

Shotten, Reardan  
and Jim)

At least it's in the open now --  
paid gunmen against working  
riders.

Her gaze settles on Jim.

AMY (cont'd) (225)

Only a no good saddle tramp  
would betray a trust. Think  
it over.

JIM (226)

(quietly)

I have.

Amy suddenly has a wild desire to corner him - to make  
him confess.

AMY (227)

You did read the note, didn't you?

JIM (228)

No.

AMY (229)

(quietly)

You're a poor liar.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (230)

Yes'm.

Amy would like to press the point, but realizes that she won't get anyplace. Abruptly she turns on her heel, goes over to her horse. As she goes, Carol looks over at Riling.

154 CLOSE SHOT - Riling, looking back at her with a slightly questioning expression.

155 CLOSEUP - Jim, seeing the exchange of looks.

156 FULL SHOT. Amy mounts, then turns to Riling, tauntingly.

AMY (231)

Better luck next time....  
Old Timer.

She swings her horse around, rides out of scene, Carol following.

157 GROUP SHOT. The men stand looking after them uncertainly, then turn and look at each other. It is obvious that Amy's jibes have hit the mark with the homesteaders. Riling sees what her tongue-lashing has done and for a moment his anger flares.

RILING (232)

Confound that female hellyun.  
Confound her tongue, too.

KRIS BARDEN (233)

Well - Lufton's across the  
Massacre.

(looks pointedly  
at Jim)

John Lufton's no fool, mister.

RILING (234)

(sharply)  
Garry didn't read that note.

SWEET (235)

(his eyes  
narrowing)  
Then where did you get the tip?

LH  
158

CLOSE SHOT - Riling, looking at Sweet, speculation  
in his cunning eyes.

48

RILING (236)

(quietly)

None of your business, Milo.

159

MED. SHOT - featuring Milo Sweet. His rash temper  
flares up but Riling doesn't give him time to speak,  
goes on bluntly.

RILING (237)

I got a wrong tip. I won't get  
another. If it sticks in your  
craw, Milo, ride out.

SWEET (238)

(sullenly -  
after a pause)

Well -- Lufton's across the  
river with that herd.

RILING (239)

Sure - sure. But steers have  
got legs. They can be driven  
back.

(looks pointedly  
at Barden)

The thing to do now is to find  
'em before Lufton can get 'em  
scattered...after that we can  
move.

Having thus dismissed the men, he goes to his horse.

160

FULL SHOT. There is a little muttering and then  
the group breaks up, the men getting on their horses.  
Riling rides out first, followed by Jim. Shotten  
and Reardan fall in behind them.

161

GROUP SHOT - of the homesteaders, now mounted. Kris  
Barden is looking after the four departing men.

KRIS BARDEN (240)

Notice how them four stick  
together?

(CONTINUED)

NELS (241)

Why not? Reardan and Shotten  
work for Riling. Garry's a friend  
come in to help.

KRIS BARDEN (242)

I can buy that kind of a friend  
for seventy-five dollars a month  
and no questions asked.

Nels knows what he means, looks glum.

NELS (243)

Maybe we'll need 'em, Kris.

KRIS BARDEN (244)

But how did Riling know that a  
month ago? Tell me that.

Nel's shrug indicates that he doesn't know the answer.  
He urges his horse forward and the group breaks up,  
the men riding off.

162 A MOVING SHOT - of Jim and Riling - Shotten and  
Reardan behind them. For a moment, they ride in  
silence, busy with their own thoughts. Then Jim  
turns to Tate whose face is set in a scowl. He  
catches Jim's look, says grimly.

RILING (245)

Lufton's smart.

JIM (246)

(nodding)

Smart enough to spot me.

RILING (247)

He spotted Reardan and Shotten  
in town, too, before I even knew  
they were there.

Jim glances back over his shoulder at them.

JIM (248)

A couple of beauties! Who are  
they?

RILING (249)

It doesn't matter who they are,  
Jim. The thing that matters is --  
they don't scare easy.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (250)

It's pretty crude.

RILING (251)

Not so crude - I've made everybody  
swallow it but Lufton, an' I'll  
make him swallow it, too.

JIM (252)

(musingly)

Me and Reardan and Shotten -  
hired gunmen!

Riling looks at him sharply, hearing both the irony  
and the protest in his voice.

RILING (253)

Shotten and Reardan will get paid  
in gold eagles. You'll be paid  
in thousands.

JIM (254)

Yeah - that makes the difference  
between us the price you're  
paying for each.

RILING (255)

Any kick, Jim?

JIM (256)

(flatly -  
after a pause)

No kick ----

Riling seems satisfied. They have by now reached a  
rise of ground and Riling pulls up to let Shotten  
and Reardan come up.

RILING (257)

All right, boys - cut for town  
-- I'll be in touch with you.

He rides off at right angles. Jim looks after him,  
his expression thoughtful, then starts out with  
Shotten and Reardan.

DISSOLVE

163 CLOSE SHOT - day. A broken arrow is painted on a weather-beaten rail fence. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a FULL SHOT of the Broken Arrow Ranch as Tate rides in, tethers his horse, goes into the house.

INT. RILING CABIN - DAY

164 MED. SHOT - Tate comes in, pauses a moment, expectantly. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Carol, who has been waiting for him, rushes into his arms.

165 MED. CLOSE SHOT - he kisses her. For a moment she clings to him. Then, as he releases her, she looks up at him, her eyes anxious.

CAROL (258)

I didn't know it was a trick of Dad's, Tate. I swear I didn't - until I heard Amy say it.

TATE (259)

Of course you didn't, darling.  
(kisses her  
again)

Forget it. It's done and now we've got to fix it.

CAROL (260)

But I'm glad, Tate, in a way. I couldn't bear it this morning when I thought maybe you and Dad were fighting!

TATE (261)

It's not easy for you, Carol. But I have to do what I'm doing... You see that, don't you?

CAROL (262)

(hesitantly)  
Yes, Tate, but...

TATE (263)

(cutting in)  
You know I'm a poor man, darling. Money has come hard to me. There's nothing for me to do but join up with men like myself and fight for what little we've got.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (264)

(slowly-  
unhappily)

I've tried to make Dad see both sides but he's just as sure he's right as you homesteaders are.

TATE (265)

(nodding)

We've got to fight.

Carol thinks this over a moment worriedly.

CAROL (266)

But he's across now. What are you going to do?

His arm encircles her, he kisses her full on the lips.

TATE

(after a  
pause)

I'm not going to ask you to risk your father's life, darling. But I am going to ask you to help.

Carol nods, her eyes unhappy.

TATE (cont'd) (267)

Find out where he's holding the herd he crossed -- get word back to me as soon as you can.

CAROL (268)

(slowly)

You won't let any harm come to Dad?

TATE (269)

You know you can trust me, honey.

He crushes her to him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VALLEY - PRE-DAWN

166 FULL SHOT - Lufton's big Reservation herd is bedded down in a small valley hemmed in by low lying hills. Night riders circle the herd, their rifles cradled in their arms, keeping careful watch.

167 MED. FULL SHOT - Lufton's camp. The crew is getting ready to move, a couple of them rolling up their bed rolls, a couple saddling their horses, one still pulling on his boots. The remuda of horses is in a rope corral at the edge of the camp. Joe, the line camp cook hurls a tub of water on the campfire, puts the tub in the chuck wagon, starts to close it up.

168 MED. SHOT - Cap is saddling his horse. Lufton's mount stands alongside. Lufton, carrying a saddle, comes into scene, tosses it on his horse. He and Cap are as wary as the night riders, and, as they saddle up, keep an eye on the surrounding hills.

LUFTON (270)

I'll feel a lot easier when  
we're through the Gap.

CAP (271)

(nodding)  
We ought to make it by noon.

LUFTON (272)

Yes --

(then after  
a pause)

I think the best place to scatter  
'em is in the scrub pinion west  
of Avery's patch.

Cap ad libs "Um Hm." Suddenly both men tense as from o.s. approaching hoofbeats are heard. Cap turns, takes his rifle from his saddle scabbard.

EXT. A JUTTING ROCK FORMATION - PRE-DAWN

169 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM their ANGLE - after a moment, two riders, seen in silhouette, appear around the side of the rock, gallop toward Lufton's camp.

170 MOVING SHOT of the two riders. They are Bart Daniels and Amy. They gallop into camp, rein in beside Lufton and Cap. Lufton is surprised to see Amy.

LUFTON (273)

Any! What the devil --

(CONTINUED)

AMY (274)

(cutting in  
with grin)  
You didn't think I'd stay home  
when you're this close!

LUFTON (275)

This is no place for you, Amy.  
I told Bart to tell you girls  
I'd be home by noon.

BART (276)

(grinning  
ruefully)  
I told 'em -- didn't do no good.  
(nodding to Amy)  
She was bent on coming along.

AMY (277)

(affectionately  
to her father)  
Couldn't wait.

Lufton grunts, turns to Cap who by now has mounted.

LUFTON (278)

All right, Cap -- get 'em started.

Cap nods, rides out of scene with Bart.

171 TWO SHOT - Amy and her father. Lufton resumes  
saddling his horse, still keeping a watchful eye  
on the surrounding country.

AMY (279)

Bart says you crossed without any  
trouble.

LUFTON (280)

(nodding)  
We were primed for it, but it  
didn't come -- and I think I know  
why.

(with a  
wry grin)  
Did a rider name of Garry drift  
into the ranch yesterday with a  
note?

(CONTINUED)

AMY  
(contemptuously)  
You mean that hired gunman of  
Riling's?

Lufton looks at her questioningly.

AMY (cont'd) (281)  
Carol and I rode out to Rocky  
Ford this morning. He was there  
with Riling and the rest of them  
waiting for you.

LUFTON (282)  
(tightening  
cinch)  
So I had him pegged right!  
(regretfully)  
Too bad -- he was a nice seeming  
fellow -- too nice to read that  
note.

AMY (283)  
(eyes flashing)  
But he did.

LUFTON (284)  
(frowning)  
Don't know what this country's  
coming to. In my day you could  
tell a bad man by looking at him...  
He was a dirty, tough drunken killer.  
You knew it and he knew it. Nowadays  
a man acts and looks like an honest  
thirty-a-month hand but he's just as  
apt to brace you and shoot your ears  
off as not. It was simpler then. I  
liked it better.

Amy looks gravely at her father, says slowly.

AMY (285)  
You think this Garry's a killer?

LUFTON (286)  
He joined up with Riling, didn't  
he?

The words are scarcely out of his mouth when a lone  
gun shot SOUNDS off in the distance. He and Amy look  
at each other and then a roar of gun fire breaks out.  
Lufton mounts his horse, yells ad lib "Get out of  
here, Amy."

FULL SHOT - Amy cuts for the hills back of the camp. Lufton heads for the herd, passing Bart Daniels, who has dismounted near the chuck wagon to tighten his cinch. And now, Bart's horse, frightened by the gun fire, starts rearing and plunging.

Over scene, we hear the muted thunder of cattle roused from sleep to terror and to running.

173 FULL SHOT - rear of herd. Riling and his crew driving the cattle forward, shooting into the air to stampede them.

EXT. LUFTON'S CAMP

174 FULL SHOT. The remainder of Lufton's crew caught afoot, with no time to get to their horses before the oncoming rush of cattle break for the timber behind the camp. The horse wrangler yanks down the remuda ropes to release the horses, vaults one and rides off with them. Only Bart Daniels is left, fighting his spooked horse.

175 A MOVING SHOT of Lufton as he catches up with Cap, yells.

LUFTON (287)

Head 'em away from the river,  
Cap.

176 A LONG MOVING SHOT as they ride forward to head off the stampeding cattle. The herd is headed straight for camp, the frightened bawling rising above the thunder of their running. In the darkness, beyond them, the flashes of the raiders' gun, spaced like fireflies, can be seen driving the cattle forward.

177 A FLASH of Cap joining up with one of the night herders. They try to head the cattle away from camp without success.

178 A WIDE ANGLE MOVING SHOT of Lufton as he meets the herd leaders. He pulls his gun and begins shooting at the ground to turn them. He tries to hold his horse at them, but the horse is panicked. He turns now with the leaders and they head straight for the camp. Cursing inwardly, he puts his horse against the leader and shoots right beside the steer. But neither the weight of the horse, nor the surprise of the shot alters the steers' course.

## EXT. CAMP

- 179 FULL SHOT. Lufton is almost in the vanguard when the herd hits the abandoned camp, carrying the horses of the remuda before them. The herd leaders split to dodge the campfire, throwing themselves against the others. The drive of their change of direction is communicated to Lufton's horse and, too late, Lufton sees the chuck wagon. His horse staggers, loses its footing, crashes into it.
- 180 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring chuck wagon. The force of a hundred madly stampeding beefs slams into Lufton's horse. The rear wheels of the chuck wagon lift and tilt. Lufton kicks free of his horse and lunges. The wagon goes over on its side and Lufton claws out of the saddle, grabbing for the sideboard, against the SOUND of the onrushing, bellowing cattle. He pulls himself over it and falls to the ground on the other side, and then the wagon comes all the way over him, resting on its high chuck box in the rear, wheels in the air.
- 181 CLOSE SHOT - under wagon. Lufton, thrown into the small space left between the bed and the ground, looks off at the camp.
- 182 LONG SHOT FROM his ANGLE. The cattle funnelling through the camp, hit Bart Daniels, who is still struggling with his horse, bowls him down out of sight. The horse, neighing wildly, breaks away and runs before the fear-maddened herd.
- EXT. UNDER CHUCK WAGON
- 183 CLOSE SHOT. An expression of horror goes over Lufton's face as he sees Bart trampled to death before his eyes. The chuck wagon rocks under the glancing impact of cattle who hit it, the ground under Lufton quivering as if alive.
- 184 A MOVING SHOT of Cap, riding toward the rear of the herd, is trying desperately to stop the cattle, shooting along the ground. He hears shooting at the opposite side of the herd, rises in his saddle, looks off across the backs of the herd.

- 185 LONG SHOT - opposite side of herd - FROM his ANGLE. Two men are riding swiftly along beside the cattle. They are Fred Barden and Jim Garry. Fred is shooting to counteract Cap's shooting. Garry is some distance behind Fred.
- 186 A MOVING SHOT of Cap. He raises his gun, sends two shots in Fred's and Jim's direction.
- 187 A MOVING SHOT of Fred as he is hit, slumps in his saddle, tumbles off his horse.
- 188 A MOVING SHOT of Jim seeing him go down. He spurs his horse forward to go to his assistance. His face goes grim as he sees --
- 189 A MOVING SHOT - FROM Jim's ANGLE. Fred's foot is caught in the stirrup, his horse dragging him.
- 190 FULL SHOT. A jag of running cattle comes between Jim and Fred's horse, forcing Fred's horse (and Fred's lifeless body) along with them. Jim has to swerve to keep from going down under them. O.s. shooting from Cap, forces Jim to fall to the rear of the herd.
- EXT. LUFTON'S CAMP
- 191 FULL SHOT. The herd is still rushing through the camp.
- EXT. RIVER
- 192 The lead steers reach the river bank, plunge into the water, start across, the herd following blindly.
- EXT. REAR OF HERD
- 193 A SHOT of Riling and part of his crew looking off toward Lufton's camp. The last of the herd can be heard o.s. reaching the camp. With a look of satisfaction Riling wheels, takes off in the opposite direction; the men following him. (Jim is not among them.)

## EXT. LUFTON'S CAMP

- 194 FULL SHOT. The tail end of the herd passes through the camp into the surrounding timber, crashing into the darkness.
- 195 MED. SHOT - at chuck wagon. As the SOUNDS of the cattle recede, Lufton climbs wearily out from under the chuck wagon -- stands for a moment, looks helplessly about at the camp. It is utterly wrecked, plates, frying pans and coffee pot scattered about, trampled into shapeless masses. The bedrolls are rags -- here and there a battered saddle.
- 196 A WIDER ANGLE. The crew straggles in one at a time, from the darkness followed by Cap, Amy and the night riders. Lufton stares at them a moment, then glances off in the direction of the spot where Bart Daniels went down. Without a word, he stoops down and salvages a tarp out of a tangle of bedrolls, walks out of scene with it. The men look after him but nobody speaks. After a moment or two he comes slowly back into scene, his face grave. Cap looks around at the men as if counting noses, says to him:

CAP (288)

Bart Daniels?

LUFTON (289)

(nodding)

Tromped to jelly.

ONE OF THE MEN (290)

(viciously)

I'll make Riling remember this.

- 197 GROUP SHOT. There is a bleak silence. Then Cap looks off toward the timber where the cattle can still be heard crashing through the underbrush.

CAP (291)

They'll run till they're wore out.

LUFTON (292)

Four days to the deadline!

(bitterly)

It'll take a week to round 'em up an' get 'em off the Reservation again.

(CONTINUED)

As he concludes the group becomes aware of a horse approaching at a slow walk, look off.

198 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM their ANGLE. Fred's horse, still dragging Fred's lifeless body, is moving slowly toward them. As it comes close, it sees the men, stops uncertainly.

199 FULL SHOT. Cap walks slowly toward it, saying softly "all right boy." The horse shies a couple of times, then Cap catches him as the others come up.

200 GROUP SHOT. They see Fred's body, one foot in the stirrup.

CAP (293)

It's young Barden.

Amy turns away, feeling a little sick. Someone takes Fred's foot out of the stirrup, eases him to the ground.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE. The group looks sadly down at the body out of scene.

LUFTON (294)

I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this.

One of the riders, a young chap, regards the body soberly.

RIDER (295)

Just a month ago me an' him went to a shindig together.

LUFTON (296)

(slowly)

Yes -- he was a nice boy -- my girls used to go to school with him.

His arm goes around Amy. The whole bitter folly of the fight is expressed in this scene. The group all feels it and their anger and bitterness shows in their faces.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HILLTOP - MORNING

202 It is an overcast dawn. A horseman appears over the brow of the hill, halts briefly.

203 CLOSE SHOT. It is Jim Garry. He looks off down into the valley below.

EXT. KRIS BARDEN'S CABIN

204 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. A MATTE SHOT.

205 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, regarding the cabin soberly. Reluctantly he urges his horse forward, down the hill.

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN

206 MED. SHOT at front door. Kris, carrying a wooden bucket, appears in the doorway, a look of expectancy on his face. When he sees Jim, his expectancy fades, to be replaced by a look of disappointment, tinged with hostility. Turning away, he starts over to the well.

207 FULL SHOT. Kris crosses to the well, starts to draw a bucket of water as Jim rides into the yard, pulls up alongside him. CAMERA MOVES IN TO A MED. SHOT. For a moment Jim watches the old man uncertainly.

BARDEN (297)

(hostily)

Well -- what do you want?

JIM

It's about your son, Barden --

Barden stiffens, apprehension dawning in his eyes.

JIM (cont'd) (298)

He was killed during the raid.

For a moment Barden stands stunned, then slowly, mechanically, resumes pulling up the bucket, saying in a dead voice:

(CONTINUED)

BARDEN (299)

I figured maybe that's what happened when he didn't come home.

Jim feels a tug of pity for the gaunt, stricken old man.

JIM (300)

I was with him when he was hit -- there was nothing I could do.

Kris nods, hauls in the bucket, sets it on the edge of the well, says in an empty voice:

BARDEN (301)

It's a big price to pay for a little bit of graze --

Jim doesn't answer. There is nothing he can say. Barden fingers the wooden bucket with his big work-coarsened hands. Again Jim feels a tug of pity sweep over him. He murmurs, almost involuntarily:

JIM (302)

Too bad you had to get mixed up in this fight, Barden.

His words seem to rouse the old man from his stupor. He looks up at Jim with unconcealed hostility, sudden anger flaring.

BARDEN (303)

I joined up with the other small ranchers because I figured their fight was my fight -- we ain't being paid to fight.

The blood leaps into Jim's face at the implied insult. He starts to speak in his own defense, controls himself, says instead -- quietly:

JIM (304)

I'm sorry about your son, Barden -- believe that if you want to.

Barden's anger dies as quickly as it was born. He turns back to the well, mumbles ad lib "sure -- sure" -- lifts the wooden bucket from the well, continues as though thinking aloud:

(CONTINUED)

BARDEN

I've lived here more than half my  
life with my wife and son. She  
died four years ago -- and now --  
he's gone --

His words trail off, then he continues with a burst of  
bitterness:

BARDEN (cont'd) (305)

We're all fools -- Men get  
stubborn -- So their sons get  
killed off --

He starts slowly, with drooping shoulders, toward the  
cabin with the bucket of water.

208 CLOSEUP - Jim, looking after him soberly.

209 FULL SHOT. Barden continues toward the cabin - goes  
slowly, through the door, closes it after him. Jim  
picks up the reins, rides away, his expression gravely  
thoughtful.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BELLA UNION - DAY

210 FULL SHOT. It is the slack hour. There are very few  
people around. Jim rides up to the hotel, CAMERA  
MOVING IN to a MED. CLOSE SHOT as he dismounts, starts  
to tether his horse. His expression is still grave.  
He stops short, looks off up the street (in the  
opposite direction from which he rode in) sees ---

EXT. STREET

211 LONG SHOT (FROM his ANGLE). John Lufton's team is  
coming down the street, Lufton driving, Amy sitting  
beside him. They drive up to the general store which  
is across the street from the Bella Union Hotel. As  
they pull up, Lufton sees Jim.

212 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim. Without changing expression  
he turns back to his horse, resumes tying him up.

## EXT. GENERAL STORE

213 A WIDE ANGLE SHOT. Lufton's team in f.g. Lufton, his eyes on Jim, turns the reins over to Amy, nods toward the general store.

LUFTON (306)

You go on in an' do your buying,  
Amy --

He climbs down, starts across the street toward Jim. Simultaneously Shotten and Reardan appear in scene in b.g. sauntering idly along the sidewalk. They come to sudden attention as they see Lufton crossing toward Jim, stop in their tracks. They exchange a look, then start moving, Shotten out into the street, Reardan continuing along the sidewalk as though to encircle Lufton.

214 MED. SHOT - Jim looks up as Lufton approaches, eyeing him narrowly.

LUFTON (307)

I told you to ride on through.

JIM (308)

(coolly)  
So you did.

LUFTON (309)

Your time's up -- get started.

JIM (310)

(quietly)  
I reckon I'll stay.

As he speaks Amy comes into scene behind her father.

LUFTON (311)

(without turning,  
sharply)  
Get out of here, Amy!

AMY (312)

No.

Jim looks at her, then his eyes travel past her. He sees Reardan and Shotten approaching o.s., reacts. Lufton takes a step closer to Jim, says sharply over his shoulder to his daughter.

(CONTINUED)

LUFTON (313)  
Amy -- go on into the hotel.

AMY (314)  
No.

Jim looks from Lufton to the two gunmen approaching  
o.s. realizing that this is the chance they've been  
looking for and that they assume he is in on it.

JIM (315)  
(quietly)  
Don't move, Lufton.

EXT. STREET

215 A PANNING SHOT (FROM Jim's ANGLE) of Shotten in the  
middle of the street, Reardan on the sidewalk, closing  
in on Lufton. Shotten is nearest to him.

216 GROUP SHOT. Jim takes a step, putting himself in the  
open. Shotten appears at the edge of scene, directly  
behind Lufton.

JIM (316)  
You drift, Shotten.

SHOTTEN (317)  
Get that girl out of there.

Jim starts toward him slowly, putting himself between  
Shotten and Lufton, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENING.

JIM (318)  
(hard)  
I said, drift.

SHOTTEN  
(hotly)  
What are we waitin' for?

Jim continues toward him. Shotten backs up a step  
toward the tie rail, protesting.

SHOTTEN (cont'd) (319)  
But this is what Riling wants.  
He said so!

Jim is six feet from him now. Suddenly he lunges -  
lands a smashing blow on Shotten's chin, knocking him  
sprawling.

LH  
217

66

A PANNING SHOT - on Reardan moving in. As Joe goes down he stops uncertainly.

218 MED. SHOT. Shotten gets up, reaching for his gun, but Jim beats him to it, strikes again. Shotten staggers back at the impact. The tie rail catches him across the small of the back, splits with a SOUND like a gunshot, and he falls through to the dust of the road. He lays senseless, not moving.

219 FULL SHOT. Reardan has stopped in the middle of the street - small and wicked and cocked to move. Jim in f.g. looks off at him.

JIM (320)

(nodding toward  
tie rail)

Reardan -- that's your horse --  
get moving --

He starts to walk toward Reardan, past Shotten who lies prone on the ground, facing Reardan across thirty feet of dusty street.

REARDAN (321)

I ain't taking orders from you,  
Garry.

He stares defiantly at Jim, but doesn't move.

JIM

(gently)  
All right, Reardan -- any time  
you want it.

Time stops. Reardan feels the blood pounding in his ears, but he holds his ground.

JIM (cont'd)

Make up your mind.

For one more wild ageless moment, Reardan thinks he can beat Jim, then fear creeps in. He looks around in panic, like a trapped animal.

JIM (cont'd) (322)

I won't wait.

Reardan is licked. He mutters an undistinguishable curse, turns away and goes over to the tie rail. He stands beside his horse for a moment, glaring at Jim, then yanks the reins loose and vaults into the saddle rowelling his horse savagely, dashes off.

LH  
220

67

CLOSE SHOT - Jim looking after him. Then he turns and walks over to Amy and her father CAMERA TRUCKING WITH him.

221 GROUP SHOT.

JIM (323)

You won't be this lucky next time, Lufton.

All the blood has drained from Lufton's face.

LUFTON (324)

(slowly)  
I don't get it, Garry. I don't get it at all.

Jim looks at him for a moment, then, without a word, wheels, goes over to his own horse. Amy watches him, then starts after him.

222 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim unties his horse. Amy comes into scene, regards him a silent moment with a grave and troubled expression.

AMY

You're riding on, aren't you?

Jim gives her a look as though she'd guessed his thought, but without comment, gets on his horse.

AMY (cont'd) (325)

I'm glad. Not for us, but for you. I want to thank you for this, and I want to apologize too, for what I said to you.

JIM (326)

(bleakly)  
Don't let a man's whim fool you.

AMY (327)

I haven't.

Jim looks at her sharply, feeling the blood crawl up into his face, then he turns away, gathers up the reins.

LH  
223

A WIDER ANGLE. He touches his hat to Amy, rides off down the street.

68

224 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Amy watching him go.

DISSOLVE

225 CLOSE SHOT. - Dusk. On a crude sign which reads:

COMMISSARY - 12 miles

An arrow points east. O.s. we hear the SOUND of an approaching horse. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Jim, his bed roll and saddle bags tied behind his saddle. He reins in to read the sign. He is tired and dusty as though he'd come some distance. He looks off in the direction the arrow points, resumes his journey.

226 FULL SHOT as he heads into dry butte and cactus studded country.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET IN COMMISSARY - NIGHT

227 FULL SHOT. It is a desolate looking place on the edge of the desert - not much more than a crossroad, with two or three buildings - a combination hotel and saloon, a blacksmith shop and a general store. The lighted lamps in the hotel throw long rectangles of light into the weed-stippled yard as Jim rides up to it, dismounts.

228 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim tying his horse to the tie rail. He glances briefly at another horse tied alongside, then without expression, mounts the steps, goes into the saloon.

INT. SALOON - COMMISSARY - NIGHT

229 FULL SHOT. It is deserted except for the bartender and one customer, whose back is to the door. Jim enters, crosses to the bar.

LH  
230

69

MED. SHOT. In mirror we see that the customer is Kris Barden. He looks up, and, in the mirror, sees Jim as he comes up to the bar, orders a "whisky." Jim sees Kris -- his eyes narrow.

231 TWO SHOT.

JIM (328)

Would you be looking for me?

KRIS (329)

(bitterly)

I ain't looking for anybody.

He sets his glass down deliberately, turns, tramps out of the saloon as the bartender sets glass and bottle in front of Jim.

232 CLOSE SHOT - Jim looks after Kris a little puzzled at his presence here. Thoughtfully he pours himself a drink.

EXT. SALOON PORCH

233 MED. SHOT. Kris stands for a moment beside the porch rail, looking out over the desolate expanse of desert. He is a tired, lonely old man trying to run away from himself. Heaving a sigh, he goes on down off the porch, crosses to his horse, CAMERA MOVING WITH him. He starts to untie his horse, when he becomes aware of approaching horsemen, looks off down the street.

234 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. Seen in the moonlight are two horsemen headed for the saloon. At this distance they are not recognizable. They pass through a long shadow cast by a clump of trees and at the end of the shadow, only one horseman emerges. It is Riling. He continues toward the saloon.

EXT. SALOON

235 CLOSE SHOT - Kris standing in the shadows watching him.

A WIDER ANGLE as Riling rides up the saloon, dismounts. He takes careful note of the two horses at the rail, a look of satisfaction spreading over his face as he recognizes Jim's brand. He starts toward the steps, stops short as he sees Kris' shadowy figure, peers sharply into the dark.

RILING (330)

That you, Kris?

237 TWO SHOT. Barden doesn't answer, just stands there regarding Riling with a look of dislike. Riling quickly assumes a disarming manner.

RILING (331)

I heard about Fred. I'm sorry, Kris. I'll make Lufton pay for that.

BARDEN (332)

(flatly)

What good'll it do? Fred's dead.

RILING (333)

It'll make me feel better.

BARDEN (334)

You come all the way over here to tell me that?

RILING (335)

No. I missed you this morning, but I didn't know you were here.

(then in a  
different  
tone)

Why are you?

BARDEN (336)

I'm leavin' the country.

RILING (337)

(hesitates,  
mildly)

But Kris, the fight's almost won. Lufton's herd is stampeded half way up the Three Braves.

(CONTINUED)

LH  
237 (CONTINUED)

71

KRIS (338)

(bitterly)

Who cares?

With a violent gesture of contempt, he turns away, melting into the shadows. Riling looks after him with an ugly look then goes up onto the porch, CAMERA FOLLOWING him. He stops at the front door of the saloon, looks in.

INT. SALOON

238 LONG SHOT FROM his viewpoint. Jim, his back to camera, standing by the bar.

EXT. SALOON

239 CLOSEUP Riling, registering satisfaction at the sight of Jim. Then he turns, motions off down the street toward his waiting companion.

EXT. STREET

240 LONG SHOT FROM Riling's ANGLE. The shadowy figure rides out from the shadows into the moonlight, starts toward the saloon. It is Reardan.

EXT. SALOON

241 MED. SHOT at entrance. Riling goes on in.

INT. SALOON

242 FULL SHOT. Riling comes in, crosses to Jim, puts on a broad smile, speaks with hearty warmth.

RILING (339)

Jim! Where you been? I've  
hunted the country for you.

243 TWO SHOT.

JIM (340)

(coolly)  
How'd you find me?

(CONTINUED)

RILING

Settlemeir said you took the  
Commissary road. I took a chance.

(looking Jim  
over sharply)

What's up?

Jim doesn't answer. Riling grins and puts a hand on  
his arm, says warmly.

RILING (cont'd)

Let's have a drink. I've got news.

Jim's face is expressionless as Riling turns to the  
bartender.

RILING (cont'd) (341)

Give me a bottle and a handful  
of cigars, and then get out.

- 244 A WIDER ANGLE - as the bartender sets out the bottle  
and cigars. Jim, about to turn away from the bar,  
stops short as he sees something in the mirror.
- 245 MED. SHOT over Jim's shoulder into mirror behind bar.  
For just one fleeting second, Reardan's ugly face  
framed in the saloon entrance, is reflected in the  
mirror. Then it moves on to be lost in the shadows.
- 246 MED. SHOT. There is no indication in Jim's manner that  
he has seen Reardan as he goes over to a table with  
Riling, sits down. Riling sets the whisky bottle and  
cigars on the table, then seats himself. In b.g. the  
bartender is seen leaving the saloon toward the rear.
- 247 MED. SHOT - at table. Jim watches Riling with indolent  
curiosity as he pours two drinks. Then, in silence  
the two men nod to each other and drink. Riling sets  
down his glass, lights one of the cigars. All the  
while his face is bland and Jim knows that he is  
studying his approach. Finally Riling leans back in  
his chair and begins.

RILING (342)

On the level, Jim, what are you  
doing here?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (343)

(quietly)  
Runnin' out.

Riling frowns.

RILING (344)

You must have a pretty good  
reason.

JIM (345)

Two. Their names are Shotten  
and Reardan.

Riling grins swiftly.

RILING (346)

I never heard of you running  
away from a pair like that.

JIM (347)

(mildly)  
No -- you never did.

RILING (348)

Then why?

248 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Jim. He moves his glass in  
a circle, looks steadily at Riling, talks slowly.

JIM (349)

Those two were primed to kill  
Lufton in cold blood, when I  
stepped in.

RILING (350)

I'm glad you did.

JIM (351)

(smiling faintly)  
Are you?

The two men stare at each other a long moment. If  
Riling is cornered, his face doesn't show it.

RILING (352)

When I hired Shotten and Reardan  
and explained the layout, I told  
them the wage I'd pay. I said it  
was big because sooner (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

RILING (cont'd)  
or later they'd likely face a  
shoot-out with Lufton and I didn't  
expect any man to take that on  
for fifty a month.

(a pause)  
I guess they remembered that and  
saw their chance. That answer  
your question?

JIM (353)  
(with an edge  
of a smile)  
I guess you think so.

Riling leans forward and gestures sharply.

RILING (354)  
Jim, what the devil's eatin' you?  
We've got more than a box of  
marbles at stake.

JIM (355)  
You mean -- you have.

RILING (356)  
That means -- you quit?

JIM (357)  
That means I have quit.

249 MED. CLOSE SHOT - featuring Riling.

RILING (358)  
Look, Jim, Lufton's not dead -  
he's not even hurt. But after  
that stampede he hasn't got a  
chance.

JIM (359)  
Then why bother about me?

RILING  
I need you. Can't you see that?

Jim shakes his head and Riling leans forward, talking  
in his most earnest manner.

RILING (cont'd) (360)  
You don't think Lufton'll do  
business with me, do you?

(CONTINUED)

JIM(361)

No - he'd rather lose his herd.

RILING (362)

Exactly. But today you stepped in and saved his life. He won't forget that. So when you ride up and make him an offer -- he'll take it -- because he has to.

Jim picks up a cigar, studies it idly, slowly shakes his head.

JIM (363)

No dice.

RILING (364)

(sharply)  
Why not?

Jim looks at him with a curious expression in his eyes.

JIM (365)

It's something you wouldn't understand.

RILING (366)

Try me.

250 CLOSE SHOT - featuring Jim. He pauses a moment, then in a mild tone of voice, speaks.

JIM

It starts with your double cross of a bunch of poor jug-headed homesteaders and the hiring of gun hands --- it goes on to you making love to a man's daughter to get her to turn on her own father, and to your try for Lufton yesterday... It goes past that to the death of Kris Barden's son.

INTERCUT above with CLOSEUP of Riling - his eyes narrowing and his face hardening as he gets the full impact of what Jim is driving at.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)

...and it winds up right here,  
Tate, with Reardan waitin' outside  
to see if I go back with you...  
or he shoots me in the back.

He leans forward a little, concludes quietly.

JIM (cont'd) (367)

I've seen dogs that wouldn't  
claim you for a son, Tate.

- 251 CLOSEUP of Riling as he sits erect, looks briefly at Jim, starts to rise.
- 252 MED. SHOT. Jim, anticipating his move, puts both hands on the edge of the table and shoves it against Riling's belly. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Tate goes over backwards, clutching at the table. Jim lunges for him, lands on his chest, slashing down at the gun Riling is dragging from his holster. Riling grunts with pain and the gun slides out of his fingers. Jim kicks it out of scene as he comes up off Riling, and in the same move, whips his own gun out of his holster, turns it on the open front door where Reardan is just about to come in. Reardan ducks back as Jim empties the gun at him. Then Jim quickly throws the gun at the overhead kerosene lamp. It blinks out, plunging the room into pitch blackness.
- 253 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. Just barely visible, he backs against a wall, waits in the dark.
- 254 CLOSE SHOT - at front door. Reardan, gun in hand, stands on the threshold, peers uncertainly into the dark saloon.
- 255 MED. SHOT SHOOTING PAST Reardan. In the darkness he sees two figures. One is picking up a chair. He hurls it at the other figure, sending him to his knees with an anguished groan. The first figure picks up another chair but this one misses, catching the top of the bar and skidding into the stacked glasses behind.

LH  
256

77

CLOSE SHOT - at front door. Reardan's eyes jump to the bar, the SOUND of the cascading glasses OVER SCENE. Still he cannot distinguish between the two men in the dark.

257

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Jim is edging along the wall toward Riling, whose silhouette is outlined against a window. Riling, his back to Jim, stands like a wary bull, waiting for him. Suddenly he hears him, whirls and lashes out a blow that catches Jim on the head. But Jim's momentum carries him into Riling's shoulder first and both slam into the bar with a crash. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as the small bar tilts against the combined weight of the two men, then overturns into the back bar, bringing all the bottles to the floor with a booming jingle.

258

CLOSEUP - Reardan peering intently into the dark, trying to pick out the two men.

259

MED. SHOT - at bar. Riling's back is pinned against the bar, Jim slugging wildly at his face. Riling raises a knee and flings him spinning against the up-lifted bar. Jim goes down, his bracing hand falling on the edge of broken glass. The pain of it shocks up his arm and he comes to his feet crouched, barely able to meet Riling's rush.

260

CLOSE SHOT - featuring Jim. A faint light appears over scene. Jim becomes aware of it, shoots a look toward the stairway leading upstairs as Riling wraps his arm around him. With his chin in the V of Jim's throat, he starts to bend him backwards. The light grows brighter.

261

MED. SHOT - stairway. The bartender, a shotgun in one hand, a lighted lamp held aloft in the other, is coming down the steps. He halts uncertainly on the landing.

262

MED. SHOT - at front door. Reardan has seen him, trains his gun on him, motions for him to stay where he is.

LH  
263

78

FULL SHOT. Jim, straining every muscle to break Riling's bone-crunching bear hug, realizes that the light in the room has made him a target for Reardan. With his free foot, he slashes at Riling's shins, pushes against his chest with his numbed arms. Then they are parted, both sucking in great gagging breaths of air.

264 MED. SHOT. Jim looks over Riling's shoulder to Reardan in the doorway. Riling moves in, swinging blows on him that he can't smother.

265 CLOSE SHOT - on landing. Bartender, with Reardan's gun trained on him, watching the fight helplessly.

266 MED. SHOT - Jim and Riling. Jim's back is to the wall now but Riling is still between him and Reardan. He braces himself, drives a smashing blow into Riling's face. It takes his cheekbone and skids and rips his ear, and then Riling falls onto him, hugging his arms. A kind of stubborn killing anger is in Jim now. He raises his shoulder suddenly and hears Riling's teeth clack. He lifts the whole weight of his weary body into a shove. It catches Riling off balance and he goes over backwards, dragging Jim with him. They fall with a thundering crash among the strewn chairs. They get to their knees searching for air at the very depths of their lungs. They rest this way for a moment, too exhausted to move. Then Riling makes a rush at Jim, driving smashing blows into Jim's face. He takes them on the chest and face and they jar him clear to the base of his spine. Finally, Jim manages to brace himself, lands a smashing blow into Riling's face. Riling goes down.

267 MED. SHOT - LOW CAMERA ANGLE. Jim crawls full astride him, taking his punishing blows. He hammers wildly at Riling's face, using the edge of his hand like a hammer. Riling gathers himself for one great heave, but Jim gives him a final blow and he falls back senseless.

268 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, lying on top of Riling, his breath coming in great gasps. Then he sees --

269 MED. SHOT FROM his ANGLE. Through the chairs, Reardan's legs approaching. They stop beside him.

(CONTINUED)

REARDAN'S VOICE

All right, get off him.

Jim turns wearily and looks at him.

REARDAN'S VOICE (cont'd) (368)

I said - get off him.

His foot kicks Jim.

- 270 MED. SHOT - including Reardan. He has caught Jim in the side, and the force of his kick lifts Jim off Riling and rolls him over on his back in the sawdust. Reardan raises his gun.
- 271 CLOSE SHOT - FROM Jim's ANGLE - featuring Reardan's gun and legs as he levels it down on Jim. Between Reardan's legs the swinging front doors can be seen moving inwards.
- 272 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. There is a shot. Jim reacts, and then slowly, Reardan's body falls into scene, drops across Jim's feet. It rolls off, turns over completely and lies still. Jim comes to his knees.
- 273 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He kneels a moment on all fours, looking at Reardan without comprehension. Then he grabs the edge of a table, hauls himself to his feet. He comes up facing the door, stares dazedly - finally understands what has happened.
- 274 MED. LONG SHOT (FROM his ANGLE) - front entrance. Just inside the door, gun at his side, stands Kris Barden. It is his shot that has downed Reardan.
- 275 FULL SHOT. Jim drops into a chair, folds his arms on the table and puts his head there, letting the sickness of exhaustion and violence ride him. The bartender starts toward him.

BARDEN (369)

Hold it. Give him time.

Slowly Jim raises his head and fights to his feet, steadying himself. He sees his gun lying on the floor, picks it up, starts toward Barden.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - at front door, as Jim comes up.

BARDEN

Can you make it to your horse?

Jim nods and Barden nods his head.

BARDEN (cont'd) (370)

Get out.

Jim picks his hat off the floor. He feels beaten and caved in and gutted, and yet in spite of it there is something he has to say to Barden. He puts a hand on a table to steady himself, looks curiously at Barden.

JIM (371)

Why'd you do it?

Barden gives him an unfriendly glance.

BARDEN (372)

I've always wanted to shoot one of you and he was the handiest. Get out!

Jim gives him a long searching look, then goes out through the door.

SLOW LAP DISSOLVE

EXT. LUFTON RANCH - DAY

277 MED. SHOT. Ted Elser rides up to the corral fence, is just about to dismount when he sees something o.s. With a scowl, he wheels his horse, rides swiftly across the ranch yard; CAMERA MOVING WITH him. He comes onto what he has seen. It is Jim Garry, riding up to the ranch house. Ted reins in beside him. Jim halts.

278 MED. SHOT. Ted stares at Jim's appearance. His bloody shirt is in ribbons, and great livid bruises show on his lean face. The hands atop the saddle horn are raw across the knuckles, the palm of one of them badly cut from the glass on which he fell while fighting Riling.

TED (373)

What're you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (374)  
I want to see Lufton.

TED (375)  
(angrily)  
Why you dirty saddle stiff!  
Get out of here - quick.

Jim doesn't move, only says flatly:

JIM (376)  
Lufton'll have to run me off.

Ted reaches for his rifle.

TED  
I don't need orders from him  
to cut down on you. Get out!

Still Jim doesn't move. Ted lifts his rifle, cocks it.

TED (cont'd) (377)  
(angrily)  
Do I have to blow you out of  
the saddle?

JIM (378)  
(quietly)  
I reckon you do.

He starts to swing painfully out of the saddle. Ted looks at him uncertainly.

279 MED. SHOT - Ranch porch. Amy comes out of the kitchen door, stops short as she sees Jim.

280 MED. SHOT - Jim, FROM her ANGLE. His knees give way and he holds onto the saddle horn, hangs there a few seconds.

281 CLOSE SHOT - Amy, reacting to his condition.

AMY (379)  
What is it?

282 FULL SHOT. Ted turns sharply. Jim, with an effort, braces himself, straightens up, his legs shaking under him. He walks slowly over to Amy, Ted following on his horse.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (380)  
(to Amy)  
I'm looking for your father.

AMY (381)  
He's --

TED (382)  
(warningly)  
Careful, Miss Amy. It don't  
matter to him where your  
father is.

AMY (383)  
(her eyes  
on Jim)  
It's all right, Ted.  
(noticing Jim's  
cut hand)  
That's a bad cut. Come  
inside - I'll fix it.

She waits for him to come up onto the porch, then  
holds the door for him to go inside.

INT. KITCHEN

283 FULL SHOT - as they come in.

AMY (384)  
Sit down.

Gratefully, Jim sinks into a chair. Amy goes over  
to the stove to get some hot water.

284 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim. His eyes follow her, not  
quite understanding her friendliness after what has  
happened between them. Presently she returns with a  
basin of hot water, a salve and clean rags. She  
sets the basin on a chair beside Jim, kneels in front  
of him, starts to bathe his hand.

285 OMITTED.

286 MED. SHOT. Jim submits in silence, avoiding her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

AMY  
(after a  
moment)  
Tate Riling?

Jim nods.

AMY (cont'd) (385)  
Is he -- dead?

JIM (386)  
(shaking his  
head)  
No --

Amy starts to bandage his hand in silence. Then,  
without looking at him she says:

AMY (387)  
I keep remembering what you said  
yesterday in Sun Dust. Was this  
a whim, too - this business with  
Riling?

JIM (388)  
It was a pleasure.

Amy laughs and Jim, for the first time smiles. Then,  
because they are both suddenly aware of each other,  
Amy returns to the bandaging, quickly finishes it.  
Simultaneously, horses are heard arriving in the yard  
outside. Amy rises, glances out through the window.

EXT. LUFTON YARD

287 MED. LONG SHOT - THROUGH window FROM Amy's ANGLE.  
Lufton and Cap Willis have just ridden in. They  
dismount, stand for a moment in conversation with Ted,  
then cross to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

288 FULL SHOT. Jim rises as Lufton and Cap Willis step in.  
Lufton looks inquiringly from Jim to Amy - then back  
to Jim, says in a neutral voice:

LUFTON (389)  
What brings you back?

(CONTINUED)

CAP (390)

(with dislike  
for Jim)

Gall, for one thing, John.

LUFTON (391)

(to Jim)

Been in a scrap it looks like.

JIM (392)

(nodding)

I got in a jangle with Riling  
over at Commissary last night...  
I'm through with him...

LUFTON (393)

Well?

289 GROUP SHOT.

JIM (394)

You may not believe me, Lufton --  
but I want to tell you what  
you're up against, and then --  
it's up to you.

LUFTON (395)

I already know what I'm up  
against.

JIM (396)

You don't know that Pindalest  
aims to buy your herd, do you?

LUFTON (397)

He rejected it.

JIM

He won't reject it when Riling  
offers it to him.

Lufton and Cap exchange a look.

JIM (cont'd)

Sure. Riling and Pindalest planned  
it together. Pindalest's part of  
the deal was to order you off the  
Reservation. Riling was to prime  
the homesteaders to keep you out  
of the Basin. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd) (398)

(then in a  
different tone)

Do you figure you can round up  
your stuff and cross it before  
the deadline?

Lufton looks at Jim steadily a moment, then shakes his  
head.

LUFTON (399)

No --

JIM (400)

And rather than let the Army  
take 'em, you'd sell and take  
a loss, wouldn't you?

LUFTON (401)

Not to Riling.

JIM

But to a stranger like me with  
cash in his pockets.

Lufton nods slowly and Jim shrugs.

JIM (cont'd) (402)

That's the deal....I was  
supposed to make the offer  
with Riling's money.

There is a pause, broken finally by Cap.

CAP WILLIS (403)

I don't believe it.

LUFTON (404)

(sinking into  
a chair)

They're right --

(beaten)

I'd be a fool not to sell.

JIM (405)

(picking up  
his hat)

Well - I'll drift. I just  
wanted you to know.

(CONTINUED)

AMY (406)  
(stepping  
forward quickly)  
Wait a minute, Jim.

He halts, looks questioningly at her. Amy turns to her father.

290 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Jim and Amy.

AMY  
There's something more.

Jim flashes her a quickly appreciative look.

AMY (cont'd) (407)  
You don't go tell a dead man  
he's dead.  
(turning to Jim)  
You came here for something  
else, too.

291 MED. SHOT - featuring Jim.

JIM (408)  
Yes, I had kind of an idea.  
(to Lufton)  
Maybe it's not what you'll like.

LUFTON (409)  
I'll hear it.

Cap, Lufton and Amy eye him searchingly.

JIM (410)  
Suppose the deadline was set  
ahead a week. That would give  
you time to round up your herd.

LUFTON (411)  
But the deadline isn't set ahead.

JIM (412)  
It can be.

LUFTON (413)  
How? Pindalest would laugh at  
me if I asked him.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (414)  
He wouldn't laugh at me.

LUFTON (415)  
(angrily - flatly)  
No! I'm not hiring gunmen to  
save my herd or anything else.

Jim Garry's face goes pale with blind rage. Then abruptly he wheels, goes out of the kitchen. Amy looks after him a second, then runs out after him.

EXT. KITCHEN

292 MED. SHOT. Amy comes out of the kitchen, runs after Jim, puts a restraining hand on his arm.

AMY (416)  
Jim! Jim! He didn't mean it!

Jim doesn't look at her. He shakes off her arm, continues to his horse, which is tethered nearby. Amy hurries after him, calling "Jim, please - wait a minute."

293 MED. SHOT. Jim unties his horse, mounts as Amy comes up to him, grabs the horse's bridle, pleads.

AMY (417)  
Jim, he didn't understand what  
you were saying! Please - don't  
leave until he does.

JIM (418)  
(hard)  
He understood all right -- now  
step back.

Amy lets go the bridle, steps back. Without another look at her, Jim starts off.

294 A WIDER ANGLE - Jim rides out of the yard, Amy momentarily defeated, looking after him. She sees Ted's saddled horse, runs over to him, swings up on him, starts out after Jim.

EXT. PLAIN

295 FULL SHOT. Jim is riding away from the ranch. Amy appears in scene, riding swiftly after him. She catches up with him, reins her horse into a walk.

296 CLOSE MOVING SHOT of the two.

AMY (419)

I'm going to follow you until  
you turn back.

Jim glances at her, his eyes without humor.

JIM (420)

You'll have a long ride....I'm  
headed for Texas.

AMY (421)

All right --

Jim shoots her another look, but doesn't speak. He realizes that this is going to be a battle of wills, keeps on going. Amy, her lips set in a firm line, keeps abreast of him.

297 FULL SHOT - The two ride into the late afternoon sun.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JIM'S CAMP - MOONLIGHT

298 FULL SHOT. The camp is pitched in the bottomlands among the trees, close to the river. Jim is squatted before the campfire, cleaning up the remains of a meal. The horses are staked out a little distance apart. Amy is unlashing a coat tied behind Ted's saddle.

299 CLOSE SHOT - Amy. She starts to put the coat on, looking off at Jim a little quizzically.

300 MED. LONG SHOT - of Jim FROM her ANGLE, before the fire, his back to her.

301 CLOSE SHOT - Amy. She smiles, then rolls up the sleeves of Ted's coat which is much too big for her. Buttoning it up, she goes over to Jim, CAMERA MOVING WITH her.

(CONTINUED)

He is trying to roll a cigarette as she comes up, realizes he can't do it with his wounded hand, starts to put the tobacco sack back in his shirt pocket. Amy sees it, holds out her hand in silence. He gives her the sack and she sits down and starts to fashion a cigarette for him.

302 MED. SHOT. Jim watches her a moment covertly and we get the impression that nothing much has been said between them since we last saw them.

JIM (422)  
(finally)  
Maybe we better quit this.

Amy looks up at him.

AMY (423)  
You'll come back and give Dad  
a chance to apologize?

JIM (424)  
No. But you'd better go. They'll  
be looking for you.

AMY (425)  
(handing him cigarette)  
I won't go until you go with me.

He looks at her for a moment, lights the cigarette, rises.

JIM (426)  
I'm going to turn in -- get some  
sleep.

303 A WIDER ANGLE - He crosses to his bed roll.

AMY (427)  
(quietly)  
I'm not leaving.

JIM (428)  
You haven't any blankets.

AMY (429)  
I've slept without them before.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (430)  
(explosively)  
You're not staying here.

AMY (431)  
Will you go back with me?

JIM (432)  
No.

AMY (433)  
Then I won't go.

He gives her a long level look.

JIM  
I think you will.

He flips his cigarette into the fire, comes over to her. Amy rises, looking slightly uneasy at the threat in his tone.

JIM (cont'd) (434)  
(quietly)  
I'll give you one more chance.

AMY (435)  
No.

He sees that she means it, steps over to her, takes her in his arms, kisses her hard. Amy submits without protest, but she does not respond to him. Nevertheless, the touch of her lips awakens a strange excitement in him. He steps back, stares at her a little bewildered.

JIM (436)  
You'll go now -- unless you  
want more of that.

AMY (437)  
I don't want more of it, Jim.  
But I won't go.

He looks at her baffled. His glance holds hers for a moment, then he turns away. As he does so Amy smiles - gently.

304 MED. SHOT. Jim sits down again, arms folded on his knees, scowling into the fire. Presently, without looking at her, he says.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (438)

You meant it, didn't you....  
Enough to let a man do that --  
(murmuring)  
I'm sorry about -- that kiss.

Amy smiles, sits down beside him.

305 TWO SHOT.

AMY

Jim -- I think I understand you  
better than you know.

He stares doggedly into the fire.

AMY (cont'd)

You've been in hard luck and  
you've made mistakes... you've  
hated those mistakes...but  
you've never admitted them....  
except to yourself....this mess  
with Riling...you never liked  
it....that's why you walked  
out on it.

Jim doesn't say anything - merely stares into the  
fire.

AMY (cont'd)

Today you tried to do something  
that would make up for it and  
Dad threw it back in your face.  
He thought you were proposing  
to kill Pindalest.

Still Jim doesn't speak.

AMY (cont'd)

I didn't think so. I know why  
you did it - you thought it  
would help wipe out the past.

Jim nods mutely, staring sombrely into the fire.

AMY (cont'd) (439)

You're proud, Jim, but this is  
the wrong kind of pride. If  
you ride on back to Texas, you're  
lost.

(CONTINUED)

Still Jim says nothing - just sits there looking into the fire, Amy watching him as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MASSACRE RIVER - DAY

306 MED. LONG SHOT - Jim crosses the river from b.g., rides up onto the bank. It is the location where Amy first shot at him. He pauses for a brief moment to look back, then rides off along the trail which leads into the mountains.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

307 FULL SHOT. Jim is riding along a narrow rugged trail. It is heavily timbered. He reaches f.g., reins in, looks down to the valley below.

EXT. UTE INDIAN AGENCY - DAY

308 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Jim (MATTE). A wagon road forms the only street - on either side a tumultuous array of skin-and-canvas Ute tepees - an occasional log cabin. There are campfires in front of most of the tepees and, at the end of the street is the office of the agency, with an American flag waving from the flag pole.

309 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Jim gathers up the reins, rides on down the trail toward the agency.

DISSOLVE

EXT. UTE AGENCY - DAY

310 FULL SHOT. It is a long house a little larger than the others, with a tie rail in front. Jim rides up to rail. CAMERA MOVES IN to a MED. SHOT as he dismounts, tethers horse, goes up to the house.

MED. SHOT - at door, on which is painted the legend "AGENCY." Jim knocks.

PINDALEST'S VOICE (440)

(impatiently)

Come in, come in!

Jim turns the knob, goes in.

INT. PINDALEST'S OFFICE

312 FULL SHOT. It is a gloomy room heated by a Franklin stove. Pindalest is in his shirt sleeves, his galluses trailing down behind him, his sparse hair mussed, his boots off. He stares stupidly at Jim for a moment, then recognition comes.

PINDALEST (441)

Oh -- Garry. Jim Garry,  
isn't it?

JIM (442)

(affably -  
coming on in)

That's right. How are you,  
Mr. Pindalest?

Pindalest shuffles over to him and they shake hands.

PINDALEST

Sit down, man, sit down...Been  
riding all day and was just  
having myself a nap.

(gesturing  
to stove)

Fire up the stove. It's cold in  
here.

He goes back into the other room and Jim puts a stick of wood in the fire, stirs it up; Pindalest, his boots on, comes back putting on his coat. He goes over to the desk, pushes a bottle and a couple of glasses toward Jim.

PINDALEST (cont'd) (443)

Pour your own. Make mine light.

Jim pours the drinks and Pindalest sinks into the swivel chair by his desk.

LH  
313

94

MED. CLOSE SHOT. He gives Jim time to put his glass down, then asks with apparent unconcern.

PINDALEST (444)

Well, how goes it with you and Riling?

JIM (445)

Fine, Mr. Pindalest, fine. I've got the news you've been waiting to hear.

Pindalest sheds all pretense of concern, leans forward excitedly.

PINDALEST (446)

Lufton given up?

JIM (447)

That's about the way it shakes down.

(grinning)

He pounded sand for a while, but he finally came around.

Pindalest settles back slowly into his chair, a broad smile on his face.

PINDALEST (448)

That's fine. Went off without a hitch, huh?

314 CLOSEUP - Jim watching Pindalest carefully, manages to assume a dubious look.

JIM (449)

Well, maybe one little hitch, you might call it.

315 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Pindalest is immediately wary.

PINDALEST (450)

And what's that?

JIM (451)

Lufton wants more money.

(CONTINUED)

PINDALEST (452)

(sharply)  
How much more?

JIM (453)

Three thousand. Riling said his selling price to you still held, so this was just a loan. He'd take the three thousand out of his own cut.

Again Pindalest beams -- pours.

PINDALEST

Easily done, easily done. If that's all that's holding us up, there's nothing to worry about.

(picking up  
whiskey  
bottle)

Here, let's have another drink to celebrate.

As he pours the drinks, a thought occurs to him.

PINDALEST (cont'd) (454)

Let's see...maybe this is going to be a nuisance... I haven't got the cash here at the agency.

JIM (455)

Lufton wants cash.

PINDALEST (456)

(scowling)

Then I'll have to ride over to Sun Dust with you and draw the money out of the bank.

JIM (457)

(deadpan)

Riling said you likely would.

Pindalest rises, a frown on his face.

316 A WIDER ANGLE.

PINDALEST (458)

How's the pass? Clear?

(CONTINUED)

JIM (459)

(rising)

A little snow. It'll hold off,  
I reckon.

Pindalest tosses off his drink, starts out of the room.

PINDALEST (460)

I'll get my stuff together.

JIM

Oh, I came close to forgettin'.  
Riling says call off the Army.  
Lufton'll likely run over the  
deadline roundin' up some beef  
we stampeded for him.

Pindalest halts.

JIM (cont'd) (461)

Riling says he doesn't want to  
have to explain to the Army  
about it.

PINDALEST (462)

(coming back  
to desk)

Of course, of course.

(reseats himself)

I'll start a man with a message  
to Ft. Liggett right now.

He reaches for a piece of paper, starts writing.

317 CLOSEUP - Jim, watching him, having difficulty to  
keep from betraying his excitement at the success of  
his plan.

DISSOLVE

INT. LUFTON KITCHEN - DAY

318 CLOSE SHOT - Carol, a tense worried look on her face,  
is mechanically stacking dishes. She stops for a  
moment lost in troubled thought, then at the SOUND  
of a door opening looks off, resumes clearing the  
table.

319 FULL SHOT - Amy is entering the kitchen from the  
hallway, a heavy mackinaw over her arm, as her father  
enters from outside.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Amy holds the mackinaw for her father, Carol watching them from b.g.

LUFTON (463)

Cap's gone on ahead to get the drive started...

(wryly)

...only hope Riling doesn't get wind of what Garry's up to.... or there'll be the devil to pay.

AMY (464)

(quietly)

Jim knows what kind of a man he's dealing with, Dad.

LUFTON (465)

Yeah -- I guess he does.

(starting out)

At any rate, it's our one chance...

He goes on out.

321 CLOSE SHOT - Carol. As the door closes after him she sets the dishes down hard, turns on Amy.

CAROL (466)

So we're going to stake our whole fortune and upset our lives---just because Garry sold you a wild lying scheme.

322 MED. SHOT. Amy turning away from the door, looks dumbfounded.

AMY (467)

Lying? You don't believe what Jim told me?

CAROL (468)

No. Why should I? He's nothing but a cheap gunman. A killer!

AMY (469)

That's not so! Jim wouldn't ---

CAROL (470)

(tauntingly)

Jim!

(CONTINUED)

AMY (471)

Yes, Jim! What's the matter with calling him Jim? He's no more a gunman than I am!

323 TWO SHOT.

CAROL (472)

(softly)

Why, Amy! What's this?

Amy turns on her.

AMY (473)

He's trying to help us, and I'll stick up for him to you or anyone!

CAROL (474)

This sounds a little stronger than sticking up for him.

AMY (475)

(defiantly)

Maybe it is.

The two sisters regard each other for a long second - then dismay creeps into Carol's eyes. Her protest, when it comes, isn't angry. There is kindness and concern in her tone.

CAROL (476)

But a gunman, Amy. A man that'll go up against hired killers. How did he get that expert? Have you thought about that?

AMY (477)

(nodding)

Longer than you think...but nobody made him come back and help us --

CAROL (478)

Except wanting to get even with Riling.

AMY (479)

It wasn't that, either. He's really decent. He --

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (480)

Does he love you?

AMY (481)

I don't know.

CAROL (482)

You're a fool. You don't know  
anything about men.... He'll  
break your heart.

Abruptly she turns on her heel, walks out of the room.  
Amy thoughtfully watches her go, then turns back to  
the window, looks out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - LATE AFTERNOON

324 FULL SHOT. It is snowing heavily - a bitter wind  
blowing. Through the white haze, Jim and Pindalest  
appear, Jim in the lead. They ride up to the top of  
the pass. Jim reins in, looks off at the trail ahead,  
then turns to regard the area which lies to the right  
of it. His expression gives the impression that he is  
planning to branch off here. Pindalest comes up, reins  
in alongside, grimaces.

PINDALEST (483)

I thought you said a little snow.

JIM (484)

(without turning)

I figured it would hold off ---  
(too casually)

'Fraid we can't make it to  
Sun Dust tonight, Pindalest ---  
it's getting too much for the  
horses --- we'll have to make camp  
and go down in the morning.

Pindalest looks around, uneasiness in his eyes.

PINDALEST (485)

I think maybe we ought to turn back.

Jim gives him a sharp look, drawls easily.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Whatever you say. It's your  
money we're losin'.

Pindalest is tormented by the choice. He looks  
ahead at the snow piling up on the trail.

JIM (cont'd) (486)

(watching Pindalest's  
indecision narrowly)

Every minute we sit here chewin'  
leather, the snow gets deeper.

Pindalest is silent for a couple of agonizing seconds,  
eyeing the trail, Jim still watching him.

PINDALEST (487)

All right --

Jim conceals his satisfaction, turns off at right  
angles to the main trail. Pindalest follows and  
both are quickly lost in the swirling, driving snow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TATE RILING'S PLACE - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

325

FULL SHOT. Carol rides rapidly into scene, pulls up  
near the porch, dismounts. As she starts up the steps,  
Riling appears in the doorway. His face is still badly  
mussed up from his encounter with Jim at Commissary.  
CAMERA MOVES IN TO a MED. SHOT as he takes her in his  
arms, kisses her. For a moment she clings to him,  
forgetting everything in the joy of being with him.  
Then, when he releases her, she notices the marks on  
his face.

CAROL (488)

Tate, what's happened to you?

RILING (489)

(laconically)

Fight. Where you been?

CAROL (490)

Fight with whom?

RILING (491)

(evading)

A man...I've been looking for you  
for two days.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (492)

I couldn't get out.

(eyeing him  
intently)

I know who you fought with. It  
was Jim Garry.

Riling sobers - stares at her.

RILING (493)

Who told you?

CAROL

He's been at the ranch.

Riling reacts.

CAROL (cont'd) (494)

Tate, I want to ask you something.  
That's why I came here tonight.

RILING (495)

Come inside.

They go into the cabin.

INT. RILING'S CABIN - NIGHT

326 FULL SHOT. The room is fitfully lighted by a kerosene lamp that casts deep shadows into the corner of the room. Riling and Carol come in. She takes off her gloves - puts down her riding crop.

RILING (496)

Well - what is it?

327 MED. SHOT.

CAROL (497)

Garry told Dad a story, Tate.  
He said that you and Pindalest had  
cooked up this fight with Dad to  
crowd him off the range so he'd  
sell his cattle cheap to you.  
Is that true?

Riling's slow grin is a hard one.

RILING (498)

So Garry told you that, did he?

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (499)

Is it true?

RILING (500)

What else did he tell you? This sounds good.

CAROL (501)

That you wanted him to make the offer to Dad.

RILING (502)

(swiftly)

Did he tell your father that?

CAROL

Yes.

Riling's face is ugly now. He turns to the stove, starts to poke up the fire.

CAROL (cont'd)

(alarm in her voice)

Tate!

He doesn't answer. She grabs his arm, pulls him around.

CAROL (cont'd) (503)

You haven't answered me. Is it true?

RILING (504)

(angrily)

Of course.

He turns back to the stove, slams on the lid. Carol stares at him stunned as he strides over to the window, stands looking out. Then, she goes over to him, stops in front of him.

328 MED. SHOT.

CAROL (505)

You mean you've been swindling those poor homesteaders into thinking it's their rights you're fighting for?

(CONTINUED)

RILING (506)

(walking away  
from her)

I wanted money for us. That was  
a way to get money -- a lot of it  
--- money your Dad could spare.

Agitatedly he starts pacing. Carol's face goes white.  
She looks at Riling with unblinking gravity.

CAROL (507)

Tate, look at me. Do you love  
me? Have you ever loved me?

Riling stops, looks at her.

RILING (508)

What do you want me to say?  
Of course.

CAROL (509)

Don't lie to me ---  
(wildly)

You've used me to beat Dad!  
I've betrayed him for you,  
and that's all you ever wanted!  
It's all you ever counted on,  
isn't it?

RILING (510)

(turning away again -  
resumes pacing)

I wouldn't say that.

CAROL (511)

Will you go in town with me  
this minute and marry me, like  
you promised?

Riling is only half listening. His mind is on what  
Jim has done.

RILING

Not until I can support you.

Carol laughs then, a little wildly.

RILING (cont'd) (512)

(turning on her)  
What's funny?

(CONTINUED)

Carol smothers her laughter, and says.

CAROL (513)

I was thinking of something I  
told Amy this morning.

Riling only scowls. Carol takes a deep breath and gets control of herself, picks up her gloves and quirt, look at him with hatred in her eyes. Suddenly, she raises her quirt and lashes him across the face with it, then wheels and goes out through the door.

329 CLOSE SHOT - Riling looking after her with unconcealed hatred.

EXT. RILING'S CABIN

330 FULL SHOT. Carol rides out of the yard as Milo Sweet rides in from the opposite direction. He looks after her curiously, then goes into the cabin.

INT. RILING'S CABIN

331 FULL SHOT - Riling is pouring himself a hefty slug of whiskey as Sweet comes in.

SWEET

(nodding off)

Wasn't that Lufton's girl?

Riling merely grunts, downs the whiskey.

SWEET (cont'd) (514)

What's she doing here?

RILING (515)

None of your business.

(then testily)

What do you want?

SWEET (516)

I thought you said Garry quit.

RILING (517)

(truculently)

Well?

SWEET (518)

What's he doing over at the  
Reservation?

(CONTINUED)

RILING (519)

(startled)  
The Reservation?

SWEET (520)

Yeah -- Nels saw him over there  
this morning -- headin' for the  
agency --

The anger slowly washes out of Riling's face to be replaced by alarm. He yanks his mackinaw from a peg on the wall.

RILING (521)

Come on --

Hauling on the mackinaw he strides out of the cabin, Sweet after him.

EXT. CABIN

332 FULL SHOT as they come out of the cabin, mount their horses and gallop off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JIM'S CAMP IN MOUNTAINS - MORNING

333 FULL SHOT. The camp is located in a ravine, against a cave-like projection of rock. It has stopped snowing during the night, but the ground and surrounding trees are covered with a thick blanket of snow. Jim is making breakfast. Pindalest, who has just awakened, is sitting up on his blankets nearby, pulling on his boots. CAMERA MOVES to a MED. SHOT. Jim glances over at Pindalest as he hears his labored breathing.

JIM (522)

(mildly)  
Feel kind of stiff, don't you?

PINDALEST (523)

(groaning)  
When we get to Sun Dust I'm  
going to sleep for a week.

Jim eyes him speculatively as he comes over to the fire, sits down, takes the breakfast Jim serves.

JIM (524)  
What if we don't reach Sun  
Dust?

PINDALEST (525)  
What're you talking about?

JIM (526)  
I'm talkin' about you and Sun  
Dust. You won't see each other  
for a week at the outside.

Pindalest stares at him, fork poised in mid-air.

PINDALEST (527)  
Why not?

JIM (528)  
Because you and me are staying  
right here.

Suspicion mounts in Pindalest's eyes.

PINDALEST (529)  
What's the idea?

JIM (530)  
(rolling a  
cigarette)  
You've been taken in, Pindalest.  
Riling never sent me to see you.  
I came to take you and hide you  
out until after the deadline.

Pindalest straightens up with a jerk, alarm in his eyes.

PINDALEST (531)  
You mean Lufton hasn't agreed  
to sell?

JIM (532)  
(shaking his head)  
Nope. Right now he's rounding  
up his stuff with no Army to  
bother him.

He can see Pindalest is figuring this swiftly, trying  
to get it straight in his mind.

PINDALEST (533)

But -- you're one of Riling's  
men.

JIM (534)

Was. I'm Lufton's now.

For a moment Pindalest is silent, staring at Jim,  
taking in this news. Then as the full impact of the  
thing hits him:

PINDALEST (535)

You can't get away with this,  
Garry! Riling's no fool --  
he'll be on our trail in twenty-  
four hours.

JIM (536)

Let him. When he does find out  
what's happened - he'll pull his  
men off to hunt you, and that'll  
make it all the easier for Lufton...

(with deep  
satisfaction)

...while we sit here nice and cozy  
with a night's snowfall covering  
our trail.

Pindalest sags. It is crushing news for a man who  
thought his scheme had already worked. Jim smiles,  
puts a fresh log on the fire. Pindalest seeing that  
he is busy, rises quietly. CAMERA PANS WITH him as he  
moves over to his war bag which is lying on the ground.  
He kneels down, reaches into it. Evidently he  
doesn't find what he's looking for, starts rummaging  
around frantically.

JIM'S VOICE (537)

(O.S.)

This what you're looking for,  
Pindalest?

Pindalest whirls on him.

335 MED. SHOT - Jim holding Pindalest's gun in the palm  
of his hand.

336 CLOSE SHOT - Pindalest. He shoots Jim a look of hatred.

DISSOLVE

## EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY - (MATTE)

- 337 FULL SHOT - (Should be same location as previously seen when Jim rode down to agency) Riling, Sweet, and Shotten are riding up the trail. They are urging their horses forward as fast as the rugged trail will permit. The Ute Indian agency can be seen in b.g. in the valley below. Riling halts in f.g., looks up at the mountains ahead.

## EXT. MOUNTAINS

- 338 A PAN SHOT FROM his ANGLE of the snow-covered mountains stretching endlessly before them.
- 339 MED. SHOT. The men ride up alongside Riling, rein in, look off at the mountains. Their expressions are sober as they view the vast expanse of wilderness before them. Riling starts off. The men exchange a slightly dubious look, follow.

DISSOLVE

## EXT. JIM'S CAMP - DAY

- 340 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Pindalest is leaning against a boulder in front of the fire taking a deep swig from a brandy bottle. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, lifts the bottle to take a second swig.

JIM'S VOICE

(mildly)

I'd take it easy with that if I  
were you, Pindalest...

Pindalest stops with the bottle in mid-air, looks up, scowls. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Jim who had paused in front of him with an armful of pine boughs and is grinning down at him.

JIM (cont'd) (538)

...or it won't last you the  
week out.

He continues on past Pindalest to a lean-to which he has erected against the rocks, dumps the pine boughs, starts to fix up a bed with them.

LH  
341

CLOSE SHOT - Pindalest watches him sullenly for a moment. He toys with the idea of defying him by taking a second drink, decides against it, puts the cork in the bottle.

109

342

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim has arranged the pine boughs to his satisfaction, rises to go for more, stops short, as he sees:

EXT. ADJACENT HILLSIDE

343

MED. LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE: Toma, an Indian guide, is sitting motionless on his pony on the side of the hill above the camp, eyeing Jim with a face devoid of all expression. He is not more than thirty yards away.

344

CLOSE SHOT - Toma. His eyes leave Jim, travel around the camp.

EXT. JIM'S CAMP

345

FULL SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Toma: Jim, sensing trouble reaches for his gun. Pindalest, slumped forward, is staring gloomily into the fire. He has not yet seen the Indian.

346

CLOSE SHOT - Toma, his face still expressionless, gathers up the reins, knees his pony toward the brow of the hill.

347

MED. CLOSE SHOT - featuring Pindalest. He hears the horse move off, looks up - sees Toma, sits up with a jerk.

JIM (539)

(sharply to  
Pindalest)

Don't move.

Pindalest's eyes go to Jim's gun - then back to the Indian.

EXT. HILL

348

MED. LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE - Toma is just disappearing over the brow of the hill.

## EXT. CAMP

349 MED. SHOT - Pindalest turns from looking at Toma to see Jim's worried look, grins maliciously, uncorks the brandy bottle.

PINDALEST

Maybe I won't have to nurse this  
quite so long as you figured.

Jim doesn't answer. He is looking after the retreating Indian. Abruptly he comes to a decision, yanks the tarp off the lean-to as if to break camp.

PINDALEST (cont'd)

(watching him)

If you're thinking of moving on --  
you're going alone --

Jim turns, looks sharply at him. Pindalest looks off after the Indian, grins spitefully.

PINDALEST (cont'd) (540)

News travels fast in this part  
of the country, Garry.

Jim ignores this, says curtly.

JIM (541)

Get your stuff together.

PINDALEST (542)

I'm staying here.

Jim gives him a look, goes over to him, says mildly.

JIM (543)

I'm givin' you a chance to  
change your mind.

PINDALEST (544)

(flatly)

No.

JIM (545)

Stand up.

PINDALEST (546)

No.

(CONTINUED)

Jim reaches down, bunches Pindalest's sheepskin in his fist, hauls him to his knees. At this Pindalest lunges, takes a vicious jab at Jim's face. But the blow glances off his shoulder. Jim steps in, clips him across his chin and he goes down, lies still.

DISSOLVE

350 A PATCH OF SNOW in brilliant sunshine. Into this comes the shadow of a man on horseback. The shadow of a second horse, with a man thrown over the saddle follows. CAMERA PANS UP to show that the man is Pindalest. Jim has hoisted him to the saddle, and tied his feet together under the horse's belly. Pindalest begins to rouse. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include Jim, who turns as Pindalest comes abreast.

JIM (547)

The only trouble is, I can lick you and you know it.

(grinning  
disarmingly)

If you want to keep this up, you'll get a sore jaw out of it, and that's all. Suit yourself.

PINDALEST (548)

(giving up)

Allright. Untie my feet. I'm cold.

Jim dismounts, starts to untie Pindalest's feet.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

351 FULL SHOT - Riling, Shotten and Sweet are urging their horses through a narrow cut. As they come out on a small mountain meadow, they look around. Riling sees something in the snow, pulls up abruptly, the men reining in alongside.

EXT. MEADOW

352 A PANNING SHOT - FROM the group's ANGLE, showing freshly cut pony tracks crossing at right angles to their trail.

LH  
353

112

MED. SHOT - group inspecting tracks. They look off, their eyes following the trail, exchange looks of satisfaction. Then Riling spurs his horse forward, the two others falling in after him. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as they gallop across the meadow, following the tracks, to disappear over a ridge in the b.g.

EXT. RIDGE

354 FULL SHOT. The three men gallop into scene, pull up sharply in f.g. as they see...

EXT. SLOPE

355 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN PAST them to a rider on the side of the slope below. It is Toma. He has stopped to look back at the men who now plunge down the side of the slope, pull up alongside and carry on a brief conversation with him. Then Toma wheels his horse and all start back up the slope.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MOONLIGHT

356 LONG SHOT. The mountains are covered with a blanket of snow. CAMERA IS SHOOTING UP a long slope in the center of which is a trail of freshly cut tracks. Far in the distance, and, nearing the summit, two horsemen are seen climbing as fast as the deep snow permits.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE

357 FULL SHOT - Jim rides up over the top, turns in his saddle, waits for Pindalest to come up.

358 TWO SHOT. Jim looks down over the trail they've just come over. Pindalest follows his glance, a flicker of malice appearing in his eyes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE

359 Their freshly cut trail is featured, standing out in sharp relief against the wide expanse of moonlit snow.

(CONTINUED)

PINDALEST'S VOICE (549)

Ain't gonna be too tough to  
follow us.

360 TWO SHOT - Jim doesn't answer. He glances up at the  
sky.

361 SHOT OF A CLEAR MOONLIT SKY

362 TWO SHOT - Pindalest looks up at the sky, then back  
to Jim, his look of malicious satisfaction deepening.

PINDALEST (550)

No snow either --

As if in challenge, he takes out the brandy bottle,  
puts it to his lips, takes a hefty swig. Jim ignores  
the challenge, gathers up his reins, motions for  
Pindalest to move on. Pindalest, with a sour look,  
puts the bottle back in his pocket, starts out along  
the ridge, Jim following.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JIM'S CAMP - MOONLIGHT

363 FULL SHOT. Toma, with Riling, Sweet and Shotten,  
rides into the abandoned camp. They pull up, look it  
over, Riling's face setting in grim lines as he  
realizes that Jim is gone. Toma has ridden over to  
the edge of the camp, sees Jim and Pindalest's tracks  
in the snow, hails the others. They cross to him,  
inspect the tracks briefly. Then Riling leads off  
with Toma, following Jim's trail.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PATCH OF SNOW - DAY

364 MED. SHOT. An empty bottle is hurled into the snow,  
followed by the shadow of a rider. Then a second  
shadow appears. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that it  
is Jim and Pindalest. Jim looks off at the empty  
bottle as he passes it, gives Pindalest a side-long  
look. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to show that they are  
approaching a snow-banked mountain stream. Jim rides  
up to it - looks back over his shoulder to assure

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

himself that no one is behind them, motions Pindalest into the stream. Pindalest shoots him a sullen look, but obeys. Jim follows and they ride down the middle of the stream.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

365 This is the long, snow-covered slope previously seen. It lies white and shimmering under a flaming winter sunrise, Jim and Pindalest's tracks as clear cut as the night before. From o.s. comes the SOUND of rapidly approaching horses. CAMERA SWINGS TO PICK UP Riling and his men riding up to the foot of the slope. They rein in for a moment, look up at the trail, continue the pursuit.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

366 FULL SHOT. Jim, hunched forward in his saddle, bending before a cold lashing wind, is picking his way through a treacherous pass. Pindalest, behind him, is slumped forward in his saddle, practically out. Both men have a two day's stubble on their chins and look dead beat from long, punishing hours on the saddle. The horses, ploughing through belly deep snow, are breathing hard, steam coming from their nostrils.

It starts to snow, lightly at first and then in earnest. Jim looks up and, for the first time since they started the trek, smiles, turns to Pindalest.

JIM (551)

Cheer up, now we can start looking for a spot to make camp.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JIM'S CAMP - MOONLIGHT

367 FULL SHOT. The camp is pitched in a shallow red rock canyon high in the mountains. The camp is silent with winter stillness. Pindalest is stretched out in his bed roll close to the fire which is now dead. He is asleep. So is Jim, whose prone figure is dimly seen under a ledge in the b.g. Beyond we can just make out the shadowy figures of the horses. (cont.)

(CONTINUED)

It has stopped snowing but there is a covering of snow on both Pindalest and Jim's bed rolls outlining their figures.

368 CLOSEUP - head of Jim's horse slumped forward as though asleep. Suddenly he jerks to startled attention. His ears prick up, his nostrils dilate. He listens tensely then whickers sharply.

CUT QUICKLY TO

369 CLOSEUP - Jim. His eyes fly open. Instantly wary, he listens intently. O.s. comes a second whicker. Jim raises up on an elbow, peers off toward the horses, senses alert.

370 MED. SHOT. He listens for a moment more, then comes silently out of his blankets, pulls on his boots - picks up his gun from the bed roll. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he rises, stands for a moment with his back to the ledge, peering off into the dark. He starts edging along the ledge. At that moment a bare arm comes into scene from above, lashes around his throat and then the other arm drives down over his right shoulder and plunges a knife into his chest. Jim's gun drops out of his hand. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include the shadowy figure of Toma above him. In spite of the pain, Jim reacts instinctively, holding the hand with the knife tight to him. Then he humps his back. The momentum carries Toma over his head. The knife is dragged out of Jim's chest as the Indian falls. Jim picks up his gun, smashes it against Toma's skull, knocking him out. As the body rolls over and lies still, we hear the SOUND of approaching horses.

RILING'S VOICE

Toma! Where are you?

There is no answer.

RILING'S VOICE (cont'd) (552)

Sing out!

Jim straightens up, starts stumbling over to his horse, holding his hand over the knife wound.

371 FULL SHOT - camp. Pindalest, awakened by the hullabaloo, is already up and pulling on his boots.

(CONTINUED)

PINDALEST (553)

Hey Riling! Over here!

EXT. JIM'S CAMP

372 MED. SHOT. Jim is trying to get on his horse. O.S. comes the SOUND of hoof beats and men's voices. He manages to get astride the horse, pulling himself up by the pony's mane. He reaches down and yanks out the picket pin by a savage wrench of the rope and drives his heels deep into the horse's flanks, sending it stampeding.

373 A WIDER ANGLE. A figure appears directly in front of Jim. It is Shotten. He raises his gun. Jim knees his horse straight at him. Shotten shoots wildly as the horse, hits him, sending him rolling. Simultaneously Pindalest's voice rings out in the night.

PINDALEST'S VOICE (554)

There he is, Riling! There he is!

Milo Sweet's horse appears out of a stand of spruce trees, heads for Jim to intercept him.

374 FULL SHOT. Milo, coming up on Jim, raises his gun. Savagely Jim swings the heavy picket pin at Sweet. It hits and Sweet goes down. Jim rides past him. Behind him, Riling opens up with a six gun.

375 A MOVING SHOT - of Jim, riding into heavy timber, his horse crashing through the brush in panic, followed by the SOUND of shots which gradually grow fainter.

EXT. JIM'S CAMP

376 MED. SHOT. Milo Sweet struggles to his feet, as Riling comes into scene, followed by Toma who is nursing a bump on his head. Pindalest runs in, points off excitedly in the direction taken by Jim.

PINDALEST (555)

He cut into the woods there --

RILING (556)

We'll take care of him -- You get Toma to Ft. Liggett with a message to bring the army on --  
(to Sweet)

You get back to the Basin and see that the boys hold Lufton on the Reservation till they get there.

As they start rounding up their horses and mounting.

DISSOLVE

INT. LUFTON KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

377 CLOSE SHOT - on a lighted lamp standing on the kitchen table. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Carol, fully dressed, sitting by the table, her head burried in her arms as though she's slept there all night.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK TO a FULL SHOT, showing the daylight coming through the window. The door to the hall opens and Amy, in her wrapper comes in. She stops short at the sight of Carol, deep concern spreading over her face. She goes to Carol, blows out the lamp, touches her gently on the shoulder. Carol awakens with a start, looks up at her.

378 MED. SHOT.

AMY

Carol -- you've got to stop this.

Carol nods, murmurs, "I know."

AMY (cont'd) (557)

(cheerfully, going  
over to the stove)

I'll make some coffee --

She stirs up the fire, fills the coffeepot.

CAROL (558)

(bitterly)

I've done everything wrong, ---  
everything...

AMY (559)

(comfortingly)

Try and stop thinking about it.

CAROL (560)

(fighting tears)

If we just knew what was happening  
to Dad -- where he is --

AMY (561)

Carol -- please -- why don't you  
lie down a little while... I'll  
bring you some coffee --

(CONTINUED)

Carol nods, rises mechanically, exits slowly to the hall. Amy turns back to the stove. As she does so, she becomes aware that someone has ridden into the yard.

379 A WIDER ANGLE. She glances out through the window, then hurries over to the door.

EXT. LUFTON KITCHEN

380 MED. SHOT. The horseman is Kris Barden. He swings off his horse, goes up on the porch as Amy appears in the kitchen door. She is surprised to see him.

AMY (562)

Why Kris -- I thought you'd left the Basin.

BARDEN (563)

I did, but -- I found out I've lived here a little too long...

(a little  
sheepishly)

I got lonesome.

AMY (564)

I knew you couldn't leave us for good.

BARDEN

(gravely)

I'm back to stay. And I need your help, Amy. Maybe I haven't any right to ask it, considerin' who it's for.

Amy looks puzzled.

BARDEN (cont'd) (565)

You remember that young fella you combed out over there at Rocky Ford? Well, he's hurt.

AMY (566)

(going  
white)

Jim Garry?

(CONTINUED)

BARDEN (567)

(nodding)

I come home this morning and  
found him lying on the floor  
in my shack. He got a knife  
stuck in him.

AMY (568)

(with a  
little moan)

Kris -- is it bad?

BARDEN (569)

Looks kinda mean -- that's why  
I come for help.

AMY (570)

(turning back  
into kitchen)

I'll get dressed.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN

381 FULL SHOT. Amy and Barden gallop up to the cabin and  
dismount. Amy hurries over to the house, while Barden  
opens the corral gate, shoos the horses inside. Jim's  
horse, unsaddled, is already in the corral.

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN

382 MED. SHOT - as Amy comes in. She pauses in the doorway  
her face blanching as she sees:

383 MED. SHOT - Jim FROM her ANGLE, lying in Barden's bed.  
He looks half dead, his eyes sunken, his face drained  
of color - his shirt stiff with blood. Barden has  
placed a blanket over him and he has fallen into a  
feverish sleep. Amy comes into scene, stands for a  
moment looking down at him in deep concern. Then  
gently, she puts her hand on his forehead. At her  
touch, he slowly opens pain-filled eyes, stares at her  
in puzzled concentration.

AMY

It's me, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

He makes an effort to sit up. Sweat breaks out on his forehead. Amy quickly eases him down.

AMY (cont'd) (571)  
Lie still.

JIM (572)  
(making a  
terrific effort- concerned)  
You've got to get out of here.

AMY (573)  
(gently)  
Not ever, Jim ---

She moves to inspect the wound when Barden appears in scene behind her. Jim turns to him.

JIM (574)  
Kris -- tell her to get out of here.

Amy disregards this, says calmly to Jim:

AMY (575)  
I'm going to fix this up.

She starts very gently to peel away the blood-soaked shirt while Barden puts a couple of logs on the fire.

DISSOLVE

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN - DAY

384 MED. SHOT - Barden is standing by a window, looking worriedly out. After a moment Amy comes into scene with an empty bowl, crosses to the kitchen table with it, nods off to Jim's bed.

AMY (576)  
He's asleep.

BARDEN (577)  
Good!  
(then looking  
toward bed)  
So him and your Dad are in  
this together!

(CONTINUED)

AMY (579)

(nodding)

Yes--

Barden nods thoughtfully, once more glances through the window. Then abruptly he makes up his mind to something, comes over to her.

385 TWO SHOT.

BARDEN

Young lady, you're goin' on a ride.

Amy looks up questioningly.

BARDEN (cont'd) (579)

Riling's on his trail. Probably be along sometime today...That's why Garry wanted you to get out of here.

AMY (580)

Oh.

BARDEN (581)

We got to get help. Do you know where your Dad is?

AMY (582)

No -- I don't.

(distressed)

Oh, Kris -- I don't! We haven't heard from Dad for days.

BARDEN (583)

We got to find him.

AMY (584)

But Jim?

BARDEN (585)

If they show up I can stand 'em off till your Dad gets here.

Amy puts down the bowl and dish towel, gets her coat.

(CONTINUED)

BARDEN (586)

(helping  
into coat)  
Where'll you look?

AMY

Somewhere south. I'll try and  
pick up the trail of the herd  
and follow it.

Buttoning the coat, she looks up at the rugged,  
friendly face of a man she knows she can trust.

AMY (cont'd) (587)

Kris, take care of him, won't  
you.

Barden nods, then walks over to the door with her.

BARDEN (588)

You'll be warm enough. Hurry  
now.

He opens the door and Amy steps out.

EXT. CORRAL (SIDE NEAREST BARN)

386 FULL SHOT - Amy comes around the corner of the cabin,  
crosses to the corral, starts to open the gate. She  
stops short as she sees:

EXT. ACROSS CORRAL

387 MED. LONG SHOT - from her ANGLE. Riling, Pindalest  
and Shotten have just ridden up and are looking over  
the three horses in the corral. They look up, see Amy.

EXT. CORRAL

388 FULL SHOT. For a moment Amy is frightened at the sight  
of the three dirty, unshaven men. Then she gets control  
of herself.

RILING (589)

(bluntly)  
What're you doin' here?

AMY (590)

I might ask you that.

(CONTINUED)

RILING (591)  
(looking off  
at cabin)  
Barden home?

AMY (592)  
Yes.

RILING (593)  
Who else is in there?

AMY (594)  
Nobody.

Riling looks over at Jim's horse. Amy follows his glance. He looks back at her, a smile on his face that makes her heart sink.

RILING (595)  
You're a lovely little liar,  
my dear...but nevertheless  
a liar.  
(to Pindalest  
and Shotten)  
All right boys --- let's have  
a look.

Amy turns on her heel, makes a dash for the house. As she does so, the silence is broken by the report of a rifle from the shack. Riling's horse rears back on its haunches. Shotten whips out his six gun and fires after Amy.

389 MED. SHOT - at cabin door, as it opens on her. She dashes inside, the slug from Shotten's gun crashing into the door as it closes.

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN

390 FULL SHOT. Jim, roused by the shots, is propped up on both elbows, staring at Amy. Barden thrusts a gun at her, barks.

BARDEN (596)  
Here - lock that door.

Amy shoots the bolt of the door, takes the gun from Barden.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (597)

(to Amy)  
Riling?

AMY (598)

(nodding)  
And Pindalest and Shotten.

She drops down by the window alongside Jim's bed, as Barden takes another shot at the men outside.

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN

391 FULL SHOT. Riling, Shotten and Pindalest are making a dash for cover in the stand of cottonwoods alongside the corral.

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN

392 FULL SHOT. Amy, crouched beside Jim's bed, peers out through the window, trying to locate them. Kris, at the other window, ducks back as a slug strikes close to the window. Then he peers cautiously out, aims, fires back.

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN

393 FULL SHOT. His bullet kicks up the dirt at Shotten's feet. Shotten ducks back behind the tree. Riling, behind another tree, aims, shoots toward the cabin.

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN

394 FULL SHOT. Riling's bullet crashes into the wood beside the window close to Amy's head. Jim sets his lips grimly.

JIM (599)

Look here, Kris. Before this goes any farther, tell Riling I'll go with him.

Barden glances at Amy, grins and shakes his head.

BARDEN (600)

These walls are thick. They can't burn us out, and we got enough shells.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (601)

(hotly)  
But he won't quit till he's got  
me, and he'll kill you both to  
do it.

Amy turns to him says spiritedly.

AMY (602)

So we let him shoot you, just to  
save our necks!

JIM (603)

(glaring angrily  
at her - to  
Barden)  
Then sing out to them she's  
comin' out. They'll let her  
through.

AMY (604)

No!

JIM (605)

(to Barden)  
Make her go.

BARDEN (606)

(squinting  
through  
window)  
Why do you think she risked her  
neck to get back in here if it  
wasn't on account of you?

JIM (607)

Why do you think I want to get  
her out of here?

BARDEN (608)

Same reason, I reckon.

Amy smiles happily. Jim turns to her, gives her a  
long searching look.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (609)

He's right about me, Amy. But  
it wouldn't work -- not even if you'd  
have me. Now will you go?

AMY (610)

(flatly)

No.

He takes her hand, his face softening.

JIM (611)

It can't be. I've been  
fiddlefooted and no good all my  
life. I'm not askin' any woman  
to take that.

AMY (612)

I knew that when I came here.

JIM (613)

But that's what I am, Amy. That's  
me!

AMY (614)

That's you, Jim -- still proud  
and stubborn. Don't you see how  
useless talk is? I'm here, and  
I'm staying.

Jim comes up on his elbows to protest, when all hell  
cuts loose from outside. Barden's clock on the shelf  
behind the stove seems to explode in a great racketing  
WHIRR of the spring before it crashes to the floor.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN - MOONLIGHT

395 FULL SHOT. The trees look black, the cabin, barn and  
corrals a sooty smudge against the moonlit ground. For  
a moment everything is still. Then suddenly we see a  
gun flash from the trees at the edge of the corral,  
followed by an answering FIRE from inside the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

- 396 CLOSE SHOT - Amy. She is a shadowy figure in the gloom of the cabin, as she crouches below the window sill, scanning the outside.
- 397 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, lying back against the pillow, peering through the darkness, watching her.
- 398-  
401 OMITTED
- 402 CLOSE SHOT. Amy starts to reload her rifle. A slug crashes into the window frame beside her.
- 403 CLOSEUP - Jim. He comes to a decision. Holding his breath, he cautiously pulls himself to a sitting position. The pain of his wound knifes at him, and he sits there a moment until it subsides. Then he swings his feet to the floor, stands up. He puts a hand to the wall to steady himself, then reaches for his gun belt, which is hanging over the back of a near-by chair, starts to put it on.
- 404 CLOSE SHOT. Amy, looking cautiously out through the window, hears a SOUND behind her, turns, peers off through the darkness toward the bed.

AMY (615)

(softly)

Jim?

JIM'S VOICE (616)

Yes?

The height from which his voice comes brings her to her feet. She goes over to the bed, CAMERA MOVING WITH her TO where she sees Jim standing, a black hulk against the wall, fastening his gun belt.

AMY (617)

Jim -- what are you doing up?

JIM

(nodding off)

I'm going out there and try and get a crack at them.

(CONTINUED)

Then quickly as she makes as if to protest:

JIM (cont'd) (618)  
No -- let me talk. We can probably  
hold out a few hours longer, but --

405 GROUP SHOT - including Barden at his window.

BARDEN (619)  
(interrupting)  
You're not going out there just  
to save our necks.

JIM (620)  
(with a  
grim smile)  
I'll try an' save my own, too.  
(sobering)  
We might as well face it. They're  
not going to give up, an' it's not  
likely anybody'll be along to help us.

BARDEN (621)  
Then I'll go...I got a score to  
settle with Riling, too.

JIM (622)  
No, Kris -- It's me Riling's  
after and -- I'd like to finish  
this my own way.

BARDEN (623)  
(to Amy)  
Are you going to let him?

JIM  
(quickly  
decisively)  
Yes -- she is.

Then before either can protest further, he steps over to  
the window, peers cautiously out.

JIM (cont'd) (624)  
Where are they -- exactly?

Barden and Amy exchange a helpless look, then join him.

BARDEN (625)  
In the trees there by the corral.

LONG SHOT - THROUGH window, OVER their shoulders, SHOWING the trees and their relation to the rest of the landscape. They are to the right of the well and adjacent to the corral - on the other side of which, and, toward the rear of the cabin, is the barn. Occasional trees dot the yard between the stand of cottonwoods and the cabin, but between it and the barn there is an unobstructed expanse of ground, broken only by an old farm wagon standing in the middle of the yard.

BARDEN (626)

Riling's at the end by the well --  
the other two are closer to the  
corral.

Jim eyes the area between the cabin and the barn  
speculatively.

JIM (627)

If I can make it to the barn I can  
circle it and get behind them,

AMY (628)

But they're sure to see you.

Jim decides to chance it, turns from the window to  
Barden.

407 GROUP SHOT.

JIM (629)

When I get out there against the  
lean-to, open up on 'em - that'll  
draw a return fire. Their powder  
blast'll blind 'em for a couple  
of seconds -- that's all I need.

Barden nods. Jim takes a step toward the lean-to, stops  
looks at Amy.

408 TWO SHOT. They stand looking at each other for a long  
moment, then Amy goes into his arms. For a brief moment  
he holds her close, then kisses her and releases her,  
slips out through the door to the lean-to.

409 CLOSE SHOT - Amy, staring transfixed at the door through  
which he has gone. From o.s. comes the almost inaudible  
creak of the outer lean-to door as Jim opens it. At the  
SOUND, Amy springs into action, runs over to the window,  
readying her gun.

## EXT. LEAN-TO - NIGHT

410 FULL SHOT. The cabin casts a black shadow across the ground. We do not actually see Jim as he steps through the door of the lean-to, Rather do we get a feeling of movement and perhaps a glint of his gun as he closes the door behind him, waits for the gunfire from inside to start.

## INT. CABIN - NIGHT

411 MED. SHOT - Amy and Barden at their respective windows, peering out into the night. Kris, over his shoulder, speaks in a guarded tone.

BARDEN (630)

Ready?

AMY (631)

Yes.

Barden fires, Amy's blast coming right on top of his.

## EXT. FRONT OF CABIN - NIGHT

412 FULL SHOT. We see the flashes of their gunfire as a fusilade of half a dozen shots follows. It draws the return fire Jim had hoped for - answering flashes coming in quick succession from three spots in the stand of cottonwoods.

## EXT. REAR OF CABIN - NIGHT

413 FULL SHOT. As the gunfire in front continues, Jim emerges from the shadows of the lean-to, makes a dash for the wagon in the middle of the yard - makes it.

414 CLOSE SHOT - as he flattens himself against the wagon, melting into the shadows. He stands there a moment, breathing hard from the sudden exertion and pain in his side, clutching the wagon for support.

## EXT. COTTONWOODS - NIGHT

415 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Riling, his face grim and purposeful, firing off toward the cabin. When his gun clicks on empty, he reloads, his glance never leaving the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

416 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. The cabin itself is directly in his line of vision, but to one side, in the b.g., the old farm wagon is plainly visible. The shadows cast by it however are so deep that we cannot see anything of Jim except perhaps a momentary glint of his gun as a random beam of moonlight hits it.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

417 CLOSE SHOT - Riling. Out of the corner of his eye he has seen the glint of the gun, turns, peers intently in the direction of the wagon. Apparently he sees nothing. A renewed burst of gunfire from the cabin distracts his attention. He turns back to return it - the powder blast from his gun a bright flash in the gloom.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

418 FULL SHOT. In the hot exchange of shots which follows, Jim ventures out of his hiding place, runs across the intervening space between the wagon and the barn, disappears in the shadows behind the latter.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

419 MED. SHOT. Amy stops shooting, peers intently through window toward the back, trying to locate Jim.

AMY (632)

(after a moment)

Oh, Kris - I can't see him.

BARDEN (633)

Good -- keep firing.

She does so.

EXT. REAR OF BARN - NIGHT

420 FULL SHOT. There is a vague suggestion of movement as Jim makes his way along the back wall of the barn to the end adjoining the corral.

421 MED. SHOT - at corner of barn. As Jim appears in scene, the shadowy figure of one of the horses in the corral suddenly looms up against the corral fence, its head directly in front of him. Jim steps back, startled, but the horse, already nervous and frightened by the gunfire, rears on its haunches, whinnying in shrill alarm.

## EXT. TREES - NIGHT

422 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Pindalest, nearest the corral, is crouched down behind an old tree stump, levering a shell into his gun. He has heard the horse's whinny, turns sharply to look off toward the corral.

## EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

423 MED. LONG SHOT - from his ANGLE. The three horses are stamping and milling about nervously, but Jim is nowhere in sight.

424 CLOSE SHOT - Pindalest. He scowls, then figuring that the gunfire is causing the horses' uneasiness, turns back to return a shot from the cabin which has whizzed past uncomfortably close.

425 MED. SHOT - at corral. Jim moves into scene, starts edging cautiously along the corral fence toward the stand of trees.

## EXT. TREES - NIGHT

426 MED. SHOT. Pindalest is taking careful aim at the cabin Jim appears in scene behind him, moves stealthily toward him. A horse o.s. whinnies nervously. Pindalest holds his fire and once more turns to look. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Jim's shadow approaching. He whirls, but before he can shoot or even cry out, Jim brings his gun down on his head with a force that knocks him out cold. As he goes limp, falls face downward, Jim turns to look off across the woods. He is still breathing hard and shows the effect of the searing pain of his wound.

427 LONG SHOT - from Jim's ANGLE. The scene is almost pitch black, the growth of trees and underbrush so heavy that only a little moonlight filters through. After a moment there is a gun flash in the far b.g. revealing Riling's position.

428 CLOSE SHOT - Jim, registering satisfaction. O.S. a shot is heard from the direction of the cabin, to be answered instantly by Riling's gun. Jim glances off toward the cabin, realizing that he is now in the direct line of fire.

(CONTINUED)

Also that Shotten is hidden somewhere in the brush between him and Riling. Holding his gun before him, he starts slowly, stealthily forward, CAMERA MOVING WITH him. Every sense is alert. He has gone only a few feet when a slug from the cabin causes him to dodge behind a tree. Then, as the shooting stops for a few minutes, he again starts forward - his eyes searching the darkness ahead.

- 429 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Shotten is concealed behind a rock. He lifts his head to peer off toward the clearing in front of the cabin and then suddenly tenses, as though he has sensed, rather than actually heard something. He turns to look off in Jim's direction.
- 430 LONG SHOT - from his ANGLE. There is nothing but trees, shadows and underbrush.
- 431 CLOSE SHOT - Shotten. He frowns - wondering if his nerves are playing tricks on him. But he continues to peer intently through the dark.
- 432 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He has halted in the shadow of a tree and is peering ahead, listening intently. We should convey the impression that his keen ear has heard the almost imperceptible SOUND of Shotten returning in his direction. Once more he starts slowly forward.
- 433 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Shotten, his eyes glued on the trees through which Jim is moving. Suddenly he leans forward as though seeing something.
- 434 MED. LONG SHOT - from his ANGLE. After a moment, a vague shadowy figure emerges into a space dimly lighted by moonlight. It is Jim. He is not yet aware of Shotten's whereabouts.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

- 435 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Shotten, as he sees Jim. For one second, he registers surprise at Jim's presence, then, with a look of evil triumph, moves his gun to the right and fires. Simultaneously we hear the report of Jim's gun. Shotten's shot goes wild under the impact of Jim's slug in his chest. He puts his hand on the rock to brace himself, but his knees fold and then he pitches face forward onto the ground - rolls over and lies still

LH  
436

134

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Riling, peering off through the trees in Jim's general direction. He has heard the exchange of shots and realizes that something is up. He calls off:

RILING (634)

Hey! Shotten! Pindalest!

There is no answer. Now he knows that something is wrong. With raised gun, he starts cautiously forward.

INT. BARDEN'S CABIN

437 MED. SHOT. Amy takes a shot.

BARDEN

(suddenly)

Hold your fire, Amy.

She turns to him questioningly.

BARDEN (cont'd) (635)

I think he made it --  
that exchange of shots --  
it was across the trees.

AMY (636)

(looking sick)

Oh, Kris -- if we hit him --

She breaks off - unable to go on, peers through the window, trying desperately to see what is going on.

EXT. TREES

438 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He is standing motionless in the shadow of a tree, peering off in a listening attitude. He knows that Riling has heard the exchange of shots between him and Shotten, and is waiting for Riling to make the next move. There is no SOUND -- not even the rustle of leaves in the trees.

439 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - of Riling, an almost imperceptible figure, moving slowly, noiselessly through the trees in Jim's direction.

440 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He still cannot hear anything, but he senses that Riling is bearing down on him. He leans forward, trying to pick him out in the dark.

LH  
441

LONG SHOT - woods - from his ANGLE. There is a dimly lit patch of ground between him and the darker woods beyond. But there is no movement or sight of Riling.

135

442

CLOSE SHOT - Jim waiting tensely for him to appear.

443

MED. LONG SHOT - from his ANGLE, as before. For one long moment nothing happens and then, for just one fleeting second, Riling's head and shoulders emerge from the blackness to be silhouetted against the patch of moonlight. Then he dodges back into the shadows.

444

CLOSE SHOT - Jim, calling off to him.

JIM (637)

All right, Riling -- it's just you and me now.

445

CLOSE SHOT - Riling. A look of grim satisfaction leaps into his face at the SOUND of Jim's voice. He realizes that the showdown has come - and he is ready and glad to meet it.

RILING (638)

It's a pleasure, Jim.

446

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jim, as he lifts his gun, steps forward, saying:

JIM (639)

For me, Tate.

447

FULL SHOT. We see the two men step into the open, start toward each other, and then - the simultaneous blast of both guns.

CUT QUICKLY TO

INT. CABIN

448

FULL SHOT. Amy, standing by the window, has seen the flash of cross fire. With a little cry she makes a dash for the door. Barden, anticipating her move, grabs her.

(CONTINUED)

AMY (640)  
(struggling)  
Kris -- I've got to know!

There is another exchange of SHOTS from o.s.

BARDEN (641)  
Do you want to get hit?

Amy struggles for a moment longer, then abruptly stops, realizing that the shooting has ceased. She runs over to the window, Barden following, looks out.

EXT. WOODS

449 LONG SHOT - THROUGH WINDOW - The trees are a black blotch against the moonlit sky. There is a dead silence.

EXT. TREES

450 MED. LONG SHOT. At first we see nothing. After a moment, we pick up a shadowy figure moving through the trees. It is not until it reaches the moonlit patch of ground that we see it is Jim.

EXT. WOODS

451 A CLOSE MOVING SHOT - of Jim, crossing the patch of moonlight toward the spot where we last saw Riling. His steps lag as he nears it, slow down, come to a halt. He looks down. CAMERA PANS to the ground where Riling, his eyes closed, is slumped against a tree. He is mortally wounded, but not yet dead. He feels Jim beside him, opens his rapidly glazing eyes, looks up at him. A slow crooked smile twists his mouth.

RILING (642)  
Same old Jim. When lightning strikes you're there.

452 TWO SHOT - Jim stands regarding him soberly, knowing that it is only a question of seconds now. He feels a twinge of sadness.

JIM (643)  
I'm sorry, Tate -- it had to be this way.

(CONTINUED)

Riling grins wryly -- speaks with great effort.

RILING (644)

(regretfully)

Yeah -- you an' me together coulda  
licked 'em...trouble was -- you  
always had a conscience breathing  
down your neck.

His voice trails off - he is dead.

453 CLOSE SHOT - Jim. He stands for a long moment looking  
soberly down at the body. Then he turns away, starts  
back toward the cabin, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

AMY'S VOICE (645)

Jim! Jim!

Jim halts, looks off.

454 A WIDER ANGLE - Amy appears through the trees, flies  
into Jim's arms. For a moment he holds her close, then  
releases her, says soberly as Barden comes into scene:

JIM (646)

Riling's dead -- Shotten, too.

BARDEN (647)

And Pindalest?

JIM (648)

No -- I don't think so --  
(nodding off)

He's over there --

Barden starts through the trees in the direction we last  
saw Pindalest. As he exits the SOUND of rapidly  
approaching riders is heard. Amy and Jim move toward  
the clearing in front of the cabin.

EXT. BARDEN'S CABIN

455 FULL SHOT - as Jim and Amy emerge from the trees.  
Lufton and Cap Willis, followed by Milo Sweet, Nels,  
Chet Avery and Mitch Moten ride into the yard, pull up  
near the well. The attitude of the homesteaders is  
dubiously hostile. Jim pauses when he sees them,  
wondering how they come to be with Lufton but Amy  
hurries over to her father, crying "Dad!"

(CONTINUED)

LUFTON (649)

(to Amy)  
Carol told me you were here --  
she was afraid there might be  
trouble.

456 GROUP SHOT. Jim comes into scene. Sweet turns to him.

SWEET (650)

Where's Riling?

JIM (651)

Dead! Shotten, too.

Sweet reacts, turns to Lufton.

SWEET (652)

Well, Lufton - don't look like  
you're gonna get Riling to do  
much talking now.

Lufton doesn't answer. He is looking off toward the  
trees.

457 MED. LONG SHOT - from his ANGLE. Barden, with  
Pindalest, emerges from trees. Pindalest halts  
uncertainly when he sees the homesteaders with Lufton.  
Barden gives him a shove and they continue on toward  
the group.

458 GROUP SHOT. Pindalest comes up, turns angrily on Jim.

PINDALEST (653)

I'll have you arrested for  
murder.

BARDEN (654)

(to Lufton)  
It was a fair fight, John --  
I'll tell that to the sheriff or  
anybody else that wants to know.

SWEET (655)

(stepping up  
to Pindalest)  
Lufton was telling us about a  
deal you and Riling had cooked  
up to swindle him out of his  
cattle. What about it?

(CONTINUED)

PINDALEST (656)

I had no deal with Riling!

JIM (657)

I think you did -- don't forget  
I was in on it, too.

PINDALEST (658)

Nobody'll believe you.

JIM (659)

They won't have to. The  
government'll take care of that  
when those hungry Indians of  
yours start kicking to Washington.

LUFTON (660)

Yes, Pindalest...you've got to  
have beef...you were so sure of  
grabbing off mine, you've lost  
your chance to make a deal with  
anybody else.

(pointedly)

And I'm selling direct.

PINDALEST (661)

You won't have any beef to sell  
-- the Army's on the way --  
they'll seize it.

LUFTON

(with a little  
smile)

I'm afraid they'll be a little  
late -- we crossed the river  
an hour ago.

Pindalest realizes that he is licked, gives Lufton a  
look of hatred.

LUFTON (cont'd) (662)

(turning to  
homesteaders)

Well, boys -- that's the man  
you've been fighting for.

The homesteaders look at each other, shift uneasily.  
Cap Willis goes over to Pindalest, takes him in charge.

(CONTINUED)

CAP (663)

Get your horse -- you an' me  
are going to have a little talk  
with the marshal.

Pindalest makes no protest, exits in the direction of  
the corral with Cap.

459 GROUP SHOT. The men look after him a moment, then  
back to Lufton.

SWEET (664)

I guess we been a pack of fools,  
Lufton.

NELS (665)

(a little bitterly)  
I s'pose this means us and our  
families have to move.

LUFTON (666)

(kindly)  
No, Nels, not all of you --  
I just want the range between  
the rim and the river and south  
of the Reservation...That's all  
I ever wanted and if Riling told  
you any different he was lying.

SWEET (667)

(reluctantly,  
after a moment)  
All right, Lufton -- I'll move.

LUFTON (668)

(turning to Avery -  
friendly)  
And you, Chet?

AVERY (669)

(after a pause -  
simply)  
Yeah.

BARDEN (670)

(smiling)  
I've got a jug of elderberry.  
I been saving it for a real occasion  
an' I think this is it.

He starts toward the cabin. The men exchange a look,  
turn and follow him, leaving Lufton with Amy and Jim.

GROUP SHOT. Lufton turns back to Amy and Jim.

LUFTON (671)

Well, Garry -- I guess I was  
wrong about quite a few things.

JIM (672)

(with a little smile)

I was wrong about a few things  
myself.

LUFTON (673)

(lightly)

I guess we've both been plenty  
stubborn.

AMY (674)

(linking her  
arm through  
Jim's)

That's going to make two  
stubborn men in the family.

Lufton, a little taken aback, looks from her to Jim,  
then breaks into a wide smile.

LUFTON (675)

Well, maybe we better get in  
there before they empty that  
jug.

Amy smiles up at him, links her other arm through his  
and together the three start toward the cabin.

461 LONG SHOT as they move toward Barden's cabin.

FADE OUT

THE END