

ONE EYED JACKS

THE AUTHENTIC DEATH OF HENDRY JONES

A Screenplay

by

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Based on the Novel by

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First Draft

November 11, 1957

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. FOOTHILLS - CLOSE SHOT - CAMPFIRE - (DAY)

A small manzanita fire burns bright and hot in the fading light of dusk. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as DOC BAKER moves up, carrying an armload of broken oak limbs. Doc is a long-legged, husky young fellow about six feet tall. Good boots, bad levis, clean work shirt and a hat, more sombrero than ten-gallon Stetson. Tied down against one thigh is a Colt .44. A short distance away two good horses graze at the end of their picket ropes. Close to the fire are kayaks, pack saddle, California rigged stock saddle and bedroll. Around the campsite the country breaks away, sharp and sunset-golden in the folded manzanita and oak-covered foothills of the eastern slope of the Coast Range Mountains of California. Doc adds the oak to the fire and, kneeling, cuts two steaks from the remains of a venison ham. NARRATION OVER:

DOC

(an old man,
-remembering)

Nowadays the tourists come for miles to see his grave and to debate whether his bones are there or not -- and you can buy a hundred guns supposed to have been his -- and run into four or five old-timers claiming to be the Kid himself.

And the newspapers nowadays carry those stories -- some saying how good he was with a pistol -- most claiming he can't be compared with the real gunmen at all.

Well, at that time, the men who judged those things knew what they were talking about, and they decided that Hendry was the greatest gunfighter alive at the time of his death -- and one of the greatest that ever lived.

Doc looks O.S. as a rooster quail scolds his covey into an explosive and leaf-shaking jump to their roost in a nearby oak thicket, then grins and turns back to his venison.

CONTINUED

1. CONTINUED

NARRATION OVER:

DOC

The first time I saw him was in the spring of 1881 -- it was in the Gabilan hills near El Rancho Rincon de la Puente del Monte -- and I was camping out alone.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

2. EXT. FOOTHILLS - EXTREME LONG SHOT - CAMPFIRE - (NIGHT) (SUNSET)

The sun is almost over the horizon. The small winking light of the campfire increases steadily in the growing darkness. After a moment the sound of horses can be heard APPROACHING CAMERA. Three men ride into MED. F.G. and, spotting the distant fire, halt their sweat-dried horses. They sit unmoving, silhouettes black against the sunset. A sense of foreboding quiets the land around them.

3. CLOSE THREE SHOT - REVERSE

The three men are stained red in the afterglow as the crest of the Sierras, two hundred miles behind them, glows briefly. The men are rough-dressed, dusty and saddle-weary. All wear chaps, vests and pistols tied down against wool or canvas pants. They ride California rigged saddles, each with a 30-30 Winchester in his scabbard.

The men are BOB EMORY, HARVEY FRENCH and HENDRY JONES. Bob Emory is in his late twenties, a big, gravel-voiced man inclined to whine on occasion. Harvey is younger and looks older, short, heavy-set, muscular, a natural hand with horses and cattle -- branding, breaking or rustling. The third man is Hendry Jones. Hendry is a slim, smooth-moving, wire-muscled young man about twenty-six. His eyes, fine-lined and showing the effects of too much living in too short a time, belie his almost boyish appearance. Pleasant and courteous, he has an easy warmth and quiet vitality that combine to form a manner of unconscious charm.

The three men look off at the distant fire for a long moment -- FIRST CREDIT AND MAIN TITLE -- then together they move off at an angle toward the fire, CAMERA PANNING.

4. CLOSER ANGLE - MOVING SHOT

The men ride silently up the slope toward the fire.

5. CLOSE ANGLE - BOB AND HARVEY - MOVING SHOT

6. CLOSE ANGLE - HENDRY - MOVING SHOT

7. MED. LONG - CAMPFIRE - THEIR P.O.V. - MOVING SHOT

Doc moves around the camp, preparing his supper, momentarily black against the fire.

8. CLOSER ANGLE - DOC

The fire has burned down enough to leave a satisfactory bed of coals. Doc moves the coffee pot to a nearby rock and carefully lays the two steaks on the embers, then tenses as he hears the sound of the approaching horsemen. He stands slowly and looks off.

9. CLOSE GROUP - DOC'S P.O.V.

The three men ride up and stop at the edge of the firelight. They sit quietly, making no sign as they look at Doc and his horses. CREDITS END.

10. FULL SHOT - FEATURING DOC

He is looking at death and knows it.

DOC

Hi -- step down and join me.

They look down at him silently, steadily. After a moment Bob steps off his horse and crosses to Doc.

BOB

You don't want them horses.

DOC

You're mistaken.

Bob spits in the fire and steps toward the horses. Doc moves after him and, grabbing the bigger man, spins him around.

11. CLOSER ANGLE

Bob goes for his gun. Before it clears leather, Doc has drawn and, cocking the gun, jams it into Bob's belly. Bob drops his gun back into the holster and looks toward Hendry.

12. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

HENDRY

(grinning)

Go ahead, Bob, shoot him.

(then, as

Harvey laughs)

Go ahead, Bob.

CONTINUED

12. CONTINUED

Bob growls an answer and Hendry and Harvey laugh together.

HENDRY
We don't want your horses.

13. FULL SHOT

HARVEY
That was a fast draw.

BOB
What do you want for them?

DOC
They're not for sale.

HENDRY
(turning his horse)
Come on.

BOB
(crossing, whining
a little)
They're good horses, Kid.

HENDRY
Come on.

DOC
(as Bob mounts).
You the Kid?

14. DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING HENDRY

He looks down at Doc, then indicates the gun.

HENDRY
Put it away.

He steps off his horse and crosses to Doc, CAMERA PANNING.

HENDRY
We got no trouble with you.

Doc puts the gun away, still wary.

HENDRY
If you're not busy, why don't
you join us?

DOC
How do you know you can use me?

14. CONTINUED

HENDRY

I can use you all right, Doc.

DOC

How do you know my name?

HENDRY

Heard you were around these parts.

DOC

(after a moment)

A deal.

The two men shake hands.

HENDRY

We'll bed down here. Bob, you rustle us something to eat.

Bob hesitates a moment, obviously not liking it.

DOC

(noticing this)

Hell, I'll do it, Kid. Come on down, boys, and have some chow.

Bob and Harvey step off their horses and, leading them some distance away, begin to unsaddle. Bob takes charge of the Kid's horse along with his own.

DOC

(cutting new steaks)

I heard you fellows were staying at the Point.

HENDRY

La Punta del Diablo.

(then)

What else have you heard?

DOC

(frankly)

I heard you stay clear of Monterey.

HENDRY

(after a moment)

Did you hear why, Doc?

DOC

(looking at him)

Sheriff Longworth.

15. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks at Doc steadily, then turns away, his expression grim. After a moment, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hendry crosses to look through Doc's kayak.

DOC

(as Harvey moves up)
I don't blame you. Dad's the boar that ate the cabbage in Monterey County.

HARVEY

(looking at Hendry)
We don't work in Monterey County. We take our business elsewhere.
(laughing, moving away)
That right, Kid?

HENDRY

(getting a bottle)
That's right, Harv.
(uncorking it)
Kiss me, baby.

Bob moves up to stand by the fire as Hendry drinks.

DOC

(after a moment)
Where we going, Hendry?

HENDRY

To the bank in Paso Robles.

Then, as Doc looks up, Hendry crosses to hand him the bottle. Doc takes it and glances at the three silent men looking down at him. He grins a little and lifts the bottle.

DOC

Kiss me, baby.

He drinks deeply as we

DISSOLVE TO:

16. EXT. CAMPSITE - CLOSE SHOT - DOC - (NIGHT)

He lies in his bedroll, sleeping easily. From O.S. comes the crack of a breaking stick. Doc comes to his feet in a crouch, gun in hand. He turns toward the sound and the CAMERA WHIP PANS TO:

17. LONG SHOT - HENDRY

Fully dressed and armed, he walks away from the tree-surrounded camp into the moonlight.

CONTINUED

17. CONTINUED

HARVEY

(O.S.)
Easy, Doc.

18. MED. TWO SHOT - DOC AND HARVEY

Harvey sits up in his blanket, facing Doc. A short distance away Bob continues to snore gently.

HARVEY

He don't sleep so good.

Doc puts the gun away and settles down in his blankets.

DOC

(after a moment)

Harvey, what's between Longworth
and the Kid?

HARVEY

(softly)

Why don't you ask Hendry?

19. MED. SHOT - HENDRY

He stands in the moonlight, kind of dreaming -- his legs spread a little, his body hunched over, his toes turned in, looking out over the hills. And then it begins. He raises his hand as high as his head and brings it down to the gun -- his last three fingers under the butt, his trigger finger pointing straight out, the thumb standing straight up and ready. Chest high, hip high, hand at his side, behind him, he practices.

20. CLOSER ANGLE

He relaxes, looking out over the valley. Then, suddenly, the gun is in his hand, exploding almost INTO CAMERA.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

21. INT. PASO ROBLES BANK - MED. SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He sits cross-legged on a counter near the teller's cage, rolling a cigarette, his gun beside him. Behind the cage Doc moves swiftly, stuffing currency into a pair of saddle bags. After a moment THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the bank president, the teller and two aged female customers lying face down on the floor, holding hands to form an awkward circle. They are silent and immobile. Hendry, enjoying himself, rolls his cigarette and is about to strike a match when the front door opens and FRED TOMLINSON, City Marshal of Paso Robles, enters. Tomlinson is a big man, grown soft from easy duties. He stops just inside the door, confused for an instant by the scene before him.

22. NEW ANGLE

HENDRY

It's a new game, Marshal --
 first one to let go gets shot.
 (lighting his
 cigarette)

I think we have room for you.
 (as Tomlinson
 hesitates)

Don't try it. Just lie down
 and behave yourself.

Tomlinson reaches for his gun, but before it clears leather, both Doc and Hendry have drawn and fired, Hendry's bullet catching the Marshal high in the shoulder.

23. FULL SHOT - PAST TOMLINSON

Tomlinson staggers and Doc's bullet, fired a split second after Hendry's, smashes into the door casement. Doc and Hendry look at each other for a moment, then Hendry laughs softly and hops off the counter.

HENDRY

Let's go.

DOC

I haven't got it all yet.

HENDRY

Leave some for seed.

Doc laughs and moves around the counter as Hendry, reloading his gun, crosses to the door.

24. EXT. PASO ROBLES STREET - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The street is rapidly emptying, doors are slamming, people ducking into alleyways and stores. Bob and Harvey sit quietly on horseback, a short distance away from the bank. After a moment Hendry and Doc leave the bank and cross leisurely to their horses. Doc gives the saddle bags to Hendry. As they mount, Bob and Harvey ride to meet them.

25. CLOSER ANGLE

For a moment the four men are silent as they look over the now apparently deserted street. Then, with a laugh and a series of shrill yells, they put spurs to their horses and, firing in the air, race up the street, CAMERA PANNING.

26. EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - FAWCETT - (DAY)

JIM FAWCETT, a short but very determined young deputy, turns a corner and runs up the street toward the bank, then stops and fires after Hendry and his group.

27. EXT. PASO ROBLES - CLOSE ANGLE - HENDRY'S GROUP - MOVING SHOT (DAY)

Full of hell and high spirits at their easy success, they race out of town and into the open countryside.

28. INT. PASO ROBLES BANK - MED. GROUP SHOT - (DAY)

Fawcett bends over the wounded Tomlinson, the two surrounded by an increasing number of curious and angry citizens.

FAWCETT

You sure it was the Kid?

TOMLINSON

(weakly)

I'm sure.

FAWCETT

All right -- we'll get him.

TOMLINSON

They'll be in Monterey County before you catch them.

FAWCETT

(grimly)

Then I'll go in after them.

TOMLINSON

You got no jurisdiction there.

FAWCETT

Longworth does.

TOMLINSON

I don't think he'll use it.

FAWCETT

We're sure as hell goin' to find out.

He turns and moves out toward the door as the doctor arrives and crosses to the Marshal.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. EXT. FOOTHILLS - FULL SHOT - CAMPING AREA - (DAY)

Doc and Hendry sit in the shade, watching, as Bob and Harvey change their saddles to Doc's two fresh horses.

CONTINUED

29. CONTINUED

HARVEY
 (laughing)
 You'll like the Point, Doc --
 much muchachas...

BOB
 (laughing,
 mispronouncing it)
 Mucho caliente.

HARVEY
 (tightening
 his cinch)
 Dorothea, Lupe, Carmella...

BOB
 (spreading
 his blanket)
 And that new one -- Juanita --
 you seen her, Kid?

HENDRY
 Doc, the one for you is Francesca.
 (as the others laugh)
 A beauty and muy simpatica.

DOC
 (knowing he's
 being ribbed)
 She's the best, huh?

HENDRY
 (suddenly serious)
 No, hombre, best is Nika Machado.

The others fall silent and Doc looks at him. Hendry rises and, crossing to his horse, removes the saddle bags.

30. NEW ANGLE

DOC
 Your girl, Hendry?

HENDRY
 My girl, Doc.
 (then)
 Harv...

Harvey turns to him and Hendry throws him the heavily packed saddle bags.

HARVEY
 What's this for?

CONTINUED

30. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(mounting)

Take them to the Point. Pay off
Gonzales and spread a little
around. I'm riding into Monterey.

BOB

(after a moment)

Listen, Kid...

HARVEY

(saying it for him)

We'd like to come along, Hendry.

HENDRY

No -- I'll give Dad your regards,
Harv.

He wheels his horse to ride away.

HARVEY

(stopping him)

What'll I tell Nika?

HENDRY

(turning back)

I'll see her tonight.

(then, smiling
a little)

Tell her to wait up.

He lifts his hand, then spurs his horse into an easy lope as we

DISSOLVE TO:

31. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Monterey in the 80's still retained enough of its shipping to give it the excitement of a port. The architecture, like the population, is a polyglot combination -- whitewashed adobe haciendas, brown adobe huts, frame false fronts, brick walls, boardwalks, whalebone walks, cobbled streets, dusty streets, bouganvillea, ivy, fuchsias, pepper trees and willows, geraniums -- a friendly and still vital town.

Hendry rides into the outskirts of the city, CAMERA MOVING -- through a cluster of unpainted adobe huts scattered with hang-dog looking dogs, vendors, carts, pot-bellied, jaybird-naked children, mujeras, sleepy senores, and now and then a black-eyed senorita. As he rides past, most turn to smile broadly, a few calling out soft greetings which Hendry answers with a grin and a wave of the hand.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

32. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (DAY)

The plaza is filled with playing children, shopkeepers, ex-Ohio valley farmers and their wives, Yankee businessmen in high collars, teamsters, New England whaling crews, Chinese abalone driers and fishermen visiting the stores and shops that are filled with Chinese teakwood tables, Japanese tortoise shell bowls, English iron stone china, shawls, lace, zapatas, linens, gunpowder -- and the open air markets, cantinas, restaurants, saloons that surround the square. A sleepy town, full of slow business, easy pleasure and occasional quick violence. In this predominantly Anglo section of town, Hendry elicits nothing more than casual interest as he crosses the plaza. Then, spotting the jail, he rides toward it.

33. CLOSER ANGLE - JAIL

The jail is a tall, narrow, two-story adobe building with a high-walled courtyard behind and to one side. Hendry rides up and halts before the building. He looks it over, then dismounts and enters.

34. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Seated in the sheriff's chair with his spurred heels further scarring the desk top is LON DEDRICK. He is a heavy-set man with a large face, bull neck, horse teeth and deputy's badge -- a murky-eyed, wet-handed loudmouth with no forehead and a driving ambition to be sheriff. Hendry enters and sizes the big man up. Lon looks at him briefly, then goes back to his Buntline Western. Hendry moves easily around the room looking it over, then, leaning back against the wall, turns to Lon.

HENDRY

(easily)

Where's Dad Longworth?

35. CLOSER ANGLE

Lon spits on the floor and goes back to his book. After a moment Hendry crosses to the desk and, placing his hand under Lon's heel, flips him over backwards.

HENDRY

(softly)

Answer me, you big tub of guts.

Lon comes to his feet cursing and grabbing for his gun, but stops as DAD LONGWORTH steps through the doorway. Dad is a man of enormous physical strength, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-shouldered, with a browned, leathery, good-humored face, part Indian and proud of it. Well-dressed, city fashion, he wears a star, and a .44 in a tied-down, cutaway holster.

36. DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING DAD

DAD

Don't let me spill your pleasure,
Lon.

(as Lon hesitates,
uncertain)

I've been hoping somebody would
kill you before I have to get
around to it.

LON

(covering his
resentment)

Take it easy, Dad. I was just
going to give this smart kid a
lesson.

DAD

(softly)

Go ahead, Lon -- give him a lesson.

37. FULL SHOT

Hendry tips his head back and begins to laugh quietly. Lon
stands confused, suddenly a little frightened.

DAD

(after a moment)

You named him, Lon. Meet Hendry
Jones. Most folks call him the Kid.

Lon's eyes widen in shocked surprise. After a moment Dad moves
further into the room and stops facing Hendry.

38. CLOSE TWO SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY

HENDRY

(after a moment)

You surprised to see me?

DAD

No -- I figured you'd be in sooner
or later.

HENDRY

I waited for you at the Point --
thought you'd be out to pay us a
visit.

(then, tightly)

We've been there considerable
time, Dad.

DAD

I heard...

CONTINUED

38. CONTINUED

HENDRY

So...?

DAD

So, things have changed.

HENDRY

You want to explain it to me?

DAD

(angrily)

Sure, I'll explain it to you, Hendry. Any way you want it -- up one side and down the other -- I'm sheriff of this county and since I plan to keep on being sheriff, I got no reason to pay you a visit.

HENDRY

I can find you a reason, sheriff.

DAD

(quieting down a little)

You know, Hendry -- everybody and his dog are claiming that you're responsible for everything that's happened in this county since you pulled in. Now I know that ain't so, but let me tell you something --

(almost savagely)

You step out of line just once and I'll bust you like I would anybody else -- and don't forget it.

HENDRY

(a death sentence)

Do you want to try it now, Dad?

39. NEW ANGLE

For a second it looks as if there'll be bloodshed, then Dad shakes off his anger like a dog coming out of water and sticks out his hand.

DAD

No, I want you to come over and have supper and meet my wife and kids.

(softly)

It's been a long time, Kid.

39. CONTINUED

Hendry looks at him, then smiles and shakes hands. It is obvious that there is a great bond of affection and respect between the two men. They look at each other for a moment, then, ignoring Lon, move out of the office.

40. CLOSE SHOT - LON

He watches them go, his face tight with excitement. After a moment he crosses to the door and exits, CAMERA PANNING.

41. EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Dad and Hendry walk away up the street. Lon stands for a moment, watching them go, then scuttles across the street to the La Perla Hotel, CAMERA PANNING. The La Perla is a combination bar, dining room and hotel, part adobe, part frame, two stories tall.

42. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The saloon section is a long "L" shaped room, set in the corner of the building. Open archways lead into an interior courtyard, and at the far end, the diningroom and lobby of the hotel proper. It is evidently an establishment of quality, still keeping its predominantly Spanish architecture and atmosphere. Lon enters and crosses to join two men who stand at the bar.

43. CLOSER ANGLE

The two men are his brothers, CAL and CURLY BILL DEDRICK. Cal is a smaller, older, more urbane copy of Lon -- clean town suit, high collar, apparently unarmed. Curly Bill is a tall, prematurely grey, short-haired man in his late forties -- worn clothes, cowboy boots and hip-slung .45. They turn as Lon steps up and joins them. In the B.G. HUGH, the bartender, moves forward.

CAL

Hello, Lon.

LON

Did you see Maw?

CURLY BILL

(as Hugh pours)

We saw her -- you can come over Sunday -- if you take a bath.

Lon glares angrily as Hugh laughs.

LON

What's so funny?

CONTINUED

43. CONTINUED

HUGH
 (covering his
 laughter)
 Nothing, Lon -- nothing. Goin'
 to buy your brothers a drink?

CAL
 That'll be the day.

Lon drinks and Hugh moves away, grinning.

LON
 (after a moment)
 The Kid's in town...
 (as they look at him)
 Hendry Jones -- rode in just a
 while back.

CURLY BILL
 (maliciously)
 You goin' to arrest him?

LON
 Arrest him?
 (then, loudly)
 How can you arrest a friend of
 the sheriff?

44. MED. GROUP SHOT

The men scattered along the bar turn curiously to Lon.

HUGH
 He's in Monterey?

LON
 (the politician)
 That's right. The worst killer
 in the country and our sheriff
 shakin' hands and goin' off to-
 gether closer than two hogs in a
 small wallow. Havin' supper with
 the sheriff? -- that's where the
 Kid is.

This is interesting news and a hum of discussion begins --
 some questioning Longworth's actions in regard to the Kid,
 others swearing Hendry has come to town because he knows the
 sheriff is frightened of him.

45. CLOSER ANGLE - DEDRICK BROTHERS

CAL
 (softly)
 This might be what you've been
 lookin' for, Lon.

CONTINUED

45. CONTINUED

CAL

(continuing, as
Lon turns to him)

You know how hot-tempered Longworth
is -- maybe he and the Kid will just
plain kill each other.

Lon thinks this over as we

DISSOLVE TO:

46. INT. LONGWORTH HOME - CLOSE SHOT - PLATE - (NIGHT)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as LARRY, Dad Longworth's wild-haired, rib-
thin three-year-old son, picks up his full dinner plate and
calmly smashes it on the floor. For a moment there is a stunned
silence. Seated around the table are Dad, Hendry and MAY LONG-
WORTH, Dad's wife. May is a full-bodied woman in her late 20's,
and while not unattractive, she is anything but a beauty --
blonde hair severely parted in the middle, proper manners, proper
walk, proper dress, improper full-lipped sensual mouth. Seated
beside May on a pile of books and a large cushion is a fat, good-
natured year-old baby girl. A dishtowel looped around her middle
holds her securely against the back of the chair. The room, a
combination kitchen-dining area of the Longworth home, is pin-
neat, a model of the middle-class 80's -- striped wallpaper,
framed samplers, hand-patched, fresh painted furniture. The
best silver and incomplete inherited fine china are now out of
the cupboard and on the table.

47. DIFFERENT ANGLE

May jumps to her feet and, grabbing Larry by the ear, hustles
him out of the room. Hendry tips back his head and laughs.
Larry howls in outraged anguish.

MAY

(showing her tension)
You're going to bed, Larry, and
you're going to stay there and
stay hungry until you learn to
behave yourself...

48. MED. SHOT - FEATURING DAD AND HENDRY

Dad grins at Hendry, a little embarrassed, and takes out a cigar.
May shoves Larry through the door into the hallway, then turns
back for a brief instant.

49. CLOSE SHOT - MAY

She looks at Hendry, her face tight and suddenly afraid, then
moves out to her squawling son, shutting the door behind her.

50. INT. PARLOR - MED. TWO SHOT - MAY AND LARRY - (NIGHT)

May, near tears herself, suddenly kneels down and holds her boy tightly, soothing his crying.

51. INT. DINING AREA - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Dad, Hendry and the baby sit at the table. Dad lights his cigar and Hendry, his laughter spent, slumps in his chair, suddenly weary. The baby pounds the table with her spoon and smiles delightedly at whoever notices her.

DAD

(laughing a little)

The last time we ate together was on horseback, comin' off the Mongollon Rim -- with that Flagstaff posse just close enough to add taste to the jerky.

HENDRY

Food's considerable better this time...

(then, softly)

I waited for you in Prescott after that -- almost a month.

52. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING DAD

DAD

(trying to explain)

After we split, Hendry, I got to thinkin' -- I was thirty-four years old and even the horse I rode was stole. My luck was runnin' out and I knew it... The kind of luck we needed then is for kids -- and I sure as hell was no kid... I figured I had to change or I wouldn't live to make thirty-five.

HENDRY

(still a little angry)

Some change...

DAD

(softly)

You're not a kid any longer either.

Hendry looks at him a moment, then laughs softly.

HENDRY

Don't you worry about my luck, Dad -- it's better than it ever was.

53. DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING HENDRY

DAD

(after a moment)

Why'd you come to California?

HENDRY

(shrugging)

To see you -- see why -- look it
all over...

DAD

And now...?

HENDRY

Quien sabe?

DAD

You goin' to stick around?

HENDRY

Why?...make it tough on you?

DAD

A little... General feeling is
I should run you out of the county
or shoot you down -- but I can
handle it a little longer if you
behave yourself.

HENDRY

We've behaved ourselves, Dad --
so far.

DAD

Look, Hendry, the business we were
in -- you only get one chance to
step away from it. When it comes
for you, take it.

Hendry sits silently, fiddling with his empty coffee cup. The baby cries fretfully, then subsides as Dad hands her a drumstick.

DAD

How many is it now?

HENDRY

Enough.

DAD

They pushin' you?

HENDRY

Once in a while.

CONTINUED

53. CONTINUED

DAD

Walk away from it -- and do it
now. Country's changin' --
growin' up, settlin' down --
time for you to do the same.

HENDRY

(looking at him)

Here...?

DAD

(slowly)

Not here -- old Mex maybe...

HENDRY

(idly)

Want to come along...?

DAD

(after a moment,
flatly)No...you can't go back to the way
things were.

(then)

I like it here. I plan on staying.

HENDRY

Maybe I plan on staying, too.

DAD

No.

HENDRY

(curiously)

You tellin' me to leave?

DAD

Right now I'm askin' you to.

Hendry tips his head back and laughs softly, almost contempt-
uously.

HENDRY

Old Dad -- Sheriff Longworth.

DAD

(a little angry)

That's right -- Sheriff Longworth
-- win, lose or draw, and don't
you forget it.

Both men look up as May enters.

54. FULL SHOT

May crosses toward the men, nervously fixing her hair. Perhaps she has been crying.

MAY

(strained)

I'm sorry, Mr. Jones -- you know how it is -- it takes company to make a child act its worst.

HENDRY

Sure.

MAY

Another cup of coffee?

HENDRY

No thanks, ma'am. I'll be movin' along now.

For a moment there is an awkward silence. May stands looking at the floor, her hands locked, fingers twisting against each other. Hendry looks at the baby girl for a moment, then ruffles her hair gently and awkwardly.

HENDRY

You're a very pretty little girl.

(then, straightening)

I'll see you around, Dad. 'Night, Mrs. Longworth.

He moves toward the back door.

MAY

(moving with him)

Can I show you out?

DAD

(stopping her
with a gesture)

Good night, Hendry.

Hendry nods and moves out through the kitchen to the back porch, shutting the door behind him. For a long moment there is silence, then his footsteps can be heard going down the back steps and around the house. May, under obvious strain, turns and begins to clean up the broken dish.

55. DIFFERENT ANGLE

DAD

Thank you, May -- you did just fine.

MAY

You could've told me who he was.

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

DAD

(drily)

You seemed to know right away.

MAY

How many men has he killed?

DAD

Considerable.

MAY

What's he here for?

DAD

(shortly)

Maybe he came here for the same reason I did.

She stands and crosses to the kitchen with the broken dish.

MAY

And maybe he didn't!

(then, quietly)

Why do you think so much of him?

56. NEW ANGLE - FEATURING DAD

He turns and crosses to a sideboard, pours himself a drink.

DAD

(after a moment,
remembering)

He was seventeen when I first met him -- the best kid I ever knew. Poor as a blanket Indian -- and ten times as proud.

He sits as May moves to the table and takes the baby in her lap.

MAY

What made him turn into an outlaw?

DAD

Hell, we never turned -- those things just happened. One fellow went one way, the next one another, and the first thing you knew one of them was called an outlaw and the other was sheriff of Monterey County.

CONTINUED

56. CONTINUED

DAD

(after a long
moment, awkwardly)

I knew his mother -- I knew her
very well.

57. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (NIGHT)

News of the Kid's identity has spread through Monterey. The majority of the people are cosmopolitan enough to acknowledge his existence with only a brief glance, but a few Anglos practically follow him across the plaza, muttering to one another, their reactions both curious and hostile. Hendry steps into the street, hesitates a moment, then turns away from the jail and heads toward the hotel, his face tense, his mood black, as he crosses the boardwalk and enters the saloon.

58. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The hanging coal oil lamps have been lit. The saloon is crowded, a number of customers grouped around Lon, who is still holding forth about the infamous Kid. Hendry enters and steps to the side of the swinging doors, searching the room with the practiced glance of the hunted. There is a sudden ripple of conversation throughout the saloon which quiets to absolute silence as people turn to look. Hendry crosses to a corner table and stands waiting. The bartender moves up.

HUGH

(obsequiously)

Yes, sir! What can I do for you,
sir?

Hendry stands silently looking toward Dedrick. For a moment the group around Dedrick is frozen, then they move quickly away, leaving Lon and Hendry facing each other. Cal and Curly Bill hold their places a short distance away from Lon. Lon hesitates, suddenly frightened. Then, carefully putting down his half-finished drink, moves toward the front door, looking directly in front of him.

HENDRY

(as Lon exits)

Tequila, por favor.

HUGH

Yes, sir! Comin' right up.

Hendry sits as Hugh moves to fill his order.

59. EXT. LA PERLA HOTEL - MED. SHOT - LON - (NIGHT)

Lon stands outside on the boardwalk steps, vehemently cursing himself for leaving and Hendry for living. There is a commotion and Lon looks O.S.

60. EXT. STREET - LON'S P.O.V.

Striding up the boardwalk is HOWARD JOHNSON, a big, heavy-set, red-faced man in his early forties. Johnson is a loud-mouthed town bully and booster. He moves up the boardwalk, half drunk -- a man happy only when he's tormenting others. He carries a short-barreled .44 in a shoulder holster beneath his coat.

61. CLOSER ANGLE

He strides by a row of Mexican old-timers seated on a bench against the side of the saloon, looking out at the quiet plaza, exchanging small talk and memories of a Monterey that ceased to be with the discovery of gold. Johnson turns abruptly and, picking up one end of the long bench, lifts it almost above his head. The four men slide and fall down the bench, landing in a pile at the end. Johnson roars with laughter, then, seeing Lon, moves toward him.

62. DIFFERENT ANGLE

JOHNSON

(very big)

Good evening, Mr. Dedrick. How's the deputy sheriff this evening?

LON

(forcing cordiality)

Evening, Howard.

Johnson sticks out his hand.

LON

(shaking his head,
smiling a little)

You ain't goin' to cripple me again.

Johnson laughs and slaps him heartily on the back.

JOHNSON

Let's get drunker, Lon.

LON

You broke again, Howard?

JOHNSON

Not a bit. I can buy -- first round at least.

63. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING LON

LON

(after a moment)

Say, there's a kid inside, Howard -- stranger in town, that looks willow-green to me. Should be good for enough to get us both drunk.

CONTINUED

63. CONTINUED

JOHNSON

Lead me to him.

LON

You go ahead...

(indicating)

He's sitting in the corner on the left.

Johnson laughs and enters the saloon.

LON

(to an idler

standing nearby)

Go get Dad Longworth -- tell him the Kid's going to kill Howard Johnson.

64. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Johnson enters and stands looking around the room, then, spotting Hendry, moves toward him. His manner has completely changed -- he is polite, serious, almost sober.

65. CLOSER ANGLE

Johnson stops before Hendry and, taking off his hat, lays it on the table.

JOHNSON

(friendly)

Excuse me, son, my name's Howard Johnson -- run a livery stable here in town. Heard you're new in Monterey...

HENDRY

That's right.

JOHNSON

Do you mind if I sit down?

(sitting before

Hendry can answer)

We got a fine town here and I kind of make it my business to see that anybody new is always taken care of.

He laughs a little and waves to the bartender.

JOHNSON

Buy you a drink?

CONTINUED

65. CONTINUED

HENDRY
(indicating the
bottle of tequila)

No.

JOHNSON
That tequila is for greasers.
Have some bourbon.

66. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY
(after a moment,
quietly)
I like it.

JOHNSON
(laughing)
Well, every man to his own poison.
(then, confidentially)
Now, you look like a bright young
fellow -- a man who wouldn't pass
up a real business proposition if
it struck him smack between the eyes.

The bartender comes up with a drink and a bottle, then moves away. Conversation has died down and the saloon is quiet.

JOHNSON
(pouring)
And I just happen to be the busi-
nessman that's got a proposition
for you.
(drinking)
What I'm gonna do for you, son, is
just this -- I'm gonna show you how
to double your money -- not make
five percent or ten percent -- but
double it!

But Hendry is not listening. He is looking O.S., smiling broadly.

67. NEW ANGLE - HIS P.O.V.

MODESTO MACHADO stands just inside the doorway, hat in hand, a little self-conscious, but happy to see his friend. Modesto is sixteen, a nice looking Mexican boy, long-haired, lean-jawed, with a very full mouth and high cheek bones. He is a very dark and somewhat sad looking boy with the posture of a matador -- bent shoulders, flat chest and a curve in the back of the neck. Contrasting with his worn boots and clothes is a shiny new .45.

CONTINUED

67. CONTINUED

MODESTO
Que pasa, amigo?

HENDRY
(motioning him forward)
Mucho.

MODESTO
(moving to him)
Nika is outside.
(sitting)
We heard you came to Monterey, so...

JOHNSON
(sharply)
Beat it, Mex.

68. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY
(ignoring him, indicating Modesto's gun)
How does it feel?

MODESTO
Great. Already my leg doesn't know what to do when it is gone.

HENDRY
Have you practiced?

JOHNSON
(standing)
On your way, greaser, before I beat you up.

MODESTO
(trying to ignore him)
All the time.

Suddenly Johnson reaches over the table and, grabbing Modesto by the shirt, jerks him to his feet.

JOHNSON
(quietly)
You're out of place here and you know it. Now get on your way before you get hurt.

He shoves Modesto away and the boy staggers back, stumbling over a chair.

69. NEW ANGLE

Hendry, his back against the wall, kicks the table forward and Johnson falls across it. Hendry stands and, grabbing the man's wrist, twists it around his back. Then, grabbing him by the hair and levering his arm, Hendry jerks him to his feet, swings him around, narrowly missing the bartender, and kicks the big man through the swinging doors to the street beyond.

70. EXT. LA PERLA HOTEL - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Johnson comes sprawling through the door and stumbles over the boardwalk to land face down in the dirt of the street. The Mexicans on the bench break into quiet and appreciative laughter.

71. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Johnson, spitting dust and dirt, struggles to his feet. Drawing his gun, he whirls toward the saloon.

72. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Hendry moves back toward his table.

JOHNSON

(O.S.)

I'll kill him, the dirty little...

HUGH

(at the doorway)

That's the Kid, Howard. Don't try it!

But Johnson's feet pound across the boardwalk, and then, as he breaks through the swinging doors, Hendry turns, draws and fires three times. Johnson, shot twice in the body and once in the head, falls through the door, dead before he hits the ground, his gun skidding across the barroom floor.

73. EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - NIKA - (NIGHT)

NIKA MACHADO is a Mexican girl about 23, medium height, with a good walk, a good strong body, large black eyes, and long shiny black hair, parted in the middle and tied back tautly, emphasizing her fine bones and almost Indian features...a woman of style and pride. She stands in the shadows across from the hotel, her face twisted by anxiety.

74. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

The room is silent, frozen. Hendry looks slowly around, then crosses to his chair and sits down, CAMERA PANNING. Removing the empty cartridges, he begins reloading.

75. CLOSER ANGLE

Modesto looks at him for a moment, then at Johnson's body. He shrugs and crosses to sit down.

CONTINUED

75. CONTINUED

HENDRY
Tequila?

MODESTO
Si...

Hendry pours them both a drink and they finish it Mexican style.

HENDRY
Tell your sister I'll leave here soon.

Modesto hesitates, then nods and leaves the saloon, walking with elaborate casualness. Hendry looks up and the silent crowd watching him turns away. After a moment, low, self-conscious conversation fills the saloon. Two men leave, stepping over and around Johnson's body as if it weren't there. Hendry pours another drink, then looks up as Dad Longworth enters hurriedly. The saloon quiets again.

76. CLOSE SHOT - DAD

Dad looks at the body of Johnson and turns toward Hendry. Lon enters and stops just inside the door. After a moment Dad crosses to Hendry's table, CAMERA PANNING.

DAD
(sharp)
How did it happen?

HENDRY
Why don't you ask around, sheriff?

For a moment the air is tense and strained. Dad looks at Hendry steadily, then...

DAD
(raising his voice)
How about it, Hugh?

HUGH
(moving up)
Self-defense, Dad.
(as some murmur their agreement)
Johnson come in huntin' trouble and then...

LON
Yeah, where's his gun?

CONTINUED

76. CONTINUED

HUGH

(as others look around)

Why, Lon, he had it comin' through
the door -- I guess somethin' made
him drop it.

Some of the crowd laughs. Others are pointedly silent. Dad
looks up and the group breaks away and moves back to the bar.

77. CLOSE TWO SHOT

DAD

(sitting)

Some would say you did the town
a favor, Hendry...

HENDRY

(drily)

Always glad to be of service.

DAD

Well, you weren't -- to either of
us.

(bitterly)

There were three ways of handling
Johnson -- you could laugh him out
of it, you could talk him out of it,
or you could kill him.

78. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks at Dad for a long moment, his face suddenly taut,
full of strain.

HENDRY

What are you trying to say, Dad?

79. CLOSE TWO SHOT

DAD

(angrily)

I'm saying you took the easy way
and picked a damn poor time for it.

HENDRY

Maybe I didn't have a choice.

DAD

(coldly)

Yeah, well, while you're making up
your mind about it, do me a favor...

(as Hendry looks
at him)

Get out of Monterey County -- all
the way out.

CONTINUED

79. CONTINUED

HENDRY

You tellin' me...?

DAD

That's right -- I'm tellin' you.

HENDRY

What changed your mind?

DAD

You did.

HENDRY

(soft contempt)

You're soft, Dad -- you've had the town by the tail and the whole county to swing it in. All your troubles have been little ones up to now.

DAD

(understanding him, softly)

What you're looking for ain't here. I'm sorry, Hendry, but that's the way it is.

HENDRY

(deadly quiet)

Don't you be sorry for me, Dad...

DAD

(after a moment)

Well, what's it goin' to be?

HENDRY

I'll think it over -- I'll think it over, Dad...

(standing)

And then I'll let you know.

DAD

You don't have much time, Kid.

Hendry looks at Dad steadily a moment, then turns and leaves the saloon. As he exits, Lon hurriedly crosses to Dad.

80. CLOSE TWO SHOT - FEATURING DAD

LON

Well...?

CONTINUED

80. CONTINUED

DAD

Showdown comin', Lon.

(then, at the other's
look of anticipation)But don't throw away your deputy's
badge, yet -- I might outlast both
of you.

81. EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

He stands on the edge of the boardwalk in front of the saloon, his hands in his back pockets, looking out over the street. Around him little clusters of people, grouped in the shadows, watch silently, sullenly. Finally he steps off the boardwalk and crosses toward his horse. As he reaches it, Nika steps away from the wall and crosses toward him. Hendry stops and waits silently. Modesto stands some distance away.

82. CLOSER ANGLE

NIKA

Como estas?

HENDRY

Bueno, y tu?

NIKA

Bueno.

(a little awkwardly)

The others -- said you came in to
see Longworth...

(as Hendry nods)

I got worried.

HENDRY

All right.

They stand watching each other silently, then...

83. DIFFERENT ANGLE

NIKA

(a little sharp)

I heard about the bank at Paso
Robles -- much trouble for you
now.

HENDRY

(hands in back pockets,
laughing a little)

No trouble -- mucho dinero.

(then, as she waits)

You ready to go back now?

Nika crosses to him and, holding him, puts her face against his chest.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED

long low adobe almost in the center of the square. From this building guitar music can be heard. Even from this distance it is obvious that a celebration of some type is under way. After a moment the three ride off the bluff toward the plaza.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

86. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (NIGHT)

The plaza, overlooking one of the largest coves on the Point, is a flat, almost square piece of meadow land, trampled down into hardness by countless feet and hooves. Around it adobes are spread thinly, with walks and trails winding among the houses to the plaza and the rest of the sloping meadow. On the north side of the plaza, its back to the surf some fifty feet beneath it, is a very old adobe building with a cross on top and a picket fence around it. The fenced burial ground, no longer used, is dotted with old wooden crosses black against the moon-brightened water behind them. Across the plaza, the land sweeps upward, gully-broken and timber-covered, to end on a high point upon which are the buildings and hacienda of Hijinio Gonzales. From the large adobe near the center of the plaza bursts of laughter and guitar music can now be more clearly heard. Hendry and Nika ride out on to the plaza, heading toward Nika's adobe. Modesto continues to ride a little in the rear.

87. CLOSER ANGLE - HENDRY AND NIKA - MOVING SHOT

FRANCESCA

(calling, O.S.)

Hey, Kid -- hey, chivato.

Hendry reins his horse toward her. Nika hesitates, obviously displeased.

88. HIS P.O.V.

A short distance away is a tiny, weathered adobe. FRANCESCA ZAMORA is seated on a broken rocker in the doorway. Francesca is an old Indian woman with a square and flat face, lined with thousands of fine wrinkles -- a good face that can't turn sour. She wears a calico dress with no color or pattern that goes down to her ankles, hanging around her like an old sheet. No shoes. no stockings -- old, browned, fine-wrinkled, dirty hands. She speaks with a deep, soft voice, that surprisingly enough does not show much age.

FRANCESCA

(commanding, laughing)

Come on over here and let an old woman look at you.

CONTINUED

88. CONTINUED

Hendry rides up and, dismounting, crosses to the old woman. Nika halts some distance away in the shadows by Modesto. She dismounts and stands by her horse, silent and resentful.

FRANCESCA

The boys tell me you found a good bank in Paso Robles.

HENDRY

(smiling)

Muy simpatico, Grandma.

FRANCESCA

(slowly)

And I ask myself -- what did my Kid find in Monterey...?

HENDRY

(after a moment)

Nada.

He moves to put his back against the wall near the old woman and, taking out his makings, begins to roll a cigarette.

FRANCESCA

What about Longworth?

HENDRY

(shrugging)

Quien sabe?

FRANCESCA

(with gypsy foreboding)

Yo se este! He comes soon and he comes quiet... Time for my Kid to leave...

HENDRY

(laughing a little, irritated)

All right, Grandma -- you, me and Nika -- we'll just go down to old Mex and raise babies and fine cattle.

FRANCESCA

(laughing scornfully, pointing at Nika)

No babies with that one, Kid -- she remains barren as stone.

89. CLOSE SHOT - NIKA

She looks at the old woman, her face twisted between humiliation and pride.

FRANCESCA

(O.S., before
Hendry can answer)
And listen, when I go back to
Mexico, I go with Longworth...

90. MED. TWO SHOT - HENDRY AND FRANCESCA

FRANCESCA

(laughing delightedly)
You think we'd make good babies,
chivato?

Hendry looks away from Nika, smiling at Francesca in spite of himself, then straightens up as JUANITA steps into the door of the hut and, brushing by the old woman, moves outside. Juanita is a soft, pretty-faced, full-lipped, heavy-curved girl about eighteen. The bloom of her slightly olive complexion is in delightful contrast to almost blonde hair and almost blue eyes. She stands in the yellow light of the doorway, a little embarrassed, her bare feet making small figures in the dust.

FRANCESCA

Here, Kid, here is something to
take with you to Mexico. Muchos
ninos... Her name is Juanita...
(grinning at him)
My granddaughter, maybe...

HENDRY

Creo que no.
(then, smiling at the
girl's almost wanton
gaze)
Mucho gusto, Juanita.

91. DIFFERENT ANGLE

JUANITA

(very softly)
Buenos noches -- chivato.

Francesca laughs delightedly and even Hendry smiles a little, then he suddenly frowns and steps on his cigarette.

HENDRY

See you later, Grandma.

He ignores the girl and, taking the reins of his horse, leads it to Nika and Modesto, CAMERA PANNING.

CONTINUED

91. CONTINUED

FRANCESCA

Hey, Kid, I got some frijoles and
enchilladas...

HENDRY

(a little sharply)
Otro vez, Grandma.
(to Modesto)
Would you take care of the horses,
amigo?

MODESTO

Si.

Modesto takes their reins and moves away. Nika stands glaring
at Hendry.

92. CLOSE TWO SHOT

After a moment he smiles at her, then gestures and they move
toward a nearby adobe, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

HENDRY

(slyly)
A beautiful girl...

NIKA

(almost hissing)
Una rubia -- she is no more that
black cat's granddaughter than
I am.

HENDRY

And young.

NIKA

That's right. Younger than I am.
Prettier than I am and blonde hair.

HENDRY

And soft.

NIKA

(ready to hit him)
Soft enough to cry in your arms...
(stopping)
Go on -- she's back there waiting
for you -- leave me now -- go to
her!

They have reached her adobe and Hendry smiles his answer as
he opens the door.

93. INT. NIKA'S ADOBE - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Hendry enters. Nika stands outside, silhouetted against the moon-brightened plaza, then enters the adobe as a match flares and Hendry lights the lamp. The adobe is a medium-sized, one-room building, earth-floored, with a curtained alcove at one end. A bed is on a wooden platform at the other end. In the center of the room are a table and two chairs -- wood stove, curtains on the windows. On a side wall there are another table and a bench. Shelves with dishes are built against the clean, white-washed walls. As Nika glares angrily, Hendry laughs softly and closes the door.

94. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING NIKA

She watches him, her face softening a little as he steps to the side table and pours two drinks.

HENDRY
(handing her one)
No me gusta rubia.

The two look at each other, then both smile, and for a moment they are very young with nothing on their minds but their happiness in being together.

HENDRY
(lifting his glass)
Querida -- I'm glad to be back.

They finish their drinks together, then Hendry pours two more and crosses to stretch out wearily on the bed. Nika watches him for a moment, then follows to sit beside him.

95. CLOSE TWO SHOT

NIKA
(after a moment)
Do something for me, Hendry. If you don't want to take me with you, leave by yourself.

HENDRY
(looking up at her)
And if I don't...

NIKA
(flatly)
Then I'm leaving you...
(after a moment)
I don't want to be here when they bury you.

HENDRY
(very softly)
If I leave, you'd stay with me... wherever I go?

96. CLOSE SHOT - NIKA

She looks down at him, then nods dumbly. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hendry sits up and takes her in his arms. She cries a little and he kisses her. She begins to respond, then finally breaking away, stands and crosses to the table. Finishing her drink, she bends over the lamp.

HENDRY

(softly)

Leave it on for a while.

She looks at him, then smiles almost shyly and her hands move to the buttons at the back of her dress.

97. EXT. PLAZA - TWO SHOT - FEATURING JUANITA - (NIGHT)

She stands in the CLOSE F.G. swaying almost voluptuously to the music from the cantina. Juanita spins and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to feature Francesca still sitting in the rocking chair, her face expressionless. After a moment she turns to look O.S.

98. MED. SHOT - NIKA'S ADOBE - HER P.O.V.

The lamplight glows in a single window. After a long moment THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN SWIFTLY, then the lamp is extinguished and we

CUT TO:

99. INT. LONGWORTH BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - LAMP - (NIGHT)

The room is almost completely dark. O.S. someone pounds on the front door steadily. After a moment a match flares and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Dad Longworth lights the lamp. The room is small, dominated by a large bed. Dad, dressed in a full-length nightgown, lifts the lamp and moves out the door. May, sitting up in bed, watches him go, here eyes wide and frightened.

100. EXT. LONGWORTH PORCH - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Jim Fawcett stands by Lon as the deputy pounds heavily on the door. After a moment it opens and Dad steps out.

LON

(enjoying himself)

Sorry to wake you up, but this fellow's got something you ought to hear.

FAWCETT

I'm Jim Fawcett, Sheriff, Tomlinson's deputy from Paso Robles.

DAD

What can I do for you, Jim?

CONTINUED

83. CONTINUED

NIKA

Hendry -- don't go back to the Point -- leave now -- you and I -- all the way.

HENDRY

(softly)

Where will we go, you and I?

NIKA

To old Mex... You got plenty of money -- we could have a house -- raise some cattle...

HENDRY

And some babies?

She turns away, her face still.

HENDRY

And live like Longworth, huh?

NIKA

(sharply)

We live any way we want -- and we go where you choose!

HENDRY

(after a moment)

All right -- vamanos.

He steps away from her and, untying his horse, mounts.

HENDRY

A La Punta del Diablo.

She looks at him angrily, then quickly turns away and mounts. Hendry wheels around and rides up the street at a gallop. After a moment Nika and Modesto follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

84. EXT. BLUFF - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The bluff top is bare, bisected by a portion of the Old Mission Road. Behind the bluff rolling stands of new pines and old cypress stretch back to the Santa Lucia hills, black olive in the bright moonlight. After a moment Hendry and Nika ride up, then pull to a halt looking PAST CAMERA toward the Point. Modesto halts some distance away.

85. FULL SHOT - POINT - THEIR P.O.V.

It is quiet and peaceful. In the plaza a few Mexicans make white movements as they cross slowly toward the cantina, a

CONTINUED

100. CONTINUED

FAWCETT

Three men took a little over ten thousand dollars from the bank day before yesterday. They shot Tomlinson -- he's hurt bad.

DAD

You know who they were?

FAWCETT

He identified one of the men as Hendry Jones.

DAD

(after a moment)

What do you plan to do?

FAWCETT

Take him.

101. NEW ANGLE - FEATURING DAD

He is silent for a long time, knowing what this means and hating it.

DAD

(finally)

All right.

He turns away and moves quickly into the house, slamming the door as we

DISSOLVE TO:

102. EXT. PLAZA - CLOSE SHOT - FRANCESCA - (NIGHT)

She sits in her chair, rocking to the music from the cantina. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as, seeing Hendry approach, she smiles broadly and rises to her feet.

FRANCESCA

(crossing to him)

Hey, chivato, how about taking an old woman to the dance?

103. MED. SHOT - HENDRY

He crosses to meet her, then together they walk toward the cantina, CAMERA MOVING.

FRANCESCA

Did you sleep?

HENDRY

(smiling a little)

The little death, Grandma.

CONTINUED

103. CONTINUED

Francesca laughs and for a moment they walk in silence, then...

FRANCESCA

When do you leave?

HENDRY

Tomorrow maybe...

FRANCESCA

Will you take Nika?

HENDRY

What kind of life would it be for her?

FRANCESCA

She is too proud for us here. Take her with you. I don't want her around.

HENDRY

(smiling at her)

What about Juanita?

FRANCESCA

(eagerly)

That is the girl for you -- soon she will be fat and a fat wife is good for a man. That other will always be skinny.

(as Hendry laughs, somberly)

Time you settled down, Kid.

They have reached the door of the cantina and Hendry stops. For a long moment he is silent, thinking.

104. NEW ANGLE

HENDRY

Maybe...

FRANCESCA

(somberly)

If it's not too late.

HENDRY

(laughing softly)

It's not too late as long as my luck's good, and it's very good now, Grandma.

She shrugs and he opens the door and they enter the cantina.

105. INT. CANTINA - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The cantina is rudely furnished and dimly lighted. Three guitar players are at one end of the room near an open area that serves as a dance floor. The room is crowded -- Mexican men and women, even a few older kids, all having a good time. Bob, Doc and Harvey sit at two tables near the bar. All three are happily drunk. Bob sits between two plump Mexican women of indeterminate age. Doc and Harvey sit on either side of Juanita, pressing their suit loud and enthusiastically. At Hendry's entrance the music stops and everyone in the saloon greets him warmly. He moves through this hero's reception to sit with Francesca at a table next to Doc and Harvey.

106. CLOSER ANGLE

Moderato moves up with a bottle and glass, then takes a position a little behind and to one side. Juanita looks at him meaningfully, but Hendry turns to shake hands with HIJINIO GONZALES, a small, well-dressed Mexican with a shaggy, down-growing mustache -- the wealthiest man on the Point and, consequently, a patron of sorts.

BOB

Hey, Kid, I got too much to handle!

HARVEY

(laughing)

And we ain't got enough!

HIJINIO

You had good luck, amigo?

HENDRY

Very good...

HIJINIO

All the Point is happy for your success and your safety.

HENDRY

(drinking)

Gracias.

FRANCESCA

(as the music starts)

Go dance with Juanita, chivato.

HARVEY

I'll dance with her.

Jumping to his feet, he pulls the girl out onto the floor, and with the crowd cheering them on, they begin to dance.

107. FULL SHOT - THE DANCE

Harvey does pretty well, but the liquor takes hold and he begins to list heavily. Juanita laughs and gives him a little push that sends him backwards to collapse on the floor. The crowd yells its appreciation, then Juanita motions to the musicians and they play a different song. Now Juanita dances only for Hendry, sensual and provocative. The tempo of the music increases and she finishes with a whirling, heel-stamping flourish before Hendry. The crowd applauds wildly. Juanita, breathless and excited, sits beside Hendry.

108. CLOSER ANGLE

HENDRY
(pouring her a drink)
Magnifica, Juanita.

JUANITA
Will you dance with me, chivato?

But Hendry is looking O.S., his face still.

109. FULL SHOT - MIGUEL - HENDRY'S P.O.V.

Crossing toward him is MIGUEL GOMEZ, a brown-skinned, quiet-mannered Mexican about forty. He is a big man, husky, quiet, with a pleasant courtesy. His clothes are clean, but his sandals are those of a laborer. As he crosses to Hendry the crowd watches him covetously.

HENDRY
Sit down, Miguel -- have a drink?

MIGUEL
Gracias.

Having their drink, both men are silent, listening to the music, then...

MIGUEL
Nika?

HENDRY
She is asleep...

110. NEW ANGLE

MIGUEL
What will you do with her?
(as Hendry
doesn't answer)
You must leave here soon -- will
she go with you?

110. CONTINUED

HENDRY
Why do you ask?

MIGUEL
(simply)
We were to be married -- then
you came...
(shrugging)
Now you will leave...

HENDRY
(standing)
She's still my girl.

MIGUEL
Perhaps...

HENDRY
(softly)
No, hombre -- no perhaps --
entiende?

MIGUEL
(slowly)
If she is your woman, why don't
you take care of her?

111. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks at Miguel for a long moment, his face expressionless, then turns abruptly and leaves the cantina.

112. CLOSE SHOT - JUANITA

She watches him go, silent, as the others call their goodbyes.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

113. EXT. BEACH - MED. SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

He stands on the edge of a small beach looking out over the water. Behind him the cliffs of the Point rise almost perpendicular for fifty feet or more. The music from the cantina can be heard faintly over the surf. He rolls and lights a cigarette, watching the play of moonlight on the waves -- troubled, uncertain. Suddenly there is a noise behind him and he whirls, gun in hand.

114. CLOSE SHOT - JUANITA - HIS P.O.V.

Two sturdy and very attractive bare legs run across the sand and THE CAMERA PANS UP to show Juanita scampering toward the water, clad only in a blanket.

115. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He laughs and puts his gun away, then reaches quickly to grab the blanket that is thrown at him.

116. FULL SHOT - JUANITA

She dives into the water to reappear, gasping with the shock, then motions for Hendry to enter.

117. MED. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He watches her for a long moment, then smiles and takes off his gun belt. He lays it carefully on the sand and starts to remove his shirt. Suddenly Juanita screams O.S.

118. CLOSE SHOT - JUANITA

She points at the bluffs behind him.

119. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

DAD
(O.S., as Hendry
turns, warily)
Don't try it, Hendry.

Hendry tenses, looking off, then as he raises his hands, THE CAMERA BOOMS UP to show a line of twenty armed men standing silhouetted on the bluff top.

DAD
All right -- come up here.

LON
Bring your girl friend, Kid, but
leave that gun where it is.

120. MED. SHOT - HENDRY

There is quiet laughter from the men on the cliff as Hendry moves toward them.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

121. EXT. PLAZA - FULL SHOT - CANTINA - (NIGHT)

Music and laughter can still be heard, then a young boy runs across the plaza and into the building. Almost instantly the lights are extinguished and people begin to leave.

122. EXT. BLUFF TOP - CLOSE SHOT - DAD - (NIGHT)

He looks off at the cantina, then turns to call urgently.

CONTINUED

122. CONTINUED

DAD

Hurry up!

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hendry, followed by the shivering, blanket-wrapped Juanita, climbs over the bluff edge to halt by Dad. Lon moves up and begins to shackle Hendry's wrists. Fawcett stands nearby holding Lon's shotgun.

HENDRY

(drily)

Didn't expect you, Dad. What's it all about?

DAD

Paso Robles.

Both men turn as there is a small sound from O.S.

123. CLOSE SHOT - NIKA

She stands in the shadows a short distance away, watching Hendry.

124. GROUP SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY AND JUANITA - NIKA'S P.O.V.

Juanita laughs a little and moves closer to him. Hendry ignores her and watches Nika steadily.

HENDRY

Adios.

125. MED. SHOT - NIKA

After a moment she looks down, then turns and moves away.

126. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He watches her go, then turns and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as PABLO PATRON comes over the bluff with his gun belt. Pablo, Dad's other deputy, is a good-looking, slim-hipped Mexican about thirty, courteous, a good peace officer and very proud of it.

DAD

All right, let's go.

(then, warning
the men)

Remember, I want no trouble with the people here.

He takes Hendry's gun from Pablo and the Mexican moves Hendry to meet Lon as the deputy brings up a horse.

127. EXT. PLAZA - CLOSE THREE SHOT - DOC, BOB AND HARVEY - (NIGHT)

They stand beside an adobe, hidden by brush and heavy shadows, guns in their hands.

DOC

We'll never have a better chance.

BOB

(angrily)

What chance do we have against twenty armed men?

HARVEY

(still drunk)

Looks like we got help.

128. EXT. PLAZA - FULL SHOT - THEIR P.O.V. - (NIGHT)

As the posse rides across the plaza with Hendry, Mexican men and women move slowly from their adobes to block the way. They are armed with out-of-date rifles and a few pistols. Hijinio and Modesto move to stand directly in the way. Miguel, unarmed, is some distance away from the group.

DAD

Get out of the way, Gonzales.

HIJINIO

Where are you taking him?

DAD

To Paso Robles.

LON

(cocking his shotgun)

Clear out or the Kid gets both barrels of number nine in the back.

129. CLOSER ANGLE

Hijinio and Modesto hesitate, then step aside.

HIJINIO

The next time we'll be waiting for you, Sheriff.

DAD

All right...

He motions with his arm and the posse moves through the growing crowd toward the wagon road.

130. THREE SHOT - FEATURING DOC

They watch the posse move away, angry and helpless.

DOC'S NARRATION OVER

But they didn't take him to Paso Robles. Monterey County officials decided to try him for killing Howard Johnson.

DISSOLVE TO:

131. INT. COURTHOUSE - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

It is about two o'clock and Salinas is sweltering under a hot June day. The spectator section is filled, packed to overflowing. Hendry, still shackled, sits flanked by Dad, Pabb and Lon on a bench near the front just in back of the rail. After a moment the JUDGE enters and sits on his raised platform. He sits quietly looking out over the silent crowd. After a moment the jury files slowly in.

NARRATION OVER

They tried him in Salinas. It was a quiet trial and over very quick. The only interesting detail was the statement of various witnesses that Johnson had been killed while unarmed...

JUDGE

You have reached a verdict?

The JURY FOREMAN steps up. He is a self-appointed master of morals and judge of men.

FOREMAN

(smirking)

We have, Your Honor.

JUDGE

What is your verdict.

FOREMAN

We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree.

132. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DAD AND HENDRY

The crowd reacts and the judge pounds for order with his gavel.

HENDRY

(unperturbed)

The only thing that I wonder about is why they tried me for killing Johnson...

CONTINUED

132. CONTINUED

DAD

It was handy...

(then)

Does it make much difference to
you which one you're hung for?

HENDRY

(thinking it over)

...No, I guess it don't.

JUDGE

(O.S.)

The prisoner will stand and face
the court.

Hendry stands and slowly walks toward the judge as we

DISSOLVE TO:

133. EXT. MOUNTAINS - FULL SHOT - SALINAS ROAD - (DAY)

It is late in the afternoon, the shadows stretching across the rolling, barren hills. Beneath THE CAMERA, the broad, well-traveled Salinas-Monterey Road stretches flat and straight across a narrow valley that lies between the low hills. Moving along the road at a slow trot are Dad Longworth, Hendry, Lon and six guards. Dad and Hendry are seated in the buckboard, Dad driving, Hendry beside him, shackles on wrists and ankles. Directly behind the buckboard is Lon, a shotgun across the pommel of his saddle. Two other guards ride in front of the buckboard, one on each side, the last two behind Lon. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND BOOMS DOWN to show Doc, Bob and Harvey lying on their bellies looking through some low brush at the group on the road beneath them. The three men turn to each other -- it is obviously hopeless. After a moment they turn back to look at the wagon.

134. FULL SHOT - THEIR P.O.V.

The buckboard and its guard move away down the road, growing small against the distant, shadowed hills.

NARRATION OVER

The morning after sentencing they carried him to Monterey town. He would hang there as Johnson was a Monterey man. We planned a little reception halfway between, but we didn't have a chance.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (DAY)

The plaza is crowded, various small groups scattered over the square. The Mexican element is grim and quiet, staying in the dark shadows. The Anglos, poor whites, sailors and tradespeople are shouting, half-drunk, one or two waving ropes, all hungry for excitement. The wagon, with its guard, moves INTO SHOT and pushes through the crowd until it stops in front of the jail. A dissheveled WOMAN, poor, very drunk, screams shrilly.

WOMAN

Hang him! He killed my son! He shot him down in cold blood on a street in old San Antone...

136. MED. CLOSE - DAD AND HENDRY

HENDRY

(smiling a little)

Should I tell her I've never been in "old San Antone"?

Dad grins as he helps Hendry off the wagon.

DAD

Why spoil her fun?

The two men cross the boardwalk and enter the jail.

137. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry and Dad enter the office, Lon and Pablo at their heels. As they move inside, Pablo closes and bolts the door behind them.

DAD

This way, Hendry.

He moves through the rear door of the office and enters a long corridor that runs through the building to open in the back on the courtyard. Hendry and Lon follow.

138. INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY - (DAY)

They move down the corridor, Hendry noticing every detail of the building. Near the courtyard door Dad turns and moves up the stairs. Hendry stops and looks up.

139. CLOSE TWO SHOT - STAIR AREA

HENDRY

Why upstairs?

DAD

We got a special room for you -- no company.

CONTINUED

139. CONTINUED

Dad turns and continues up the stairway. Hendry hesitates a moment, then follows, slowed down by his shackles and the steep pitch. Hendry stumbles, testing his weight on the bannister, and Lon jabs him sharply in the back with the muzzle of his shotgun. Hendry turns angrily to face him.

140. DOWN ANGLE - STAIRWAY - HENDRY'S P.O.V.

Lon grins up at him, then jabs him again with the shotgun. Hendry, gripping the bannister, swings his legs in the air and digs his heels in Lon's chest. Lon staggers back a few steps and falls heavily on the corridor floor. He rolls to his feet, his shotgun coming to full cock.

141. UP ANGLE - STAIRWAY

Dad spins around, his gun out.

DAD

None of that.

LON

(lowering the gun)

Kicked me in the chest -- the
dirty little --

HENDRY

He rammed that thing into my back.

DAD

(warningly)

Lon, you try anything...

LON

(bitter)

What's the matter -- he still a
friend of yours?

DAD

He's more of a friend of mine than
you'll ever be -- you egg-sucking
dog.

Lon glares at him, then lowers his shotgun and brings it to half cock. Dad holsters his gun and continues up the stairs. Hendry turns and follows him slowly.

142. INT. SECOND STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The upstairs corridor runs the length of the building. Dad moves into the corridor and continues along it toward the front of the building. Lon holds at the stair head as Hendry follows Dad. There are three doors opening off the corridor, two at the far end. Dad opens one and motions Hendry inside.

143. CLOSE TWO SHOT - AT DOOR

HENDRY

(moving inside)

I'd like to stick around just long enough to kill old Lon.

(pointing to the door across from the cell, casually)

What's that, another cell?

DAD

(following him in)

No...

144. INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The room is bare -- bars on the two corner windows, not too much to look at -- a bunk against one wall, an old table, one chair and, on the right, the door he came in. Between the two windows is a small bureau with an ironstone pitcher and bowl and an abalone shell ash tray on top. An unsilvered mirror hangs above this bureau. There is a coal oil lamp on the opposite wall. The floor is heavy oak planks, unevenly stained. The walls are adobe, white-washed on the inside. A small, square, very clean and very lonely room. For a long moment both men are silent, then...

DAD

(awkwardly)

Well, Kid, you got four days... I guess I said everything there was to say some time ago...

HENDRY

(softly)

I guess you did, Dad -- but some of us never learn.

145. CLOSER ANGLE

Dad looks at Hendry, hating the situation he's in. Then, his face clearing, he smiles.

DAD

June the sixth...you're goin' to swing from a new gallows in the center of the plaza...

HENDRY

(understanding)

Don't worry about it...

CONTINUED

145. CONTINUED

DAD
(suddenly weary)
Anything I can do for you?

HENDRY
Two things I want -- a chance to
shave, wash up...

DAD
Sure.

HENDRY
And once in a while let me go
outside so I can walk around...

DAD
(after a long moment)
All right -- but watch your step.
Lon'll be looking so hard for a
chance to kill you -- he's liable
to make his own.

HENDRY
And Pablo?

DAD
(quietly)
Very fast -- and very sure.
(then)
And he likes his job.

HENDRY
Fair enough.

146. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dad looks at him, then turns and moves out, locking the door behind him.. After a moment he can be heard walking down the corridor with Pablo and Lon. Hendry tries the door -- it is solid, the lock is strong and the casing firm. He crosses to the window and looks out.

147. EXT. PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

The crowd is dispersing, only the Mexican element still holding their silent positions.

148. CLOSER ANGLE

A figure, standing beneath the tree below his cell window, steps into the clear and looks up at Hendry. It is Nika. After a moment she turns and moves away.

149. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He looks out the window after her, his face troubled and lonely, then turns away from the window.

150. FULL SHOT - CELL

It is barren as before -- nothing has changed. After a moment he crosses to the back wall and, using the sharp edge of his shackles, draws four diagonal lines deep into the adobe.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

151. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - (DAY)

A key snaps in the lock and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as the door opens. Hendry, asleep on the cot, sits up as Pablo steps inside, covering him with his pistol. Lon is behind him in the corridor, his shotgun ready.

HENDRY

What's up?

PABLO

(putting away his gun)

Lunch.

He moves into the corridor, then steps back, carrying a board that holds a plate full of frijoles, tortillas and a cup of coffee. He moves into the room and places the board on the table, then steps aside. Hendry, sitting on the bunk, begins to eat. Lon stands in the doorway, his shotgun ready.

PABLO

Hungry?

(as Hendry shrugs)

That's all you get, Kid.

HENDRY

It'll do.

Lon clears his throat and spits on the floor.

HENDRY

What's eating Lon?

LON

(savagely)

I'll tell you what's eating me -- I don't want the county to finish you off. I want to do it myself with this -- both barrels -- belt high.

HENDRY

(curiously)

What've you got against me, friend?

(then, as Lon spits onto the floor again)

I smell something, Pablo. You know what I smell?

151. CONTINUED

LON
(as Pablo laughs)
You just wait, Kid.

HENDRY
What's the matter, Lon? You have to get up a lot at night? You get frightened easy, huh? Like a little child...

LON
(softly)
You just wait, Kid -- you just wait --

HENDRY
(to Pablo)
That Lon -- no sense of humor.

DAD
(calling O.S.)
Come on, Dedrick -- time to feed your prisoners.

Lon hesitates, then exits, closing and locking the door behind him. Hendry rises and Pablo is on his feet, his gun out, pointing steadily at the Kid.

HENDRY
(crossing to the door)
You don't have to do that.

PABLO
You're wrong -- a man'll do anything to save his life. I like you, but I can't trust you -- not now. It's my life against yours.

HENDRY
(after a moment)
I reckon you're right, hombre.

He leans idly against the door, rolling a cigarette.

152. INT. CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT - LON - (DAY)

He takes out his keys and opens the door directly opposite the cell.

153. INT. GUN ROOM - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The room is small, almost filled by a large table which is covered with ammunition and four or five pistols. Against one wall is a rifle rack. Lon enters and stands the shotgun in the corner. It makes a definite thump as it hits the floor.

154. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

His expression tightens as he hears the thud. Then, clearly audible is the sound of Lon moving out of the gun room, shutting the door, having trouble with the lock, and finally moving down the corridor.

PABLO
(over the above,
sitting in the chair)
Hey, Kid...

HENDRY
(listening to Lon)
What?

PABLO
Friend Nika Machado was here.

155. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY
Yeah...?

PABLO
Only Dad said no visitors today.
She can come tomorrow.

HENDRY
Is she coming?

PABLO
I don't know.

For a moment both men are silent, then Lon can be heard moving down the hall and Hendry crosses to the window.

156. NEW ANGLE

PABLO
(after a moment,
indicating the
uneaten food)
Look, Kid, my wife, she brings me
my lunch -- you want some? It's
good -- not like what you get.

HENDRY
I didn't know you were married.

PABLO
(smiling)
I got three kids.

CONTINUED

156. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Great... I never got married.

PABLO

I know.

HENDRY

Now it's too late -- or is it?

He laughs and after a moment Pablo laughs with him, tentatively at first.

HENDRY

(looking out the window)

When's your wife coming?

PABLO

In a little while...

HENDRY

(after a moment)

Lon's taking the prisoners to lunch.

157. FULL SHOT - PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

Lon moves across the plaza below, following behind three men.

PABLO

(O.S.)

He won't feed you. Said he wouldn't wait on you if we paid him a thousand dollars.

158. INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

HENDRY

(laughing)

That's all right with me.

There is a knock at the door.

PABLO

That's her. I told her to bring you some, too -- is that all right?

HENDRY

Sure.

He crosses to the door and unlocks it. MARIA JESUS enters, carrying a straw bag. She is a small woman, a little plump, with clear brown skin, large eyes, flat nose and beautiful black hair, which she wears in a bun at the nape of her neck.

159. CLOSE THREE SHOT

PABLO

My wife -- Maria Jesus.

HENDRY

Mucho gusto.

MARIA

(as Pablo
locks the door)

I brought you some food.

HENDRY

The county's paying to feed me --
I get enough. Sit down?

He offers the chair. Maria sits and places the bag on the floor beside her.

MARIA

Charlie's food is garbage.
Pablo, how would you like to
eat that food?

PABLO

Lon likes it.

MARIA

That hog would like -- I don't
want to say what.

(then)

I'll have Pablo bring you some
wine tomorrow -- it'll make you
happy.

160. CLOSER ANGLE

PABLO

This hombre is always happy.

HENDRY

Why not? One life -- or is there
another?

MARIA

(softly)

When they bring the priest, will
you be kind to him?

161. MED. SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY

HENDRY

Sure -- why not?

(then, moving away)

But, I've lived without them and
I can die without them.

CONTINUED

161. CONTINUED

MARIA

It's because you never married
and had children.

HENDRY

(after a moment)
I'd still not mind the going.

MARIA

You'd try to escape?

162. NEW ANGLE

Hendry turns and looks at Pablo.

HENDRY

(quietly)
If I get the chance.

MARIA

(standing)
If you try, don't hurt Pablo.
He's a good man, and you must
listen to the priest.
(then)
I'm sorry for you.

HENDRY

What's there to be sorry about?

MARIA

Your soul.

HENDRY

No -- better be sorry for this
body -- there's at least another
year in it.

MARIA

(as Pablo opens
the door)
You're joking. I hope I have not
disturbed you. Will you take my
food?

HENDRY

Thank you...

MARIA

I'll leave it here in the bag.

HENDRY

Thank you.

CONTINUED

162. CONTINUED

MARIA

Goodbye -- and may God forgive you.

HENDRY

(as she goes out)

God has nothing to do with it.
Goodbye, Maria Jesus.

Pablo moves out behind his wife, closing the door behind him. Hendry paces the room slowly. He tries the bars, but they are strong, firmly set in the heavy adobe. He crosses to the cot, sits on it and begins to roll a cigarette.

163. DIFFERENT ANGLE

He finishes rolling the cigarette, lights it, then he stands and crosses to the window and looks outside.

164. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (DAY)

The plaza moves normally, aside from the fact that people on their way past the jail invariably look up at his window. After a moment Lon and the three prisoners move across the plaza toward the jail.

165. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He watches them, then turns away and crosses to the door. He leans against it, waiting.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

166. INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Pablo sits in a chair outside the cell door. He looks up as Lon walks toward him, then rises and moves down the hall as Lon opens the gun room door and gets his shotgun.

PABLO

Don't let him take that away
from you.

167. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

He leans against the door, listening carefully, then crosses to his cot, CAMERA PANNING, as Lon fights to lock the gun room. Hendry is apparently asleep when the door opens and Lon enters. He crosses to Hendry and jabs him in the side with the shotgun. Hendry sits up quickly. Lon grins at him.

LON

Why don't you make a break for it?

CONTINUED

167. CONTINUED

HENDRY
 (smiling back)
 I'm not aiming to make it easy
 for you, Lon boy.

LON
 Go ahead -- you're so brave.

HENDRY
 (turning away)
 No -- you're the one.

LON
 That's right -- I'm the one, Kid
 -- don't forget it.

The door opens and both men turn.

168. NEW ANGLE

Dad stands in the doorway.

DAD
 All right, Lon, I'll take over.

HENDRY
 (as Lon moves out)
 How about some exercise tomorrow,
 Dad?

DAD
 All right.

169. INT. CORRIDOR - MED. TWO SHOT - (NIGHT)

LON
 (opening the
 gun room)
 Not with me, he ain't -- I don't
 play wet nurse to no --

DAD
 (moving into
 the cell)
 All right, Lon -- Pablo will
 handle it -- or I will.

170. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

He looks through the open door as Dad enters.

171. FULL SHOT - HIS P.O.V.

As Dad moves toward him, Lon opens the gun room door and, for a brief instant, Hendry can see that the room is filled with guns and ammunition. Then Dad enters, closing the door behind him.

172. MED. SHOT - HENDRY

Hendry begins to roll a cigarette, laughing a little.

DAD

What've you got to be laughing about?

HENDRY

(listening to Lon)

It's funny.

DAD

What?

HENDRY

Everything. Where's your sense of humor?

DAD

(wearily)

I must have lost it somewhere.

HENDRY

Now, don't go and get sour on me.

DAD

(smiling)

All right, Hendry. Anything I can do for you?

HENDRY

No, thanks.

Dad exits, locking the door behind him. After a moment Hendry crosses to the wall and draws a line through the first of the four marks.

DISSOLVE TO:

173. INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry stands by the bureau, stripped to the waist, his hands unshackled, shaving himself. Lon and Pablo stand nearby. Lon's shotgun is ready. After a moment the door opens and Dad enters. Beside him is FEDDERSON, a fat, unctuous man in his early fifties.

CONTINUED

173. CONTINUED

DAD

Morning, Hendry. This is Mr. Fedderson.

FEDDERSON

(entering)

How do you do, Mr. Jones? I'm here to give you an opportunity -- an opportunity of a lifetime, you might say. My pockets are stuffed with money for anything you wish to sell -- your pistol, your rifle, your clothes...

(as Hendry puts
on his shirt)

At a price I'm sure is more than fair.

HENDRY

(holding out
his wrists)

What do you want with them?

174. CLOSER ANGLE

FEDDERSON

(as Pablo shackles
Hendry's wrists)

Mementos, Mr. Jones -- mementos of the greatest gunman who ever lived.

HENDRY

(moving to the door)

Now, I just thought I'd leave them to my poor widowed mother.

Dad opens the door and moves into the hall.

FEDDERSON

(quickly)

I'm sure they would only bring her further grief at your tragic demise.

175. INT. CORRIDOR - MED. GROUP SHOT - (DAY)

THE CAMERA IS ANGLED to show Dad in CLOSE F.G. and the three men in the cell beyond.

DAD

(motioning)

You first, Mr. Fedderson.

Fedderson scampers into the hallway. Hendry follows more slowly.

176. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Lon and Pablo follow Hendry into the corridor and the group walks toward the stairs, CAMERA MOVING.

HENDRY

What do you think, Dad?

DAD

(overly serious)

Well, it sounds reasonable, Hendry, but I hope you don't sell your pistol -- the one with all the notches on it.

FEDDERSON

(almost walking backward)

But that's the most valuable...

HENDRY

I might consider selling it if the price is right.

They reach the head of the stairs and start down.

177. INT. JAIL - UP ANGLE - STAIRWAY - (DAY)

FEDDERSON

(as they move down the stairs)

I'll give you one hundred dollars for that gun.

HENDRY

(counting the steps)

I'd feel better if it was three hundred.

FEDDERSON

That's -- that's outrageous!

They reach the bottom of the stairs and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK. They move off the stairs and start down the corridor toward the courtyard door, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

HENDRY

Well, maybe I oughtn't sell it -- I'll probably have some more use for it.

DAD

I doubt that, Hendry.

CONTINUED

177. CONTINUED

FEDDERSON

Mr. Jones, I will give you one hundred and seventy dollars for that gun.

HENDRY

(as Dad opens
the door)

Let me think it over. Come by tomorrow -- if I decide to sell, Dad'll give you the gun.

178. EXT. COURTYARD - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Dad holds the door open and Fedderson, followed by Hendry, Lon and Pablo, moves down the two steps and crosses out to the center of the courtyard, which is surrounded by an old adobe wall more crumbling than not. On the left, an outhouse; on the right, the stables. It is an untended yard, the weeds, grass and shrubs growing wild. Near the stable is a new wooden gate, and at the back of the yard, a larger gate, now falling apart. Hendry begins to pace back and forth, Fedderson after him.

FEDDERSON

Fine, fine, Mr. Jones. That's just fine. Thank you very much.
(then)

Excuse me, sir, but -- how many notches are on the gun?

HENDRY

(casually)
Thirty-nine.

Fedderson, his mouth open, crosses to Dad, muttering to himself.

FEDDERSON

Thirty-nine -- think of that --

Dad looks at Hendry, then grins and leads the fat man back into the jail. Lon and Pablo stand on either side of the door, watching Hendry carefully.

179. CLOSER ANGLE

HENDRY

(quietly)

Pablo, you got a beat up old pistol around here some place that you can notch up for that man?

PABLO

Sure, Kid.

CONTINUED

179. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Go ahead -- sellit to him tomorrow
-- make yourself some money.

PABLO

You mean it, Kid?

HENDRY

Sure -- buy something for your kids.

Hendry turns and crosses to the door.

HENDRY

(entering the jail)
Wouldn't you like some easy
money, Lon?

180. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - FIRST FLOOR COBRIDOR - (DAY)

Hendry moves toward the stairs, Lon at his heels. Pablo follows a short distance behind.

LON

When you're hangin' there with
that hemp around your neck, Kid,
how long is it goin' to take you
to choke to death? What are you
legs goin' to be doin', huh?
How's your face goin' to look?

Hendry, his face tight, reaches the stairs and starts up.

181. FULL SHOT - STAIRWAY - DOWN ANGLE

LON

(following him)
Who's goin' to care if you got
a shave when your face turns
black like an old boot?

Hendry reaches the top and turns toward his cell.

HENDRY

Do you know how many steps to
this stairway, Lon? I do.

182. INT. SECOND STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

LON

(following Hendry
toward the cell)
I know how many steps you'll take
to the trap, Kid -- thirteen --
and I'll enjoy every one of them.

CONTINUED

182. CONTINUED

Hendry reaches the cell and enters. Lon slams the door and locks it behind him. Pablo moves up and opens the gun room door.

183. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He leans against the door, motionless.

PABLO
(O.S., after
a moment)

Hey, Lon -- I can use this one.
Spring's no good, but thirty-nine
notches and it should be worth
two hundred dollars.

184. INT. GUN ROOM - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Pablo stands at the table looking at an old pistol. Lon is in the doorway.

LON
(putting down
the shotgun)
Come on, get out of there so I
can shut the door.

PABLO
(moving into
the corridor)
Lon, it ought to be you inside
that cell instead of the Kid.

185. INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

LON
(shutting the door)
You push me, greaser, and I'll
cut you in two.

PABLO
(laughing as he goes
down the corridor)
Like hell you will.

Lon slams the door, struggles with the lock, then turns and stomps off down the hallway.

186. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He turns away from the door, his face tight and expressionless.
After a moment he extends his hands.

187. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY'S HANDS

They tremble. He clenches them, then THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as he crosses to the window and begins to roll a cigarette.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

188. INT. CELL - CLOSER ANGLE - HENDRY - (DAY)

He stands in the same position, looking out the window, his cigarette now smoked nearly to the butt. After a moment he tenses.

189. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

The three prisoners march across the plaza, Lon behind them. Pablo unlocks the door and Hendry turns away from the window.

190. FULL SHOT - INT. CELL - (DAY)

Dad stands in the hallway, his gun cocked. Pablo enters with the tray.

DAD

Anything else you want?

HENDRY

(crossing to
the bunk)

Yeah -- that sweet English shotgun
in my hands and Lon Dedrick against
the wall.

DAD

(going out)

I don't blame you.

191. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY

(eating)

That's a nice gun you got.

PABLO

Don't get any ideas...

HENDRY

Me? I don't want to see you get
hurt. I promised your wife I'd
take care of you.

PABLO

A lot you care about me, Kid.

HENDRY

(meaning it)

I like you, Pablo.

CONTINUED

191. CONTINUED

PABLO

But you'd kill me if you thought
it would do any good.

HENDRY

(after a moment)

You know where I'll be on Monday?

PABLO

Where?

HENDRY

You know the Arroyo Grande below
San Luis?

PABLO

Yeah... Where will I be?

HENDRY

Right here -- wondering what happened.

They both laugh for a moment, then...

PABLO

Well, you had yourself a time...

There is a loud crash from the plaza, followed by a confused
shouting.

PABLO

Go ahead. I know what it is.

Hendry rises and crosses to the window.

192. EXT. PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

Two wagons full of lumber are in the process of being unloaded
with attendant noise and difficulty.

PABLO

(O.S.)

A brand new gallows -- all for you.

193. INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry turns away from the window and crosses to sit, motion-
less, on the cot.

PABLO

Not hungry?

HENDRY

Maybe a little exercise -- without
that Lon.

CONTINUED

193. CONTINUED

Pablo rises and unlocks the door and pushes it open, then draws his gun and backs into the hallway.

PABLO

All right -- let's take a walk.

HENDRY

(crossing)

How do they feel about my hanging?

194. INT. SECOND STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry moves into the corridor and walks toward the stairs. Pablo holsters his gun and follows at a safe distance.

PABLO

They're not all sorry, Kid. Some say you're bad for this country -- it's time it grew up. With hombres like you -- it's not so good.

195. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - STAIRS - UP ANGLE - (DAY)

PABLO

(as they move
down the stairs)

The Anglos talk like that. My people -- say you were good to them. They stay away from the hanging Saturday morning -- stay away and let the Anglos know how we feel about everything, now and all the way back.

Reaching the bottom, they turn toward the door.

196. EXT. COURTYARD - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The door opens and Hendry comes out, followed by Pablo. He moves down the steps and into the yard, then stops, listening to the noise of hammers and saws as the gallows goes up.

PABLO

(after a moment)

I'm sorry you're taking off this way, Kid.

197. CLOSE TWO SHOT

HENDRY

(quietly)

Why don't you help me get out of here?

CONTINUED

197. CONTINUED

PABLO

(just as quiet)

No -- we have to live with them.
 What we have in our hearts --
 that's one thing -- but we like
 this country -- we want to stay.
 It's my job -- I got Maria Jesus
 and the boys to think about.

HENDRY

And yourself?

PABLO

Sure.

HENDRY

What would you do if I made a
 break for it?

PABLO

I don't like it when you ask
 questions like that.

HENDRY

If the time comes, don't be a
 fool and get yourself killed.

PABLO

Don't worry -- I got a lot of
 living to do.

HENDRY

(smiling,
 very soft)

Me, too.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

198. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - NIKA - (DAY)

She crosses the plaza, carrying a jug of water from the Point's
 single spring.

DOC

(O.S.)

Hey, Nika!

She stops and waits quietly as he joins her.

DOC

You goin' to see him?

NIKA

No.

CONTINUED

198. CONTINUED

DOC

Today is Wednesday -- he's goin'
to hang Saturday.

NIKA

I know.

DOC

I thought you were his girl.

NIKA

I was.

DOC

Look, we can't go in there, but
you can. Get to him -- talk to
him -- see if he's got a plan.

NIKA

I can't now. Miguel's sick --
very sick.

DOC

(angrily)

What the hell difference does
that make?

NIKA

(moving away)

He's alive -- and he needs me.

Doc looks after her as we

DISSOLVE TO:

199. INT. CELL - CLOSE THREE SHOT - (NIGHT)

The room is lit by the coal oil lamp hanging on the wall. Lon stands in the doorway watching Dad, Hendry and Pablo play poker. Hendry is seated on the bunk, as before; Dad and Pablo by the table, Dad sitting on an extra chair.

HENDRY

(opening the pot)

Open for five.

DAD

(folding his cards)

Too steep for me. I'm a working
man.

PABLO

I call. Two cards.

CONTINUED

199. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(as Dad deals them)

One card. What did you get
married for?

DAD

(seriously)

I believe in marriage.

HENDRY

(taking his card)

Check. What do you believe in,
Pablo?

PABLO

Me? I believe in God -- and the
church -- and that I'm only a
little man.

DAD

(as Lon laughs)

What's so funny?

Lon shrugs and is silent.

PABLO

Cost you four, Kid.

HENDRY

(throwing in
his cards)

Take it. You're not so little.

PABLO

(pulling in
the chips)

Sure -- even the others think I am.

DAD

(shuffling
the cards)

What do you believe that for?
You're not down in old Mex.

200. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dad cuts the cards and hands them to Pablo.

PABLO

You believe what you believe even
when they don't force you.

(putting a chip
in the pot, dealing)

What do you believe in, Kid?

CONTINUED

200. CONTINUED

HENDRY
(following suit)
Nothing.

PABLO
What do you believe in, Dad?

DAD
God, I reckon -- and that we're
all free.

HENDRY
About God -- I hear he's fast,
but I'd like to see for myself.
Open for three pesos.

DAD
You will. I call.

HENDRY
(as Pablo folds)
I'll play these.

PABLO
What do you believe in, Lon?

DAD
One card.

LON
(grunting disgustedly,
then, strongly)
Me!

HENDRY
Cost you five.

DAD
(taking his card)
Just like Lon -- always got to
have a minority opinion on
everything.

LON
(protesting)
He asked me.

DAD
Yeah -- that was his mistake.
(throwing in his hand)
Looks like your luck is running
good tonight, Hendry.

Hendry grins and rakes in the chips as we

DISSOLVE TO:

201. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (NIGHT)

He lies on his back, smoking, watching the cigarette smoke curl up in the moonlight, looking up at the ceiling. After a moment THE CAMERA PANS to show the four diagonal marks, two of which now have deep crosses through them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

It is early morning. Lon, his shotgun ready, stands beside Dad as the two watch Hendry shave. Hendry finishes, puts on his shirt and holds out his hands. Dad locks the shackles and nods to Lon and the deputy moves out the door.

DAD

(overly serious)

Kid, as sheriff of this county,
I got some questions to ask.

HENDRY

Well, now, ain't that something?

DAD

I mean it, Kid.

HENDRY

Now, Dad, there's no cause to get
downright gloomy on me.

DAD

(sharply)

You got a will made?

(as Hendry laughs)

If you haven't got one, do you
want to make one?

Hendry points at him and rolls back on the cot, shaking with laughter.

DAD

(grinning)

All right. Any letters you want
to write?

(as Hendry smiles)

Any last instructions -- last
wishes?

HENDRY

No.

DAD

We sold that gun for you -- two
hundred dollars.

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

HENDRY
Good. Give it to Pablo.

DAD
I already did.

The two men look at each other, then Dad crosses and sits down.

DAD
(staring at the floor)
Anything you want to say to me,
Kid?

HENDRY
You really don't want me to say
it now, do you, Dad?

DAD
Well, you better say it before
Saturday.

203. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING HENDRY

He lies back, looking at the ceiling.

HENDRY
(very quietly)
I'm not hung yet.

DAD
(just as quiet)
You will be, Kid.

HENDRY
There's always that one chance.

DAD
(flatly)
Not this time -- it's too late.

HENDRY
(after a long moment)
It's never too late.
(then, smiling)
You ought to know that.

Dad looks at him a moment, then turns and exits, locking the
door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

204. INT. CELL - FULL SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

Hendry lies on the bed, lifting his shackled feet in the air, then lowering them slightly and spreading them to the limits of the chain. O.S. the construction of the gallows proceeds. The door opens suddenly and Lon steps in, his shotgun ready.

LON

What do you think you're doin'?

205. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY

(continuing, mildly)
Exercising.

LON

Stop it.

HENDRY

(flatly)
You stop me.

PABLO

(entering)
What's up?

LON

I'll stop you -- you --

HENDRY

If you live that long.

LON

(drawing a rough
line across the
floor with his heel)
That's the deadline, brother.
You cross it and I'll let you
have it.

He lifts the shotgun and holds it loosely, hip high, aiming at the Kid's stomach. Hendry stands and looks at Pablo.

206. HIS P.O.V.

Pablo, his dark eyes shining, stands poised, his right hand slightly below his gun butt.

207. MED. SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY

For a long moment the three men are silent, then Hendry places his feet across the line.

CONTINUED

207. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(drily)
You're a fourflusher.

Lon's face grows white under his tan as he glares at Hendry.

LON

(after a moment)
I'd rather see you hang.

He turns and moves out the door. Hendry and Pablo look at each other and smile. Suddenly Lon moves back INTO SHOT, the shotgun ready.

LON

(jabbing the point
of the gun in Hendry's
stomach)
Go on -- why don't you make a
break for it?

208. CLOSE TWO SHOT - LON AND HENDRY

As Lon plays with the triggers, Hendry takes the barrel and pushes it gently aside. Lon shoves the gun savagely into the Kid's stomach and Hendry doubles over, gasping.

HENDRY

(straightening
up, slowly)
I'm goin' to get you, Lon.

Lon laughs, turns and leaves the room.

PABLO

Hurt you, Kid?

HENDRY

No, not enough.

O.S. the noise of the gallows going up can be heard again. Hendry crosses to the window and looks out.

209. EXT. PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

The gallows is nearly completed. Yellow new lumber surrounded by sweating workmen and admiring children.

PABLO

(O.S.)
Well, Kid, how does it feel now?
Time's running out.

210. INT. CELL - CLOSE TWO SHOT - (DAY)

HENDRY
 (turning back,
 smiling)
 I tell you, Pablo, it's like this:
 I'm feeling very good -- maybe it's
 your time that's running out.

PABLO
 (laughing)
 What do you think, Kid -- you got
 a chance?

HENDRY
 (crossing to the
 cot, drily)
 You fellas are doin' a good job.
 You could hang God himself the way
 you're handlin' this.
 (sitting)
 Poker?

PABLO
 (motionless)
 Sure.

Hendry looks at him, then lifts the bed and hooks his leg chain under it. Pablo sits down, keeping his hands low. Hendry pulls three stacks of chips toward him.

PABLO
 (shuffling)
 You don't even seem to mind it.

HENDRY
 I mind it.

PABLO
 The dying?

HENDRY
 No -- the rope. It's not the way
 I figured to call the turn. No
 problem dying if you got a gun in
 your hand -- maybe shooting some-
 body -- maybe you getting shot.
 The rope -- it's different.

PABLO
 (beginning to deal)
 Yeah -- muy malo.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

211. INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - POKER POT - (DAY)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Pablo pulls in a large pot.

PABLO

(happily)

The cards are speaking to me today, Hendry. I finally got myself a winning streak...

HENDRY

(freeing his leg)

I'm sorry, Pablo, but I'm finished. Tell Dad I said to give you my gun.

PABLO

(excited)

Your own gun?

HENDRY

(smiling)

My own, not the one with the notches.

PABLO

(standing)

All right, hombre -- and many thanks.

HENDRY

Forget it.

They both turn as the door opens and Lon enters.

212. DIFFERENT ANGLE

LON

Your old lady is downstairs with the lunch.

PABLO

See you later, Kid.

HENDRY

Sure.

Pablo moves out, closing the door behind him. Lon locks the door. Hendry crosses to the window.

HENDRY

Why don't you get out, Lon? You sweat so much you stink up the room.

Lon puts his shotgun near the door and, drawing his gun, crosses swiftly toward Hendry. Hendry turns to meet him and Lon swings suddenly, hitting the Kid in the face. Hendry staggers back and crouches over.

213. CLOSER ANGLE

Lon hits him again in the shoulder, then, as Hendry turns, twice in the face.

LON

Go ahead -- call for Dad --
won't do you no good -- he's
in Salinas.

He crosses to the door and picks up his shotgun.

214. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He runs his fingers across his mouth, looking at the blood, then looks up at Lon and smiles. There is a knock at the door.

215. FULL SHOT

Lon unlocks the door and steps back, covering Hendry with the shotgun. Pablo enters with a tray. He looks sharply at Lon.

LON

(smiling at Hendry)
He stumbled.

Pablo puts the tray on the table and steps back.

PABLO

(angrily)
Go feed your prisoners.

LON

I'll do it -- you just keep a good
eye on this Kid...
(then, turning
back to Hendry)
Who ain't goin' to get any older
than Saturday.

PABLO

(irritated)
I'll keep a good eye on him...

LON

(enjoying himself)
I'm going to see him hung good
day after tomorrow.

PABLO

Go on, feed your prisoners -- and
take your time. It's hot today.

LON

It's hot all right.
(to Hendry)
I'll be seeing you.

216. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING HENDRY

HENDRY

(softly)

Why, Lon, I guess you will at that.

Lon turns and moves out, closing the door behind him.

PABLO

Sorry, hombre.

Hendry shrugs and, crossing to the cot, sits and begins to eat noisily, as Lon puts his shotgun away and moves off down the corridor.

PABLO

Something should be done about that Lon.

217. DIFFERENT ANGLE

HENDRY

Yeah... What do you plan on doing?

(then, as Pablo
looks at him)

I mean next year -- next ten years.
What've you got in mind?

PABLO

(after a long moment)

I don't know -- go down to Ensenada with the wife and kids. Go down to old Mex -- maybe be a sheriff of some little town. Stay here with Dad as long as he can use me. He's a good man.

HENDRY

The best.

(pushing back
his plate)

Not so hungry today.

He stands and crosses toward the window, looking out.

218. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

After a moment the front door opens and Lon marches his prisoners toward One-Eyed Charlie's.

219. INT. CELL - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

HENDRY

(very carefully)

How about some exercise?

CONTINUED

219. CONTINUED

PABLO

Sure.

220. INT. SECOND STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The door opens and Pablo backs out, his gun in his hand. After a moment Hendry moves out of the cell into the corridor and the two men walk down the hall, CAMERA MOVING. Hendry's face is calm, relaxed, expressionless. They reach the stairhead and start down.

221. UP ANGLE - STAIRS - MOVING SHOT

Hendry goes down the stairs, Pablo behind him, unconcerned, whistling a soft, unidentifiable tune.

222. FULL SHOT - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Hendry reaches the bottom of the stairs, and, turning, goes toward the back door.

223. CLOSER ANGLE

Hendry reaches the door and opens it. He moves outside easily and casually, following the pattern he has set before.

224. EXT. COURTYARD - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry walks down the steps without looking back and crosses to the middle of the courtyard. Pablo stops at the top of the steps, looking out.

223. CLOSE TWO SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY

Hendry, his back to Pablo, takes out his makings and begins to roll a cigarette. After a moment Pablo comes down the steps and crosses to him.

HENDRY

(softly, as
Pablo moves up)

Hombre, looks as if I'm finished.

PABLO

(softly)

Sorry, hombre.

HENDRY

I don't know -- I'm getting old,
I guess.

CONTINUED

223. CONTINUED

PABLO

What a life.

HENDRY

(lighting his
cigarette)

Better than hanging, amigo.

He takes a deep drag on the cigarette and looks out over the courtyard.

224. FULL SHOT - HIS P.O.V.

CAMERA PANS THE COURTYARD, showing the trees beyond the wall and a songbird or two. O.S. the sounds of the peaceful town, contrasting with the noise of the gallows construction, can be heard. THE CAMERA PANS to Pablo and HOLDS. The deputy stands looking off in the distance, thinking about his poker winnings, smiling a bit.

225. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks at Pablo intently, then turns away.

HENDRY

(softly)

Let's go in, amigo.

PABLO

Sure, Kid.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hendry hands Pablo his cigarette and turns back toward the door.

226. CLOSE ANGLE - MOVING SHOT

Pablo, his customary three or four feet behind, moves with Hendry, taking an occasional drag on the cigarette. About three feet from the door, Hendry stumbles. Then, in a bound, he has reached the top of the steps and half falls, half runs into the jail. Pablo drops the cigarette and his gun snakes out, smooth and easy. As it clears leather, the door slams.

227. CLOSE SHOT - PABLO

For a brief second he hesitates, then moves after Hendry at a run, reaching the steps where he stumbles and almost falls.

228. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - STAIRWAY - DOWN ANGLE - (DAY)

Hendry, moving smoothly in spite of the shackles, reaches the bottom of the stairs, then, carefully and almost slowly, jumps five, then four, then three, and, AS THE CAMERA PULLS

CONTINUED

228. CONTINUED

BACK, he reaches the top floor. Without looking back, he moves swiftly down the hall.

229. DOWN ANGLE - STAIRS

Pablo reaches the bottom of the stairs and starts up. O.S. comes a thud as Hendry throws his weight against the gun room door. Pablo tenses in sudden fright, then leaps up the steps as there is a louder crash from the gun room.

230. UP ANGLE - STAIR AREA

Pablo bounds up the stairs, stumbling in his haste. Reaching the top, he whirls into the corridor.

231. FULL SHOT - SECOND STORY CORRIDOR

Pablo turns into the corridor as Hendry steps out of the gun room, a .45 in his right hand. For a long moment the two men look at each other, Pablo's gun pointed almost at the floor.

232. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

HENDRY
(easily)
Drop it, amigo, por favor.

233. CLOSE SHOT - PABLO

He appears paralyzed, unable to make his arm move. He watches Hendry for a long moment, his eyes wide and frozen.

234. MED. SHOT - HENDRY - HIS P.O.V.

HENDRY
(very softly,
almost pleading)
Drop it, Pablo -- now.

235. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PABLO

For a brief second more he is still. Then, whirling, he runs down the stairs, CAMERA PANNING.

HENDRY
(crying out)
Stop, hombre!

Pablo ignores him to continue his headlong rush.

236. UP ANGLE - STAIRS

Pablo is more than halfway down when Hendry steps to the head of the stairs and fires. Pablo is hit in mid-air, his legs windmilling as he falls TOWARD CAMERA.

237. FULL SHOT - PABLO - OVER HENDRY'S SHOULDER

Pablo, shot just above the heart, tumbles in the air to smash into the floor and the corridor wall. Hendry moves back toward the gun room before Pablo lands.

238. INT. ONE-EYED CHARLIE'S - FULL SHOT - LON - (DAY)

Lon is seated at a table with his three prisoners, hunched over a plate of stew, his spoon halfway to his mouth. The sound of the pistol shot echoes from the jail and Lon jumps to his feet and runs toward the door, drawing his gun as he does.

239. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Pablo, on his hands and knees, moves out of the corridor and into the office, bleeding a little from the mouth, dying as he crawls.

240. INT. GUN ROOM - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry stands between the two tables, Lon's English shotgun broken in his hands. He inspects the loads, snaps it shut, then turns and crosses to the window and looks out.

241. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - HENDRY'S P.O.V. - (DAY)

Lon crosses the plaza at a run, then, a hundred feet or so from the jail, he tenses.

242. HIS P.O.V.

Pablo crawls out the front door and rolls down the steps to collapse on the road on his back.

243. CLOSE SHOT - PABLO

PABLO
(softly, as he dies)
Dics -- me -- perdone.

244. INT. GUN ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He looks out the window, smiling a little, then gently cocks both hammers of the shotgun.

245. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - LON - HIS P.O.V. - (DAY)

Lon stands beneath looking at Pablo. He hesitates, then trots suddenly forward, his pistol ready. Hendry pushes his shotgun through a broken pane of the window.

246. CLOSE SHOT - LON

He moves forward, his eyes searching, confused, suddenly afraid his luck is running out.

VOICE

(O.S.)

The Kid's killed Patron!

Lon jumps at the sound, then stops, looking around nervously.

247. EXT. JAIL - UP ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He looks down at Lon, smiling thinly -- his face a little blurred through the dusty pane -- the shotgun muzzles black, pointing almost directly INTO CAMERA.

HENDRY

Hi, Lon.

248. CLOSE SHOT - LON - DOWN ANGLE - HENDRY'S P.O.V.

He looks up and sees Hendry. For a brief instant he is silent, then he staggers back, his gun forgotten.

LON

(almost screaming)

He's killed me, too.

249. INT. GUN ROOM - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY'S HAND - (DAY)

His finger tightens on both triggers and both hammers fall.

250. EXT. JAIL - CLOSE SHOT - SHOTGUN - (DAY)

Both barrels blast almost INTO CAMERA.

251. EXT. PLAZA - CLOSE SHOT - LON - DOWN ANGLE - (DAY)

He is knocked back, smashed to the ground, almost cut in half, as both loads catch him in the stomach. He twists in the dust, staining the ground as he dies.

252. EXT. PLAZA - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE - (DAY)

The plaza is empty, deserted; the only sounds are those of the wind, a bird or two, and the movement of horses tied to various hitch racks. Pablo and Lon lie crumpled in front of the jail.

253. EXT. PLAZA - CLOSE SHOT - JAIL - LOW ANGLE - (DAY)

Lon lies in CLOSE F.G., dying. After a moment the jail door opens and Hendry moves out in the sunlight, his gun buckled around his hips, Lon's shotgun in his hands. He moves directly toward Lon, his face expressionless. He stops a short distance away from the body, then smashes the shotgun on the ground. Then he picks up the pieces.

HENDRY
(throwing the
pieces on Lon's
body)

Here, Lon -- here's your shotgun.

He looks down at the body for a long moment, then crosses to kneel beside Pablo.

254. CLOSER ANGLE

He reaches in and pulls a small key out from Pablo's pocket. Holding it carefully, he unlocks his shackles, then bends down and releases his feet.

HENDRY
(putting the key
back carefully)

I'm sorry, hombre.

255. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks down for a moment, then crosses to the nearest hitch rack.

256. CLOSE SHOT - HITCHING RACK

Four or five good horses are tied to the rack. Hendry walks up, picks out the best horse and, untying it, steps in the saddle.

257. FULL SHOT

He whirls the horse and looks back at the plaza, then turns and moves off up the street at an easy gallop as we

DISSOLVE TO:

258. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - PLAZA - (DAY)

Hendry, Bob, Doc and Harvey ride across the plaza. They are obviously in high spirits. Their horses fresh, saddle bags full of grub. As they ride across, various Indios and Mexicans shout their farewells. Then, NEARING CAMERA, Hendry turns toward Francesca's adobe. Doc hesitates, then follows.

259. MED. SHOT - FRANCESCA'S ADOBE - (DAY)

Francesca, sitting in her accustomed place, waves to Hendry as he rides up.

FRANCESCA

Goodbye now, Kid. Go down to Mexico and stay there.

HENDRY

Where's Nika? Nobody seems to know.

FRANCESCA

(too quickly)

I don't know, chivato -- I don't know where that one is... Now you go on -- get out of here. Don't push your luck. Vamos y vaya con Dios.

HENDRY

(after a moment,
softly)

All right, Grandma -- adios.

He whirls and gallops after Bob and Harvey. Francesca and Doc look at each other silently for a moment, then Doc lifts his hand in half salute and turns to follow Hendry as we

DISSOLVE TO:

260. EXT. MOUNTAINS - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry, Doc, Harvey and Bob ride into view following a dim cattle trail, their horses sweaty and lathered. As they NEAR CAMERA, Hendry pulls up.

HARVEY

(riding up, smacking
him on the back)

Kid, how does it feel?

HENDRY

Harv, it feels great.

DOC

(breaking out
a bottle)

Kid, we'd have tried to get you out, but we heard they had guards.

HENDRY

(easily)

Forget it.

CONTINUED

260. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(lifting the bottle)
Kiss me, baby.

HARVEY

(as he drinks)
What happened to old Lon?

HENDRY

(passing the bottle)
Old Lon got it with his sweet
English shotgun.

HARVEY

(as Bob drinks)
I wish I had seen that.

HENDRY

You know what I was thinking?
(as the others
turn to him)
I was thinking we ought to stick
around here and shoot old Dad in
the rear. What do you say, Harv?

DOC

(taking the bottle)
Kiss me, baby.

HARVEY

(drily)
I'd say he sure as hell won't be
hard to find.

HENDRY

(laughing)
Well, we'll be back -- I'll get
my girl and we'll tree this
country.

DOC

Hell, all it needs is lightning
bugs and corncobs to stampede
these puppies.

HENDRY

Tonight we're goin' to kill our-
selves a yearling and eat beef
straight -- how about it, boys?

HARVEY

Kid, it's great to have you back.
(taking the bottle)
Kiss me, baby.

CONTINUED

260. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Well, what do you say? Should we go to old Mex and have us some fun?

BOB

(as Harvey and Doc ad lib their agreement)

I don't like it.

HENDRY

(softly)

What's on your mind, Bob?

BOB

(whining a little)

I think we ought to lose ourselves in the hills. When this thing blows over, we can go South, but right now Dad'll be telegraphing all that country below.

261. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING HENDRY

HENDRY

You aim to jinx me, Bob?

BOB

You know me better than that.

HENDRY

(after a moment)

We're goin' to old Mex, boys, is that right?

HARVEY

(softly)

That's right, Kid.

Hendry and Harvey turn their horses and move off at a gallop.

BOB

What's got into him?

DOC

Forget it, Bob.

BOB

It's that Nika who jinxed him.

DOC

His luck was never better. Forget it, Bob.

He moves away, Bob following more slowly as we

DISSOLVE TO:

262. EXT. MOUNTAINS - FULL SHOT - GROUP - (NIGHT)

The four men move through a grove of cypress and ride PAST CAMERA, a little weary, beginning to show the strain. There are scattered shots O.S. and they break into a run, Bob clutching his left arm.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

263. EXT. MOUNTAINS - FULL SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

He lies, face down, on the crest of a small hill looking out. After a moment he motions with his arm and the three men ride up, Doc leading Hendry's horse. All are weary, unshaven; Bob carrying his arm in a dirty sling. Hendry mounts and they ride over the hill as we

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

264. EXT. TIMBERED AREA - MED. GROUP SHOT - (NIGHT)

The four men, bone-weary, ride in and halt under the trees. Exhausted, they step off their horses and wearily unsaddle.

BOB

Think we can risk a fire tonight?

HENDRY

No.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

265. EXT. BEACH - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The four men, slumped over in their saddles, wearily ride along the sand of a Southern California beach. After a moment Hendry pulls up, then, gesturing, turns his horse off the beach and rides again into the hills.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

266. EXT. SEMI-DESERT COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

Stretching out BENEATH CAMERA is the bed of a dry river. Rising beyond it are rolling hills, dry and hot in the burning sun. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the four men, mounted, gazing out across the river.

HARVEY

Well, there it is, Kid -- old Mex.

DOC

(wearily)

Twelve days, and it seems like twelve hundred.

Hendry steps off his horse and, leading it to a tree, ties it securely and begins to unsaddle. After a moment the others follow suit.

267. DIFFERENT ANGLE

BOB

We're not goin' to try and cross now, are we? Patrols work this whole stretch.

HENDRY

We'll go tonight -- no moon.

His horse unsaddled, he takes a bottle from his saddle bag, crosses to sit, his back against a tree.

268. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He drinks deeply and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Doc crosses to squat beside him.

HENDRY

(holding out
the bottle)

Have a drink.

DOC

Thanks.

HENDRY

(softly)

Doc, why didn't she come to me in the calabozo...?

DOC

She meant to.

(he drinks, then)

Hendry -- I got something to tell you...

(as Hendry
looks at him)

Nika got married to Miguel.

Hendry doesn't stir. He leans back against the tree, his eyes half closed, appearing to doze.

HENDRY

When?

DOC

Two days before you were going to hang -- on Thursday.

Hendry takes the bottle and drinks again.

HENDRY

(curiously)

Why didn't she come to see me?

CONTINUED

268. CONTINUED

DOC

He was sick and she nursed him.
I think she was goin'tto see you
on Friday in the afternoon...

HENDRY

What did she marry him for?

DOC

You got me.

HENDRY

(after a long moment)
Wonder how old Dad is doing?

DOC

Yeah -- good old Dad.

HENDRY

I'd give Bob's right eye to know
what he's doing.

DOC

He must be catching hell.

After a moment Hendry laughs strangely, then THE CAMERA PULLS
BACK as Harvey walks up and joins them.

HARVEY

(taking the bottle)
Tonight we're in Tijuana, and
tomorrow night, Ensenada. How
about that, Kid?

HENDRY

How 'bout that, Bob?

269. CLOSE SHOT - BOB

He sits some distance away, looking across the river.

BOB

Sure -- anything you say, Kid.

DISSOLVE TO:

270. EXT. BORDER - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

It is almost dark. Hendry stands at the edge of the brush
looking off at Mexico. The others stand by their saddled
horses.

HARVEY

Another hour, Kid...

CONTINUED

270. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(crossing to them)

Boys, I got some unfinished business up north... I'm going back there to take care of it.

(as they look at him)

I got to go up there and pay Dad a courtesy call. It's not right, my not saying goodbye when I took off. I'm goin' back up there and tree that town and shoot Dad in the rear end. You fellows stay here -- it's not your play.

HARVEY

The hell it isn't.

BOB

(angrily)

It's that Nika you're goin' up there for, isn't it?

HENDRY

(turning away)

Maybe.

DOC

(softly)

What makes you think she'll come back with you?

HENDRY

(mounting)

She only married Miguel to gravel me. She'll do what I tell her.

DOC

(mounting)

I was just beginning to feel half alive.

HENDRY

(sharp)

I haven't asked you to come along.

DOC

(kidding him)

I know -- but where would you be without old Doc to take care of you?

Hendry laughs as Harvey and Bob mount, then the four turn and head back for Monterey.

DISSOLVE TO:

271. EXT. FOOTHILL AREA - MOVING SHOT - (DAY)

The four men ride PAST CAMERA on their way back -- grim, their weariness shrinking their faces, their laughter gone. Bob, still nursing his injured arm, moves up to ride by Hendry.

BOB

Don't you think you're bucking your luck, going back up there?

HENDRY

I'll watch my luck, Bob.

BOB

That calabozo must have done something to you, Kid -- you're going down that well-known road.

(as Hendry
doesn't answer)

We sure as hell ain't goin' to stay at the Point, are we?

Hendry looks at Bob, then laughs quietly.

HENDRY

We won't stay at the Point.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

272. EXT. TIMBERED DRAW - FULL SHOT - RICHARDSON'S - (DAY)

Half hidden in the timber beneath a low ridge is the Richardson ranch. It consists of an old, weathered log main building and, some distance away in the brush, a steep-roofed bunkhouse. The place is run-down, almost hidden in the brush and trees. Down in the meadow below the main building is a skinned pole corral and feed rack -- a rawhide and bailing wire ranch, slovenly and peaceful. The four men ride AWAY FROM CAMERA toward the main building.

273. CLOSER ANGLE

The door opens and old man RICHARDSON steps out, followed by two rib-thin hound dogs. Richardson is a big fellow, wiry grey hair, killer mustache, about fifty years old. He stands watching the four men approach, then, recognizing them...

RICHARDSON

(heartily)

Welcome back, Hendry. I heard you was in old Mex...

CONTINUED

273. CONTINUED

HENDRY

(riding up)

Hello, Chet. Came back to take care of some unfinished business.

RICHARDSON

(happily)

You boys want to stay here? You're welcome to. Only got the one hand right now -- the Machado boy.

HENDRY

(dismounting)

How's Modesto?

RICHARDSON

Fine -- he's down in Monterey getting me some staples. He'll sure be glad to see you, Kid.

(then)

You boys go right on inside -- there's a jug. I'll clean out the bunkhouse.

HENDRY

Gracias, amigo.

Richardson moves off toward the bunkhouse as the others dismount stiffly and move toward the house.

HENDRY

We'll get cleaned up, then go down a La Punta.

BOB

(stopping on the steps, whining)

Kid, I don't feel so good -- I think I'd better stay here for a while...

For a moment the three men look at Bob.

HENDRY

You suit yourself, Bob...

He moves inside. Bob looks after him as we

DISSOLVE TO:

274. INT. NIKA'S ADOBE - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The adobe is dim and cool, the two windows shuttered, the door almost closed. After a moment it opens and Hendry enters. Miguel Gomez lies on the bed. He is thin and gaunt, his brown skin almost grey in the shadows.

HENDRY

Hi, Miguel.

MIGUEL

(weakly)

I've been expecting you, Hendry.

(then)

It was a great escape, Kid.

HENDRY

It was nothing.

MIGUEL

You couldn't do better. No other man could do better.

HENDRY

I'm sorry about Patron.

MIGUEL

Yes, that's bad, but now everybody says you couldn't help it. They found the gun room door broke open and figured out what happened.

275. CLOSER ANGLE

HENDRY

(rolling a
cigarette)

How's Nika?

MIGUEL

Changed. I've changed -- she's changed -- you've changed.

(wearily)

Lots of changes lately.

HENDRY

Should you be talking so much?

MIGUEL

No, that's a fact.

(then)

She's working up on the hill...
Talk to her, Kid -- see what she says.

CONTINUED

275. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Sure.

The two men look at each other for a moment, then...

276. DIFFERENT ANGLE

MIGUEL

What did you come back for?

HENDRY

I've come on the business of my life.

MIGUEL

Big words -- I never heard you talk like that.

HENDRY

A fellow changes.

MIGUEL

(after a moment)

You know I'm dying?

(as Hendry nods)

One of my cousin's mares kicked me in the chest -- a week later I began spitting blood.

HENDRY

Ever spit blood before?

MIGUEL

When I was a kid -- also when I was about eighteen.

HENDRY

Maybe the kick had nothing to do with it...

He shrugs and looks at his hands, still and bony on the blanket.

MIGUEL

Would you have come back if I hadn't gone and married her?

HENDRY

I'd have come back.

MIGUEL

(up on one arm)

Kid, the padre made her mine. I took her in the sight of God.

CONTINUED

276. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Sure -- I haven't said a word.

277. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING MIGUEL

MIGUEL

But I didn't expect to live. I only wanted to marry her and leave her the little I've got...

(then, sinking back)

She won't go back with you now -- not while I'm alive.

HENDRY

(softly)

Don't worry about it.

MIGUEL

Listen -- I'm sorry now... Two things I counted on -- you dying and me dying -- and we're both alive. I've been in love with her a long time, Kid -- a long time without telling her -- and now she says she loves me. I believe her. Love can come from suffering as easy as from fun.

(then, very softly)

It's good to see you, Kid. I'm glad they didn't hang you.

HENDRY

(smiling a little)

Me, too.

MIGUEL

You'd better go up and talk to her.

HENDRY

Sure -- well, so long.

MIGUEL

Adios, Kid. Look out for the Dedricks. They been livin' for you to come back -- ever since you got Lon.

HENDRY

I will. Adios, Miguel.

The two men look at each other, then Hendry turns and moves out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

278. EXT. POINT - MED. SHOT - ADOBE - (DAY)

Nika and two other Mexican women are replastering one of the small adobes that stand on a hill near the plaza. Hendry rides up and stops some distance away, looking at the three. The two other women turn quickly and leave. Nika stands there, her hands full of mud. After a moment Hendry rides up to dismount before her.

279. CLOSER ANGLE

Nika looks at him, angry and a little arrogant.

NIKA

What are you doing back?

HENDRY

You got married on a Thursday, but I was not supposed to be dead until Saturday. You wrote me off for dead -- both of you.

NIKA

(angrily)

If that's what you came to tell me -- save your breath.

HENDRY

If I had made a break and got myself killed for my trouble -- it would have been all right for you to go and get yourself married. But on Thursday I was still alive.

NIKA

(softly)

I came to see you once -- I was going to come again...

HENDRY

But you thought I was as good as dead and not worth bothering about. That must have been some wedding night -- him sick in his lungs and you sick in your heart.

NIKA

(white with anger)

You keep him out of it!

280. CLOSE SHOT - FEATURING HENDRY

He steps toward her to stand very close, almost touching.

CONTINUED

280. CONTINUED

HENDRY

Let's forget all that and start from scratch in old Mex -- this country's not good for us any more.

NIKA

(turning away)

You can go to hell.

HENDRY

(gently)

I want you down there with me. Miguel won't try to hold you. He knows you belong to me.

NIKA

(ready to cry)

Why didn't you die? Why did you come back to haunt us? I have no use for you, understand?

HENDRY

You did before.

NIKA

Well, not now, Kid, not now. Miguel's sick -- my husband is sick and I've got all I can do to keep him alive. He needs me and I need him.

(then)

And the truth is, you never need anybody.

HENDRY

(smiling, dryly)

All right...

He walks away from her, leading his horse, walking in a strange, brittle, almost forgotten, blind kind of way.

281. CLOSE SHOT - NIKA

She watches him go, sensing his weariness, sensing his need.

282. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - (DAY)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as the door opens and Dad Longworth comes out of the office, followed by ANDY, his new, rail-thin deputy. They cross to their horses, CAMERA PANNING. Waiting for them are Curly Bill, Cal and SHOTGUN SMITH, a fat, heavy-set man in his forties, already more than a little drunk, and six or seven others.

CONTINUED

282. CONTINUED

ANDY

(following Dad)

Do you think it's true -- is
he back?

DAD

(shoving his
rifle into its
scabbard)

We'll find out soon enough.

CURLY BILL

(as Dad and
Andy mount)

Remember -- we get first crack.

SHOTGUN

I hope he's there. I got two
barrels of number nine buckshot
to give him the way he gave it
to Lon.

DAD

(angrily)

You three step out of line and
I'll send you back to town in
a box.

He rides out and the others follow him at a run up the street
as we

DISSOLVE TO:

283. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - CYPRESS HEAD - (DAY)

It is almost sunset -- the fog white-patching the Pacific
below. The head and its trees, dark but clear, are almost
third dimensional in the clarity of the light. Hendry sits
on the farthest point above the breakers, his back against
an ancient and twisted cypress tree, looking out over the
bay. After a moment he lights a cigarette.

284. CLOSER ANGLE

He smokes slowly, his face tired and old, caught -- not
knowing how to let go. After a moment Nika steps out of
the timber and, picking her way through the rocks, crosses
to him. She stops beside him and for a long moment the
two look out at the sunset, then...

NIKA

(turning to him)

I'm sorry about the way I spoke
to you, Hendry.

CONTINUED

284. CONTINUED

HENDRY
 (looking at her)
 That's all right.

She looks at him a moment longer, then kneels down, sitting on her heels, Indian fashion.

285. CLOSE TWO SHOT

NIKA
 Look, Hendry, do you think I
 can just leave him?

HENDRY
 Why not?

NIKA
 Because I love him. You just
 wanted to use me -- to have
 fun with. But Miguel doesn't
 think of me like that.

HENDRY
 I'm sorry about Miguel -- about
 everything.
 (then, standing)
 Well, that's that.

NIKA
 I'm sorry, Hendry.

HENDRY
 Hell, I'll marry you too, if
 that's what you want. I'll be
 a man to you and won't lie around
 dying and spitting blood when it's
 a man you want to make love to at
 night.

286. DIFFERENT ANGLE

NIKA
 (jumping up,
 whirling on him)
 Listen, it's time you heard a few
 things. You said I counted on
 your being hung. Well, it's not
 my fault they caught you and it's
 not my fault you got away...

CONTINUED

286. CONTINUED

NIKA

(continuing)

Listen, we were made to hurt each other... You know what Francesca and the rest were saying -- " that I was dragging you down the street of bitterness -- that I was going to get you killed." It's true.

Nika turns and moves four or five feet away.

HENDRY

...Nika...

She turns to face him and begins to cry, covering her face with her long hands.

NIKA

(brokenly)

I don't know, Hendry -- I just don't know. I'm Miguel's wife -- I love you -- I always have -- but I don't know.

Hendry stands watching, careful not to touch her, careful not to say a word. After a moment Nika's crying quiets and she covers her face with the rebozo and moves slowly away.

287. CLOSE ANGLE

Hendry watches her for a moment, then turns back to look out over the ocean.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

288. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - TRAIL - (NIGHT)

The three men ride single file through the timber and brush along the trail leading from the Point to the Old Mission Road. Hendry rides in the lead, Harvey following, Doc some distance behind. AS THEY APPROACH CAMERA, Hendry pulls off the trail and, as Harvey rides past, Hendry rides back to join Doc.

HENDRY

You got the makings?

289. CLOSER ANGLE

Doc pulls his horse to a halt and hands Hendry his sack of Bull Durham. Hendry begins to roll a cigarette as Doc waits.

290. EXT. POINT - FULL SHOT - WAGON ROAD - (NIGHT)

The wagon road is a pale strip against the darkness of the surrounding timber. After a moment Harvey rides onto the road.

291. CLOSE TWO SHOT - HENDRY AND DOC

Hendry lights his cigarette and, handing the tobacco sack back to Doc, rides after Harvey. There is a sudden shot from up ahead and Hendry and Doc whirl their horses off the path and into the brush as two more shots are heard, followed by angry shouting.

HARVEY

(O.S., in
great pain)

Don't shoot any more! I'm
killed!

292. FULL SHOT - HARVEY

His horse whirls nervously in the middle of the empty road, Harvey slumped over the saddle.

293. EXT. EDGE OF ROAD - MED. GROUP SHOT - FEATURING DAD - (NIGHT)

Dad, the two Dedricks and the others stand in the brush on the far side of the road. Dad glares angrily at Curly Bill.

DAD

What did you shoot for?

CURLY BILL

I thought it was the Kid.

DAD

(ready to)

I ought to break your damn neck.

HARVEY

(O.S.)

Don't shoot me any more -- I'm
dying.

Dad moves out into the road, followed by the others, CAMERA PANNING. As the men approach, Harvey slips from his horse and falls heavily on the ground.

DAD

He's killed all right, but he
might try for revenge. He can
pull the trigger yet.

294. CLOSER ANGLE

Harvey's empty hands grab only the dust of the road.

CURLY BILL

I was sure it was the Kid --
I could've sworn it was.

ANDY

Who's this fellow?

DAD

(kneeling
beside Harvey)
Harvey French. Harvey, I'm
sorry you're killed...

295. CLOSE TWO SHOT

DAD

Harvey, was that the Kid who
got away? Tell me the truth.
You're dying -- you got nothing
to lose.

HARVEY

The Kid's in Mexico.

CAL

He's lying.

HARVEY.

Dad, if you were a friend of
mine, you'd put me out of my
misery.

CAL

(pulling out his
gun, bending over
Harvey)

You want me to finish it?

HARVEY

(suddenly frightened)
Don't -- don't shoot any more.
I'm shot enough.

Dad steps to Cal and jerks the gun out of his hand.

CAL

I was only kidding.

Dad slams the muzzle into Cal's stomach, pulling back the
hammer.

CONTINUED

295. CONTINUED

CAL

Don't do that.

DAD

(viciously)

I'm only kidding... Now get
out of here, all three of you,
before I use this.

The Dedricks and Shotgun turn sullenly and, mounting, ride
away. Dad kneels beside Harvey again.

DAD

Harvey, you're dying. The
game's over for you. Tell
me where the Kid is.

HARVEY

(then, as Dad
bends over him,
softly)

Go to hell, Longworth.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

296. INT. HENDRY'S ADOBE - CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - (NIGHT)

Hendry's adobe is bare except for a crude table, two chairs
and a bed. Hendry and Doc enter, carrying Harvey's body,
and cross to the bed, where they lower him gently. Doc
crosses to the table and lights two candles.

297. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING HARVEY

Harvey opens his eyes and turns to look at Hendry and Doc.

HARVEY

They've killed me, Hendry.

HENDRY

It's too bad.

HARVEY

I told them you were in Mexico.

HENDRY

Who killed you?

HARVEY

Dad.

(then, as Hendry
turns away)

I'm glad I don't have to die
alone.

CONTINUED

297. CONTINUED

DOC

You in pain?

HARVEY

Some. Hi, Doc.

DOC

Hi, Harvey.

HARVEY

I'll be taking me a trip tonight.

HENDRY

(bringing a bottle)

Have a drink.

HARVEY

(weakly, trying
to smile)

Kiss me, baby.

He drinks, coughs, then drinks again. He closes his eyes and the bottle slips from his fingers. Doc catches it and crosses to the table.

298. DIFFERENT ANGLE

DOC

(sitting down)

I hear he hails from Wisconsin.

Hendry gets some cards and joins him.

HENDRY

(dealing)

He wasn't bad with a horse -- but he never was very good with a gun. A fellow like that is bound to get hisself killed before he's twenty-five. He would have made somebody a good foreman, though.

DOC

(taking out
some money)

He was mighty handy with the branding iron. Open for a dollar.

HENDRY

He just picked the wrong trade, that's all.

299. DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING HARVEY

HARVEY

(as they play,
surprisingly
loud)

I used to have a horse when I
was a kid -- and I was a great
rider when I was fifteen.
Fifteen is the best time in a
fellow's life. I've been going
downhill ever since.

HENDRY

You just picked the wrong grade
-- that's all, Harv.

DOC

Three cards...

HENDRY

(watching Harvey)
I think he's dead...

DOC

No, I think he's still alive.

Harvey half moans, attempting to get his breath, then his
arm jerks up and falls limp as he dies.

HENDRY

(after a moment)
Well, that's that. Go get
Francesca. She'll want to
lay him out and the rest of
them will want to have a wake.

Doc rises and crosses to the door.

DOC

(a little sadly)
Good old Harvey...

DISSOLVE TO:

300. INT. HENDRY'S ADOBE - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Hendry lies on the bed, the candles now burned very low.
After a moment Nika enters. Hendry stands awkwardly.

NIKA

It could've been you.

HENDRY

So what?

CONTINUED

300. CONTINUED

NIKA

(closing the door)

Your luck is going to change if
you keep hanging around here.

HENDRY

(a little sharply)

What do you know about my luck?
My luck's better than ever, don't
you know that?

(as she doesn't
answer)

What am I supposed to do -- bust
out crying?

NIKA

I don't like to hear you talk
like that.

HENDRY

(turning to her)

I didn't say it to please you.

NIKA

(softly)

I know you didn't.

HENDRY

(as she crosses
to him)

This what you came to tell me?

NIKA

(her arms around him)

No.

HENDRY

What then?

She doesn't answer, holding him, watching his eyes intently. After a moment his arms go around her. She presses her cheek against his neck, her eyes wide. Both are very still. Then Hendry's grip tightens and he kisses her slowly as we

DISSOLVE TO:

301. EXT. RICHARDSON'S - MED. SHOT - (DAY)

It is fairly early in the morning. Bob and Modesto come out of the main house to stand looking off across the meadow.

CONTINUED

301. CONTINUED

MODESTO

(worriedly)

They should've been back last night. Maybe we'd better go find out.

BOB

(suddenly)

Company coming.

He moves quickly away as Richardson steps out of the house and joins Modesto.

302. FULL SHOT - THEIR P.O.V.

Riding toward them are Curly Bill, Shotgun Smith and Cal Dedrick. They pull in the yard and stop. All three are drunk. Modesto and Richardson stand on the porch, watching them silently.

CURLY BILL

Come here, kid -- I want to talk to you.

303. MED. SHOT - MODESTO

He moves off the porch and crosses slowly toward them, CAMERA PANNING.

CAL

We've heard you're pretty good with that thing on your hip.

MODESTO

(unhitching his gun belt, letting it fall to the ground)

I don't want any trouble.

CURLY BILL

(smiling)

Well, you got it.

He draws his gun and shoots.

304. DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING MODESTO

Modesto, struck in the stomach, falls heavily to the ground. He struggles for a moment, then finally reaches his knees.

MODESTO

The Kid'll get you for this.

A shotgun roars O.S. and Modesto falls, killed instantly.

305. FULL SHOT

Shotgun Smith breaks his gun and reloads. Richardson stands frozen on the porch.

CURLY BILL

(shouting to him)

Go tell the Kid about this --
tell him we'll be in Monterey.

306. EXT. BUNKHOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - BOB - (DAY)

He stands behind the bunkhouse, his gun out, looking O.S. After a moment the three men can be heard riding off at a gallop and he crosses to Richardson, CAMERA PANNING.

307. MED. TWO SHOT

Bob looks at what remains of Modesto, then turns to face the accusing glare of the older man. Bob's shoulders slump and he looks down at his gun, unable to speak. After a moment he holsters the gun, then takes off the belt.

BOB

(handing the gun
to Richardson)

Give it to the Kid.

RICHARDSON

(hating him)

He'll come after you.

Bob shrugs, then walks away as we

DISSOLVE TO:

308. EXT. POINT - CLOSE SHOT - GUN - (DAY)

Hendry stands outside Nika's adobe holding Bob's gun. After a moment THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, THEN PANS TO SHOW Modesto's body lying in the bed of a wagon, partially covered by a stained piece of canvas. Inside the adobe Nika can be heard crying heartbrokenly.

309. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks at Modesto's body for a moment, then tosses Bob's gun belt into the wagon. Taking out the makings, he begins to roll a cigarette, his hands steady, his lips trembling.

310. CLOSE TWO SHOT - FEATURING DOC

He stands a few feet away, holding the two saddled horses, Richardson beside him. Both men watch Hendry silently.

311. FULL SHOT

Beyond the three men a crowd of Mexicans forms silently, hats in their hands, watching Hendry.

312. CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING DOC AND HENDRY

HENDRY

I guess I'd better go talk to the Dedricks.

DOC

I'll go along.

HENDRY

(flatly)

No.

DOC

What about Bob?

Hendry shrugs and moves to his horse, then stops as Nika steps out of her adobe.

313. DIFFERENT ANGLE

NIKA

(trying to control her tears, slowly)

I want to thank you, Hendry...
I want to thank you for being here -- it's meant a lot -- to all of us.

HENDRY

(looking away, loudly)

Don't worry -- I'll get them.

Nika walks slowly toward him, her voice breaking.

NIKA

'Sure you will -- every one of them. But then what are you going to do, Hendry...?

314. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks away, his head shaking a little.

315. OVER THE SHOULDER - FEATURING NIKA

She stands, barely touching him, crying for him as much as for herself. He is silent for a long moment, his face tired and surprisingly old. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as he turns away.

CONTINUED

315. CONTINUED

HENDRY
(mounting, to Doc)
Stay with her, compadre.

316. THREE SHOT

Nika and Doc stand watching Hendry as he rides at a run across the plaza to disappear in the timber. After a moment Nika covers her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

317. EXT. MONTEREY - CLOSE ANGLE - HENDRY - MOVING SHOT - (DAY)

It is late afternoon -- the adobes bright-topped against the shadowed street. Hendry rides down the middle of the road, his body stiff and his face cold and set.

318. FULL SHOT - STREET

Ahead of him people duck into doors and alleys, step back against the walls, falling silent as he rides by. As he approaches the plaza, an OLD MAN runs quickly across the street toward the La Perla Hotel.

319. INT. LA PERLA HOTEL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

The door bursts open and the man enters and crosses to the Dedrick brothers and Shotgun Smith.

320. CLOSER ANGLE - DEDRICK GROUP

They are seated at a table in one corner of the saloon, eating supper.

OLD MAN
(softly)
He's comin' up the street.

CAL
(rising)
All right -- we'll let Dad
Longworth have him first.

As he moves away, Curly Bill jumps up and follows him. Shotgun stumbles as he moves around the table, almost falling in his eagerness. He turns back to the table and, grabbing his shotgun, rushes after the Dedrick brothers, CAMERA PANNING.

321. EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - HENDRY'S P.O.V. - (DAY)

At the end of the road, some distance ahead of Hendry, Curly Bill and Cal break out of the La Perla and run across the street toward the jail.

CONTINUED

321. CONTINUED

Hendry puts spurs to his horse, moving to cut the men off. As he does, Shotgun comes out of the La Perla and starts across, moving as fast as his weight permits. Hendry gallops toward the three men, CAMERA PANNING. Curly Bill and Cal make it and disappear around the corner of the jail.

322. CLOSE SHOT - SHOTGUN

He looks off at Hendry, then stops and crouches, bringing his shotgun up to fire.

323. FULL SHOT

Hendry races toward him, CAMERA MOVING. As Shotgun lifts his gun, Hendry fires, and both barrels of the shotgun go off into the dust as Shotgun falls dead before he hits the ground. Hendry gallops past and slides his horse to a halt, dismounts and moves quickly toward the jail.

324. INT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

The shot echoes through the office as the Dedrick brothers rush through the door. Andy rises from his seat behind the desk, surprised and startled.

CAL

(panicky)

Where's Dad?

ANDY

He's having supper --

CAL

Get him! It's the Kid! He's
comin' after us!

Andy stands motionless, his mouth open. The two brothers look at each other, then turn and run into the hall. O.S. the sound of Hendry's footsteps can be heard as he runs on the boardwalk.

325. CLOSE SHOT - ANDY

He stands paralyzed, then, suddenly draws his gun and throws it on the floor, immediately raising his hands high above his head.

326. DIFFERENT ANGLE

The door opens and Hendry moves quickly into the room as Andy's gun slides across the floor and bangs loudly against the opposite wall. Hendry stands motionless for a brief instant, listening to the sound of someone running up the stairs.

CONTINUED

326. CONTINUED

HENDRY
(softly)
Get out of here.

ANDY
(just as soft)
Yes, sir.

He turns, and with his hands still in the air, rushes out the door. Hendry shuts the front door behind him, then moves quickly and quietly toward the stairs.

327. INT. FIRST STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - HENDRY - (DAY)

Hendry moves up the corridor and then, without hesitation, turns the corner and starts up the stairs.

328. INT. SECOND STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - CURLY BILL - (DAY)

Curly Bill, gun out, stands near the stair head, his back flat against the wall, trying to control his breathing. O.S. Hendry can be heard as he climbs steadily up the stairs.

329. UP ANGLE - STAIRS

Hendry moves quickly up the stairs. As he nears the top, Curly Bill steps suddenly out from behind the wall and fires. Hendry fires almost simultaneously. Dedrick misses. Hendry's first shot catches the bigger man in the shoulder, knocking him against the opposite wall. Hendry fires again and Dedrick goes down, dying.

330. DOWN ANGLE - STAIRS

As Hendry shoots, Cal steps out of a shadowed doorway that opens off the ground floor corridor and fires. Hendry, hit high in the shoulder, is spun around by the bullet. Cal shoots again as Hendry fires twice. Cal goes down, shot through the head. Hendry steps off the stairs into the hallway, sagging from his shoulder wound. As he does, the front door smashes open and he whirls.

331. INT. FIRST STORY CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - HENDRY'S P.O.V. - (DAY)

Dad takes two quick steps into the office, his gun coming up as he moves, then stops for a brief instant.

DAD
(almost pleading)
Drop it, amigo -- now!

332. MED. SHOT - HENDRY

He raises his gun instinctively.

333. CLOSE SHOT - DAD

He fires.

334. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He takes the bullet high in the chest and falls backward, the gun skidding from his hand.

335. MED. SHOT - CORRIDOR - DOWN ANGLE

Dad walks slowly toward him, holstering his gun as he does. Hendry forces himself to a sitting position.

HENDRY
(trying to grin)
Lucky shot...

DAD
(softly)
Lucky for me...

HENDRY
I guess this takes care of it.

DAD
Looks that way...

DOC
(O.S.)
All right, Longworth.

336. MED. SHOT - DOC

He stands in the middle of the sheriff's office, his gun held steady on Dad.

DOC
You make a wrong move and I'll
kill you -- now back up.

337. MED. SHOT - DAD AND HENDRY

Dad hesitates, then backs down the corridor. Doc crosses to Hendry and picks up his gun.

HENDRY
Hi, Doc.

CONTINUED

337. CONTINUED

DOC
(kneeling, ready
to bawl)
Hi, Hendry.

HENDRY
(as Doc puts
his gun back)
I don't want to stay here --
I want to go back...

DOC
All right.

338. CLOSE SHOT - DAD

He looks down at the two, then THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as he crosses toward them.

DOC
(standing, ready
to fire)
Hold it -- I'm taking him back,
Dad.

339. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dad stops, and for a long moment the two men look at each other, then Dad brushes by Doc and, bending down, lifts Hendry to his feet. Doc abruptly holsters his gun and helps. Together they move out of the office, supporting the dying man between them.

340. EXT. MONTEREY - FULL SHOT - JAIL - (DAY)

They move outside. Hendry, gaining some strength, manages to keep on his feet. They step off the boardwalk and move to Hendry's horse, CAMERA PANNING.

DAD
(as they reach
the horse)
Can you ride, compadre?

HENDRY
(softly, smiling
a little)
Sure.

He gets one foot in the stirrup, then, making an enormous effort, mounts with apparent ease.

341. FULL SHOT - PLAZA

Various groups are scattered around the plaza, unmoving and silent, as they watch the three.

342. CLOSE SHOT - MEXICAN GROUP

They stand near the corner of an adobe looking off wonderingly.

343. CLOSE GROUP

A shopkeeper, his assistant and a female customer stand on the boardwalk across the street, curious and silent.

344. FULL SHOT

Doc and Dad mount and the three men turn their horses and ride away up the street, the town quiet and still behind them as they leave.

345. EXT. STREET - CLOSE ANGLE - HENDRY - MOVING SHOT - (DAY)

He rides wearily but well, showing little concern for his wounds as they slowly soak his clothing. THE CAMERA STOPS, THEN PANS as he rides past.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

346. EXT. MISSION ROAD - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

Hendry rides along the empty road about thirty yards ahead of Doc and Dad. It is sunset, the shadows almost indistinct. After a moment, Hendry pulls up his horse and stops, the others following suit, keeping their distance.

347. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He looks off, smiling a little.

348. FULL SHOT - HIS P.O.V.

Beneath him is La Punta del Diablo, and beyond it the hard, blue-black ocean and the thousand twilight colors that follow a Monterey sunset.

349. MED. CLOSE SHOT - HENDRY

He sits on his horse, unmoving. After a moment THE CAMERA SLOWLY BOOMS UP AND PULLS BACK TO AN EXTREME LONG SHOT. As it does, Hendry slumps, then crumples to fall in the dust of the Mission Road. After a moment Doc and Dad move their horses toward him at a walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

350. EXT. CYPRESS POINT - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Dad and Doc stand a little distance away from a new grave, watching as Hijinio Gonzales drives a wooden cross into the earth at its head. Francesca kneels nearby, weeping softly. Standing around the grave are a sizable number of Mexican men and women, some of them holding torches. As Hijinio finishes, a murmur of questioning discontent moves through the group. Dad watches for a moment longer, then puts on his hat and turns to Doc.

DAD

You'll be around if I want you?

DOC

I'll be around.

Dad hesitates, then nods and turns away. As he does, JESUS, one of the gravediggers, moves to stop him.

JESUS

(angrily)

They say you cut off his trigger finger -- is that true?

351. CLOSER ANGLE

DAD

Hombre, are you loco?

JOSE, very young and polite, moves up to join the two.

JOSE

I think you should leave the finger with us.

THE OTHERS

(ad libbing)

Yes -- give it to us.

DAD

(turning to them)

What would I want with his trigger finger? Don't you know that I liked him -- that I was once his pard? The only reason I killed him is because it was a groundhog case of him or me.

GONZALES

(turning to Francesca)

Did you see the trigger finger on his hand?

352. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Francesca stands and wipes her face, then her nose. She thinks it over, then finally shrugs.

JESUS

(turning to
another woman)

Did you see it? Did you see
the trigger finger?

She thinks for a moment, then shrugs like Francesca and turns away a little. CARLOS, another of the gravediggers, joins the group around Dad.

CARLOS

I think we should dig him up
and find out.

JESUS

(nodding)

It should be settled now.

Three or four of the men pick up shovels and move toward the grave.

353. MED. SHOT - FEATURING DOC

He crosses to stand in front of the grave.

DOC

Hombres -- if you would've asked
me, I would've told you -- nobody
cut off his finger.

CARLOS

(sourly)

You know nothing about it.

DOC

Don't dig him up -- he was my
compadre.

CARLOS

You were a great help to him
when he needed it, I suppose.

DOC

Hombres, I ask you!

CARLOS

No.

He picks up a spade and moves toward the grave.

CONTINUED

353. CONTINUED

DAD

I'll kill the first man that
touches his grave with a spade.

The men are silent. After a moment Dad reaches in his pocket,
brings out a cigar and lights it.

354. CLOSE GROUP

CARLOS

I think I saw his trigger finger.

FRANCESCA

Yes, it was on his hand.

JESUS

(smiling at them)

You know, it wasn't the Kid who
got killed -- it was a fellow
that looks like the Kid. The
Kid got away to old Mex.

CARLOS

(smiling back)

They couldn't kill the Kid that
way -- the Kid's in old Mex --
having himself a time.

JOSE

(to Francesca)

Do you think it was the Kid?
You laid him out...

FRANCESCA

How should I know?

DOC

(very soft)

Hombres, don't disturb his grave.

JESUS

(strongly)

We won't because it's not the Kid.

For a moment they are quiet, then turn and begin to move
away. Dad looks back once, then follows them.

FIRST MEXICAN

It wasn't the Kid.

SECOND MEXICAN

I know it wasn't the Kid. I saw
him. I knew the Kid. That's not
the Kid in there.

355. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DOC AND FRANCESCA

FRANCESCA

(very serious)

It's not the Kid. The Kid's in old
Mex.

DOC

(after a moment)

That's very good, Francesca.

She nods, then follows the others. Doc looks down at the grave for a moment, then puts on his hat and follows her.

356. FULL SHOT - GRAVE

It is deserted, lonely and small on the rugged tip of the cypress point. After a moment Nika MOVES INTO SHOT and stands looking down, then turns and walks away as we

FADE OUT:

THE END