1. FADE IN:

CLOSE SHOT - RIO

Casual, relaxed. He is sitting on a counter, eating a banana. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

2. FULL SHOT - INT. THE BANK

We see that a bank robbery is in progress. Four citizens lie face downward on the floor. Two women are against the wall.

DOC, a lanky thief, happily hums a tune as he fills his saddle bags with loot.

Rio notices one of the women surreptitiously take a ring from her finger, put it in her purse. He grins.

DOC
Hey, Dad, we got more money here than ticks on a goat.

DAD LONGWORTH enters from a rear room, carrying a saddle bag crammed with gold coins, and vaults over the counter.

DOC
Sure you got it all, Dad?

DAD
Yeah. You 'bout done?

Doc is now rummaging through a desk.

DOC
Un hunh. Lookie, Dad, there's a whole lotta stamps here. A feller might wanna write a letter home.

DAD
Forget about the stamps. Let's go.

Dad is at the entrance. He glances off and sees a man approaching.

DAD
Shhhhh...

He steps out through the door, positioning himself behind the man as he enters the bank, and clubs him. The man drops to the floor as Doc scales the counter to exit.

(Continued)

2. (Cont'd)

DAD
Walk out, Doc. Walk.
(to Rio)
C'mon, kid.

RIO
Just a minute, Dad. The lady here tried to cheat me.

Dad and Doc exit. Rio crosses to the lady who hid the ring. Gently, he takes the bag from her, opens it, takes out the ring, puts it in his pocket. Dad's voice is heard o.s.

DAD'S VOICE
C'mon, kid, let's go!

Rio returns the bag and exits.

3. EXT. THE BANK - RIO, DOC, AND DAD - (DAY)

As Rio appears.

The three men casually stroll down the steps into the market place.

4. As the MAIN TITLES AND CREDITS appear.

Unhurried, they cross to their horses, mount up and canter off. As they move through the gates of the town, a man rushes to the bank steps, sounding the alarm. The market place quickly seethes with excitement.

5. thru 12. OMITTED

13. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - (DAY)

As Dad, Doc and Rio hightail it.

CREDIT TITLES continue until we.

FADE OUT:

14.
thru OMITTED
17.

18. INT. ROOM ABOVE CANTINA - (DAY)

Dad is happily stretched out on a bed. Propped up beside him is an attractive redheaded Mexican GIRL. They are murmuring and cooing at each other intimately.

The girl produces a bottle of tequila and pours some into Dad's open mouth. Dad reaches out to the girl but, protesting, she moves across the room away from him. Dad lumbers after her, cornering her at the window.

REDHEAD
(as Dad pulls her to him)
Bruto! -- Animale!

She slaps him.

DAD
Yes. That's right. That's right. Tell me that.

She lets him take hold of her again. He bits her hand. She cries out, slaps him again.

DAD
You like that, don't you? Don't you? Tell me you like that.

REDHEAD
Si, si. Mucho...mucho.

She runs her hands up Dad's arms and around his neck.

REDHEAD (Cont'd)
Ah, mucho fuerto - fuerto.

Dad takes her roughly and kisses her.

REDHEAD
(again resisting)
No - bruto--bruto. I hate you. I hate you.

The girl retreats, and Dad follows her out of the frame of the window. The CAMERA HOLDS on the window showing a troop of Rurales riding into the square below.

19. OMITTED

20. EXT. THE SQUARE - (DAY)

The officer has brought his men to a halt and approaches several citizens to inquire about the whereabouts of the owner of Dad's horse. He is informed that the owner is across the square in the cantina. Quickly deploying his man, the officer enters the cantina.

21. INT. THE CANTINA - (DAY)

Several of the cantina women have seized Doc's trousers and are playing a ribald game of catch. Doc, clad in his shirt and underwear, is scrambling on the floor, tugging against the women when the Rurales enter.

Their officer shouts a command at the group. Abruptly, the game stops as the frightened women scatter in all directions. Desperately, Doc lurches toward a rear exit. He is cut down by a fusillade of shots from the Rurales.

22. INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAD AND REDHEAD

Dad, who has his head buried in the REdhead's hair, is startled at the SOUND of the SHOTS. He goes to the window and sees the commotion of Rurales and citizens. Dad puts on his guns, runs to the window at the back, sees that it is clear and he goes out the window.

23. EXT. LEDGE - (DAY)

On the ledge outside the window, Dad is making his way above a courtyard. There are no horses in sight. The Redhead appears at the window with Dad's shoes and throws them. Suddenly, Dad hears the SOUND of HOOF BEATS approaching. There is no time for the shoes.

23A. THE COURTYARD - (DAY)

As a single Rurale rides into view.

As he comes to a position directly beneath Dad, he jumps onto the horse behind the Rurale. As he hits, he knocks the Mexican from his horse and gets into the saddle. He starts away, then remembers his gold. He reins the horse around, comes back beneath the window.

(Continued)

23A. (Cont'd)

DAD
(yelling up)
Hey, Red -- throw me down my gold!
Oro! Oro!

At the window, suddenly appears a Rurale. One look at him and Dad knows his gold is gone. He spurs away. Hurriedly, the Rurale fires at the fleeing horseman, misses.

DISSOLVE:

24. INT. COURTYARD - (DAY)

Amid the lush setting of the courtyard of a wealthy home, Rio is seated with a beautiful Castilian woman, MARGARITA. She is elegantly dressed, cultured, speaks the very precise English of a well-educated Latin.

A wrought iron table before them has on it a liqueur decanter service. Rio and Margarita are sipping from the tiny glasses.

RIO
It's been kinda fun drinkin' outa these pee-wee glasses. You know, Senora, I sure am gonna remember these past coupla days for a long, long time.

MARGARITA
Will you be leaving here?

RIO
Well - I guess I best be gettin' back to it.

MARGARITA
Do you make your home in Mexico?

RIO
(ruefully)
Home? My home's anywhere I throw my saddle down, I guess.

MARGARITA
Uh - then you do much travelling?

(Continued)

24. (Cont'd)

RIO
Yeah - you might say that. I sorta drift outa one town and into another. I transport a little money for the banks once in a while - but mostly driftin'.

MARGARITA
That seems like a lonely life for a young man.

RIO
Yeah - I guess it is when you think about it. Funny thing, it never occurs to me until I am around a fine lady like you, then I realize how little I got.

MARGARITA
I have enjoyed your visits with me.

RIO
Have you?

MARGARITA
Yes.

RIO
Well - it's been a real pleasure for me, too. And somethin' kinda special.
(he suddenly leans close to her, looking intently at her eyes)
Pardon me, Senora - you got somethin' in your eye.

She dabs at her eye with her handkerchief. Rio gently takes it from her.

RIO
If you'll permit me, ma'am. I'll snag it out for you.

He brushes her eye with the handkerchief.

RIO
Just one of them little hairs there - right on the edge. Close 'em.

(Continued)

24. (Cont'd)

She closes her eyes. Rio leans closer, kisses her on the mouth. Margarita, reacting with haughty indignation, taps him across the cheek with her fan.

MARGARITA
(coolly)
I have made the mistake of thinking that you were a gentleman. And now perhaps you'd better leave.

RIO
(subdued)
All right. I hurt your feelin's, and that's the last thing in the world I wanted to do. You treated me the same as I was a gentleman and I guess I just ain't used to it.

MARGARITA
Please go.

RIO
(rising)
All right. I didn't get much upbringin' as a kid, and all the manners I learned was in saloons. Ain't often I get to be with a real fine lady like you. I guess I lost myself for a minute and you can believe this or not, but I'm sorry. I just hope you won't think too bad of me when I'm gone.

MARGARITA
Well - perhaps you were a little impulsive. You may call again, if you like.

RIO
You got no idea how nice that makes me feel, and I wish there was some way I could show my respect. I ain't got much...just this ring.
(produces ring)
It belonged to my mother. She gave it to me before she died. It'd mean a lot to me if you'd wear it.

MARGARITA
Oh, no - I couldn't do that.

He puts it on her finger and kisses her hand.

(Continued)

24. (Cont'd)

RIO
Please - it'd make me feel a whole lot better.

MARGARITA
(deeply moved)
It's beautiful. I shall be honored to wear it.

They go into an ardent embrace. At that moment, Dad's voice rings out o.s.

DAD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, kid! You in there, kid?

Rio abruptly breaks the embrace. He rushes out to the gate, where he sees Dad on his horse.

DAD
(urgently)
On your horse, kid! Rurales!

RIO
Be right with you.

He runs back to Margarita, unceremoniously strips the ring from her finger.

RIO
Sorry, sweetheart, maybe next time.

He runs back out the gate.

25. OMITTED

26. EXT. THE ALLEY

As Rio dashes out through the gate and mounts his horse.

RIO
Where's Doc?

DAD
He's dead.

26A. A TOWN INTERSECTION - (DAY)

Rio and Dad race down the alley. Reining into an intersecting street, they spot the Rurales troop riding

(Continued)

26A. (Cont'd)

by. The Rurales have seen them. Wheeling back PAST CAMERA, they spur their horses off in the opposite direction with the Rurales in pursuit.

27. THE OPEN COUNTRY - RIO AND DAD - (DAY)

They are riding hard. Rio glances over his shoulder and sees the Rurales in close chase, perhaps two hundred yards separate them. But with their better horses, Rio and Dad are widening the gap. They push their horses up a slope and disappear on the far side of the hill.

DISSOLVE:

28. EXT. A GULLY - (DAY)

Rio and Dad have momentarily given the Rurales the slip. Both men are dismounted to take advantage of the natural cover of the terrain and rest up.

Dad pulls out a bottle of tequila and is taking his turn on the bottle when suddenly a Rurale's bullet smashes into the neck of Rio's horse. They look off and see the Rurales closing in. Swinging into their saddles, they strike out of the gully and head toward a bordering group of hills.

29. RIO'S HORSE

Rio's horse is badly hurt. Blood flows down its neck and shoulder.

They ride a little harder. The horse is slowing down, with the Rurales gaining ground. A fast decision, and Rio and Dad are urging their horses up the spur of a mountain. Attaining an intermediate ledge, Rio's horse stumbles and falls, throwing Rio. Dad waits anxiously for Rio to climb aboard his mount.

DAD
The gold! Get the gold!

Rio runs back to his fallen horse, grabs his saddlebag and in two beats has leaped behind Dad. Dad's tired horse is making its way laboriously up the bank to the top of the rim. The Rurales have arrived at the ledge below when Dad and Rio jump off and scurry behind the crest of the rim.

30. EXT. GALLON RIM - RIO AND DAD - (DAY)

Rio starts returning the Rurales' fire as Dad hobbles the horse.

RIO
C'mon, Dad. I'm out.

Dad drops down beside Rio.

DAD
Where's the rifle?

RIO
I dropped it comin' up.

Dad and Rio commence exchanging volleys with the Rurales. The Rurales, seeing their disadvantage, turn and ride back down the spurs of the mountain. After a moment, Dad turns to Rio.

DAD
You all right?

RIO
Yeah.

DAD
Well - here we are, kid. A day late and a dollar short.

RIO
Yeah - we got a real nose full of bees here.

DAD
(looking out at Rurales)
C'mon, you jackasses, if you're comin'. C'mon, you monkeys.

Dad fires as Rio glances about, estimating their predicament.

RIO
Now, let's wait a minute here. Maybe this ain't so sad. I think all we gotta do is stay here till dark -- then we sneak off this hill slick as a pig.

Dad's attention is on the Rurales, who split up and ride off in several directions. Dad pumps several shots at the group flanking right, as Rio scampers over to fire at the troops moving off left.

(Continued)

30. (Cont'd)

DAD
Wait for dark, huh? They'll be stompin' all over us inside an hour. You ever been in a Mexican pen, kid?

RIO
Nope.

DAD
Well - maybe if you're a good boy, you'll get the chance. We'd better think of something funny, and quick.

RIO
Well - we still got a horse.

DAD
What good's that?

RIO
How far do you calculate we rode?

DAD
I calculate about seven miles easy.

RIO
Remember a little stick place just out of San Felipe with a corral?

DAD
Nope.

RIO
Sure you remember... that's where we got drunk and you killed that lady's goat.

DAD
Oh, yeah.

RIO
Well - if I ain't wrong, it can't be more'n five miles down that canyon.

DAD
That's still no damn good. If we rode that horse double, she'd cave in before we got half a mile.

RIO
Yeah... one of us could hold this rim while the other one goes for fresh mounts.

(Continued)

30. (Cont'd)

DAD
Pretty skinny chance.

RIO
Well, it's a damn sight better'n sittin' here and gettin' shot up front and back.

DAD
Yeah... might work. But who rides and who stays?

RIO
You go ahead. I'll stick it.

DAD
Why not you?

RIO
Well - let's shake for it.

Rio takes a cartridge from Dad's belt, jiggle sit around behind him.

DAD
The bullet rides?

RIO
The bullet rides.

Dad points to the right hand. Rio opens it.

RIO
You ride. One thing we've got to do first.

DAD
What's that?

RIO
Let's kill the old soldier before you go.

Dad pulls out the tequila from his shirt.

DAD
There's a half a snort apiece.

They drink. Dad rises and moves to the horse, then remembering the cartridge belt, removes it, throws it to Rio.

(Continued)

30. (Cont'd)

RIO
Thanks - could use it.

DAD
(already mounted)
Don't go 'way now.

RIO
Wasn't thinkin' of it.

Rio watches as Dad jabs his bare heels into the horse and speeds down the side of the mountain.

31. thru 41. OMITTED

42. OMITTED

43. EXT. STICKTOWN MENATA - (DAY)

A tiny settlement in the desert consisting of a corral and several adjoining adobe huts.

Dad approaches at full speed. When he draws up to the corral, his horse is lathered and spent. A YOUNG BOY runs up to the corral gate.

DAD
(calling to the boy)
O ye, chamaco.

BOY
Que quiere, jefe?

Dad points out two horses in the corral.

DAD
Dos caballos. De quien son?

BOY
De mi papa.

DAD
Llamale pronto!

BOY
Si, senor.

(Continued)

43. (Cont'd)

The boy runs to the house as Dad dismounts and starts unsaddling his horse.

Summoned by the boy, the FATHER comes hobbling toward Dad. He is crippled and uses a crude crutch.

FATHER
Buenos dias, senor.

DAD
Bueno.
(gesturing)
Look ---

FATHER
Como esta usted?

DAD
Muy bien.
(pointing)
Those two horses --

FATHER
En que le puedo servir?

The man carefully scrutinizing Dad, notices that Dad wears no shoes.

DAD
Quiero dos caballos.
(extending two fingers)
Those two over there.

FATHER
Mmmmm - usted se interesa en caballos.

DAD
Yo si.

FATHER
Pues mira... En el corral tengo yo dos buenos caballos muy bueno.

The man has pointed out horses in a corral across the road.

DAD
(impatiently)
No sabe! No comprendo! I want --
(gesturing)
-- estes caballos!

(Continued)

43. (Cont'd)

FATHER
Pues estoa caballos no quisiera venderlos, porqua me costo mucho trabajo traer...

DAD
(angrily; taking Father's neckerchief and twisting it)
Cortele! Cuanto?

FATHER
Doaciantos pesos.
(to the boy)
Manuelito - ensilla los caballos. Anda, Manuel!

DAD
Come on!

The boy enters the corral and returns with the horses. Swiftly, Dad saddles one of the horses.

DAD
(to the boy)
Deme esta cosa.

The boy reaches for the saddle bag hanging on the corral post where Dad placed it. He drops it, spilling some of the coins. Quickly, Dad crosses to the boy; kneels and shovels the loose coins into the bag. Rising, he flings the bag onto the saddle.

43A. OMITTED

43B. CLOSE SHOT - DAD'S FACE

As he ties the money bag onto the saddle.

Dad's mind is working fiercely. This is the moment of decision. Dad looks in both directions - toward Rio - toward escape. He mounts the horse.

43C. ANOTHER ANGLE - DAD

On his horse.

he takes some coins, tosses them to the boy.

(Continued)

43C. (Cont'd)

DAD
Gracias.

He spurs his horse out -- in the opposite direction from the Rim and Rio. The father and the boy stare after him in perplexity.

The boy stoops down, picks up the coins, then rises as Dad is seen riding off in the distance.

DISSOLVE:

44. RIO

As he waits, stretched out on his belly, facing out over the rim.

A dust storm is blowing up. Rio squints into the dust sweeping across the rim, knowing his situation is helpless. The dust is a natural ambuscade through which the Rurales, unseen, are moving closer and closer to his position.

45. A SERIES OF CUTS

showing the Rurales moving from many directions up the side of the mountain toward Rio's position.

46. TWO RURALES

They have attained a ridge above and behind Rio. One shouts a command to Rio. Another command and the second Rurale takes a bead on Rio and fires.

47. *LONG SHOT - RIO*

The shot kicks into the dust a few inches from Rio's head.

Pulling himself to his feet as he slowly raises his hands above his head, Rio surrenders. The Rurales swarm in over the rim.

48. THE RIM - RIO AND THE RURALES - (DAY)

As the Rurales close in and take him.

(Continued)

48. (Cont'd)

Their officer rides INTO CAMERA, dismounts and steps up to Rio.

OFFICER
(to a mounted Rurale)
A ver, Miguel. Diles que se eleven los caballos al otro lado.

The Rurale rides off. The officer speaks to a second Rurale.

OFFICER
Jose, dame una poca de agua, por favor.

RURALE
Si, como no.

OFFICER
Es Americano, no?

RIO
Si.

The Rurale returns and hands the Officer a skin of water.

OFFICER
Gracias.
(to Rio)
You could put your arms down, muchacho bravieso.

He turns the skin up to his lips and drinks deeply.

OFFICER
Hace mucho culor, verdad? Quieres un poco?

He offers the skin to Rio. As Rio reaches to take it, the Officer withdraws it.

OFFICER
Say - where your friend go, huh?

RIO
Don't know. Quien sabe.

OFFICER
Well - maybe when you get a little more thirsty, you will remember better.

(Continued)

48. (Cont'd)

The Officer tosses the skin back to the Rurale.

OFFICER
A ver muchachos, amarrenlo que nos vamos pronto, y traigansen los caballos del otro lao. No vaya a ser que se nos haga tarde. Andele! Vamos!

The Officer eyes Rio intently, then turns and mounts his horse as the Rurales tie Rio's hands behind him.

49. OMITTED

DISSOLVE:

50. EXT. STICKTOWN MENATA - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

From a distance, we see the Rurales troop, with Rio captive, approaching the village along the same route used earlier by Dad.

The boy on horseback sees them approaching, races across their route to Father's house.

BOY
(calling to his father inside)
Papa! ... Viene! La Policia!

The Father comes out of the house as the Rurales ride up with Rio.

50A. GROUP SHOT - RIO, RURALES, FATHER

OFFICER
Oye, Viejo - no has visto un gringo pasar por aqui muy apura'o?

FATHER
Si, mi Capitan. Y salio tan apurado que se le olvido los zapatos.

OFFICER
(smiles, glancing at Rio)
No shoes, eh?
(to his men)
Muchachos - dejo los zapatos!

(Continued)

50A. (Cont'd)

The Rurales laugh at this joke, as the Officer recognizes Dad's stolen horse in the corral.

OFFICER
Es ese su caballo, no?

FATHER
Si, jefe. Se llevo el mejor de los mios.

OFFICER
Y le pago.

FATHER
Si, jefe.

OFFICER
Cuanto?

FATHER
Un poco.

The Father reaches into his pocket, takes out several gold coins, hands them to the Officer who recognizes them as the stolen gold.

OFFICER
Dos cientos pesos! Ese es una cantidad muy grande de Tequila!
(to Rio)
What happened to your friend? Maybe he goes back to find his shoes.
(the Rurales laugh)
Muchachos, vamonos.

He reins his horse around, leading the Rurales off.

FATHER
(calling)
Oigame! Mi jefe - mi dinero!

OFFICER
(over his shoulder)
Manana te lo traere. Bueno ya vamos.

The Rurales ride off with Rio.

DISSOLVE:

51. and 52. OMITTED

53. LONG SHOT - BLEAK COUNTRY - SONORA PRISON IN B.G.

Two figures are seen in the distance running in unison TOWARD THE CAMERA. Before them is a shallow ravine. They slip down into the dried bed, panting hard, near exhaustion. We see that one of the men is Rio; the other is MODESTO, a Mexican.

Both men are bearded; both in ragged clothes. They are shackled to each other at the ankle by a relatively short chain.

54. CLOSE SHOT OF ABOVE

55. OMITTED

56. RIO AND MODESTO

Tired and desperate, they stumble toward a high embankment bordering a stream below. They tumble down the steep slope, clambering to the edge of the water. They dip their faces into the stream.

RIO (in Spanish)
Don't drink too much.

MODESTO
(drinking)
Bueno.

The men lean back, waiting for the water to take effect. They rise wearily to their feet.

RIO
(pointing across the stream)
That way.

They wade through the stream, moving off in the direction Rio has indicated as the CAMERA PANS them out of sight.

DISSOLVE:

57. thru 61. OMITTED

62. EXT. AN ABANDONED ADOBE SHACK - ON EDGE OF DESERT (DAY)

Four gutted walls are all there is to the shelter.

In a corner, Modesto sits before a wood fire, mopping beans from a plate with a tortilla. Presently, Rio steps in from tending the horses outside. He carries a tin plate with remnants of his dinner. Both men are dressed Mexican style, with heavy wool ponchos drawn over their inner garments. It is apparent there has been a passage of time.

Rio crosses and sits in the empty window, looking off.

MODESTO
You know - I been thinking about this Longworth, amigo. It's going to be pretty hard to find him. This is a big country, you know?

RIO
(eating)
I know all his old stampin' grounds. Sooner or later I'm gonna find him.

Modesto shrugs at the prospect of this task.

MODESTO
(gesturing with his tortilla)
You have been five years in that stinkin' hole. It's time to live a little.

An important consideration occurs to Modesto.

MODESTO (Cont'd)
What if he is dead?

RIO
If he's dead, I'm gonna see his grave.

Modesto shakes his head, finishes his meal.

MODESTO
I think you would spend your whole life to find this man.

RIO
Maybe.

Rio has tossed his plate to the ground; rises.

(Continued)

62. (Cont'd)

RIO (Cont'd)
C'mon. Let's go.

Rio steps through the window and crosses to the horses tethered to the side of the building. Modesto joins him, and together they mount up and ride off.

DISSOLVE:

63. OMITTED

64. EXT. SHACK DOOR - (NIGHT)

Rio and Modesto step up to the door of a little shack. Rio knocks on the door. It is opened by an old Mexican WOMAN. Revealed in the background is a primitive little cantina with several girls and a blubbery man, GORDITO, who is stripped to the waist.

WOMAN
Buena nochas, muchacohos. Gustan pasar a su casa?

Rio and Modesto remain outside.

RIO
Gracias, senora.

WOMAN
Trengo el gusto de verlo conosido.

RIO
Gracias, conozco un hombre que se llama Dad Longworth?

WOMAN
No comorando, senor.

Rio asks Modesto to speak to the woman.

RIO
Preguntalas.

MODESTO
Quiere decir que anda buscando un hombre que ae llama Dad Longworth?

RIO
(with emphasis)
Dad Longworth.

(Continued)

64. (Cont'd)

WOMAN
No - no comprendo. No se que dice, yo no se nada.
(calls to the fat man)
Gordito!

GORDITO (O.S.)
Si, mama.

The man with the bare torso comes to the door.

WOMAN
(to Gordito)
Ven a ver que quieren estos jovenes.

GORDITO
Ahi voy - estas viejos fregadas acaostumbrados a bacer le que quieren.

MODESTO
Qua hubo?

GORDITO
Que hubole? Que le querian?

MODESTO
Quiere decir que anda buscando un hombre que se llama Dad Longworth?

GORDITO
(shakes his head)
No --

RIO
Es un Americano.

GORDITO
No lo conozco.

Gordito is distracted by a commotion from the background, calls over his shoulder:

GORDITO (Cont'd)
A ver al se callen. Chiguaga! A ver que no dejan hablar, allensen el hozico.

WOMAN
El hozico.

(Continued)

64. (Cont'd)

GORDITO
No nadien por eso.

RIO
(trying to get a word in edgewise)
Hay muchas veces el viene equi?

GORDITO
Pos habra venido.

MODESTO
(explaining)
Muchas veces anda por este lao.

GORDITO
(getting impatient)
Quieren entrar? Pasanle.

WOMAN
(insisting that they enter)
Si - si.

GORDITO
Entran o no entran?

Rio doesn't answer.

WOMAN
Que entren. Tengo el gusto de verlos aqui en mi casa.

GORDITO
(out of patience)
No! No quieren antrar.

WOMAN
Si, si seguro, deja que pasen pa que vean.

RIO
(interrupting)
Lo recuerda?

GORDITO
No. No lo recuerdo.

WOMAN
Deja que entren pa que vean.

Gordito shoves her roughly aside.

(Continued)

64. (Cont'd)

GORDITO
Venganse, estos viejos no mas vienen a ver - a no faltaba mas.

He slams the door in Rio and Modesto's faces.

64A. CLOSE ON RIO

His face registers disappointment.

RIO
(to Modesto)
Let's go.

They exit.

DISSOLVE:

65. INT. GAMBLING HALL - (NIGHT)

The CAMERA concentrates on a table in the corner, where a big game is in progress. The Mexican players go about the poker game with quiet concentration. The DEALER, dealing stud poker, calls out the cards a she turns them over.

DEALER
Caballo de oro... tres de copa...
sieta de copa... dus de basto...
sies de basto...

Shortly, Rio enters the scene, makes his way around the table to a position behind the dealer. The ensuing conversation between them is low, earnest.

DEALER
Que tal?

RIO
Bien.

DEALER
Donde estabas?

RIO
Por Ahi. Te vec a Dad Longworth?

DEALER
Quien?

(Continued)

65. (Cont'd)

RIO
Dad Longworth. Es un Americano con una nariz muy gordo. Lo recuerdad?

DEALER
No - hace mucho que no lo veo.

RIO
Guando fue la ultima vez que lo veo?

DEALER
Oh! Cuatro a cinco anos. Hace mucho tiempo que no vienne por aqui.

At this point, one of the card players interrupts impatiently.

PLAYER
Vamos a hablar compadra o a jugar. Yo estoy perdido.

DEALER
Lo siento mucho.

RIO
Esta bien.

The dealer starts dealing another hand.

DEALER
Dos do oro... cuatro de oro... dos de espada... ray de espada... tres de basto... caballo de oro --

RIO
So long.

DEALER
Adios.
(continues dealing)
Siete de oro... cuatro oro --

DISSOLVE:

66. thru 67. OMITTED

68. EXT. TOWN - RIO AND MODESTO RIDE UP TO THE CANTINA

This is the same cantina where Dad was shot.

Rio and Modesto dismount and enter.

69. INT. CANTINA

At the bar, two gunman are talking with a REDHEAD behind the bar - the same REdhead who was Dad's companion upstairs. One of the men is BOB AMORY; the other, HARVEY JOHNSON. Harvey is mildly drunk.

A WOMAN weaves among the tables, accompanied by a man strumming a guitar. The couples seated at the tables WHISTLE and SHOUT their approval of the woman's impromptu and macabre dance.

The Redhead, Bob and Harvey are laughing and ad-libbing pleasantly when Rio and Modesto enter and proceed to a table. The dancing woman crosses the room and sits on Rio's table.

WOMAN
You like buy me a drink, senor?
I make you laugh.

RIO
No thanks, ma'am.

WOMAN
(urgingly)
I make you laugh.

Rio shakes his head, not impolitely, dismissing the woman. Meanwhile, Modesto has gotten the eye from another woman. He leaves the table and follows her upstairs.

The trio at the bar continues ad-libbing until the Redhead glances up, recognizing Rio. She starts around the bar.

REDHEAD
You boys have another drink. I'll be right back with you.

HARVEY
(reaching for her)
Hey, Red - where you goin'?

She doesn't answer. At the table, the Redhead approaches Rio with a big smile and sits.

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

REDHEAD
Hey, chico! You remember me?

RIO
Sure I do. How you been, Red?

REDHEAD
Bueno. And you?

RIO
I'm all right.

REDHEAD
What're you doing here?

RIO
Just killin' time.

REDHEAD
It's been five, six years since I see you. I hear you got in bad trouble.

RIO
Yeah... some.

REDHEAD
That's too bad.
(remembering)
What happen to your frien'?

RIO
I don't now. Kinda lost track of him. When was the last time you seen him?

REDHEAD
Not since he was here with you... remember when the Rurales came here and killed that guy?
(utters an exclamation; then shrugs)
Maybe he went back over the border?

Across the room, Harvey has been taking in the scene. He puts his glass down and starts over to the table.

BOB
Where you goin', Harv?

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

HARVEY
I'll be right back.

Harvey approaches Rio's table.

HARVEY
(to Redhead)
What're you doin' here, Red. I'm over there.

REDHEAD
(placatingly)
Oh, just a minute, baby. I'm just talking to an old frien'. I'll be back in a minute.

HARVEY
(taking her arm)
C'mon, let's go.

RIO
She'll be right back. I'm just askin' her a few questions.

HARVEY
Spose you just ask her on your own money, bub.
(he grabs the girl roughly)
C'mon, chickie.

RIO
No need for that, mister. She's comin' back.

HARVEY
There's no need for you to tell me she's comin' back. I know she's comin' back - right now!

He pulls her a little harder.

REDHEAD
(angrily)
Don't pull! I'm coming!

RIO
(quietly)
Don't be doin' her like that.

HARVEY
What'd you say?

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

RIO
I said - don't be doin' her like that.

Harvey glares down at Rio.

HARVEY
I've had about enough of you, jackass.

Confidently, he strides back to where he was standing and takes his gun and belt from the bar. He starts strapping it on.

BOB
(casually)
What's doin', Harv?

HARVEY
That fellow over there wants to play and I'm gonna blind him.

BOB
Well -- Harvey Johnson is gonna be a famous name around these parts. You're gonna get yourself killed by a fella named Rio.

The sound of the name shocks Harvey. He stares over at the table.

HARVEY
(dubiously)
That ain't Rio.

BOB
It ain't, huh?
(smiling)
I wouldn't wanta lose me a handful of brains findin' out. Huh, Harv?

Harvey's bravery subsides. He glumly leans on the bar.

HARVEY
I don't care if it's him.

BOB
You don't, huh?

Bob takes a bottle and a couple of glasses from the bar and goes over to Rio's table. He takes out a silver coin and plunks it down before the Redhead.

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

BOB
(to Redhead)
Darlin' - I think we got ol' Harv talked into takin' a bath. Why don't you go find an axe so's we can cut his socks off?

The Redhead takes the money and leaves the table.

BOB
My name's Amory. I'd like to sit down with you and buy you a drink. Got somethin' I'd like to talk over. Mind if I sit?

Rio is carefully watching Harvey, and Bob follows his glance. Bob sits down.

BOB
Oh, don't pay him no mind. He's just pumped up a little.

Rio doesn't answer.

BOB (Cont'd)
You musta hearda me -- Bob Amory?

RIO
Nope.

BOB
Don't matter. You know, it's a real piece of luck, my runnin' into you like this. I gotta good idea I'd like to talk to you bout.

Rio just eyes him silently.

BOB
How'd you like to get rich -- once and for all?
(no reaction from Rio)
You could use a piece of change, couldn't you?

RIO
You got somethin' to tell me?

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

BOB
Yeah, I got somethin' to tell you.
(leans forward confidentially)
Fourteen days ride from here there's a town. And in that town there's one of the fattest banks you ever saw, and it ain't nothin' but a cheese box.
(pauses)
Shall I keep talkin'?

RIO
What're you tellin' all that to me for?

BOB
I'll need some help takin' it.

RIO
Why don't you take it on your own?

BOB
Two men ain't enough.

RIO
I never saw a bank yet that two men couldn't take.

BOB
That's right - but this is a little different deal.
(pauses)
Now - the words goin' 'round that you're lookin' hard for Dad Longworth and that there's a lotta dirt between you. If that's true, I can tell you where you can find him.
(significant pause)
Want me to keep talkin'?

RIO
(intently)
Go on.

BOB
There ain't no use in goin' on unless you're interested in ridin' with me on this deal.

(Continued)

69. (Cont'd)

RIO
I'm interested.

BOB
Now here's the fun - and it's gonna tickle you... the sheriff in that town is Dad Longworth.

70. OMITTED

71. CLOSE SHOT - RIO'S FACE

As the information hits him.

BOB'S VOICE (O.S.)
We gonna do some business?

RIO
(softly)
Yeah -- yeah.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

72. THE BANK OF A BROAD RIVER - (DAY)

which might be identified as the Rio grande.

Rio, Bob, Harvey and Modesto prod their horses into the water and start to cross the river.

DISSOLVE:

73. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER - (DAY)

Rio, Bob, Harvey and Modesto emerge from the river and they attain the top of the bank.

DISSOLVE:

74. BARREN COUNTRY - (NON-MONTEREY) - (DAY) - LONG SHOT OF THE FOUR RIDERS

In the distance, jogging their horses. The attitude is of the travelers pacing themselves for a long journey.

DISSOLVE:

75. EXT. HILLTOP - (DAY)

As the four horsemen ride into the scene and stop.

From their eminence, they can see the bay and town of Monterey far below them.

BOB
Well, there she is - Monterey, California. You know, I think of all the money waitin' in that bank and it just makes me wanta cry. Harv - you gonna have diamonds in your teeth and you ain't never gonna have to take a bath.

Rio gazes down at Dad Longworth's town, gravely, silently.

HARVEY
Sing it, Bob.

BOB
C'mon. Let's get down there and pick them apples.

The four men kick off their horses.

DISSOLVE:

76. EXT. MONTEREY STREET - (DAY)

The four riders enter the town.

As they draw abreast of the bank, they stop briefly, look it over, continue.

77. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - (DAY)

As Bob, Harvey and Modesto dismount in front of the hotel.

RIO
Get us some rooms. I'll be back.

Rio rides across the square to the jail, dismounts.

78. and 79. OMITTED

80. EXT. JAIL - (DAY)

Rio stops, looks in, sees no one and enters.

81. INT. JAIL - (DAY)

Rio enters slowly.

Seated behind the desk is LON DEDRICK, big deputy sheriff. His face is hidden behind a newspaper he is reading. Rio goes up to the desk.

RIO
Like to see Dad Longworth. Where can I find him?

LON
(not lowering newspaper)
Whatta yah want with him?

RIO
I want to see him.

LON
Who wants to see him?

RIO
I do.

LON
What about? I'm the deputy.

RIO
I don't think you can handle it.

No answer from Lon. He is still reading the newspaper.

RIO (Cont'd)
I asked you polite, mister.

Lon lowers his newspaper, revealing his face.

LON
I got a lotta funny things to do today, but lippin' with you ain't one of 'em.

He points, without turning, to a sign on the wall above his head. It reads: "NO LOITERING." Then he resumes reading his paper. Gently, Rio reaches out, pushes down the newspaper.

(Continued)

81. (Cont'd)

RIO
You're shy a few manners.

LON
You're lookin' to get your back broke, sonny, and I'm the man around here who takes care of that kinda thing.

Rio looks at him coldly for a moment, then nods.

RIO
You might get lucky someday and get the chance.

He turns, exits.

81A. EXT. JAIL - (DAY)

as Rio comes out. A man is sitting on a bench in the sun. Rio addresses him:

RIO
Where's Dad Longworth's house?

MAN
(pointing)
About two mile outa town. Take the south road until you reach the ocean. His is the white house on the west side of the road.

RIO
Thanks.

Rio walks across the square.

DISSOLVE:

82. EXT. APPROACH TO DAD'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Rio rides toward it, slowly.

83. INT. BEDROOM - DAD'S HOUSE - (PROCESS)

Shooting through open window. Dad is asleep in the hammock, the Bible face down on his chest. In the background, the tiny figure of Rio on his horse can be seen slowly approaching. Maria enters in the bedroom,

(Continued)

83. (Cont'd)

a dusting rag flung over her shoulder. She casually looks out the window as she passes it on the way to get lamp shade, which she removes. As she cleans the shade, she again passes the window and notices the horseman approaching closer.

MARIA
Dad, we have a visitor.

DAD
(as he awakens)
Hunh?

MARIA
(Mexican sing-song)
Somebody's coming.

Dad sits up in the hammock, looks off at the rider, apparently recognizes him. He steps over the hammock, puts the Bible on the windowsill, calls through to his wife:

DAD
Give me my holster, dear.

MARIA
What's the matter?

DAD
Never mind - just give me the holster, please.

Maria puts down the shade, gets Dad's holster and hands it through window. In the b.g., Rio can be seen coming closer.

MARIA
Who's he?

85. EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - HITCHING RACK - (DAY) - (PROCESS)

Rio dismounts, takes a few steps toward the house, stops.

RIO
Hello, Dad.

DAD
Hello, kid.

RIO
Howya been?

(Continued)

85. (Cont'd)

DAD
Pretty fair. How about you?

RIO
(shrugging)
Still sneakin' by.

DAD
What's on your mind?

RIO
Nothin', Dad. Just driftin' through. Thought I'd look in on you.

DAD
Well - here I am.

RIO
Yeah.

DAD
You know, you don't seem too glad to see me.

RIO
You don't blame me, do you?

DAD
Blame you? For what?

RIO
Ain't every day I get a chance to socialize with a sheriff. It's kinda hard to tell whether I'm talkin' to ol' Dad Longworth or I'm talkin' to the law.

DAD
You're talking to Dad Longworth.

RIO
Is that a fact? I heard you don't take to my breed no more.

DAD
Rio - I knew you'd come by sooner or later, and I'm glad you came. There's something I been wanting to tell you for a long, long time. How about a drink?

(Continued)

85. (Cont'd)

RIO
Couldn't hurt.

DAD
(indicating)
Come up on the porch. I got some tequila.

RIO
All right.

They move up on to the porch.

85A. INT. PORCH - (DAY) - (PROCESS)

as they enter. Dad sits on sofa, Rio on chair.

DAD
Sit yourself.

Dad pushes the tequila bottle toward Rio, and Rio pours. They drink. Dad stares thoughtfully at his glass.

DAD
Remember the last time we drank tequila together?

RIO
Yeah. That was the time we was hung up on Mount Gallon Rim, over there in Sonora.

DAD
About five years ago.

RIO
Yeah, that's right. Just under five years.

DAD
I -- guess you wondered why I never showed with those horses.

RIO
Yeah - I thought about it. But knowin' how you was in them days, I figured you for gettin' drunk and fallin' down with some chiquita and just forgettin' about time.

(Continued)

85A. (Cont'd)

DAD
I wish it was that way, but that ain't the way it happened. I left you for dead. And what's more - I didn't even care.

RIO
That don't sound like you, Dad.

DAD
But it was. I rode right on through to La Quinta. I wasn't even thinking about you, kid. All I had on my mind was that gold.

RIO
There wasn't too much of that, as I recollect it.

DAD
There was enough to send me straight to Hell.
(drains the drink)
What I didn't drink up went for gambling and sinful women. You know how I was -- always wanting to be the top stud.

RIO
Un huh.

DAD
I pleasured away the money, and then my luck started to run thin. I kept getting meaner every day. I hated everybody, including myself. then I took sick - I mean dyin' sick. Then a funny thing came over me. I got scared. And you know me, Rio. I ain't scared of nothing I can get hold of, or hit, or shoot at. But this time I was really scared. I got it into my head I was gonna burn in hell.

Well, being damn near death, I called in a padre, and for the first time I heard the word of God. I confessed all my sinful killings to him, and all my wrong-doings, and he saved me.
(MORE)

(Continued)

85A. (Cont'd)

DAD (Cont'd)
That's right, kid. He saved my soul. What I'm getting at is that I ran out on you because I was a plain sinner. It might seem like a no account excuse, and knowing me like I used to be, I couldn't blame you for taking it raw. But if you're looking to be satisfied for what I did, I'd be sorry for it, but if it's what you want, just let me know how and where you want to make the play, and I'll stand up to you.

Rio finishes his drink, then smiles thinly at Dad.

RIO
You're gettin' 'way ahead of yourself, dad. Ain't no need for that. There wasn't nothin' happened to me. I just fooled around with those dogfaces till it got dark, then I snuck on down and stole the Captain's horse and took off. They wasn't about to catch me. After that, it was all sweet whiskey, laughin' and good-time Mary Jane.

DAD
(searchingly)
Are you sure that's the straight of it, kid?

RIO
You know me, Dad. If I didn't feel right about it, we'd be out there splatterin' each other all over the front yard.
(toys with his glass; smiles ruefully)
Course, I was hot about it for a while. But, shoot, that was five years ago, Dad. A man can't stay sore for five years...
(pauses; looks at Dad)
can he?

Dad is moved. After a moment, he solemnly extends his hand.

(Continued)

85A. (Cont'd)

DAD
(gravely)
You know what you're gonna do, kid?

RIO
What's that?

DAD
(smiles)
You're gonna stay to supper.

RIO
Ah, I was just pokin' through and wanted to say hello. It might not look too good my hangin' around your town.

DAD
You let me worry about that.

RIO
(pauses)
I'm still in business.

DAD
I'm sorry to hear that, boy. But - well, anyway I want you to meet my family.

RIO
All right.

DAD
Come on.
(calls)
Maria!

Dad and Rio walk around the porch toward the breezeway.

86. OMITTED

87. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAD'S HOUSE - (DUSK)

As Dad and Rio enter. Dad looks around, calls out:

DAD
Maria!... Maria!...
(to Rio)
Just a second, kid.

(Continued)

87. (Cont'd)

He exits, calling for Maria. Rio looks around the room. In a moment, LOUISA enters from her bedroom. She is a lovely Mexican girl.

LOUISA
Are you waiting for my father?

RIO
(nodding)
Yes.

LOUISA
Would you like to sit down?

RIO
Why, yes - I would.

Maria and Dad enter the room.

DAD
(to Louisa)
Ah, I'm glad you're here.
(to Rio, as he puts his arms around Maria and Louisa)
Rio - I want you to meet my entire family. My wife, Maria -- This is Rio.

MARIA
How are you?

RIO
How're you, ma'am?

DAD
-- And you met my step-daughter.

RIO
We just said hello.

DAD
This is my daughter, Louisa.

RIO
Mighty purty.

LOUISA
How do you do?

(Continued)

87. (Cont'd)

DAD
I love her as though she was my own natural child.
(to Maria)
Rio is staying for supper.

MARIA
Wonderful. We're happy to have you.

RIO
Well, I don't want to put you to any extra fuss, ma'am.

DAD
No, no fuss at all. You wanna wash up?

RIO
Yeah.

DAD
Louisa - take his hat.

As she takes his hat, we

DISSOLVE TO:

88. thru 92. FULL SHOT - DINNER TABLE - (NIGHT)

Seated at the dining table, Rio puts a piece of bread in his mouth, is about to chew when the voice of Dad is heard saying Grace:

DAD (O.S.)
Oh, Heavenly Father - in Thy graciousness Thou has seen fit --

Rio reacts to the bitter hypocrisy of the moment. The CAMERA MOVES DOWN the table as the prayer goes on. Louisa sits with her head bowed, her eyes closed.

DAD (O.S.)
-- to grace this table with Thy divine bounty.

Maria looks up briefly, sees that Rio is not receptive to the prayer and makes a mental note.

(Continued)

92. (Cont'd)

DAD (O.S.)
We offer up our humble thanks and ask that You bless this food to our use, and us to Thy service --

The CAMERA comes to Dad. He is solemn and grave.

DAD
-- and make us ever mindful of the needs of others. In Jesus' name. Amen.

After a moment, Dad looks up.

RIO
(pleasantly)
I never did know you to pray over your grub before, Dad.

DAD
No - that's something that comes with home and family. We find it a pleasant way to start a meal.

RIO
We shoulda tried it over our jerky and beans back in the old days.

DAD
Nothing would have helped <u>that</u> jerky.
(shakes his head at the memory)
When I think of the buzzard meat we put in our bellies --

MARIA
(to Rio)
Have you known each other a long time?

RIO
Me and Dad? You bet, we go back a long time together. I was nothin' more'n a kid when he picked me up and taught me everything I know, and then some. I guess we got to be 'bout as close as friends can get, huh, Dad?

(Continued)

92. (Cont'd)

MARIA
(to Rio)
I never heard him talking about you before.

RIO
Well - we was kinda hairy in them days --

MARIA
That must have been when Dad was a bandit, no?

Rio reacts with some surprise to Maria's knowledge. Dad notices his reaction, grins.

DAD
That's right, kid -- everybody around here knows about when I worked the other side of the law.
(chuckles to himself)
We were a couple of rough cockleburs. But we had some good times at that, didn't we, kid?

RIO
(savoring the irony)
Yeah. Always something to laugh at. You know, it's a wonder we didn't get our fool heads shot off - either that or wind up in the pen.

DAD
Lucky.

RIO
(slowly)
Lucky, huh?

DAD
(backing away from the memories)
Of course, that was a long time ago. Since then, I came to the conclusion it was about time for me to settle down.

RIO
I'll say this much -- you sure did settle down, Dad.
(MORE)

(Continued)

92. (Cont'd)

RIO (Cont'd)
(he touches the star on Dad's vest)
Never did think I'd be sittin' this close to that.

DAD
Ain't it about time you stayed in one place, Rio?

RIO
(pointedly)
I thought 'bout it. But you know you gotta get out there and strut sometime.

DAD
Take it from me - this is the only life. The only life, kid. A home of your own - a family. A place to come home to at night.

RIO
I guess I can't argue with that. I'd say you had it real good here.

DAD
I'll have to agree with you.

LOUISA
(with interest)
You were a bank robber, Mr. Rio?

RIO
Yes, ma'am. Me and your dad.

LOUISA
But not anymore?

RIO
No, not anymore.

LOUISA
Will you be in Monterey long?

RIO
Just long enough to get my horse shod and do a couple of things.

MARIA
And after that, where are you going?

(Continued)

92. (Cont'd)

RIO
I was thinkin' 'bout tryin' Oregon. I hear there's pretty country up there.

LOUISA
Mr. Rio - you will stay for our fiesta?

Dad flicks a glance of momentary displeasure at Louisa for her forthrightness. Rio notices the look, pursues its meaning.

RIO
Fiesta? When's that?

LOUISA
Tomorrow, and tomorrow night. But you will not be able to shoe your horse. Everything is closed tomorrow.

RIO
(smiling)
Everything? You mean --

DAD
Yep. Barber, the bank, the blacksmith - everything --

LOUISA
Yes. Everything is closed, so why don't you stay?

MARIA
(a bit chilly)
You heard the senor say he was going to Oregon.

During the above two speeches, Rio adjusts to the news of the bank being closed.

RIO
Well, now, I might just lay over a day or two.

Aware of Louisa's interest, Dad waves a hand of deprecation.

DAD
Don't expect too much. It's just a little street dance -- nothing much.

(Continued)

92. (Cont'd)

RIO
Sounds like a man might pick up a laugh or two.

LOUISA
Then you'll stay?

RIO
(gallantly)
I don't exactly know how I could refuse an invitation from such a lovely lady.

Everybody laughs.

DISSOLVE:

92A. MED. SHOT - INT. KITCHEN - DAD'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Dad is sitting on edge of table, turning the handle of an ice cream freezer. Maria is standing nearby cutting rectangles of guava paste.

MARIA
You haven't seen him for five years, but you say you know this man very well.

DAD
Like he was my kid brother, that's all.
(with an edge of irritation)
What's the matter with you?

MARIA
Well - something here is wrong. When he first came here, you wanted your gun. You must thought he going to kill you.

DAD
(calmly)
No - it was only a misunderstanding, Mother.
(frowns down at the freezer)
Sweetheart - I think this ice cream is never gonna freeze.

(Continued)

92A. (Cont'd)

MARIA
I have a funny feeling about him.

DAD
Well - he is only going to be in town for thirty-six hours.

MARIA
"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am."

DAD
Well - he's polite with ladies.

MARIA
Yes - I think just a little too polite with the ladies, you know.

DAD
That ain't no crime in my book, Mother. How do you think I snagged you off the vine?

He pats her affectionately.

MARIA
Ai sinverguenza!

DAD
Why? Nobody's looking.

MARIA
You know I don't like that.

DAD
(offering her a kiss)
Well - how about this, then?

Maria half smiles, turns away coquettishly.

DISSOLVE:

92B. CLOSE SHOT - MUSIC BOX - (NIGHT)

An old Swiss music box; it is playing "Shenendoah." As the CAMERA BACKS AWAY from it, we see it is on a table of the porch of Dad's house. The CAMERA PANS, holds on:

92C. TWO SHOT - RIO AND LOUISA

They are standing near a pillar of the porch, looking out at the sea.

RIO
That's a lot of water out there.

LOUISA
Yes, just think - it goes all the way to China. Isn't that wonderful?

RIO
Oh, I don't know. I don't like it too much.

LOUISA
Why?

RIO
It looks awful empty out there.

LOUISA
Empty? No, I think it's just full of beauty.

RIO
It gives me a real lonesome feeling.

LOUISA
Where is your home?

RIO
Home? That's any place I throw my saddle. I ain't had what you'd call a home for a long time.

LOUISA
How do you spend your time?

RIO
Not doin' much of anything, I guess.

LOUISA
You mean just nothing?

RIO
Oh - I ride into one town and out the other... play a little cards once in a while...

LOUISA
It must be very sad not to have a place to go.

(Continued)

92C. (Cont'd)

RIO
Well, it's a funny thing, Miss Louisa. It don't occur to me till I get with some nice people like you all -- everybody sittin' around the supper table... talkin', laughin', havin' a good time. I don't think of it.

LOUISA
It was nice to have you here.

RIO
I sure appreciate bein' here, too. It takes somebody like you to remind a man about what he don't have.

LOUISA
Thank you.

They are very close. Rio looks down at her and suddenly frowns with concern.

RIO
Say - you got something in your eye?

LOUISA
I don't think so.

RIO
Gimme your handkerchief.
(she does so)
Close your eye.

She does so. He brushes her eye with the handkerchief.

RIO
Now open 'em.
(she does)
Close 'em again.

She obeys. Rio bends down, kisses her softly on the mouth. She opens her eyes, looks at him levelly.

RIO
(innocently)
I do somethin' wrong?

LOUISA
I wish you didn't do that.

(Continued)

92C. (Cont'd)

She turns to leave - toward the breezeway.

RIO
Please don't go, Miss Louisa --
(she stops; he comes up to her)
I'm sorry about that.

LOUISA
Are you?

RIO
I sure am.

Louisa is baffled by Rio's abrupt change. She shakes her head thoughtfully.

LOUISA
I don't believe you.

RIO
I don't blame you. I guess I never did learn how to act around a lady. You see - I didn't get much bringin' up as a kid and all the manners I learned was in a saloon.
(with sincerity)
I'm apologizin' to you for what I did, and I'd like to shake your hand and ask you to forget it.

She hesitates, then takes his outstretched hand. He smiles, pleased.

RIO
Thank you.

Louisa is confused, shaken, and very much attracted. At that moment, Dad's voice is heard o.s.

DAD
Come and get it.

They start toward the door.

DISSOLVE:

93. EXT. BREEZEWAY AND STEPS - DAD'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Dad and Rio come out of the house, start across the breezeway. Dad has his arm around Rio as they cross,

(Continued)

93. (Cont'd)

and they are laughing and ad-libbing light-heartedly. When they arrive at the steps, they stop.

RIO
Well, sir --

DAD
I don't know about you, but it's been a great day for me. For five years it's been tearin' at me, and I'm sure glad it's all under the bridge.

RIO
I'll bet. It's been a wonderful party - and be sure and tell the missus thanks again for me.

DAD
I will.
(he extends his hand and Rio grasps it)
Good night, Rio. Thanks for coming.

RIO
My pleasure, Dad. Good night.

He walks out of the scene in the direction of his horse.

DAD
(waving)
See you tomorrow.

Dad leans against the post, as CAMERA DOLLIES IN to a big CLOSE SHOT of DAD.

Dad smiles as he watches Rio mount and ride, off.

DISSOLVE:

94. INT. BAR - (NIGHT)

Rio, Bob, Harvey and Modesto are seated at a table in the saloon. Bob is fuming.

BOB
(angrily)
-- and I'm saying I gotta right to know where you been!

(Continued)

94. (Cont'd)

RIO
(with soft contempt)
Bob - just so there ain't no misunderstandin', as far as what I do goes, you ain't got no rights at all.

BOB
(coldly)
Ah, ha. And just so's you understand me, I didn't ride nine hundred miles to come up empty.

RIO
The bank won't be open till day after tomorrow.

HARVEY
And what about Longworth?

RIO
Nuthin' about him. When the bank opens, I'm gonna kill him.

DISSOLVE:

95. thru 120. OMITTED

121. CLOSE SHOT - BASS HORN - (DAY)

The player is thumping out a vigorous dance tune. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the small orchestra going all out on the band platform, which is the fountain temporarily converted for the fiesta.

Continuing its move, the CAMERA NOW PULLS FURTHER BACK to reveal:

122. TOWN PLAZA - (DAY)

The townspeople, all in gay holiday attire, are dancing.

DAD
(friendly and relaxed)
Ladies and gentlemen: I have been asked by the committee to say a few
(MORE)

(Continued)

122. (Cont'd)

DAD (Cont'd)
words to those of you attending our Fiesta for the first time. I'll be brief and to the point.

TOWNSMAN
(shouting up)
Just make it brief, Dad.

DAD
I'll make it as brief as the hair on your head, Charley.
(continuing his speech)
Welcome to the party. We hope you enjoy yourselves. Every year, we have this Fiesta to remind one another that we are neighbors and friends... to remember to count our blessings.

HOWARD
(from crowd)
I can't count.

DAD
Too late now, Howard.
(continuing his speech)
Also, I would like to take this opportunity to thank every one for electing me to another term as sheriff.

125. EXT. STAIRWAY - HOTEL - (DAY)

Rio starts slowly down the exterior stairs of the hotel, the while watching Dad, and listening to his speech.

126. BANDSTAND - (DAY)

Dad is honest and sincere.

DAD
I just want you to know that I appreciate it and I will continue to do my best to keep our city and county the kind of place where we will be proud to raise our children. Thank you.
(pause)
And now -- let's get on it!

(Continued)

126. (Cont'd)

The band gets pumping again. Dad jumps down, grabs a dumpy matron, starts whirling her around.

127. THE PLAZA - (DAY)

Rio meets Modesto in the crowd. They make their way through it until they come to a flower stand. Rio addresses the FLOWER GIRL:

RIO
Gimme some flowers.

GIRL
What kind would you like?

RIO
Oh - don't matter.

GIRL
(questioningly)
The violets are very nice.

RIO
Yeah. Them'll be all right.

The girl wraps the bouquet. As she does so, Rio's attention is drawn to a lavaliere of distinctive design the flower girl is wearing.

RIO
How much for that thing on your neck?

GIRL
This?

RIO
Yeah.

GIRL
Oh - I'm not selling this, but I'm glad you like it.

RIO
I like it about twenty dollars worth.

GIRL
I couldn't sell this. My husband gave it to me.

(Continued)

127. (Cont'd)

RIO
I like it twenty-five dollars worth.

GIRL
Are you serious?

The offer is too tempting. After a momentary struggle, she takes it off, starts to hand it to him. As Rio drops some coins on the table, Modesto takes the lavaliere from the girl, examines it.

MODESTO
(astounded)
Twenty-five bucks!

Rio takes the lavaliere from Modesto's hand, pulls a single rose from a bouquet, and moves off.

RIO
A little bird seed.

Rio disappears in the crowd. An attractive woman passes the stand, gives Modesto the eye. Modesto takes a bouquet of flowers, tosses the girl a coin, and takes off after the woman.

127A. RIO

As he searches through the crowd. Glancing OFF CAMERA, he sees what he's looking for.

127B. THE ARCADE - LOUISA AND MARIA

They stand under the arch, greeting friends. Rio strolls ON CAMERA, makes a courtly little bow of his head.

RIO
Mrs. Longworth... Miss Louisa...
(extends the flowers to Maria)
I want to thank you for the lovely evening you gave me last night. And I appreciate it.

MARIA
(taking flowers)
I'm happy you liked it. Thank you.

(Continued)

127B. (Cont'd)

RIO
I certainly did. Well, it's a big day you're havin' around here.

MARIA
Yes. I was just looking at my husband there.

She gestures toward Dad dancing in the plaza.

128. DAD AND THE DANCE

As he dances. A few more lively steps, and Dad begs off. He makes his way through the crowd to his family and Rio.

129. GROUP SHOT - (DAY)

As Dad greets Rio.

DAD
(extending hand)
Rio, boy - are you having a good time?

RIO
Haven't had a chance to really get into it yet. Saw you makin' that speech out there. You're really a big man around here.

DAD
Well - I try to fit in, don't I, Mother?

MARIA
(slightly chiding him)
Well - you seem to be having a good time. How about that dance?

DAD
Doggone, Dad - that was all right.

Lon comes up to Louisa. He takes off his hat.

LON
Pardon me, Miss Louisa - this is my dance, ain't it?

(Continued)

129. (Cont'd)

RIO
I think Miss Louisa's already spoken for.
(he turns to Maria)
Mrs. Longworth?

MARIA
Well - it's all right with me. Dad?

DAD
Well - it's not up to me. It's up to Louisa.

Louisa hesitates. The music starts, and Rio offers his arm. Louisa takes it. Dad, Maria and Lon watch as Rio and Louisa disappear among the dancers.

Maria is definitely on the alert concerning Louisa's welfare. Dad smiles benignly. Lon is disgruntled.

DAD
(slapping him on the back)
Lon - let's go get some of that beer.

130. RIO AND LOUISA DANCING - (DAY)

Rio looks down at her, putting on the charm.

RIO
You know - if it wasn't for you, I'd probably be on my way to Oregon.

LOUISA
(shyly)
I'm glad you stayed.

RIO
You sure?

LOUISA
I'm sure.

DISSOLVE:

131. EXT. TABLE AREA - (DAY)

Rio and Louisa are eating. Bob and Harvey come up.

(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

BOB
Well now -- lookee you.
(eyes Louisa admiringly; turns back to Rio)
Me and Harv here could use some stuff like her. Suppose she could dig us up somethin'?

RIO
(dead-pan)
Boys - I want you to meet the sheriff's daughter. Miss Louisa.

BOB
(taken aback)
Oh.
(doffing hat)
Glad to know you, ma'am.

HARVEY
Mighty pleased to make your acquaintance, ma'am.

LOUISA
How do you do.

Dad Longworth comes up. His mood is one of pretended affability.

DAD
Louisa - I think your mother could use some help at the barbecue stand.

Louisa stands.

LOUISA
(as she leaves; to Rio)
I'll be back.

Dad turns to Bob and Harvey.

DAD
Rio - I don't think I've met your friends.

BOB
My name's Amory.

DAD
(strokes his moustache)
Amory -- Amory --
(tentatively)
Bob Amory?

(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

BOB
Yeah - that's me.

DAD
Yeah - I think I seen your picture in the post office.

HARVEY
You musta hearda me, Sheriff. My name's Harvey Johnson.

DAD
(ignoring him; to Bob)
Boys - the law loosens up a turn or two on Fiesta Day. But tomorrow I'll be back to running a tight town. So as long's you're haulin' out in them morning -- enjoy yourselves.

BOB
You bet. Come on, Harv.

They leave. Dad watches them go.

DAD
Where'd you ever pick up them crow bait?

RIO
Oh - down the line.

DAD
Hate to see you runnin' with a couple of cheap dinks like them. You got more class than that, kid.

RIO
Pickin's are lean these days. Don't run into studs any more like you.

DAD
Don't take this as preachin', boy. But in this business you only get one chance to step away from it. Take it while you can.

He walks off. Rio watches him go and his eyes are cold.

DISSOLVE:

132. FLAMENCO DANCER - (NIGHT)

The dancer, NIKA, is beautiful and spectacular. The CAMERA TURNS to her audience. One of her viewers is HOWARD TETLEY, a roisterous giant. Uproariously drunk, he watches the girl for a while, moving with the music. Then, unable to restrain himself, he jumps into the arena with her, does a bearish dance alongside her.

132A. EXT. BEER STAND - (NIGHT)

Dad, enjoying a nice alcoholic glow, sets his glass down on the beer counter before BARNEY, the attendant. Lon and several other men are around.

DAD
(pointing to glass)
Barney - what do you see?

BARNEY
Dad - I see an empty glass.

DAD
And what is the punishment for letting a glass stay empty?

BARNEY
(filling glass)
I don't know. What is it?

DAD
You have to spend every night at home with your wife for the next month.

BARNEY
(handing over glass)
No, not that.

Dad takes the beer, turns, starts toward the dance platform.

132B. DANCE PLATFORM - (NIGHT)

The guitar player, enraged at Howard Tetley mauling Nika, jumps up on the platform to protest. Tetley pushes him off the platform and would pursue the matter, but is interrupted by Dad, who pulls him away.

132C. EXT. PLAZA - NEAR LARGE OAK TREE - (NIGHT)

Dad and Howard Tetley come from the place of the flamenco dance, drunkenly laughing, arms about each other.

HOWARD
What'd you stop me for? All I wanted to do was have a little fun.
(they stop near the tree)
I just wanted to pinch him a little, that's all.

DAD
Pinchin' that little, tiny banjo player. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

HOWARD
Oh, don't give me the hallelujah business, Dad.

132D. MED. CLOSE - MARIA

as she comes through the crowd looking for Louisa.

She stops at group of women in foreground and speaks Spanish to them, asking if they have seen Louisa. She sees Dad and Howard off scene and starts out.

132E. FULL SHOT - MARIA

as she approaches Dad and Howard.

MARIA
Chato, Chato, I'm looking for you.

DAD
(turning toward her)
And I'm looking for you.

Dad gives Howard a kick, ending him out of the scene.

DAD
Go on and behave yourself or I'm going to climb your frame.

MARIA
I want to talk to you.

(Continued)

132E. (Cont'd)

DAD
(grabbing her, laughing)
I thought you mighta run off with a harness maker or something.

MARIA
This is important. Please.

Dad picks up Maria and sits on tree-seat, bouncing her up and down on his lap.

MARIA
Stop it; I'm serious. It's about Louisa.

DAD
What about Louisa?

MARIA
I haven't seen her for an hour. And neither have I seen your friend.

DAD
Aw, stop fussin'. They're having fun, that's all.

MARIA
Yes, but where? I want you to look for them. Now.
(she rises)
Right now, Mr. Longworth.

Dad gets up.

DAD
All right, Mrs. Longworth. Right now. But when I come back --
(he nudges her with his elbow)
Tch, tch.

MARIA
Please. Go now.

CAMERA PANS with Dad as he leaves her, starts down toward the crowd. As he passes an old drunk holding a glass of beer, Dad grabs the glass.

DAD
Polovitz, you're drunk.

Dad continues toward the plaza, drinking as he goes.

132F. LOW ANGLE - TOWARD STEPS OF LA PLAZA CAFE - (NIGHT)

Dad walks into the scene with his beer glass. A pretty girl, PETRA, comes down the steps and Dad stops her.

DAD
Oh, Petra, have you seen Louisa?

PETRA
Tonight?

DAD
Right now.

PETRA
No, I haven't.

DAD
You having a good time?

PETRA
Wonderful.

She exits and Dad continues through crowd, looking for Louisa.

133. MED. CLOSE SHOT - POPCORN STAND

The barber and the girl named LIZZIE are seated on the popcorn stand. She is picking popcorn from his beard as Dad comes through crowd near where the dancers are doing a Jarabe. He still has the glass of beer in his hand.

DAD
Oh, Chet. Hello, Lizzie.

BARBER
Hi, Dad.

LIZZIE
Hello.

DAD
Have you seen my gal, Louisa?

BARBER
(indicating bottle he is holding)
Let me fire you up.

Dad holds up his beer glass.

(Continued)

133. (Cont'd)

DAD
Oh, no. We don't mix it, do we?

Dad takes the bottle from the barber and drinks from it. The barber indicates direction of dancers.

BARBER
She was dancin' around with that fellow a while ago.

LIZZIE
You look very handsome tonight, Sheriff.

DAD
So do you.
(he starts to leave)
Enjoyin' yourselves?

He exits and the girl resumes picking popcorn from the barber's beard.

134. MED. LONG SHOT - CORNER OF BUILDING NEAR ARCH AND FOUNTAIN

A young Mexican boy and girl are embracing warmly in the corner as Dad comes past. He stops and the boy turns to see who is watching him. Dad realizes they are not Rio and Louisa. CAMERA PANS with him as he walks to foreground, looking for his daughter. He continues out of scene.

135. BOOM SHOT - NEAR BOOTHS IN FRONT OF PLAZA HOTEL

Dad stops woman buying dolls at a booth.

DAD
Teresa, have you seen Louisa?

TERESA
No, I haven't.

Dad continues to where TWO GIRLS are sitting on a bench in front of hotel, with their dog.

DAD
Hi, girls.

GIRLS
Hello, Dad.

(Continued)

135. (Cont'd)

1ST GIRL
Are you going to dance with me?

DAD
Yes, as soon as I find Louisa. Have you seen her?

2ND GIRL
Not recently. But who is that fellow who was dancing with her?

1ST GIRL
Yes, who is he? He's nice.

Dad stands, looking off for Louisa.

1ST GIRL (Cont'd)
Come on. Get the dog down. He's getting us all dirty.

CAMERA PANS with Dad as he leaves the girls and starts up the hill.

136. EXT. POOL ABOVE PLAZA - (NIGHT)

Louisa is seated on stone wall of pool. Rio, holding a rose, is standing under the arch near her. Dad is seen approaching from the plaza. He stops in background.

137. CLOSE SHOT - DAD

He looks off toward Rio and Louisa. He frowns, then assuming a jovial look, starts toward them.

138. MED. SHOT - RIO AND LOUISA

as Dad comes up to them.

DAD
There you are!

Rio, holding a rose in his hand, turns to greet Dad. Louisa rises.

RIO
Hey, hello, Dad --

Dad joins them.

(Continued)

138. (Cont'd)

DAD
What do you think of our little fiesta?

RIO
Well, I just been havin' myself a wagon-loada fun, is all.

He hands the rose to Louisa.

DAD
Glad to hear it. We'll be windin' it up in a couple of hours.
(disarmingly)
I hope you can find time to drop by the house in the morning to say goodbye.

RIO
This town's gettin' to me, Dad. You know, I was thinkin' I might hang around for a week or two -- kinda change my luck.

DAD
Louisa, get us a couple of beers, will you?

LOUISA
All right.

She leaves, Rio looking after her as she goes.

RIO
Cute as a bug.

DAD
Yeah.

Dad steps a little closer to Rio.

DAD (Cont'd)
About hanging around, kid, I'm not so sure it's a good idea.

Rio puts his left foot on the cement bench.

RIO
How's that?

(Continued)

138. (Cont'd)

DAD
The fiesta ends tonight. Tomorrow the star goes back on and I'm sheriff again.

RIO
You know, I keep forgettin' you're the law, Dad.

DAD
I couldn't show you any favors, could I? After all, you've been on the posters. And the people -- they'd start talking.

RIO
Sounds like you're tellin' me to get outta town, Dad.

DAD
No.
(pauses; then quietly)
I'm asking you.

RIO
I wouldn't want to mess you up, Dad. You won't be seein' me after tomorrow.

Dad extends his hand and Rio takes it.

DAD
Thanks.

RIO
Been good bein' with ya, Dad. I would like to stop out to the house tomorrow.

DAD
I'm glad.

Dad places his hand on Rio's shoulder affectionately.

DAD (Cont'd)
Kid, I wish it didn't have to be this way.

RIO
Me too, Dad. But that's the way she goes sometimes.

(Continued)

138. (Cont'd)

DAD
Let's go find that beer, shall we?

RIO
Let's do it.

They start out.

DISSOLVE:

138A. EXT. TORTILLA STAND - (NIGHT)

Howard Tetley, in his shirt sleeves, is standing on a railing behind the stand. He is Indian wrestling with another man, whom he pushes off the rail. Another man, CAP SUMMERS, climbs up on the rail to try his luck with Howard.

138B. ANOTHER PART OF THE CROWD

Dad's deputy, Tim, is sitting on the railing, watching the off scene wrestling. Dad approaches through the crowd and stands beside Tim, drunkenly looking off in the direction of the fight. He grabs a bottle of whiskey from Tim, takes a healthy swig.

TIM
Dad, you've had enough. Gimme that.

Tim takes the bottle from Dad, and after a moment Dad drunkenly pushes his way out of the scene in the direction of the fight. Tim slides off the rail and follows him.

138C. BACK TO THE WRESTLING

Howard pushes Cap off the rail and starts taking bows. A boy in foreground hands him a pitcher of beer which he drinks, spilling most of it. Howard turns to look at a pretty girl behind the rail and Dad, who has now come up on the rail, gives Howard a kick which sends him off into the crowd. Grabbing the canvas awning to steady himself, Dad is about to begin a speech when Maria appears below him and pulls at his coat.

MARIA
Please, Mr. Longworth. Let's go home now.

(Continued)

138C. (Cont'd)

Dad leans down close to his wife.

DAD
Home? I'm havin' myself a fiesta.

He straightens up again, resumes his speech-making stance.

DAD (Cont'd)
Ladies an' gen'lmen - if re-elected, I promise to -- I wancha to know I got a higher record of convictions than any other sheriff in California -- I -- Dad Longworth -- I --

He grabs the canvas again and this time it gives way completely and he falls onto the tortilla stacks on the table below. He is out cold. Maria and other crowd around.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

138D. SIDE STREET - (NIGHT)

Lon and the bartender and other men drag the drunken Dad toward his waiting buggy. Maria follows, carrying Dad's coat. One of the men throws a drunk out of the buggy and they somehow succeed in getting Dad into the back seat. Maria climbs into the front seat and sits beside Tim, who has picked up the reins. Suddenly Maria jumps up.

MARIA
Where is Louisa?

LON
She's around here somewheres. She was with that Rio fellow.

MARIA
(starting to get down)
I have to go to find her.

LON
Now, set down. I'll take care of Louisa.

MARIA
(pleading)
Be sure to find her. Please. She was with this man, Rio.

(Continued)

138D. (Cont'd)

Tim starts the horse and the buggy pulls out of the scene. CAMERA HOLDS on Lon, who calls after her:

LON
Don't you worry, Miz Longworth - I'll --

He doesn't finish the sentence. He looks around as though looking for the girl, then heads out of shot.

138E. EXT. PLAZA - (NIGHT)

Rio and Louisa are dancing in the plaza. Rio looks down at her, smiles.

RIO
I'm kinda rusty on the hoof.

LOUISA
You dance very well.

RIO
Thank you. You know, I'm awful glad I stayed.

LOUISA
I am, too.

RIO
I'm havin' a wonderful time.

Lon appears through the crowd. He removes his hat as he approaches Louisa.

LON
Miss Louisa, your ma said it's time for you to be headin' home.

LOUISA
Oh, no! It is not too late.

LON
It don't matter. She told me to get ya and I gotta do what she said.

RIO
Well, I'll see the young lady gets home all right.

(Continued)

138E. (Cont'd)

LON
That's my department, sonny. Miz Longworth said so.
(to Louisa)
I think maybe we better go on.

LOUISA
Well, we'll just finish this dance, huh?

They dance off in the direction of the bandstand. Lon puts on his hat, starts back through the dancers.

138F. EXT. BANDSTAND - (NIGHT)

Howard Tetley is sitting on the edge of the bandstand, making love to the dancer. He has an empty beer glass in his hand. Modesto is nearby, drinking and talking to a girl. Rio and Louisa dance through scene until Rio is near Modesto. He stops dancing, whispers something to Modesto and dances out with Louisa.

Modesto takes a pitcher of beer and pours it in the tuba which the tuba player is playing nearby. The tuba player reacts, and Modesto indicates Howard's empty beer glass. The tuba player rises, pours the beer from the tuba over Howard. Howard reaches back and pulls the tuba player off the platform. This sets off a chain reaction that eventually involves everyone in the immediate area. As the free-for-all is progressing, Lon comes up on the bandstand from the rear. Modesto jumps him and is thrown back. Then Howard tries to climb back onto the bandstand.

LON
Howard, you stay outta this, or I'll --

138G. RIO AND LOUISA - (NIGHT)

as the fight progresses.

RIO
I better get you out of here.

He takes Louisa's arm and they make their way through the crowd to one of the streets leading away from the Plaza.

138H. THE PLATFORM - (NIGHT)

A number of brawlers are fighting and wrestling on top of the platform. Under the extra weight, the platform collapses and they fall into the fountain. At the same time, the plug is pulled loose from the fountain, and it erupts.

138I. EXT. ARCADE - (NIGHT)

Rio and Louisa walk into scene, stop. Louisa holds up a rose.

LOUISA
Look - my poor rose is wilted.

RIO
Yeah. I guess it's about time to say goodbye.

LOUISA
You must to leave tomorrow?

RIO
Yeah, I better had. It's gotta end sometime.

LOUISA
Why must you go?

RIO
Oh, I don't now. Just gotta see what's on the other side of the hill, I guess.

LOUISA
It's too bad. It would be nice if you could stay.

RIO
I got the habit of bringin' trouble, so it's best to keep goin'.

LOUISA
But sometimes you must stop.

RIO
Miss Louisa - we been together a couple of hours and the music was purty and I'm gonna recollect it. But I'd better skip.

(Continued)

138I. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
I have never had such a good time. I wish we could know each other better.

RIO
If you knew me better, you might wish you hadn't.

LOUISA
I don't think so.

RIO
You take it from me, it's best this way. You find that fellow Lon. He'll take you home. Thanks for everything.
(he kisses her on the cheek)
So long, Miss Louisa.

He turns and walks away.

LOUISA
Rio --

He turns, waits as she walks up and takes his arm.

DISSOLVE:

139. EXT. SEA COAST - (NIGHT)

Rio and Louisa are sitting in a little grass nook on a rocky plateau overlooking the ocean. Rio, preoccupied, stares out at sea. Louisa watches his face for a moment, wonderingly.

LOUISA
What's the matter?

RIO
Nothin'.

LOUISA
There's something wrong?

RIO
No - I was just thinkin' you're the most decent woman I ever met in my life.

(Continued)

139. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
Oh, I'm sue you have met many nice women in your life before, no?

RIO
Yeah - maybe a few, but not many like you. There's somethin' I want to tell you, Miss Louisa. I lied to you about myself. I told you I was just a drifter, but that ain't true. I work for the government.

LOUISA
But why did you lie about it?

RIO
I had to. I was sworn in under oath not to talk about my job. Anyhow, I have to go to Oregon tomorrow, but not just to look around. I'll be gone as long as four or five months.

LOUISA
Will you to come back to Monterey sometime?

RIO
I'm hopin' to. Miss Louisa - I don't have much time to court you - and I ain't exactly what you'd call a high bred gentleman, but before I go, I wanta tell you that I think you'd make a man a wonderful wife. And maybe I got no right to say this, but I want you to wait for me.

LOUISA
I -- I don't know what to say.

RIO
You don't have to say nothin' now. I just hope you'd think about it.

LOUISA
Yes, I will wait for you.

(Continued)

139. (Cont'd)

RIO
You got no idea how good that makes me feel. I don't have much of anything to give you -- don't have no ring or nothin' -- all I got's this necklace...
(takes it from his jacket pocket)
My mother gave it to me just before she died. It'd mean a lot to me if you'd wear it when I'm gone.
(starts to put it around her neck)
Will you?

LOUISA
I will very proud to wear it.

The emotion swells in her and she goes into Rio's arms.

DISSOLVE:

140. thru 143. OMITTED

144. EXT. SEA COAST - (EARLY MORNING)

Louisa exuberantly runs into the surf, dips Rio's scarf in the water, runs back to where he is sitting, puts it over his head.

LOUISA
Peek-a-boo. I see you.

She giggles, kisses him under the scarf.

LOUISA
I will miss you so much. I will write to you every day. Where I can write to you in Oregon?

RIO
I ain't goin' to Oregon.

LOUISA
But you must to go, no? I don't want to keep you from your work.

(Continued)

144. (Cont'd)

RIO
I don't work. I make my livin' robbin' banks.

LOUISA
What do you mean?

RIO
I mean everything I told you last night was lies.

LOUISA
Lies?

RIO
Yeah.

Louisa stares at him incredulously.

LOUISA
(numbly)
About -- everything?

RIO
Just about.

Louisa, looking at his face, knows he is now telling the truth, and her bright new world is gone. She looks down at the necklace.

LOUISA
(a statement)
But your mother's necklace. Not true.

RIO
(tonelessly)
I don't know nothin' about my mother. They tell me she was a prostitute in Abilene, Texas.
(pointing)
I bought that thing off'n a flower girl for twenty-five bucks.
(pause)
It ain't gonna help much to say it, but I shamed you and I wish I hadn't.

Slowly, Louisa takes the necklace from her neck and lays it across Rio's leg.

(Continued)

144. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
(levelly)
You only shame yourself.

Louisa, almost crying, turns and hurries away. Rio stares after her, sighs:

Slowly, he shakes his head, as if to say, "What did I do it for?" He runs a hand over his forehead and through his hair, shoulders slumped, then he turns and looks out at the empty ocean. There is no mistaking the sadness in his eyes. Slowly his eyes close. His expression says as clearly as words, "Why, oh why, did I do it?"

DISSOLVE:

144A. INT. DAD'S BEDROOM - (EARLY MORNING)

Maria is seated near window, deep in thought, as if she has been waiting hours for Louisa to come home. After a few moments, she rises and crosses to dresser, where she dips hands in pitcher of water and bathes face and hands. In the dresser mirror, Dad is seen, asleep on the bed. He stirs slightly. Maria glances at him, then moves from dresser, turns wall lamp down, goes to door to porch and quietly opens it and exits outside.

145. INT. LIVING ROOM

Maria enters door from porch, crosses to door to Louisa's room, opens it slightly and looks in. Her reaction shows that Louisa is not in there. Maria crosses through dining area and exits into kitchen.

DISSOLVE:

145. EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - (EARLY MORNING)
146.
147. A frightened, tense Louisa walks up to the house, looking here and there to see if anyone is about. Careful to make no noise, she tiptoes up the porch steps and goes toward door to living room.

148. ANOTHER ANGLE - ON PORCH

Louisa quietly comes toward door to living room. She reacts as if hearing dog whimper, then comes forward with hand on wall. As her hand reaches corner of door frame,

(Continued)

148. (Cont'd)

Lon's hand comes from doorway and grasps her hand. She steps back, frightened. Lon stares at her, his face grim and cold.

LON
(very softly, watching her closely)
Scared yuh? -- Out kinda late, aren't yuh?

LOUISA
(in a very low voice)
What are you doing here?

LON
(an unpleasant smile)
I reckon I know where you've been.

LOUISA
I was just out walking.

Louisa tries to stare back defiantly, but cannot. A look akin to guilt shows in her face. An ugly mixture of anger and lust shows on Lon's face.

LON
Walking? That Mexican blood in you had to come out sooner or later, didn't it?

LOUISA
(coldly)
What do you mean by that?

LON
Don't be scared, I ain't gonna tell your Daddy.

LOUISA
Tell him what?

LON
(takes her arm)
Let's take a little stroll, you and me.

Lon tries to lead her off the porch, but she does not move. They stare at each other in silence. Lon grins.

LON (Cont'd)
One more won't make any difference.

(Continued)

148. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
Get out of my way.

Louisa snatches her arm free and slaps Lon resoundingly in the face, her eyes flashing with indignation and anger. She turns on her heel and enters the house. Lon stares after her, slowly rubbing his face where she slapped him. Slowly Lon sits down in a rocking chair, his jaw clenched with anger and outrage. He sits there seething and brooding.

149. EXT. TOWN STREET - (EARLY DAWN)

Rio walks down the deserted street in very early dawn; the tops of the houses are lighted with a rose color, the streets are partly in shadow. A very few people are to be seen; the feeble-minded boy sitting half-asleep on a bench, a drunk or two passed out in alley-ways. Rio still obviously is in a depressed, guilty mood, disturbed by the events of the night. He pauses, glancing to one side as he hears the sounds of a scuffle.

150. REVERSE

On Howard Tetley and Nika. Tetley is roughly dragging the girl along by the arm. She apparently does not want to go with him.

TETLEY
The party ain't over yet - put your shoe on.

NIKA
(in Spanish)
Please, let me go, I'm tired.

TETLEY
(drags her roughly)
We ain't done yet. I wanna have something to eat.

151. ON RIO

As he stares at Tetley and the girl. A look of cold revulsion is on his face. One feels that he would like to interfere, but he does not - after all, the girl is obviously in some measure a girl of the streets, is not being really hurt, and it is none of Rio's business. With a barely perceptible half-frown and half-grimace,

(Continued)

151. (Cont'd)

Rio walks on. The CAMERA PANS on him as he approaches the hotel saloon.

152. thru 156. OMITTED

157. INT. LOUISA'S ROOM - ON LOUISA

As she sits on a bench by the window, staring down with frightened, worried, tense eyes at the corner of the floor and wall. An ominous, eerie, relentless squeaky creaking is audible. It is punctuated by regular clump-like thumps.

158. INT. PORCH OF DAD'S HOUSE - ON LON

As he sits in the rocking chair. The squeaking is from his rocker. A brooding look is on his face. He is muttering to himself.

LON
(to himself, muttering half-audibly)
Slapped me, did she. Out all night and slapped me -- I'll get even with her. I'll fix you if it's the last thing I ever do. You'll be sorry you did that to Lon Dedricks.

Lon angrily comes to a boil. He tramps off to the left.

159. ON LOUISA

As she sighs with relief, evidently thinking that Lon is going away. She rises and the CAMERA PANS as she looks out the window. We see that her bed is still made and has not been slept in. She is still dressed.

160. ON LON - OUTSIDE DAD'S WINDOW

As he taps on the panes, his face determined.

(Continued)

160. (Cont'd)

LON
Dad?
(taps again)
Dad? It's me, Lon. Do you hear me, Dad? Dad, I got to talk to you. Dad, wake up.

161. INT. DAD'S BEDROOM

Dad is on the bed, asleep.

DAD
Huh?

LON'S VOICE
Over here, Dad.

In a daze and obviously not feeling too well, Dad rises. He is clad in trousers and wears the tops of long johns. With an effort he walks over to the window.

LON
I hate to get you up this time of night, Dad, but it's important.

162. ON DAD AND LON

As they talk in the window.

LON
I hate to tell you this, Dad, but she's been out all night.

DAD
(sits on sill; blindly)
Who?

LON
Miss Louisa, with that Rio fella. Now I don't jump to no conclusions myself, Dad, not for a minute. But others are apt to.

DAD
(still blind)
What do you mean, Lon?

LON
(a little piously)
Your daughter. She was out with him all night.

(Continued)

162. (Cont'd)

DAD
(numbly, but is beginning to hear now)
How do you know, Lon?

LON
I been waitin' around here half the night. She just this minute came in -- lookin' kinda messy, too.

A pole-axed look comes on Dad's face. His jaw hangs slack, as a frown furrows his brow.

LON (Cont'd)
(sorrowfully)
I'm sorry to be the one to have to tell you, Dad.

Still half-dazed, Dad looks slowly around the room, deep in thought. His physical condition makes it a painful effort for him to concentrate. Lon stares at him with keen interest from the window. Exit Dad from the room.

163. OMITTED

164. ON LOUISA - IN HER ROOM

She is seated, her face resting on her arm on the window sill. The door is suddenly flung open. Dad stands in it. He stares at her, pale and bereft of expression. Slowly, he looks up and down her, seeing that she is dressed. Then he looks at her bed, seeing that it has not been slept in. He walks to her.

DAD
Lon tells me you were out with Rio all night. Is that true?

LOUISA
(feebly)
No.

DAD
Why are you still dressed?
(wrath in his eyes)
Why hasn't your bed been slept in?

Louisa stares, like a bird fascinated by a serpent. She can think of no reply.

(Continued)

164. (Cont'd)

DAD (Cont'd)
(frighteningly calm)
Answer me. Were you with him?

LOUISA
(terrified)
Yes, but I... I...

DAD
But what... WHAT?

LOUISA
Nothing happened!

He pulls her up to him.

DAD
Don't lie to me, Louisa.

LOUISA
(desperation)
I'm not lying! We just walked on the beach -- I swear it!

DAD
That's all -- you just walked on the beach?

LOUISA
Yes, that's all! We just walked on the beach!

164A. INT. LOUISA'S ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

Maria comes hurriedly to door, and looks off as if at Dad and Louisa.

MARIA
What's the matter? What happened here?

Maria walks forward, CAMERA MOVING with her to include Dad and Louisa.

MARIA
What is it?
(enters to them)
Louisa, what happened?
(in Spanish)
What happened?

(Continued)

164A. (Cont'd)

DAD
Mother, I'd like to speak to you.

Dad exits. Maria turns to Louisa.

MARIA
(in Spanish)
What happened? Are you all right?
Has something happened to you?
Answer me!

Louisa does not reply. They are interrupted by Dad's voice.

164B. INT. LIVING ROOM

Dad looks off toward bedroom and calls:

DAD
Mother -- I'm waiting.

164C. INT. LOUISA'S ROOM

Maria leaves Louisa, crosses room and exits into living room.

165. INT. LIVING ROOM

Maria comes out of bedroom and enters to Dad.

DAD
I think she's lying to me and I want you to go in there and find out!

MARIA
Louisa would never lie.

DAD
I hope you're right.

MARIA
Don't worry.

Maria exits back into Louisa's room.

166. INT. LOUISA'S ROOM

Louisa is seated. Maria enters and crosses to her.

(Continued)

166. (Cont'd)

MARIA
(in Spanish)
Louisa, is it true? Did you go with him?

Louisa slowly nods her head.

MARIA
(in Spanish)
Why? Why did you do it? Didn't I tell you to go home right away? Why? Why did you do it? I took care of you all your life for this! Why, Louisa?

LOUISA
(in Spanish)
I thought he loved me -- but he lied.

Maria sits down beside her.

LOUISA
Mama -- I'm sorry.

Maria takes Louisa in her arms and tries to console her.

DISSOLVE:

167. INT. LIVING ROOM

Dad stands, grimly waiting, near the window. He turns as he hears Maria's steps. She enters to him.

DAD
Was she telling the truth?

MARIA
Yes.

DAD
You sure?

MARIA
Yes.

DAD
But she was out with him all night?

MARIA
She's all right.

(Continued)

167. (Cont'd)

DAD
You keep her in her room.

Dad turns on his heel and goes toward hallway.

DISSOLVE:

168. & 169. OMITTED

170. INT. SALOON - (MORNING)

Rio and Modesto are seated at a table, waiting for their breakfasts to be served. Rio holds the lavaliere returned to him by Louisa; he winds it around his fingers, his mood one of bleak depression.

The bartender enters with two plates of steak and potatoes, sets them before Rio and Modesto.

BARTENDER
Coffee coming right up. Guess you could use some after last night, huh? Whee, uncle, what a night!

He goes back to the kitchen. Modesto goes right after his food, sawing away at the steak.

MODESTO
This cow is still fighting for his life.

Rio stares at his food without interest.

Howard Tetley enters, dragging Nika behind him. She is tired and miserable; the big man's grip hurts her wrist. He goes up to the bar, pounds it with his fist.

TETLEY
(yelling)
Barney! Hey, Barney!

The bartender comes out with two mugs of coffee.

BARTENDER
Be right with you, Howard.

He sets the coffee down on Rio's table, goes behind the bar.

(Continued)

170. (Cont'd)

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

TETLEY
I'm bone-dry. Give us some whiskey.

BARTENDER
(as he sets out bottle and glasses)
Ain't you sopped up enough yet?

TETLEY
Don't give me any your lip, Barney.
(indicating glasses)
Pour!

The bartender shrugs, pours two glasses. Howard tosses his down with one gulp. He shudders, grins.

TETLEY
Terrible! Wish I had a barrel of it. Barney, I'm hungry. Whatta yah got to eat?

BARTENDER
Fix you some steak - or ham and eggs.

Tetley turns to Nika with mock solicitude.

TETLEY
What will the little lady have?

NIKA
I'm not hungry.

Tetley twists her arm slightly.

TETLEY
You gonna eat, honey. You gotta keep your strength up.

NIKA
Please let me go. The night's over.

TETLEY
Not on your tintype, sweetheart. I ain't through with you yet.
(to bartender)
Got any chili?

(Continued)

170. (Cont'd)

BARTENDER
Yeah, but it's cold. I'll have to heat it up.

TETLEY
Heat it up good and hot and put a lotta pepper in it. The little lady's gettin' cold on me.

BARTENDER
Okay. It'll take a minute.

He exits to the kitchen.

TETLEY
Drink your whiskey.

NIKA
I don't want it. Please - I'm sick.

TETLEY
Drink it.

He twists her arm. Her face contorts with pain.

TETLEY
Drink, you cow.

NIKA
(gasping)
Yes, yes.

She takes a few sips.

171. RIO AND MODESTO

Rio watches Tetley with a cold intensity, the while swinging the lavaliere like a pendulum in front of him. His food is still untouched.

Modesto, following Rio's look, and sensing trouble, tries to distract him.

MODESTO
You better eat up. We'll be running most all day.

Rio doesn't answer, still staring unblinkingly at Tetley.

172. ON BARTENDER, TETLEY AND NIKA

Tetley pours himself another glass of whiskey, drinks deeply. The bartender appears with two bowls of chili, sets them on the bar.

BARTENDER
(mentally adding)
Twenty-five... forty... that'll be six bits.

Tetley feels his pockets with his free hand.

TETLEY
Six bits, huh?
(to Nika)
Gimme a dollar.

Nika manages a glare of indignation at this outrage.

NIKA
No!

TETLEY
Gimme a buck, I said.

NIKA
The money is mine.

Tetley twists her arm.

TETLEY
You reach down there and get me a dollar.

She grits her teeth against the pain, then speaks to the bartender.

NIKA
He's breaking my arm!

BARTENDER
(indifferently)
You shouldn't oughta do business with him, then.

As Tetley goes on turning her arm, she starts to sink to the floor.

173. ON RIO AND MODESTO

Both men watch - Modesto, with wide-eyed fascination; Rio, with cold disgust.

(Continued)

173. (Cont'd)

Rio, after a moment, gets slowly to his feet, walks over to Tetley.

174. GROUP SHOT

As Rio comes up behind Tetley. Abruptly, he throws a brutal right hand at the small of Tetley's back. Grunting with pain, his head turns in time to catch a powerful blow from Rio's fist. Then, in a fury, Rio hits him again and again. Tetley is propped against the bar in such a fashion that he cannot go down as the pain of blows continues. Finally, he falls, his head and shoulders through one of the interstices of the bar.

Trembling from the effects of the violent passion that has possessed him, Rio turns and goes back to his table. He puts his hands on the back of his chair and leans forward, his head hanging.

175. CLOSE SHOT - TETLEY

As his head clears, he sees a shotgun on a shelf behind the bar. He reaches for it and starts to bring it up to his shoulder.

176. CLOSE SHOT - RIO

The room is still. Then Rio hears the sound of death - the cocking of the hammer on the shotgun. He whirls and draws at the same time, then fires.

177. thru 179. ON TETLEY as he is hit. The shotgun is half-raised and with the spasm reaction of Rio's slug tearing into his body, he pulls the trigger. The shot shatters the window looking out on to the street. Slowly then, with a sick look of wonderment on his face, Tetley lays the shotgun down.

TETLEY
(in a tone of awe)
I'm hit.
(becoming horrified)
I'm hit! He's killed me!

BARTENDER
(glancing at Rio)
He's hit bad.

(Continued)

179. (Cont'd)

TETLEY
(piteously)
I'm dying.
(looks up at Nika)
Help me!

The girls comes forward with glee and spits on him.

NIKA
(in Spanish)
You can die ten times and I'll dance at your funeral.
(kicks him)
Pig, pig, pig!

Rio walks over, takes her arm.

RIO
Leave him alone.

BARTENDER
I better get a doctor.

He hurries out.

MODESTO
What will we do, amigo?

RIO
Finish breakfast.

DISSOLVE:

180. EXT. STREET NEAR SALOON - (DAY)

CAMERA is shooting down street toward La Playa Bar and deserted plaza. Suddenly out of the saloon comes the bartender, obviously looking for someone. He approaches CAMERA which PANS with him. Dad and Lon ride in from opposite direction and the bartender stops them.

BARTENDER
Hey, Sheriff, am I glad to see you!

DAD
What's wrong?

BARTENDER
That friend of yours just shot Howard Tetley.

(Continued)

180. (Cont'd)

DAD
(in a low tone)
How many are in there?

BARTENDER
Two.

DAD
What two?

BARTENDER
Well -- him and that Mexican fellow.

DAD
Where are the others?

BARTENDER
I don't know. I didn't see 'em.

DISSOLVE:

181. INT. SALOON - (DAY)

As Dad enters. He sees Rio.

DAD
What happened, kid?

RIO
(nodding toward Tetley's body)
He's dead.

Dad walks over, kneels down by Tetley, feels for the pulse in Tetley's neck.

DAD
Yes, he's gone.
(sighs as he stands)
Ah, it's too bad. It was bound to happen sooner or later. Too bad. Well - we better get him over to the coroner's.
(to Rio, casually)
Would you and your friend give me a hand with him?

Rio, Modesto and Dad take hold of the body of Howard Tetley. They start toward the open doors leading to the street.

182. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SALON - (DAY)

Rio, Dad and Modesto carry Howard's body out of the saloon.

DAD
Let's put him in the rig.

CAMERA PANS them across the street and they deposit the body in the rear of the horse-drawn rig. As Rio and Modesto finish pushing Howard's head beneath the seat of the rig, Dad steps back a few paces.

DAD
Kid, I think it'd be a good idea if you'd hand over your gun.

Rio straightens up, Modesto steps back a little, and then Rio backs toward middle of the street. He stares directly at Dad, a faint smile on his lips.

182A. CLOSER ANGLE - ON DAD

DAD
(calling)
Ephraim!

182B. UP ANGLE - EPHRAIM

looking over the rail of boarding house porch roof, his gun aimed at Rio.

EPHRAIM
Yah.

182C. BACK TO ANGLE ON DAD

DAD
(calling)
Ace!

182D. UP ANGLE ON ACE

on porch roof of Pacific House. His gun is also aimed down in Rio's direction.

ACE
Yo!

182E. BACK TO DAD

DAD
Tim -- Lon.

Tim steps from behind a big oak tree, shotgun aimed at Rio. Lon comes out of side door of Pacific House. He has a coil of rope on his arm and holds his shotgun at ready.

TIM
Here, Dad.

Lon says nothing. He comes down steps to the ground.

182F. CLOSE SHOT - RIO

as he reacts with eyes when the deputies appear.

183. MED. SHOT OVER RIO'S SHOULDER

Dad walks forward toward Rio, and Lon quickly moves up on Dad's right side. Ace climbs down from roof and takes up a position at Dad's left side. In the background, Tim takes the gun from Modesto's holster, throws it on tree-seat.

DAD
Left hand, kid. Dump it.

Rio very deliberately takes the gun from its holster, throws it on the ground in front of Dad.

DAD
Ephraim, get rid of the horses.

Ephraim crosses to the hitching post, unties Rio's and Modesto's horses, leads them out of scene.

DAD
Lon, tie him to the rail.

Lon grabs Rio, leads him to the rail. He takes off Rio's hat and jacket, throws them on the ground, then proceeds to tie Rio's wrists to the rail.

184. REVERSE ANGLE - ON RIO

as Lon finishes tying him to the rail.

(Continued)

184. (Cont'd)

People are gathering in the street and can be seen on the balconies and in windows of buildings in the background. Dad, always the politician, takes this opportunity to make a speech. He addresses the crowd as well as Rio.

DAD
(to Rio)
I warned you not to cause trouble around here. But, naw, you ignored my warning and went right ahead and killed a man.

Dad stoops to pick up Rio's gun from the ground. He puts the gun in his waist band and speaks louder for the benefit of the crowd:

DAD (Cont'd)
Well -- we don't want his kind here...

He takes off his coat, hands it to Ace, who exits.

DAD (Cont'd)
(to Rio)
And I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget.

185. DOLLY SHOT - DAD AND RIO

Over rail. Dad steps closer to Rio, speaks low as he rolls up his sleeves.

DAD
Of course, you know I'm not whipping you for killing Tetley, but for what you tried to do to my little girl. And you ought to thank the good Lord you didn't succeed.
(Dad steps behind Rio)
Now, let's see what you're really made of.

Dad rips Rio's shirt up to the collar. Rio spits in Dad's face.

DAD
You know, kid, that's a good start.

Dad steps back to the center of the street, and Lon hands him a plaited whip. Dad uncoils the whip, raises it in

185. (Cont'd)

the air and brings it down with all his might across Rio's back. Rio tenses against the blows. Dad, with seemingly sadistic pleasure, lets the whip fall again and again. At one point, a dog starts barking each time the whip is raised.

DAD
Get the dog, Lon.

Lon gets the dog and takes it out of the scene. At another point, Rio's gun, which Dad had put in his waistband, falls to the ground. Dad picks it up, tosses it to Lon.

186. VARIOUS SHOT

CLOSE on Dad, Rio, Modesto, Lon and other members of the crowd.

187. EXT. HOTEL WINDOW - ON BOB

He leans on the window sill, impassively viewing the activity in the square below. After a moment, he speaks over his shoulder.

BOB
Hey, Harv --

HARVEY
(somewhere behind him)
What do you want?

BOB
(unhurried)
Look here what's happenin' to Romeo.

Harvey, chewing on a chunk of watermelon, appears at the window. He drops the watermelon and emits a low exclamation.

188. P.O.V. - THE WHIPPING

SHOOTING DOWN from the hotel room over backs of people in the town square, as they watch. The SOUND of the blows of the WHIP can be heard from this distance.

189. ON BOB AND HARVEY

HARVEY
(wide-eyed)
They're goin' to peel him alive. Maybe we oughta get down there and do something.

BOB
Do somethin'? Not this horse. There's enough shotgun down there to start a war. Besides, it just might help him to get rid of some of that snot nose.

HARVEY
(resuming his chewing)
Wonder what happened?

BOB
Musta jumped him. Longworth probably caught him tryin' to get in the hog pen with that kid of his.

HARVEY
What's that gonna do about the bank?

BOB
We'll just kiss that goodbye - for the day, anyhow.

Bob turns from the window. Harvey continues watching and chewing.

190. EXT. RAIL

The whipping continues.

191. REACTION CLOSEUPS ON PEOPLE IN CROWD

192. REVERSE SHOT - RIO'S BACK

He is still standing, but his back is being out to ribbons.

193. CLOSE SHOT - RIO'S FACE

He is taking it, but obviously he is getting weaker. He sinks to his knees as the whip continues with its pistol-like reports.

194. ANOTHER ANGLE

Dad walks forward to Rio, wiping perspiration from his face as he crosses.

DAD
Now - what d'ya say, kid?

RIO
You better kill me.

Dad puts his handkerchief away, picks up a shotgun that has been leaning against the post.

DAD
Kill you? There's no need for that.

Suddenly, he raises the rifle butt and brings it down with a smashing blow on Rio's tied right hand.

DAD
Your gunnin' days are over.
(to Lon)
Untie him.

Rio is seated on the bank. His shirt is wet. He is tying his scarf around his injured hand as Modesto enters with a blanket. Modesto puts the blanket on Rio's lap, then removes Rio's wet shirt.

MODESTO
You're going to be all right. It's not going to hurt too much now.

As he talks, Modesto crosses to the stream and dips the shirt in the water, then starts back.

MODESTO (Cont'd)
But tomorrow when the feeling comes back, it's going to hurt you like hell.

Using the wet shirt as a poultice, Modesto applies it to Rio's back.

MODESTO (Cont'd)
You were right about this Longworth. He is bad hombre, you know. I was watching his face when he was working on you. He likes to use that whip, I think.

Bob and Harvey ride up. Modesto glances up at them but Rio, although aware of their presence, still stares at

(Continued)

194. (Cont'd)

his battered hand. The tow men dismount, come over. Bob grimaces at the sight of Rio's back.

BOB
Phew - man!

HARVEY
(awed)
Sliced him clear down to the rib bones.

BOB
(edgily)
We're sure sorry about this, Rio. We got in on the tail end of everything. There was nothin' we could do. Huh, Harv?

RIO
(without turning)
It's all right, Bob.

BOB
(seasonably)
The place was crawling all over with deputies.

Rio doesn't answer.

BOB
(continues, spurred by Rio's silence)
You know me, Rio. If there was anything I could do, I'da been in there like a streak.

Rio turns now and faces Bob.

RIO
(harshly)
I said it's all right, Bob.

HARVEY
(breaks an awkward silence)
Well, what's it gonna be now?

MODESTO
There's a small fishing village up the coast a couple of miles called Punta del Diablo.

(Continued)

194. (Cont'd)

BOB
Can you make it that far, Rio?

Rio holds up his injured hand, looks at it.

RIO
Yeah.

Bob's eyes widen at the sight of the bad hand.

BOB
(incredulously)
Say - they really did mash that hand up.
(takes a closer look)
Looks like it might be all broke up.

Rio is silent.

BOB (Cont'd)
(with concern)
Guess you won't be doin' no business with that for quite a while.

Rio looks at him evenly.

RIO
No need for you to hand around, Bob.

BOB
(hastily)
It ain't that, Rio. It's just that - I'm just thinkin' about you, that's all.

RIO
Don't you fret, Bob.

HARVEY
Well, when we get there, what then?

RIO
We'll wait.
(to Modesto)
C'mon, let's go.

Rio rises. The three men follow. They mount their horses and ride off.

DISSOLVE:

197. EXT. PUNTA DEL DIABLO - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

A small fishing village that has seen better days. It numbers only a handful of people, all Chinese or Eurasian.

We see the four horsemen entering the village from a distance.

198. TRAVELLING SHOT - THE HORSEMEN

They come down the beach, stop at the steps of the cantina.

199. REACTION SHOT - (DAY)

A middle-aged Chinese, the PATRON and owner of the cantina, is playing Mah Jong with an ELDERLY CHINESE.

It is a moment of frozen tableau, as the Orientals gaze with curiosity at the invasion. Then the Patron rises and goes along the porch toward the horsemen.

200. THE HORSEMEN - (DAY)

Rio is sitting in his saddle, his head bowed, oblivious to everything. Modesto calls out to the owner of the cantina:

MODESTO
Patron. We need some rooms.

PATRON
No rooms. No rooms here.

Bob looks around the village with a sour expression.

BOB
It looks like we got ourselves a real scum bucket here.
(he smells the air)
What's that - fish?

HARVEY
Something dead.

MODESTO
My friend is sick.

PATRON
No rooms.

(Continued)

200. (Cont'd)

Modesto reaches into his pocket, takes out a gold coin, throws it to the Patron.

MODESTO
We need a place to stay.

PATRON
(after moment's hesitation)
How many room?

MODESTO
Four.

The Patron goes down the step and starts toward the rear. Modesto follows, and after a moment Bob, Harvey and Rio go in the same direction.

HARVEY
Can you get a drink around here?

PATRON
(pointing toward cantina)
In there.

Bob and Harvey ride toward the cantina entrance, while in the background Patron, Modesto and Rio reach the small building.

201. INT. CANTINA - (DAY)

Bob and Harvey enter. Only the aged Chinese is present.

BOB
Hey, Pop!

AGED CHINESE
Hello - how are you?

HARVEY
Bring us a drink.

Harvey indicates drinking motion.

HARVEY
Drink...drink.

ELDERLY CHINESE
All right. Sit down. Mei-Mei coming.

(Continued)

201. (Cont'd)

Bob and Harvey sit at the table as Mei-Mei enters and approaches them.

MEI-MEI
You want something? Can I give you something?

BOB
(during above)
Your father own this dump?

MEI-MEI
My uncle owns.

BOB
(as she pours)
Little dove like you must get lonely with all these old men around. Whatya do for excitement?

MEI-MEI
(straight)
Fortune teller say handsome prince will ride up on jackass to get me some day.

BOB
(holding his arms wide)
Well -- here I am!

Mei-Mei
(with glint of amusement)
Oh? -- But where is handsome prince?

Harvey laughs loudly at the joke. Bob recovers in a moment, grins maliciously.

BOB
You can be halter-broke in time.
(pointing to ceiling)
Look at that big old spider web.

As she looks up, Bob reaches out and squeezes her thigh. Without an instant's hesitation, she back-hands a whack across his face that makes a sharp splat. Then she walks away, exits at the door in the rear.

HARVEY
(guffawing)
Haw! Haw! Next time you better try chopsticks.

(Continued)

201. (Cont'd)

BOB
(glowering)
Ain't no piece gonna slap me around --

He starts to get up. Harvey reaches out a restraining hand.

BOB
Say, how much it cost to take a bite out of you?

You still have teeth?

BOB
You're real comical.
(looks up toward ceiling)
Well now, what in the world is that up there? Looks like a big blue bug.

Where?

Mei-Mei looks up. When she does, Bob pinches her. She jumps back in startled anger. Bob still looking up. She slaps him smartly and swiftly across the face. She lays him out in Chinese.

MEI-MEI
(Ad-lib Chinese)

Mei-Mei exits. Old Man comes over and shakes his finger under Bob's nose admonishingly.

OLD MAN
You bad boy.

He exits. Harvey laughs.

BOB
What are you laughing at?

HARVEY
You asked for it.

DISSOLVE:

201A. INT. RIO'S ROOM - (NIGHT)

Rio is lying on the bed with his battered hand in a basin of water. There is a knock on the door. Mei-Mei opens door. She carries bowl of soup and some herbs.

MEI-MEI
Cum in? I cum in?

RIO
(muttering)
Yeah -- Who is it?

Mei-Mei enters.

MEI-MEI
Bring soup... ver gu.

RIO
I ain't too hungry, thanks. Just leave it.

She puts the soup on a chair and brings the chair over to the bed, kneels and takes his wounded hand from the basin.

MEI-MEI
Hand hurt bad.

She picks up pitcher and pours water into the basin. Then she picks up some herbs.

MEI-MEI
This Chinese medicine. Help ver gu.

RIO
Never mind that. It's all right.

She puts the herbs in the water. She looks at his hand and looks at his shoulder.

MEI-MEI
(as she bathes his hand)
How you get hurt?

RIO
Don't matter.

MEI-MEI
You no sleep yet?

RIO
Not yet.

(Continued)

201A. (Cont'd)

MEI-MEI
Morning come soon. Want me to stay and talk with you?

RIO
No thanks. Another time.

MEI-MEI
I go. My name Mei-Mei. You want something, you call Mei-Mei, I bring.

RIO
All right.

She crosses to the door and opens it.

MEI-MEI
Good night.

She exits.

DISSOLVE:

201B. INT. RIO'S ROOM - (DAY)

Rio moodily contemplates his battered hand. After a moment, he gets up, exits.

202. EXT. PUNTA CATWALK - (DAY)

Rio comes out of his room and walks out to the far end of the catwalk and stands, examining his hand, testing the strength of it.

Modesto is seated near the catwalk, drinking from a tequila bottle. He looks off and sees Rio on the catwalk, rises and goes to him.

MODESTO
It's four weeks now. I think the hand it's finished. It's not going to get any better. Why don't you let it go? Let's go down to Morelos and sit in the sun. Forget this Longworth. It's not worth it. What do you think, amigo?

The words are a rasp on Rio's nerve ends. He turns to Modesto.

(Continued)

202. (Cont'd)

RIO
(with slow, frightening emphasis)
You must be crazy.

Rio takes the tequila bottle from Modesto. Modesto, not frightened, shrugs resignedly.

MODESTO
I think I play a little poker.

He turns, walks back toward the village. Rio bows his head as though sickened with the knowledge that his whole raison d'etre was ended.

Then he straightens, drops down off the catwalk, starts down the beach.

203. MED. SHOT - MEI-MEI IN PUNTA STREET

She watches Rio walking down the beach, a solitary, small figure.

DISSOLVE:

203A. EXT. BEACH - (DUSK)

Rio is sitting on a rock, in a mood of bleak dejection. A half-empty bottle of tequila is on the sand at his feet. Plunged in the vapors of melancholy and frustration, he reaches down for the liquor, drinks deeply.

In the background we see black storm clouds building up. The pointlessness of his existence weighs down on him; he takes another big pull on the bottle.

He stands up, starts down the beach. The first faint flashes of sheet lightning are seen on the horizon.

DISSOLVE:

203B. TRAVELLING SHOT - BEACH AND CATWALK - (NIGHT)

As Rio walks along, drunk now, the storm quickly builds up in intensity. The lightning becomes harsh and jagged in the lowering sky, and the thunder begins drum-rolling. Soon it is pouring rain.

(Continued)

203B. (Cont'd)

As Rio comes along the catwalk, he sees the light in Mei-Mei's room. He jumps down from the catwalk, starts across the beach toward her room.

203C. EXT. MEI-MEI'S ROOM - (NIGHT)

The rain is falling hard now, with occasional flashes of lightning. Across the beach, stumbling in the water, comes Rio. He reaches her porch, climbs up on it, opens the door without knocking.

203D. INT. MEI-MEI'S ROOM - (NIGHT)

Rio enters, wet and dull-eyed.

MEI-MEI
Should knock before come in.

RIO
You told me if I wanted somethin' to call Mei-Mei. Well, I'm callin' you.

MEI-MEI
You drunk.

RIO
You're right. I'm drunk.

MEI-MEI
I make tea. You feel better.

She starts for the store, eluding him. He turns, follows. She starts to pour the tea.

RIO
Never mind that tea. 'Bout time for me and you, ain't it?

MEI-MEI
You come back another time.

RIO
My time's about run out.

MEI-MEI
Not like this - not when you drunk.

(Continued)

203D. (Cont'd)

RIO
What's the difference? Lovin' is lovin', ain't it?

He picks her up, carries her to the bed.

MEI-MEI
Please - you hurt. I don't want.

RIO
You lie. You been wantin' me for a long time and you know it.

She breaks loose and curses him in Chinese. He grabs her, pulls her back on the bed. Suddenly, all the fight goes out of her and she lies passively.

RIO
You all through now? Is that all the fight you got?

MEI-MEI
You really want this way? Why you act like animal? I sorry for you.

RIO
Don't go gettin' sorry for me.

MEI-MEI
You think you bad. But you just very sad.

Defeated, Rio straightens up.

RIO
Maybe you're right.

He gets to his feet, lurches out.

DISSOLVE:

203E. EXT. SEA COAST - (DAY)

Rio, seated on a rock, somewhat in the throes of a hangover, is holding the lavaliere which Louisa returned to him. He is thinking of her as he absently winds the chain around the middle and ring fingers of his injured hand. As he does so, he gradually becomes aware that he can move the ring finger of his hand with the support of the locket chain. The discovery interests him, and he stares at it thoughtfully.

(Continued)

203E. (Cont'd)

After a moment, he gets up, exits.

DISSOLVE:

203F. INT. RIO'S ROOM - (DAY)

Rio is working with some pieces of leather and a pocket knife.

He has just fashioned a thong which will fit over the middle and ring fingers of his hand. He puts it on and ties it around his wrist, takes out his gun and holds it. A look of exultation comes into his eyes. Then he leaves the room.

DISSOLVE:

204. EXT. CANTINA PORCH - (DAY)

Harvey is sitting on the steps. Bob is sitting over near the water barrel, his feet up on the rail. A water dipper is on the floor below him, and he is throwing pebbles at it from a supply held in his left hand. Both men are stupefied with boredom. Clink, goes a pebble... the flies drone... And far off, we HEAR the sound of Rio's GUN.

Then a little boy comes across the beach, carrying some fish. He lays one of the fish at Bob's feet. In a sudden fury, Bob kicks out at the fish.

BOB
(violently - as he kicks)
Get them damned, stinkin' -- fish -- outa here!
(to Harvey)
I'm about through with the fish. Harv... that and them damn waves floppin' in all day long.

Harvey is utterly unconcerned at Bob's eruption. He looks at the scattered fish.

HARVEY
I say we give it a while longer.

BOB
Six weeks in this puke hole and listen to him!

(Continued)

204. (Cont'd)

They listen to the slow, irregular firing of Rio's gun.

BOB
That hand ain't gettin' any faster.

204A. LONG SHOT - RIO - ON THE BEACH

He is firing slowly and irregularly.

DISSOLVE:

205. PUNTA STREET - (DAY)

As Rio comes up the street to the steps of the cantina.

206. EXT. CANTINA PORCH - (DAY)

Bob is back to throwing pebbles into the dipper.

BOB
(conversationally)
How's the hand, Rio?

RIO
It's comin'.

He scoops up some water from the barrel, rinses his face.

BOB
(reflectively)
You know, Rio - I been wonderin' if we oughta lay around here any more.

RIO
Hand me the dipper, Bob.

BOB
I been thinkin' a lot about all that kale waitin' in the bank.

RIO
Gimme the dipper.

BOB
(not moving)
Tell you what - we could lay for that sheriff outside his house some sunup and cut him down with scatter guns and then take the bank.

(Continued)

206. (Cont'd)

RIO
It's not my style, Bob.

Bob looks at Rio flatly.

BOB
It ain't, huh? Well, maybe you better change it because your style seems a touch slow to me and I'm gettin' tired listenin' to all that bull. We rode nine hundred miles because you're supposed to be the big man with the iron, but the way things are goin', I think that I could even out pull you now.

RIO
Could be you're right about that, Bob. You probably could even get as high as six into me before I got that one into you.

The men gaze at each other for a moment's quiet tension; this is not a showdown and both men know it.

At length, Rio bends down, picks up the dipper, throws out the pebbles and dips it into the water barrel. He drinks deeply.

DISSOLVE:

206A. INT. LOUISA'S BEDROOM - (MORNING)

She is seated on the edge of her bed, head bowed, obviously depressed. Maria calls to her daughter from the next room.

MARIA (O.S.)
Louisa! Que, no te vas a levantar, son las ocho de la manana y tengo tanto que hacer. Andale, levantate, hay muchas casas que hacer y esta la casa toda regada. Louisa, porque no te lavantas?

Louisa doesn't answer. Maria enters, putting on her apron.

MARIA
(impatiently)
Louisa - qua te pasa?

(Continued)

206A. (Cont'd)

Maria sits down beside her daughter. After a long moment, Louisa reluctantly admits that she is going to have a child.

LOUISA
Mama - voy a tener un hijo.

Maria slowly rises, goes to the altar, kneels at it and prays.

MARIA
(praying)
Padre - nuestro qua estes en los cielos hagase el senor en voluntad...

DISSOLVE:

207. EXT. STREET - MONTEREY - (DAY)

We pick up Lon, walking with swiftness and urgency, and TRUCK with him as he cuts across the square toward the jail.

208. INT. JAIL - (DAY)

Dad is seated at his desk, studying Wanted Fliers. Methodical and precise, he makes notes on an occasional poster.

Then Lon bursts in.

LON
(excitedly)
Mornin', Sheriff. Guess what I just heard.

DAD
What?

LON
I just got word that Rio's dug in down at the Point!

DAD
(preoccupied with posters)
Oh, he is - hunh?

(Continued)

208. (Cont'd)

LON
The talk is he's waitin' for his hand to heal - then he's comin' after you.

DAD
(calmly)
He knows where to find me.

LON
(dubiously)
If I was you, I'd get me a posse and go out and nail him. What do you think?

DAD
(handing him envelope)
Get your feet off the desk, Lon, and take these vouchers over to the County Treasurer.

Lon, stung and surly, takes the envelope, muttering inarticulate obscenities, exits.

209. EXT. JAIL - (DAY)

As Lon comes out, Louisa is just arriving. She carries a food hamper under her arm. Lon brightens with anticipation on seeing her.

LON
How do, Miss Louisa?

LOUISA
(coolly)
Hello.

She starts to go on.

LON
Wait a minute. You're just as purty as a bird on a limb this mornin'.

Louisa throws him a withering look, again starts past him on her way to the jail.

LON
By the way, I heard from a friend of yours...
(MORE)

(Continued)

209. (Cont'd)

LON (Cont'd)
(she hesitates)
This fellow -- what's his name, Rio?
(she turns)
Thought you'd be interested.

LOUISA
Really? What about him?

LON
He's hangin' out down at the Point lickin' his back.

LOUISA
How would you know?

LON
Somebody smelled him.
(chuckles)

He strides off, still chuckling. Louisa stares after him, thoughtful, wondering. Her brain is racing as she goes into the jail.

DISSOLVE:

210. thru 215. OMITTED

216. EXT. SEA COAST - (DAY)

Rio is practicing with his gun, his target being various small formations on a big rock. He is swift, poised, accurate. His gun hand is well. While he is shooting, we see a person approaching on a white horse. It is Louisa. As she comes near, Rio becomes aware of her, stops shooting. He waits as she dismounts, comes toward him.

LOUISA
(tentatively)
Hello.

Rio's attitude is one of wary wait-and-see.

RIO
Hello. How're you?

(Continued)

216. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
I'm well. Are you all right now?

RIO
Yeah. I'm all right.
(indicating)
Wanta sit down?

Louisa sits. Rio sits beside her.

RIO
How'd you know I was here?

LOUISA
Lon told me. I don't know how he knows.

RIO
Don't matter. I'll be leavin' here soon anyhow.

LOUISA
Where are you going?

RIO
I don't know. I'll figure that out when I finish up with Longworth.

LOUISA
Finish what?

RIO
(simply)
I'm gonna kill him.

Louisa's eyes widen with startled disbelief.

LOUISA
You're going to kill him?

RIO
Yeah.

LOUISA
But why? Because he whip you?

RIO
Yeah -- that and a couple other things.

(Continued)

216. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
I now it was a terrible thing what he did, and I was so ashame for him, but those are no reasons for to kill a man.

Rio looks at her broodingly, anger beginning to generate in him.

RIO
Reasons? I got reason. Seventeen hundred and eight of 'em. That's how many days I spent in the lead mine in that pen in Sonora... That's how many nights I spent diggin' the maggots outa the sores on my ankles and the rats runnin' over my ankles and the rats runnin' over my face. I spent five years layin' awake nights listenin' to men screamin' and prayin' while they was gettin' beat to death.

LOUISA
(bewildered)
I don't understand.

RIO
Oh - it ain't hard to understand. Five years ago we was caught on a hill in Mexican by Rurales and he went off for fresh mounts. He never came back. He was my best friend and he left me for rot. And you know what for? Two sacks of gold.

The recital has momentarily drained Rio. Louisa closes her eyes.

LOUISA
Are you sure he did this?

RIO
Yeah. He told me he was a sinner and asked me to forget it.
(he studies her face for a moment)
Well - that's my sad little story. When it's over, I was gonna ask you to come away with me.

(Continued)

216. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
After you murder him?

RIO
It ain't murder. That's just standin' up same as any man would do.

LOUISA
You think to kill him makes you a man?

RIO
I don't know about that - but I know I thought about him every day for five years. That's the only thing that kept me going.

LOUISA
(mournfully)
Rio - there are not many chances in life to be happy... and I think that maybe now we have a good chance.
(looks at him with hope)
Can't you try to forget this?

Rio rises and moves away from her.

RIO
Forget it? Not as long as I breathe. I won't never have no peace till I spill him out on the street.

Louisa rises, crosses to Rio. Tenderly, she turns him to her and takes his face in her hands. Then, wildly, desperately they are in an embrace, kissing each other passionately.

LOUISA
Please, please - let's go away now! Please, Rio. I love you. Please try to forget it.

RIO
No - I gotta die to forget that.

LOUISA
(resigned)
Well, then - I will be going away, too. I don't want to be here when they bury you. Goodbye.

(Continued)

216. (Cont'd)

RIO
Wait a minute. You musta had some reason for comin' all the way down here.

LOUISA
Yes, I did. It doesn't matter now. Goodbye. I love you.

She goes to her horse, mounts it and rides away. The CAMERA GOES CLOSE to Rio and sees the finality of his loss.

217. LONG SHOT - BEACH

From a long way off, the CAMERA sees the tiny, lonely figure of Rio, with Louisa riding away from him.

DISSOLVE:

218. INT. CANTINA - (NIGHT)

Bob, Harvey and Modesto are playing poker. Seated alongside the table, but not playing, is Rio. He is still suffering from the decision he made with Louisa, still pondering the rightness of it as he fingers his lip thoughtfully.

BOB
(in good spirits; he's winning)
Modesto - I'm just gonna bump you four bits.

HARVEY
(throwing in cards)
Too rich for my blood.

MODESTO
Not me.

BOB
(raking in pot)
Thanks for the donations, gents.
(turns to Rio)
Romeo - how about some of your cash? Man oughta drag down somethin' for hangin' around this manure pile.

(Continued)

218. (Cont'd)

Rio doesn't answer. Bob starts dealing draw poker.

BOB
(as he deals)
Might be the old boy's all petered out from playin' on the beach with that little jumpin' bean.

Rio freezes, but Bob, expansive, is unaware of his danger.

BOB
Now if'n he was a pal, he'd spread around some of that patty-cake. Huh, Harv?

HARVEY
That's right. He'd of passed it around.

With a calm, deliberate, Rio overturns the table.

RIO
(with low fury)
Get on your feet, you scum suckin' pig! Get up there! I want you standin' when I open you up.

Bob starts to get up, thinks better of it.

RIO
Get up!

Bob sits there.

RIO
You got right on the edge, boy.
(pause)
If you ever make mention of her again, I'll tear your arms out.

Rio turns, walks out into the night. Modesto follows.

HARVEY
Boy! I seen him eat it - but I never seen him swallow it like that!

219. EXT. RIO'S SHACK - (NIGHT)

Rio comes walking slowly toward his shack, with Modesto following. Rio leans against the doorway, the rage still seething within him. Modesto waits a moment, then asks:

(Continued)

219. (Cont'd)

MODESTO
I guess we forget about the bank tomorrow, eh?

RIO
Yeah.

MODESTO
What're you gonna do now?

RIO
I'll be goin' in for her in the morning.

MODESTO
What about Longworth?

The CAMERA goes in CLOSE on Rio's face and reads the struggle of the abandonment of his vengeance.

RIO
Don't now. Just pray to God I don't run into him.

DISSOLVE:

220. INT. CANTINA - (DAWN)

Bob and Harvey are eating breakfast as Modesto comes in, carrying his gun and belt. He automatically checks the cylinder on the gun, lays them on the bar.

BOB
What's your boy going to do, Modesto?

MODESTO
He's riding into town after his girl, I think.

HARVEY
You coming with us?

MODESTO
You heading for Old Mex?

BOB
(thoughtfully)
Old Mex?
(recalled to the question)
Yeah, yeah. Old Mex.

(Continued)

220. (Cont'd)

MODESTO
I'll say goodbye to Rio.

He leaves.

HARVEY
(finishing meal)
You ready?

BOB
Yeah. In a minute.

He is thinking hard; he glances at Modesto's gun on the bar.

221. INT. RIO'S ROOM - (DAWN)

Rio is dressed, washing his face as Modesto comes in.

MODESTO
Just came to say so long, Rio.

Rio finishes drying his hands, extends his right to Modesto.

RIO
So long, Modesto.

MODESTO
I'm going to miss you, amigo.

RIO
Yeah. We rode a long ways together.

MODESTO
You think about me once in a while, no?

RIO
(smiling)
Yes.

MODESTO
If you get tired, you come down to Morelos. I got a quiet little place -- it isn't much -- you can live quiet there.

RIO
I'll remember that.

(Continued)

221. (Cont'd)

A moment of silence, then Modesto, moved, puts his arms around Rio in a Latin abrazo.

MODESTO
Take care of yourself, Rio.

RIO
You, too.

Modesto leaves quickly. Slowly, Rio straps on his belt, puts his gun in his waist band, looks out the window.

222. PUNTA STREET - (DAWN)

as seen from Rio's P.O.V. Bob and Harvey, already mounted, are waiting for Modesto. Modesto gets on his horse and the three riders slowly leave the village.

223. EXT. FORK IN TRAIL - (DAY)

Modesto, Bob and Harvey ride up to the fork in the trail; Harvey and Bob pull up. The locale is right near the ocean and the surf is loud. Modesto looks with some surprise at the two men.

MODESTO
(indicating)
This trail.

BOB
No. The other one.

MODESTO
(puzzled)
That goes to Monterey?

BOB
(politely)
That is correct.

Modesto, aware of something amiss, is still not alarmed.

MODESTO
What do you want in town?

BOB
(flatly)
I want the bank, boy, and everything that's in it.

(Continued)

223. (Cont'd)

MODESTO
But last night you said --

BOB
You just forget what I said last night. Did you think I was going to burn like a hog on a spit in that stink and then go away with nothin'? Now. You comin' or not?

MODESTO
Not me. And neither are you.

BOB
You wanna try and stop me, cholo?

In a swift movement, Modesto pulls his gun, trains it on Bob.

MODESTO
I'm gonna stop you for a couple of hours - long enough for Rio to go in and get his girl. You do the bank and they'll be lookin' for him.

BOB
(with mock regret)
Now I am truly sorry you did that, Modesto, I thought we was friends.

223A. EXT. SEA COAST - (DAY)

Bob and Harvey ride along shore and stop by rock on point. Bob points off to left, then speaks:

BOB
Look, I'm going to tell Dad that Rio is coming to kill him.

HARVEY
What good will that do?

BOB
That will keep him at home. Then we go in and rob the bank.

HARVEY
I hope he believes you.

BOB
He will. You wait here until I get back.

(Continued)

223A. (Cont'd)

HARVEY
All right.

Bob rides out. Harvey gets down from his horse, looks after him, then leans against rock and takes a chew of tobacco as he contemplates.

DISSOLVE:

223B. EXT. DAD'S HOUSE

Bob rides into the front of the house, stops and calls:

BOB
Hey, Longworth! Longworth! Hey, Longworth!

Dad comes out of his room onto porch.

BOB
Good morning, sheriff.

Dad walks over to Bob.

BOB
Rio said to tell you to wait here.

DAD
What for?

BOB
Said he was coming in to kill you.

DAD
Tell him I'm waiting.

BOB
That what you want me to tell him?

Dad nods.

BOB
All right. I'll tell him.

Bob rides out. Dad steps from porch, looks after him, and goes back to house.

DISSOLVE:

234. EXT. STREET OF TOWN - OUTSIDE BANK

Bob and Harvey ride up to the bank. Harvey stands with the horses, eating an orange. Bob saunters inside.

235. INT. BANK - (DAY)

Bob enters, carrying a saddle bag.

TELLER
(cheerfully)
Good morning.

BOB
Good morning.

He throws the bag to the teller who is behind the counter.

TELLER
I'll be right with you. What do you wanna do? Make a deposit?

BOB
Not hardly.

He pulls his gun, aims it at the teller, who raises his hands.

BOB (Cont'd)
Where's your hog leg?

TELLER
Ain't got none.

BOB
You ain't got none?
(cocking his gun)
Well, you'd better dig one up.

TELLER
(indicating ledge over the booth)
Right up there.

Bob glances up, then reaches in with his left hand, pulls down the revolver, puts it in his waistband.

BOB
You pretty fancy.
(indicates the saddle bag with his gun)
Gimme the paper. Forget the hard stuff.

(Continued)

235. (Cont'd)

At this moment, a young girl appears across the street and rushes into the bank before Harvey can stop her.

GIRL
Good morning, Mr. Carmody. Has my father been in here?

TELLER
He was here a little while ago. You'd better go home, honey.

GIRL
(seeing gun)
Oh, my gosh!

BOB
(severely taking the girl by the arm)
Little girl - I know you're gonna be a real good little girl, and you're not gonna scream or make any noise 'cause you don't wanna get hurt, do you?

In answer, the girl shakes her head.

BOB (Cont'd)
Now, you get over there in the corner and you won't get hurt.

HARVEY
Bob?

BOB
Everything's all right, Harv.
(to the teller)
You better get busy or I'm gonna blow your liver out.

The teller stuffs the saddlebag full of paper money.

TELLER
That's all.

BOB
(indicating the safe)
I'll take what's in the black box.

(Continued)

235. (Cont'd)

TELLER
(at the safe)
Twenty thousand's all we got in paper.
(raising his voice)
The rest is in bonds and gold.

BOB
Shut up that damn hollerin'.

TELLER
I didn't mean to.

BOB
And give it here.

TELLER
Yes, sir.

The teller takes the greenbacks from the safe and stuffs them into the saddlebag. He crosses back to the teller's cage, tossing the bag onto the counter. Bob's eyes fall on a sack of coins.

BOB
I'll take this, too.

Bob grabs the sack, but it falls from his grasp to the floor. He bends over to pick it up and as he does, the teller finds a second gun and fires through the woodwork. The first shot hits Bob. Terrified, the little girl dashes for the door. As she crosses the teller's line of fire, she is struck by a wild bullet. She falls to the rear of Bob who manages to return a single shot at the teller, striking him in the shoulder. Bob slumps limply to the floor as Harvey, attracted by the gunfire, appears in the doorway. Quickly estimating the situation, he turns and deliberately crosses to his horse.

235A. EXT. JAIL - (DAY) - ON TIM

As he lolls in a chair outside the main entrance to the jail.

He springs to his feet as he HEARS the GUNSHOTS. Suddenly, the door swings open and Lon appears, shotgun in hand, already in pursuit of trouble.

TIM
What do you reckon that was, Lon?

(Continued)

235A. (Cont'd)

Lon shoves a shell into the chamber of the shotgun as he strides across the square.

LON
Well, it sure ain't the Fourth of July. Let's go.

TIM
(pressing into action; overtaking him)
Well, get that thing loaded and come on.

Lon and Tim hurry off in the direction of the bank.

236. thru 235. OMITTED

236. REVERSE - ON BOB

As he with great effort manages to raise himself from the floor of the bank.

Three of the teller's bullets have found their mark. Bob is mortally wounded. One of the shots has shattered the bridge of his nose, spraying his face and eyes with blood. Blindly, he gropes his way toward the door of the bank.

BOB
Help... help...!

He reaches the doorway.

BOB (Cont'd)
Help!

There is no response from Harvey, mounted and ready to make a run for it.

BOB (Cont'd)
Harv... help me find my horse. Please, Harv, I can't see... Harv - I'm blind.

Bob fumbles around, trying to locate his horse. Harvey has seen enough.

(Continued)

236. (Cont'd)

HARVEY
You're all gone, Bob.

Exit Harvey, riding off as if all is normal. He does not wish to flee and attract attention. Bob is still fumbling for the horse but cannot find it. He staggers out into the street, groping for the horse. A CITIZEN comes up; it is the Photographer. He takes a look at Bob and his eyes open wide in shock.

PHOTOGRAPHER
What happened to you, feller?

Ephraim runs up.

EPHRAIM
What happened?

BOB
Help me. I can't see.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Ephraim, help me get this poor fellow up out of the dirt.

Together they lift Bob and stretch him out on the sidewalk.

EPHRAIM
He's a mess.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Go get the doc.

EPHRAIM
Too late for that. Better get the sheriff.

Ephraim turns to the approaching bartender.

EPHRAIM
Barney, where's Longworth?

BARTENDER
I haven't seen him. What happened here?

EPHRAIM
I don't know. Didn't see it.

(Continued)

236. (Cont'd)

BARTENDER
They sure did a job on him. What was he doing - trying to hold up the bank?

The photographer has taken Bob's wrist in his hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER
He's got no pulse.

BARTENDER
Yep. He's done for.

Bob is dead.

236A. INT. BANK - (DAY)

The teller has come from behind the counter and squats low over the sprawled figure of the girl. The photographer rushes in from the fast growing confusion outside on the street.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(kneeling down and examining the girl's body)
Good Lord - what happened?
(he turns to nearby man)
Barney, you'd better call the doc.
(turns back to teller)
What happened, Orv?

TELLER
(near hysteria)
I don't know. She screamed -- tried to run out... I don't know.

The bartender and several townspeople have run into the bank.

BARTENDER
That's the little Ames girl.
(he calls off)
Get Fred Ames and Dad Longworth!

PHOTOGRAPHER
Who shot her?

The teller stares numbly, unable to reply.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Cont'd)
Who shot her, Orv?

(Continued)

236A. (Cont'd)

TELLER
I don't know!
(then suddenly erupting)
He shot her! That tall fellow. He tried to rob the bank. She screamed and started to run out and he turns and shot her.

BARTENDER
Was he alone?

TELLER
No - there was another man with him standing in the doorway. They tried to rob the bank.
(with mounting hysteria)
He shot her! He shot her! I did the best I could.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You're pretty bad hurt yourself, Orv. We'd better get you to the doc.

He helps the teller to his feet.

BARBER
(calls out)
Get a doctor - this fella's hurt!

The BLACKSMITH comes running up, as Bob sags to the ground, groaning. The Blacksmith leans over Bob.

BLACKSMITH
He's done for - good.

Bob slumps dying upon the ground, and as the Barber and the Blacksmith stare in horror, he dies. Meanwhile while other people are running up and there is much screaming from the bank.

DISSOLVE:

237. EXT. STREET AT PUNTA DI DIABLO

Rio is mounting his horse, and saying goodbye in Spanish to the Patrone.

RIO
(in Spanish)
Goodbye, my friend.

(Continued)

237. (Cont'd)

PATRONE
Vaya con Dios, etc., etc.

RIO
Vaya con Dios, etc., etc.

Rio tosses him a gold coin, then tosses another to a Mexican boy. It is clear that Rio is now in a good, happy mood. He rides off.

DISSOLVE:

238. EXT. FORK IN TRAIL

On Rio, as he rides up to the fork. He reins in, as he sees Modesto's horse standing not far away. A moment later he sees Modesto's body lying on the bank of the creek. He dismounts, walks over to Modesto, kneels by him, picks him up, stares at him, sick at heart. The water rushes along over the stones of the creek bed, making a musical sound. Rio bows his hand.

239. ANOTHER ANGLE

On Rio as he sits holding Modesto, head bowed. Suddenly Dad's voice is heard.

DAD'S VOICE
Don't move. Raise your hands, slowly.

Rio pauses, then complies. As he does, he looks up.

240. ANOTHER ANGLE

On Dad and the members of a posse, including Lon. They are all pointing pistols and shotguns at Rio. The sound of the water and Rio's concentration on Modesto has enabled them to approach without being heard. Dad is string at Rio with an icy contempt. Lon lifts Rio's gun.

DAD
It might interest you to know that the child you shot is dead.

RIO
What child?

(Continued)

240. (Cont'd)

DAD
Only the patience given me by a Power greater than myself keeps me from shooting you right here.
(to posse member)
Tie him up.

LON
(nods at limb of tree)
We can tie him up permanent, on that tree, right now.

DAD
No. I want him to have time to think about Eternity.

As the posse members roughly bind Rio's hands,

DISSOLVE:

241. EXT. REAR OF JAIL

The Blacksmith and the Barber and the Teller stand posing for a picture. They are supporting between them the very dead boy of Bob. All look very proud, especially the Teller, whose arm is in a sling. The CAMERA PANS to include an old-fashioned PHOTOGRAPHER under a black cloak, focusing a tripod camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hold it! Still! Don't move! Keep still!

242. ANOTHER ANGLE

On the Barber, the Blacksmith and the Teller, as they stiffly pose with Bob. Bob is the stiffest of them all, naturally, since he is indeed a "stiff," so to speak.

243. GROUP SHOT

A large crowd is watching, open-mouthed.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Cont'd)
That's it!

Everyone relaxes.

(Continued)

243. (Cont'd)

BARBER
(a changed man, from the one who showed sympathy for the wounded Bob)
Okay, haul him up!

The crowd hauls on a rope, which is attached to Bob's right ankle. He is pulled up into the air and his dead body dangles head downward, the other leg flopped awkwardly over at an angle. The CAMERA PANS on the Barber as he runs and gets a large tin of kerosene.

BARBER (Cont'd)
Buryin's too good for him!

The Barber douses Bob's body with the kerosene and then holds a lighted match to it.

244. ANOTHER ANGLE

On the faces of the crowd, as they watch the body burn.

245. STREET

As Rio and Dad and the posse ride past the alleyway. Dad reins in. They stand watching the activity behind the jail, faces lighted by an orange glow.

DAD
(to Rio)
They are burning the body of the member of your gang that shot that little girl.

RIO
I didn't have anything to do with it, Dad. I broke with the boys yesterday, and I don't know what you're talking about.

DAD
(staring at burning)
They are burning him because he isn't fit for a Christian burial.
(turns to Rio)
And they will burn you, too, in a day or so - after I hang you.

Dad nods to the posse members, and they turn their horses and ride on toward the front of the jail.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

246. INT. JAIL - (DAY)

Enter Rio, Dad, Lon, Tim and other members of the posse. The jail dog stands nearby, watching with interest as Dad and Lon pull Rio roughly along the lower jail corridor to the stairs at the rear. The dog follows them, wagging its tail. Several other deputies follow along.

247. ANOTHER ANGLE - JAIL STAIRS

Lon roughly shoves Rio up the stairs, yanking at the rope that binds Rio's wrists.

DAD
That will be enough of that, Lon.

They proceed on up the stairs, the dog following.

248. NEW ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR OF JAIL

Lon and Dad take Rio to his cell.

248A. INT. JAIL CELL - (DAY)

Dad opens the cell door and Rio enters. Dad supervises Lon and Tim as they manacle Rio, while the others watch. Dad locks the door with finality. Then he flips the key ring. Rio studies the irons on his hands.

DAD
All right, Tim, get out of here. All of you. You, too, Lon.

Lon and the others start downstairs.

DAD
Well, kid that's it. I guess there' nothin' more to say.

He turns to go.

RIO
(looking up)
Dad --

Dad turns.

RIO
Got a minute?

Dad considers his request for a moment, then nods.

(Continued)

248A. (Cont'd)

DAD
Sure, kid, sure.

He turns back to the cell, pulls up a chair.

RIO
You know I didn't send Bob Amory to tell you to stay home. I don't send nobody to talk for me.

DAD
(shaking his head)
You couldn't tell the truth if you were nailed to a cross.

RIO
I ain't lyin', Dad. And you know it.

Dad arches his eyebrows in a gesture of reasonableness.

DAD
Well - I could be wrong, but then I won't be judging you.
(nodding toward outside)
Those people out there will. They'll be your jury.

RIO
You're dyin' to get me hung, ain't you, Dad?

DAD
No, boy - you've been trying to get yourself hung for ten years, and this time it looks like you're gonna make it. You should have quit when you were ahead.

RIO
Like you, huh?

DAD
Yes - like me.

RIO
(with soft hatred)
You might be a one-eyed jack around here, Dad - but I seen the other side of your face.
(MORE)

(Continued)

248A. (Cont'd)

RIO (Cont'd)
(pauses)
You know where I spent the last five years, Dad? Rottin' my guts out in that pen in Sonora. Now what do you think of that?

Dad shakes his head at the audacity of this gambit.

DAD
Well - I think you're lyin' faster than a dog can trot.

Rio looks at him for a long moment.

RIO
You sure, Dad?

DAD
I'm sure.

During this portion of scene, crowd NOISES become ugly, with ad libs such as "Let's see the rotten killer... Hey, Rio - when they gonna hang you?..."

RIO
(realizing further discussion is useless)
I am gonna get a trial, ain't I, Dad?

DAD
That you will, boy, that you will. A fair trial. And then I'll hang you personally.

He starts away toward the stairs, then stops; it's an afterthought.

DAD
If you like, I'll send you a priest so you can try to make your peace with God.

RIO
No, thanks.

DAD
(shrugging)
Suit yourself.

Dad goes down the stairs.

249.
thru OMITTED
251.

252. INT. JAIL - DOWNSTAIRS

TIM
You better get out there. The crowd is throwin' sticks and stones, sayin' they want Rio. They say they're gonna lynch him. You better get out there, sheriff.

Dad gets his gun off the wall, walks out the door.

253.
thru OMITTED
257.

258. EXT. TREE - (MORNING)

A small boy, on the fountain outside the jail, is poised with his slingshot drawn back. He lets fly.

259. INT. RIO'S CELL - (MORNING)

Asleep on his bunk, Rio is awakened by the SOUND of BREAKING GLASS and the stone ricocheting around his cell.

He lies there for a moment and becomes conscious of the SOUND of HAMMERING and SAWING outside.

At that moment, the jail dog comes through the bars of the cell. Rio pats the dog absently and gets up, goes over to the cell window and looks out.

260. P.O.V.

The town square and the gallows, as carpenters work.

261. REVERSE - ON RIO

As he looks through the bars of the cell.

262. INT. JAIL - DOWNSTAIRS

Lon sits at a table, slowly whittling a stick, peeling back strips of wood as if there were some deep purpose in it. His jaws move in lazy rumination on a cud of tobacco.

Behind him down the corridor, Louisa tiptoes in through the rear door of the jail and up the stairs.

263. INT. JAIL - (DAY)

Louisa enters, goes to the stairs and starts up.

Tim comes out of room, carrying a bowl of stew, and turns to her as he sees her on the stairs.

TIM
Hello, Miss Louisa.

LOUISA
Hello, Tim.

TIM
I don't believe you'd better go upstairs.

LOUISA
I'm just going up for a few minutes.

TIM
I don't think your Dad would allow that at all.

LOUISA
It'll be all right. Don't worry.

She goes upstairs.

TIM
Yes, but don't you tell Lon.

She continues on upstairs.

264. EXT. RIO'S CELL WINDOW - (DAY)
&
265. CAMERA IS CLOSE on Rio looking out window. In the background Louisa comes up the stairs. She stops at the cell.

(Continued)

265. (Cont'd)

LOUISA
Rio.
(he turns and looks at her)
I had to come.

He goes to her.

RIO
I'm glad you came. I was hopin' you would.

LOUISA
I wanted to see you again. I don't know what to say.

RIO
It doesn't matter. You're lookin' fine -- fine.

LOUISA
It's such a pity! Why did it have to be this way?

RIO
I don't know.

LOUISA
Maybe if we had seen each other again, you might have changed your mind.

RIO
Listen, I want to tell you something. I wasn't comin' in after Dad, and I don't know anything about the bank either. I was comin' to take you with me. I was gonna ask you to be my wife.

LOUISA
It's true?

RIO
Ain't no time for lyin'.

LOUISA
Listen to me. I want to tell you something. I'm going to have your baby.

(Continued)

265. (Cont'd)

RIO
Why didn't you tell me before?

LOUISA
Because I was afraid -- afraid you might not want it.

RIO
Oh, no! I'm so glad. I don't know what to tell you.

LOUISA
He will be something wonderful because he is our love. And you will be proud of him.

RIO
I love you, Louisa. I didn't get a chance to tell you. I want you to remember I'll be thinking about you tomorrow.

LOUISA
You mustn't say that. They will listen to you at the trial, and they will know you are innocent. You must believe this.

RIO
You bet!... Thanks for comin'. Goodbye.

LOUISA
Goodbye.

As the SOUND of Lon and Tim's FOOTSTEPS is heard on the stairs, they turn and look.

266. ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH CELL BARS TO STAIRS

Lon and Tim come upstairs. Lon has shotgun. Tim has bowl of food.

LON
(to Tim)
You haven't got the brains God gave a goose, so shut up!

CAMERA MOVES BACK TO INCLUDE Louisa and Rio. Lon and Tim see them and continue upstairs.

(Continued)

266. (Cont'd)

LON
All right, let's go. Sorry to mess up this little valentine.

Louisa puts her arm on Rio's shoulder.

LON (Cont'd)
You heard me! Get going!

Louisa goes down stairs. Lon opens jail door.

LON (Cont'd)
Get back! Turn around. Now lean against them bars. Get your feet back!

He searches Rio, then pulls Rio's feet out from under him an his ankle chain.

TIM
(coming over)
There's no call for that. What's the matter with you, Lon?

LON
Nothing. I'm just sorry the county's gonna finish him off. I'd like to take care of it myself with this here -- both barrels of double-o 'bout belt high.

RIO
Want to? Let's see you pull it.

LON
All right, go ahead -- try for it.

RIO
There ain't no need for that, just squeeze one off.

LON
Go on. You're supposed to have so much guts.

RIO
No, you're the one with guts.

Lon sits down on cot.

(Continued)

266. (Cont'd)

LON
On second thought, it might be fun to wait until tomorrow. You been thinkin' about that at all? Wonder how long it's gonna take you to choke to death? How you gonna look hangin' up there -- kickin' and wigglin'... tryin' to run away from it? And how's your face gonna look all turned black and your tongue stickin' out?

TIM
Why don't you just shut your big mouth, Lon.

LON
(to Tim)
Why don't you tend to your own business?

Lon rises, goes out of cell and locks it.

RIO
You're forgetting one thing, Lon.

LON
Yeah, what's that?

RIO
I ain't hung yet.

LON
No, but you will be, brother. You ain't gettin' any older than tomorrow.

Lon starts to leave, turns back.

LON
Oh say. And let's don't forget about her. I'll be takin' care of that before they cut you down.

Rio lunges against bars at Lon. Lon laughs.

RIO
You're a gob of spit, Lon.

LON
Yeah, ain't that the truth.
(turns to Tim)
And you watch yourself.

(Continued)

266. (Cont'd)

Lon exits downstairs.

DISSOLVE:

267. INT. DINING AREA - DAD'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Dad and Maria are seated at the table. Dad's head is bowed; he is completing Grace:

DAD
-- and make us ever mindful of the needs of others. Amen.

He raises his head, starts dishing himself some potatoes.

DAD
Where's Louisa?

MARIA
She's still in town.

DAD
You know my feelings about the entire family being present at mealtimes, Mother.

Maria nods, preoccupied and concerned. Dad spears a piece of meat, starts eating. Then he notices that Maria is not eating.

DAD
Why aren't you eating?

MARIA
What's going to happen to him?

DAD
What's going to happen to who?

MARIA
Is he really going to be hanged?

DAD
Of course he is.

MARIA
Is there no chance he is innocent? There is still to be a trial?

(Continued)

267. (Cont'd)

DAD
His guilt is apparent to everyone.
(glances at her curiously)
Why are you suddenly concerned?

MARIA
Could it be you have your own reasons for wanting him to die?

DAD
(ironically)
Oh, no - no reasons at all. He just robbed a bank and killed a little girl, that's all.
(he frowns at her)
Why do you ask?

MARIA
I heard you might have personal reasons.

DAD
Personal reasons? Like what?

MARIA
(quietly)
There's a story you ran away from him in Mexico and left him to die.

Dad peers at his wife through narrowed eyes, thinking and wondering. How did she find out?

MARIA
Did you?

DAD
Of course I left him. It was the wisest thing I ever did.

MARIA
Was he sentenced to prison for life because you deserted him?

DAD
I've heard that story.
(keenly)
But where did you hear it?

MARIA
He told Louisa.

(Continued)

267. (Cont'd)

DAD
(musingly)
That smart pup -- trying to break up my home with that rubbish.

MARIA
Is it the truth?

DAD
Truth? He'd choke on it.

MARIA
What makes you sure he didn't go to prison?

DAD
Because I now him. He's a cheap thief, always has been and always will be. Bad blood doesn't change.

MARIA
But you'll never really know, will you?

DAD
(nettled)
I don't need to know anymore. And I think this has gone far enough. What the hell is the matter with you?

MARIA
I'll tell you. Louisa is going to have his baby.

Dad blinks at this new blow.

MARIA
(nodding)
Yes.

DAD
(softly)
Like mother, like daughter.

Maria's attitude changes abruptly. She becomes gentle, supplicating.

MARIA
Listen to me. Please. You've been good to us and I'm grateful. The reason I talk to you so is I don't want her to suffer like I had to.

(Continued)

267. (Cont'd)

Dad's anger begins to mount.

DAD
Then you lied to me that morning!

MARIA
Yes, I lied, but ---

DAD
(yelling)
Shut up! That's the thanks I get for taking you two out of the bean fields and giving you respectability - the clothes on your back and a roof over your head! Why I even gave your daughter my name when she had none of her own.

MARIA
(head bowed)
Yes. And now she needs your help more than ever.

DAD
Help?
(smiles thinly)
Yeah - I'll help.

He stands, starts toward his gunbelt hanging on wall.

MARIA
What are you going to do?

DAD
I spent five years building a decent reputation and I'm not going to stand by and do nothing while he ruins it.

Maria stands, comes over to him, takes his arm.

MARIA
Killing him won't help.

DAD
Let go my arm.

MARIA
You'll destroy all our lives. Even your own.

He jerks loose from her, puts on his coat.

(Continued)

267. (Cont'd)

DAD
(with finality)
The decision has already been made.

MARIA
It's true! It's your conscience. It's been on your face ever since he came. And you will do anything to hide the memory. Even kill.

DAD
His execution will be a day earlier, that's all.

He leaves. Maria, stricken, covers her face with her hands.

DISSOLVE:

268. EXTERIORS - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAD RIDING TO TOWN

ON DAD, as he comes from the house and mounts his horse.

ON DAD, as he rides away.

ON DAD, as he rides toward town.

ON DAD, closer to town, riding.

ON DAD, arriving in town.

269. thru 282. OMITTED

283. INT. JAIL - RIO'S CELL

On the jail dog, as he stands wagging his tail before Rio. A very large, desiccated corncob with a few kernels left on it is between his jaws. Rio's hand enters the picture and takes the corncob from the dog.

284. ON RIO AND THE DOG

With a faint smile, Rio throws the corncob out into the adjacent room. Lon looks up at once, half-raising the shotgun. The dog happily runs and gets the corncob and brings it back to Rio. Exit the dog.

(Continued)

284. (Cont'd)

Lon, a bit self-satisfied, sits himself back down. Rio gives him a rather arid glance and leans back on his bunk against the wall, whistling softly.

285. INT. JAIL - DOWNSTAIRS

Enter Louisa, carrying the stew. She goes softly up the stairs. She hears Lon humming on the upper level. She hesitates, then continues up the stairs.

286. LOUISA AND LON

As she reaches the upper level, Lon is revealed sitting at the table, shotgun in hand. She stops.

LON
What do ya' think you're doin' up here? You get on back down there.

287. ANOTHER ANGLE - LOUISA

Her head back proudly and eyes flashing defiance.

LOUISA
I've brought him something to eat.

LON
Tell you what - why don't you just trot on back home 'cause you ain't gonna give him nothin'.

LOUISA
My father told me to bring this and you're supposed to give it to him.

288. CLOSE ON RIO

As he reacts to this.

289. P.O.V. - ON LON

As Rio sees him.

LON
Well, he never said nothin' to me about it.

290. ON LON AND LOUISA

LOUISA
All right, I'll tell him you refused.

She starts down the stairs.

291. CLOSE ON LON

As he thinks, "fox" showing all over his face.

LON
Wait a minute. Give it to me.

292. ON LOUISA AND LON

Louisa instinctively does not want to give the bowl of stew to Lon, but she has no choice. She hands it over. Lon starts toward the cell, looking at the bundle, then turns back.

LON
What you got in here anyhow?

Lon puts the bowl of stew down on the table, unwraps the cloth and finds a small pearl-handled derringer in the stew.

LON
(sarcastically)
That's cute.

Louisa goes toward Rio.

LOUISA
I love you!

Lon drops the derringer in the stew.

LON
(going after her)
Come here, you runt.

LOUISA
(to Rio)
I love you!

Lon grabs Louisa, pulls her away from the cell.

RIO
Take your hands off her.

(Continued)

291. (Cont'd)

LON
(to Louisa)
Your Daddy ain't gonna believe nothin' you ever say. Now get on down there.

Lon carries the protesting Louisa down the stairs as she tries to claw his eyes.

293. ON RIO

He eyes the derringer on the table. He thinks for a moment... Then, with sudden violence he smashes his bed. Rio unwinds the leather thongs that make up the "springs" of his bunk, under the straw mattress.

293A. ON RIO

As he quickly undoes the rope-like leather thongs and fashions a rope of about twenty-five feet in length.

He throws the rope out several times, vainly attempting to lasso the table.

293B. ON RIO

After several attempts, he reaches down, picks up a piece of the bunk frame and fastens the thongs to it.

293C. SHOOTING OVER RIO ON TO THE TABLE

Rio throws out the rope, which now travels further and finally latches onto a leg of the table.

293D. ON RIO

As he flips the rope until it is secured behind the rear of the table, and he starts to pull the table toward the cell.

293E. ON RIO

As he pulls the table closer to the cell.

293F. ON RIO

As he pulls the table to within a couple of feet of the cell.

Then he grabs the derringer off of the table.

293G. ON RIO

As, very excited, he inspects the gun, only to find that it is unloaded.

294. thru 304. OMITTED

305. REAR EXT. JAIL - (DAY)

The door opens and Lon comes out, carrying a struggling Louisa in his arms. She is kicking and clawing at him. He is full of angry outrage.

305A. EXT. JAIL - THE BACK DOOR

LOUISA
You... you don't do this... no... no! You put me down... put me down! Don't you do this to me...!

He crosses and throws her on her horse,which is tied to the rail.

LON
Now, you get on this horse and get out of here... and stay out of here! You... you... cheap little slut!

Just as soon as Lon has put her on the horse, Louisa has slid back to the ground. She rushes for the door, but Lon seizes her and flings her back.

LON
I told you to get out of here now - and I mean it! You're just what I said you were -- a low-down dirty little tramp!

With a final shove, Lon fends Louisa off long enough to reopen the jail door and back inside. Louisa rushes for the door, but it slams in her face. Defeated, she stands

(Continued)

305A. (Cont'd)

for a moment, undecided. Then she slumps on to a bench and breaks into heart-broken tears.

305B. ON RIO

As he looks at Lon's shotgun, he starts to pick up the rope in an attempt to secure the gun. He straightens and pulls out the derringer as he hears Lon's footsteps on the stairs.

306. ANOTHER ANGLE - ON LON

As he comes in a scarlet funk up the stairs, brooding about his injuries from Louisa.

307. NEW ANGLE - ON LON

As he comes into the upstairs jail room adjacent to Rio's cell. His head is lowered in sullen outrage. Then he stops. He stares. He gawks. Puzzlement hangs like a morbid fog before his eyes.

308. P.O.V. - <u>THE CHAIR</u>

A few feet from Rio's cell.

309. ON LON

As he stares at Rio.

310. REVERSE ON RIO

As he points the derringer at Lon.

311. ON LON

Terror is in his face.

312. ON RIO AND LON

RIO
All right, Lon. Get up in there right quick. I count to eight. If I ain't got them keys, I'm gonna take you off at the neck. One...

(Continued)

312. (Cont'd)

LON
You ain't about to take my neck off with that little pepper.

RIO
Two...

Terrified, Lon walks slowly up to the cell, stopping just outside Rio's reach.

RIO
Take your key, and open the door.

LON
No. Once I do, you'll kill me.

RIO
All I want is to get out of here. Open that door, and I won't bother you.

LON
(terrified)
No, you'll kill me!

RIO
Open it, or I'll shoot right now.

There is no doubting that Rio means every word of it. He raises the derringer, steel in his eye. Lon's face puckers into wrinkles like a weeping, terrified child.

LON
(whispering with fear)
No, no... don't shoot!
(piteously)
You swear you won't kill me, if I let you out?

RIO
(very convincingly)
Yes.

Lon gets his keys and with trembling hands, eyes studying Rio in desperate fear, he starts to open the cell door.

LON
You <u>swear</u> you won't, Rio?

RIO
I've already said I wouldn't.

(Continued)

312. (Cont'd)

Lon opens the door, and stands quavering and trembling with fear before Rio. Rio reaches and gets Lon's pistol, turns him around.

RIO (Cont'd)
Take off your gun belt. Quick.

Lon does as told. Rio puts on the belt. He picks up a rifle from the table.

Rio picks up Lon's gun belt, exits from cell, locks it, throws keys away and exits to right in corridor.

Rio runs down the hallway, opens the upstairs jailroom window, climbs out.

313. EXT. JAIL PORCH - ON RIO

as he comes through the window, crosses to the rail, legs over it and drops.

313A. EXT. PLAZA - (DAY)

As he lands, he becomes aware of a man sitting outside the tackroom of the livery stable. It is Ephraim. Ephraim sees Rio, lowers his magazine in fear as Rio comes over to him, gun in hand.

RIO
All right, mister -- get up.

Without raising his hands, Ephraim rises slowly to his feet.

RIO (Cont'd)
Now get in there.

Ephraim turns and with Rio close behind him, moves through a door into the tackroom.

314. OMITTED

315. INT. TACKROOM - STABLE

as Ephraim enters, followed by Rio.

(Continued)

315. (Cont'd)

RIO
Now you saddle the best horse you got -- and quick!

EPHRAIM
Ain't got any. None left.

RIO
(cocking his gun)
You're gonna die if you're lyin'.

EPHRAIM
Honest. I'm tellin' the truth, mister. Everything's rented out but a work team and a mare with the colic. Look for yourself.

Rio takes a quick look back toward the rear of the barn. He sees that the livery man was telling the truth. He turns to the door of the tackroom, looks along the line of the jail. A single horse is tethered to the rail outside the jail. Rio steps back to Ephraim.

RIO
Turn around.

Ephraim obeys. Rio shifts the gun and clubs Ephraim. Ephraim slumps to the floor as Rio steps around him, shoving the gun into his belt, and exits to the door.

316. EXT. PLAZA

As Rio appears from the tackroom and crosses to where a man is sitting on a horse in front of the jail.

Rio senses for possible trouble as a TOWNSMAN comes toward the tackroom.

TOWNSMAN
Say - is Petrie around?

RIO
No - he's over in the saloon.

The townsman nods and moves off. Rio crosses to where the man is sitting on horseback in front of the jail.

317. INT. JAIL - RIO'S CELL - ON LON

He has pulled himself to his feet.

(Continued)

317. (Cont'd)

Still reeling, he leans against the bars. Slowly, his eyes come to focus.

318. ON RIO - IN FRONT OF THE JAIL

He points his gun at the rider.

RIO
Get down off that horse.

Quickly, the man obeys. Suddenly, from the jail window above, Lon's shouts ring out across the square.

LON
Help...! Help...! Somebody help me!

318A. EXT. WINDOW RIO'S CELL - ON LON

as he yells out his warning.

LON
Help...! Somebody please help me! Rio's loose...! He's escaped...! Help!

Suddenly, Lon sees Dad riding down the main street toward the jail.

LON (Cont'd)
Hey, Dad - he's loose! Look out, Dad! Rio got out! He's down there somewheres! Watch out, Dad! He's got a gun!

318B. EXT. PLAZA - (DAY)

Dad, hearing Lon's warning, sees Rio, fires at him, mounts quickly and runs for the protection of the fountain. Rio decides on the same tactics.

Using the fountain upright as a mutual shield, the men exchange shots, ducking and bobbing.

On Dad's fourth shot, Rio spins, as though hit, and falls, the gun flying from his hand.

Dad moves in for the kill, a little smile of satisfaction on his face, crouches low at the base of the fountain, preparatory to moving in for the kill.

(Continued)

318B. (Cont'd)

At that moment, Rio springs into view and dives, firing as he falls. The bullet hits Dad in the back and he falls on his face as Rio fires again, then slowly gets to his feet. He backs away a few steps, then turns and runs toward the rear of the jail, and Louisa.

319. ON RIO AND LOUISA

As they mount horses tied outside the jail, and ride off down the street.

320. OMITTED

321. MED. SHOT - DAD ON GROUND

Mortally wounded, Dad raises up, his gun still in his hand.

322. RIO AND LOUISA

As he spurs his horse into full speed.

323. EXT. PLAZA - FROM DAD'S P.O.V.

As Dad raises his gun, points it toward the fleeing couple, the film of dying is over his eyes. He fires once before he crumples to the ground, dead.

324. LONG SHOT - RIO AND LOUISA

As they ride away.

DISSOLVE:

325. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - (DAY)

As Rio and Louisa ride past at full gallop.

DISSOLVE:

326. & 327. OMITTED

328. EXT. SAND DUNE - (DAY)

As Rio rides hard to the top of the dune, starts down toward the ocean. Louisa, following, slumps forward in her saddle, and her horse stops. Looking back, Rio becomes aware that she is not behind him, and he reins his horse around, returns.

329. CLOSE ON RIO AND LOUISA

He rides alongside her, pulls her upright and over on to his saddle.

RIO
(frightened)
What's the matter?

LOUISA
(faintly)
Take me home.

He takes her in his arms and sees she has been shot.

His face shows the knowledge that he knows she is mortally wounded. Even as he is looking down at the wound, her head falls limp, and she is dead.

An overwhelming, tearing grief hits Rio as he holds the dead girl in his arms and gently kisses her, knowing that his love and his life have gone.

RIO
Louisa... Louisa...

Then, holding her close, he knees his horse into a slow walk.

330. LONG SHOT - RIO AND LOUISA

As he rides away from the CAMERA, bearing the body of Louisa, we see the curve of the coastline and the beautiful Pacific, blue and glistening in the sunlight.

As the figure of the horse and Rio and Louisa recedes.

FADE OUT

THE END
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