

BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN
A Screenplay
Adapted from an Annie Proulx Story
By
Larry McMurtry and Diana Ossana

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1 EXT: HIGHWAY: NIGHT (NEAR DAWN): 1963: 1

A cattle truck, running empty, tops a ridge on a lonely western highway.

To the east, the first faint flush of light.

Across the plain, perhaps yet some twenty miles away, a sprinkle of lights like fallen stars on the vast dark plain.

The truck roars on.

2 INT: TRUCK CAB: NIGHT: CONTINUOUS: 2

It is lighter now, but the light is high, and the plain still mainly dark, the lights of Signal, Wyoming vivid, closer now, perhaps five miles ahead.

Patsy Cline's "WALKIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT" on the radio. The TRUCKER, inscrutable, barrels on. Cabin is hazy with cigarette smoke.

In profile, WE SEE the passenger take an old mashed-up Stetson off the dashboard.

This is ENNIS DEL MAR: not yet twenty, but nonetheless compelling, not light or frivolous in disposition, appearance or manner, uncommonly quick reflexes--a high-school drop-out country boy with no prospects, brought up to hard work and privation, rough-mannered, rough-spoken, inured to the stoic life. Has outgrown his faded denim cowboy shirt, his wrists stick well out of the sleeves, the buttons gap.

ENNIS
(straightens the creases of the
hat, sets it on his head)
That's Signal, ain't it?

TRUCKER
(no conversationalist)
Was the last time I come this way.

ENNIS looks straight ahead at the lights.

3 EXT: MAIN STREET: SIGNAL, WYOMING: DAY (LATER): 3

Lighter still.

The truck stops with a screech of air brakes in front of a service station just opening for the day. An OLD MAN is rolling a tractor tire as big as he is into the garage.

ENNIS steps out of the truck, no suitcase, just a grocery sack stuffed with his only other shirt and pair of Levi's.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The truck moves again, almost before he hits the ground, spraying him with dust.

Tall, raw-boned, lanky, possessed of a muscular, supple body made for the horse and for fighting--he stretches, looks at the OLD MAN, who looks back at him sourly. One of ENNIS'S boot heels is worn, has to adjust for the turn of the heel as he walks.

No one in sight on the streets of Signal.

After a moment, carrying his sack, ENNIS walks over to the OLD MAN, who is balancing the tractor tire against a pillar.

ENNIS

'Scuse me. Mightin' you tell me where the Farm and Ranch Employment Office is at?

OLD MAN

(not as sour as he looks,
points)

In that there trailer house. Three blocks down. You'll see it.

ENNIS nods, tips his hat, starts off.

OLD MAN

Don't let that goddamn Joe Aguirre send you up to Brokeback without no thirty-ought. There's coyotes and coyotes up there, they'll eat your damn sheep and your damn jackass, too. With a thirty-ought, you might hold your own.

ENNIS, surprised by this torrent of words, clears his throat.

ENNIS

Sir?

The OLD MAN kicks at the tractor tire a time or two, as if irritated it exists. Looks at ENNIS.

OLD MAN

Where was you raised, bud?

ENNIS

Uh, Sage.

OLD MAN

Why, that ain't hardly in Wyoming, that's nearly to Utah. You ain't a damn Mormon, are you?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

ENNIS

No, sir. I just never heard a no place called Brokeback.

The OLD MAN points to a long, barren mountain to the north, its upper reaches miles away, reaching well above the tree line.

OLD MAN

Don't you let that damn Joe Aguirre send you up there with no twenty-two. Coyotes don't mind a twenty-two. Make sure he gives you a thirty-ought.

Too much talk for ENNIS, who nods his thanks.

Looks up at the mountain as he walks off.

4 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: TRAILER: DAY:

4

The sun is full up, though it is still early. A gentle breeze whistles.

ENNIS sits on the steps of a dingy trailer house, a crooked sign above the door says FARM AND RANCH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. Smokes, waits. Sees an old green pickup with a bad muffler approaching, and ENNIS becomes aware that the muffler is not the pickup's only problem. It coughs, sputters, rattles from several junctures as it pulls into the gravel parking lot of the AGENCY and dies.

The driver sits a moment in the driver's seat, then gets out and slams the door of the pickup in disgust, looks at it much as the OLD MAN had looked at the tractor tire.

This is JACK TWIST: like ENNIS, a rough country boy with little education, but somewhat different in appearance and attitude, a little less stoic, a little more of a dreamer. More welcoming, appealing, with a quick laugh. Nineteen, not as tall as ENNIS, more compact and muscular, thick, dark hair, worn jeans, bullrider's belt buckle, faded shirt, stubbly beard, straw cowboy hat, boots worn to the quick.

Doesn't notice ENNIS--the steps of the trailer house are still in shade. But when he does, he stiffens a little--looks at him--looks away.

Then the two ignore one another completely.

5 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: TRAILER: DAY (LATER):

5

Eight a.m. The wind has picked up considerably.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JACK attempts to shave using his rearview mirror, a 25-cent razor and water in a paper cup. Painful work, but keeps at it, scraping away at his stubble. Pickup radio plays Johnny Cash's "I WALK THE LINE".

An old white Buick stationwagon races along a street congested with pickups pulling horse trailers. The stationwagon whips into the parking lot, throwing dust over JACK, who hastily concludes his shaving operation. The stationwagon stops about two feet from the steps of the trailer office, as ENNIS jumps up to get out of the way.

The driver, JOE AGUIRRE, middle-aged, stocky, no fool, hair the color of cigarette ash and parted down the middle, foam dice hanging from the rearview, gets out. Then reaches back in for an oversize container of coffee.

JOE glares at ENNIS, then JACK, as he heads for the trailer office door.

Neither boy moves.

JOE goes inside. Door slams. ENNIS sticks his big raw hands in his pockets. JACK considers checking under his hood.

JOE AGUIRRE
(sticks his head out the door)
If you pair a deuces are lookin' for
work, I suggest you get your asses in
here, pronto.

ENNIS picks up his grocery sack of clothes. Looks over at JACK. Heads inside.

JACK follows. The door forcefully slams behind them.

6 INT: TRAILER OFFICE: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

6

Dusty, choky little trailer office. Venetian blinds hang askew, the one desk littered with papers, the Bakelite ashtray filled with butts, only one chair for guests. A pair of binoculars hangs from a nail in the wall behind AGUIRRE'S desk.

Neither ENNIS nor JACK sits. ENNIS smokes.

In the background, a small, old black-and-white TV plays a news story about then-President Kennedy.

JOE AGUIRRE, in his swivel chair, gives them his point of view.

(CONTINUED)

JOE AGUIRRE

Forest Service got designated campsites on the allotments. Them camps can be 3, 4 miles from where we pasture the woollies. Bad predator loss if there's nobody lookin' after 'em at night.

(drags on a cigarette)

What I want

(looks at Ennis)

is a camp tender in the main camp where the Forest Service says, but the herder...

(points at Jack)

...pitch a pup tent on the Q.T. with the sheep, and he's goin a sleep there. Eat supper, breakfast in camp, but sleep with the sheep, hundred percent, no fire, don't leave no sign. Roll up that tent every mornin' case Forest Service snoops around.

ENNIS is balancing a long ash on his cigarette, considers the ashtray which is overflowing onto JOE'S paperwork, finally just taps it into his hand.

Phone rings. JOE picks it up. Listens. Frowns.

JOE AGUIRRE

(cont'd)

No. No. Not on your fuckin' life.

(hangs up, resumes)

Got the dogs, your 30/30, sleep there. Last summer had goddamn near 25% loss. Don't want that again. You...

(points at Ennis--takes him in)

...Fridays noon be down at the bridge with your grocery list and mules. Somebody with supplies will be there in a pickup.

JOE stubs his cigarette in the over-full ashtray, grabs a cheap round watch on a braided cord from a box on a high shelf, winds it, sets it, while JACK and ENNIS look on. Tosses it to ENNIS as if he's not worth the reach.

JOE AGUIRRE

(cont'd)

Tomorrow mornin' we'll truck you up to the jump-off.

Picks up the phone. Pauses. Looks at them hard.

Awkward: they realize they are dismissed.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Leave.

ENNIS has to stoop to get out the door.

7 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: TRAILER: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

7

The door to the trailer slams shut behind them. JACK walks down the three steps outside the trailer. ENNIS stops, stands on the lowest step of the trailer, looks around at the bleak surroundings. JACK smiles, sticks out his hand.

JACK
Jack Twist.

ENNIS
(shakes hands)
Ennis.

A beat.

JACK
Your folks just stop at Ennis?

ENNIS
(after a moment)
Del Mar.

JACK
Nice to know you, Ennis Del Mar. Since we're gonna be working together, I reckon it's time we start drinkin' together.

ENNIS looks at the watch AGUIRRE gave him: WE SEE it's eight thirty. ENNIS nods to JACK.

8 INT: BAR: MORNING:

8

The barroom is large and cavernous. All the chairs are stacked upside-down on the tables. It's empty except for a BARTENDER and WAITRESS, both middle-aged.

The husky BARTENDER stands behind the bar and stocks bottled beer into the cooler. The skinny, middle-aged WAITRESS cleans ashtrays in a sink.

ENNIS and JACK enter the dingy bar. Sunlight bursts into the dimly lit room, startling the BARTENDER and the WAITRESS.

ENNIS and JACK wait a moment for their eyes to adjust to the darkness.

8 CONTINUED:

BARTENDER
(annoyed)
We ain't open 'til ten.

JACK
(friendly)
Me and my partner here, we got us a
summer's worth a drinkin' to do today.
Reckon we're gonna need that extra hour.

BARTENDER
(repeats)
Told you...we open at ten.

The WAITRESS glares at the BARTENDER.

WAITRESS
Aw, lay off 'em, Royce. They're just
buttons.

ROYCE shrugs.

WAITRESS
(cont'd--friendly, too)
You boys have a seat.

JACK and ENNIS take their seats at the bar. ENNIS lights up
a smoke.

The WAITRESS finishes drying an ashtray on her apron. Places
it in front of ENNIS.

WAITRESS
Now then, what'll you have?

JACK
Bud, please.

ENNIS
Bud.

9 INT: BAR: DAY (LATER):

ENNIS and JACK still sit at the bar, each nurses a longneck.
ENNIS peels the label from his bottle. A few empties sit in
front of JACK.

JACK
My second year up here. Last year one
storm the lightnin' kilt 42 sheep.
(shakes his head)
Thought I'd asphyxiate from the smell.
We need to take plenty of whiskey, for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

when the lightnin' starts.
(drinks)

The WAITRESS arrives. Frowns, looks pointedly at ENNIS'S bottle, still half-full.

WAITRESS
(to ENNIS)
You drinkin' that beer, or was you plannin' a grow flowers in it?

ENNIS looks embarrassed, is about to say something, but JACK speaks first.

JACK
(to WAITRESS)
Tell you what, ma'am, you just keep linin' 'em up.

WAITRESS smiles. Walks off.

ENNIS
(in a low voice)
I ain't got but a buck and some change.

JACK
You drink up. I'll worry 'bout the tab.

JACK and ENNIS chug their beers, slam the bottles on the bar.

WAITRESS returns with two opened beers.

WAITRESS
That's more like it.

WAITRESS gives each boy his fresh beer. Gathers the empties, and leaves.

ENNIS
What was you sayin' 'bout lightnin'?

JACK
It smoked some sheep. Aguirre got all over my ass like I was supposed to control the weather.
(drinks)
Beats workin' for my old man. Can't please my old man, no way. That's why I took to rodeoin'.
(proudly knocks his rodeo belt buckle)
Ever rodeo?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

ENNIS
(reserved)
Once in a while, when I can afford the
entry fees.

JACK
You from ranching people?

ENNIS
I was.

JACK
Folks run you off?

ENNIS
(stiff)
No. They run themselves off. One curve
in the road in 43 miles, and they miss
it. Killed 'em both.
(drinks)
Bank took the ranch. Brother and sister
raised me, mostly.

JACK
Shit. That's hard.
(yells to waitress)
Two shots of whiskey, right quick.

10 INT: PICKUP TRUCK: NIGHT: 10

JACK sleeps in his old pickup, slumped against the door.

ENNIS, in the passenger seat, wide awake, smokes, gazes
through the steamed windows into the darkness.

11 INT: PICKUP TRUCK: MORNING: 11

WE SEE them pull out of Signal in an Agency pickup driven by
a short, silent BASQUE. ENNIS looks hungover, holds his head.
JACK, though, is sharp and alert.

They pass the gas station. ENNIS glimpses the same sour old
man, sitting on the tractor tire.

BASQUE
You boys need to stick close to them
sheep. Don't let 'em stray. Joe'll have
your ass, if you do.

JACK
Friend, you worry 'bout the drivin'.
We'll worry 'bout the sheep.

(CONTINUED)

10.
11 CONTINUED: 11
They drive on in silence.

12 EXT: TRAILHEAD: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: 12
Two sheeptrucks and a couple of horsetrainers have unloaded at the trailhead to Brokeback Mountain. They are high, but still in the trees. The bleating of a thousand sheep fills the air.
The BASQUE is showing ENNIS how to properly pack a mule. Deftly hitches on two packs, as ENNIS watches.
JACK is already horseback.
Several blue heelers circle the sheep.

BASQUE
Only thing, don't never order soup.
(spits)
Them boxes of soup are hard to pack.

ENNIS
Don't eat soup.

JACK comes riding up with a blue heeler pup tucked inside his coat.

ENNIS
That horse looks like it's got a low startle point. Might throw you and that pup both.

JACK
(cocky)
I doubt there's a horse in this string that can throw me. Let's get, 'less you wanna stand here and tie knots all day.

13 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: 13
The thousand sheep, the dogs, the horses, JACK and ENNIS and the pack mules slowly flow out above the tree line, into the vast flowering meadows of the mountainside.
WE LINGER on this trek for a bit, as the sheep spread out onto the expansive treeless plain, nothing in sight but sky and land, high clouds.
The grass waves in the endless, coursing wind.

14 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: SUNSET: 14
From a distance, the sound of sheep.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

JACK tends the fire. Drinks from a whiskey bottle.

ENNIS, thorough and relentless about his chores, finishes setting up the tent.

Sits down next to JACK on the edge of the platform as a vast sunset turns the sky orange.

Pass a bottle of cheap whiskey back and forth.

JACK

(bitching)

That Joe Aguirre, 'sleep with the sheep, no fire'. Shit.

(drinks)

Can't wait 'til I got my own spread, won't have to put up with his shit no more.

ENNIS

I'm savin' for a place myself. Me and Alma, we'll be gettin' married when I come down off this mountain.

(drinks)

You goin' up with the sheep?

JACK

Not tonight. Tomorrow. That Joe, he's got no business havin' us do somethin' that's against the rules.

15 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: EARLY MORNING:

15

JACK saddles up, in a pale world.

The mountain, misted, is the color of smoke, the high, grassy plain invisible.

ENNIS cleans the breakfast plates by the fire.

JACK mounts his bay mare. She crow-hops a little; he keeps her under control.

Rides off, ENNIS watching him go.

16 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: MONTAGE:

16

A. WE SEE JACK tending the sheep, a blustery day, the wind combing the grass, drawing from the slit rock a bestial groan.

B. ENNIS cooking dinner, banded pebbles and crumbs of soil casting pencil-long shadows in the late afternoon light.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

C. ENNIS riding up to the sheep, where JACK sits napping.

D. JACK riding back to camp, dusk--shoots at a coyote, misses.

E. ENNIS cleaning pots and pans, in a mountain stream.

F. ENNIS and JACK eating around the campfire, the rearing lodgepole pines below them massed in slabs of somber malachite.

G. JACK saddling up, leaving camp. Turns back to ENNIS.

JACK
No more beans.

ENNIS nods.

17 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: ENNIS'S CAMP: DAY: 17

ENNIS sits on the edge of the platform smoking, looks across the great gulf of seemingly endless plain and sees JACK, a small dot moving across a high meadow, as an insect moves across a tablecloth.

18 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: LATE AFTERNOON: 18

Dusk on the mountain.

JACK rides around the sheep, he and the blue heelers bed them down.

19 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: JACK'S CAMP: NIGHT: 19

JACK, in his dark camp, lit only by moonlight, sees ENNIS as night fire, a red spark on the huge black mass of mountain.

20 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: BRIDGE: NOON: 20

ENNIS finishes packing the two mules.

Steps back, looks at the mules, and shakes his head.

The BASQUE watches.

BASQUE
Something wrong?

ENNIS
Load seems light. Where's the powdered milk 'n the spuds?

20 CONTINUED:

20

BASQUE

All we had.

The BASQUE reads through ENNIS'S current list.

BASQUE

(not looking up from the list)
Thought you didn't eat soup.

ENNIS

Sick of beans.

BASQUE

It's way too early in the summer to be
sick of beans.

ENNIS ignores the BASQUE'S comment.

The BASQUE shrugs, gets in his truck.

Drives off.

ENNIS mounts his big rangy buckskin, Cigar Butt, and leads the two mules back up the mountain.

21 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY:

21

ENNIS atop Cigar Butt, leads the two mules along the trail. Brokeback Mountain looms in the distance, an eternal postcard.

It is clear ENNIS enjoys the ride, the silence of the high country. Whistles.

Rounds a bend--Cigar Butt balks, spooks, rears up: startles a small black bear in the middle of the trail, who, also scared, promptly runs off into the woods.

ENNIS is thrown, lands hard, rolls on the rocky ground.

Cigar Butt races off the trail, pulling the two mules along with him through the trees and the undergrowth, tearing the supply packs, scattering food everywhere. A bag of flour breaks, creating a white cloud.

ENNIS sits up. His temple is cut and bleeding profusely, blood runs down his cheek.

ENNIS gets up, stiff and angry, following the trail of food--the broken bag of flour, a carton of smashed eggs--to find his horse and mules.

22 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: DUSK: 22

JACK is back from the flock, hungry, looking for his meal.
ENNIS is nowhere to be found. JACK looks in the tent.
Empty.

JACK

Shit.

23 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT: 23

The campfire light flickers on JACK'S face as he finishes off a can of beans. JACK looks around at the surrounding forest. Knows ENNIS wouldn't lag...is clearly worried. Takes a swig out of a whiskey bottle.

Gets up, paces.

WE HEAR a twig snap: JACK looks up.

WE SEE ENNIS ride into camp atop Cigar Butt, dismount, somewhat obscured by the darkness.

JACK is more worried than angry, tries to disguise his concern with indignation.

JACK

Where the hell you been? Up with the sheep all day, I get down here, hungry as hell and all I find is beans....

Silent, ENNIS walks towards the tent, fire illuminating his face. He sits on a log by the fire. WE SEE the cut on his forehead, gaping now, dried blood covering the whole side of his face.

JACK is startled by the sight of blood all over ENNIS'S cheek.

JACK

Good God, Ennis...what happened?

ENNIS

(exhausted)

Come on a bear.

(motions to Cigar Butt)

Horse spooked. Took off, pulled the pack mules along. Scattered food everywhere.

(beat)

Beans 'bout all we got left.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

JACK hands a canteen to ENNIS, who slaps it away.

ENNIS

Whiskey.

JACK picks up the whiskey bottle and hands it to ENNIS.
ENNIS grabs the bottle, takes a swig.

JACK removes the bandanna from around his neck, wads it up,
takes the whiskey from ENNIS, and pours some into the
bandanna. Raises the bandanna to ENNIS'S forehead.

A beat.

JACK hesitates...awkward...hands the bandanna to ENNIS.

ENNIS takes the bandanna and slowly dabs it at the cut on his
own temple. Winces.

JACK winces, too.

JACK

Shit. We're gonna have to do somethin'
'bout this food situation. Maybe I'll
shoot one a the sheep.

ENNIS

What if Aguirre finds out? We're
supposed a guard the sheep, not eat 'em.

JACK

What's the matter with you? There's a
thousand of 'em.

ENNIS

I'll stick with beans.

JACK

I won't.

24 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: MEADOW: DAY:

24

WE HEAR a rifle shot: ENNIS lowers the 30/30.

WE SEE a two-point buck, dead on the ground.

JACK, smiling, whooping, stands behind him looking in the
direction ENNIS just fired.

JACK

Oooooee! Meat on the table tonight!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ENNIS

Was gettin' tired a you missin'.

JACK

Let's get a move on. Can't let the Forest Service catch us with no deer.

25 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: DUSK:

25

JACK and ENNIS sit around the campfire, and eat the venison in silence.

All WE HEAR is their chewing and chomping, and the crackling of the fire.

26 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: LATE AFTERNOON:

26

JACK comes loping in on his bay mare.

Dismounts. Heads for a wet sack hanging off a tent pole, pulls out a beer, chugs it, looks irritated.

JACK

(morose)

I'm commutin' four hours a day. Come in for breakfast, go back to the sheep, evenin' get 'em bedded down, come in for supper, go back to the sheep, spend half the night checkin' for damn coyotes.

(gets a second beer, opens it)

Aguirre got no right a make me do this.

ENNIS is at the fire, dishing up supper.

ENNIS

(hands Jack a plate)

You want a switch? I wouldn't mind sleepin' out there.

JACK

(takes it)

Ain't the point. Point is, we both ought a be in this camp. And that goddamn pup tent smells like cat piss or worse.

ENNIS

(again)

Wouldn't mind bein' out there.

JACK

(looks at him)

Happy to switch, but give you warnin', I can't cook worth a shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

(pause)
Good with a can opener, though.

ENNIS

(eating)
Can't be no worse than me, then. Sure, I
wouldn't mind a do it.

27 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: ENNIS'S CAMP: NIGHT:

27

ENNIS packs a few biscuits and a jar of coffee onto his big
rangy buckskin, Cigar Butt.

Mounts.

JACK takes his rifle in its saddle scabbard off his saddle,
and hands it to ENNIS.

JACK

Won't get much sleep, I'll tell you that.

ENNIS, silent, takes it and rides off across the frosty
ground.

28 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: ENNIS'S CAMP: EVENING:

28

JACK peels potatoes for dinner.

ENNIS has only his jeans and boots on, no shirt, before a
large basin of hot water, shaves.

ENNIS

Shot a coyote, big son of a bitch, balls
on him size a apples. Looked like he
could eat a camel.

(sloshes his face)

You want some a this hot water?

JACK

(grins, shakes his head)
It's all yours.

ENNIS pulls off his boots--no socks.

Pulls off his jeans--no underwear.

Slops the washcloth under his arms, between his legs.

JACK fixes dinner, glances over at ENNIS now and then through
the smoke of a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

Impassive.

29 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: ENNIS'S CAMP: NIGHT:

29

ENNIS sits, supper finished, his back against a log, boot soles to the fire, two empty bean cans with spoons in them nearby, a few leftover fried potatoes.

JACK has just taken a piss, is buttoning his jeans, having trouble with his rodeo belt buckle.

ENNIS finishes rolling a cigarette. Takes a deep swig from a whiskey bottle

JACK sits down next to ENNIS. JACK is still struggling with his belt buckle. Stands to adjust it.

A creek gurgles nearby.

ENNIS

Don't rodeo much myself. Only kind a ridin' interests me lasts longer than eight seconds. What's a point of ridin' some piece a stock for eight seconds?

JACK

Money's a good point.

JACK finally fixes his buckle, again sits down next to ENNIS and grabs the whiskey bottle. JACK takes a swig.

ENNIS

(laughs for the first time since they've met)
True enough, if you don't get stomped winnin' it.

JACK

My ol' man was a bullrider, pretty well known in his day, though he kept his secrets to himself. Never taught me a thing. Never once come a see me ride.

JACK reaches over for a bean can. Begins to scrape the last beans out of the bottom.

JACK (cont'd)

(eats)

Your brother and sister do right by you?

Throws the empty can on the fire.

(CONTINUED)

ENNIS

Did the best they could after my folks was gone, considerin' they didn't leave us nothin' but \$24 in a coffee can.

A beat.

ENNIS'S tongue loosens suddenly.

ENNIS (cont'd)

(cont'd)

Got me a year a high school before the transmission went on the pickup. My sis left, married a roughneck, moved to Casper. Me and my brother got work on a ranch up near Worland. He got married last month, no room for me. That's how come me to end up here.

Silence.

JACK looks over at ENNIS, smiles.

ENNIS (cont'd)

...What?

JACK

Friend, that's more words than you've spoke in the past two weeks.

ENNIS smiles, for the first time.

ENNIS

Two weeks? Hell, it's the most I've spoke in a year.

(remembers)

My dad now, he was a fine calf roper. Didn't rodeo much, though. Thought rodeo cowboys was all fuck-ups.

JACK

The hell they are!

JACK gets up, does a pretend bull ride around the campfire, bucking and twisting. Finally throws himself, collapses in a heap beside ENNIS.

Both are laughing so hard, they are almost crying.

ENNIS rides into the night wind, through the glimmering frost back towards the sheep, happy. Thinking he's never had such

30 CONTINUED: 30
a good time, feeling like he could paw the white out of the moon.

Looks back, sees the light from the camp where JACK sleeps.

31 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: 31

WE SEE JACK and ENNIS, the dogs, the sheep moving higher up the mountain to new pasture. Both horseback. JACK leading the pack mules, ENNIS and the blue heelers leading the sheep.

32 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DUSK: 32

WE SEE them pitching a new camp, more primitive this time. No platform.

JACK and ENNIS are friendlier, more familiar with each other, laugh and joke as they struggle with the tent.

33 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT: 33

The tent is a little lopsided, but finally up. ENNIS is trying to adjust a tent pole. JACK is sitting by the fire, playing a slightly damaged harmonica, squalling the old Tex Ritter rodeo tune, "BAD BRAHMA BULL". A whiskey bottle sits next to him.

ENNIS

This tent don't look right.

JACK stops playing, glances over at ENNIS and the tent.

JACK

It ain't goin' nowhere. Let it be.
(starts up again on the harmonica)

ENNIS

(amused)
That harmonica don't sound quite right.

JACK

That's 'cause it got kinda flattened when that mare threw me.

ENNIS

I thought you said that mare couldn't throw you.

JACK

She got lucky.

33 CONTINUED:

33

ENNIS

If I was lucky, that harmonica woulda
broke in two.

Both laugh.

34 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT (LATER):

34

Drunker still, JACK sings a Pentecostal hymn, "WATER-WALKING
JESUS", a sad, dirgelike rendition, causing coyotes to yip in
the distance.

JACK

(put in words of final verse)

(pause)

My mama, she believes in the Pentecost.

ENNIS

Exactly what is the Pentecost?

(pause)

My folks was Methodist.

JACK

Well, the Pentecost...

(realizes he has no clue)

I don't know. I don't know what the
Pentecost is...Mama never explained it.

(pause)

I guess it's when the world ends and
fellas like you and me march off to hell.

ENNIS

Uh uh, speak for yourself. You may be a
sinner, but I ain't yet had the
opportunity.

They both laugh heartily, in a great mood.

35 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: NIGHT (LATER STILL):

35

The moon is full up, notched past two in the morning.

ENNIS is dizzy drunk, on all fours, struggles to stand.

ENNIS

(weaving)

Too late to go out a them damn sheep.

(pause)

You got a extra blanket, I'll roll up out
here and grab forty winks, ride out at
first light.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

JACK
(doubtful)
Freeze your ass off when that fire dies
down. Better off sleepin' in the tent.
(stands up)

ENNIS
Doubt I'll feel nothin'....

But he staggers under the canvas, pulls his boots off, falls
asleep on the ground cloth. Snores.

JACK follows, crawls inside his large bedroll.

36 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT (YET LATER STILL): 36

Coldest point of the night.

ENNIS shivers, teeth chatter uncontrollably.

JACK
(irritable, sleep-clogged)
Jesus Christ, quit hammerin' and get over
here. Bedroll's big enough.

ENNIS, too cold to protest, crawls inside.

37 INT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: TENT: DARK, JUST BEFORE DAWN: 37

Both are warm inside JACK'S bedroll.

JACK is wide awake now. ENNIS, on his back, is half-asleep.

JACK, tentative, takes one of ENNIS'S big hands from outside
the bedroll and guides it inside, down toward his own groin.

ENNIS, coming full awake, realizes where his hand is...jerks
it away as if he's touched fire.

AS THE FOLLOWING ACTION OCCURS, WE PULL AWAY TO THE NIGHT
LANDSCAPE, AND WE ONLY HEAR THE SOUNDS--THE BELT BEING
UNBUCKLED, RUSTLE OF JEANS, ENNIS SPITTING, SHARP INTAKES OF
BREATH....

ENNIS raises up, gets to his knees, unbuckles his belt,
shoves his pants down with one hand, uses the other to haul
JACK up on all fours.

JACK doesn't resist.

ENNIS spits in the palm of his hand, puts it on himself.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

They go at it in silence, except for a few sharp intakes of breath.

ENNIS shudders.

Then out, down, AND THE CAMERA MOVES BACK INSIDE THE TENT, as both fall asleep.

38 INT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: TENT: FULL LIGHT:

38

ENNIS is awake in a red dawn. JACK is sound asleep.

ENNIS has a top-grade headache, crawls out from under the bedroll, his pants around his knees.

Pulls up his pants. Goes outside the tent.

39 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: DAY: MORNING (LATER):

39

ENNIS has just mounted Cigar Butt.

JACK, fastening buttons, comes out of the tent just in time.

JACK

See you for supper.

ENNIS nods.

Leaves.

40 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: MEADOW: DAY:

40

ENNIS is up with the flock, riding Cigar Butt, the blue heelers running and yipping at the sheep. The flock is grazing.

One dog begins to bark incessantly. ENNIS rides over to see what the ruckus is about and discovers a shredded sheep, clearly the victim of a coyote pack.

A look of shame washes across ENNIS'S face.

41 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: DAY:

41

Clear day. Though it's summer, there is a biting little wind.

JACK, wearing only his boots, is doing laundry. Shivers.

Squats by the stream, carefully wrings out ENNIS'S only other shirt, a denim button-up western-style shirt, and hangs it on a long branch next to their combined wardrobes: three pairs

(CONTINUED)

- 41 CONTINUED: 41
of Levi's, two shirts, two bandannas--no undergarments
(neither wears socks or underwear).
- 42 INT/EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: TENT: NIGHT: 42
ENNIS and JACK are in the tent together. JACK is in the
bedroll, ENNIS dresses.

ENNIS
(getting up)
Them coyotes'll feast if I don't head on
back.

ENNIS pulls on his shirt in the small confines of the tent.
Scoots outside, pulls on his boots, ready to head back to the
flock.

- 43 EXT: BROKEBACK: MOUNTAIN: LATE AFTERNOON: 43
ENNIS, something eating at his mind, sits atop Cigar Butt and
rides along a ridge.

- 44 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: DUSK: 44
The setting sun leaves the sky ablaze in orange and purple.
ENNIS rides into camp.
JACK stands when he sees ENNIS.
ENNIS avoids his eyes.

- 45 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT: 45
JACK and ENNIS outside, between a log and a blazing fire,
having just finished what they had done the last few nights
inside the tent.

ENNIS leans back against the log.

Far below, WE SEE the lights of vehicles on a highway miles
away, the cars and trucks crawling slowly across the plain.

JACK scoots up, leans back against the log, too. Lights a
cigarette.

A beat.

ENNIS
(direct)
One shot thing we got goin' here.

45 CONTINUED:

45

JACK
One shot thing.
(pause)
Nobody's business but ours.

ENNIS
(flat)
I'm not no queer.

JACK
(jumps in too quickly)
Me neither.

ENNIS smokes.

Looks up at the stars.

46 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: BINOCULAR POV: CONTINUOUS: 46

WE SEE the main camp on Brokeback through a pair of binoculars.

Pan the camp.

Horses, dogs, then not quite in focus.

Focus sharpens: TWO MEN pulling off their clothes, laughing, cutting up.

47 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: CONTINUOUS: 47

WE SEE the binoculars belong to JOE AGUIRRE. He is horseback.

Looks at his watch.

Raises the binoculars--looks again--lowers them.

It is clear from the expression on his face, that he doesn't like what he sees. Doesn't like it at all.

48 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: AFTERNOON: 48

JACK is chopping firewood.

AGUIRRE comes riding up.

Fixes JACK with a bold stare.

JOE AGUIRRE
Twist, your Uncle Harold's in the hospital with pneumonia. Docs don't expect he'll make it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

(pause)

Your ma sent me to tell you. So here I am.

JACK

Bad news. Ain't much I can do about it up here, I guess.

JOE AGUIRRE

(hard look)

Ain't much you can do down there neither. Not unless you can cure pneumonia.

Glares at JACK. Raises binoculars, looks in the direction of the meadow, towards ENNIS. Lowers the binoculars and shoots another stern look at JACK.

Turns, rides off.

49 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: NIGHT:

49

The wind is picking up.

ENNIS and JACK are gathering dishes, blankets, trying to grab their gear before it blows away.

The sides of the tent begin to buck and pitch.

Then hailstones begin to pepper down.

JACK

Shit!

They both scramble inside the tent, pull the flap, but the wind whips it back open. The tent is popping so hard now it seems as if it might blow away.

ENNIS

(looking out)

Them sheep'll drift if I don't get back there tonight.

JACK

(above the wind)

You'll get pitched off your mount in a storm like this, wish you hadn't tried it. Nothin' you can do now.

50 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY:

50

A grim, grey morning.

ENNIS and JACK, both mounted, the blue heelers at attention. Glum, looking at a huge mass of milling sheep.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Twenty yards away, TWO CHILEAN SHEEPHERDERS are looking just as glum at the huge mixed herd, gesturing wildly.

ENNIS
What're we gonna do?

JACK wants to impress ENNIS.

JACK
I can handle this.

JACK, puffed up like a banty rooster, rides to the CHILEAN SHEEPHERDERS. ENNIS sits on Cigar Butt and curses under his breath.

JACK (cont'd)
(bluffing the Chileans)
Hey there! You boys got your herd all mixed in with ours. My boss's gonna chew my ass, and you got some fuckin' explainin' to do!

CHILEAN SHEEPHERDER
¿Cual es su prolema? ¿Que dice?

JACK
(surprised)
English...don't one a you talk English?

CHILEAN SHEEPHERDER
¿Que'?

The CHILEANS look puzzled: neither speaks English.

JACK is embarrassed, realizes his scene of bravado has failed completely.

JACK
(yells back to ENNIS)
You speak Spanish?

ENNIS
(shakes his head--looks at the mess of sheep)
...sonofabitch....

JACK
(to the CHILEANS)
Tell you what, me and my partner here, we're gonna go cut out our sheep. That okay with you?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

The CHILEAN SHEEPHERDERS look at JACK, then each other, confused.

51 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY:

51

Windy, gritty, cloudy weather.

ENNIS, JACK, the blue heelers and the TWO CHILEANS work in a confusion of sheep and dust, trying to separate the two herds that have mixed.

JACK

(holds a sheep, tries to look at its paint brand, which is faint at best)
Christ, half the goddamn paint brands are wore off.

ENNIS

(trying to edge a pitiful little group of sheep out of the main herd)
We gotta try, at least we can get the count right for Aguirre.

JACK

Fuck Aguirre.

ENNIS

(frustrated, making a point)
Fuck Aguirre? What if we need a work for him again? We got a stick this out.

JACK doesn't respond. Leans down, examines the paint brand again.

ENNIS resumes the weary task of separating out the rest of their herd.

52 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY:

52

JACK and ENNIS'S herd of sheep, reconstituted as best they can, move along the high treeless slope of Brokeback Mountain, kept in order and in motion by the dogs.

JACK, in a better mood now, is doodling on his harmonica. Tries to play Hank Williams's "KAW-LIGA."

ENNIS

(tolerant, smiles)
You'll run the sheep off again if you don't quiet down.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

JACK keeps playing.

53 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: DAY: 53

ENNIS crawls out of the pup tent, shivering.

A foot of snow covers an extraordinarily beautiful plain.

But the sun is up, gleams brilliantly off the snow, which is already beginning to melt.

54 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: MAIN CAMP: DAY: 54

ENNIS lopes into camp on Cigar Butt. There are only a few patches of snow left here and there.

JACK is busily packing gear.

JACK

Aguirre showed up again. Says my uncle didn't die after all.

(pause)

Says bring 'em down.

ENNIS

(not sure he's heard right)

Bring 'em down?

JACK

Says there's another storm comin', movin' in from the Pacific.

(pause)

Worse than this one.

ENNIS

Why, it's the middle of August. That snow barely stuck an hour.

JACK

(grim)

He's the boss, Ennis. I ain't.

ENNIS dismounts.

55 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMP: MORNING: 55

Their tent is struck, camp gear piled high.

ENNIS and JACK, boots off, pants on and shirts unbuttoned, are wrestling, two boys at horseplay. ENNIS is only half-playing, tense. JACK is trying to lighten his mood.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ENNIS slips, trying to avoid a hold, and JACK accidentally knees him in the nose. Blood pours, getting on both of them. ENNIS jumps to his feet. JACK immediately gets up, tries to stanch the blood coming from ENNIS'S nose with his own shirt sleeve, and ENNIS cold-cocks him in the jaw, causing JACK to stagger back and fall on his ass.

JACK looks up at ENNIS, rubbing his jaw, too stunned to say anything.

ENNIS looks down at him, wiping his bloody nose on his denim sleeve, furious and despairing all at once, more emotion stirring in him than he knows what to do with.

Turns, picks up his saddle.

56 EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: PLAINS: DAY:

56

They train the sheep down the long slope, toward the trees and the waiting trucks.

ENNIS feels like he's in a slow-motion, but headlong, irreversible fall.

The boys ride together, side by side, each too swollen with feeling to speak.

57 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: SHEEP PENS: DAY:

57

JOE AGUIRRE, stern and not pleased, walks amid the milling sheep, looking them over.

The boys watch from the fence.

JOE AGUIRRE

(comes over)

Some a these never went up there with you.

(pause, hard look)

The count ain't what I'd hoped for, neither. You ranch stiffs ain't never no good....

The boys shift uncomfortably. No response.

58 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: STREET: DAY:

58

Relentless wind, hard and cold, snow flurries.

ENNIS and JACK stand awkwardly by JACK'S old green pickup. JACK has the door open, one foot on the running board. Big bruise coming up on his jaw from where ENNIS punched him.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

ENNIS, distracted, rifles through a paper sack with his clothes.

ENNIS
(to himself)
...can't believe I left my damn shirt up there....

A beat. A dust plume rises and hazes the air with fine grit.

JACK
(squints)
You gonna do this again next summer?

ENNIS
(stops looking through the bag)
Maybe not.
(pause)
Like I said, Alma and me's gettin' married in December. Be tryin' to get somethin' on a ranch.
(pause)
You?

JACK
I might come back, if nothin' better comes along. Thought some about going back up to my daddy's place, give him a hand over the winter, then maybe head out for Texas in the spring.
(tries for a weak smile)
If the draft don't get me.

The wind tumbles an empty feed bag down the street until it fetches up under JACK'S truck.

ENNIS
Well, see you around, I guess.

JACK
Right.

They shake hands, hit each other on the shoulder.

JACK gets in his pickup, adjusts the rearview mirror.

Drives away.

ENNIS puts his hands in his pockets, watches him go. Stands there in the wind; it has begun to spit snow. JACK'S pickup is soon out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

He starts across the street toward a bar, but just before he gets to the door, JACK'S leaving proves too much: he feels like someone's pulling his guts out, hand over hand, a yard at a time.

He stumbles into an alley, drops to his knees in the whirling new snow. Kneels there, silent, as pain, longing, loneliness overpower him, emotions stronger than he's ever felt for another person consume him: he feels as bad and confused as he ever has in his life. Punches the wall, bloodying both his knuckles, his eyes fill with angry, stinging tears.

A COWBOY passes the alley. Pauses, looks at ENNIS.

ENNIS glares at him.

ENNIS
(growls)
What the fuck you lookin' at?

The COWBOY moves on.

59 INT: WYOMING: CHURCH: DAY:

59

ENNIS and ALMA--small woman, pretty, sweet-looking, young, big hair--at the altar in a little pine box of a church.

A FEW COWBOYS, ENNIS'S RAW-BONED SISTER and BROTHER, ALMA'S LITTLE PARENTS and LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

ENNIS in a new Levi's jacket and a bolo tie, nervously adjusts his collar.

ALMA in a J.C. Penney's wedding dress, happy.

60 EXT: WYOMING: HIGHWAY: WINTER: DAY: 1964:

60

ENNIS and ALMA are in ENNIS'S truck, spinning donuts in a parking lot. The truck is sliding this way and that on the icy snow. ALMA squeals in delight; ENNIS whoops it up.

ENNIS'S truck skids into a snowbank. He and ALMA sit in the front seat laughing. The tinny radio plays Roger Miller's "DANG ME."

ENNIS
I'm gonna have to get out and push. You scoot over and gas it when I say.

ALMA
How 'bout you stay right there, and I scoot over on your lap.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ALMA slides over onto ENNIS'S lap, her legs across the seat.

They kiss.

61 EXT: WYOMING: HIGHWAY: SPRING: DAY:

61

ENNIS, in a dozer-cap, shovels asphalt behind an asphalt dumper. Sweat blooms from his T-shirt collar. Sagebrush tall along the highway, swaying in the hot wind.

ENNIS'S co-worker, TIMMY, a fat, bespectacled, annoyingly loquacious middle-aged man with a bad case of plumber's butt, works alongside him.

Talks incessantly.

TIMMY

My old lady's tryin' to get me to quit this job, says I'm gettin' too old a be doin' this.

(self-deprecating)

I told her strong backs and weak minds run in my family. Didn't think that was too funny.

(laughs)

I told her keeps me fit. For huntin', anyways...

ENNIS shovels.

TIMMY (cont'd)

...47 different species in Wyomin' alone. Was tellin' Pat, 'no I ain't gonna eat them, no way, mushrooms is poison,' but he kept at me....

ROAD BOSS approaches.

TIMMY shuts up.

ROAD BOSS

Pick it up, boys.

(to Timmy)

Del Mar can't work a shovel and listen to your damn yammerin', too.

TIMMY shuts up.

ENNIS, impassive, spits, wipes the sweat from his brow.

Continues to shovel.

62 EXT: RIVERTON, WYOMING: DRIVE-IN: NIGHT: 62

WE SEE ENNIS and ALMA at the drive-in. Eating popcorn.

Paul Newman in "HUD" is on the movie screen.

ALMA has her head on ENNIS'S shoulder. ENNIS has his arm around her.

She cuddles in closer. He kisses her.

63 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: EARLY SUMMER: DAY: 63

JACK drives through town in his truck, which rattles and sputters louder than ever. Drums his fingers on the steering wheel in time to "FADED LOVE" by Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, which blares from his fuzzy radio.

Eyes the sidewalks and dilapidated storefronts, as if looking for someone: ENNIS. Nothing, just a SKINNY KID on a bike being blown around by the wind, and TWO OLD WOMEN pulling their grocery carts.

JACK parks in the dirt lot of the FARM AND RANCH EMPLOYMENT TRAILER, dust and fine gravel pelting his truck's windows like hail.

Stares at the door of the trailer from inside his truck.

Exits the truck, stretches. The wind almost blows his hat off, but he catches it.

Walks to the trailer, holding his hat on his head, squinting.

64 INT: TRAILER HOUSE: SIGNAL, WYOMING: DAY: 64

JOE AGUIRRE, sits with his feet on his desk, flipping through a newspaper, chewing on a toothpick. A cigarette smolders in the ashtray.

JACK enters the trailer, the door slams behind him.

AGUIRRE looks up, disgusted and annoyed.

JOE AGUIRRE
(continues reading the
newspaper)
Well, look what the wind blew in.

JACK
Howdy, Mr. Aguirre.
(uncomfortable beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Wonderin' if you was needin' any help
this summer?

JOE AGUIRRE
Wastin' your time here.

JACK
You ain't got nothin'?

AGUIRRE doesn't look up.

JACK (cont'd)
(cont'd)
Nothin' up on Brokeback?

JOE AGUIRRE
(looks up from the paper)
I ain't got no work for you.

AGUIRRE stares coolly at JACK. No nonsense.

An awkward moment: JACK fingers the brim of the hat in his hand, looks as if he wants to say something more. Starts for the door. Pauses, turns back to AGUIRRE.

JACK
Ennis Del Mar ain't been in, has he?

AGUIRRE glares at him even harder. The wind hits the trailer like a load of dirt coming off a dump truck, eases, dies, leaves a temporary silence.

JOE AGUIRRE
You boys sure found a way to make the
time pass up there.

JACK gives him a look, then sees the big binoculars hanging on a nail on the wall behind AGUIRRE's head.

JOE AGUIRRE (cont'd)
Twist, you guys wasn't gettin' paid to
leave the dogs baby-sit the sheep while
you stemmed the rose.
(pause--looks hard at JACK)
Get the hell out of my trailer.

65 EXT: SIGNAL, WYOMING: TRAILER: DAY:

65

JACK steps out of the trailer. The door slams shut behind him.

JACK looks out over the harsh landscape, the wind blowing right through him.

(CONTINUED)

- 65 CONTINUED: 65
- Gets in his truck.
- Sits there for a moment, taking in the last scene.
- 66 EXT: DEL MAR RANCH HOUSE: DAY: 1966: 66
- Shot of a little line cabin on a vast, high plains ranch. The little house is so alone it looks as if it sits at the edge of the world. Windy, bitter cold.
- ALMA, a toddler girl on her hip, waits at the screen door. Sees ENNIS'S pickup, pulling a horse trailer, approach--it is a dot on a long, long road.
- ALMA looks lonely, pretty, though dowdily dressed.
- 67 INT: BEDROOM: DEL MAR RANCH HOUSE: NIGHT: 67
- ENNIS is sitting on the bed, unbuttoning his shirt. A scatter of cheap toys on the floor. From the next room, WE HEAR the baby cough and wheeze. Flicker of a TV from the corner of the room.
- 68 INT: CHILDREN'S BEDROOM: DEL MAR RANCH HOUSE: NIGHT: 68
- ENNIS walks over to the bassinet where baby FRANCINE is wheezing and coughing.
- He picks up FRANCINE and cradles her.
- Two-year-old ALMA JR. gets out of her little bed and toddles over to her daddy, hugs his leg as he rocks FRANCINE.
- ENNIS
(to ALMA JR., patting her hair)
You get back in bed now, darlin'.
- ALMA JR. minds her daddy. Waddles back to her bed and crawls under the covers.
- ENNIS puts FRANCINE, who has stopped coughing, back into her bassinet and walks over to ALMA JR.
- ENNIS (cont'd)
You be a good girl for your mama
tomorrow, and I'll take you into town
this weekend and get you a ice cream.
- ENNIS kisses her forehead and walks back to his bedroom.

69 INT: BEDROOM: DEL MAR RANCH HOUSE: NIGHT:

69

ALMA, cute and at her most seductive, comes and sits by ENNIS, wraps her skinny arms around him.

ALMA
Girls alright?

ENNIS
(nods)
Francine stopped her coughin'. I told Alma Jr. we'd go into town this weekend.

ALMA
Ennis, can't we move to town?
(pause--studies him)
I'm tired of these lonesome old ranches. I'm scairt for the baby. Scairt to be this far from the clinic. What if she has one a them bad asthma spells?

ENNIS
(slipping his hand up her blouse sleeve)
I guess.

ALMA
You could work the road crew again.

ENNIS
We'll have to talk 'bout that.

ALMA
There's a little apartment for rent in Riverton. It's over the laundrymat, so it's probably cheap. I bet I could fix it up real nice. Alma Jr.'s two now, she needs to be in town, close to other kids.

ENNIS touches her breast, then moves his hand downward.

ENNIS
I got no objection, long as it's cheap and I don't hafta do the laundry.

Hugs him hard, as she becomes excited. Begins to squirm against his hand.

They kiss.

Then ENNIS rolls her over.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

ALMA

...Ennis....

Her backside is facing him.

Does quickly to her what he has done with JACK.

WE SEE her face: she hates this, but doesn't protest.

70 EXT: SMALL TOWN ARENA: SUMMER NIGHT:

70

A COWBOY comes flying off a Brahma bull.

Only when he hits the ground do we realize it's JACK.

Hits hard, turns his ankle.

The bull, angry, slobbering, is right on top of him.

JACK rolls, can't get up--then the RODEO CLOWN comes jumping in at the last second, distracts the bull, leads him safely past JACK.

The bull nearly tramples the RODEO CLOWN.

71 INT: BAR: SUMMER NIGHT (LATER):

71

The RODEO CLOWN, an appealing young man with something of the college athlete about him, has wiped off most of his clown make-up. Has just ordered a beer.

JACK, across the bar, battered, bedraggled--watches him.

As the BARTENDER is about to bring the CLOWN his beer, JACK limps over and hands the BARTENDER some bills.

BARTENDER and CLOWN look surprised.

BARTENDER

What's this for?

JACK

Like to buy Jimbo a beer, that's what.
Best rodeo clown I ever worked with.

(to the bartender)

Was about to get my oil checked with a
horn dipstick. Would have, hadn't been
for Jimbo.

BARTENDER

Is that right? Okay, then...

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

JIMBO
 (firmly, before the money
 changes hands)
 No thanks, cowboy. If I was to let ever
 rodeo hand I pulled a bull off of buy me
 liquor I'd been an alcoholic long ago...

JACK stands close to his shoulder.

There is something, a bit of frisson, a vibe, that gives the
 CLOWN an uneasy feeling...although he remains perfectly
 friendly...takes his beer, stands up.

JIMBO (cont'd)
 Pulling bulls off you buckaroos is just
 my job. Save your money for your next
 entry fee, cowboy.

JACK
 (awkward)
 All right then...thanks anyway.

Watches JIMBO walk over, sit down with a table full of calf-
 ropers, all of them wearing piggin-strings over their
 shoulders like bandoliers.

BARTENDER
 (seen it all)
 Ever try calf-roping?

JACK
 Do I look like I could afford a fuckin'
 ropin' horse? Hell no, I ain't never
 tried calf-ropin'.

JACK, deflated and embarrassed, looks over at JIMBO...sits
 down at the bar. Drinks.

72 EXT: RIVERTON PARK: FOURTH OF JULY: NIGHT:

72

ENNIS, ALMA, ALMA JR. and FRANCINE. ALMA spreads a blanket
 on the ground, preparing to settle her family in to watch the
 fireworks.

WE SEE other Riverton citizens setting up, a few assorted
 rowdies drinking beer, families, couples relaxing near the
 DEL MAR FAMILY. Other children with their parents play
 nearby.

ENNIS
 We should move closer.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

ALMA

Let's don't, Francine'll get scared.

A MARCHING BAND strikes up a tinny, slightly off-key rendition of "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

ALMA JR. crawls onto her daddy's lap.

ENNIS

(settling her down.)

Here we go, darlin'.

TWO BIKERS approach an area just behind the DEL MAR family. Around the same age as ENNIS. BIKER #1 has a few teeth missing. BIKER #2 limps, dragging a club-foot. Each carries a half-empty bottle of liquor. Loud, profane, already drunk. Sit themselves down on the grass behind ENNIS and his family.

BIKER #1

...that skanky bitch fucks around on me,
I'm gonna slap her good.

BIKER #2

...wouldn't put up with that shit I was
you....

ALMA shoots ENNIS a nervous look.

ENNIS takes a deep breath...turns, looks over his shoulder at the TWO DRUNKS.

ENNIS

(not confrontational)

You boys wanna keep it down? I got two
little girls here.

BIKER#1

Fuck you!

Indignant, they glare at ENNIS, as the first of the fireworks shoots into the sky, exploding in air in sync with the verse, "...bombs bursting in air...", beginning the show.

ALMA

(grabs ENNIS'S arm)

Let's move, Ennis.

ENNIS, trying to control his mounting anger, gently sets ALMA JR. onto the blanket and stands up, facing the DRUNKS.

ENNIS

I don't want no trouble. You need to
shut your slop-bucket mouths!

(CONTINUED)

BIKER #2
 (stands, too, faces ENNIS)
 You oughta listen to your ol' lady, then.
 Move somewheres else.

ALMA stands now, FRANCINE on her hip, ALMA JR. clutching her mother's skirt. Quickly gathers up the blanket.

ALMA
 C'mon, Ennis.

ENNIS looks back at ALMA, then kicks BIKER #1 right in the face, bloodying his nose and knocking him out cold.

ALMA and the girls move away in horror, the fireworks and music in the background.

Several of the surrounding families are quickly packing up to get away from the brawl.

ENNIS
 (to the club-foot)
 What about it? Wanna swallow 'bout half
 your teeth?

BIKER #2 has his palms raised in front of him in a conciliatory pose.

BIKER #2
 (polite)
 Not tonight, bud...I'd sure rather not.

Backs away, dragging his unconscious friend along with him.

ALMA and THE GIRLS stare at ENNIS, stunned and wide-eyed: they have witnessed a kind of fury in him that they have never seen before.

73 EXT: RODEO ARENA: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT:

73

In the arena WE SEE a YOUNG WOMAN dressed in the flashiest, most costly rodeo finery, the most stylish barrel-racing clothes, on a fine, expensive quarter horse, running the barrels.

Tips one...but it doesn't quite fall...she rounds the last barrel and whipping the horse as if she's in the homestretch at the Kentucky Derby, races out of the arena as the ANNOUNCER says:

ANNOUNCER
 Here she comes, ladies and gentlemen,
 look at her fly...Miss Lureen Phillips
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

from right here in Childress, Texas...Oh boy...and her time is...

(beat)

...sixteen and nine-tenths seconds. Let's give her a big hand!

The words are drowned out as the crowd gives LUREEN a big hand.

74 EXT: BEHIND ARENA: NIGHT: CONTINUOUS:

74

JACK sits on the tailgate of his old pickup, taping his right hand for his upcoming bull-ride. Hears applause.

Looks around, sees the quarter horse and the YOUNG WOMAN come flying out of the arena, everybody standing way back, giving her room.

Just as she passes JACK, her hat flies off, lands at his feet.

The horse's speed carries them almost to the street.

JACK reaches down, picks up the hat.

LUREEN trots back, patting the sweaty horse on the shoulder to calm him.

JACK hands her hat back to her. Sees a classically pretty face, though heavy makeup causes her to appear rather severe.

JACK

Ma'am.

JACK looks up at her--for a moment, she allows herself to look down at him--notices his thick, dark hair, his appealing face, his sturdy body--she takes her hat, then passes on.

JACK watches her ride back to the arena.

Walks back to his truck.

75 INT: RODEO ARENA: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT (LATER):

75

JACK, flattered by the attention of the rodeo queen and trying to show off, hangs onto a tough, spinning, bull; actually makes a fine ride.

Good dismount. Doesn't need the clown this time.

ANNOUNCER

Oh boy...let's see what the judges say...that sure looked like the winning ride to me...

76 EXT: RODEO ARENA: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT (LATER STILL): 76

JACK is proudly carrying his bull-riding buckle and his gear to his old pickup.

A PHOTOGRAPHER yells at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Jack...Jack...we need to get pictures of all you winners before anybody leaves....

77 EXT: RODEO ARENA: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT (EVEN LATER STILL):77

LUREEN, perfectly coiffed, the only female among a lot of ragged cowboys, happens to stand next to JACK.

Sideways look. Likes him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Say cheese.

JACK and LUREEN smile.

Flash goes off.

LUREEN

Mr. Twist, it was real nice of you to pick up my hat.

(smiles at him)

JACK

(genuinely abashed)

No big deal..it just fell off practically in my lap.

LUREEN, direct, smiles again.

78 INT: BAR: NIGHT (YET LATER STILL): 78

LUREEN sits at a table, JACK at the bar. Every now and then he glances at her. Each time she is looking right at him.

JACK

(to bartender)

You know that girl?

BARTENDER

I sure do. Lureen Phillips. Her dad sells farm equipment. I mean big farm equipment. Hundred thousand dollar tractors, shit like that.

JACK looks again. LUREEN is still looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

This time, impatient, she gets up and comes straight to him.

LUREEN

What are you waiting for, cowboy...a
mating call?

JACK flushes.

She leads him onto the dance floor. The jukebox plays Kitty Wells's "IT WASN'T GOD WHO MADE HONKY TONK ANGELS."

79 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: MORNING:

79

Dreary little apartment. Peeling wallpaper. Faint sound of washing machines coming from below.

ALMA, baby FRANCINE on her hip, coffee cup in the other hand. Watches from a window, as ENNIS tries to start his pickup. It coughs, sputters, finally catches. ALMA sets the coffee cup down on the window sill--waves--but ENNIS doesn't see her, and drives off, dust swirling on the pavement.

Another pickup pulls up in front of the house just after ENNIS leaves. The town grocer, MONROE, a chubby little man in a grocer's apron and cap, steps out of the truck and carries three bags of groceries to the front door.

ALMA opens the door and greets him.

Though shy, he's obviously thrilled to see her.

MONROE

(blushes)

Mornin', Alma.

(smile)

Where would you like 'em?

ALMA, though pleased, is surprised by this gesture.

ALMA

(points)

Set 'em there on the table.

(pause)

I told you, Monroe, you don't got to do
this.

MONROE steps inside and sets the groceries on the cluttered table.

MONROE

(looks adoringly at ALMA)

I got a few bags going over to Mrs.
Fry's. She busted her hip. You're right

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

on the way.
(smiles)

ALMA likes MONROE'S good nature. Sets FRANCINE down and gets her purse from the counter. FRANCINE immediately toddles out of the room.

ALMA
Sure do appreciate it. What do I owe you?

MONROE pulls the receipt out of his pocket and looks at it.

MONROE
Eight dollars and seventeen cents.

ALMA hands a five-dollar bill to MONROE, then scrapes the bottom of her purse for change. She comes up with another two dollars in quarters. Hands them to MONROE.

ALMA
(embarrassed)
I still owe you a dollar and some change.
(looking around the messy
kitchen)
I swear, I had some change in a cup
somewheres....

MONROE
Don't you worry about it, Alma.

ALMA
(blushes)
Why...thank you, Monroe. I'll have it
next time, then.

MONROE
(smiles)
Next time, then.

MONROE tips his hat to ALMA, walks to the door and exits.

ALMA follows him, waves goodbye through the screen door.

80 INT: HOSPITAL: MATERNITY WARD: DAY:

80

LUREEN, triumphant but tired, has just delivered little BOBBY.

Her MOTHER and her FATHER, L.D. PHILLIPS, and her husband JACK, stand there by the bed as the nurse brings the INFANT.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

LUREEN'S MOTHER

(ecstatic)

Oh, L.D...I can already see who he looks like.

Just as JACK is reaching out his arms for his son--the nurse is about to hand little BOBBY to him--old L.D. PHILLIPS makes a smooth interception, takes the baby right out of her hands.

L.D. PHILLIPS

I can see it too, Mother. He looks exactly like me....

Ignores JACK completely. LUREEN gazes adoringly at her father.

81 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: EVENING: 1967:

81

ENNIS comes in, dusty, dirty.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS, one running, one toddling: ALMA JR., and little FRANCINE, eager to see their daddy. ALMA is at the stove, has made chicken fried steak. Makes gravy.

ALMA

(stirring)

Ennis, you know somebody name a Jack?
From Texas?

ENNIS, about to pick up FRANCINE, stops.

ENNIS

I might. Why?

ALMA

(gestures toward the kitchen table)

You got a postcard. It come General Delivery.

ENNIS steps to the table, picks it up.

WE SEE a raw-boned hand holding a postcard. WE READ IT:

"Friend this letter is long over due. Hope you get it. Heard you was in Riverton. I'm coming thru on the 24th, thought I'd stop and buy you a beer. Drop me a line if you can, say if your there."

The hand trembles ever so slightly. ALMA, busy with the cooking, doesn't notice.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

ALMA

Is he somebody you cowboy'ed with, or
what?

Puts the postcard down, picks up FRANCINE.

ENNIS

Jack rodeos, mostly.

(pause)

We was fishing buddies....

His voice trails off.

ALMA JR. clamors for him to look at her coloring book.
FRANCINE gurgles and coos. ALMA stirs the gravy.

The effect of the postcard goes unnoticed.

82 EXT: RIVERTON: POST OFFICE: DAY:

82

ENNIS stands at a counter, has a blank postcard. WE SEE HIM
WRITE:

Jack Twist, RFD 2, Childress, Texas, turns it over, writes
"You bet," signs it ENNIS DEL MAR, and then puts his own
address on the card.

Hands it through a postal slot.

83 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: DAY:

83

ENNIS has taken the day off.

Paces, wearing his best shirt, white with wide black stripes
Looks in the mirror.

Looks out the window down at the street, pale with dust.

The girls chase each other through the living room.

ALMA fans herself with a magazine.

ALMA

(hopeful of a social
possibility)

Maybe we could get a baby-sitter, take
your friend to the Knife & Fork. It's
too hot to cook anyways.

ENNIS

Jack ain't the restaurant type.

(pause)

We'll more'n likely just go out and get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

- 83 CONTINUED: 83
drunk.
(pause)
If he shows.
- 84 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: LATE AFTERNOON: 84
Several beer cans on the table. Ashtray full.
Thunder growls in the distance.
ENNIS no longer paces, sits at the table, wondering.
WE HEAR the sounds of a pickup.
ENNIS jumps up, looks out the window: sees the same old
green pickup slowing on the street in front of the
laundromat.
- 85 EXT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: LATE AFTERNOON: CONTINUOUS: 85
The wind is picking up. Lightning, thunder are closer now.
JACK gets out of his pickup, stiff, his beat-up Resistol
tilted back on his head, holds it steady to keep it from
blowing off.
- 86 INT: OUTSIDE DEL MAR APARTMENT: LANDING: RIVERTON: LATE 86
AFTERNOON: CONTINUOUS:
ENNIS has stepped out of his apartment, closes the door
behind him, as he sees JACK taking the stairs two at a time.
Seize each other by the shoulders, hug mightily, squeezing
the breath out of each other, saying sonofabitch,
sonofabitch.
Then, as easily as the right key turns the lock tumblers,
their mouths come together.
- 87 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: LATE AFTERNOON: CONTINUOUS: 87
The wind from the storm outside blows through the DEL MAR
apartment, pushing the front door open: and ALMA sees
ENNIS'S straining shoulders. WE DO NOT SEE the kiss; WE ONLY
SEE ALMA'S POV, ENNIS'S back, his head tilted sideways and
downward, but it is clear what they are doing.
JACK'S hat falls off.
ALMA quickly and quietly shuts the door. WE SEE ALMA inside
the apartment now, backs away from the front door a step or
two, pale, struggling, trying to take in what she has just
witnessed.

88 INT: OUTSIDE DEL MAR APARTMENT: LANDING: RIVERTON: LATE AFTERNOON: CONTINUOUS: 88

ENNIS and JACK have pulled back from one another, when ALMA slowly opens the door again--only a few inches this time--and stands in the narrow light, looking out.

ENNIS turns, sees ALMA peeking out. JACK picks up his hat.

ENNIS
(glad for the dim light)
Alma, this is Jack Twist. Jack, my wife,
Alma.

ENNIS, his chest heaving, does not turn away from ALMA, but can still smell Jack--the intensely familiar odor of cigarettes, musky sweat, and a faint sweetness like grass, and with it the rushing cold of the mountain.

ENNIS (cont'd)
(as if it's a reason)
Alma, Jack and me ain't seen each other
in four years.

ALMA, though, has seen what she has seen: understands many things now, having aged years in the space of a few moments.

ALMA
(flat)
Sure enough.

Behind her, lightning lights the window like a white sheet waving, and baby FRANCINE cries.

JACK
(trembles)
You got a kid?

ENNIS
Two little girls: Alma Jr., and Francine.
(pause)
Love them to pieces.

ALMA'S mouth twitches.

JACK
I got a boy. Eight months old. Tell you
what, I married a cute little old Texas
girl down in Childress. Lureen.

ENNIS is eager to leave.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

ENNIS

Jack and me is goin' out and get a drink.
Might not get back tonight, we get to
drinkin' and talkin'.

ALMA

(again)

Sure enough.

Takes a dollar from her pocket.

JACK

Pleased to meet you, Alma.

ALMA

(in her misery voice)

Ennis...

ENNIS

(already heading down the
stairs)

Alma, you want smokes there's some in the
pocket a my blue shirt in the bedroom.

89 EXT: MOTEL SIESTA: NIGHT:

89

WE SEE the exterior of a run-down small-town rough-country
motel in Riverton.

90 INT: MOTEL SIESTA: ROOM: NIGHT:

90

Clothes strewn around the room, a few empty whiskey bottles.
The room blue with cigarette smoke.

ENNIS, shirt off, leans against the headboard. JACK sits on
the edge of the bed. Both smoke.

JACK

We got a talk about this. Swear to God I
didn't know we was goin' a get into this
again.

ENNIS gives him a look.

JACK (cont'd)

Yeah, I did. Red-lined all the way,
couldn't get here fast enough.

ENNIS

Four years. I was about to give up on
you. Figured you was sore about that
punch.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Friend, that next summer I drove back up to Brokeback, talked to Aguirre 'bout a job.

(a beat)

Heard you hadn't been back there, so I left. Headed down to Texas for rodeoin'. How I met Lureen. Made \$3,000 that year bullridin', fuckin' starved. Drove grooves across Texas. Half the time under that cunt truck fixin' it. Lureen's old man's got some serious money, farm machinery business.

(pause)

'Course, he hates my guts, so it's a hard go now, but one of these days....

ENNIS

Army didn't get you?

JACK

Nope, too busted up. Rodeo ain't like it was in my daddy's time. Guys with money go to college, trained athaletes now. I'm gettin' out while I can still walk.

ENNIS takes a hit from his cigarette. Exhales.

A beat.

ENNIS

I been sittin' up here all this time, tryin' to figure out if I was...? I know I ain't. I mean, here we both got wives and kids, right? I like doin' it with women, but Jesus H....ain't nothin' like this.

(pause)

Never had no thoughts a doin' it with another guy.

JACK

Me neither.

(pause)

Old Brokeback got us good. We got to work out what we're goin' a do now. Friend, we got us a situation here.

ENNIS looks at JACK. Stubs out his cigarette.

ENNIS

I doubt there's nothin' we can do.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

What I'm sayin', I built up a life them four years. Love my little girls.

JACK

What about Alma?

ENNIS

Alma? It ain't her fault.

(pause)

What about you? You got your wife and baby, that place in Texas...besides, you and me can't hardly be decent together, if what happened back there...

(jerks his head in the direction of the apartment)

...grabs on us like that. We do that in the wrong place, we'll be dead.

Sits up on the edge of the bed. Gets up, goes to the dingy little bureau and gets another package of cigarettes.

ENNIS

(cont'd)

No reins on this one, buddy. Scares the piss out of me.

A beat...JACK takes a deep breath.

JACK

I'm gettin' out of rodeo, Ennis. Don't got the bucks to ride out this slump I'm in, don't got the bones, neither.

(earnest)

What if you and me had a little ranch together, little cow and calf operation, it'd be some sweet life. Shit, Lureen's old man, you bet he'd give me a down payment if I'd get lost. Already more or less said it....

ENNIS

(interrupts)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Ain't goin' a be that way.

(a beat)

I'm stuck with what I got here, caught in my own loop.

JACK looks stricken.

ENNIS

Jack, I don't want a be like them guys you see around...and I don't want a be dead.

91 FLASHBACK: EXT: SIDE OF THE ROAD: WYOMING: DAY

91

LOW ANGLE - ENNIS'S FATHER leads ENNIS and K.E., ENNIS'S older brother, to the edge of an irrigation ditch. Camera is on their backs and ENNIS'S FATHER's head is out of frame. As WE APPROACH the ditch, WE SEE the toes of two boots appear. Nine-year-old ENNIS and eleven-year-old K.E. look down at EARL'S CORPSE. The rest of EARL'S BODY is out of view.

ENNIS

(V.O.)

There was these two old guys ranched together down home, Earl and Rich. They was a joke even though they was pretty tough old birds. They found Earl dead in a irrigation ditch. They'd took a tire iron to him, spurred him up, drug him around by his dick till it pulled off....

K.E. hides his face in his father's shirt.

WE SEE the YOUNG ENNIS looking down at the body--as his eyes widen, WE SEE the horror wash over his nine-year old face....

92 CUT BACK TO INT: MOTEL SIESTA: ROOM: NIGHT: CONTINUOUS:

92

Another beat.

JACK

(white)

You seen that?

ENNIS

(flat)

I was what, nine years old? Dad made sure I seen it, me and my brother K.E. Dad laughed about it. Hell, for all I know, he done the job. If he was alive and was to put his head in that door right now, you bet he'd go get his tire iron.

(pause)

Two guys livin' together? No way. We can get together once in a while way the hell out in the back a nowhere...

JACK

(voice shakes)

Once in a while ever' four fuckin' years?

ENNIS

I been lookin' at people on the street. This happen a other people? What the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

hell do they do? I goddamn hate it that you're goin' a drive away in the mornin', and I'm goin' back to my life.

(pause)

But if you can't fix it, Jack, you got a stand it.

JACK

I don't give a flyin' fuck about other people. Son of a bitch, Ennis, take a couple days off. Right now. Throw your stuff in the back a my truck, let's head up in the mountains.

ENNIS hesitates.

JACK

(earnest)

Come on, Ennis, you just shot my airplane out a the sky. Give me somethin' a go on. This ain't no little thing that's happenin' here.

WE HEAR a phone ringing off in another motel room.

As if he were answering it, ENNIS picks up the phone on the bedside table and dials his own number.

93 INT: SCHOOL AUDITORIUM: NIGHT: 1970:

93

ALMA, charmed, and ENNIS, uncomfortable, are at a school Christmas play. ALMA JR. is an angel in tin foil wings, singing and dancing on stage.

ALMA looks at ENNIS, elbows him in the ribs. ENNIS jumps, then sits up straight.

94 INT: FARM EXPO: TEXAS: DAY:

94

Two dark, dour, over-allied FARMERS are watching JACK demonstrate a fancy air-conditioned tractor.

JACK, who can drive anything, is doing a fine job of putting the tractor through its paces.

FARMER #1

Didn't that piss-ant used to ride the bulls?

FARMER #2

He used to try....

95 INT: GROCERY STORE: WYCMING: EARLY EVENING:

95

ALMA, a little older and a little less skinny, though still just as cute, is clerking at the grocery store. As she rings up groceries, WE SEE MONROE, now a manager, wearing a cheap tie, flirting, smiling at her. ALMA smiles back.

The customer leaves. ALMA and MONROE are alone. MONROE opens a box of Junior Mints and eats one.

ALMA

What are you smilin' 'bout?

MONROE

(chewing, smiles even wider)
Nothin'.

ALMA

Gotta be somethin'.

MONROE

Just happy, I guess.

MONROE throws a Junior Mint at Alma.

ALMA

(laughing)
Stop that!

Just then, ENNIS walks into the store. MONROE and ALMA immediately stop their flirting.

ENNIS walks up to ALMA's counter. MONROE hurries back to the office, afraid of ENNIS.

ENNIS

(pointing to the cigarettes
behind the counter)
Two packs.

ALMA

(not getting the cigarettes)
Who's watchin' the girls?

ENNIS

They're outside in the truck.

ALMA

(darkens)
I coulda brought home your smokes.
'Sides, it's way past their bedtime.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

ENNIS

(grim)

The quicker you give me the damn smokes,
the quicker they'll be home in bed.

96 EXT: WYOMING RANCE CORRAL: DAY:

96

ENNIS, still a ranch hand, is dehorning steers on a squally,
snow-spitting day.

Bloody, grim.

97 INT: TWIST HOUSE: WEST TEXAS: DAY: 1974:

97

JACK is in the bedroom, cramming clothes into a duffel bag.

Struggles to get the bag zipped up. Finally gets it.

LUREEN walks into the room, blowing on her nails.

LUREEN

Why can't your buddy come down here to
Texas and fish?

JACK

(in a hurry)

'Cause the Bighorn Mountains ain't in
Texas.

LUREEN

(examines her fresh manicure)

Don't seem right you drivin' up there two
or three times a year, him never comin'
down here.

JACK finds another shirt that he needs, looks at the packed,
zipped duffel bag. Throws the shirt back into the closet.

JACK

(frustrated)

...son-of-a....

LUREEN

(annoyed)

You're not even listenin'.

JACK

Seen my warm jacket?

LUREEN

(waving her hands, still drying
her nails)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

You said you'd help Bobby with his social studies.

JACK

(finally facing her)

I told you, Lureen, he needs help with his reading. Why ain't you called the school yet? They said they'd set him up with a special teacher. Look, I got fourteen highway hours ahead of me. I gotta go.

(looks around again)

You sure you ain't seen my jacket?

LUREEN

(pissed now)

No, I haven't seen your goddamn jacket!

98 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: NIGHT:

98

ENNIS puts his coat on, is about to leave on a fishing trip.

ALMA

Monroe says they got a openin' over at the power company. Maybe you can check it out when you get back.

ENNIS nods, barely acknowledges ALMA'S request.

ALMA JR. and FRANCINE reach up to be kissed good-bye.

ALMA hugs him; he gives her a brief, one-arm hug.

ENNIS is almost out the door.

ALMA picks up his tackle box.

ALMA

(knowing)

Hey...forgettin' somethin'?

ENNIS takes the tackle box.

Leaves.

99 EXT: CAMPSITE: BIG HORN MOUNTAINS: NIGHT:

99

ENNIS in his pickup truck pulls up to a campsite.

He can see in his headlights that Jack has already set up camp. Toots the horn. Smiles.

JACK comes out of the tent, the intense pleasure of being with ENNIS all over his face.

100 INT: DEL MAR APARTMENT: RIVERTON: EVENING: 100

ENNIS slouches in front of the television set, nursing a beer, watching David Carradine in KUNG FU.

The girls, ages eight and ten, play cards on the floor nearby.

ALMA restless.

ALMA

It's Saturday night. Looks like you'd want to step out once in a while. Have a little fun.

ENNIS drinks his beer. Doesn't answer.

101 INT: ENNIS AND ALMA'S BEDROOM: NIGHT: 101

ALMA already in bed, reads a TRUE CONFESSIONS magazine.

ENNIS is getting undressed. ALMA, a faintly hopeful look on her face, peeks over the top of the magazine at her husband, who doesn't notice.

ENNIS gets into bed.

They begin to make love.

ALMA

As far behind as we are on the bills, it makes me nervous not to take no precautions....

ENNIS

(stiffens)

If you don't want no more of my kids, I'll be happy a leave you alone.

ALMA

(under her breath)

...I'd have 'em, if you'd support 'em....

Turns his back to her, faces the wall.

ALMA, a look of despair on her face, reaches up and turns off the bedside lamp.

102 INT: DIVORCE COURT: DAY: 1975: 102

ENNIS and ALMA in a bleak little courtroom: divorce court.

102 CONTINUED:

102

JUDGE
(raises gavel)
Divorce granted.

ALMA looks sad, but determined...cries quietly.

ENNIS looks miserable.

103 EXT: WYOMING HIGHWAY: DAY:

103

JACK'S beat-up truck races across the bleak southern Wyoming landscape after passing a WELCOME TO THE COWBOY STATE sign. A dust devil travels across the plains, just off of the highway.

104 INT: WYOMING HIGHWAY: JACK'S TRUCK: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

104

WE SEE JACK inside, happy, feeling like he could drive for days and days without sleeping, sings along with the radio playing Patsy Cline's "CRAZY". A POSTCARD rests on the dashboard of the truck. JACK picks it up, looks at it again, WE SEE what it says: "Divorce final. E.". JACK sings along with the music with exaggerated gestures, can't stop grinning.

105 EXT: DEL MAR RANCH HOUSE: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

105

ENNIS seats ALMA JR. and FRANCINE inside his truck. Shuts the passenger door and walks around to the driver's side, just as JACK'S truck pulls into his driveway, blocking ENNIS'S truck.

ENNIS is surprised, puzzled as to why JACK is there, but is nonetheless--as always--thrilled to see him.

JACK gets out of the truck. Walks up to ENNIS, they hug one another mightily.

ENNIS
(genuinely surprised and happy)
What're you doin' here?

JACK
(excited, holds up the
postcard)
Got your message 'bout the divorce.

ENNIS considers a moment--still doesn't understand.

JACK
(insistent, still smiling)
The message said your divorce was final,
so here I am.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

(smiles)

Had to ask 'bout ten different people in Riverton where you was livin'.

ENNIS sees now what has happened: JACK thinks, mistakenly, that ENNIS has come around, that this is their chance, finally, to be together. Smile leaves his face. Rubs his jaw...takes a deep breath. Uncomfortable.

JACK looks at ENNIS...and the smile leaves his face, too. Realizes now that he's made a terrible mistake: turns pale...his body sags under the weight of disappointment. Humiliated, then devastated.

Curses at himself under his breath.

JACK

...I guess I thought....

ENNIS

(pained, but trapped)

Jack, I got the girls this weekend...otherwise you could stay.

(pause)

I'm sure as hell sorry.

JACK nods...tries to retain some dignity, caught yet again in a wrenching situation with ENNIS, feels totally powerless.

ENNIS

(torn)

Get 'em once a month. Missed last month 'cause of the roundup.

A beat.

ENNIS

(in agony now)

...Jack....

JACK can barely breathe.

JACK

(tries a weak smile)

...I'll see you first week in June, then....

Turns away, wanders back to his truck, the postcard still in his hand.

Gets in. Drives off.

ENNIS watches him go.

106 EXT: TEXAS PLAINS: DAY: 106

WE SEE JACK blazing along in his pickup truck.

Radio plays Merle Haggard's "MY FRIENDS ARE GONNA BE STRANGERS".

Begins to cry, hard...but something has turned inside him...he looks desolate but determined: knows where he is headed.

107 EXT: TEXAS/MEXICAN BORDER: JUAREZ: LATE AFTERNOON: 107

WE SEE a road sign: JUAREZ.

WE SEE JACK in his pickup truck crossing the border into Mexico.

108 INT: CANTINA: MEXICAN BORDER TOWN: NIGHT: 108

JACK sits at the bar, lonely, in a foreign land.

Sips tequila out of a shot glass.

The MEXICAN BARTENDER walks over to JACK.

MEXICAN BARTENDER

Uno mas?

JACK shakes his head, throws a few pesos to the BARTENDER. Stands and walks to the door.

MEXICAN BARTENDER

Buenos noches, Senor.

JACK waves without looking back.

109 EXT: MEXICAN BORDER TOWN: NIGHT: STREET: CONTINUOUS: 109

JACK walks out of the cantina and into the sultry Mexican night. The street swarms with activity.

Wanders the streets, solemn, desperate in his loneliness.

TOURIST FAMILIES and LOCALS intermingle on the streets and sidewalks. A FAMILY poses for a picture with a DONKEY wearing a sombrero.

A YOUNG COUPLE walks towards JACK. JACK gallantly steps out of the way, smiles, lets the couple pass. Watches them go.

A MEXICAN GUITARIST sits on the steps of a small shop, soulfully plucking the guitar.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

JACK stops next to the MEXICAN GUITARIST, drops some pesos into the man's cup. The GUITARIST smiles at JACK.

A swarm of LITTLE BEGGAR CHILDREN hit up JACK for change. He gives them each a few coins and moves on.

JACK makes his way through the crowded streets, entering the seedier part of the town. Soon, every building is a strip club or a bordello, painted silhouettes of nude women adorn the brightly lit signs. HOOKERS stand in doorways enticing passersby. The sidewalks are crowded with MILITARY MEN, VENDORS. Sirens, people yelling, Mexican polka music.

A HANDSOME YOUNG MEXICAN, masculine, dressed for a night out, makes eye contact with JACK--gives him a knowing, seductive look.

YOUNG MEXICAN

...Senor....

JACK stops. Hesitates a moment.

Then nods.

They walk off together.

110 INT: PHILLIPS HOUSE: THANKSGIVING: DAY:

110

The PHILLIPS home. Wall-to-wall carpeting, stiff, uncomfortable furniture. Many photos of LUREEN winning barrel-racing trophies. One of JACK, the one taken in the arena the day they met.

JACK, LUREEN, BOBBY, age eight, LUREEN'S long-suffering MOTHER and L.D. PHILLIPS, JACK'S prick of a father-in-law. The table is set for a full Thanksgiving dinner, huge turkey and all the trimmings. As everyone shuffles into their places at the table, WE HEAR HOWARD COSELL'S VOICE in the background coming from the TV, commenting on the game plan of the Dallas Cowboys.

JACK is at the head of the table and has just reached for the carving tools, when L.D., older but no kinder, takes them right out of his hands, almost as he did the baby.

L.D. PHILLIPS

Whoa, now, Rodeo...the stud duck does the carving around here.

JACK, having been through this kind of scene many times before, tries nonetheless to be gracious.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

JACK

You bet, L.D....just thought I'd save you the trouble.

BOBBY is riveted to the television set.

LUREEN notices.

LUREEN

Bobby, if you don't eat your dinner, I'm gonna have to turn off that television.

BOBBY

Why, Mama? I'm gonna be eatin' this food for the next two weeks.

LUREEN flashes a look at JACK, who then gets up from the table, turns off the television, sits back down.

BOBBY slumps back in his chair, pouts.

JACK

You heard your mama. You can eat your dinner. Then you can watch the game.

L.D. PHILLIPS sets down the carving tools. Goes to the TV, turns it back on.

LUREEN

Daddy!

L.D. PHILLIPS

(picks up the carving tools)
Hell, we don't eat with our eyes.
Nothin' wrong with the boy watchin'
America's team.

(direct look at Jack)
Boys should watch football.

JACK

(stands up--barely maintains
his composure)
Not until he finishes the meal his mama
spent three hours fixin'.

Walks to the TV, turns it off. Returns to his seat.

LUREEN, BOBBY and LUREEN'S MOTHER are all startled: JACK has never stood up to L.D. like this before. They watch, silent.

Now L.D. PHILLIPS stands again, goes to the TV again, turns it back on. Returns to the dinner table.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

L.D. PHILLIPS
 (stares hard at Jack, again)
 Hell, it's the fourth quarter, game'll be
 over 'fore we're through dinner.

Now JACK flashes a look at LUREEN, who does nothing.

He gets up from the table, grabs his hat and coat from the
 coat rack by the front door.

Leaves.

L.D. PHILLIPS
 (looks after Jack)
 Where the hell's he goin'?
 (looks back at his family)
 A fine pass, family can't even get
 through Thanksgiving dinner....

LUREEN
 (annoyed with her husband and
 her father)
 Oh, Daddy!

She gets up from the table, lights a cigarette, plops down in
 front of the television herself.

L.D. PHILLIPS
 (to his wife)
 Boys should watch football--right,
 Mother?
 (to Lureen)
 You want your son to grow up to be a man,
 don't you?

LUREEN ignores him, smokes.

L.D. PHILLIPS
 (cont'd, won't leave it alone)
 Don't you?

111 INT: MONROE HOUSEHOLD: THANKSGIVING NIGHT: DINING ROOM: 111

ENNIS sits next to FRANCINE. MONROE sits at the head of the
 table. ALMA across from MONROE. ALMA JR. sits across from
 her daddy. The girls are about nine and seven, respectively.
 ENNIS dressed in a clean Levi's jacket and a bolo tie, his
 shirt collar threadbare.

MONROE, at the head of the table, carves a large turkey.

ALMA is visibly pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

ENNIS tries to be cheerful for his girls, not wanting to be a sad daddy.

ALMA JR.

Daddy, tell about when you rode horses in the rodeo.

ENNIS

Short story, honey. Only 'bout three seconds I was on that bronc, an' the next thing I knew I was flyin'--only I wasn't no angel like you, and didn't have no wings.

(smiles at her)

And that's the story of my saddle bronc career.

His girls love him, their faces rapt when their daddy speaks.

MONROE is smug. Despite his unromantic appearance, he has ALMA.

112 INT: MONROE HOUSEHOLD: THANKSGIVING NIGHT: KITCHEN:

112

ENNIS has gallantly brought a dinner plate or two into the kitchen, sets them on the counter.

Leans against the counter. ALMA is scraping food off the dinner plates.

ALMA

(trying to start conversation)

You ought to get married again, Ennis.

(pause)

Me and the girls worry 'bout you bein' alone so much.

ENNIS

(feeling too big for the room)

Once burned....

ALMA

(scraping)

You still go fishin' with Jack Twist?

ENNIS

Some.

A beat.

ALMA

You know...

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

From her tone, ENNIS knows something is coming.

ALMA (cont'd)

(trembling, but controlled)

...I used to wonder how come you never brought any trouts home. Always said you caught plenty, you know how me and the girls like fish.

(pause)

So one time I got your creel case open the night before you went on one a your little trips--price tag still on it after five years--and I tied a note on the end of the line. It said, 'Hello, Ennis, bring some fish home, love, Alma'...

(pause)

...And then you come back lookin' all perky and said you'd caught a bunch a browns and ate them up.

Looks over at ENNIS, a stiff smile on her face.

ALMA (cont'd)

Remember?

ENNIS doesn't answer.

ALMA is scraping harder and faster, as if she means to take the pattern off the plates.

ALMA

I looked in the case first chance I got and there was my note still tied there.

(looks at him now)

That line hadn't touched water in its life.

ALMA turns on the water in the sink, sluices the plates.

ENNIS

That don't mean nothin'.

ALMA

(turns on him)

Don't lie, don't try to fool me no more, Ennis. I know what it means. Jack Twist? Jack Nasty. You and him....

ENNIS grabs her wrist and twists it.

Tears spring to her eyes, she drops a dish.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

ENNIS

Shut up. Mind your own business. You don't know nothin' about it.

ALMA

I'm goin' a yell for Monroe.

ENNIS

You fuckin' go right ahead. Go on and fuckin' yell. I'll make him eat the fuckin' floor and you, too.

Lets go.

ALMA

(crying)

Get out, get out, get out!

(between sobs)

You hear me, Ennis Del Mar? Get out!

ALMA is crying hard now, years of pain and anger welling up and spilling over.

113 INT: MONROE HOUSEHOLD: LIVING ROOM: THANKSGIVING NIGHT: 113
CONTINUOUS:

ENNIS takes the living room in about two strides, ignoring the startled MONROE, who is smoking a cheap, after-dinner cigar.

ENNIS grabs his hat, shoves it on, when little FRANCINE yells

FRANCINE

Daddy!

ENNIS turns, gives both his girls a big hug and kiss.

Slams out.

114 EXT: MONROE HOUSE: THANKSGIVING NIGHT: CONTINUOUS: 114

Snowing. FRANCINE and ALMA JR., confused, a little frantic now, wanting it to be all right again, follow their daddy out onto the front stoop of the little frame house.

FRANCINE AND ALMA JR.

'Bye, Daddy....

Gets to his old battered pickup--looks back at his little girls--gets in, bales of hay collecting snow in the truck bed.

Rumbles away.

115 EXT: DOWNTOWN RIVERTON: BLACK AND BLUE EAGLE BAR: NIGHT: 115

ENNIS parks across the street from the BLACK AND BLUE EAGLE BAR.

Gets out and without looking or bothering about the thin traffic, walks across the street toward the bar.

A pickup with roughnecks in it has to brake sharply to keep from hitting him, so sharply that their dog, an ugly, tough-looking mongrel is thrown out of the back, nearly run over by traffic coming the other way.

FIRST ROUGHNECK

(driving, size of a bear)

Hey, fuckhead, watch where the fuck you're goin', you nearly got my dawg kilt!

Without hesitation, ENNIS runs around the pickup, yanks open the driver door, drags the huge man out in the slushy street, pummelling him and kicking him.

Knees him in the nuts.

The SECOND ROUGHNECK, astonished, gets out to help. But ENNIS and the FIRST ROUGHNECK are rolling around in the street, hitting and gouging whenever one of them can get a hand free. Traffic is stopped, including the big-tired pickup that almost hit the dog.

SECOND ROUGHNECK

(confused)

What the hell's the matter with that cowboy?

ENNIS and the ROUGHNECK roll right under the big-tired pickup that has stopped, temporarily lost from view.

A crowd has gathered; some get down to peer under the truck.

SECOND ROUGHNECK

That cowboy must be loco. Folks don't usually jump on Hershel like that. Hershel, he's stout.

116 INT: ENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK: NIGHT: 1976: 116

ENNIS, thoroughly battered and bloodied, is driving home across the lonely, empty, snowy plain.

Rolls the window down, spits a mouthful of blood into the night.

117 EXT: MOUNTAINS: MONTAGE:

117

A. JACK and ENNIS ride through the mountains, like Randolph Scott and Joel McCrae in RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY, only more life-worn, more weather-beaten.

B. JACK and ENNIS see a deer drink from a stream. In memory of their poached deer, JACK aims an imaginary rifle at the deer, "fires". ENNIS laughs. The deer runs away.

C. JACK and ENNIS on horseback cross a deep river. The crossing is a tremendous struggle but they make it to the other side. JACK and ENNIS look back at the river, looks of relief on both of their faces.

D. JACK and ENNIS take shelter from a hailstorm under a tall evergreen.

E. JACK and ENNIS pitching a tent, setting up camp.

118 EXT: MOUNTAINS: NIGHT: 1980:

118

JACK plays harmonica around the campfire. ENNIS drinks from a whiskey bottle.

Same poor food, cans with spoons in them, beer bottles, whiskey bottles.

ENNIS looks mostly the same, older, but still skinny. JACK, the shorter of the two, has thickened some through the shoulders.

They aren't fishing. Just sit near one another, enjoy the country, the night, the fire.

WE SEE JACK in a down jacket. ENNIS in shirtsleeves.

JACK

Don't you never wear a coat?

ENNIS

(grin)

When it's cold. Seems like spring to me.

JACK

It may be spring where you're sittin',
but two feet west, it's goddamn winter, I
tell you.

119 EXT: MOUNTAINS: DAY:

119

WE SEE THEM riding the next morning, atop a ridge--looks as if the whole of Wyoming is before them. The sky is brilliant, blue, not a cloud to be seen.

JACK (cont'd)

Sky's so deep, a fella could drown
lookin' up.

A beat.

ENNIS

How's your boy doin'?

JACK

He's thirteen now. Can't hardly read. I told Lureen he must be dyslexic or somethin', but she won't admit to it. Pretends the kid's okay.

(pause)

Alma lightened up on you yet?

ENNIS

(shakes his head)

I still see my girls once a month. Alma Jr., she's sixteen now, a beanpole, real quiet.

JACK

Like her daddy.

ENNIS

(smiles)

Now, Francine, she's the live wire. Alma Jr.'s the shy one.

ENNIS and JACK continue riding.

120 INT: WOLF EARS BAR: SIGNAL: NIGHT:

120

The bar is moderately crowded with COWBOYS and their WOMEN. Not a wild scene.

A few COUPLES dance on the small floor near the jukebox to Eagles "ALREADY GONE". The TV above the bar is tuned to "DIFFERENT STROKES".

ENNIS sits at a booth by himself, a few empties in front of him.

"ALREADY GONE" ends.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

71.

120

The waitress, CASSIE, mid-twenties, livelier than ALMA, very appealing, curvy in jeans and T-shirt, struts past ENNIS'S booth to the jukebox, a glass of white wine in her hand.

CASSIE has her eye on ENNIS, who is oblivious, looking up at GARY COLEMAN on the TV.

CASSIE pops a quarter in the jukebox.

ENNIS gets up from his booth and starts towards the men's room.

Redbone's "COME AND GET YOUR LOVE" begins to play on the jukebox.

CASSIE seizes the opportunity, steps in front of ENNIS.

CASSIE
(appealing, direct)
Just finished my shift. Wanna dance?

Looks past CASSIE to the men's room door.

ENNIS
(pointing over CASSIE'S
shoulder to the men's room)
Was on my way to the...

CASSIE
(grabs ENNIS'S pointing finger)
I'm Cassie...Cassie Cartwright.

CASSIE takes a reluctant ENNIS by the finger and leads him to the little dance floor, setting her wine glass down on the way.

ENNIS
(being pulled)
Ennis Del Mar.

CASSIE and ENNIS are the only people on the dance floor.

It is immediately clear that ENNIS cannot dance. But CASSIE doesn't mind, makes the most of the moment, enjoys herself, shaking the funk out of her ass, letting her hair fly.

During the chorus, CASSIE and ENNIS'S eyes meet.

It is obvious ENNIS appeals to her.

121 INT: WOLF EARS BAR: DAY: SIGNAL: CONTINUOUS:

121

The dance ends; they return to ENNIS'S booth. He lights a cigarette.

CASSIE sits down across from ENNIS. Drinks her white wine. The WAITRESS comes over, refills her glass from a cheap bottle with a screw lid. CASSIE motions to her to leave the bottle.

ENNIS

No more dancin' for me.

(a beat)

I hope.

CASSIE

You're safe. My feet hurt.

CASSIE takes her boots off, starts rubbing her feet.

ENNIS looks on, amused.

ENNIS

Hard work, is it?

CASSIE

(playful)

Yeah, drunks like you demanding beer after beer, smoking. Gets tiresome.

(beat)

What do you do, Ennis Del Mar?

ENNIS

Well, earlier today I was castratin' calves.

CASSIE wrinkles up her nose, shivers, then thrusts her stocking feet into ENNIS'S lap.

ENNIS is startled.

ENNIS

What are you doin'?

CASSIE

(smiles)

Tryin' to get a foot rub, dummy.

ENNIS smiles back.

122 INT: TWIST CADILLAC: HIGHWAY: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT: 122

Cold night. Panhandle wind blows. JACK and LUREEN in their Cadillac, hurrying to a big country dance. LUREEN is very North Dallas now, fur coat, too much jewelry, too much makeup, too stiff a hairdo. JACK wears a white Stetson. Both are smoking.

See a pickup stopped on the shoulder ahead, hazard lights flashing JACK slows, pulls even with the pickup--no other traffic on the lonely road.

JACK

Think it's that couple just started workin' for Roy Taylor.

LUREEN

Roy's new foreman?

JACK

Roll your window down.

As LUREEN rolls down her window, WE SEE RANDALL MALONE--tall, sharp-featured, raw-boned; his wife LASHAWN--blond, pretty, skinny, manic. They are dressed in party clothes, too, but not so resplendently as the TWISTS. RANDALL is fiddling under the hood with no success.

LASHAWN tip-toes over to them in her high heels.

JACK

What's the problem, Miss?

LASHAWN

(chatty, friendly to a fault)
We got a worn out pickup, that's the problem. I told Randall it takes more than chewing gum and baling wire to keep a pickup goin', but he wouldn't listen to me if he knew he was goin' deaf tomorrow.

RANDALL, frustrated, gives up, comes over. Nods hello.

JACK

Howdy, Jack Twist, my wife Lureen. Any hope there, cowboy?

RANDALL

(stiff)
Not tonight. Guess she's thrown a rod.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

JACK

You two bound for the big party up in Childress?

They nod.

JACK

Then get in an ride with us, I'll stop and get my pickup, tow you home after the dance. If you can't fix it then, by God, drive off from it--that's my motto.

123 INT: DANCE HALL: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT:

123

Big banner over the stage: "BENEFIT FOR THE CHILDRESS COUNTY CHILDREN'S HOME"--underneath, "CHARLIE DANIELS' BAND". Charlie Daniels' Band fiddles away, lots of couples on the dance floor.

The TWISTS and the MALONES are at a table near the dance floor. LUREEN is smoking, bored. LASHAWN has on a flashy cocktail dress, a lot of makeup and jewelry, but much prettier than LUREEN, skinnier, perky, restless, about thirty. Restless, impatient.

LASHAWN

(chatters like a squirrel)

Pledged Tri Delt at SMU and I sure never thought I'd end up in a pokey little place like Childress, but then I met Randall at an Aggie game, and he was an animal husbandry major, and so here I am.

LUREEN

(briefly stirs)

Oh, you was Tri Delt? I was Kappa Phi myself.

LASHAWN

(impatient)

Well, even though we ain't quite sorcrity sisters, we may have to dance with ourselves, Lureen. Our husbands ain't the least bit interested in dancin', they don't seem to have a smidgin of rhythm between 'em.

LUREEN

It's funny, ain't it? Husbands don't never seem to dance with their wives.

(sarcastic)

Why do you think that is, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

JACK wants to have a good time--doesn't take her bait.

JACK
Ain't never give it a thought.
(to Lashawn)
Wanna dance?

They get up, go to the dance floor, begin to dance.

LASHAWN
(chatters like a squirrel)
I told Randall we oughta take the car,
but he said no, the roads is too bad...

JACK nods politely, but is looking over her shoulder at LUREEN, and RANDALL. LUREEN smokes. RANDALL studies JACK and LASHAWN on the dance floor.

LASHAWN (cont'd)
...but then his ratty ol' truck died.
'Course he don't never listen to me....

124 EXT: DANCE HALL: CHILDRESS, TEXAS: NIGHT (LATER):

124

Cold, frosty. JACK and RANDALL stand together outside the dance hall, waiting for their wives to return from the ladies' room. Both smoke.

JACK
Ever notice how a woman'll powder her
nose before a party starts, and then
powder it again when the party's over?
(pause)
Why powder your nose just to go home to
bed?

RANDALL
(as if the vanity of women is a
tiresome subject)
Don't know.
(smokes)
Even if I wanted to know, couldn't get a
word in with Lashawn long enough to ask.
Woman talks a blue streak.

JACK
Lively little gal.

A beat.

RANDALL
My boss's got a little cabin down on Lake
Kemp. Got a croppie house...little boat.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

Said I can use it whenever I want.

(pause)

Think you'd like to go down there some weekend? Drink a little whiskey, fish some. Get away, you know?

Before JACK can respond, the WOMEN come out, hurrying in the cold, careful not to slip in the icy parking lot, LASHAWN talking a blue streak, just like RANDALL said.

125 EXT: RIVERTON, WYOMING: DRIVE-IN: NIGHT:

125

ENNIS and CASSIE sit in ENNIS'S truck, trying to watch THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK.

CASSIE is rapt, eats popcorn, swigs cheap white wine from a bottle between her knees, despite a violent wind storm that has come up, blowing trash and dust into the windshield. The sound from old window-mounted speaker is barely audible over the windstorm. The wind is blowing dust so high into the air that the screen is partially obscured.

ENNIS

We oughta get our money back.

CASSIE

(hits him on the shoulder)

Hush up, Ennis, this is important. He's learnin' how to be a Jedi knight.

ENNIS tries to stop the blowing dust from entering his truck cab, tucks an old flannel shirt in the crack created by the drive-in movie speaker.

ENNIS

My truck's fillin' with dust.

CASSIE

(rapt)

Shhhh! Turn up the volume.

ENNIS

(fiddling with the speaker)

Up as high as it'll go.

A strong gust of wind carries a big panel of the screen away, leaving a rectangular hole in Luke Skywalker's face.

Suddenly, ENNIS rolls down his window just enough to unhook the speaker and throw it out into the dirt.

He drives off.

126 INT: ENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK: NIGHT: CONTINUOUS:

126

ENNIS pulls out of the drive-in.

CASSIE, arms crossed, is upset.

ENNIS glances over at CASSIE, who avoids his look. Turns her head and looks out the window.

CASSIE
(still looking away from ENNIS)
You hardly ever take me any place nice.

A beat.

ENNIS
(shrugs)
Take you everywhere.

CASSIE
Everywhere in Riverton. Why can't you take me to Casper? Could've seen that movie indoors in Casper.

ENNIS
(somewhat incredulous)
Three hours a drivin' to see spaceships and robots?

CASSIE
So? You drive all over just to go huntin' and fishin' with your friends.

ENNIS doesn't know what to say. Keeps driving.

127 EXT: MOUNTAINS: DAY: MONTAGE: 1981:

127

WE SEE ENNIS and JACK, winding through some grand scenery, always high up:

A. ENNIS and JACK riding their horses up in the Bighorns. A bright, beautiful crisp autumn day.

B. ENNIS and JACK swim in a clear, mirror-like mountain pool.

C. ENNIS and JACK dismounted, standing atop Cloud Peak, the highest point in the Bighorns.

D. ENNIS snoozes by the campfire. JACK gently shakes him. They both go in the tent.

128 EXT: ENNIS'S LINE CABIN: DAY:

128

ENNIS waits with his bedroll by a small, poor line cabin, miles from nowhere, much like the one he and ALMA had lived in when his daughters were young.

SEES a pickup coming, dust on the ranch road.

Watches. This time, the pickup that arrives is a fancy new double-seater with lots of chrome. JACK, older, steps out, wearing sort of modish new rodeo duds and a tall white Stetson.

They look at one another a moment, making sure they are still ENNIS and JACK, making sure it's still there.

Embrace.

ENNIS

What'd you do, bud, strike oil?

JACK

(grins--has had his teeth capped)

Better than that. Lureen's old man dropped dead, she's runnin' the business now. Sends me to all the fairs and stock shows to sell them big tractors. We got the latest thing in squeeze chutes, ought to see 'em.

(pause)

Easy life now, Ennis.

A beat.

JACK

(cont'd)

Come on, throw your stuff in the back. If we're goin', let's go.

129 EXT: MOUNTAINS: DAY:

129

WE SEE them winding up a mountainside, patches of snow in the shade.

They move up, up, through some high trees, then descend down toward a lake.

130 EXT: MOUNTAINS: LAKE: CAMP: EVENING:

130

They have set up a rough camp, small tent, a welcoming fire.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

JACK walks down to the lake, squats, dips a little water in his hands, sips it.

ENNIS

(yells)

Get lepto drinkin' that.

(pause)

Better to have a beer.

JACK

(comes back to the fire)

Can do better than beer.

(cracks the seal on a whiskey bottle)

Takes a big swallow. Passes the bottle to ENNIS.

JACK

That's one a the two things I need right now.

131 EXT: MOUNTAINS: LAKE: CAMP: NIGHT (LATER):

131

ENNIS and JACK are sitting around the campfire, close.

ENNIS rolls a joint.

JACK twists the dial on a little radio, but all the radio gives back is static.

Restless. Pokes at the fire with a stick. Looks up at the night sky, clouds churning past the moon.

JACK

It's gonna snow tonight for sure.

(look)

All this time, and you ain't found nobody else to marry?

ENNIS

(lights the joint)

Ain't interested.

(passes it to JACK)

Been puttin' the blocks to a woman over in Riverton. Waitresses part-time at the Wolf Ears Bar.

Now ENNIS gives JACK a look--there is still much uncharted territory between them.

ENNIS (cont'd)

(cont'd)

What about you and Lureen?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

(sarcastic)
Still lovey dovey?

JACK

(snorts)
Not hardly.
(drags on the joint)
Hell, me and Lureen was never that way.
She's good at makin' hard deals in the
machinery business, but so far as our
marriage goes, we could do it over the
telephone.
(passes it back to Ennis)
I kinda got a thing goin' with a little
gal over in Childress. Ranch hand's
wife. Expect to get shot by Lureen or
the husband one, ever' time I slip off to
see her.

ENNIS

(laughs)
Probably deserve it.

They both laugh...then the laughter trails off.

A beat.

JACK

(looks at Ennis)
Tell you what...truth is, I miss you so
much sometimes I could whip babies.

Pokes the fire.

Powerful look between them.

132 EXT: MOUNTAINS: TRAILHEAD: MORNING:

132

JACK and ENNIS are loading the horses into a trailer hitched
to ENNIS'S pickup truck.

Mood between them is tense, as always, when their time
together is about to end.

When the gate is shut on the horses, JACK pops his glove
against his leg a time or two...looks at ENNIS, who is
lighting a cigarette.

JACK

Guess I'll head on up to Lightnin' Flat.
See the folks for a day or two.

(CONTINUED)

ENNIS

(uncomfortable)

Somethin' I been meanin' to tell you, bud. It's likely November before I can get away again, after we ship stock and before the winter feedin' starts.

JACK

(stunned)

November? What in hell happened a August? Christ, Ennis, you had a fuckin' week to say some little word about this.

ENNIS is silent.

JACK

(cont'd)

And why's it we're always in the friggin' cold weather? We ought a go south, where it's warm. We ought a go to Mexico.

ENNIS

Mexico?

(tries to lighten the mood)

Hell...you know me. 'Bout all the travelin' I ever done is goin' around the coffeepot, lookin' for the handle.

An uncomfortable silence.

ENNIS

(cont'd)

Lighten up on me, Jack. We can hunt in November, kill a nice elk. Try if I can get Don Wroe's cabin again. We had a good time that year.

A beat.

JACK starts popping his glove on his leg again.

JACK

(bitter disappointment)

Never enough time, never enough.

(looks at Ennis)

You know, friend, this is a goddamn bitch of a unsatisfactory situation. You used a come away easy. Now it's like seein' the Pope.

ENNIS

Jack, I got a work. Them earlier days I used a quit the jobs. You forget how it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

is bein' broke all the time. You ever hear a child support? Let me tell you, I can't quit this one. And I can't get the time off.

(pause)

Was tough enough gettin' this time. The trade-off was August.

(pause)

You got a better idea?

JACK

(bitter, accusatory)

I did, once.

ENNIS says nothing. Straightens up slowly, rubs at his forehead. Walks to the horse trailer, says something that only the horses can hear. Turns and walks back to JACK at a deliberate pace.

Mexico was THE place--ENNIS has heard.

ENNIS

You been a Mexico, Jack?

JACK, braced for it all these years, and here it comes, late and unexpected.

JACK

Hell yes, I been. What's the fuckin' problem?

ENNIS

I got a say this to you one time, Jack, and I ain't foolin'. What I don't know, all them things I don't know could get you killed if I should come to know them.

JACK

Try this one...

(pause)

...and I'll say it just one time. Tell you what, we could a had a good life together, a fuckin' real good life, had us a place of our own. You wouldn't do it, Ennis, so what we got now is Brokeback Mountain. Everything built on that. It's all we got, boy, fuckin' all, so I hope you know that if you don't never know the rest. Count the damn few times we been together in twenty years. Measure the fuckin' short leash you keep me on, then ask me about Mexico and then tell me you'll kill me for needin' somethin' I don't hardly never get. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (3)

got no fuckin' idea how bad it gets. I'm not you. I can't make it on a couple of high-altitude fucks once or twice a year.

(pause)

You're too much for me, Ennis, you son of a whoreson bitch.

(pause)

I wish I knew how to quit you.

WE PULL BACK NOW.

Like vast clouds of steam from thermal springs in winter, the years of things unsaid and now unsayable--admissions, declarations, shames, guilts, fears--rise around them.

ENNIS stands as if heartshot, face gray and deep-lined. Fights a silent battle, grimaces, his eyes screwing shut, fists clenching, legs caving, he hits the ground on his knees.

JACK is frightened, thinks maybe it's a heart attack...or else the overflow of an incendiary rage.

JACK

...Jesus...Ennis?

Starts towards him, but ENNIS jerks away. JACK moves towards him again, and this time, ENNIS doesn't resist, struggles to his feet.

And then they hug one another, a fierce, desperate embrace--managing to torque things almost to where they had been, for what they've just said is no news: nothing ended, nothing begun, nothing resolved.

133 EXT: MOUNTAINS: TRAILHEAD: MORNING:

133

ENNIS starts off in his pickup, pulling the horse trailer behind.

JACK watches the man who would be his other half go away from him, and as he watches, goes back in reverie to an earlier time and a profound memory:

134 CUT TO FLASHBACK: EXT: BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN: CAMPFIRE: NIGHT: 134 CONTINUOUS:

JACK, much younger, stands by the campfire.

WE SEE two arms encircle him from behind: it is ENNIS, also much younger.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

They stand that way for a moment, JACK leaning back into ENNIS. ENNIS'S breath comes slow and quiet, then he starts to gently rock back and forth a little, lit by the warm fire tossing ruddy chunks of light, the shadow of their bodies a single column against a rock. ENNIS hums quietly.

Nothing mars this moment for JACK, even though he knows that ENNIS does not embrace him face to face because he does not want to see or feel that it is JACK he holds--because for now, they are wrapped in a closeness that satisfies some shared and sexless hunger, that is not really sleep but something else drowsy and tranced--until ENNIS, dredging up a rusty phrase from the childhood time before his mother died, says:

ENNIS

Time to hit the hay, cowboy, I got to go.

(pause)

Come on now, you're sleepin' on your feet like a horse.

Gives JACK a little shake, a gentle push, and JACK stumbles ever so slightly in the direction of his tent. Stops.

Hears ENNIS'S spurs jingle as he mounts his horse.

ENNIS

...See you tomorrow....

A shuddering snort from ENNIS'S horse, the grind of hoof on stone, and ENNIS rides away, JACK watching him go.

135 CUT TO EXT: MOUNTAINS: TRAILHEAD: MORNING: PRESENT: CONTINUOUS:

135

WE ARE BACK TO THE PRESENT as JACK, older now, watches the pickup truck fade away into the distance, that dozy embrace solidified in his memory as the single moment of artless, charmed happiness in their separate and difficult lives.

136 INT: DENNY'S RESTAURANT: RIVERTON: NIGHT:

136

ENNIS sits in a booth, eating a slice of apple pie and drinking coffee. An ELDERLY MAN sits at the counter. A heavy-set WAITRESS carries a tray of food past ENNIS, and serves a middle-aged couple in a booth.

Glen Campbell's "SOUTHERN NIGHTS" plays from the speakers mounted in the ceiling.

Enter CASSIE. She's dressed in tight jeans, her white blouse untucked on one side. She is slightly dishevelled, has been

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

crying, her eyeliner trailing down her face. She sits down in ENNIS'S booth, across from him.

CASSIE
(loud whisper)
Where you been?

The restaurant is dead silent.

CASSIE
(still whispering)
I said, where you been? I ain't seen you for a week. Called you up, you said you wasn't goin' out tonight.

ENNIS
(a little defensive)
Denny's ain't goin' out. I got hungry, so I came here to get some pie.
(a beat)
Can't I eat in peace?

CASSIE
Been drivin' around for hours, lookin' for your truck.

ENNIS drops his fork. It clanks on the plate. The noise makes ENNIS self-conscious, looks around.

CASSIE
I drove to your trailer and you wasn't there.

ENNIS
Didn't know you was my parole officer.

CASSIE
I ain't your parole officer. I'm your girlfriend. Why can't you treat me like one?

ENNIS looks at CASSIE.

CASSIE looks hard at his face: he's dark, distant, inaccessible.

CASSIE
I don't get you, Ennis Del Mar.

Knows he's hurting her, but he doesn't know what to do about it. The look on his face changes then, to a look of stark loneliness. She realizes, then, that she's not the answer.

ENNIS reaches up to her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE deflects ENNIS'S hand.

Tears well up in CASSIE'S eyes. She gets up, begins to sob when she gets to the door.

Leaves.

ENNIS stares out the window at her as she gets in her car, speeds off.

137 EXT: RIVERTON: STREET: DAY:

137

ENNIS comes out of the little post office, casually shuffling through a handful of mail. Stock magazines, a flyer advertising a big sale at the grocery store.

Is about to open the door to his pickup, when he stops: there is a postcard with his own handwriting on it, addressed to Jack Twist, RFD 2, Childress, Texas.

Across the address, stamped in red: DECEASED.

138 EXT: RIVERTON: PAY TELEPHONE: DAY:

138

A windy day, dust swirls.

ENNIS is dialing the telephone.

139 SPLIT SCREEN: ENNIS STANDING OUTSIDE, COVERS ONE EAR/LUREEN 139
TWIST'S SPOTLESS, WELL-APPOINTED KITCHEN IN CHILDRESS, TEXAS:

LUREEN, about forty now, hair stiffly styled and even bigger, makeup even thicker, business-like, cold, direct, answers the telephone.

ENNIS

Uh, hello, this is Ennis Del Mar, I,
uh....

LUREEN

Who? Who is this?

ENNIS

Ennis Del Mar. I'm an old buddy of
Jack's, I....

LUREEN

(interrupts, speaks quickly,
allows no interruptions)

Jack used to mention you. You're the
fishing buddy or the hunting buddy, I
know that. Would have let you know, but
wasn't sure about your name or address.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

Jack kept his friends' addresses in his head.

ENNIS

Why I was callin', to see what happened....

LUREEN

(level voice)

Oh yeah, Jack was pumping up a flat on the truck out on a back road when the tire blew up. The rim slammed into his face and broke his nose and jaw, knocked him unconscious on his back. By the time somebody came along, he had drowned in his own blood. Terrible thing. He was only thirty-nine years old.

140 EXT: RIVERTON: PAY TELEPHONE: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

140

WE'VE left LUREEN, and the screen holds only ENNIS.

ENNIS can't answer right away. He wonders, suddenly, if it was the tire iron:

SHARP CUT TO

141 ENNIS'S POV: MIDDLE OF NOWHERE: DUSK: CONTINUOUS:

141

A FLASH--JUST A FEW SECONDS--ENNIS and WE SEE, in the evening shadows, a MAN being beaten unmercifully by THREE ASSAILANTS, one of whom uses a tire iron.

SHARP CUT BACK TO

142 EXT: RIVERTON: PAY TELEPHONE: DAY: CONTINUOUS:

142

The huge sadness of the northern plains rolls down upon ENNIS. He doesn't know which way it was, the tire iron--or a real accident, blood choking down JACK'S throat and nobody to turn him over.

The wind drones.

LUREEN

(not sure he's still there)
...Hello?

ENNIS

He buried down there?

LUREEN

We put a stone up. He was cremated, like he wanted, and half his ashes was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

interred here. The rest I sent up to his folks. He use to say he wanted his ashes scattered on Brokeback Mountain, but I didn't know where that was. I thought Brokeback Mountain was around where he grew up. But knowing Jack, it might be some pretend place where the bluebirds sing and there's a whiskey spring.

ENNIS can hardly speak.

ENNIS

...We herded sheep up on Brokeback one summer....

LUREEN

Well, he said it was his favorite place. I thought he meant to get drunk. He drank a lot.

ENNIS

His folks still up in Lightnin' Flat?

LUREEN

They'll be there till the day they die. They couldn't come down for the funeral.

ENNIS

Thanks for your time, then...I sure am sorry...we was good friends....

LUREEN

Get in touch with his folks. I suppose they'd appreciate it if his wishes was carried out. About the ashes, I mean.

Although she is polite, her little voice is as cold as ice.

ENNIS hangs up.

Looks like death.

143 INT: MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WYOMING: PICKUP TRUCK: DAY:

143

ENNIS is driving, on his way to Lightning Flat.

Smoking. Radio on loud, as if to shove away all thinking. Johnny Paycheck's "TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT" plays. Suddenly begins to fade in and out. ENNIS fiddles with the dial...static...gives up, shuts it off.

The wind blows, moans.

144 EXT: MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WYOMING: PICKUP TRUCK: DAY: 144
CONTINUOUS:

WE PULL BACK and see the great sweep of the bald, desolate countryside.

ENNIS passes several abandoned ranch houses sitting blank-eyed, surrounded with weeds. The corral fences have fallen down.

A lone hawk circles.

ENNIS slows down.

145 INT: OUTSIDE OF LIGHTNING FLAT, WYOMING: PICKUP TRUCK: DAY: 145
CONTINUOUS:

As he creeps along in the pickup, ENNIS looks at the scribbled instructions he has scrawled on a piece of cheap tablet paper.

Comes to a dented mailbox next to the highway.

Stops, leans out to look. The name has almost worn off, but when he looks close, WE SEE that it says "John C. Twist."

Turns up what seems like a very long dirt road.

146 INT: OUTSIDE OF LIGHTNING FLAT, WYOMING: PICKUP TRUCK: DAY: 146
ENNIS'S POV: CONTINUOUS:

ENNIS driving up the washboard dirt road, sees, far ahead, a dot of a house on the plain.

In the pastures a few scattered cattle--Black Angus, standing in the thin grass.

A lone horse stares at the pickup as it passes by.

147 EXT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: HOUSE: FRONT PORCH: DAY: CONTINUOUS: 147

A rather stout woman--probably sixty to sixty-five--stands on the front porch that stretches across the front of a tiny brown stucco house, four rooms, two down, two up: this is JACK'S childhood home, and this is JACK'S MOTHER. Shades her eyes as she squints, looking at the pickup truck coming slowly up her road. Moves down off the porch and into her yard, careful in her movements, as if recovering from an operation.

148 EXT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: HOUSE: DRIVEWAY: DAY: CONTINUOUS: 148

ENNIS pulls his pickup truck next to the front porch.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

Stops.

Gets out. Tips his hat to JACK'S MOTHER.

149 INT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: HOUSE: KITCHEN: DAY:

149

ENNIS sits at the little kitchen table with JACK'S parents.

Across from him sits JACK'S father, his hands folded on the plastic tablecloth. The father is tough, weatherbeaten, testy, critical--makes it clear by his manner that he expects to be stud duck in the pond.

JACK'S mother--silent, defeated--stands.

ENNIS can't see JACK in either of them.

JACK'S MOTHER

(a polite shell of a woman)

Want some coffee, don't you? Piece of cherry cake?

ENNIS

(stiff but polite)

Thank you, Ma'am. I'll take a cup a coffee, but I can't eat no cake just now.

JOHN TWIST stares at ENNIS with an angry, knowing expression.

ENNIS

(cont'd)

I feel awful bad about Jack...can't begin to tell you how bad I feel. I knew him a long time.

(pause)

I come by to say that if you want me to take his ashes up there on Brokeback like his wife said he wanted, I'd be proud to.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

ENNIS clears his throat, but then says nothing.

JOHN TWIST

Tell you what. I know where Brokeback Mountain is. He thought he was too goddamn special to be buried in the family plot.

JACK'S MOTHER--never a part of her husband's life--endures this.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

JACK'S MOTHER

Jack used to come home every year, even after he was married and with a family of his own.

(pause)

He'd come stay a week or two, help his daddy on the ranch, fix the gates and mow and all.

JOHN TWIST

(angrily)

I can't get no help out here. Jack used a say, 'Ennis del Mar,' he used a say, 'I'm goin' a bring him up here one a these days and we'll lick this damn ranch into shape.' He had some half-baked notion the two a you was goin' a move up here, build a cabin, help run the place.

(pause)

Then this spring he's got another fella's goin' a come up here with him and build a place and help run the ranch, some ranch neighbor a his from down in Texas. He's goin' a split up with his wife and come back here.

(sarcastic)

So he says. But like most a Jack's ideas it never come to pass.

WE SEE the color drain from ENNIS'S face, as:

150 FLASHBACK: EXT: SIDE OF THE ROAD: WYOMING: DAY: WE RETURN 150
ONCE AGAIN TO ENNIS'S EARLIER FLASHBACK, SCENE 89

LOW ANGLE - ENNIS'S FATHER leads ENNIS and K.E., ENNIS'S older brother, to the edge of an irrigation ditch. Camera is on their backs and ENNIS'S FATHER'S head is out of frame. As WE APPROACH the ditch, WE SEE the toes of two boots appear. Nine year-old ENNIS and eleven year-old K.E. look down at what was EARL'S CORPSE in the earlier flashback.

WE SEE ENNIS, his little boy's face, fill with horror.

Then, unlike the earlier flashback, WE PAN UP the body in the ditch.

But the bloodied face is not EARL'S: it is JACK'S.

151 INT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: KITCHEN: DAY: 151

WE RETURN TO ENNIS'S face: HE KNOWS and WE KNOW, now, that it was the tire iron....

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

A beat.

JACK'S MOTHER

I kept his room like it was when he was a boy. I think he appreciated that.

(pause)

You are welcome to go up in his room, if you want.

ENNIS stands, wanting to be anywhere but here, in this kitchen, with JOHN TWIST.

ENNIS

I'd like that, Ma'am, thank you.

152 INT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: HOUSE: TOP OF STAIRS: JACK'S ROOM: 152
DAY: CONTINUOUS:

WE SEE ENNIS at the top of a steep set of narrow stairs, entering JACK'S room, tiny and hot, afternoon sun pouring through the west window, hitting the narrow boy's bed against the wall.

WE CAN HEAR JACK'S MOTHER downstairs running water, filling the kettle, setting it back on the stove, then hear the husband's and wife's muffled conversation.

A window looks down on the dirt road stretching south...the only road out of this Godforsaken place.

A well-used desk and a wooden chair stand against the other wall. A small .22 hangs in a wooden rack over the bed.

An ancient photograph of a handsome, dark-haired movie star, Maximilian Schell, is taped to the wall beside the bed, curled and yellowed.

ENNIS sees the closet, walks over to it.

A shallow cavity with a wooden rod braced across it, a faded cretonne curtain on a string half-open, closing the closet off from the rest of the room. In the closet hangs two pairs of jeans crease-ironed and folded neatly over wire hangers. On the floor a pair of worn packer boots.

ENNIS looks inside to the right, and WE SEE that the closet makes a tiny jog into the wall--a little hiding place--and there, stiff with long suspension from a nail, hangs a shirt.

ENNIS lifts it off the nail: it's JACK'S old shirt from Brokeback days, dried blood on the sleeve, ENNIS'S own blood, from their last day together on Brokeback, when they were

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152
wrestling and ENNIS slipped and JACK accidentally kned him
in the nose.

The shirt seems heavy. Then ENNIS sees that there is another
shirt inside it, the sleeves carefully worked down inside
JACK'S shirt sleeves: it is ENNIS'S own denim shirt, lost,
he'd thought, long ago up on Brokeback Mountain, his dirty
shirt, the pocket ripped, buttons missing, stolen by JACK and
hidden here inside JACK'S own shirt, the pair like two skins,
one inside the other, two in one.

ENNIS presses his face into the fabric and breathes in slowly
through his mouth, hoping for the faintest smoke and mountain
sage and salty sweet stink of JACK.

But there is no real scent, only the memory of it, which WE
SEE, too--an image of the mountain, superimposed--the
imagined power of Brokeback Mountain, of which nothing is
left but what he now holds in his trembling hands.

153 INT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: HOUSE: KITCHEN: DAY: 153

ENNIS is back downstairs, his hat in his hand, standing by
the screen door.

JACK'S MOTHER is placing the two shirts in a paper sack for
ENNIS.

JOHN TWIST still sits at the table, stiff and angry as ever.

JOHN TWIST
Tell you what, we got a family plot and
he's goin' in it.

ENNIS, resigned to this fact, nods at the old man as if he
understands.

JACK'S MOTHER hands him the sack with the two shirts.

ENNIS
(to JACK'S mother)
Much obliged, Ma'am.

JACK'S MOTHER
(sympathetic)
You come back and see us again.

ENNIS puts his hat on.

Leaves.

154 EXT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: YARD: DAY: 154

ENNIS looks back at the house, up at the window to JACK'S ROOM. Turns, stands in the little yard a moment looking off, nothing between the lonely house and the far horizon.

155 EXT: TWIST HOMESTEAD: DIRT DRIVEWAY: DAY: 155

ENNIS is in his pickup, bumping down the washboard road.

Passes the Twist family plot surrounded by sagging sheep wire, a tiny fenced square on the welling prairie, a few graves and a few tilted gravestones, bright with plastic flowers.

The look on his face makes it clear he doesn't want to know that JACK is going in there, to be buried forever on the grieving plain.

156 EXT: RIVERTON: QUIK STOP CARWASH: DAY: 156

ENNIS is turning the high-pressure spray hose on a large pile of horse blankets. His pickup sits nearby, filthy. He hasn't bothered to wash it.

Finishes, stacks the wet horse blankets in the back of his pickup truck.

Looks across the street at the gas station/convenience store, as he dries his hands on his jeans.

On impulse, he crosses the street, as disdainful as ever of traffic. A Suburban has to swerve to avoid hitting him.

157 INT: GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE: DAY: CONTINUOUS: 157

ENNIS is standing at the postcard rack. Turns it, looking, not finding what he wants.

LINDA HIGGINS, large but appealing, is changing the filter in the coffee maker.

LINDA HIGGINS
(throws away the used filter)
Ennis, you ain't no tourist, what are you
lookin' for, rootin' through them
postcards?

ENNIS
Scene a Brokeback Mountain.

157 CONTINUED:

LINDA HIGGINS
 (puzzled)
 Over in Fremont County?

ENNIS
 No, north a here.

LINDA HIGGINS
 I didn't order none a them.
 (goes behind her counter)
 Let me get the order list. They got it,
 I can get you a hunderd. I got to order
 more postcards anyway.

ENNIS
 One's enough.

158 EXT: DEL MAR TRAILER HOUSE: AFTERNOON:

158

The wind, as ever, blows.

ENNIS bolts a new mailbox onto his house just to the right of the front door. Pulls a set of stick-on numbers from his shirt pocket. Peels the One off and precisely applies it, then the Seven: Seventeen. Steps back, admires his work. Picks up the pliers, walks around the side of the trailer to the driveway. Undoes a bungee cord on a dirty metal garbage can, and throws the remaining numbers into the can. Puts the lid back on, fixes the bungee.

Looks up and sees a Chevy Camaro pull into his driveway behind his truck. George Strait's "ALL MY EX'S LIVE IN TEXAS" blares from the car stereo.

Engine cuts, music stops.

ALMA JR. steps out of the Camaro and closes the door.

ENNIS smiles.

ALMA JR. walks up to her father.

ENNIS
 (happy to see his girl)
 Hello, darlin'....

ALMA JR.
 (just as happy)
 Hey, Daddy....

An awkward ENNIS gives his oldest daughter a hug. ALMA JR. returns her daddy's embrace.

(CONTINUED)

ALMA JR. (cont'd)
Like the car?

ENNIS
Beaut. Where'd you get it?

ALMA JR.
It's Kurt's.

ENNIS
(confused)
Thought you was seein' Troy.

ALMA JR.
Troy?
(rolls her eyes)
Daddy, that was two years ago.

A beat.

ENNIS
Troy still playin' baseball?

ALMA JR.
Don't know what he's doin'. I'm seein'
Kurt now.

ENNIS
What's this Kurt fella do?

ALMA JR.
Works out in the oil fields.

ENNIS
(nods)
Roughneck.
(beat)
You're nineteen, guess you can date who
you want. Let's get in out of the wind.

ENNIS opens the door to his trailer and holds it for ALMA JR.
They enter the trailer. The door slams loudly.

159 INT: DEL MAR TRAILER HOUSE: AFTERNOON: CONTINUOUS: 159

ALMA JR. sits at a small, tottery formica table.

ENNIS stands and pours her a cup of coffee from a stained Mr.
Coffee. WE HEAR wind blowing, rattling the trailer house.

(CONTINUED)

ALMA JR. looks around the nearly-empty trailer, an homage to plains life minimalism: a TV sits on a plastic milk crate in front of a battered recliner, the only other furniture besides the chipped formica table, two wobbly chairs, and a fridge and tiny stove.

ALMA JR.
(makes her sad)
Daddy, you need more furniture.

ENNIS fits the coffee pot back into the Mr. Coffee machine.

ENNIS
(looking around the empty
trailer)
If you don't got nothin', then you don't
need nothin'.

ENNIS sits down across from her.

ENNIS (cont'd)
What's the occasion?

ALMA JR. blows on her coffee, something on her mind.

ALMA JR.
(apprehensive)
Me and Kurt...we're getting married.

ENNIS lights his a cigarette. Looks at his oldest daughter.

ENNIS
How long you known this Kurt fella?

ALMA JR.
(relieved, talks faster)
About a year. Wedding'll be June fifth
at the Methodist Church. Francine's
singing, and Monroe's gonna cater the
reception.
(beat)
Was hoping you'd be there.

ENNIS
Supposed to be on a roundup over near the
Tetons.

ALMA JR. nods her head. Understands.

ENNIS looks across at his daughter, sees her disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

ENNIS
(smiles)
But I reckon they can find themselves
another cowboy.

ENNIS stands, takes a half-empty bottle of cheap white wine from the fridge--a legacy of CASSIE. Takes two jelly glasses from the dry rack next to the sink, unscrews the bottle top, fills both. Sits.

ENNIS
(raising his glass)
To Alma and Kurt.

ALMA JR. laughs, and clinks her glass with her daddy's.

ENNIS smiles back at his daughter, his face full of regret, and longing.

160 INT: GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE: DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER): 160

ENNIS and LINDA HIGGINS. LINDA tucks the one postcard into a small envelope.

LINDA HIGGINS
That'll be thirty cents.
(smiles at him, likes him)
Big investment.

ENNIS lays out a quarter and a nickel.

Leaves.

161 EXT: TRAILER HOUSE: DAY: 161

ENNIS pulls his pickup truck in front of his crumpled little trailer house.

162 INT: TRAILER HOUSE: DAY: CONTINUOUS: 162

ENNIS comes inside, the little sack with the postcard in his hand.

He has hung the two shirts next to a window on a wire hanger suspended from a nail, the one tucked inside the other just as he had found them, as they have been for years.

Takes the postcard from its sack.

Uses brass-headed thumbtacks to tack the postcard of Brokeback Mountain on the wall right beside the two shirts.

162 CONTINUED:

Steps back.

Looks at the ensemble through a few stinging tears.

ENNIS

Jack, I swear....

He looks out the window, at the great bleakness of the vast northern plains....

THE END