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IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

"DODGE CITY"

10/14/38

REV. FINAL

75

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WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 24

"DODGE CITY"

by
Robert Buckner

Directed
by
Michael Curtiz

Supervisor: Lord
October 14, 1938

"DODGE CITY"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WADE HATTON
RUSTY
SURRETT
YANCEY
MUNGER
BUD TAYLOR
JOE CLEMENS
LEE IRVING
DR. IRVING
BARBER
TEX BAIRD
MATT COLE
CATTLE AUCTIONEER
COLONEL DODGE
TWITCHELL
HAMMOND
COGGINS
BARLOW
HARRY COLE
UNION SOLDIERS
ABBIE IRVING
MRS. COLE
MRS. IRVING
MRS. McCOY

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

1.

TITLE SHOT

1863 ---

THE TIDE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL
WAR HAS REACHED ITS CRIMSON FLOOD
AT GETTYSBURG.....AND THROUGH THAT
FATAL NIGHT THE SOUTHERN ARMY DRAGS
ITS SHATTERED HOPES BACK TOWARD
VIRGINIA.....

Over the last part of this title we -

DISSOLVE TO:

2.

CLOSE SHOT A MOVING WHEEL

EXT. NIGHT

A large cart-wheel turns slowly in the mud of a Maryland road. We hear the creaking of harness and the sound of many horses' hooves. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to REVEAL the ammunition-cart, and behind it the long crippled column of the Confederate Army, retreating Southward. Beside the road lie broken and abandoned wagons, artillery caissons, haversacks and scattered equipment.

As CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE LINE we see the ragged infantrymen plodding silently along the muddy road, many of them roughly bandaged and limping. The cavalymen ride slumped in their saddles, the sunken eyes of all fixed staringly ahead. They walk and ride in silence, the bitterness and tragedy of The Lost Cause stamped upon their haggard faces.

CAMERA HOLDS UPON an ammunition-cart, drawn by two horses and filled with wounded men.

3.

MED. MOVING SHOT REAR OF CART

Inside the cart we see six wounded soldiers. Three of them are severely injured, lying on crude stretchers that jolt and twist with every turn of the wheels in

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

the rutted road. The other three, in f.g., sit with their backs against the side of the wagon, with the feet of two of them hanging over the rear. One of these is Wade. His gray uniform is caked with blood and dirt, and his head is crudely wrapped with a red-stained bandage. His face is drawn and weary. Across from him sits Rusty, and next to Rusty sits a Union private -- a prisoner of war. Both of them are also wounded.

4. CLOSER SHOT THE THREE SOLDIERS

with the "stretcher-cases" behind them in the jolting wagon. Rusty turns his one good eye to glare at the enemy beside him.

RUSTY:

(in a Texas drawl)

An' if Gen'ral Longstreet had 'a come up when he shoulda, we'd 'a licked the tar outa you Yanks!

(the Union private regards him wearily, then looks away)

Heck - I bet we licked you anyway!

At this Wade smiles faintly amused at his friend's unquenchable spirit.

UNION SOLDIER:

(ironically)

Sure you did, Johnny - that's why you're running back home. You want to tell the folks.

RUSTY:

(angry, then in disgust)

Pshaw -- ain't no use in arguin' with a Yankee --

(appealing to Wade)

-- is it, Wade?

WADE:

(smiles thinly)

I've argued with them quite enough for a few days, thank you.

They ride on in silence for a moment. Then the Union soldier reaches painfully into his tunic, takes out a twist of chewing-tobacco, bites off a plug and puts it back in his coat-front. Rusty watches the enemy as he starts to chew; and a slow, amusing change of expression

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

comes over his face. He wets his lips, aching for a bite, but hesitant to ask for it. Unconsciously his jaw works in unison with the other man's, which are chewing away in contented relish.

RUSTY:
(finally unable to
stand it)
That smells like right good tobacco.

UNION SOLDIER:
(indifferently)
Um - um -

Rusty casts a silent glance of appeal at Wade.

WADE:
(sociably, with no
trace of enmity)
I used to raise tobacco, down in
Cuba...

RUSTY:
Cuba... that's a new one.

WADE:
(reflectively)
Yes - a very profitable business.

The Union Soldier shifts the cud of tobacco in his mouth.

RUSTY:
(longingly)
Ain't nothin' can beat a good mouth-
ful o' cut plug when you're tired an'
sort o' low inside.

Slowly the Union Soldier smiles and reaching into his tunic, hands over the precious plug.

UNION SOLDIER:
Help yourself, Johnny --

RUSTY:
(gratefully)
Thanks.

He bites off a generous piece and hands back the rest. He chows blissfully and sits back in complete content. Then in a friendly tone:

RUSTY:
Where you come from, Yank?

UNION SOLDIER:
New York City... Where're you from?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

RUSTY:
Corn Creek -- Texas.

The Union private smiles, spits again and looks over at Wade's weary, bandaged face.

UNION SOLDIER:
What's your home place, Cap'n?

WADE:
Well - Kilkenny - originally.

UNION SOLDIER:
Is that in Texas too?

WADE:
(smiles and shakes his head)
No - that's in Ireland.

UNION SOLDIER:
(surprised)
Ireland? - But why are you here fighting for the South, Cap'n? We got 'em outnumbered ten to one.

5. CLOSEUP WADE

He smiles wearily with an Irish twinkle, and shrugs.

WADE:
Perhaps that's why ... I thought an Irishman might even up the odds.

6. MED. SHOT THE THREE

The Union soldier stares at him for a second, then laughs out loud. As Rusty and Wade grin beneath their bandages, we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

7. TITLE:

1865 ---
The Civil War ends.
The soldiers of both armies
put aside their guns and con-
secrate themselves to the task
of rebuilding a great nation.

DISSOLVE TO:

8. TITLE SHOT:

THE RAILROAD BECOMES THE PLOUGH
THAT BREAKS THE PLAINS.

Thru billowing clouds of thick black smoke the title emerges, and we hear the thundering roar of an old-fashioned locomotive. After the title CAMERA PANS DOWN to the big "belly"-stack of the moving locomotive, from which the smoke is belching up to spread backward above the train. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include the entire front of the engine with its shining brass-work and old-style cowcatcher.

9. LONG HIGH SHOT THE TRAIN

SHOOTING DOWN from an elevation and out across the rolling prairie, as the train speeds along the single-track rails.

DISSOLVE TO:

10. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. TRAIN

In the red-plush-upholstered passenger coach, four men are seated. The two facing forward are COLONEL HENRY DODGE, a big, hearty, prosperous-looking westerner about 50 years old; and MR. TWITCHELL, president of the Santa Fe Railroad, a dignified man of obvious means. Facing them are Coggins and Hammond, minor executives of the Santa Fe Railroad. All are smoking cigars and are in an excited, expansive mood. Behind them in the car are other well-dressed men, members of the official party; smoking and laughing as they are served by negro porters in white coats.

TWITCHELL:

(takes out a big gold watch)
Twenty-three miles in one hour and
fourteen minutes --

(smiling proudly)
Gentlemen, that is moving!
(the others nod and reply
in awed agreement)

HAMMOND:

(smiles)
Our engineer is trying to set a
record on the first run, sir.

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

COGGINS:

But I doubt if we'll be able to maintain this speed on our regular schedule.

TWITCHELL:

(expansively)

Why not? If one train can do it the rest of 'em can --

(he glances slyly at Dodge)

--- providing Colonel Dodge's new town is worth speeding to reach.

DODGE:

(earnestly)

Worth it? You wait and see. Right now it's just the end of the line, but in a couple of years it'll be giving more business to your Railroad than any town west of Chicago!

TWITCHELL:

(amused)

I hope you're right, Colonel. You've certainly stuck to that argument for five years.

DODGE:

(smiles back)

Why shouldn't I? I've raised that town from two hog-pens and a buffalo-waller.

(the other men laugh)

TWITCHELL:

And how big is it now?

DODGE:

(with a slow grin)

We-ll, at the last census, gentlemen, they had three buffalo-wallers.

The others laugh loudly at Dodge's joke. Then suddenly Dodge, seated by the window, points out.

DODGE:

Look -- there goes the mail-stage from Wichita.

The others lean forward to see as CAMERA PANS to reveal a stage-coach trotting briskly along the road beside the moving train.

TWITCHELL:

We'll be carrying that mail from now on.

11. FULL MOVING SHOT THE STAGECOACH EXT. ROAD

It lumbers along, swaying from side to side with the rough road. Two men are riding inside, peering excitedly toward the train. On top of the coach the driver and the mail-guard, typical western types, are also staring at the train, but with much less enthusiasm.

12. CLOSE MOVING SHOT DRIVER AND GUARD

Their bitter resentment of the new railroad is stamped on their sunburned faces as they glare at the train from the corners of their eyes.

DRIVER:

(scowling)

Lissen to the durn snortin' tea-
pot. She's already winded....

(suddenly)

By Joe, I'll run her in the ground!

He grabs his whip and lashes at the four horses. The stagecoach leaps forward at a faster speed.

13. LONG SHOT THE TRAIN

with the stagecoach careening along the road beside it in a cloud of dust, both moving at about the same speed.

14. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. TRAIN

Colonel Dodge and the railroad executives are watching the attempt of the stagecoach to keep pace with the train.

TWITCHELL:

(suddenly)

Coggins - go up and tell our engineer
if that stagecoach beats us to the
end of the line he's fired!

(Coggins goes up the
aisle)

They turn back to the window, as other men in b.g. rush to the windows to watch the race.

WIPE TO:

15. MED. SHOT ENGINEER INT. LOCOMOTIVE

He grins grimly as he opens the throttle and looks out the window at the stagecoach, which is beginning to lose ground.

16. LONG SHOT THE TRAIN EXT.

as it pulls slowly but surely away from the stagecoach.

17. CLOSE MOVING SHOT STAGECOACH DRIVER

Angry and humiliated he shakes his fist at the train.

18. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. TRAIN

Laughing like kids who have won a game, the railroad officials turn back from the window.

DODGE:

(delighted)

Gentlemen - that's a symbol of
America's future -

(he takes a silver dollar
from his vest and flips it
in his hand)

- iron men and iron horses - you
can't beat 'em!

WIPE TO:

19. FULL SHOT WADE, RUSTY AND TEX EXT. ROAD

Three men are riding horses along the road that parallels the new railroad tracks. They are WADE HATTON, a slim young Irish soldier-of-fortune; "RUSTY" HART, a big hearty son of the West; and TEX BAIRD, a rawboned cowboy. Behind them trot three pack-horses. Dusty and unkempt, the three men have obviously been on a long pack-trip. Heavy buffalo-guns are in rifle-holsters alongside the stirrups of their horses. As they come closer into f.g. Wade suddenly pulls up and points off. The other two men also stop.

WADE:

There's the main herd. They're
heading for the river.

20. LONG SHOT A HERD OF BUFFALO

A great dense mass of buffalo are seen in the distance, bunched like a shaggy, moving rug against the brown prairie.

21. MED. SHOT THE THREE MEN

TEX:

How 'bout cuttin' out a couple of 'em, Wade?

WADE:

(shakes his head)

No -- we've killed our last buffalo, boys. The railroad is finished and so is our contract.

(he pauses, then smiles slightly)

Besides, we've got an appointment to keep, just a few miles ahead.

Tex and Rusty nod in grim expectancy. Wade starts his horse ahead and the others follow, as CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM. Suddenly from behind them in the distance COMES THE SOUND of the train's whistle. Wade's head turns quickly and he stops, as do the others.

WADE:

(points excitedly)

Here comes our meal-ticket for the last six months!

22. LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING down the tracks as the train approaches, slowing down a little for the herd of buffalo, which stampede away from the tracks.

23. MED. LONG SHOT THE TRAIN

SHOOTING past the three men on horseback and toward the train as it comes nearer to them. The three horses, frightened by the smoke and noise, have to be curbed and calmed.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

TEX:

(in awe)

So that's what a steam engine looks
like -- a coffee pot on wheels!

As the engine pants and rattles past, Wade waves and
yells a greeting to the engineer, who waves back and
blows his whistle.

CUT TO:

24. CLOSE MOVING SHOT DODGE EXT. TRAIN

As he pulls up the window and sticks his head out, while
the other men crowd up behind him.

DODGE:

Hey, Wade -- !

25. CLOSE SHOT WADE

He starts in recognition, then grins excitedly and waves
back.

WADE:

(yelling)

Hello, Colonel -- how are you?

He turns his horse to trot with the moving train.

26. CLOSE MOVING SHOT TRAIN WINDOW

DODGE:

(yelling back)

Fine, son - fine! See you soon!

27. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. TRAIN

Beyond Wade and the other two outside we see the herd of
buffalo running away from the train. As Dodge waves
again, pulls back from the window and sits down with the
other men.

TWITCHELL:

By golly, Dodge, you know every-
body in Kansas!

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

DODGE:

(with enthusiasm)

That boy's been like a son to me.
 He's an Irishman -- been everywhere
 and done everything -- fought for
 the Rebels in Jeb Stuart's Cavalry.
 And for the past few months he's been
 working for us -- hunting buffalo to
 feed our construction gangs.

TWITCHELL:

(smiles)

Takes all sorts of men to build a
 railroad, eh?

DODGE:

No, sir -- just a couple of us
 Irishmen.

As they all laugh and the negro porter comes up with
 fresh drinks, we

DISSOLVE TO:

28. FULL SHOT .EXT. A RAILROAD CROSSING

The train is going past the CAMERA, blocking off the
 other side of the cross-road. When the last coach has
 passed we see a line of wagons waiting on the other side.
 They are about eight in number and all are packed high
 with dried buffalo-skins. The horses are skittish with
 fear at the train and the drivers wrestle with the reins
 to control them. Besides the wagons and drivers we see
 three men on horseback at the head of the line. They are
 JEFF SURRETT, YANCEY AND MUNGER, all hard-faced men, of
 whom Surret is the leader.

29. MED. SHOT THE THREE FAVORING SURRETT

Their eyes are still following the train as its sound
 becomes less in the distance.

SURRETT:

Boys, that train's going to double
 our profit. From now on we won't
 have to haul these hides by wagon.

(he turns to the
 wagons and calls
 sharply)

Get goin' -- you drivers!

30. FULL SHOT THE WAGON-TRAIN

As the lead-wagon starts across the railroad tracks with Surrett, Yancey and Munger riding at the head of the line.

31. CLOSEUP WADE

He sits his horse on a rise of ground, partly hidden from view to the road below by a thicket of trees. Behind him sit Rusty and Tex. All three of them are staring intently down toward the road.

32. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN as the wagon-train comes slowly forward.

33. MED. SHOT WADE'S GROUP

Suddenly Wade turns his head toward the slope behind him and raises his right hand in a prearranged signal. Then turning his horse sharply he starts down toward the road, followed by Rusty and Tex, as CAMERA PANS WITH THEM.

34. LONG SHOT THE HILL

As Wade's trio races down the slope toward the road we suddenly see another group of horsemen, about fifteen in number, running down toward the wagon-train from another position. CAMERA PANS WITH THE RIDERS as they come up to the wagons in the road.

35. FULL SHOT AT WAGON-TRAIN

The wagons have stopped as Surrett and his men stare tensely toward the approaching horsemen. They make a gesture toward their guns, but stop when they see that they are out-numbered. The leader of the approaching men is BARLOW, a U. S. GOVT. Indian Agent. As his men ride up to flank the line of wagons, Barlow stops his horse in front of Surrett.

36. MED. SHOT BARLOW AND SURRETT

With Yancey and Munger beyond Surratt, who at first try to bluff it out.

BARLOW:

Which one of you men is Jeff Surratt?

SURRETT:

I am. Why?

BARLOW:

I'm John Barlow -- Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Kansas. You're under arrest -- all three of you.

Surratt and his partners start in surprise, then stare off at Wade, Rusty and Tex, who ride up to join the group.

SURRETT:

For what?

BARLOW:

For illegal killing of buffalo and selling the hides.

SURRETT:

(angrily)

You're crazy! We got these buffalo on free land.

BARLOW:

Not from what I hear.

He looks at Wade, who edges his horse closer. Surratt and his partners shift their eyes to Wade.

SURRETT:

Is this some o' your business, Hatton?

37. MED. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT AND WADE

with Yancey and Munger in b.g.

WADE:

(slowly)

Yes, I've made it my business, Surratt. I've known what you've been up to all winter - butchering buffalo on Indian Territory. We've seen you at it, and we've followed your trail of carcasses for six hundred miles.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

SURRETT:

(pauses as he realizes
he is caught)

So you waited 'til I had the hides
all dried and packed, eh?

WADE:

(nods blandly)

That's right. The Indians might as
well get them back in a salable
condition.

For a tense moment Surrett and his partners glare at
Wade with bitter hatred. The Indian Agent rides up be-
side Surrett and takes his guns, but Surrett's eyes
never leave Wade's.

SURRETT:

(levelly)

I hope you stick around Kansas,
Wade -- because some day we're gonna
collect for every one of these hides
-- and we're gonna collect in full!

WADE:

(with polite contempt)

At your service, gentlemen.

As Barlow and his men lead Surrett's gang away and Wade
looks after them, we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

38. CLOSE UP "THE GOLDEN SPIKE" DAY

A golden spike, symbolic of achievement, is being hammered into the last length of steel rail at the very end of the railroad.

CAMERA STARTS PULLING BACK from the spike to reveal Colonel Dodge, his coat off, driving the gold spike home. Around him stand President Twitchell with the other executives of the Santa Fe Railroad, and behind them are Wade, Rusty and Tex Baird, in front of a colorful group of railroad laborers, traders, hunters, a few soldiers from the Fort and several Indians, all gathered for the historic ceremony. Also in f.g. is the front of the locomotive, stopped a few feet from the golden spike. The locomotive is gaily decorated with American flags and streamers of red, white and blue bunting. In b.g. and bordering the track, we see the "town" - a few sod-covered dugouts of the buffalo-hide traders.

As Colonel Dodge finishes driving the golden spike and stands up, the crowd gives a loud and prolonged cheer, tossing up their hats while several men fire their guns into the air.

39. LONG SHOT THE SCENE

SHOOTING to include the fully decorated train and the exuberant crowd in front of the locomotive. Now also we see the wooden bumper which marks the end of the railroad, and beyond the crowd the amusing insignificance of the new "town". Dodge and the other railroad officials start back toward the rear of the train, followed by the cheering crowd.

40. MED. DOLLY SHOT BESIDE THE TRAIN

Colonel Dodge now has Wade by the arm in f.g. as they walk toward the rear of the train in company with the officials, and followed by Rusty and the crowd, who are talking and cheering.

DODGE:

(excitedly)

Wade, this is the proudest day of my life. Right now I wouldn't trade places with President Grant!

WADE:

(smiles)

I don't blame you, sir - that's a desk job.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

DODGE:

(he laughs, then
suddenly serious)

There's nothing wrong with desk jobs --
Look, Wade - you've been a great help
in building this railroad, but now the
real work begins. We've got to make it
pay.

WADE:

(laughs)

That's your job, Colonel Dodge.

DODGE:

(earnestly)

No it isn't, son. I've got other work
to do - we're looking further west-
ward. I want you to take charge here
-- help build up this town and organ-
ize trade for our road.

WADE:

(grins and shakes
his head)

No, thanks, Colonel. My work is done
and I'm planning to go back to Texas --
as a cattle agent, driving herds north
to meet the railroad.

RUSTY:

Yes, sir, Wade's the most movin' on
man you ever see. First, he was in
India with the English army -- then,
in some sort o' hooray revolution in
Cuba -- then, punchin' cattle in Texas
before he 'listed in the war.

(pauses for breath;
eyes Wade suspiciously)

Boy, you're either the greatest trav-
eler that ever lived -- or the biggest
liar!

Wade and Dodge laugh.

They reach the end of the train, which is also gaily
decorated. The railroad officials and Colonel Dodge
climb up to the platform of the rear coach.

41. FULL SHOT REAR OF TRAIN

as the crowd comes up and gathers around to hear the
dedication speech.

42. MED. FULL SHOT FROM PLATFORM

SHOOTING out past the railroad officials in f.g. to the upturned faces of the crowd, with Wade, Rusty and Tex close to the train. Colonel Dodge steps up to the railing and holds up his hand for silence. His speech is in the flowery style of the old-fashioned speedbinders.

DODGE:

Gentlemen -- today a great chapter of history has been written!

The crowd shouts back in grinning appreciation.

43. CLOSE UP COLONEL DODGE ON PLATFORM

with the other executives smiling proudly in b.g.

DODGE:

And we take justifiable pride in bringing this railroad to the terminal furthest west in this country.

(again a roar from the crowd which Dodge accepts with a smiling nod; then continues)

Some day - and I believe it will be in the near future - a great city will spring from this very spot upon which we stand --

43a. MED. FULL SHOT FAVORING WADE

with the crowd behind him as they listen. Wade's face wears an amused but affectionate smile, as he looks up at the Colonel.

DODGE'S VOICE:

-- a city which will represent all that the West stands for -- courage - honesty - morality and culture - for all the noble virtues of Civilization.

Once more the crowd yells and applauds.

43b. CLOSE UP DODGE ON PLATFORM

A faraway, visionary look comes over his face as he gestures grandly.

(CONTINUED)

43b (Cont.)

DODGE:

-- I see a great metropolis of homes,
churches, schools -- a fine, decent
city which will become the flower of
the prairie -- a city whose name --

(he pauses as a sudden
blank look comes over
his face)

-- whose name --

(he swallows and stops again)

43c. FULL SHOT THE CROWD

as they wait, grinning puzzledly at Dodge's embarrass-
ment. From the front row in f.g. Rusty calls up.

RUSTY:

(in a dry drawl)

Yeah -- what do you figure to call
this perfect me-tropolis, Colonel?

The crowd laughs and looks up expectantly.

43d. MED. SHOT DODGE

Thrown off his stride he coughs uncomfortably and turns
around to the other officials for help.

DODGE:

(in an anxious whisper)

What are we going to call it?

The other men look at each other blankly.

43e. CLOSEUP WADE

He is grinning broadly now; then suddenly he calls up.

WADE:

How about naming it after the man
who made it possible? -- Dodge --
Dodge City.

43f. MED. FULL SHOT FROM PLATFORM

There is a second of silence as Dodge looks at Wade,
then the smiling President of the Santa Fe begins to
applaud and calls out to the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

43f (Cont.)

TWITCHELL:

You're right -- Dodge City it is!

A loud cheer goes up from the crowd as Dodge beams with pride and pleasure. While the cheering continues we

DISSOLVE TO:

43g. MONTAGE TO INTRODUCE THE NEW DODGE CITY

A. CLOSE SHOT of a sign on a railroad station:
"DODGE CITY"

B. LONG SHOT of the Main Street. Drunken cowboys riding by, yelling.

C. Front of the Dodge Hotel. A gun fight is going on.

D. Front of the Gay Lady Saloon. A drunk is thrown out.

E. Stock-pens in Railroad Yard as cattle are driven in.

OVER THIS MONTAGE comes an explanatory VOICE, strong and vibrant, surging with the life of the scene.

VOICE:

Dodge City, Kansas -- 1872! --
longhorn cattle center of the world
and wide-open Babylon of the American
Frontier, sprawling its lusty length
in the hot prairie sun -- packed with
settlers, thieves and gunmen -- run by
renegades from the Civil War -- loud
with life and sudden death! Dodge City
-- rolling in wealth from the great
Texas trail-herds -- the town that knew
no God but gold, no trade but cattle,
cash and killing!

43h. FULL MOVING SHOT THE STOCK PENS

In the long, high-fenced enclosures hundreds of cattle are standing or milling as they are being punched up the loading chutes into the waiting stock cars of a train. Bellowing and jostling in a cloud of yellow dust, the cattle are prodded with sticks and yelled at by a motley collection of "bull-whackers" strung along the fences. CAMERA MOVES OVER the crowded pens to one corner of the yard, where three men stand watching the loading of the steers. They are Surrentt, Yancey and Munger.

44. MED. SHOT SURRETT, YANCEY AND MUNGER

The seven years since 1865 have made them harder and obviously more prosperous. All are dressed in dark broadcloth with gray broad-brimmed hats, their trousers tucked into polished black boots. Jeff Surratt is still clearly the leader. His clothes are of better style and quality and his bearing is more impressive. Yancey and Munger are wearing gun-belts, visible beneath their coats. The shouting, dust, and action of the stock-pens come over the scene as the three men watch with grim satisfaction.

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to pick up a middle-aged, inoffensive little cattle-owner, MATT COLE. Near him, holding a horse and a pony is his son, Harry - an appealing, chubby-faced boy of about seven.

The little cattleman addresses Surratt with angry indignation:

COLE:

Where's my money, Surratt?

SURRETT:

(blandly)

You'll get it, Cole -- stop worrying.

COLE:

(shouting)

You've got no right to ship my cattle until I'm paid - fifteen thousand dollars, cash in hand! Those were the terms we agreed on!

SURRETT:

(contemptuously)

I can't run to the bank every time a train leaves town. If you don't trust me, there's plenty o' cattle brokers who will.

COLE:

(levelly)

Maybe they used to, Surratt -- but not since what happened to Sam Chapin and Kit Sproull.

(Surratt and his partners stiffen)

They trusted you too, didn't they? But not me. I'm coming to your place tonight to collect for these steers. You'll have the money waiting for me or I'm slapping a warrant on you!

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

He turns abruptly and walks off as Surrett and his partners look after him.

CUT TO:

44A. CLOSE SHOT COLE AND HIS SON

as they prepare to mount.

COLE:

Those are bad fellows, son.

HARRY:

Sure, Pop --- but you can handle 'em.

As Cole laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. CLOSE SHOT A SIGN EXT. DODGE CITY STREET NIGHT
(INSERT)

Above a double-doorway is a gilded and gaudy sign - THE GAY LADY SALOON, with the painted picture of a dancing woman beside the lettering. OVER THE SHOT come the music and voices from within the saloon. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the doorway as Matt Cole goes in, and from the swinging doors TRUCKS FORWARD TO:

46. FULL MOVING SHOT INT. GAY LADY SALOON

This famous bar and gambling hall is the center of Dodge City's lusty night-life. The large room, decorated in the best plush-brass-and-mahogany style of the riotous Seventies has a decided claim to class. At one side is a long bar of the "Parker House" magnificence, and across from it are the roulette, faro and chuckaluck tables. Beyond these is a small stage upon which Ruby is singing, accompanied by a pianist. A stairway in b.g., goes up to rooms off a balcony on the second floor.

Surrett, the proprietor, strolls over near the stage; watches Ruby with appreciation as she sings.

CUT TO:

47. ANOTHER ANGLE NEAR STAGE

As Ruby finishes her song; comes down, amidst scattered applause; goes over to Surrett.

SURRETT:

You look great tonight, Ruby.
I sure like that new dress.

RUBY:

Thanks, darling.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

Surrett looks her over with pleasure, then cups her face in one hand and kisses her.

SURRETT:

Just for luck.

RUBY:

(with a quiet smile)

You don't need any more luck, Jeff.

SURRETT:

That's right -- not when I've got you.

She reaches up, kisses him lightly, when Cole comes into scene; Surrett gestures for Ruby to leave.

48. CLOSER SHOT

COLE:

(coldly)

Well, you ready to see me, Surrett?

SURRETT:

Sure, I was just on my way up to get your money.

COLE:

Fine. I'll go with you.

SURRETT:

You mind waitin' downstairs? I got a little business to 'tend to first.... Come on over to the bar and wet your whistle.

He takes Cole's arm; starts leading him toward the bar.

COLE:

(guardedly)

I don't mind. But don't try and run out on me. This is the last chance I'm giving you.

SURRETT:

(smiling)

Don't worry, Matt. I'm going to take care of you in just a few minutes.

49. MED. GROUP SHOT AT THE BAR

as Surrétt and Cole come up. Yancey is standing at the bar.

SURRETT:

(to bartender)

Give Mr. Colé anything he wants -
on the house.

BARTENDER:

Yes, sir.

Surrett slaps Cole on the back; starts to move away. Behind Cole's back, he gives Yancey a significant nod. Yancey returns the nod.

50. COLE AT BAR

BARTENDER:

What'll it be, Mr. Cole?

COLE:

Glass of beer, please.

Yancey comes up beside Cole. Cole glances at him in unfriendly recognition; takes the beer served him by the bartender. Yancey eyes him casually for a moment before speaking.

YANCEY:

Nice lookin' bunch o' steers we
shipped today, Cole.

Cole turns slightly and regards him coldly.

COLE:

They'd have looked a lot better if
I'd been paid for 'em.

YANCEY:

(loudly and deliberately
to draw attention)

Ain't we always paid?

COLE:

Not from what I hear.

Down the bar several men, attracted by Yancey's tone of voice, glance toward them. Yancey notes this and plays up to it.

YANCEY:

(menacingly)

Maybe you been listening to too
much talk.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

Cole takes a cigarette paper from his vest-pocket and rolls it carefully between thumb and forefinger, eyeing Yancey calmly.

COLE:

Maybe - and maybe not.

YANCEY:

(loudly)

Are you callin' me a liar!

COLE:

(coldly)

I'm not calling you anything, Yancey.
In fact, I'd rather not talk to you
at all.

He looks away with contempt and reaches for the tobacco can in his hip-pocket. At this move Yancey's hand drops quickly to his gun.

51. MED. MOVING SHOT SURRETT STANDING NEAR STAIRS

He has been looking toward the bar. He turns - starts up the stairs. There comes the sudden explosion of a shot from the room below. Surrrett stops and turns slowly to look over his shoulder.

52. FULL SHOT THE SALOON SURRETT'S ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN toward the bar, where Yancey stands with a smoking revolver over the body of Matt Cole, which lies on the floor. A wave of great excitement breaks over the crowded room as the players jump up from their tables and rush toward the group at the bar.

53. MED. SHOT SURRETT

He smiles faintly and continues on up the stairs in complete unconcern, as the clamor of voices continues from below.

DISSOLVE TO:

54. FULL SHOT INT. SURRETT'S OFFICE

Surrett is standing by the window rolling a cigarette when DR. IRVING comes in without knocking and stands quietly facing the boss of Dodge City. Dr. Irving is a man of fifty, gray and dignified by his humane profession, a leader of the small minority of decent law-abiding citizens of the lawless town. In his hand he carries his small black bag. Surrett starts toward him with a pretense of genuine concern.

SURRETT:

How bad is he hurt, Doc?

DR. IRVING:

(levelly)

Matt Cole is dead, Surrett.

SURRETT:

Say, that's a shame. What was it all about?

55. MED. SHOT DR. IRVING AND SURRETT

The old doctor looks at him for a moment in silence, bitter and contemptuous.

DR. IRVING:

It looks as if he died from doing business with you -- same as all the others.

SURRETT:

(bristling)

What're ya talkin' about? Can I help it if a man's crazy enough to draw a gun on Yancey?

DR. IRVING:

Matt never carried a gun. He was reaching for the can of tobacco he always carried in his hip pocket.

SURRETT:

That's a foolish thing to do when you're talkin' to Yancey.

DR. IRVING:

It was plain murder, and you know it.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

SURRETT:

(angrily)

Lissen, Doc -- you been talkin' about me long enough around this town. If you got any legal charges against me or Yancey bring 'em out -- or shut up!

DR. IRVING:

If you'd been any place where there was law you'd have been strung up years ago.

SURRETT:

(cynically)

Me and the law get along all right.

DR. IRVING:

Sure -- why not? All the peace officers you can't bribe you've run out of town.

SURRETT:

(amused)

Maybe they just scare easy, Doc.

DR. IRVING:

We'll eventually find one that doesn't. You and your gang of murderers have run Dodge City long enough, Surrett. Your time is coming -- I'll see to that!

56. MED. TWO SHOT FAVORING SURRETT

He eyes the doctor grimly for a moment before speaking.

SURRETT:

Doc, one o' these days you're going to talk yourself smack into Boot Hill.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

57. CLOSE SHOT GATES EXT. CEMETERY DAY

Above the wooden entrance gates is a roughly lettered sign:

BOOT HILL CEMETERY

OVER THE SHOT we hear the sound of horses walking slowly and the subdued murmur of men's voices.

CAMERA PANS

58. FULL SHOT CEMETERY GATES

as the Matt Cole burial party come out, led by the empty hearse and followed by a crowd of about thirty men. The glass-sided hearse is drawn by two white horses. As it pulls out of scene the men walking behind it pause outside the gates. They are in two groups - one, the respectable element of Dodge City, including Doc Irving, Matt Cole's widow - a plain little woman in black, and her son Harry; Crocker the banker, Jason, the Town Marshal and Joe Clemens, the lanky, easy-going editor of "The Dodge City Star".

59. CLOSE MOVING SHOT MRS. COLE, HARRY AND DOC IRVING

Mrs. Cole is quiet and white-faced against the black of her mourning, dazed and stunned with grief. She is holding Harry's hand.

DOC IRVING:

(consolingly)

We're going to miss him too, Hannah. Matt was a fine man - a true friend.

MRS. COLE:

No woman ever had a better husband...

(she begins to weep softly)

To have him go this way -- it's so cruel, so useless --

Doc Irving takes her hand, presses it in a gesture of condolence.

60. MED. SHOT DOC IRVING'S GROUP

Across from them Surrent, Yancey, Munger and the rest of Surrent's crowd pause beside their horses, tied to the

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

fence. In Doc Irving's group we see the leaders talking quietly to the Town Marshal, a nervous and washed-out individual with a silver badge on his shirt. Their faces are sternly serious as they urge the Marshal forward.

CROCKER:

The funeral's over and there's your man, Marshal. Serve the warrant on him.

The scared Marshal looks across at Yancey, then down to the paper in his hand, hesitating. In disgust, Joe Clemens shoves him out in front and the Marshal shakes him off with a scowl.

MARSHAL:

Don't push me! I'm goin' --

He pulls himself together in a show of courage and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he walks slowly over to Surrett's group. All eyes are fixed on him in tense silence as he comes up to Yancey.

MARSHAL:

(clearing his
throat nervously)

Yancey -- I've got a warrant here to arrest you for the murder of Matt Cole.

Yancey and the rest of Surrett's crowd glance at each other, then back to the scared Marshal as if amused.

YANCEY:

Well, go ahead and serve it on me.
What're you waitin' for?

MARSHAL:

(timidly)

You mind riding back into town with me?

One of the men laughs and the others smile. Yancey makes no move. Slowly his eyes turn to the empty hearse standing nearby with its rear-end toward them. Munger catches his eye and they smile faintly in understanding.

YANCEY:

Sure -- but let's ride in style --

Suddenly he and Munger grab the Marshal, drag him struggling futilely to the rear of the hearse, jerk it open, toss him in and quickly lock the doors behind him, as Surrett and the rest of his crowd roar with laughter.

61. FULL SHOT DOC IRVING'S GROUP

Startled by Yancey's surprise move, they move forward a few steps then pause, unarmed and helpless to stop the outrage, while Matt Cole's widow stares in pathetic horror.

62. WIDER ANGLE THE ENTIRE GROUP

Yancey, Munger and several others of Surrentt's crowd, still roaring with laughter, quickly mount and whirl beside the hearse-horses, slapping them into frightened action. The hearse starts off with a violent jerk down the cemetery road with Yancey, Munger and the others riding alongside. CAMERA PANS AWAY WITH THEM.

63. MED. MOVING SHOT THE HEARSE

as Yancey and Munger gallop alongside the swaying black conveyance, laughing and jeering at the terrified Marshal whose frantic face we see through the plate-glass side of the hearse. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they race down the cemetery road.

64. MED. SHOT DOC. IRVING'S GROUP

Aghast at this savage outrage of every human decency, they stare in speechless shock and indignation. Then together they look across at Surrentt.

65. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

The boss of Dodge City has shrewdly taken no active part in the brutal affair, but now he stands quietly, confidently smiling as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

66. FULL SHOT INT. THE IRVING HOME NIGHT

Doc Irving, restless with anger and righteous indignation, is pacing the floor of his simple but comfortably furnished living room. Seated beside a table, his wife is sewing quietly beneath an oil lamp. ELLEN IRVING is an elderly gentlewoman with quiet courage and a cultured background.

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

DR. IRVING:

Surrett just stood there smiling while
his thugs rode the Marshal out of
town -- and Matt's body not five
minutes in his grave!

(Ellen shakes her
head slowly in silence
as her husband paces a
few feet then turns again)

What's the use of trying to make a
decent town of Dodge City? Surrett's
crowd scare off the honest, law-abiding
settlers! They're all going on to
Wichita and Kansas City! --

(he paces on -
then turns again)

I tell you, Ellen, we're the public
disgrace of America! You know what
the New York newspapers say about us?

(Ellen looks up inquiringly)

"There's no law west of Chicago, and west
of Dodge City, no God!"

67. MED. SHOT THE TWO

ELLEN:

(sighs deeply and puts
down her sewing)

I'm afraid they're not far wrong. It's
becoming unsafe for a lady to walk on the
streets in this town. And as for
children --

(she pauses, then anxiously)

I almost wish Lee and Abbie
weren't coming to live with us.

DR. IRVING:

They'll be all right --

(thoughtfully)

-- unless they're as bull-headed as
their father was.

ELLEN:

We haven't had a word from them since
they reached Texas. When are they
supposed to get here?

DR. IRVING:

(turning to his desk)

I've kept a record somewhere --

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he sits down at the desk, look-
ing in several drawers.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

DR. IRVING:

(as he searches)

They left Fort Worth three weeks ago
with a cattle-drive party --

(as he finds the map)

Now let's see...

(Ellen crosses to look
at it with him)

They must've crossed the Red
River about here --

68. CLOSE SHOT A MAP (INSERT)

It is a rough but clearly drawn map of the Old Chisolm Trail from Texas up to Kansas. Doc Irving's finger traces the route as he speaks.

DR. IRVING'S VOICE:

-- then on up the Chisolm Trail --
into the Indian Territory -- I'd
say they ought to be around Broad
Plain by now --

At the point indicated by his finger on the map we -

DISSOLVE TO:

69. LONG SHOT THE OPEN PRAIRIE DAY

A dusty horde of cattle moves northward across the prairie that stretches like a sea toward the distant blue hills of the Red River. This is the famous "Walking Gold" of Texas, America's first million-dollar industry, the great cattle drives of the 1870's.

70. FULL SHOT THE CATTLE DRIVE

As the plodding herd comes through its cloud of yellow dust, we see the army of drivers who flank the cattle, riding slouched at ease in their saddles. OVER THIS and following scenes comes the drumming SOUND of thousands of hooves and the occasional lazy shout of a driver.

DRIVERS' VOICES:

Hi-yi G'lang!

71. LINE OF WAGONS

going slowly along with the cattle.

72. CLOSE SHOT AT DRIVER'S SEAT OF A WAGON

Lee Irving, a handsome, high-spirited boy of about 18, is driving. Beside him sits Abbie, a proud, good-looking girl of about 20.

LEE:

(looking around)

Broad Plain. Broad Plain, huh?
So this is where the Indians are.

ABBIE:

That's what they say.

LEE:

Well, I wish they'd attack us or something. It sure is dull just plugging along like this, day in and day out.

ABBIE:

(smiling)

It's dull all right.

LEE:

Maybe they don't even know we're here. Let's tell 'em.

(pulls out his gun; shoots
several times into the air)

ABBIE:

Lee, stop it.... for goodness sakes -
behave yourself.

73. WIDER ANGLE NEAR MOVING WAGON

Wade Hatton, the trail leader, rides up beside the wagon.
Rusty follows him.

WADE:

Was that you firing those shots,
Mr. Irving?

RUSTY:

Sure it was him.

LEE:

Sure it was. What about it,
Hatton?

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

WADE:

Not a thing - except that it seems like a silly waste of ammunition. Not to mention the possibility of stampeding the cattle.

ABBIE:

He won't do it again.. He's bored - and so am I.

WADE:

(smiles)

You don't say. I'm frightfully sorry.

He motions to Rusty. They ride off away from the wagon.

74. CLOSE WADE AND RUSTY

RUSTY:

Them two youngsters is twice as much trouble as they're worth.

WADE:

(nodding)

I'll certainly be relieved to hand them over to their uncle in Dodge City.

RUSTY:

But she's sure a purty girl.

WADE:

I'd swap both her and her brother for a good cigar.

As Rusty laughs at this -

DISSOLVE TO:

75-79 OMITTED

80. LONG ATMOSPHERE SHOT THE CAMP NIGHT

Several campfires are burning brightly in a great circle, through which scores of drivers, cow-hands and settlers' families move as they prepare for supper and the night. Beyond the wagons and horses the great drove of cattle are milling quietly in the shadows.

81. CLOSE MOVING SHOT OF ABBIE

who is looking for her brother. She passes a group of men playing cards; a woman doing the family washing; a man playing a banjo; a couple of men fixing some harness.

82. CLOSER SHOT ABBIE

She keeps looking around the camp as if searching for someone. Suddenly she stops a cowhand as he passes. It is Tex Baird.

ABBIE:

Tex, have you seen my brother tonight?

TEX:

(takes off
his hat)

No, ma'am --

(anxiously)

Is he drunk again?

ABBIE:

I consider that a very impertinent question.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

We hear the sound of a shot and a Rebel yell from direction of the cattle in b.g. Abbie and Tex quickly turn; look in that direction.

TEX:

(grinning)

Yes, ma'am. There was sure no need of my askin' it.

Exasperated, Abbie starts toward her brother.

CUT TO:

83. EDGE OF CATTLE

Lee Irving, Abbie's brother, a handsome, hot-headed, impetuous boy of about 20 --- now very drunk, is tossing up a tin can and shooting at it. He stands near the cattle who are milling around nervously... Rusty is already standing beside Lee as Abbie hurries into scene.

RUSTY:

Mr. Irving, you're fixin' to stampede them cattle.

LEE:

(pays no attention to him)

Hello, Abbie - watch me plug this one square in the middle.

Abbie sees that he is really drunk again.

ABBIE:

Oh -- Lee!

LEE:

What's the matter --- ?

RUSTY:

(to Abbie)

I wish you'd tell him to put up that gun before somebody takes it away from him.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

LEE:
Who's going to take it away
from me?

He steps menacingly toward Rusty when Abbie catches his arm.

ABBIE:
Lee, I'm ashamed of you.

LEE:
Don't start lecturing me again.
I've had enough of it for the
time being.

Lee grins at his sister; suddenly emits another Rebel yell; tosses up the tin can and shoots at it.

This time the cattle on the edge of the herd really start to stampede.

84. FULL SCENE GROUP OF CATTLE

starting to stampede.

85. ANOTHER ANGLE OF CATTLE

Milling around dangerously.

86. RUSTY

Pushing the terrified Abbie and Lee into a place of safety -- then starting back to round up the cattle.

87. ANOTHER ANGLE ON CATTLE

Wade and Tex Baird ride into scene; other cow punchers join them -- as all of them begin the job of getting the cattle rounded up again.

CUT TO:

88. NEAR WAGONS

Abbie and Lee stand there watching the boys rounding up the stampeding cattle in b.g. of shot.

ABBIE:

There now - I hope you're satisfied.
You see all the trouble you've made?

LEE:

That's nothing...just gives those
lazy cow-hands a little exercise.

ABBIE:

Lee, you're impossible.
(takes his arm)
Come on now and turn in before you
get yourself into more trouble.

LEE:

Let me alone, will you. If you're
tired, go to bed. I'm going to
stay right here.

Abbie gives him a disgusted look, starts out of scene.
Lee stands, grinning, as he watches their efforts to
get the cattle calmed down.

Wade, followed by Rusty, rides away from the cattle
and over to Lee.

89. CLOSE SHOT WADE, LEE AND RUSTY

WADE:

Irving, I'm afraid you've really
got to be taken in hand.

LEE:

Let me alone. I'm not on your
payroll. I'll do as I please!

WADE:

(quietly, but firmly)
No -- you'll do as I please. I'm
trail-boss of this party until we
reach Dodge City. You people in the
wagons came with us for protection.
You paid for it, and you're getting
it. All I demand in return is that
you obey my orders.

LEE:

(sarcastically)
Orders, huh? Still playing soldier,
Hatton?

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

WADE:

(calmly)

Look, old man. I'm not going to argue with you any more. Sober up - and stay that way or I'll have to confiscate your - liquid baggage - until we reach our destination.

LEE:

(flaring up)

If you lay a hand inside our wagon, I'll blow it off!

Wade hesitates, eyeing the drunken boy with amusement.

WADE:

I know a special treatment for bad little boys like you. Now behave yourself - or you're going to look very silly riding into Dodge City tied backward on a mule..Goodnight.

Wade turns on his heel and walks away as the hot-headed Southerner stares after him in a blazing rage. Rusty stands about ten yards in b.g., grinning at him.

RUSTY:

I can't hardly wait to see you on that mule.

Quickly and stung with hurt pride, Lee whirls at the taunting laugh, whips out his revolver and fires at Rusty, who drops flat on the ground to avoid being hit.

CUT TO:

90. MED. SHOT WADE

as he turns instantly a few yards off, and stares back tense and alert.

91. MED. FULL SHOT PAST WADE

SHOOTING TOWARD LEE, who stands with the smoking revolver in his hand, looking off toward Rusty, who still lies flat on the ground, just outside the circle of firelight.

WADE:

(brusquely)

Irving -- drop that gun!

89 (Cont.)

WADE:

(calmly)

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(brusquely)

Irving -- drop that gun!

92. CLOSE SHOT LEE IRVING

His blazing, red-rimmed eyes turn from Rusty toward Wade.

WADE'S VOICE:

(off)

Go on, drop it, I say! Before I
take it away from you.

Enraged at the curt command, the liquor-crazed boy whips around his revolver and fires three shots in rapid succession at Wade.

93. MED. SHOT WADE

He is not struck, but instinctively in self-protection he draws his revolver and fires a single shot from the waist.

94. MED. SHOT LEE

A flashing stab of surprise comes over the boy's face. The revolver slips from his fingers, his knees buckle slowly beneath him and he falls forward on the ground. OVER this SHOT comes the excited clamor of men's and women's voices approaching from all sides of the camp.

95. FULL SHOT GROUP

as Wade walks quickly toward Lee's body, we see Rusty, uninjured, jump up from the ground and hurry forward. Then from every direction the crowd of cowhands, drivers and settlers rush up - only to stare in silence from Wade to the body of Lee Irving.

96. CLOSER SHOT

As Abbie hurries into scene - looks from Lee's body to Wade who stands with his gun still in his hand. A look of horror comes over her face. She drops to her knees beside the body.

97. CLOSEUP ABBIE

holding Lee's head in her lap. Tears are in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

ABBIE:
 (a husky, broken
 whisper)
 Lee.....Lee, darling.

DISSOLVE TO:

98. PLAINS LONG SHOT DAY

The cattle train plods slowly along.

99. CLOSE MOVING SHOT WADE AND TEX BAIRD

as their horses move slowly along.

WADE:
 then bear left at Twin Forks
 and it's only about three hours
 from there to Dodge. You under-
 stand?

TEX:
 Sure, Wade.

Wade hands him a letter.

WADE:
 And tell Doctor Irving I'll call on
 him as soon as I can after we get in.
 (Tex nods in assent)
 Good luck, Tex.

Tex waves, spurs his horse, starts forward.

100. SHOT PANNING WITH TEX

as he rides rapidly forward, soon outdistancing the
 slow-moving cattle train.

101. NEAR REAR OF A MOVING WAGON

Abbie, grief-stricken, sits silently in the back of
 the wagon - staring out over the prairie.

Wade walks his horse into scene; climbs over into the
 wagon so that he can be near Abbie. He holds the
 reins of his horse, which, during the scene, follows
 the wagon. Abbie doesn't even look at him until he
 begins speaking to her.

102. CLOSE WADE AND ABBIE IN REAR OF MOVING WAGON

WADE:

Miss Irving, I can't tell you how badly I feel about the whole thing. Please believe that.

(a pause - Abbie doesn't answer him)

I've just sent a man ahead with a letter to your uncle. Perhaps, that way, the shock won't be so - so great.

ABBIE:

(intensely, bitterly)

Why did you kill him? Why? What had he ever done to you?

WADE:

If he'd shot straight, he would have killed both Rusty and me.... It was self-defense.

ABBIE:

(sobbing)

Lee didn't know what he was doing. He was just a boy...and you murdered him.

She breaks completely; her body wracked with sobs.

WADE:

(very quietly)

I'd give anything in the world if this hadn't happened.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

103. LONG SHOT DODGE CITY CATTLE PENS DAY

as Wade, Rusty and the Texans drive their cattle into the pens. This is their entry into town; should be as big, noisy and spectacular as possible. Great clouds of dust have arisen, stirred up by the hooves of the cattle.

104. NEAR CATTLE PENS CLOSE WADE AND RUSTY

Supervising the big and dusty job of getting the cattle into the pens... Cattle keep passing through this scene.

RUSTY:

(looking around them)

Well, well -- so this is Dodge City --

(he sniffs)

It sorta smells like Fort Worth,
don't it?

WADE:

(wiping his face)

That's not Dodge City - it's you.

(he looks off)

We'd better get you to a bathtub before
some hunter shoots you for a buffalo!

WIPE TO:

105. FULL SHOT EXT. BARBER SHOP DODGE CITY STREET DAY

Several people pass along the plank sidewalk as CAMERA MOVES UP to the window of a small barber shop on which is the sign:

DODGE CITY
BARBER SHOP

(and below)

THE ONLY BATH-TUB BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND DENVER

Through the window we see a man being shaved by the barber. Wade and Rusty ride into scene; start to dismount. Little Harry Cole comes over to them.

HARRY:

Gentlemen, can I hold your horses?
I'll watch 'em real careful.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

Wade and Rusty smile as they look down at the boy.

RUSTY:

What for, son?

HARRY:

I'm in business.

WADE:

Business, eh? Well, you're certainly getting an early start.

RUSTY:

What'd you charge?

HARRY:

A nickel just for keepin' en eye on your horses -- a dime to watch 'em extra good.

WADE:

All right, give us a quarter's worth of your best watching.

He tosses a coin to the boy as he and Rusty start toward the barber shop.

HARRY:

(calls after him)

Gee! Thanks, Mister. Much obliged.

105a. CLOSE WADE AND RUSTY

as they go across the sidewalk into the barber shop.

WADE:

(chuckles)

Holding horses.... that's how Shakespeare started.

RUSTY:

Who?

WADE:

William Shakespeare.

RUSTY:

Don't know him. What part of Texas is he from?

WIPE TO:

106. MED. FULL SHOT INT. BARBER SHOP

Wade, fresh from a bath, is lying back in the chair, his face thick with a creamy lather as the barber prepares his razor. At the rear of the small shop is a door, proudly marked: BATH-TUB. The partition does not come up completely to the ceiling, so that a person bathing

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

in the tub may also have the luxury of exchanging gossip with friends or the barber. From this Bath Dept. we hear Rusty singing blithely and off-key as he splashes in the tub. In f.g. the barber glances back toward the door with a grin as he strops the razor.

BARBER:

Your boys must 'a been pretty dusty.

WADE:

It was on us in layers -- an inch thick for each State.

(the barber laughs, and after a moment Wade asks casually)

What's the news in Dodge City?

BARBER:

Well -- just about the same as always: gamblin', drinkin' and killin'. And mostly killin'. We had one here just the other night. Coldest-blooded thing I ever heard of...Fellow named Yancey shot Matt Cole, over at The Gay Lady.

WADE:

(opening his eyes)

I knew Matt Cole down in Texas. What was the trouble?

BARBER:

(pausing)

How long since you been in Dodge, Mister?

WADE:

Quite some time. We've been shipping through Wichita.

BARBER:

(hesitating)

Well, this town's run by a man named Jeff Surrect.

(significantly)

Cole was tryin' to collect for some cattle he'd sold. Fifteen thousand dollars Surrect owed him --

Suddenly he breaks off as the front door is pushed open and two men come in, their shadows falling across Wade and the barber. As the barber looks up in confusion CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Surrect and Yancey.

BARBER:

(uneasily)

'Morning -- have a seat, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont. 1)

SURRETT:

(curtly, indicating Wade)
How long before you'll be through with
this feller?

BARBER:

(obsequiously)
'Bout ten minutes, Mr. Surrett --

107. CLOSE SHOT WADE

Lying back in the chair, his face partly concealed by
the lather, Wade's eyes fix levelly and calmly upon
his ex-prisoner and sworn enemy.

108. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

Not recognizing Wade, Surrett and Yancey glance im-
patiently at his ragged, dusty boots.

SURRETT:

(to the barber)

Well, hurry up -- I'm gonna take
a bath.

He walks away toward the rear door when the barber
turns nervously.

BARBER:

There's somebody already in there,
Mr. Surrett,

109. MED. SHOT SURRETT

He pauses at the bath-room door with a backward look
of extreme annoyance, then opens the door.

110. MED. FULL SHOT INT. BATHROOM

As Surrett looks in. Rusty is sitting in an old-
fashioned tin tub, covered with soap, singing lustily
as he lathers.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

RUSTY:

(to the tune of
"After The Ball
Is Over")

"Aftaw the operaw is over,
O, aftaw the operaw is done,
Us gents of the very first wataw
Treat the ladies to oodles of fun.
O -- "

(suddenly he looks up
in surprise, but not
recognizing Surrett)

Hey, close that door -- you're lettin'
in a draft!

Surrett glares at him, then turns away, leaving the
door half-open, to Rusty's great disgust.

111. FULL SHOT INT. BARBER SHOP

As Surrett comes back, scowling at the barber.

SURRETT:

What's the idea, Charlie? You
know I take a bath every Saturday
morning. Tell that feller to
get outa there.

BARBER:

(uncertainly)

I can't do that -- he ain't been in
there half an hour.

SURRETT:

(taking off his tie)

That's long enough. Go on -- tell
him to get his clothes on.

Obviously scared of the town's boss, the barber hesi-
tates, then puts down the razor with which he has been
shaving Wade and starts toward the bathroom, when Wade
sits up slowly.

WADE:

(quietly)

Wait a minute.

(the barber stops
in surprise)

My friend paid for that bath. As
much as you undoubtedly need it, he
needs it more.

Surrett and Yancey stare at Wade in surprise, then
slowly Surrett walks over to him.

112. MED. SHOT WADE IN BARBER CHAIR

He is wiping the last of the lather from his face with a towel as Surratt comes up to stand over him, followed by Yancey.

SURRETT:

What was that you said, Mister?

Taking his time, Wade finishes wiping his face, then tosses the towel aside.

113. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT AND YANCEY

A look of slow but distinct surprise comes over their faces as they recognize Wade, then glance at each other.

114. MED. SHOT THE THREE MEN

They look at each other for a tense moment in silence.

SURRETT:

(slowly)

We-ll...if it ain't our old friend,
Hatton.

WADE:

(calmly)

Yes -- Mr. Surratt, I believe.

(then with a brief
glance at Yancey)

This is quite a reunion.

SURRETT:

How long you figuring to stay in Dodge?

WADE:

I don't know. Long enough to finish
my business -- Perhaps as long as I
find the town interesting. Any ob-
jections?

SURRETT:

(slowly)

N-no -- I think we can make it pretty
interesting for you.

The two men look at each other levelly for a moment in
understanding.

WADE:

(casually)

I don't doubt it... I hear you did
just that for Matt Cole the other
night.

There is a tense pause as Surratt glances toward the
frightened barber, then back to Wade.

SURRETT:

(quietly)

You've always heard a little too much.

WADE:

(with a faint smile)

It's possible you boys were always
a little too noisy.

Surratt turns abruptly and goes out, followed by Yancey,
as Wade's eyes follow them thoughtfully.

115. FULL SHOT THE BARBER SHOP

Suddenly the bathroom door bursts open and Rusty rushes in excitedly, dripping wet and stark naked except for the towel clutched around his middle.

RUSTY:

Wade! It just hit me all of a sudden.
You know who that feller was?

DISSOLVE TO:

116. MED. SHOT AUCTIONEER EXT. STOCKYARDS DAY

A short, fat, but picturesque man wearing a big black Stetson, a gay yellow waistcoat and chewing a frayed cigar, stands on a freight-loading platform with a train of empty cattle-cars behind him. In an auctioneer's loud, persuasive voice he addresses the crowd, quieting their babble of talk with an upraised hand.

AUCTIONEER:

All right, gentlemen, let's begin
the auction --

(he pauses for complete
attention, then very
rapidly)

One thousand, six hundred and nineteen
head of prime Texas steers -- grass-
fed, fat and frisky -- fresh from the
Chisolm Trail!

As he talks, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS AROUND to include the colorful scene. In front of the auctioneer Wade and Rusty stand inconspicuously to one side, surrounded by the throng of Texan cow-hands who came up with them on the drive. Near them is Joo Clemens, editor of the Dodge City Star. The rest of the large crowd consists of cattle-buyers and curious townspeople... attracted by Dodge City's biggest event and spectacle of the year. Beyond the crowd a part of the great herd of cattle can be seen in the pens. The auctioneer's speech is continuous over the shot.

AUCTIONEER:

(he glances down for
approval)

Is that correct, sir?

117. MED. SHOT AT CORNER OF PLATFORM

The auctioneer is addressing Wade, who can only be seen by those in the front of the crowd. Wade nods, then speaks quietly.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

WADE:

Go ahead. But don't close any
sale until I say so.

and

AUCTIONEER:

Right.

(he turns back to
the crowd)

The agent reserves his right to
refuse all bids... Who'll start
us off? -- What'm I offered?
What'm I offered?

the crowd.

MED. SHOT IN CROWD

Surrett, Yancey, Munger and two others of the Gay Lady
gang are standing toward the back of the crowd. The
others glance at Surrett expectantly. He is casually
paring his nails with a jack-knife.

SURRETT:

(blandly)

Twenty-five a head.

MED. MOVING SHOT AUCTIONEER

He is warming up now, walking back and forth.

ssurance.

AUCTIONEER:

Twenty-five from Mr. Surrett! I'm
going to twenty-eight -- twenty-
eight dollars for the finest herd
o' steers ever came out o' Texas!
Who'll say twenty-eight?

(he points around
the crowd)

Mr. Cagle?

MED. SHOT CAGLE IN CROWD

An elderly, well-dressed buyer hesitates thoughtfully
as others watch him, then slowly shakes his head.

AUCTIONEER'S VOICE:

(off)

Mr. Orth?

CAMERA PANS OVER to Orth. He also hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

124. MED. SHOT WADE

with Rusty and their fellow-Texans behind him. Wade's eyes turn toward Surrett.

AUCTIONEER'S VOICE:

Going -- twice!

As he claps his hands again, Wade suddenly steps toward the auctioneer and taps his leg as CAMERA PANS with him. The auctioneer pauses, about to close the sale, and bends down to Wade.

WADE:

Hold on. Ask Mr. Orth and Mr. Surrett to come up here.

AUCTIONEER:

(surprised, he hesitates
puzzledly, then turns
back to the crowd)

Will Mr. Orth and Mr. Surrett stop
up here, please?

125. MED. SHOT SURRETT

Surprised, he glances from his friends to the auctioneer, then shuts his knife and starts forward, pushing through the crowd which swarm behind him, buzzing with curiosity.

126. MED. GROUP SHOT AT PLATFORM

Wade stands waiting as Orth comes up, then in a few seconds, Surrett, who pauses in surprise at sight of Wade.

127. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

- as he stares at Wade, with Yancoy and Munger beside him.

128. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

The crowd presses up around them, led by the little editor of the Dodge City Star.

WADE:

(to Surrett)

You offered thirty dollars a head.
Is that cash?

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

SURRETT:

What's that to you?

WADE:

I'm the agent for these cattle, and
I'm protecting the owner's interest.

SURRETT:

(after a moment)

I can pay part of it in cash tonight
-- the rest in thirty days.

WADE:

(turning to Orth)

What about you?

ORTH:

I'll pay you in cash -- now --
the full amount.

WADE:

All right, sir -- the cattle are
yours.

The crowd start in surprise, even Orth. Surrett glares
angrily at Wade and steps closer to him.

SURRETT:

(loudly)

What're you tryin' to pull? I made
the highest bid on these steers!

129. CLOSE SHOT WADE

WADE:

(quietly)

I prefer to deal with buyers who pay
cash on the spot, Surrett -- and not
in the back room of a saloon... I'm
not Matt Cole.

130. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

as he stares back at Wade, burning with rage, while
behind him Yancey's and Munger's eyes are riveted with
hatred upon their old enemy.

131. CLOSE SHOT CLEMENS AND ANOTHER MAN

listening to the conversation between Wade and Surrett.

(CONTINUED)

131 (Cont.)

MAN:

(whispers)

Gosh, Joe! Did you hear that?

CLEMENS:

(whispers)

You bet, and I'm going to put it right on the front page.

132. MED. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

The crowd is tense and silent, anxiously awaiting Surratt's reaction to Wade's statement. Wade turns slowly to Orth.

WADE:

I'm staying at the Drovers Hotel.
If you'll meet me there at three o'clock, we can close the deal.

ORTH:

(nods)

I'll be there.

He glances at Surratt, as do all the others. Wade turns his back on them and walks away, with the eyes of Surratt and Yancey and Munger following him.

DISSOLVE TO:

133. CLOSEUP CRUDE, HAND-LETTERED NEWS BULLETIN

stuck up in the window of the newspaper office. The bulletin reads:

SURRETT DEFIED BY NEWCOMER

Capt. Wade Hatton Tells Jeff
Where To Head In And Is Still
Alive And Healthy!

Read tomorrow's STAR for full details.

PULL BACK TO:

134. EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

where we see about a dozen men reading the bulletin and commenting on it.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

MEN:

(ad lib)

Yes sir - this feller looked him
straight in the eye an' told him
plenty.....

I wouldn't leave Dodge City now for
a team o' mules.....

Hatton's his name - Wade Hatton.

He's a Texas cattle man but he's
some kind of a foreigner.....

His life won't be worth a plugged
nickel in this town.

Yancey comes into the group. The men become silent and
apprehensive. Yancey takes a quick look at the bulletin;
grimly starts into the newspaper office.

135. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

as Yancey comes in; strides across to the desk where
Clemens is busily writing.

YANCEY:

(levelly)

We've put up with you an' your paper
long enough, Clemens. Now we mean
business.

CLEMENS:

(with a thin smile)

What's the matter, Yancey - are you
scared of this fellow from Texas?

YANCEY:

We'll take care of him. But
I'm warning you --- don't print no
story about Surrectt. Is that clear?

Clemens does not reply, meeting the gunman's gaze with a
look of complete contempt.

YANCEY:

(sharply)

I'm waitin' for an answer!

Still Clemens refuses to speak. Yancey's eyes are slits
now, and his jaw-muscles tighten. Suddenly he lashes
out with his quirt, a terrific blow full across Clemens'
face. The little editor falls backward against the
low rail, his hand to his face.

YANCEY:

I guess you get the general
idea.

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.)

Yancey looks at Clemens for a second then turns and walks out of the office. The two printers, shocked and terrified, come up slowly toward their editor.

136. CLOSE SHOT CLEMENS

Stunned for a moment, he lowers his hand from his cheek and looks at the blood on his fingers. A long, cruel welt is across his face from mouth to ear, the wound open and bleeding. He looks toward the doorway as the two old printers come up beside him. They glance at the red welt, then slowly at each other and back to Clemens.

1ST PRINTER:

I'll go fetch Doc Irving.

CLEMENS:

(slowly)

No - get back to your job, Fred.

I'm going to finish that story.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

137. FULL SHOT EXT. "DROVERS HOTEL"
DODGE CITY STREET

DAY

A large sign identifying the hotel hangs over the steps of the frame building. Several cattlemen are lounging on the porch as Wade, Rusty and Orth, the buyer, come out of the hotel together and walk down the steps to the sidewalk. Here they pause, the two Texans shake hands with Orth and he walks away.... Wade starts toward the curb where Harry Cole is holding his horse. Harry has a bandanna pulled over his face -- and a stick of wood which he pretends is a gun.

137A. CLOSE SHOT HARRY, WADE AND RUSTY

HARRY:

Stick 'em up.

Wade and Rusty throw up their hands; pretend fright.

138. WIDER ANGLE NEAR HOTEL STEPS

WADE:

Rusty, we're lost. It's Desperate
Ambrose, the Terror of the Plains.

RUSTY:

Maybe we can buy him off, boss.

WADE:

We'll try.

(he tosses another
coin to Harry)

Is that enough ransom for you?

HARRY:

Yes, sir --- and thanks again. I
hope you stay in town a long time.

Another man rides into scene. Harry runs over to him.

HARRY:

Hold your horse, Mister? -- Only a
dime for a high-class job.

Wade and Rusty stand for a second looking after Harry
and smiling -- then Wade sobers up; looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

WADE:

(pleading)

Now listen, Rusty - try to stay
sober and keep out of trouble,
will you?

RUSTY:

(with a hurt look)

Why Wade, you know I signed the
Temperance Pledge 'fore we left
Texas.

WADE:

(smiling)

Yes, and you were drunk when you
did it.

RUSTY:

(stiffly)

You're confusin' the issue - I'm
a reformed man!

WADE:

Well, the boys have been all paid
off and even a reformed man can be
lead into temptation.

RUSTY:

(proudly)

I'm not touching a drop. I'll just
take a little stroll around town an'
see the sights....

WADE:

I hope you don't become one of them.
(turns away)

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.1)

RUSTY:
Hey, where you goin'?

WADE:
(soberly)
Just to pay a call. I'll see you
later.

Wade turns and walks away.

RUSTY:
(calling back over
his shoulder)
An' don't worry about me gettin'
in no trouble.

139. WIDER ANGLE STREET

Rusty starts to stroll along the sidewalk when a girl
passes him. Rusty, battling against temptation, slowly
follows her. She turns into THE GAY LADY.

Rusty summons up all his courage to go on past the door
but hasn't the courage. He goes into the saloon.

140. GAY LADY NEAR DOOR

as Rusty comes sheepishly in; stands looking off at -

141. CORNER OF SALOON

The girl, one of the entertainers, is taking off the
coat which she wears over her costume. She sees Rusty
looking at her; gives him a baby stare.

142. NEAR DOORS OF SALOON

Rusty is having a terrific battle with temptation; is
just about to flee from it when a crowd of his fellow
Texans comes bursting into the place.

TEX BAIRD:
Hi'ya, Rusty... come on in an' get
your feet wet.

RUSTY:
(shaking his head)
Sorry, boys... I'm just leavin'.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

Hooting and refusing to believe him serious, they crowd around, one of them, Tex Baird, pulling his arm.

BAIRD:

Sorry for what? We gotta lot o'
Kansas dust to wash down!

RUSTY:

(balking)

Waste my pay on lickin' 'n gambling?
Not me, Tex. I'm on the Pledge.

His friends stare at him in utter amazement.

BAIRD:

(incredulous)

You ain't serious, Rusty?

RUSTY:

(nobly proud)

Yep, I've seen the Light, boys.
I'm all through with sinful ways
an' riotous livin'.

At this the Texans roar with derisive laughter; Rusty breaks away from them and hurries out.

BAIRD:

(turning away)

The heat musta got him. Come on...

They push on into the saloon as Rusty looks wistfully after them.

143. FULL SHOT INT. THE GAY LADY SALOON

The large room is crowded, both the bar and gambling tables going at full blast. Baird and his bunch of Texans crowd up noisily to the bar, shoving the regular customers aside. The piano is playing and three girls in spangled dresses are singing on the stage.

144. MED. SHOT RUSTY EXT. SIDEWALK

Torn with longing, he listens to the gay sounds. Then dangerously near to yielding, he gets another grip on himself and turns away. From an adjoining building he hears the sound of an harmonium playing "Life Is Like A Mighty River". To help himself battle temptation, he hurries toward the sound of the harmonium.

145. FULL SHOT INT. THE BUILDING

The medium-sized room is obviously the meeting-hall of Dodge City's fraternal orders. About fifty chairs are set in rows facing a raised platform, behind which is draped a large American flag. Near the flag is a placard tacked to the wall: THE PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE OF DODGE CITY. Off to one side is a buffet table with trays of sandwiches, cakes, and a huge glass bowl full of some pale liquid. Around this table are grouped about thirty women, most of whom are middle-aged, decorous and proper - the upright and reform element of lawless Dodge City. CAMERA PANS AROUND TO THE ENTRANCE as Rusty comes in slowly and pauses at the sight.

146. MED. SHOT RUSTY

He takes off his hat and looks around, hesitant at the exclusively feminine crowd.

147. MED. GROUP SHOT AT THE BUFFET TABLE

The ladies of "The Pure Prairie League" are gossiping away as they partake daintily of the refreshments, when suddenly one of the leaders, MRS. MCCOY, sees Rusty standing alone near the doorway. Mable and the other ladies stop talking and turn to look in delighted surprise. Mrs. McCoy pulls herself together and starts toward the visitor with a fixed smile. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HER over to Rusty.

MRS. MCCOY:

(as she comes up)

Howdy do, young man. Are you a stranger in town?

RUSTY:

(nervously)

Yes, ma'am --

(he nods behind him)

I -- I didn't know this was just for wimmen-folks.

MRS. MCCOY:

(delighted)

Oh, but it isn't! Not a-tall!

(she reaches out and shakes his hand)

We're mighty glad to have you!

(she turns as the other ladies come up behind her)

Girls, we have a new guest! I want you all to meet Mr. -- er --

(she smiles questioningly at Rusty)

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

RUSTY:

The name's Hart, ma'am....

MRS. McCOY:

Mr. Hart.

The women smile and repeat his name with polite well-comings, as Rusty nods awkwardly in reply.

MRS. McCOY:

(archly)

You're just in time for the meeting,
Mr. Hart.

(she takes his arm)

But first come and have some lemon-
ade....

She leads Rusty in triumph toward the buffet-table, followed by the excited whispers of "The Pure Prairie League", as CAMERA PANS with them.

DISSOLVE TO:

148. DR. IRVING'S STUDY IRVING HOME

Wade is seated near the doctor's desk.

DR. IRVING:

Naturally, our nephew's death was
a great blow to us, but now since
your explanation, I can understand
how it happened. There's no sense
holding any grudge against you.

WADE:

Thank you, sir.

DR. IRVING:

(reflectively)

We're used to death here in Dodge
City, Mr. Hatton - even of the people
we love. That's hard to say, but it's
true.

WADE:

I wonder if I might pay my respects
to your wife and Miss Abbie. I'd
rather like to explain to them....

Irving interrupts Wade by slowly shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

DR. IRVING:

No, my boy. I wouldn't advise that.
 You see, we've never had any children
 of our own and -- to my wife, Lee was --
 well, you understand how she feels
 about him.

WADE:

Of course.

(he rises; extends
 his hand)

You were very gracious to receive me.

DR. IRVING:

(as they shake hands)

Not at all.

He conducts Wade to the door of the study; opens it for
 him.

149. HALL OUTSIDE OF STUDY

Wade comes out of the study; starts toward the front door
 Mrs. Irving and Abbie are coming out of the living room
 so that they cannot avoid meeting Wade, near the front
 door.

150. CLOSE SHOT WADE, ABBIE AND MRS. IRVING

An awkward second. Wade breaks the tension by speaking.

WADE:

How do you do, Mrs. Irving... Miss
 Irving.

MRS. IRVING:

(coldly)

Good afternoon.

Abbie doesn't speak at all; starts past Wade to follow
 her Aunt up the stairs. Wade turns to look after the
 ladies for an instant.

WADE:

Miss Irving.

Abbie and her Aunt stop; slowly turn toward Wade who
 comes over to them.

151. CLOSE THREE NEAR STAIRS

WADE:

I know that I've done you a terrible wrong. Explanations - apologies only intensify your bitterness.

(directly to Abbie)

But if ever I can be of any service to you... in some small measure, compensate for the harm I've done you - please call on me.

ABBIE:

Thank you..... The only way you can be of service to me is to stay out of my sight.

She turns; starts upstairs, followed by her Aunt. Wade goes slowly toward the front door. Dr. Irving, carrying his hat and medical case, comes up to him; puts a hand on his shoulder.

DR. IRVING:

I'm sorry.

WADE:

That's all right -- I understand.

DR. IRVING:

I'll walk a ways toward town with you.

DISSOLVE TO:

152. MED. FULL SHOT INT. "PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE" HALL

The fifty ladies are all seated in the rows of chairs singing heartily to the accompaniment of a small organ. (Production Note: The tune and words of this song were authentic to Dodge City society in 1872.)

LADIES:

Life is like a mighty river
Flowing on from day to day,
Men are vessels launched upon it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away.

But lift your hearts and look up skyward,
On life's burdens all should beam,
Help a worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream.

On the last line all of them smile gently and look toward a fixed point on the platform. CAMERA MOVES TO the platform, on which Rusty and Mrs. McCoy are seated. Rusty looks extremely noble and virtuous as he sits with his hat on his knees.

153. MED. SHOT RUSTY AND MRS. McCOY ON PLATFORM

The lady president of the reform club smiles benignly at Rusty as the last notes of the organ die away. Then she stands up, adjusts her bustle and addresses the members.

MRS. McCOY:

Sisters and friends -- a worn and weary brother has come into our midst today -- a stranger who is pulling bravely against the stream of sinful life.

(as she looks fondly
at Rusty)

154. CLOSE SHOT RUSTY

Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Like all reformed sinners on exhibition he is enjoying his position with bland complacency. A big button of "The Pure Prairie League" is fastened on his shirtfront.

MRS. McCOY'S VOICE:

Alone and uninvited, amid all the temptations of this wicked town, he came to us for strength and comfort.

(Rusty lowers his eyes
modestly and rubs his
toes against the chair)

155. MED. SHOT MRS. McCOY

MRS. McCOY:

(eloquently)

And now that we have given what little we could, I'm sure we'd all appreciate a few words from one who has gained his victory in that great battle against the weaknesses of the flesh!

(she gestures with a
sweeping hand to their
guest of honor)

CAMERA PANS TO RUSTY as the ladies of "The Pure Prairie League" burst into polite applause. Startled at first, Rusty hesitates a moment, then with a wan smile he stands up, fumbling with his lapels as the applause subsides. Mrs. Mc Coy takes a seat behind him.

156. MED. FULL SHOT THE CROWD

SHOOTING PAST the ladies seated in f.g., toward Rusty on the platform.

RUSTY:

(starting modestly)

Well folks -- I reckon I was a pretty bad sinner before I saw the Light --

Suddenly he pauses, as through the open windows comes a loud sound of music and merriment from The Gay Lady Saloon next door. Mrs. McCoy and the other ladies of "The Pure Prairie League" glance toward the windows with severe frowns.

157. MED. SHOT RUSTY ON PLATFORM

As the noise continues Rusty glances toward Mrs. McCoy.

MRS. MCCOY:

(apologetically)

It's that awful saloon next door!

(she calls out to a lady in the audience)

Mabel -- will you close the window, please?

(then back to Rusty)

I'm sorry. Go right ahead, Mr. Hart.

RUSTY:

(starting again)

As I was sayin' -- I used to be an awful bad feller -- even for Texas.

At another wild "Yip-e-e-e" from the saloon next door, Rusty cuts his eyes toward the windows, briefly distracted, then goes on.

RUSTY:

(with a faraway look and a gesture)

But one night a sort o' vision come to me --

158. FULL SHOT INT. GAY LADY SALOON

The rowdy, hard-drinking Texans have rapidly taken over the place. Some are gambling or dancing, while the loudest group is around Tex Baird at the long Bar.

159. MED. GROUP SHOT AT BAR

Tex Baird and his crowd are "riding" the nervous bartenders. Baird points to a large group photograph of a company of Union soldiers hanging behind the bar.

BAIRD:

(drunkenly)

So that's the 5th Kansas Infantry, eh? Say, we chased those Yanks so far at Fred'ricksburg they ain't quit runnin' yet!

2ND COWHAND:

Sure -- But they must have stopped runnin' long enough to have a pitcher took!

They roar with laughter. CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE several Dodge City men, including Munger, standing a few feet away, glaring at the Texans.

MUNGER:

(as the laughter subsides)

Nobody ever chased the 5th Kansas, Mister.

Baird and his fellow-Texans turn to Munger in surprise, and there is a tense pause as the two groups of ex-soldiers face each other.

BAIRD:

Oh -- did you belong to it?

MUNGER:

(nods to the men
around him)

All of us did.

The Texans glance at each other with excited interest, spoiling for a fight.

BAIRD:

(slowly)

Now, is that a fact?

(looking the enemy over)

It musta been a pretty long run back to Kansas.

Another roar of laughter bursts from the Texans, as the Kansans glare back.

MUNGER:

It's gonna be a longer run back to Texas.

The silence is electric. Baird puts down his glass slowly and moves slowly toward Munger, when suddenly Ruby comes up between them with capable, confident poise.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

RUBY:

Now listen, you boys. The Civil War's over and it ain't going to be fought again in here... If you want to drink or try your luck, all right -- help yourself and welcome. We're glad to have you so long as you behave. But any rough stuff - and out you go!

She turns and walks back to Surretts's table. The Texans and the Kansans, momentarily stopped by her speech, look back at each other with open hostility, ready to explode at any word.

160. MED. SHOT RUSTY ON PLATFORM INT. "PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE HALL"

Swept away by his own eloquence and with a tremulous voice, the reformed Rusty plunges on into his dramatic and purely imaginative confession.

RUSTY:

-- So there I was, a poor li'l orphan with no maw an' no paw -- brung up by Comanche Injuns --

Behind him Mrs. McCoy is apparently deeply moved.

161. MED. MOVING SHOT THE AUDIENCE

As CAMERA TRUCKS PAST their good, honest faces, we see that they are practically in tears. One or two sniffle and all regard Rusty like the mother of a prodigal son.

RUSTY'S VOICE:

Natcherly I grew up wilder'n loco weed.. "Sudden Death" Hart they called me all over Texas -- 'cause I'd as soon kill a man as spit in his eye! I tell you, sisters, I was a-headin' plumb for the Devil - when --

162. CLOSE SHOT RUSTY

Choked up by his own emotion and with tears in his eyes, he drops his voice to a tremolo note.

RUSTY:

-- when I seen the Light -- It just come to me all at oncet -- An' now there ain't a more peaceful, a more quiet, law-abidin' man on Earth than me.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

RUSTY: (Cont.)

(he pauses modestly)

You heard tell of people bein' gentle
as a lamb. Well, I'm gentle as ---

Suddenly all Hell breaks loose next door in "The Gay Lady". A ferocious series of rebel yells, gunfire, shouting, screams, all explode in one long terrific blast. Rusty stops, frozen and listening.

163. FULL SHOT THE HALL

SHOOTING from the rear toward Rusty on the platform. Then all at once, with a blood-curdling Rebel Yell, he leaps off the platform and streaks down the aisle past the CAMERA, still whooping the Texas battle-cry as the astonished ladies of "The Pure Prairie League" stare after him.

164. FULL SHOT INT. "GAY LADY SALOON"

A terrific battle is on. Texans and Kansans are fighting hand-to-hand with chairs and clubbed revolvers, upturning tables, smashing the magnificent bar and yelling above the deafening din. The girls of the Gay Lady, screaming in terror, race frantically for the stairs to escape the wild melee.

165. FULL SHOT AT DOORWAY

as Rusty runs in and pauses excitedly to size up the battle which is raging all around him. Then with another Rebel Yell he plunges headlong into the fray as CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

166. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING RUBY

Surrett's attractive partner is surrounded by fighting men. Furious at the destruction of their property and with no thought of her personal safety, Ruby climbs up on one of the roulette tables and tries desperately to restore order.

RUBY:

(yelling)

Stop it, you fools! -- Stop it, I say!

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO Rusty, wildly engaged in a fierce scrimmage nearby. Suddenly at the sound of Ruby's yell he stops fighting and stares toward her in surprise.

167. MED. SHOT RUSTY IN FIGHTING GROUP

His flushed face beams with chivalrous virtue. He grabs Tex Baird's arm and points to Ruby.

RUSTY:

(yelling)

Hey, Tex -- look! We gotta save that girl! We gotta get her outa here!

As Tex glances around one of the Kansans hits him a terrific blow and he drops. CAMERA PANS WITH Rusty as he runs toward Ruby, swoops her into his arms and staggers toward a side-door.

168. MED. MOVING SHOT RUBY AND RUSTY

She struggles and claws to escape from his arms as they push through the fighting mass of men. Ruby has completely misinterpreted Rusty's motives in carrying her upstairs.

RUBY:

(wildly)

Let me go, you crazy fool! -- Let me down!

RUSTY:

(yelling back - reassuringly)

Don't worry, sister -- don't worry -- about anything.

Hitting and kicking, she struggles helplessly in Rusty's iron grip. Near the bar their way is blocked by another mass of fighters. Rusty pauses in brief confusion, trying to dodge Ruby's flailing fists, then suddenly spotting the stairway he barges toward it as CAMERA PANS with them through the battle.

169. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING SURRETT

Backed into a corner near the bar, Surrett is not engaged in the hottest part of the fight. But as one of the Texans, wrestling violently with an enemy, staggers into the scene with his back to Surrett, the boss of Dodge City smashes him over the head with a chair, knocking him out. Then suddenly Surrett's alert eyes fix upon Ruby and Rusty.

170. MED. LONG SHOT DOWN THE BAR PAST SURRETT

SHOOTING OVER the battle we see Rusty now close to the stairs with the violently protesting Ruby still in his arms.

171. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT PANNING

Enraged and alarmed, he drops the chair and runs toward the pair, as CAMERA PANS with him through the clamorous, fighting mob. Suddenly someone fires a revolver, then quickly other shots follow as the battle enters the murderous stage.

172. MED. CLOSE SHOT RUBY AND RUSTY

Staggering through the fighting men with Ruby in his arms, Rusty is just rounding the end of the bar, near the stairs, when Surretts runs up and jerks him around by the shoulder. Ruby wrenches free and gets to her feet just as Surretts's fist smashes against Rusty's jaw. CAMERA PANS WITH RUSTY as he staggers back and falls behind the bar knocked out cold.

173. CLOSEUP RUSTY BEHIND THE BAR

With a bland and almost blissful smile, the unconscious Rusty lies with legs sprawled behind the shattered bar, from which the fragments of smashing bottles spray down upon him. From under the bar itself the fat little bartender, crouching on all fours, peers in quizzical terror at Rusty's face, as the roar of battle continues above them.

DISSOLVE TO:

174. FULL SHOT INT. "GAY LADY" SALOON

The terrific battle is over as suddenly as it began. The place is an absolute shambles of wreckage. The triumphant Texans stand in a crowd near the doorway, with drawn guns. Back in the room are the battered remainder of the Kansans, including Munger and Yancey. Between the two forces several wounded men lie on the floor.

175. MED. GROUP SHOT THE TEXANS

Bruised and battered, but victorious, they grin ironically at their enemies.

TEX BAIRD:

All right, you Yanks -- there's one battle you didn't win!

Keeping the Kansans covered with their guns, they back out of the swinging doors into the street.

176. FULL SHOT THE KANSANS

The defeated crowd glower at the doors as the last of the Texans back out. As several of the men look slowly at Surrett, CAMERA MOVES UP TO HIM. His bitter hatred for the Southerners now gives way to a look of savage rage as his eyes move around the wrecked saloon.

177. FULL PANNING SHOT AROUND THE SALOON

As seen thru Surrett's eyes. The gambling tables are smashed and ripped, chairs lie in broken pieces, and the magnificent bar with its elaborate fittings looks as if a machine-gun had raked it. Only one lone bottle remains intact on the long bar, a miraculous survivor of the battle.

178. CLOSEUP SURRETT

As he realizes the extent of the damage his silent rage seems ready to burst the veins of his neck. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he walks toward the bar, surveying the wreckage.

SURRETT:

Somebody's gonna pay for this! --
An' it ain't gonna be with money!

Suddenly he stops, staring ahead at something. Behind him the other men also stop talking and stare in the same direction.

179. MED. SHOT RUSTY BEHIND BAR

Only his head is above the level of the bar. Still dazed and unable to focus his eyes, Rusty pulls himself up to his feet. In the large shattered mirror behind him we see Surrett and his men edging closer. Suddenly, trying to shake his head clear, Rusty's eyes light with interest upon an object further down the bar. CAMERA PANS AWAY to the lone bottle on top of the bar.

180. MED. SHOT RUSTY

Grimly eyeing the bottle, the punch-drunk Rusty suddenly whips out his revolver and fires, smashing the bottle. In the big mirror behind him we see Surrett and his men start at the shot; then together they leap forward to pounce on Rusty. Roughly manhandling the hapless prisoner, they drag him out from behind the bar, hurling epithets into his terrified face.

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

THE MEN:

Here's one of 'em, Jeff! Stayed
behind here to spy on us or some-
thing.

Lemme take a sock at him!

Etc., ad lib.

Surrett shoves the men aside and comes up to Rusty in close f.g. Surrett grabs him with a hard twist of the collar and jerks him around to face him. As he does this, the other men fall silent, looking expectantly at Surrett.

181. CLOSE TWO SHOT SURRETT AND RUSTY

Rusty's eyes are wide with terror as he realizes the spot he is in. Surrett's eyes narrow upon him with grim satisfaction.

SURRETT:

(slowly, with
evident relish)

So it's you, huh? -- Well, that's
great. I been waitin' for you
or that pal o' yours to make a
move -

(he nods to the
wrecked saloon)

- an' this is it.
(he pauses)

RUSTY:

(in terror)

W-w-what're you gonna do?

SURRETT:

I'm gonna pay you back an old
debt -- with interest.

WIPE TO:

182. FULL SHOT NEAR DROVERS HOTEL

Wade and Doc Irving come slowly along the sidewalk, when suddenly Joe Clemens comes running toward them, hatless and greatly excited.

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

CLEMENS:

Hey, Doc -- Doc!

Doc Irving and Wade hurry forward to meet him.

183. WADE, IRVING AND CLEMENS

as Clemens runs up and stops, gasping for breath.

DR. IRVING:

(anxiously)

What's wrong, Joe?

CLEMENS:

(pointing back)

Your men -- they just wrecked
The Gay Lady!

Wade and Doc Irving start with surprise.

DR. IRVING:

(quickly)

Was anybody hurt?

CLEMENS:

(panting)

I dunno --

(he grabs Wade's
arm)-- but they're fixing to hang
one o' your boys!

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they hurry down the street.

WADE:

Where's the rest of my men?

CLEMENS:

They rode back to the camp!

DR. IRVING:

Where's the hanging party?

CLEMENS:

(pointing ahead)

Right smack in the Plaza!

WIPE TO:

184. FULL SHOT THE PLAZA

The central square of Dodge City is packed with a milling excited crowd. Through their midst Rusty is being dragged and pushed by Surrectt, Yancey and Munger, followed by the grimly silent crowd of Kansans who were in the battle at the Gay Lady.

185. MED. MOVING SHOT. THE GROUP

as they hurry through the crowd toward a livery stable, with Rusty struggling frantically in the grip of Surrectt's henchmen.

RUSTY:

(yelling)

Why are you doin' this to me,
boys? I ain't done nothin'!

Yancey smacks him hard across the mouth with an open hand.

186. FULL SHOT AT LIVERY STABLE

Two of Surrectt's men stand waiting, holding a noosed rope which has been thrown over the hay-boom which juts out over the loft window of the livery stable. Surrectt's group comes up, dragging Rusty. The other Kansans crowd up and quickly form a square around the principals.

187. CLOSE SHOT RUSTY

His eyes are wide with fright, his white face wet with sweat.

RUSTY:

(looking around frantically,
his eyes stop on a point
off scene and light with
wild hope as he screams)

WADE!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE the others around him as their heads turn quickly in the direction of Rusty's gaze.

188. MED. LONG SHOT PAST SURRETT'S GROUP

SHOOTING ABOVE their heads and out across the packed Plaza as the crowd draws back to leave a clear path between Surrett's men and Wade, who stands slightly in front of Clemens and Doc Irving on the opposite side of the street. An ominous silence falls over the crowd as they back out of range of any gunplay.

189. MED. SHOT WADE, CLEMENS AND DOC IRVING

Wade's eyes are intently fixed upon Surrett's group.

DOC IRVING:

(in a hard whisper)

Be careful, Hatton, take it easy
or they'll kill you sure!

Slowly and unheeding Wade starts forward as CAMERA PULLS BACK with him. Taking his time and with his hands hanging free from his sides, he advances through the lane of men who watch him in breathless silence, backing away for safety.

190. MED. FULL SHOT SURRETT'S GROUP

In the tense, dramatic quiet all eyes are fixed upon Wade as he approaches. Rusty, afraid to break the spell, stares in a sweat of agony. Slowly Yancey's hand starts toward his gun when Surrett catches his wrist.

SURRETT:

(quietly)

Hold on -- now we can fix 'em both.

CAMERA PANS to Wade and follows him up face to face with Surrett.

191. CLOSE SHOT WADE AND SURRETT

The two enemies' eyes hold for a moment in silence; Surrett, now sure of himself and cynically contemptuous of Wade's helplessness.

WADE:

(nods to Rusty)

Tell your men to release him.

SURRETT:

(slowly)

Why don't you tell 'em yourself?

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

WADE:

(coldly)

You heard me -- tell them to
release him.

Suddenly Surrett's face starts with surprise, and as his eyes drop CAMERA PANS DOWN to his waist, against which Wade holds the muzzle of his revolver.

192. MED. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

Yancey, Munger and the rest of Surrett's gang, caught off-guard by Wade's fast draw, start in surprise and edge forward when Wade, never taking his eyes off Surrett, stops them.

WADE:

(curtly to Surrett's men)

Keep your hands away from your
guns. Any shooting and you know
what happens to Surrett.

(they stop - watching
Surrett's face)

Now go ahead - do as I say.

193. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

Surrett hesitates, then speaks quietly, still watching Wade.

SURRETT:

Let him loose.

194. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

They release their grip on Rusty as Yancey and Munger watch Wade like cats at a mouse-hole, curious for his next move and ready to shoot the moment his back is turned.

WADE:

Come on over this way, Rusty.

Rusty hesitates, then backs into the street and near Wade. Wade moves slowly behind Surrett, still holding the gun against his ribs.

WADE:

(prodding him)

Start walking.

Surrett starts slowly across the street through the amazed crowd with Wade at his back. as Yancey. Munger

195. MED. MOVING SHOT WADE AND SURRETT

As they march back through the lane in the crowd, with the entire male populace of Dodge City watching them in awed silence. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM to Clemens, Doc Irving and Rusty, with whom are now standing Crocker the banker and several other respectable citizens whom we established in the Boot Hill scene. Wade and Surratt stop in front of them.

WADE:

(to Doc Irving)

What do you want to do with him?

The others look at each other uncertainly.

DOC IRVING:

There's no warrant for his arrest, Hatton.

WADE:

(sharply)

Did he have one to hang this man?
(he nods to Rusty)

CROCKER:

That's not for us to decide. We can't jail Surratt without a sheriff's order.

WADE:

Well, where is your sheriff?

The others glance at each other, then back to Wade.

CLEMENS:

Surratt's gang ran him out of town.

(turning to Surratt)

He's the law in Dodge City.

Wade looks at them quietly as Surratt eyes him with cynical amusement. Without a word Wade slowly replaces his gun in its holster.

WADE:

(ironically)

Then why not elect him Sheriff?

He turns away and Rusty joins him as they go out of scene. Doc Irving's group and Surratt look after him for a moment, then at each other. Surratt laughs contemptuously.

SURRETT:

Yeah -- why not?

(he walks away)

196. MED. MOVING SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

As they walk down the street, Rusty very shame-faced and uncomfortable, trotting at his side, trying to explain.

RUSTY:

It was all a mistake, Wade...

WADE:

(caustically)

Quite a mistake! I thought you promised me to stay out of trouble.

RUSTY:

Shucks, I wasn't really in trouble.

WADE:

(grinning)

I see... you're the type who doesn't worry until they begin nailing the lid on his coffin.

He looks around at Rusty and notices the badge pinned to his shirt.

WADE:

(pointing)

What's that ridiculous object?

Rusty glances down at the badge in surprise, then sheepishly unpins it and hands it to Wade.

197. CLOSEUP THE BADGE IN WADE'S HAND (INSERT)

The letters on the large sunflower button read:

MEMBER
PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE
OF DODGE CITY

198. MED. SHOT THE TWO

As Wade stops and looks up slowly from the button to Rusty's crimson, sheepish face, we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

199. MED. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM IRVING HOME NIGHT

Among the group talking quietly and casually around Wade are Doc Irving, Mrs. Irving, Clemens, Crocker and two other men from Dodge City's Law-and-Order party. Abbie sits silently off to one side, deliberately avoiding any direct looks at Wade. Mrs. Irving is serving coffee and there has obviously been some attempt to give the serious meeting a social excuse. Doc Irving catches Wade's eye and puts aside his cup.

DR. IRVING:

Captain Hatton, we invited you here tonight for a special purpose.

(the others pause
and look at them)

Dodge City has had eight peace officers in four months. Three of them were killed. The others quit or were run out of town by Surretts' crowd.

(he pauses)

We want you to take over the job.

Wade lowers his cup to the table and looks at the older men's eager faces.

WADE:

Gentlemen, it's extremely kind of you to do me the honor -- but the position is rather out of my line. I'm in the cattle business.

CROCKER:

(leaning forward
persuasively)

You surely won't start another drive until next Spring. We need you now.

WADE:

(genuinely amused)

You want me to become a policeman, eh?

CROCKER:

Give yourself any title you choose -- just take the job.

CAMERA MOVES
UP TO:

200. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING WADE

WADE:

For which I'm about as well qualified as I am to teach ballet dancing.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

CLEMENS:

(smiling)

You seemed pretty well qualified for the job the other night in the Plaza.

WADE:

That was just a personal matter. Any one of you would have done the same thing.

DR. IRVING:

We know what we're asking of you, and the chances you'd be taking. It'd be one man against half of Kansas, and in summers, half of Texas. But it's finally come to a showdown who's going to run Dodge -- us or Surrect. We're inviting peaceful immigration in here by the carload -- family men with women and children. And we meet them with what's come to be called "Hell Street!"

CROCKER:

(breaking in)

Surrect's given Dodge the worst name of any town in the country! Furthermore, he's killing our cattle business by dishonest trading. Another season like this and my bank'll be broke!

CAMERA PANS TO CLEMENS, now equally tense and agitated by the common cause.

CLEMENS:

His Gay Lady Saloon is the breeding ground of half the crime in Kansas! I tell you straight, Hatton, unless we get rid of him, Dodge City's going to be a ghost town inside of two years!

The others nod in grim assent and look back at Wade.

201. MED. SHOT WADE

For a moment he seems to be seriously considering the offer, then stands up slowly.

WADE:

Gentlemen, I'd like to help you -- but again, I'm not a sheriff. I have obligations -- personal matters -- that demand all my attention. I'm sorry.

He picks up his hat to go, bowing slightly to Mrs. Irving while the men look at him in great disappointment. There is a moment of awkward silence as Wade exchanges nods with the men and edges toward the door.

202. MED. SHOT ABBIE

Her eyes follow Wade angrily, then suddenly she stands up and crosses to Doc Irving as CAMERA PANS WITH HER. Ignoring Wade she speaks coolly, as if he had gone.

ABBIE:

Uncle Walter -- I could have told you that you're wasting your time with Captain Hatton.

203. FULL SHOT THE LIVING ROOM

Wade turns and looks at her in surprise, as do all the others.

ABBIE:

He hasn't any concern for the lives of innocent people. He's too self-centered, too case-hardened. Men like him have a code of their own - a private sort of justice which they save for "personal matters."

(she pauses and stares coldly at Wade, as the others also look, embarrassed at Abbie's bitter attack)

What Dodge City needs is a sheriff with a sense of public pride and the courage to back it up --

MRS. IRVING:

Abbie! Stop it!

204. CLOSEUP ABBIE

She pauses, looking at Wade with contemptuous irony.

ABBIE:

... not a cold-blooded foreign adventurer.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

205. WIDER ANGLE THE GROUP FAVORING WADE

In the silence that follows Abbie's strong outburst, the older men glance at each other uncomfortably, while Abbie hurries out of the room.

WADE:

Well, gentlemen - there doesn't seem to be anything more to discuss.

(with a slight bow to
Mrs. Irving)

Goodnight.

As he starts toward the door, with all eyes following him,
we -

FADE IN

206. CLOSE SHOT BLACKBOARD (INSERT) DAY
INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE

On a large, old-fashioned blackboard, of the type once used in all small towns for church announcements, and invariably framed in pseudo-Gothic carved oak, we read the primly chalked notice:

3RD ANNUAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC

TODAY

Wagons will leave promptly
at 9 a.m. Please ride with your
own teacher.

OVER THIS comes the SOUND of children's voices, chatting and laughing excitedly. CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM BLACKBOARD TO:

207. FULL SHOT EXT. CHURCH

SHOOTING from the vestibule out to the street, where we see two wagons, each loaded with new-mown hay and drawn by two horses. In and around the wagons are a group of young children, eager and excited. Abbie and another Sunday School teacher, prim and middle-aged, are herding the children into the wagons.

208. MED. SHOT AT HAY WAGONS

as Abbie, herself almost as excited as the children, helps Harry Cole into the second wagon. The older teacher climbs stiffly up to the driver's seat of the first wagon, where, flustered and harassed by all the noise, she gathers up the reins.

ABBIE:

Now in you go, Harry -
(with an attempt at
severity)
... and stay out of the lunch
baskets, you hear me?

HARRY:

I can't seem to get my mind off
those pies, Miss Abbie. How long
before we eat?

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

The crowd of children in the wagon laugh.

ABBIE:

(firmly)

Not until we get to Sycamore
Springs.

HARRY:

(a sigh)

I'll do my best to wait.

As the children laugh again, Abbie climbs up to the driver's seat of the second wagon, picks up the reins and clicks to the horses, as the first wagon starts off. With a burst of excited laughter and yelling, the two wagons pull away from the church, as people stop and wave to them from the sidewalk. CAMERA PANS WITH THE TWO HAY WAGONS as they go.

209. FULL PANNING SHOT MAIN STREET DODGE CITY

The few people on the street and several shopkeepers turn to wave as the two hay wagons pass by, filled with the singing children... Mrs. Cole is walking along the street.

210. MED. CLOSE SHOT WADE AND RUSTY EXT. PORCH OF DROVERS HOTEL

Their boots are up on the porch-railing as they sit back in rocking chairs, bored with inactivity.

WADE:

(stretches and
stifles a yawn)

How about starting back for Texas,
Rusty?

RUSTY:

(rocking away)

Suits me - I thought Dodge City
was gonna be a heap more excitin'.

WADE:

(smiling)

Didn't you have enough excitement
the other night?

Rusty shuffles his feet in embarrassment. Then, as off-scene, we hear the approaching singing of the children in the hay wagons, Wade looks out at the street with interest, and slowly lowers his feet from the railing.

211. MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT 2ND WAGON FAVORING ABBIE

as the picnic party passes the Drovers Hotel. Abbie sees Wade from the corner of her eyes, then fixes them coolly ahead, pretending not to be aware of him.

212. FULL SHOT EXT. GAY LADY SALOON

SHOOTING from the sidewalk with the doors of the saloon nearby, out toward the street, as the two hay-wagons approach. Suddenly all hell breaks loose inside the Gay Lady Saloon - men's voices, angrily yelling and shooting. Then three men burst out through the swinging doors and run into the street, directly in front of the first wagon. Yancey and Munger rush out from the saloon and start shooting at the three men in the street, who turn to fire back. Instantly the street is in a turmoil of excitement, the children screaming in terror in the wagons, the people running in every direction to escape the gun-fight.

213. MED. FULL SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING from Abbie's wagon in f.g., toward the men firing their revolvers from street to sidewalk. The terrified horses rear up as Abbie, herself in panic, tries to control them; then the animals plunge forward. They start past the first wagon as Abbie sees on the reins. Then with a jarring jolt the wheels of Abbie's wagon lock with those of the first wagon.

214. CLOSEUP THE WHEELS OF BOTH WAGONS

locked tight.

215. FULL SHOT THE INTERLOCKED WAGONS

as they careen wildly in the middle of the dusty street. The women and children are in absolute terror: the scene is shocking in the reckless, wilful danger to which they are exposed. Abbie, standing up as she pulls hopelessly on the reins, is in imminent risk of being thrown out and trampled by the terrified horses. All this action is very fast.

216. CLOSEUP HARRY

in the wagon. He climbs up beside Abbie; grabs the reins; tries to hold the plunging horses.

217. FULL MOVING SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

Startled by the sudden drama in the street, Wade and Rusty rush down the steps of the Drovers Hotel and race out into the street as CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM.

218. CLOSE AT WAGON

The plunging horses break the harness that holds them to the wagon; start forward. Harry is jerked from the wagon seat.

219. CLOSEUP ABBIE

screaming in terror.

219a. FLASH RUNNING SHOT

of the frightened horses dragging Harry who is tangled in the reins.

219b. CLOSEUP MRS. COLE

horrified as she sees this.

219c. MEDIUM SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

running diagonally across the street in the path of the on-coming horses to stop them.... They get hold of the horses' heads; bring them to a stop.

219d. LONG SHOT STREET

People running from all directions toward the scene of the accident.

219e. CLOSE SHOT GROUP AROUND WADE

who kneels on the ground; holding Harry in his arms. Abbie and Mrs. Cole break through the crowd. Both of them are almost hysterical.

(CONTINUED)

219E (Cont.)

MRS. COLE:

My poor baby -- my poor baby!

ABBIE:

He was trying to help me --- a
doctor - quick!

WADE:

I'm afraid it's no use. He's
(very quietly)
Even children aren't safe. This
has got to stop.

FADE OUT.

220. CLOSEUP A HANDBILL (INSERT)

In bold, legible type, it reads:

SHERIFF'S NOTICE

On and after 8:00 P.M. Monday,
 July 1st, 1872, the following
 ordinance applies to all
 persons living in or entering
 the limits of Dodge City -
 NO FIREARMS ARE PERMITTED
 NORTH OF FRONT STREET

Violators will be subject to
 5 days' imprisonment and a
 fine of \$100.

WIPE TO:

221. MONTAGE SERIES

to establish the new law being printed and posted.

A. JOE CLEMENS AND HIS PRINTERS

rapidly printing and stacking copies of the
 Sheriff's Notice in the Dodge City Star office.

B. RUSTY

nailing up a notice on the porch of the Drovers
 Hotel, as a group of men watch him in ominous
 silence.

C. CLOSEUP THE NOTICE

tacked up on a wall.

MAN'S VOICE:

The whole thing's just a big bluff.

ANOTHER VOICE:

Sure it is.

A hand comes into scene; starts tearing off the poster.

PULL BACK TO:

221 (Cont.)

D. WIDER ANGLE NEAR WALL

Two very tough customers (whom we have seen amongst Surratt's men in the Gay Lady) are about to tear the notice down. They jump as a shot rings out; the bullet lands near the hand of the man who was about to tear down the notice.

Wade accompanied by Rusty and another deputy, walks into scene. Wade holds his gun in his hand. The deputies are carrying gunny sacks filled with confiscated revolvers.

WADE:

No, gentlemen, it is not a bluff.
You're north of Front Street and so
I'll trouble you for your guns.

Because Wade has them covered, the two bad men permit Rusty to take their guns which are tossed into the sack.

WADE:

You're both under arrest.

MAN:

(sullenly)

What for?

WADE:

(smiling as he points to
the last line of the
notice)

For not believing your eyes.

WIPE TO:

222. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. SURRETT'S OFFICE DAY

Surrett looks up slowly from the notice in his hands to Wade, who is standing beside Rusty. Yancey and Ruby are also present.

SURRETT:

What's the idea o' this? Did you get yourself appointed sheriff to run everybody out o' Dodge City?

WADE:

No -- just the undesirable element.

SURRETT:

(sharply)

There's no law in Kansas preventin' a man from carryin' a gun -- or comin' and goin' where he pleases!

WADE:

(quietly)

There's one now.

RUBY:

The merchants won't stand for it!
The cattle crowd make up three-fourths of their trade!

WADE:

The merchants helped me to draw up this law. They're willing to take their chances.

(to Surrett, indicating the notice)

I wanted to be sure you saw it.

CAMERA PANS TO FAVOR SURRETT as he looks thoughtfully at Wade, then changes his tactics.

SURRETT:

If these folks'll excuse us for a minute, Sheriff, I'd like to talk to you alone.

The others glance at each other in surprise.

WADE:

Certainly.

(he nods Rusty towards the door)

Rusty hesitates, reluctant and suspicious, then goes as Yancey and Ruby also withdraw. As the door closes behind them, Surrett's manner becomes disarmingly frank.

(CONTINUED)

222 (Cont.)

SURRETT:
 (indicating it)
 Here -- have a chair.

Wade pauses, then sits down. Surrett sits on the edge of his desk, facing him.

SURRETT:
 Hatton - let's get down to cases.
 We've had a couple of run-ins but
 I'm willin' to forget 'em, if you
 are - an' see if we can work to-
 gether.

WADE:
 (cautiously)
 If you really mean that it'll make
 my task much simpler.

SURRETT:
 A job like yours is what you make it.

223. MED. TWO SHOT FAVORING WADE

WADE:
 So they tell me... Most of the
 sheriffs here didn't make it
 amount to a great deal, did they?

SURRETT:
 (waving it aside)
 They weren't your type -- just
 dumb sheep with badges. I never
 even bothered to talk to 'em.

WADE:
 (sparring)
 Of course, there's plenty you
 could have told them.

224. REVERSE ANGLE FAVORING SURRETT

He smiles easily.

SURRETT:
 Now what I'm gonna tell you, anyway -
 (he pauses, then quietly)
 There's no reason Dodge City can't be
 run properly, so long as they don't
 try to change it too much. This is
 a cattle-town, biggest one on earth,
 an' that's what it'll always be.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

SURRETT: (Cont.)

(he leans forward
for emphasis)

More'n twenty million dollars worth
o' beef an' hides comes through here
every year. You know that - you
bring 'em up. But you've been holdin'
the wrong end o' the sack, Hatton.
The real money ain't in workin' for
Texas breeders - it's right here in
Dodge City.

(he sits back)

Because this is where they pay off!

225. MED. TWO SHOT

There is a brief pause as Wade tries to figure his reason-
ing.

WADE:

(slowly)

You mean your roulette tables get
it, downstairs.

SURRETT:

Sure - comin' an' goin'. If it
wasn't for the Gay Lady, that
money'd all go outa Dodge City!
Say, they oughta pay us to keep
open!

(he smiles)

WADE:

(ironically)

Surrett, you're a much maligned and
abused man, aren't you?

SURRETT:

I can take care of myself, Hatton.

WADE:

Confidentially - as long as we're
boasting - so can I.

SURRETT:

Maybe, but if you enforce this
crazy law about bringin' guns into
town, what'll happen?

(Wade is silent)

I'll tell you - the trade'll move on
to Wichita! You know this cattle crowd.
After months of dirt and heat and back-
breaking work driving cattle up here,
they've got to have a little fun an' free-
dom or they'll go where they can get it!

(CONTINUED)

225 (Cont.)

WADE:
And you'd go broke.

SURRETT:
(slowly)
But I don't aim to, Hatton. I
make a hundred thousand dollars a
year, one way or another, an' I
don't need that much money.

226. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

He pauses shrewdly before reaching his point.

SURRETT:
I'm willin' to make a deal with
anybody who'd - see things my way.
It'd be a very profitable deal for
both of us.
(a pause)

WADE:
(thoughtfully)
A little bribery just between
friends, eh?

227. MED. SHOT FAVORING WADE

SURRETT:
(blandly)
You can catch more flies with
molasses than you can with vinegar.

WADE:
Well, my friend, I hope you won't
be offended but I don't care for
the smell of your molasses.

They look at each other for a moment. Then Wade stands
up slowly and his eyes turn to Surratt's revolver and
belt hanging from a peg on the wall. He nods to it.

WADE:
(quietly)
You'd better get rid of that gun
before Monday, Surratt. This place
is north of Front Street and the
jail's likely to be quite crowded.

He turns and goes out as CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

228. CLOSEUP SURRETT

as he glares after Wade, realizing the declaration of war.

DISSOLVE TO:

229. CLOSE SHOT A GUN RACK EXT. STORE

A new wooden rack with rows of pegs for revolvers and cartridge belts stands near the entrance of a general store. Above it is the sign:

ALL FIREARMS MUST BE

DEPOSITED WITH

PROPRIETOR

Already on the rack are half a dozen guns, but most of the pegs are empty. A babble of angry voices is heard and CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO INCLUDE a group of men standing in front of the rack.

THE MEN:

Disarm? Me? Not for no man!....
 Never heard of sech a leery idee!
 No sir! Nobody gits my pistols!....
 Where's the galoot who says my six-
 shooter is his'n? Where is he?....
 No sheriff's gonna snaffle me with-
 out a fight!

Who's he think he is -- U.S. Grant?....

DISSOLVE TO:

230. FULL SHOT INT. DODGE CITY JAIL

The small, cramped quarters of the local calaboose are jammed to overflowing with a noisy and intensely aggravated crowd of customers, as Wade and Rusty enter with a fresh prisoner and shove him into one of the cells at the far end.

231. MED. SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

As Rusty locks the cell behind the last irate offender, Wade turns and walks slowly down the corridor between the noisy prisoners who crowd up to the bars. CAMERA PULLS BACK with him as he advances, looking them over. Some of the prisoners take the affair in good nature, but the majority are burned up. As Wade passes a cell filled with his fellow Texans, Baird reaches out and grabs his arm. Wade pauses.

(CONTINUED)

231 (Cont.)

BAIRD:

Hey, Wade -- you ain't gonna leave
us in here, are you?

OTHERS:

(rapidly)

Heck, Wade -- we're your friends!
We're on your side!

WADE:

Sorry, boys. You saw that notice
the same as everyone else. What's
more, I warned you personally.

BAIRD:

But we didn't think you meant us!

WADE:

(smiling)

Didn't you, Tex? Well, I did ---
so just relax and have a few meals
at the tax payers' expense.

CAMERA PANS with him as he turns, joins Rusty, and they
go out, followed by the impotent roars and threats of
the prisoners.

WIPE TO:

232. MONTAGE SERIES

Against a varied background of the town's revived life; the streets booming with people and wagons, the crowded stockyards, etc, APPEAR COPIES OF THE "DODGE CITY STAR", its date lines covering a passage of time of several weeks.

The flashing headlines read:

SURRETT'S RULE SMASHED

BY MASS JAILING!

--

HATTON'S ROUNDUP IN

THIRD WEEK

--

DODGE CITY SWEEP CLEAN!!

--

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE HAILS

HATTON'S WORK AT MASS MEETING

Then over the shot of an old-fashioned train disgorging a crowd at the small depot, comes the headline:

DODGE CITY'S CLEAN-UP

DRAWS NEW SETTLERS!

WIPE TO:

233. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE CLOSE SHOT NEAR DESK

Abbie stands near Clemens's desk. In the b.g. the press is working.

ABBIE:

Why not, Joe?

CLEMENS:

Well, gosh Abbie - a newspaper office simply isn't the place for a girl - especially a - a sweet girl like you.

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

ABBIE:

I'm surprised at you for being so old-fashioned. You'll admit the town is growing by leaps and bounds since it's been cleaned up, won't you?

CLEMENS:

Yes, but --

ABBIE:

And you'll admit that a fine class of people is settling here now.

CLEMENS:

Of course - but Abbie ---

ABBIE:

And you can't deny that the paper is growing.

CLEMENS:

Sure, it's growing but ---

ABBIE:

Well then, Joe, you've got to have someone working for you to write things that will interest all the new women readers you're getting.... and you won't find anybody in town as well qualified as I am to do it.

CLEMENS:

What'll the doctor say - and your Aunt?

ABBIE:

They'll undoubtedly make just as many stupid objections as you're making now ---- and I'll undoubtedly persuade them just as I've persuaded you.

CLEMENS:

Abbie, I don't know. This is a very radical step.

ABBIE:

(smiling at his concern)

When do I start? Where's my desk and what's my salary, boss?

Clemens throws up his hands in hopeless resignation to his fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

234. FULL SHOT INT. DODGE CITY STAR

The little office is bustling with activity and energy. There is a new press and two new printers. Both presses are noisily clanking away. At the center a group of new subscribers and advertisers are doing business with Joe Clemens. Over in one corner, with her head half averted to the CAMERA, Abbie is writing intently at a desk. Wade comes in and crosses toward the editor.

235. MED. GROUP SHOT AT COUNTER

Wade exchanges friendly nods and greetings with several people in the crowd. Suddenly Clemens sees him and beams with a cordial gesture, calling above the clatter of the presses.

CLEMENS:

Hello, Wade! What's the news?

WADE:

(smiling)

You ought to read the paper, Joe.

(the editor and several people laugh; Wade nods toward the press)

How soon'll those new tax notices be ready?

CLEMENS:

(glancing back)

Mac's just running 'em off. Have a seat.

He gestures toward the other end of the office, then turns back to his customers. Wade starts casually across the room with his eyes upon Abbie, as CAMERA PANS with him.

236. MED. SHOT ABBIE AT DESK

Sitting forward tensely on the edge of her chair Abbie is writing in longhand with the serious fixity of a school girl. She wears paper sleeve-guards and there is a small smudge of ink on her nose. The desk is piled with clippings and proofsheets. The sound of the presses is continuous over the scene. Wade comes up slowly behind her and stands watching her work with curious amusement, holding his hat in his hand. Then he sits down in a chair, at the side of her desk, looking off as if unaware of her. Abbie looks up quickly with interest, then stiffly as she recognizes him.

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

ABBIE:

(coolly)

Did you want something?

Wade looks around at her in surprise, as though just seeing her.

WADE:

(smiling)

Only this chair -- if you don't mind.

ABBIE:

This is a newspaper office, Mr. Hatton
-- not a social center.

WADE:

Oh, please don't bother to entertain
me. Go right ahead molding public
opinion.

Abbie glares at him for a second, starts to reply, then
turns abruptly back to her desk. Wade glances at her in
silence for a moment, then crosses his legs.

WADE:

(slowly)

There's been some complaints around
town about you, Miss Irving.

Abbie looks up quickly in open-mouthed surprise.

ABBIE:

What? -- Who?

WADE:

(hesitantly)

Well -- people are inclined to feel
that a newspaper office isn't a proper
place for a sweet, charming girl like
you.

ABBIE:

Are you the delegation sent to tell
me that?

WADE:

(quickly)

No, I'm paid to stop trouble -- not
to start it.

237. MED. TWO SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

ABBIE:

What's wrong with my working here?

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.)

WADE:
 (kidding her)
 It's not dignified. It's - it's
unladylike. Girls ought to stay
 home and do -- do needlework and
 things.

ABBIE:
 (contemptuously)
 "Needlework!" -- Sewing buttons
 for some man, I suppose!

WADE:
 Well -- buttons do come off. Some-
 body has to sew them on.

ABBIE:
 (ironically)
 That's a fine career for an intelli-
 gent woman!

WADE:
 (slowly he glances
 around the office,
 then back to her)
 You're not intending to make this
 a career?

ABBIE:
 (proudly)
 I most certainly am.
 (sententiously)
 Newspaper work is a noble calling.
 I love it and I'm going to keep on
 doing it, no matter what people say!

WADE:
 (amused by her fervor)
 Of course, you're very good at it.

Proudly Abbie gathers up a batch of clippings on her
 desk and thrusts them at him.

ABBIE:
 There -- see what you think!

As Wade starts to read the clippings Clemens comes up
 behind them, carrying the large wrapped bundle of hand-
 bills for Wade under one arm, and in the other hand a
 proofsheets.

CLEMENS:
 Here's your tax notices, Wade.
 There'll be wailing and gnashing
 of teeth when these go out.

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.1)

He puts the bundle down on the floor near Wade and turns to Abbie with a look of patient endurance.

CLEMENS:

Abbie --

(she looks around
quickly, as does Wade)

-- listen -- I know this isn't in
your line -- but as long as you
insisted on handling this story
yourself --

(he looks painfully
at the proofsheets)

-- will you please stop calling 'em
cows in the stockyard? They're
steers -- steers!

ABBIE:

(flustered)

Oh - what's the difference?

Clemens and Wade stare at her for a moment, then slowly at each other. Clemens spreads his hands helplessly and walks away. Wade, making a great effort to keep a straight face, stands up.

WADE:

Well, I'd better be going -- May
I tell you a secret?

(puzzled, she obeys
his signal to lean
a little closer)

You've got a smudge of ink on your
nose.

238. CLOSE SHOT ABBIE

Already furious and embarrassed, she glances down at her nose and whirls abruptly around to her desk, with her back to Wade.

239. FULL SHOT THE TWO

Wade grins, puts on his hat and starts away, when suddenly, not seeing the bundle on the floor, he stumbles over it and sprawls to his hands and knees. Everyone in the office turns to look, including Abbie.

240. CLOSEUP ABBIE

At the sight of Wade on the floor and minus his usual dignity, her face lights up with vindictive pleasure and she bursts out laughing.

241. MED. SHOT ABBIE AND WADE

He turns painfully on one elbow and glares at her, his hat over one eye. Then as we hear Abbie's delighted laughter over the shot he grins slowly as he sits up.

WADE:

Now, is that proper respect for the law?

ABBIE:

(she stops laughing for a moment)

I never saw it fall on its face before!

WADE:

(getting to his feet)

You enjoyed the sight, of course.

ABBIE:

Of course.

WADE:

(with pretended severity)

Young lady, there's an old saying in the British Army -- "The law must always save its face in front of the natives".

ABBIE:

(sarcastically)

And what happens if the natives object to its face?

WADE:

(diffidently)

Why, then we simply turn them across our knee and spank them soundly.

ABBIE:

(stiffly)

Are you suggesting there's no difference between a "native" and me?

Wade draws a little closer to her and grins rather sheepishly.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)

WADE:

Miss Irving, the only real
native of Kansas is the buffalo,
which has a very hard head, and
therefore a very lonely future.
Otherwise --

(he looks her over and
shakes his head)

-- no -- the comparison is utterly
ridiculous.

242. WIDER ANGLE

Wade bows most politely to her; walks out of the shop.
Abbie stands looking after him. She is conscious of
having at last met her match.

DISSOLVE TO:

242A. CLOSEUP WADE'S GUN, HOLSTER AND HAT DAY

slung up on a hook in the barber shop.

CAMERA MOVEMENT
TO:

242B. BARBER SHOP CLOSE AT BARBER CHAIR

Wade, who has just been shaved, is leaning back in the
chair - eyes closed - while the barber massages his face.

BARBER:

Of course, I ain't a man who believes
in taxes. But I can see that they're
kind of a necessary evil....somebody's
got to pay for schools an' churches an'
such things. 'specially now that the
town is gettin' so durn big.... Yes,
sir, they do say that nuthin's certain
except death an' taxes so ----

He stops chattering suddenly; a look of terror comes over
his face as we PULL BACK TO:

242C. WIDER ANGLE NEAR BARBER CHAIR

Munger, holding a drawn gun leveled on Wade, is standing
almost behind the barber. With a quick gesture of the
gun, Munger waves the barber aside.

(CONTINUED)

242C (Cont.)

MUNGER:

Get up, Hatton.

Wade opens his eyes; slowly sits up in the chair.

WADE:

What for?

MUNGER:

A couple of us boys are waitin'
back here ---(movement of his head
toward the door at
rear of shop)-- in the alley to have a little
talk with you.

242D. CLOSEUP WADE

His hand hanging over the side of the chair farthest
away from Munger is slowly creeping down to detach the
razor strop from its hook on the side of the chair.

WADE:

(stalling - trying to
detract Munger's atten-
tion)I'm a little surprised at Surrentt.
I thought he was more intelligent
than to put Yancey and you up to
anything as silly as this. You
know you haven't a chance to ----

MUNGER:

Shut up an' get out of that chair --
quick.The terrified barber tries to say something but he is
too frightened to utter a sound.

242E. WIDER ANGLE

Wade slowly starts to rise from the chair. He has the
end of the razor strop in one hand. Then, lightning-
quick, he takes a cut at Munger with the strop. He hits
Munger's gun-hand. The gun goes off -- the bullet shat-
tering the mirror beside the barber chair.Wade takes another cut at Munger; knocks the gun from his
hand; grabs him by the collar and seat of the pants;
literally throws him out the front door of the shop.

(CONTINUED)

242E (Cont.)

BARBER:

Gosh! Captain Hatton -- golly!

Wade picks up Munger's gun from the floor; gets his own gun from his holster; smilingly re-seats himself in the barber chair.

WADE:

All right. Now I'll have a haircut -- just trim it up around the edges.

DISSOLVE TO:

243. EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE
FULL SHOT TWO HORSES

DAY

The animals are saddled and tied to young trees. Beyond them is spread the rich rolling prairie of southern Kansas. CAMERA PANS AWAY from the horses and across a grove of trees to Abbie and Wade, who sit in the shade-speckled sunlight on the hillside. Abbie is sitting with her back to a tree, while Wade lies on one elbow beside her, chewing a blade of grass. CAMERA MOVES UP TO THEM.

WADE:

(looking up at her)

But the trouble with the buffalo is - they had things too easy at the beginning. And it works just the same the other way 'round.

(he pauses, then sits
up on one elbow)

Take us, for example -- you and I. Now we had such a bad beginning that our future must be marvelous.

ABBIE:

(with a wry smile)

That's typical Irish logic -- totally unconnected.

WADE:

(sits up eagerly)

Irish it may be -- but it is connected and I'll prove it!

244. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING WADE

As he speaks intently, his eyes twinkling with humor, as he affects a slight Irish brogue.

WADE:

Forty years ago my father met my mother at the Londonderry Fair. He had come to sell some very fine pigs -- oh lovely pigs, they were -- and my mother was after winning the grand prize for her Roses of Sharon -- great roses the size of your face, and nearly as beautiful --

245. REVERSE ANGLE FAVORING ABBIE

She smiles at the subtle compliment, her eyes upon his face in wary amusement.

WADE:

Ah, the like of those roses had never been seen in the whole of Ireland, I do believe... And then, faith, what else would be happening, on the very last day of the Fair but father's pigs got out somehow and ate the lot of mother's fine roses -- roots and all!

246. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

WADE:

(triumphantly)

Could any two people get off to a worse start in life than that?

(smiling, Abbie
shakes her head)

No -- never in a thousand years!
And yet look at them today -- with six strapping boys, ten prize pigs and the finest rose garden in the County Clare!

Abbie laughs, throwing back her head in delight at the story, and Wade laughs with her. Then suddenly Abbie seems to recover her guard, in confusion as she catches the fond, half-serious, half-teasing smile on Wade's face. She looks away from him and gathers up her hat from the grass.

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

ABBIE:

I envy you people who've kissed
the Blarney Stone.

(she stands up)

I'm afraid it'll be dark before
we get back.

Wade gets up and looks at her puzzledly as she turns away toward the horses. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he follows her, regretful to break their happy spell. Wade comes up behind her as she pauses beside the horses, very conscious of his eyes upon her neck as he unties the reins.

WADE:

(quietly)

No -- it isn't the dark you're
afraid of --

(he smiles)

-- and it's the Blarney Stone
you're envying -- not me.

Abbie turns to face him, blushing and confused by the look in his eyes.

ABBIE:

I -- what do you mean?

WADE:

You're afraid I'm going to kiss
you --

ABBIE:

(flustered)

You wouldn't dare!

WADE:

(blandly)

-- and you're also afraid that
you'd like it.

Abbie stares at him for a moment, raging inwardly at Wade's blind guess of her thoughts, then turns abruptly and climbs into the saddle as he holds the stirrup for her.

ABBIE:

(contemptuously,
not looking at
him)

You seem very sure of my reaction.

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.1)

Wade mounts his horse, close beside hers, and smiles down at her with tender affection.

WADE:

(quietly)

That is one thing you can never
be sure of until you try --

Their faces are very close. Suddenly as she turns to look at him with a spirited reply on the tip of her tongue, there is a tense, breathless pause; then as if hypnotized, Abbie closes her eyes and Wade kisses her on the lips. When finally he leans back in his saddle he adds softly, with a slightly stunned smile:

WADE:

-- Can you?

As they look at each other in dazed discovery for a second, then Abbie turns her horse away, we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

247. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

DAY

a scene of general activity. Abbie working at her desk; Joe Clemens bustling around with proofs, copy, etc. Mrs. Cole, Matt Cole's widow, comes rather timidly into the office. She looks thin, shabby, worried. She comes over to Abbie's desk.

MRS. COLE:

Morning, Abbie.

ABBIE:

Oh, hello, Mrs. Cole. How are you?

MRS. COLE:

So so - just so so.

ABBIE:

Sit down - please.

Abbie rises; pulls a chair up near her desk.

248. CLOSE SHOT NEAR DESK

as Mrs. Cole sits down.

ABBIE:

There - now... Is there anything we can do for you?

MRS. COLE:

Yes. I want to run this advertisement in the paper... if it doesn't cost too much.

(hands Abbie a sheet of paper)

ABBIE:

Our advertising rates are very low. I'm sure we'll be able to...

(while speaking, she has been glancing at the paper)

Oh, you want to sell your house?

MRS. COLE:

I don't want to, Abbie. I have to.

249. WIDE ANGLE NEAR DESK

as Clemens comes into scene; puts some copy on Abbie's desk.

(CONTINUED)

249(Cont.)

JOE:

Abbie, let's get a new lead for this church bazaar story. I think --
Good morning, Mrs. Cole. I'm glad to see you.

MRS. COLE:

Morning, Joe.

Abbie hands him the sheet of paper.

ABBIE:

What would we charge to run this?

Joe glances at the paper.

JOE:

Selling your house? You're not leaving town, are you?

MRS. COLE:

No -- but I -- well, Joe, I just can't afford to keep it up --- can't even begin to pay my taxes on it these days.

JOE:

I can't understand that. Matt always made good money. Why the day he died, he collected fifteen thousand dollars from Surrett.

MRS. COLE:

That's what I thought, too. But I've never seen a penny of it.

ABBIE:

Well, what've you done about it?

MRS. COLE:

I've asked Jeff Surrett a lot of questions -- without ever getting a straight answer.

A little pause. Joe scratches his head.

ABBIE:

Joe --

JOE:

Huh?

ABBIE:

Looks to me as if Mrs. Cole needs some help, and we might be able to give it to her.

(CONTINUED)

249 (Cont.1)

JOE:

It does at that.

(to Mrs. Cole)

You mind if we sort of look into
all this?

MRS. COLE:

Mind! Joe, I'd consider it a very
great favor.

JOE:

(sitting on a corner
of the desk)Now let's see... how's the best way
to tackle this?

DISSOLVE TO:

250. MED. THREE SHOT INT. SURRETT'S OFFICE

Wade, Abbie and Clemons are seated in front of Surrett
at his desk. With bland composure Surrett is showing
them his ledger.

SURRETT:

(pointing)

There's the entry, date and
amount - fifteen thousand.

(he sits back)

What Cole did with the money
afterwards is his business, not mine.

WADE:

There was only ten dollars on his
body, and he never left this saloon.

SURRETT:

(hesitating)

We make it a rule, Mr. Hatton, never
to talk about our customers' affairs...
But since you force my hand I'll tell
you the facts... Matt Cole lost that
fifteen thousand dollars playing roulette.

Wade and Abbie look quickly at each other.

WADE:

(shrewdly)

I want you to remember that state-
ment he just made, Abbie.

ABBIE:

Don't worry. I'll remember it.

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

Surrett stiffens with suspicion and uncertainty. Then realizing that his impromptu alibi may have been a serious slip, he tries to bluff it out.

SURRETT:

I can prove the fact by half a dozen people. Does that satisfy you?

Wade stands up, as do the other two.

WADE:

(levelly)

Yes -- that satisfies us perfectly. Because we know Matt Cole never went near the tables that night!

(pointing off)

He walked straight to the bar, where Yancey killed him!

SURRETT:

(narrowly)

According to who?

ABBIE:

According to several reliable witnesses we've got who were here that night.

SURRETT:

(including Abbie)

Have you spread this story around town?

CLEMENS:

(quickly)

Tomorrow's paper will take care of that -- the whole story, Surrett -- plus a lot more about you that I've been digging up for years! We'll see that you get a copy bright and early!

DISSOLVE TO:

251. MED. SHOT INT. "DODGE CITY STAR" OFFICE NIGHT

Clemens, working feverishly in his shirt sleeves, is writing, the last of his story on Surrett. On the desk in front of him is a metal box, filled with papers. Abbie sits eagerly beside him, reading his copy with excited eyes. The only light in the office is a single oil lamp on the desk. Suddenly Clemens finishes his story and jabs it into the spike-file with the rest of the copy.

CLEMENS:

There it is. We'll have it out by tomorrow noon!

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.)

ABBIE:

(in admiration)

How did you find all these other facts about Surrett?

Clemens reaches out, pulls the metal box toward him and stares at it thoughtfully.

CLEMENS:

Abbie, a good newspaper man has two jobs. One is to write the news as it happens, day by day. The other job is to be ready for it - to write it first - all but the end.

(he taps the box)

This is Jeff Surrett's "morgue." I must be an optimist at heart because I've been getting it ready for a long time.

At the sound of a door opening, both turn quickly, then smile.

252. MED. FULL SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

as Wade comes toward them they stand up.

WADE:

Hello, you two. What's wrong?
No homes - no place to sleep? -
It's after midnight.

Clemens glances at his watch, whistles in surprise and smiles ruefully at Abbie.

CLEMENS:

Say, you'd better run along, Abbie.
The Doc'll skin me alive!

ABBIE:

(excitedly)

Wade, we've got Surrett by the scruff of the neck!

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.)

WADE:

Good. Let go tonight and resume your grip first thing in the morning. Come on, I'll take you home before your uncle starts after Joe with a shotgun.

(as Abbie laughs and turns to pick up her hat, Wade looks soberly at Clemens)
And then I'm coming back to stay with you until you finish up here.

CLEMENS:

(with a gesture)
Don't bother 'bout me, Wade.
(he nods to the desk)
The story's all written. I'll just mark it for the printers and call it a day.

WADE:

(smiles as he pats Joe's arm)
Well, all right. Good-night, Joe.

CLEMENS:

(smiling)
Goodnight, Abbie -- 'night, Wade.

Wade pauses as Abbie starts toward the door.

WADE:

(to Joe)
Remember now -- don't hang around here too late... Surratt might just take it into his head to drop in and correct proofs on your story.

CLEMENS:

He wouldn't dare try anything like that at this stage.

WADE:

I hope not -- for his sake.

Joe smiles and nods in assent. CAMERA PANS with Abbie and Wade as they go out, Wade taking her arm.

253. MED. SHOT CLEMENS

He smiles after them fondly, then moves back to his desk, turns up the wick in the lamp, sits down and begins reading his copy. After a moment CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIM SLOWLY, out across the shadowy silence of the press-room

(CONTINUED)

253 (Cont.)

toward the rear door of the office. Then slowly CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD, past the low railing, the press-racks and the iron presses, to hold on the rear door as it opens slowly and without a sound.

254. MED. SHOT THE REAR DOOR

It opens inward inch by inch to reveal Yancey standing in the semi-darkness. Quietly he edges into the room and closes the door behind him. For a moment he stands motionless with his back to the door, then quietly starts forward as CAMERA PULLS BACK with him.

255. MED. FULL SHOT PAST CLEMENS

SHOOTING over the editor's shoulder toward the rear of the room as Yancey slowly advances.

256. MED. MOVING SHOT YANCEY

His eyes never leave Clemens as he moves soundlessly past the presses and up to the low railing that separates the room. Here he stops, resting his left hand upon the rail, and with the other slowly raises his revolver.

CUT TO:

256A. MED. MOVING SHOT WADE AND ABBIE EXT. STREET

As they walk along the plank-sidewalk, suddenly two muffled shots are heard from behind them. Wade stops instantly, then Abbie. Wade turns quickly to stare back along the dark sidewalk.

ABBIE:

What was that?

256B. CLOSEUP WADE

Every move is tense and alert. Without replying he starts running back along the sidewalk toward the newspaper office, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM as Abbie follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

257. FULL SHOT EXT. "DODGE CITY STAR" OFFICE NIGHT

A small but angry group of people, many of them hastily dressed, are gathered on the street and sidewalk in front of the little newspaper office, the men talking noisily and excitedly with the menacing rumble of a mob in the making. As CAMERA MOVES UP THROUGH THE CROWD toward the office we catch snatches of the shocked rageful talk.

MEN IN CROWD:

Shot him in the back! Never even
give him a chance!.....
They found him dead -- twenty
minutes ago!.....
Whoever killed Joe Clemens oughta
be strung up -- an', By Godfrey,
I'll furnish the rope!

CUT TO:

258. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Joe Clemens' body lies slumped over his desk. Beside it stand Wade, Abbie, Dr. Irving, Crocker, Rusty and several others, including the dazed printers. Abbie, white-faced and excited, stares at Crocker. This and following scenes are played very fast.

ABBIE:

Who else could have killed him?
(she points to the
rifled contents of
the desk and the empty
strongbox)

There's your answer! The story he
was writing is gone -- and the whole
file about Surrett!

259. MED. SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

They stand a few feet away from the others, against the railing and talking to the printers. Over their dialogue comes the indistinct voices of Abbie and the group at the desk.

WADE:

(to one of the printers)
The back door was open. Did you
lock it when you left?

(CONTINUED)

259 (Cont.)

FRED:

Sure I did! Anybody who came
in here broke in!

Wade looks at him for a moment thoughtfully, then starts to turn back to the desk when he notices a black smudge on the heel of his hand, which had been resting against the rail. Fred also sees it and hands him a piece of waste.

FRED:

That's printers' ink -- off'n this
rail. You can't wash it - it has
to wear off.

Wade turns away and CAMERA PANS HIM BACK to the group around the desk.

DR. IRVING:

Those papers in the strong-box,
Abbie? Did you ever read them?

ABBIE:

No. But Joe thought they were
enough to hang Surret! He told
me so himself!

The men look at each other, accepting the truth of Abbie's words, then slowly at Wade, as does Abbie, realizing that the next move is up to him. Without a word, Wade turns toward the door and Rusty after him, as the others watch in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

260. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. "GAY LADY SALOON"

Wade and Rusty are confronting Ruby and Munger in front of the bar. The saloon is almost empty but for a few late customers and four men at a poker table in b.g. At the bar and tables in b.g. the customers have stopped and turned to stare at the group.

WADE:

You're quite sure he isn't up-
stairs in his office?

RUEY:

I tell you Surret left town on the
4:30 train this afternoon.

MUNGER:

If you don't believe us, go ask
the station agent.

(CONTINUED)

260 (Cont.)

RUBY:

Jeff was half-way to Wichita when
the shooting occurred.

(easily)

So you're barking up the wrong
tree, Mister.

Wade looks at Ruby and Munger in turn, obviously realizing from their faces and nervous speech that they are concealing knowledge. Then his eyes turn slowly toward the four men playing poker in a rear corner of the saloon. Ruby and Munger also look at them, but uneasily.

260A. LONG SHOT THE FOUR MEN

shooting from Wade's angle. Yancey and three other men are playing poker in a far corner as if unaware of the group at the bar. Their manner is studiously casual; a little too casual. Yancey is smoking a cigarette.

260B. MED. GROUP SHOT AT BAR FAVORING WADE

His face hardens at sight of Yancey and he starts slowly toward the table, followed by Rusty. Ruby and Munger tense with alarm, but make no move.

261. MED. GROUP SHOT AT POKER TABLE

Yancey and the other three men pretend to be absorbed in their game. They only glance up in casual curiosity as Wade and Rusty come up, then continue playing. Wade rests one foot on the edge of the chair of one man, BUD TAYLOR, a small, shifty-eyed fellow who is plainly nervous at Wade's nearness. Over this scene a few people drift up to stand in b.g., watching silently.

WADE:

(quietly)

Yancey, I don't suppose you'd
know anything about Joe Clemens'
death?

YANCEY:

(calmly)

No more'n you do.

WADE:

Then how did you know he was dead?

(CONTINUED)

261 (Cont.)

YANCEY:

(blandly, looking up)
I heard some fellows talkin'
about it... People keep droppin'
in and out o' here all the time.

WADE:

(nods)
That's just what I'm driving at.
(he looks around the
table, then back to
Yancey)
How long have you been playing?

Yancey looks up again from his cards as if bored by
Wade's questioning.

YANCEY:

Go ask the bartender -- he's got
a watch.

He lifts his left hand, holding the cigarette, over his
shoulder toward the bar. Wade's eyes fix suddenly upon
Yancey's hand.

262. CLOSEUP YANCEY'S LEFT HAND

On the heel of his palm there is a dark smudge. The
hand lowers slowly.

263. MED. CLOSE SHOT WADE AND RUSTY

Both are staring at Yancey's hand as it drops to his side.
Slowly Wade lifts his own left hand and looks at the ink
stain. He and Rusty glance at each other, then back to
Yancey as -

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

264. WIDER ANGLE THE GROUP

The other three poker-players, puzzled by the look, glance
at each other, then down to Yancey's hand and back to
Wade.

265. CLOSEUP WADE

His face is hard with decision.

WADE:

(coldly)

You're under arrest, Yancey.

266. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

The men at the table start in surprise, as do the people standing in b.g., and Yancey jumps up with an angry scared snarl.

YANCEY:

What is this! You --

His hand starts quickly for his gun then stops as he sees that Rusty has him covered.

WADE:

(to Rusty, calmly)

Take him along.

Rusty shoves Yancey, still loudly protesting, toward the door and they go out of scene. The other three men at the table stare back at Wade, all obviously scared, and particularly Bud Taylor. Wade looks around at them slowly, then moves over to slip into the chair Yancey had occupied, as CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to the group. The three players slide back their chairs, nervous and anxious to get away.

WADE:

Don't let me break up your game, gentlemen.

The men keep their seats, eyeing Wade furtively. He looks at Taylor.

266A. MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT WADE AND TAYLOR

Taylor's face is beginning to sweat, and his fingers are nervously playing with the chips in front of him. Wade's eyes take this in.

WADE:

Yancey seemed a little vague about this game. Suppose you tell me what time it began.

(CONTINUED).

266A (Cont.)

TAYLOR:

(wets his lips, then in
a strained voice)

How would I know? Why don't ya
ask one o' them?

(he nods to the others,
but Wade's eyes never
leave Taylor's face)

WADE:

(levelly)

I'm asking you, Taylor -- Did
Yancey sit in with you from the
beginning?

As CAMERA PANS to Taylor's frightened face, we

DISSOLVE TO:

267. CLOSEUP BUD TAYLOR

A different light is on his face, which is now wet with
the sweat of fear, and his hair is dishevelled.

WADE'S VOICE:

(curtly)

Come on -- you're wasting a lot of
valuable time for us both --- answer
my question.

TAYLOR:

(brokenly)

No, I tell ya! -- He never left
the game!

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

268. MED. SHOT INT. WADE'S OFFICE DODGE CITY JAIL

Taylor sits tensely in a chair with Wade and Rusty stand-
ing over him. Both of them are coatless, their shirts
stained with sweat from their efforts to break down the
prisoner. The small office is in semi-darkness with
closed shutters.

WADE:

Taylor, may I give you some friendly
advice? Stop lying -- because you do
it so badly. Now, Yancey left that
room sometime between midnight and one
o'clock!

(suddenly leaning forward)

When was it?

(CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.)

Taylor is silent, his mouth trembling, his eyes darting nervously from Wade to Rusty.

RUSTY:

(grimly)

Lemme work on him, Wade -- I'll make him talk!

He tries to grab Taylor; Wade holds him back.

WADE:

Let him alone. If he's too stupid to realize that he's facing a charge of murder, he deserves what's coming to him. I'd hoped that, by helping us, he might save his own neck. But if he'd rather not, why --

TAYLOR:

(interrupts -- terrified)

Yeah! Yeah - I'll tell ya!

WADE:

Well?

269. CLOSEUP TAYLOR

His weak face is a mask of terror, the sweat now standing out in beads. In the these silence he wets his lips, then confesses brokenly.

TAYLOR:

It was a little before twelve-thirty --
He went out an' come back in less'n
an hour --

270. MED. SHOT FAVORING WADE AND RUSTY

They look at each other slowly and straighten up.

WADE:

That's better. That closes the last loophole as far as Yancey is concerned.

(he picks up his coat
from a chair)

Now we'll do you a favor, Taylor,
until we're ready for the trial.

(to Rusty)

Lock him up.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

271. MED. FULL SHOT INT. IRVING HALLWAY DAY

Abbie is excitedly explaining what she has heard of the events of the preceding night to Doc Irving and his wife.

ABBIE:

-- and they were still working on him at two o'clock this morning!
I haven't seen Wade yet but I'm sure he --

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)

Suddenly she stops and turns as the front door opens quickly behind them and Wade hurries forward to the group. Abbie runs to meet him.

ABBIE:

(eagerly)

What happened? Did you get anything out of Bud Taylor? What did he say?

Wade comes right past her and up to the others, his face tense and serious.

WADE:

Doctor Irving, it's imperative that we get Abbie out of town today -- as soon as possible.

The others react in surprise and Abbie with indignation.

ABBIE:

Why -- for heavens sakes?

WADE:

(turning to her)

Because only two people beside myself heard Surrett tell the deliberate lie that Matt Cole lost his money playing roulette at the Gay Lady. One of those people was Joe Clemens. That's why Surrett had him killed... You're the only other person who can back me up in court. Without you, he could deny the whole thing and a jury might believe him.

ABBIE:

(obstinately)

All the more reason for me to stay! I started this thing and I'm going to see it through.

WADE:

Abbie, don't be an idiot. Your life isn't worth a plugged nickel until Surrett is landed safely in jail. You're the key to our case and he knows it. It'll take at least two weeks before we can go to trial. Every minute of that time your life would be in danger here - on the street - in this house! I know Surrett - know what he'd do!

(turns to Dr. Irving)

You know I'm right, Doc. I want you to take her out of town today - and stay out of town until I send for you.

272. MED. CLOSE SHOT WADE AND ABBIE

ABBIE:
I won't go. You can't boss me
around.

Wade turns to face her, completely out of patience.

WADE:
(exasperated)
Did you ever see such a stubborn
woman! Abbie - can't you get it
through your head - I'm only doing
this because I love you -- and ---

Suddenly he stops in surprise, realizing what he has
said. They stare at each other, Abbie with lips parted,
holding her breath.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

273. WIDER ANGLE THE GROUP

as Doc Irving and his wife look at each other, then back
to Wade and Abbie with surprised smiles.

DR. IRVING:
(quietly)
It's all right, Wade - I think
she'll do as you ask.
(he glances at
his watch)
We'll make the 4:30 train.

Wade's eyes turn slowly and a little dazedly from Abbie
to her uncle.

WADE:
Keep your eye on her every minute,
Doctor. She's worse than Rusty.
Born to trouble -- certain as the
sparks fly upward!

ABBIE:
(indignantly)
Why, you... Wade Hatton, I hate you!

WADE:
(hurriedly calling back
over his shoulder)
No, you don't.

Wade is already through the door as Abbie stares after
him uncertain between anger and happiness.

DISSOLVE TO:

274. LONG SHOT EXT. FRONT STREET DODGE CITY

The street is filled with men standing in groups and talking, incensed at the outrageous murder of Joe Clemens. CAMERA PICKS UP Wade riding his horse slowly down the street, and FOLLOWS him past the groups in front of the stores and saloons.

275. MED. FULL MOVING SHOT WADE

SHOOTING PAST the groups of men on the sidewalk as a sudden silence falls over them at sight of Wade. He looks toward them with expressionless curiosity as he rides past.

276. MED. TRUCKING SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

as CAMERA MOVES PAST the crowd of men, their eyes follow Wade's progress down the street. In their grim faces is the tense, calculating look of troops waiting for a sign from their leader. Suddenly CAMERA PAUSES upon Tex Baird, who calls out in a hard, level voice.

BAIRD:

You've got the right man, Wade --
what're you waitin' for?

OTHER MEN:

(ad lib)

Yeah... What are we waitin' for?....
If you don't know what to do with
Yancoy, we do!....
That's it --- you bet we do.....

277. CLOSE MOVING SHOT WADE

His eyes range over the angry row of faces. Then thoughtfully and silently he continues on through the lane of dangerous, derisive men.

WIPE TO:

278. MED. MOVING SHOT INT. DODGE CITY JAIL

Rusty escorts a small, shrewd-looking lawyer down the corridor. As they pass Taylor's cell the lawyer casts a quick, venomous glance at the white-faced traitor. A few yards further on Rusty stops in front of Yancey's cell and unlocks it. Inside the cell Yancey is instantly on his feet and hurries up to the bars. Rusty opens the door and stands aside.

RUSTY:

Here's your lawyer.
(to the lawyer)
You've got ten minutes.

The little lawyer enters the cell, Rusty locks the door behind him and walks away. The lawyer, suddenly alert, casts a furtive glance after Rusty, then quickly pulls Yancey to the cot at the far end of the cell.

279. MED. SHOT INT. YANCEY'S CELL

The lawyer pushes Yancey down to the cot and sits quickly in the chair facing him. They talk fast, their voices low and tense.

LAWYER:

You might as well know this now
as later: They wormed it out of
Taylor that you left the room for
a half hour.

Yancey starts in surprise, then quickly:

YANCEY:

They can't hang me on that.
I mighta gone anywhere!

LAWYER:

(levelly)
No -- maybe a jury wouldn't hang
you - if you ever get to a jury.

280. MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING YANCEY

as he stares at the lawyer for a second, then hoarsely:

YANCEY:

What d'you mean?
(as the lawyer is silent
Yancey grabs him by the
coat)
What're ya tryin' to say?

(CONTINUED)

280 (Cont.)

LAWYER:

Joe Clemens was a mighty well-liked man, Yancey. He had a lot of friends... Half of Dodge City's planning to break in here tonight and -- sort of take matters in their own hands.

Yancey stares at him in slow terror for a moment.

YANCEY:

(sharply)

Where's Jeff? He's gotta get me outa here!

281. MED. SHOT THE TWO

LAWYER:

I telegraphed him an hour ago. He got off the train at Spearville.

YANCEY:

(suspiciously)

He got off? For what?

LAWYER:

He's smart enough to know this town's going to be a little warm for a few days. So he's just kind of laying low until the excitement blows over.

YANCEY:

(angrily)

Too warm for him, oh? So I stay here an' get hung for doin' his job! Yeah, like --

LAWYER:

(in alarm)

Shut up, you fool! Do you want to tell the whole town?

YANCEY:

(jumping to his feet)

You bet I'll tell the whole town! I'll tell 'em who paid me to shoot Joe Clemens and Matt Cole! Let 'em hang me -- sure! But if I go, Jeff's goin' with me!

(grabbing the lawyer roughly with both hands)

Now rustle him up an' telegraph him that! Tell him he's gotta get me outa here before tonight or I'm givin' Hatton the whole story!

The little lawyer, now thoroughly frightened, stands helpless in Yancey's iron grip.

281 (Cont.)

LAWYER:

How can Jeff get you out of here?

YANCEY:

(grimly)

That's his problem. But he's gotta work fast!

282. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING THE LAWYER

As outside the jail we hear the sound of many men's voices, the lawyer stares fixedly for a moment at Yancey's alarmed face, then a sly scheme comes into his eyes, and he snaps his fingers.

LAWYER:

All right, Yancey - keep your shirt on. I've got an idea how Jeff and I can handle this -- Yeah...First I'll see Hatton, then I'll get in touch with Jeff right away.

He turns quickly as the suspicious Yancey lets go of him, crosses to the door of the cell as CAMERA PANS with him, and hammers upon the bars.

LAWYER:

(loudly)

Hey -- come and unlock this cell!

CUT TO:

282A. FULL SHOT EXT. FRONT OF JAIL

A mob of men are waiting for Wade as he rides up, dismounts and comes forward toward the jail entrance. He looks at them silently as he advances into f.g. thru a narrow lane between the grim-faced men.

MEN IN THE MOB:

(coldly)

What're you stalling for, Hatton?
You know Yancey killed him!
You can hand him over to us now or
we'll get him our own way tonight!

Wade pauses at the door of the jail and turns to face the mob.

WADE:

(curtly, unintimidated)
Now listen -- you gentlemen put me in
this office to enforce the law. That means

(CONTINUED)

232A (Cont.)

WADE: (Cont.)

a fair trial for any and all
 prisoners including Yancey --
 (he pauses a second)
 -- and Surrett, when we catch him
 Understand this, gentlemen --
 there'll be no mob rule around here.

He turns and goes into jail, as the mob resumes its
 angry murmurs.

CUT TO:

283. MED. GROUP SHOT INT. WADE'S OFFICE JAIL

As Wade comes in, Yancey's lawyer, who has been waiting
 for Wade, turns quickly from Rusty and another deputy.

LAWYER:

(excitedly)

They're right at the door -- listen
 to 'em!

(he plants himself in
 front of Wade)

You're in charge here. What are you
 going to do about it?

RUSTY:

(quickly)

He's right, Wade. There must be two
 hundred men all set to try'n take
 Yancey tonight!

WADE:

Then we've got to stop them.

LAWYER:

(excitedly)

You're crazy, Sheriff! The three
 of you against two hundred? They'd
 burn down the building to get in
 here!

There is a tense pause as Wade and Rusty look at each
 other, realizing the truth of the statement. Wade looks
 back at the lawyer.

WADE:

What's your idea?

LAWYER:

Yancey's got to be taken out
 of Dodge City before night. As
 his lawyer, I demand his protection!

(CONTINUED)

283 (Cont.)

RUSTY:

Fat chance we'd have of getting him to the station.

LAWYER:

(quickly)

You can hire a closed carriage, drive him to Spearville and catch the train for Wichita. Keep him in jail there till he can be tried legally.

Wade stares at him thoughtfully as the others wait expectantly for his difficult decision.

WADE:

(thoughtfully)

Yes -- that might work.

LAWYER:

It's got to work. My client's entitled to a fair trial --- and it's both our jobs to see that he gets it.

RUSTY:

Want me to start rustlin' up a carriage?

WADE:

Yes -- No, wait a second. I've a better idea. We can't take any chances.

LAWYER:

But you agree we got to get him out of town in a hurry?

WADE:

Yes - unfortunately.

LAWYER:

(looks at his watch)

Thanks, Hatton. I'm grateful to you for doing the right thing -- I-I've got to run along now --
(edging away)
-- I've got a lot to do.

As he starts quickly toward the door, we

DISSOLVE TO:

284. FULL SHOT EXT. REAR OF DODGE CITY JAIL

A hearse drawn by two horses stands in the narrow alley at the rear of the jail. Suddenly the jail door opens; Rusty comes out and glances quickly up and down the vacant alley.

285. MED. SHOT AT REAR DOOR

As Rusty opens it wider and nods silently to the others behind him. Yancey is pushed out, his hands manacled behind him, and is followed by Wade and the other deputy. CAMERA PANS with them as they cross quickly to the hearse, Yancey, nervous and white-faced, casting scared glances down the alley.

RUSTY:

Just givin' you a little sample
of your future, Yancey.

Wade and Rusty shove him up into the rear of the hearse, then Rusty climbs in beside him and Wade climbs up beside the driver. The deputy quickly unties the horses. Wade looks around, then speaks crisply but quietly to the deputy.

WADE:

Talk 'em off as long as you can -
but don't tell anybody where we've gone.
(the deputy nods)
I'll send you word soon as we reach
Wichita.

He clicks to the restless horses and cuts the reins hard to the right. CAMERA PANS with the hearse as it turns sharply in the alley and drives off at a brisk trot.

286. MED. LONG SHOT PAST THE DEPUTY

He looks after the hearse as it moves down the dusty alley behind the buildings of Front Street, then turns out of sight around a corner. As the deputy hurries back into the jail, we -

CUT TO:

287. MAIN STREET TOWN

The hearse moves slowly down the street. A few passers-by look after it curiously. A couple of them take off their hats.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

288. CLOSEUP SIGN ON RAILROAD STATION (INSERT) DAY

The sun-blistered letters on the sign read:

SPEARVILLE

OVER THIS comes the distant sound and whistle of an approaching train. CAMERA PANS AWAY from the sign to:

289. LONG SHOT UP THE TRACKS

A quarter of a mile up the single-track a train thunders across the flat Kansas prairie toward the station, billowing out a black cloud of smoke.

290. FULL SHOT THE STATION

It is a small ramshackle building, one of the three or four that make up the "whistle-stop" village of Spearville. Across the track from the station is a small freight-shed with a cattle-chute and a loading platform. The station-agent and three or four idlers are watching the approaching train.

291. LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

Down the narrow road which runs at right-angles to the railroad track comes the hearse, the two horses at a fast run. CAMERA PANS WITH THE HEARSE as it swerves up to the station just in advance of the train.

292. FULL SHOT IN FRONT OF STATION

as the train pulls in. It is the old-fashioned Santa Fe type of the '70's, a small wood-burning engine with a "belly-stack", pulling a wooden mail-and-baggage car and two passenger coaches. It stops with a loud grinding of brakes, escaping steam and the jolting jerk of coupling pins. The conductor descends, two or three passengers get off, and the station-agent crosses toward the mail-car with a small mail-sack.

293. FULL SHOT THE HEARSE

Wade and Rusty jump out and glance around at the handful of people on the platform. Then Wade beckons quickly

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

to a curious idler standing nearby, watching all this in pop-eyed amazement; Wade speaks to him briefly in a voice not heard above the general commotion, and nods to the team and hearse, giving instructions for their care. The bewildered idler nods and Wade gives him some money. Then Wade and Rusty help Yancey out of the hearse and CAMERA PANS WITH THE THREE as they cross quickly toward the mail car. All this action is played fast.

294. MED. FULL SHOT AT MAIL CAR DOOR

The old mail clerk is talking to the station-agent as Wade, Rusty and Yancey hurry up. They stop and stare at the handcuffed man in sudden curiosity. Wade speaks loudly to the mail clerk above the sounds of the nearby engine.

WADE:

I'm Wade Hatton - Sheriff of Dodge City.

(he nods to Yancey)

I want to take this prisoner into Wichita - and we'd like to ride up here with you.

295. CLOSE SHOT THE MAIL CLERK

He hesitates, looking down from the open door of the car at Wade, then at Yancey.

MAIL CLERK:

All right, sheriff - bring him in.

296. FULL SHOT AT MAIL CAR DOOR

Rusty climbs up first, then turns to pull Yancey into the car. Wade pauses a moment outside, glancing up and down the platform. In b.g. the conductor calls out.

CONDUCTOR:

All-l aboard-r-d....

Wade turns quickly, grasps Rusty's outstretched hand and is pulled up into the car. The mail clerk slides the door shut.

297. MED. FULL SHOT INT. MAIL CAR

It is partly filled with baggage and mail sacks, stacked

297 (Cont.)

across the middle of the bar, handy to the door. Light comes through two barred windows on each side of the car. The mail clerk has a stand-up desk with pigeon-holes for sorting letters, and above it on a rack the standard equipment of a shotgun. Wade motions Yancey to the forward end of the car.

WADE:

Sit down there - anywhere you can.

Yancey walks to a trunk and sits on it, facing the others. Rusty leans against the side of the car, watching him, as Wade turns to the fascinated clerk.

WADE:

How many stops do you make between here and Wichita?

MAIL CLERK:

Just one - five minutes at Kinsley for water.

Wade nods and turns away. The engine's bell begins to ring and with a jerk the train starts off.

298. FULL SHOT EXT. TRAIN

As it slowly pulls out of Spearville the engineer lifts his hand in the customary gesture to the station-agent who waves back.

299. FULL SHOT THE MOVING TRAIN

SHOOTING FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE of the tracks, past a corner of the freight shed. Suddenly from the side of the shed steps Surrett, Munger, and three other men of Surrett's crowd. Quickly and unobserved they run along the "blind side" of the train and swing aboard the rear end of the passenger coach. CAMERA PANS AROUND to follow the moving train as it goes down the track.

DISSOLVE TO:

300. LONG SHOT THE TRAIN

as it speeds across the prairie.

301. MED. FULL SHOT INT. MAIL CAR

The noise and swaying of the train continues over all the following scenes. Wade stands beside the water-bucket, drinking from a dipper. The old mail clerk glances away from his work at Yancey.

MAIL CLERK:

(to Rusty)

Ain't a bad-lookin' feller.
What's he done.

RUSTY:

He killed Joe Clemens.

The mail clerk stops sorting letters, turns and stares hard at Yancey.

MAIL CLERK:

(sharply)

Him? -- Is that the low-down
scoundrel?

RUSTY:

(nods)

Shot him in the back -- cold-blooded murder.

(they stare at Yancey,
as does Wade over the
edge of the dipper;
Rusty looks back at the
mail clerk)

Did you know Joe?

MAIL CLERK:

Know him? Why, me an' Joe Clemens
come out here together in '68!
Best durn friend I ever had!

(angrily at Yancey, his
voice almost breaking)

What'd you kill him for?

302. CLOSE SHOT YANCEY

He stares back coldly at the mail clerk, then contemptuously looks away.

303. MED. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

RUSTY:

He got paid for it. An' this ain't
the first time. If ever a jail-bird
was ripe for hangin', it's him!

304. MED. SHOT WADE

he lowers the half-filled dipper.

WADE:

(shortly)

Shut up, Rusty. You're just a deputy - not a court of law.

He starts to empty the dipper, then pauses, glancing at Yancey. He walks over to the prisoner and extends the dipper as CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

WADE:

You want a drink?

Yancey glares up at him for a second, then suddenly lashes out with a foot and kicks the tin dipper from Wade's hand. Rusty leaps forward. Wade catches his arm and pushes him back, glaring coldly at Yancey.

WADE:

Let him alone... The next time he kicks he'll have both feet in the air.

RUSTY:

(grinning)

Shut up, Wade. You're just a sheriff - not a court of law.

305. FULL SHOT INT. THE PASSENGER COACH

SHOOTING DOWN the aisle from the forward end. There are only about ten passengers in the car, all seated near the middle or the far end. Including Abbie and Doc Irving, who sit together about half-way down the aisle, there are four men, four women and two children. The rhythmic, thundering clatter of the train wheels continues loudly over the scene. Abbie wears a little hat and a very becoming travel suit, and is looking out the window. Surrett and his crowd, still on the rear platform of the car, cannot be seen.

306. MED. TWO SHOT ABBIE AND DOC IRVING

Doc Irving is reading a Santa Fe timetable, puzzledly turning it this way and that.

DR. IRVING:

Can't make head nor tail of a timetable -- never could.

(CONTINUED)

306 (Cont.)

Abbie looks around at him with an affectionate smile.
From them, CAMERA LIFTS TO HOLD ON REAR OF COACH.

307. MED. SHOT REAR DOOR OF COACH

Surrett comes into the doorway between the two passenger coaches and stands there for a moment, bracing his legs against the swaying movement of the train as his eyes range over the backs of the passengers inside the coach. Then with a nodded signal off, he starts forward into the aisle as CAMERA PULLS BACK. Munger and the other three men follow closely behind Surrett as CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK WITH THEM. As they pass Abbie she turns casually and looks up, catching Surrett's profile as he walks by with his eyes straight ahead. Dr. Irving, still absorbed in his timetable, does not look up.

308. CLOSEUP ABBIE

She sits up quickly in her seat, suddenly tense and alert, her eyes following the men.

309. MED. FULL SHOT PAST ABBIE

SHOOTING toward the forward end of the passenger coach as Surrett, Munger and the other two men go out onto the platform between the two cars.

WIPE TO:

310. MED. SHOT YANCEY INT. MAIL CAR

He sits in the far corner with the light from a barred window falling significantly across his nervous face. His eyes range slowly up to the window, then on to the roof of the car, as if he were trying to catch some sound above the noise of the train.

CAMERA TRUCKS AWAY FROM HIM, past Rusty who sits looking at the pictures in a mail-order catalog, then past Wade who is seated on a trunk carefully rolling a cigarette. Passing the mail clerk standing at his work with a hard glance back at Yancey, the MOVING CAMERA CONTINUES ON past the barricade of trunks and mail-pouches to HOLD ON THE DOOR at the far end. Slowly the door is slid back and Surrett stands with his revolver levelled upon the group at the opposite end. He steps quickly into the car, followed by Munger and the others, who close the door behind them.

311. MED. FULL SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING past Surrett toward the other end of the car, where Wade and Rusty sit with their backs partly turned to the door. At sight of his friends Yancey makes an involuntary start. Instantly Wade and Rusty are on their feet. They look at Yancey, then whirl to face Surrett and his men.

SURRETT:

(sharply)

Get 'em up -- all of you!

Realizing that Surrett's men have the drop on them, Wade, Rusty and the mail clerk raise their hands slowly above the level of their shoulders. Yancey is also on his feet, his manacled hands behind him.

SURRETT:

Now unlock those 'cuffs.

312. MED. GROUP SHOT OTHER END OF CAR

Yancey steps up to Wade and turns his back to him, but still leaving Surrett a clear view of Wade's movements. Wade hesitates, then lowers his left hand to his shirt-pocket, takes out the key and unlocks the handcuffs. Yancey looks toward Surrett for instructions.

313. MED. FULL SHOT THE CAR

SHOOTING past Wade's group toward Surrett's end of the car.

SURRETT:

All right, Yancey -- walk toward us.

Yancey starts down the car between the baggage as Wade and the others stand motionless. But as Yancey gets half-way, Wade takes advantage of the partial obscurity of Surrett's line of vision. Suddenly grabbing Rusty's arm he yells to the mail clerk.

WADE:

Get down!

As he yells he flings himself behind one of the trunks, dragging Rusty down beside him as both snatch for their guns. The mail clerk jumps flat against the side of the car and grabs for his shotgun on the rack.

314. MED. SHOT SURRETT'S GROUP

Startled by Wade's surprise move, Surrett and Munger fire, then drop behind the nearest baggage. This move is lightning fast, leaving the three men behind them momentarily uncovered.

315. MED. FULL SHOT PAST WADE AND RUSTY

They fire back, killing two of the men behind Surrett, who are a split-second too late in dropping to cover and fall across the trunks to the floor. But the mail clerk, trapped between the two fires, has been hit by the first volley, before he could reach his shotgun. He crumples slowly, then slides to the floor beside his desk.

316. MED. FULL SHOT PAST SURRETT'S GROUP

Crouched behind the baggage the three men fire again, their revolvers spurting quick flashes of flame in the shadowy light of the car.

317. CLOSE SHOT BEHIND WADE

He manoeuvres for better position nearer the wall, then sighting carefully, fires at the next flash from Munger. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY to Rusty a few feet away. He edges his revolver across the top of a box and lifts up slowly to sight his shot.

318. CLOSE SHOT YANCEY

In the half-darkness of the car he peers narrowly above a trunk and sighting along the barrel of his revolver fires at Rusty.

319. CLOSE SHOT RUSTY

He is hit in the chest. For a moment he stares toward the enemy, stiffening slowly, then at another burst from across the car he twists slowly at the waist and falls, face up. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO WADE, who stares at his friend.

WIPE TO:

320. FULL SHOT INT. FIRST PASSENGER COACH

SHOOTING down the aisle of the coach.

(Production Note:) This coach is between the mail car and the second passenger coach.

Abbie comes in from the second coach at far end of the aisle, and walks toward the CAMERA. One or two passengers glance up casually as she passes. Abbie's eyes are fixed puzzledly ahead upon the rear end of the mail car.

(321-322 ELIMINATED)

323. FULL SHOT EXT. PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS

Abbie comes out onto the swaying platform, holding to the side of the door for support. She hesitates in front of the mail car door, then starts to open it.

324. MED. FULL SHOT REAR END OF MAIL CAR

as slowly and with difficulty Abbie slides the door half-open. The two factions in the mail car are at an impasse; Surrett has Yancey at his end of the car -- but cannot move from behind the barricade of trunks without being killed by Wade. Surrett, Munger and the other men, all three are crouched behind their barricades.

YANCEY:

(hoarsely)

How we goin' to get outa here
without bein' killed?

SURRETT:

(sharply - cornered)

I don't know!

They whirl quickly as the sudden shaft of daylight falls into the car. The next five are FLASH SHOTS, played very fast.

325. CLOSE SHOT ABBIE

She stares in sharp surprise at the sight in front of her.

326. MED. FULL SHOT PAST ABBIE

with Surrett, Munger, Yancey and the other man looking up at her, and the bodies of the other two men lying where they fell.

327. CLOSE SHOT WADE

Startled at the sight of Abbie, he stares tense and alert withholding his fire. CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIS FACE TO:

328. FULL SHOT THE CAR WADE'S ANGLE

as Abbie stands silhouetted in the rear doorway.

329. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING SURRETT

as Yancey and Munger look quickly from Abbie to their leader, waiting tensely for his next move. Grimly pleased by this sudden and unexpected turn in the battle, Surratt's shrewd brain takes instant advantage of the situation. He jumps to his feet, grabs Abbie's wrist, yanks her into the car and slams the door shut behind her. Then stepping quickly behind her and still holding her wrist he calls sharply to Wade.

SURRETT:

Stand up, Hatton! And drop your gun!

330. CLOSE SHOT WADE

He hesitates, his eyes fixed upon Abbie. Then slowly he stands up, letting his gun fall to the floor.

331. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING SURRETT AND ABBIE

as Munger, Yancey and the other men, seeing Wade disarmed, stand up slowly.

SURRETT:

We got a friend o' yours here.

Dropped right in our lap.

(he pushes Abbie forward into the light of one of the barred windows)

There you are -- take a good look!

CAMERA MOVES
UP TO:

332. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING ABBIE

In terror and anxiety she looks at Wade. Behind her Surratt's eyes smile narrowly, confident now of his plans.

SURRETT:

(calling out
to Wade)

Now slide both those guns along the floor!

333. MED. SHOT WADE

For a moment he makes no move, his eyes glancing quickly around him for a possible way out.

SURRETT'S VOICE:

We'll give you ten seconds to
make up your mind!

(a pause, then
sharply)

We're holdin' trumps on you --
lay down your hand!

Then realizing that further resistance will further endanger Abbie's life, he picks up his gun and Rusty's and tosses them down the car. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY AWAY, following the course of the second gun as it clatters across the floor and Yancey's hand grabs it. From this -

CAMERA LIFTS TO:

334. FULL SHOT SURRETT'S GROUP

Surrett steps from behind Abbie, nods for Munger to watch her, and starts toward Wade, when suddenly there is the loud SOUND of the locomotive's blowing two "longs" for a station stop. Surrett pauses, he and the others instantly on the alert.

SURRETT:

Coming into Kinsley now. Every-
thing timed just right.

335. LONG MOVING SHOT EXT. THE TRAIN

as it speeds across the prairie. CAMERA PANS WITH IT for a few seconds, then PANS AHEAD of the locomotive, down the tracks to a sparse settlement of shacks around a railroad water-tank.

336. FULL SHOT INT. THE MAIL CAR

There is a jolting, grinding noise as the brakes are slapped on. Surrett and his men hurry forward still covering Wade, and pull open the side-door of the mail car, as CAMERA PANS WITH THEM. Surrett leans out to stare up the tracks.

337. MED. LONG SHOT PAST SURRETT EXT. THE TRAIN

SHOOTING ahead to the water tank as the train approaches it. Beside the tank a man sits on a horse, holding the reins of six other horses.

338. FULL SHOT AT THE WATER-TANK

The lone rider is recognizable as one of Surratt's men from "The Gay Lady" crowd. He is peering anxiously toward the approaching train as he jerks to control the other six horses which rear and shy in fright at the train. Suddenly the rider sees Surratt and lifts his hand. CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIM to the train as it draws nearer.

339. FULL SHOT INT. THE MAIL CAR

Surratt turns quickly back from the open door to the group around him, giving orders.

SURRETT:

(crisply)

Get out to the horses - quick!

(to Munger)

Red, you cover that bunch in the back car!

(to the other man)

Dave'll take care o' the engine crew!

Munger and the man Dave swing out of the still-moving car and run toward the horses as Surratt watches. Yancey looks at Wade and Abbie.

340. MED. GROUP SHOT

Yancey nudges Surratt, who turns.

YANCEY:

What about those two?

SURRETT:

(looking at them
in turn)

Hold her out there until we get away.....

341. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

as he looks slowly at Wade with grim irony, savoring the situation.

SURRETT:

I've got a little business to settle with "Captain" Hatton --

342. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

Surrett and Wade look at each other levelly. Yancey smiles cynically in understanding as the train grinds to a full stop. Abbie intercepts the looks between the three men and cries out suddenly in terror.

ABBIE:

Wade!

Surrett catches Yancey's eyes and jerks his head toward the door.

SURRETT:

Go on!

Yancey pulls Abbie out of the car to the ground and off toward the waiting horses. Surrett's eyes never leave Wade's, nor does his gun muzzle move from the level of Wade's body.

343. FULL SHOT EXT. TRAIN AT WATER-TANK

as the three men who left the mail car quickly mount the horses. Munger and Dave are already in their saddles as Yancey hurries forward with Abbie. Both men have their guns drawn as they wheel and dash off to cover the escape as directed by Surrett.

344. FULL SHOT INT. THE PASSENGER COACH

A quick flash shot establishing the fact that the passengers are as yet unaware of the action outside the train.

345. FULL SHOT AT THE ENGINE

Another flash shot of the man Dave on his horse beside the cab steps of the engine, where the startled engineer

(CONTINUED)

345 (Cont.)

and firemen stand with their hands raised, staring down at the end of a revolver.

346. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT INT. MAIL CAR

Hatred and grim satisfaction fill Surretts eyes as he looks levelly toward Wade, relishing this final pay-off of an old promised debt. As he moves slowly forward into the car CAMERA PULLS BACK TO include Wade, standing with his back to the far side of the car.

347. CLOSE SHOT SURRETT

He comes up to Wade who stands trapped and helpless, his eyes fixed without expression upon Surretts.

348. MED. CLOSE SHOT RUSTY

He lies on the floor a few feet behind Surretts, severely wounded and with his life ebbing fast. Struggling with his last ounce of energy he tries to pull himself up to reach the mail clerk's shotgun on the wall. Suddenly he falls heavily to the floor.

349. FULL SHOT SURRETT AND WADE

Surretts whirls in surprise at the sudden sound behind him and fires point-blank at Rusty. But in the split second that Surretts eyes are averted, Wade leaps at him and grabs for his enemy's gun hand. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM ACROSS THE CAR and away from the door as Surretts puts up a frantic, violent fight.

350. CLOSE MOVING SHOT THE TWO

as they battle for the revolver. Slowly and with bitter, sweating strength Wade twists the revolver's barrel in toward Surretts chest. His eyes wide with terror, Surretts writhes to get free. Suddenly the gun explodes. Surretts stiffens, his eyes full upon Wade's, then slowly he slumps to the floor as Wade steps back.

351. MED. SHOT YANCEY EXT. TRAIN

A thin, hard smile flickers across his face.

(CONTINUED)

351 (Cont.)

YANCEY:
Two shots ... Jeff musta wanted
 to make sure.

CAMERA PULLS
 BACK TO:

352 . WIDER ANGLE THE GROUP

The man seated on the horse beside him nods with a smile. Quickly Yancey grabs the bridle of Surret's horse and starts with it toward the mail car. CAMERA HOLDS ON. ABBIE, standing on the ground nearby.

353. CLOSE SHOT ABBIE

She is staring in stark, dazed horror at the mail car, realizing what Yancey has said.

354. FULL SHOT AT DOOR OF MAIL CAR

as Yancey rides up quickly, leading the other horse.

YANCEY:
 Come on, Jeff -- grab hold!

He holds up the reins of the other horse, sidling it closer to the car, when suddenly he stares up in sharp surprise as CAMERA PANS AROUND TO INCLUDE THE DOORWAY. Wade stands back in the shadow of the door with Surret's revolver levelled upon Yancey.

WADE:
 Get in here!

Yancey makes a quick grab for his gun and Wade fires. With a gasp Yancey twists in his saddle and falls to the ground beside the train. Wade jumps out of the car, snatches up the revolver from Yancey's belt and crouches beside the body as the terrified horses rear up and run away.

355. FLASH SHOT INT. PASSENGER COACH

In a clamor of excitement at the shooting outside, the passengers are on their feet. A woman screams and the

(CONTINUED)

355 (Cont.)

men press forward against the windows or rush down the aisle toward the platforms.

356. FULL SHOT EXT. THE TRAIN

Munger, who has been guarding the passenger coach, whirls his horse around to face Wade, then races toward him in an attempt to ride him down, firing as he goes. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM to include the other man at the water-tank, also shooting at Wade.

357. FLASH SHOT ABBIE

Startled at sight of Wade and bewildered by the swift action of the armed men, she stands frozen in her tracks as the man behind her on the horse fires again at Wade.

358. MED. FULL SHOT PAST WADE

He crouches in the shallow ditch beside the railroad tracks, facing the cross-fire of Munger and the man at the tank. Munger is now almost on top of Wade and they fire simultaneously at short-range. Both are hit. Munger pitches headlong from his running horse and falls almost directly in front of Wade.

359. MED CLOSE SHOT WADE

Before he realizes that he has been wounded, he tries to rise, then sinks slowly to his knees beside the bodies of Yancey and Munger.

360. FULL SHOT AT THE ENGINE

The man Dave, covering the engine crew, has turned to watch the rapid action beside the mail car. Suddenly from the cabsteps above him the grease-streaked engineer jumps down upon the horseman and they fall to the ground. The fireman jumps a second later and they quickly overpower all but the last of Surratt's men.

361. FULL SHOT ALONGSIDE TRAIN

As the men passengers, led by Doc Irving, run toward

(CONTINUED)

361 (Cont.)

Wade, two of the men behind him have their revolvers drawn.

362. FULL SHOT AT WATER-TANK

The man with the horses, quickly seeing that he is the lone survivor, whirls his horse around and races off.

363. FULL MOVING SHOT ABBIE

as she runs toward Wade the PANNING CAMERA also includes the passengers and the train crew all converging upon the same spot.

364. MED. FULL SHOT AT WADE

As Abbie reaches him first and with terror-filled eyes drops quickly to her knees beside him.

ABBIE:

Wade! Darling - Oh, darling!

Doc Irving runs up and crouches beside her, his expert hands tearing at Wade's shirt, when the others rush up in clamorous excitement. As CAMERA MOVES UP to Wade, Abbie and the Doc in the sudden, tense silence that falls over the group, we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

365. MED. GROUP SHOT INT, BEDROOM IRVING HOME NIGHT

Wade, Abbie, Doc Irving and Mrs. Irving are around the bed in which Rusty is lying, close to death. A soft shaded light comes from an oil lamp on the night-table near the head of the bed. Wade sits close beside Rusty on the edge of a chair, while the three Irvings look down at the two friends in silent sympathy. Wade's right arm is bandaged and supported by a black silk sling, the empty sleeve of his coat hanging at his side. Rusty's eyes are open but his face is pale and drawn. Their voices are quiet thruout the scene as Wade, knowing that Rusty is dying, tries to pretend the contrary.

WADE:

Of course you're going to be all right. Why they took twice as much lead out of you after Gettysburg....

(Rusty smiles faintly,
knowing what Wade is
trying to do)

And don't forget that Abbie and I are depending on you to be our best man. The whole wedding would be a failure unless you were there to stand up with me. Isn't that so, Abbie?

ABBIE:

Yes, Rusty. We're counting on you.

Rusty smiles up at Abbie, whose eyes are close to tears, then looks back at Wade.

366. CLOSE TWO SHOT RUSTY AND WADE

RUSTY:

(very quietly)

Don't you worry about me none, Wade.

(he nods slightly)

I'll be there. I'm goin' to be the best lookin' fellow in the whole weddin' party -- and I'll kiss the bride an' all the bridesmaids.

The two friends look at each other in silence for a moment, and Wade, unable to say more, grips Rusty's arm with his free hand.

367. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

As Wade looks up across the bed, Dr. Irving signals silently with his head for them to leave.

(CONTINUED)

367 (Cont.)

WADE:

(looks back at Rusty)
Now you'd better get some sleep --
I'll see you in the morning. You'll
feel much better then.

RUSTY:

(faintly)

Sure, I'll be rarin' to go by tomorrow.

ABBIE:

Would you like some hot-cakes for
breakfast? I'll make you some.

Rusty nods with a faint smile of understanding.
Wade pats his arm, stands up and goes out with Abbie,
as Rusty's eyes follow him to the door.

368. MED. MOVING SHOT WADE AND ABBIE EXT. UPSTAIRS HALL

as they come out of the bedroom, quietly close the
door and walk slowly toward the stairway in silence.
CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM as they go down the stairs
together, their eyes dazed and forlorn as those in
the presence of death to one near to them.

ABBIE:

(softly, taking his arm)
We mustn't give up hope, Wade -- he
still has a chance -- if we can
just get him thru tonight.

Wade's eyes turn to hers and he shakes his head
slowly. At the foot of the stairs they hesitate
uncertainly, then cross toward the open doorway of
the living room.

369. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM

As Abbie and Wade come in, a man gets up from a chair.
He is Colonel Dodge. Abbie pauses at sight of him,
then comes out of her distraction to turn to Wade.

ABBIE:

Wade - I forgot to tell you --
this gentleman, Colonel Dodge,
has been waiting to see you --

370. MED. SHOT THE THREE

as Dodge comes up to Wade and Abbie.

DODGE:

How are you, Wade?

Wade's absent, detached look disappears as he crosses to shake hands with Dodge.

WADE:

Colonel, when'd you get into town?

DODGE:

Just a little while ago and I hope you'll forgive my coming in here like this. I didn't know about your friend --
(he gestures in direction of upstairs)
--- until Miss Irving told me. How is he?

WADE:

Bad ... very bad.

DODGE:

I'm sorry to hear that.
(he hesitates)
Perhaps I'd better come back some other time.

WADE:

(still absently)
No - it's all right. As long as you're here --
(he nods to the chairs beside them)
Won't you have a seat.

DODGE:

Thank you.

Abbie sits down, looking with polite curiosity at Dodge as he and Wade take chairs.

371. MED. SHOT THE THREE FAVORING DODGE

He sits forward in his chair, obviously a man with a purpose.

DODGE:

Wade, I've come all the way from Virginia City, Nevada. Did you ever hear of it?

(CONTINUED)

371 (Cont.)

DODGE: (Cont.)

(Wade nods silently)

I'm building a railroad there from San Francisco. It's the richest square mile on the face of the earth. Gold, silver, copper - we've got a solid mountain of the stuff. It paid for the Civil War and now it's putting this country back on its feet.

(he pauses for his facts to sink in, then earnestly)

But it's a bad town, Wade - a wild, murderous town. Worse than Dodge City ever was, before you cleaned it up - and that's saying a good deal.

(he pauses again, watching Wade's reaction)

372. MED. SHOT THE THREE FAVORING WADE

WADE:

(quietly)

You want me to go to Virginia City - is that it?

DODGE:

(nods)

It is, Wade.

Abbie glances quickly from him to Wade.

WADE:

There are plenty of men here in the West who could do your job better than I.

DODGE:

Maybe so -- but after the way you handled things here in Dodge I don't want other men. I want you... My partners and I are going to have a big investment in that town -- it's got to be protected. We've got to have a man we know can control the situation.

373. CLOSE FLASH SHOT ABBIE

A sudden fear stabs at her eyes as she waits for Wade's answer.

374. MED. SHOT THE THREE FAVORING WADE

Wade is silent, looking at Dodge.

DODGE:

There's a wagon-train leaving here
the end of next week for Nevada.
I'm going back with it and I'd like
to have you come with me.

After a moment Wade turns slowly to look at Abbie's
tense, staring eyes.

WADE:

Abbie - would you mind leaving
Colonel Dodge and me alone for a
few minutes?

Abbie glances in concern at Dodge, then back to Wade.

ABBIE:

No - of course not.

As she gets up the men also arise. CAMERA PANS WITH
ABBIE TO THE DOOR, where she glances back with a
frightened look, then goes out, closing the door
behind her.

375. MED. SHOT WADE AND DODGE

WADE:

(with slow deliberation)
I can't even consider your proposition,
Colonel. If I were free it might be
different. But I'll soon have a wife
to think of.

DODGE:

(fired with the justice
of his cause)
A wife? So have hundreds of decent
men back in Virginia City! It's for
them and their children I came here
to get you.
(he steps nearer to Wade)
Wade, what's it worth to sleep safe
at night, knowing that somewhere
there's terror and death that you
could put a stop to? Could your wife
rest easy beside you, knowing that?

Wade is silent, looking at the older man's earnest
face. Realizing the brashness and presumption of
his words, Dodge adds quietly:

(CONTINUED)

375 (Cont.)

DODGE:

I'm sorry -- I didn't mean to lose my head -- but those people are my friends. I've seen them cheated - wiped out - and killed.

He picks up his hat slowly and Wade rises. There is a tense pause as Wade looks thoughtfully at the older man's dejected profile. Wade is troubled and racked within himself.

WADE:

(quietly)

Yes -- I've seen that too. There's a vicious force threatening all this country, a disrespect for law that's as much American as your love of freedom. Maybe you inherited it along with the good things. But it's got to come out -- out by the roots. Else some day they'll organize that evil and you'll lose all the things you've fought for.

Dodge's face has relighted with hope at Wade's simply stated creed.

DODGE:

That's it! That's the decision we've got to make -- and you especially at this time.

WADE:

It's a decision I can't make alone, sir. This concerns - her -

(he nods toward the door)

- very deeply. If I took the job, it would mean she'd know that every time I left her -- every time a door closed behind me, the chances are I'd never come back alive.

DODGE:

(very quietly)

How can we ever really settle all this western country without making sacrifices?

A pause. Wade is thinking while Dodge watches him closely.

WADE:

I'm sorry, sir. But I'm afraid I'll have to refuse.

(CONTINUED)

375 (Cont.1)

Dodge looks at him and slowly the spark of hope dies in the older man's eyes. Wearily he turns to pick up his hat from the table, and starts toward the door. Wade follows him and holds open the door, both men realizing that there is nothing more to be said.

CUT TO:

376. FULL SHOT INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

As Dodge and Wade come out of the living room, we see Abbie descending the stairs. She pauses at sight of them and the men look up.

377. CLOSEUP ABBIE

She continues slowly down the stairs as CAMERA MOVES WITH HER. At the bottom of the stairway, Dodge bows politely to her as CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE THE THREE.

DODGE:

Good bye, Miss Irving. It's been a pleasure to meet you.

(he glances at Wade,
then back to Abbie)

I'd hoped that we might become better acquainted -- that you and Wade might come with me.

ABBIE:

(to Wade)

You - refused?

WADE:

Yes, Abbie.

ABBIE:

Because of me?

WADE:

(covering his surprise
at her intuition)

Certainly not.

378. MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT FAVORING DODGE

Suddenly the older man's eyes dart from Wade to Abbie, and he makes a quick decision to play his last trump.

(CONTINUED)

378 (Cont.)

DODGE:

Yes, Miss Irving -- he refused
because of you.

(Wade starts and cuts
short an angry movement
as Dodge looks at him)

I'm sorry -- but this job of bringing
law and order to a whole community is
much bigger than any of our personal
feelings.

There is a tense pause as the two men turn to look at
Abbie. Slowly she moves to Wade's side and takes his
arm, then looks at Dodge.

ABBIE:

When do you want him to start?

A big smile of pride comes over Wade's face as he puts
his arm around Abbie and draws her closer.

WADE:

Yes, Colonel Dodge - when do you
want us to start?

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

379. CLOSEUP A MOVING WHEEL

DAY

A large wheel turns in the yellow dust of the prairies,
and over it we HEAR the SOUND of horses' hooves, moving
steadily. The ACCOMPANYING MUSIC begins as CAMERA PANS
UP SLOWLY to the front seat of the "Conestoga" wagon.
Rusty is driving, seated next to Colonel Dodge and
clicking to the pair of mules.

RUSTY:

(chewing tobacco)

Yes sir, Colonel. It sure feels
good to be movin' on again. That's
the longest me and' Wade ever stayed
in one town.

(he spits)

Doggone, if we wasn't beginnin' to
feel like a couple o' sissies!

From Dodge's face, as it turns to look away with a
smile, we

CUT TO:

380. FULL MOVING SHOT ABBIE AND WADE

They ride their horses side-by-side, in pace with the wagon-train, in which Dodge's is the second of the four wagons. Behind Abbie and Wade, through the dust we see the golden bowl of the prairies, stretching unbroken to the horizon. The rising sun is at their backs, low above the rim of the plain in the east. The thematic MUSIC now begins to build in volume.

381. CLOSE MOVING SHOT ABBIE AND WADE

Slowly they look at each other and smile, a smile of happiness and courage. As the MUSIC surges strongly to its climax, CAMERA TURNS TO PAN with the riders and the four wagons as they move on into the West. Behind the last wagon, running free but close, is a young long-legged colt. The MUSIC, stirring with the scene's full significance, continues until the wagon-train is almost hidden by its own dust in the distance.

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.