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SEANE

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FINAL WHITE
July 18, 1951

FADE IN:

1. EXTERRANCE SHOT - (DAY) - 4 to 4:30 P.M. - ABOUT MIDSUMMER

We see a wide, green valley in which cattle are grazing. It is dotted by a tiny settlement and by a few homesteaders' cabins and by new fences. The cabins and the fences seem out of place in what is largely unfenced range territory. The land, except within the homesteaders' plots, grows rank with native grass and with sagebrush. A tree-lined stream wanders through the valley. In the distance toward a ranch - distinguishable from the homesteaders' cabins for reason of expansiveness and of corrals, sheds and of barn -- we see two horsemen riding.

CAMERA COMES TO FOCUS on -

- 1a. EXT. STARETT HOMESTEAD -

In f.f., a rather frail-looking BOY (JOE STARETT, JR.) of eight years is teasing a mother hen and in which are scattered a half-dozen chicks. She clucks and flutters at the hand he keeps extending and withdrawing. Nearby an old farm dog is sleeping in the sun. In b.f., side view, is the Starett home, a small frame building with a lean-to, strongly and neatly built, but with the raw look of newness about it. At the back doorstep, left, a little patch of peonies is making a brave stand. Farther on a straight-rowed garden of potatoes, onions, beets and turnips is growing. By the side of it is a wrangle consisting of logs and sawed blocks. The garden and yard about the house are closed in with a lot, a ranch-like pole fence. It is within the yard that the boy is playing. Through the kitchen window we catch a glimpse of A WOMAN who seems to look out and, apparently reassured, turns back, smiling. From the kitchen chimney comes a wisp of smoke.

All this time we hear a.m. noises, the clucking of unseen chickens, the lawling of a calf, the voice of the woman, which swells and fades as she moves about inside the house, singing "The Wiltin' Party."
Above these noises sounds the reassured knock of an axe against wood. The boy tires of his play, looks at character still unseen.

JOE

I don't know why you don't let me go out and shoot, instead of playing with this old hen.

1a. (Cont'd)

His answer is the continued knock of the axe. He gets up and walks to the fence enclosing the yard. A lever-action .22 rifle leans against it.

JOE

I'm big enough to shoot.

The axe keeps chopping. We hear the sounds of the chickens again and the sudden nickering of a horse. The boy follows the neigh, sees the horse facing, ears forward, down the rutted trail that leads up to the house. The horse is an old, sway-backed work animal. From it Joe's eyes travel down the trail too. In immediate f.g. is a stream spanned by a rough pole footbridge. As Joe looks, the old dog rouses, jumps the fence and runs out, barking good-naturedly.

JOE

Someone's comin', Pa.

We still hear the steady knock of the axe.

2. NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE STARETT

We see the reason for sound of axe -- A MAN of bulky awkward strength, age perhaps forty, dressed in the farmer's dress of galluses, work shirt, baggy pants and heavy shoes, is attacking the roots of an immense stump inside the yard.

STARETT

(Exasperated at the toughness of the stump)
Let him come.

JOE

(Gaze fixed)
It looks like someone special.

STARETT

(Grunting with his stroke)
Special?

JOE

(Aloud but to himself)
I bet he can handle a gun.

Starett rests the axe head against a root, wipes his forehead with his hand, and looks, too, and his big square face tightens a little.

2. (Cont'd)

STARRETT
(Watching as fixedly
as the boy)
Hunch!

3. TOWARD OPEN PRAIRIE - THEIR ANGLE

A HORSEMAN is approaching. He rides a black horse and is dressed all in black.

4. EXT. STARRETT HOMESTEAD - HORSEMAN'S ANGLE

We get a larger view of the Starrett homestead, the stream, the snug little house, the garden, the woodpile, the stump, all enclosed in the low fence. An old-fashioned pitcher pump stands just outside the kitchen doorway. By the fence, a milk cow grazes her cud. Farther on and also to the left, beyond a gate in the fence, is the family backhouse, extreme left, a small barn and chicken house outside which chickens are scratching. Near the barn are a buck and a work wagon.

5. JOE AND STARRETT

With them, we make out the growing detail of the horseman -- black cowboy boots, black pants, black shirt with white buttons, sweeping black hat and at his side, a black-bottled revolver holstered in black. As the stranger nears he removes a fine black glove from his right hand, and holds it and the reins in his gloved left hand. His horse appears to be an extraordinarily good animal.

The horseman reaches the stream, pulls up and lets his animal drink, meantime returning the last gaze of Starrett and Joe. Then he slashes across the creek and comes to a halt again in front of the tree.

STRANGER
I hope you don't mind my cutting
through your place.

STARRETT
(A little warily)
I guess not.

STRANGER
I'm bound north. Didn't expect to
find fences here.

5. (Cont'd)

The stranger takes a long and thoughtful look at the cow, as if she aroused boyhood memories.

STRANGER (Cont'd)

Long time since I saw a Jersey cow.

STARRETT

(Moving closer, his
axe still in his hand)

You'll be seein' more. Jerseys and
Holsteins and the like.

The stranger glances at him as if to say "Oh." He shifts in the saddle, which turns with his weight and thereupon drops from his horse, saying:

STRANGER

Might as well tighten up.

He throws the stirrup over the horn and sets about tightening his cinch.

Unseen by him, Joe picks up his .22, passes through the gate in the fence, and comes around behind him. He works the action of the rifle. The stranger spins around so fast as to startle the boy, his hand darting to his side. Joe jumps back, upset and suddenly afraid.

JOE

I -- I just wanted you to see my
rifle.

STRANGER

(relaxing)

You sure scared me, son.

The woman's song, which we have been hearing off and on in the background, comes to an abrupt stop. She calls from the open window.

WOMAN

Joey! You know better than to
point guns at people!

The stranger steals a quick glimpse of her framed in the open window and resumes his tightening of the cinch. As he does so, Starrett lays aside his axe and starts coming through the gate.

JOE

(Gaining confidence)
I bet you can shoot.

5. (Cont'd)

STARRETT

(Absorbed in his work)

A little bit.

Starrett, having reached Joe, takes the gun purposefully from him, pushes Joe to one side and retreats a step or two, the rifle cradled in his arm ready for action, but not on the target.

STARRETT

Little touchy, aren't you?

The stranger turns his head, takes in the situation, then knots the lariat.

STARRETT (Cont'd)

What's Rufe Ryker up to now?

The stranger, his little chore finished, faces Starrett.

STRANGER

Ryker?

STARRETT

That's what I said.

STRANGER

No use to tell you I don't know
Ryker from your Jersey cow
yonder?

Starrett, put just a little bit guard with his rifle, speaks nevertheless as if warning the stranger from the place.

STARRETT

Remember to close the gates.

STARRETT

Thanks.

He mounts his horse and reins it around to face Starrett, who still cradles the rifle.

STRANGER (Cont'd)

Would you put the rifle down,
please? Then I'll go.

STARRETT

What's the difference, as long as
you're ain' anyhow?

STRANGER

(With a sort of friendly
sarcasm)
It's like the thing to be my own idea.

6. CLOSE SHOT - EXT WINDOW

Mrs. Starett is watching uneasily.

7. BACK TO MEN

With guarded puzzlement, Starett studies the stranger. Then his gaze slips by him and his face hardens still more. With Starett we see in the distance a group of a half-dozen horsemen coming up the trail. The DOG looses out to BARK again.

STARETT

Looks like your hardners are a little late.

The stranger doesn't answer. He turns in his saddle to watch the approaching riders.

8. CLOSER SHOT OF RIDERS

They are booted, spurred and armed in typical cowboy fashion. Their leader is RUFUS RYKER, a man of about sixty years of age, possessed of a rugged if declining strength. There is nothing in his appearance to suggest the stock heavy. He looks troubled but determined. His appearance of age is increased by a white mustache. At his side rides MORGAN, his foreman. He is a big man, sullen of face. All the riders are silent as their horses jog ahead. We hear the clon of hooves, the creak of saddle leather, and the friendly BARKING of the DOG.

9. BACK TO STARETT, STRANGER AND JOE

JOE

Who is it, Pa?

Starett doesn't answer immediately. After a while he says, as if to himself:

STARETT

Ryker.

He falls silent again. The stranger also keeps mum, but as the riders approach he turns his own animal around and backs it up, so that he and Starett, instead of facing each other, are almost side by side.

Again we see Mrs. Starett, watching anxiously from the kitchen window.

9. (Cont'd)

The riders splash across the stream and pull up at about fifteen paces from Starett, the stranger and Joe. We see in their glances a particular curiosity about the stranger.

RYKER
Howdy, Starett.

STARETT
Howdy..

RYKER
(His eyes on the rifle)
Expecting trouble?

Morgan, the foreman, LAUGHS.

Starett looks at the rifle in his arms, then rests the butt on the ground.

RYKER (Cont'd)
I got that beef contract for the reservation.

STARETT
(Looking up and down the line of horsemen)
Does it take so many to tell me that?

RYKER
Lots more where these came from. I mean business.

STARETT
Tend to your own then.

RYKER
That's just what I'm doing. I'm telling you now I'm going to need all my range.

STARETT
Now you've warned me, you can be goin'.

RYKER
You'll have to get out before the snow flies, you and the other squatters.

STARETT
Homesteaders, you mean. And what if we don't.

9. (Cont'd)

RYKER

I'm going to have my range back.
All of it.

STARETT

You are, huh!

RYKER

I could blast you out of here right
now. You and the rest.

MORGAN

(To Stranger)

Who are you?

STRANGER

(After a minute)

Friend of Starett's.

Starett looks at the Stranger with quick surprise.

RYKER

(To Starett)

You can't say I didn't tell you.

STARETT

I heard. You can be gettin'
along.

Ryker nods grimly. He turns his horse and kicks
it and, followed by his henchmen, canters away.
Starett, the Stranger and Joey watch them go. Then
the Stranger turns to Starett.

STRANGER

I'll be on my way.

STARETT

Well, now, look---

10. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. STARETT

looking and listening at the window. She is
obviously relieved.

MRS. STARETT

We'll have supper a little early,
Joe. It won't be long.

11. BACK TO MEN

The Stranger has put his horse to a walk.

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(Continued)

11. (Cont'd)

STARETT

(After a moment of bewildered indecision)

Wait, Mister. I swear! Wait now!

The Stranger halts his horse and turns in the saddle.

STARETT (Cont'd)

I take it back.

(He gestures with the rifle)

Why, this thing ain't even loaded.

STRANGER

Not loaded!

Starett brings the rifle up and works the action to prove his point.

STARETT

Joey here's too young to go loaded.
It's his rifle.

STRANGER

(Easing his mount half around)

Not even loaded!

Starett leans the rifle against the fence and moves to the stranger. A little smile of uncertainty and chagrin works at his mouth.

STARETT

If this don't beat all! My name's
Starett, Joe Starett and--

(Motioning in Joey's direction)

--- this here's Joey. You heard
what my woman there said.

The stranger looks at the window, where Marian still stands, and touches his hat to her. Starett extends his hand, which the stranger takes slowly while he studies Starett's strong but good-natured face.

STRANGER

You can call me Shane. How, Joey?

STARETT

Some fracas, eh?

The two men still clasp hands, appraising each other, a growing liking and respect evident in each face.

11. (Cont'd)

SHANE

An empty gun's all right -- for Joey.

STARETT

But not for me. I know.

(Releasing Shane's
hand)

But here! It's poor manners I've
showed you. I spook too easy these
days. Light!

(He makes a sweeping
motion with his arm)

My place ain't much -- yet -- but my
woman can sure cook. Light! Won't
be long till supper.

Shane doesn't remonstrate. He looks towards the
western sky in which the sun is sinking, and after a
moment gets off lightly, drops the reins so his horse
can graze, and, quite casually, without making much
show of it, unbuckles his cartridge belt and lays it,
with the holstered revolver, over the fence at the
side of the rifle.

We HEAR again MRS. STARETT'S VOICE, raised in "The
Quilting Party".

JOE

(Running up to Shane's
side)

Could I see your revolver, Mister?
Please?

Shane looks at Starett for confirmation, then un-
holsters the six-gun to give Joe a glance at it.

JOE (Cont'd)

Why, it hasn't any trigger. Why
hasn't it any trigger?

SHANE

I just thumb it.

STARETT

There's Ryker's spread, if you
want to know.

12. EXT. PLAIN - THEIR ANGLE

We see the plain grading down to a tree-lined stream
perhaps a mile away and, another mile beyond it, up a
wide coulee, an indistinct jumble of buildings and
corrals. Nearer, but beyond the stream, cattle are
grazing.

12. (Cont'd)

STARETT'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Thinks the whole range belongs
to him, like old times.

13. BACK TO GROUP

STARETT

Come on in, Shane, I feel
like eatin'.

DISSOLVE:

14. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - 5:30 - 6:00 P.M.

The kitchen is equipped with a sheet-iron-and-nickel wood range, a wood box, half-filled, by the side of the stove, a long work table occupied by pots and pans and a water bucket and dipper, a few straight chairs, a stool, a cupboard, and a rude dining table. Starett, Marian Starett, Shane and Joe are seated at the table, starting meal. There is a platter of fried chicken, a pie tin of hot biscuits, a bowl of gravy, another of mashed potatoes, a chipped dish with home-molded butter in it. The table also contains jams and jellies. The food is in such amount as to seem incredible to all but outdoor appetities. The dishes are almost what could be called camp dishes -- battered crockery, worn china, tinware, steel knives and steel two-tined forks, both knives and forks with wooden handles. Shane sits with his back to the wall, facing the door. For the first time we get a good look at Marian. She has on an ankle-length house dress with an apron over it. Her hair is drawn back plainly, but she is not a plain woman. It is a little difficult to reconcile her with the rough life she is having to lead. She is pretty, fair and shapely, showing little of the coarsening that ranch years will bring. She takes her seat. Starett turns to Shane.

STARETT

I wouldn't ask where you're bound?

SHANE

One place to another. Some place
I've never been.

STARETT

(Nodding)

Anyhow, like I was sayin', we're
comin' to a new time. Smaller
outfits, owned land, better cattle.

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(Continued)

14. (Cont'd)

STARETT (Cont'd)

A homesteader, he can't have but a few beef, but he can cut hay and grow some grain. What with garden sass and milk, we'll make out, won't we, Marian?

MARIAN

Of course.

STARETT

We're just a start. There'll be a sight more farmers movin' in. Alread-, right here along the crick, there's me and Johnson and Shipstead and Torrey and Ernie Wright and Lewis and Howells.

(Pause)

All of us on what Ryker calls his range.

Starett has paused to look at Shane and see how well the latter is paying attention. But Shane is listening to some sound he appears to hear o.s. Marian and Joe both catch his look. Joe gets up and opens the door.

14a. EXT. STARETT PORCH - (DAY)

As Joe opens the door, we see the Jersey cow scraping the inside of an empty bucket that has been left at the foot of the porch steps. Through the open doorway, we can see that Shane is sitting in a position from which he can survey both the door and the windows in the wall opposite.

14b. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (DAY)

STARETT

Drat that cow! She'll be in the garden next. Chase her out, Joey, and don't forget to close the gate.

Joe rises reluctantly to do as bidden. C.S. -- as Starett, Marian and Shane eat silently, we hear him say:

JOE (C.S.)

Shoo, Boss! Get out of here!

Joe reenters. Shane turns to Starett and picks up where the other had left off.

14b (Cont'd)

SHANE

These others you're talking about -
will they stick?

STARETT

If I got anything to say about it.
Only way they can get me off of
here is in a box.

JOE

What do you mean, Pa?

MARIAN

I wish you wouldn't talk that way,
Joe.

STARETT

It's the truth. And more'n half
the reason is that you like this
place just as good as me.

(To Shane)

First real home we ever had.

JOE

What did you mean ----

MARIAN

You be quiet, Joey. The men want
to talk.

STARETT

Only thing, there's more work'n I
can do. If I could just hire me a
man --- Had one, but Ryker's boys
roughed him up and he lit out,
cussin' me.

JOE

They knocked his teeth out.

STARETT

No one'll work here anymore,
specially now that Ryker's
really on the war path.

SHANE

No one?

STARETT

Too scairt.

Shane is quiet, as if considering the situation.

MARIAN

Are you ready for your pie?

14b. (Cont'd)

STARETT

If no one's goin' to eat this
last biscuit, then I will.

He puts a gob of butter on it and crowds the whole
thing into his mouth. Marian rises, takes Shane's
and Starett's plates, goes to work table, cuts pie,
puts wedges on fresh plates along with extra forks,
puts plates in front of Shane and Starett and starts
back for the other two.

STARETT

Hmm. Fancy, huh?

JOE

What is it, Pa?

STARETT

Extra plates and all ---

MARIAN

I hope the pie's good.

She places the other two pieces, goes to the stove,
lifts a big granite coffee pot and begins refilling
the cups.

STARETT

If it ain't, it'll be the first time.

He smiles at her with obvious affection, then sees
that she is a little put out over something.

STARETT (Cont'd)

What's the matter, Mother?

MARIAN

Nothing.

DISSOLVE:

14c. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (LATER)

The pie has been finished. Only Joe is still scraping
the last crumbs from his plate. Marian has started to
collect the dirty plates from in front of Starett and
Shane.

SHANE

That was elegant food, Mrs. Starett.

He rises, leaving his hat still on the peg on the wall.
They watch the door close after him.

JOE

Where's he going? Where's Mr.
Shane gone?

(Continued)

11c. (Cont'd)

STARETT

Just outside. He wouldn't leave
without taking his hat.

JOE

I'm going with him.

Marian puts out a half-restraining hand, then drops
it, and Joe follows Shane outside.

MARIAN

Did you ask him to stay all night,
Joe?

STARETT

(On the verge of rising)

I swear I forgot. I'll do it now.

MARIAN

He's the first man, out here, who
ever thought to compliment the cook.

STARETT

What you talkin' about?

MARIAN

(Reaching over to
pat his hand)

Not you, Joe.

(Then)

But still I wonder.

STARETT

About what?

MARIAN

He took your place at the table,
with his back to the wall.

STARETT

Don't go blowin' things up.

MARIAN

And his hands! They're not used
to work.

STARETT

Good man, though, I betcha. Why,
he could've killed me, and me with
a gun already in my hand.

MARIAN

Does that make him a good man?

STARETT

Makes me trust him. That and
other things.

14c. (Cont'd)

Starett rises. At the same time there comes from the outside the sound of an axe knocking on wood. Starett wheels to the window.

STARETT (Cont'd)

I be dogged!

MARIAN

What is it?

STARETT

See for yourself.

He grabs his battered hat and goes outside.

Marian gets up, looks out the window, too, then turns slowly to begin stacking and scraping the dishes. From outside now comes the rhythm of two axes.

15. EXT. HOMESTEAD - AT STUMP - (ABOUT 6:30 P.M.)

The sun is lowering. The two men are working wordlessly at opposite sides of the stump. Starett is bare-handed. Shane has his fine gloves on. The axes rise and fall, rise and fall, and chips fly out from the strokes. There is a sort of hypnotic monotony in the beat of the axes. Neither man stops, neither one falters. Shane cuts through his root and steps around to another and recommences his steady chopping. Shortly afterwards Starett severs his. He stops a moment to look at Shane, who pays him no heed. With sudden and renewed purpose, Starett approaches another root and starts swinging his blade. Joe is a restless sideline watcher.

DISSOLVE:

16. SAME AS PRECEDING SCENE

It is considerably later now. The sun has gone down and dusk is beginning to gather. The Jersey cow stands just outside the fence, waiting to be milked and fed. The two men, watched by Joe, are still working, the axes beating out their steady rhythm. The men look tired. Starett has stripped off his shirt, and is working in his long-handled underwear. Gravel is piled around the stump, where the men have dug to get at the covered roots. We see that all the visible roots have been cut except the two the men are chopping. Finally these yield, too, and Starett straightens, blowing, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand. Shane dries his with his

16. (Cont'd)

bandana. With the axes silent, we hear off stage the evening cries of killdeer.

STARETT

If she hasn't got a tap root or something, maybe I can ease her over.

He puts down his axe, locks his hands under a stub, and lifts. We see the great muscles of his arms and back bunch up, and the look of effort on his face. The stump gives ever so slightly.

SHANE

Wait!

He takes a stub next to Starett's, and the two lift together. Marian comes out of the house with a pitcher of water and three water glasses, nested, sees the two straining at the stump, which has given six inches and hung there, and walks to them.

MARIAN

Joel Joel Are you out of your senses? Why don't you hitch up a team?

The two men let the stump ease down.

STARETT

(Blowing)

Marian, sometimes there ain't anything will do but your own sweat and your own muscle. Use a team now, and the stump could say it beat us.

He looks at Shane, who nods. They stoop again, as if at a command, and take their holds, and we see on each face the mark of supreme effort. Stubbornly the stump yields, six inches, twelve, and, finally, with a rending of wood and soil, it lurches over on its side.

Joe runs to climb up on it. The panting men regard each other silently while Marian pours water in the glasses and Shane removes his gloves. They take their drinks, hold them for a moment and, on common impulse, click them together. Seeing them, Marian snatches up a glass and holds hers with theirs.

DISSOLVE:

16a. EXT. STARETT HOMESTEAD - (VERY EARLY MORNING)

The buildings of the Starett farm are outlined in the early morning light. Farm sounds are few, separate and distinct in the stillness. Among them is the CROWING of a rooster. The door of the Starett house opens with a creaking sound and Joe - clad in night-shirt - starts across toward the barn where Shane has his bunk. In a CLOSER SHOT we see Joe as he walks across in his bare feet. Then he sees something o.s. and pauses. Following direction of his gaze, we CUT TO:

16b. LONG SHOT - HIGH GROUND IN DISTANCE ABOVE STARETT HOMESTEAD

In the early morning light we see the Ryker horse wrangler bringing the string to the corral.

16c. EXT. STARETT HOMESTEAD

We see Joe react to the distant figure of the rider. He dashes back into house.

16d. INT. STARETT KITCHEN

Joe grabs his little rifle from a corner of the kitchen and moves back in the direction of the door.

16e. EAT. STARETT HOMESTEAD

Holding his rifle, Joe tiptoes across the yard to the barn, taking imaginary "cover" behind one of its corners. Then he takes aim very carefully and deliberately on the slow-moving distant figure. He slowly pulls the trigger, which clicks. Peering as if to satisfy himself that his imaginary shot has found its mark, he suddenly straightens up with a satisfied, confident movement, and starts round the corner of the barn towards the doorway. The cow stands in the barnyard; also the rooster we have heard. Joe enters the barn and softly pulls the latch on Shane's door and peeks inside.

17. INT. STARETT BARN

The room into which he peers is a makeshift bunkroom. There is little furnishing in it except a home-made bed and a couple of wall pegs from which Shane's

17. (Cont'd)

clothes hang. Through a small, bare window, facing east, comes a shaft of sunlight. Shane is lying in the bed, his hat over his face to shield it from the shaft.

For a long moment Joe watches, as if hopeful that Shane will awaken, then backs out and starts easing the door to.

SHANE

(From under the hat)
Morning, Joey.

JOE

(Opening the door wider)
How'd you know it was me?

SHANE

(Removing the hat and
hitching himself up
on an elbow)
I figured the cow wasn't smart
enough to work the latch.

JOE

You're to stay for breakfast.

SHANE

Thanks.

Joe approaches the bed.

JOE

Then where will you go?

SHANE

Where do you say?

JOE

I -- I wish you'd stay here. Would
you teach me to shoot?

SHANE

You want to shoot, huh?

JOE

(Nodding)
Pa wishes you'd stay, too. I
heard him tell Mother.

SHANE

Oh?

17. (Cont'd)

JOE

He said he didn't want you to fight his fights for him, but just help with the work.

SHANE

(Thoughtfully)

What made him say that?

JOE

Mother said you couldn't help but get in -- in --

SHANE

--volved?

JOE

Involved. She told Pa you didn't want to fight anymore.

SHANE

She did?

JOE

Uh-huh. I bet that's not true. I bet you wouldn't leave just because it's dangerous.

Shane sits up in bed. He is so lost in thought that he appears to have forgotten the boy. From outside comes the bold call of the rooster. Shane's words are more to himself than to Joe.

SHANE

Maybe not, Joey.

JOE

(After an instant)

Then will you stay? Does that mean you'll stay?

MARIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Calling loud)

Joey! Joey! Come here this minute!

Joe turns at the sound of his mother's voice and scampers to the door and slams it behind him, leaving Shane sitting thoughtful in the bed. As he sits there thinking, we hear the half-angry voice of Marian raised o.s. as she starts to scold Joe.

MARIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Scolding)

Running out in your nightshirt -- and barefoot too! You go out your clothes on!

17. (Cont'd)

Listening to this, a faint change of expression comes over Shane's face. As he sits there thinking, we

DISSOLVE:

18. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (SAME DAY AS PRECEDING. RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST)

Starett, Shane, Marian and Joe all are in the room and all are standing, since the group is about to break up. A clutter of soiled dishes is on the table. Starett already has his hat on.

STARETT

Now get yourself a sure-enough
farmer's outfit, Shane. Have
Grafton put it on my bill.

SHANE

No call for that.

(To Joe)

What do you want from town, Joey?

JOE

(Quickly)

Jelly beans.

MARIAN

He doesn't need anything. Joey
you know better.

STARETT

(To Shane)

And just be careful, is all. My
troubles are none of your how-de-do.

SHANE

Sure.

STARETT

Come on then, Joey. I got to get
to work, and you can be weedin'
the garden for your ma.

JOE

Aren't you going to wear your six-
shooter, Mr. Shane?

SHANE

There's no game in town, is there?

STARETT

(To Joe)

Come on.

18. (Cont'd)

He goes out the kitchen door, followed reluctantly by Joe. Shane is about to exit, too, but Marian slices between him and the door, closing it with her shoulders. They are very near to each other.

MARIAN

Mr. Shane ----

He doesn't answer but waits for her to go ahead while he meets her anxious gaze.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

You don't know ----

He still waits.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

Joe is a kind of leader of the homesteaders.

SHANE

He would be.

MARIAN

They -- they leave things to him.

SHANE

You're afraid for him?

MARIAN

Anything -- anything bad -- means extra danger.

SHANE

I see. You're asking me to steer clear?

MARIAN

Would you? Please?

SHANE

I had already turned peaceful.

He puts his hat on then and reaches around for the doorknob. She moves a little to the side to let him out. Before he exits, their eyes meet in a long question.

DISSOLVE:

19. EXT. STARLET BARN - (FIVE MINUTES AFTER PRECEDING SCENE)

Shane is finishing saddling up. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM inside barn and into blackroom where he unwraps a
(Continued)

19. (Cont'd)

folded blanket. In it are his gloves and his cartridge belt, holster and six-gun. He picks out the gloves, looks at the revolver for a long and indecisive moment, then rolls it back in the blanket, returns to the outside, mounts his horse and heads for town.

19a. EXT. STARETT BARN - (DAY - SOON AFTER SLANE HAS LEFT FOR TOWN)

Behind the barn, in the distance, coming from the opposite direction of Ryker's ranch, is the small figure of a rider. In f.g. and at the side of the barn, Starett is digging a posthole with a long-handled shovel. For a moment Starett pauses long enough to glance at the distant rider, and then goes on with his work. Joe has climbed up in the buckboard which stands nearby. We hear again the clucking of hens and, occasionally, the song of a meadow-lark.

STARETT

(Grunting at his work)

Yes, sir, Joey, my boy, now I have a man, I can get this corral built.

Joe, unheeding, puts the stick to his shoulder and swings it in a half-circle.

JOE

Bang! Bang! Bang!

STARETT

(Talking more to himself than to Joe)

Won't take long, once I get these dratted holes dug.

JOE

Bang! Bang! Bang!

STARETT

(Pausing to blow for a minute, he looks over at Joe)

Gettin' many?

JOE

(Resting stick across knees)

I missed one.

STARETT

Can't stand for that.

20. EXT. STARETT HOUSE - (DAY)

Marian comes out of the house and glances in the direction of the approaching rider. She starts from the house towards the barn.

20a. EXT. STARETT BARN - (DAY)

JOE

Pa, you guess Shane will teach me to shoot?

STARETT

Teach you myself when I get around to it.

JOE

(Doubtfully)

Can you shoot as good as Shane, Pa?

STARETT

How do I know? I never seen him shoot -- but I don't s'pose so.

JOE

But he didn't wear his gun today. Why was that, Pa?

STARETT

He's tradin' at the store, not holdin' it up.

JOE

But why, Pa? Honest, why didn't he?

STARETT

I don't wear one myself.

JOE

It goes with him though.

By now Marian has reached the side of Starett and Joey.

MARIAN

Someone's coming, Joe.

STARETT

(Without looking)

I know. It's Bright.

JOE

Could you whip him, Pa - could you whip Shane?

20a. (Cont'd)

STARETT
(Grinning)
Can't you ask nothing but questions?

JOE
But could you?

STARETT
Maybe, but I'd hate to try it.

Marian has been standing, listening. Starett gives thought to his son's last question, letting the shovel handle lean against his chest while, unconsciously, he makes a little gesture of feeling his arm muscles.

STARETT (Cont'd)
Won't ever come to that, though.
He's on our side.

We hear the barking of the dog and then the sound of a horse's hoofs and the squeak of leather and see reining around the corner of the barn a HORSEMAN indifferently mounted. He is a small and unimpressive man named ERNIE WRIGHT. CLOSE UP, we read bitterness and defeat in his looks and manner.

WRIGHT
Howdy, Mrs. Starett, Joe.

MARIAN
Hello, Ernie.

STARETT
(Leaning on his shovel)
Didn't hear you comin' until you were right on top of us. How are you, Ernie?

WRIGHT
No good.

JOE
Mr. Wright, we've got ---

STARETT
What's wrong?

WRIGHT
(With an almost hysterical gush of feeling)
I'm pullin' staves. No use of your talkin', Joe Starett.

STARETT
What's wrong?

20a. (Cont'd)

WRIGHT

My wheat.

STARETT

What!

WRIGHT

Fence cut and steers drove in, and
it's just stubs now and broke straw.

STARETT

(Moving toward Wright)

I swear, Ernie! When?

WRIGHT

Last night. I'm leavin', I tell
you.

STARETT

I swear!

WRIGHT

(Speaking as if he
held Starett to blame)

I got enough, and don't try to talk
me out of it.

STARETT

Don't be sore.

WRIGHT

Just don't try, that's all. I
listened to you too much already.

STARETT

(With sudden heat)

All right. There's no one holdin'
you.

MARIAN

Oh Ernie! You wouldn't leave!
Your home and land and ---

(She makes a little
gesture that takes
in their universe)

Oh, Ernie!

WRIGHT

(Slowly subsiding)

I s'pose I ought to say I'm sorry,
Joe. I ain't goin' on the peck
with you. Maybe grit is somethin'
I've run out of, if I ever had any.

20a. (Cont'd)

STARETT

You'll feel different later.

WRIGHT

Nope. I'm wore down and out and tired of bein' insulted and havin' to keep my tongue. And who knows what comes next? I guess Ryker's war party called on you too.

JOE

Mr. Wright, we've ---

WRIGHT

A little patch of ground ain't worth it.

STARETT

Don't throw up your tail.

WRIGHT

Ryker'll be bringin' in more boys to hurrah us around. I see one on the road ridin' here. Wore black, black all over.

JOE

That's our new man. That's what I was trying to say. That's Shane.

STARETT

(To Wright's look of inquiry)

Just hired him. So you're wrong there.

(Pause)

Tell you what. We'll get together, all of us, right tonight. We'll figure something out.

WRIGHT

I'm pullin' stakes.

STARETT

You can't leave that quick regardless. How about it?

WRIGHT

(Disconsolately)

I don't know.

STARETT

I'll get the word around. Help if you could see Johnson and Shipstead.

20a. (Cont'd)

WRIGHT

All right. I'll tell them. But
if we're going to have a meeting,
it'd better come to something.

He turns his horse around, and for a little while WE
FOLLOW his retreating figure, shoulders bent in despair.

21. EXT. TRAIL TO TOWN - (DAY)

CAMERA FOLLOWS SHANE as he heads for the crossroads settlement. It is a beautiful, clear day, and Shane is in no hurry. But now he looks across to Ryker's side of the river. Innocently paralleling his course, though bound in the opposite direction toward the Ryker buildings -- A COWBOY is driving a lame steer. Each is now aware of the other's watchfulness. A curlew utters its two-toned cry.

DISSOLVE:

22. EXT. CROSSROADS SETTLEMENT - (DAY)

We see Shane riding into the crossroads settlement which is the Starett's source of supplies. The settlement consists of a blacksmith shop, a harness and saddle shop, a saloon, a couple of small frame residences and -- chief business establishment -- SAM GRAFTON'S store, over which is a wide sign.

GRAFTON'S GENERAL MERCANTILE COMPANY
Sundries and Saloon

It has two doors, one opening into the store, the other into the saloon. At this hour there is little show of activity in the town. A rig stands hitched in front of the saloon across from Grafton's. At Grafton's rack a couple of saddle horses are tied. Shane rides to the rack, his horse's hoofs raising small and lazy clouds of dust. He dismounts, ties his horse, pockets his gloves and enters the store entrance.

23. INT. GRAFTON'S

It is the typical frontier store. Behind a long counter canned goods are ranged. Across from it are boxes and wearing apparel piled on rude tables. The aisle between is cluttered with kegs, crates and barrels. (NOTE: Some old brand names, like "Gottolene" or "Force," would add reality and color to the scene)

23. (Cont'd)

The store is connected with the bar by two sets of swinging doors, front and back.

In the store is seen GRAFTON and his salesman, WILL ATKEY. Atkey is waiting on MR. and MRS. FRED LEWIS and their FIVE DAUGHTERS.

Shane comes in, crosses to counter behind which Grafton is standing.

GRAFTON

Howdy. What'll it be?

SHANE

I'm in to pick up a load of wire for Joe Starett.

GRAFTON

Oh yes -- I've been holdin' wire for Starett for quite a spell.

(He looks Shane over carefully)

You new?

SHANE

I'm workin' for Starett...
You got any ready-made pants about my size?

(He sees stack of trousers)

Oh, yes.

Shane walks over, picks up a shirt, holds it up in front of himself.

GRAFTON

Farm rig?

Shane looks to see if Grafton thinks less of him for this before he says:

SHANE

Uh-huh.

GRAFTON

Outfit all these farmers. Them that can afford it. Lewis, there, just bought new outfits for the girls -- all of 'em.

Shane looks over and appraises Lewis.

24. MED. SHOT - THE LEWISES

Mrs. Lewis is holding a petticoat up in front of one of the smaller girls, at the same time with a free hand she slaps a younger child who has pulled some clothing to the floor. Atkey picks the clothing up. Lewis nudges his wife, nodding in the direction of Shane.

LEWIS

(Softly)

Man over there is workin' for
Joe Starett.

Mrs. Lewis glances around at Shane, then back to the daughter with the petticoat. She takes the petticoat away from the daughter, feels the material with her fingers.

MRS. LEWIS

Don't feel warm enough.

As she continues to select clothing for her children, Atkey reaches into his hip pocket, pulls out a pint bottle of whiskey and slips it to Lewis. Lewis puts the pint in his back pocket. Atkey then produces a second bottle from the inside of his shirt under the apron. Lewis eyes the second bottle questioningly, looks over, sees his wife is occupied.

LEWIS

(Whispers)

Only wanted one.

ATKEY

(Also whispering)

This is for Torrey.

Lewis registers this, acknowledges with a slight nod of the head and a deadpan wink. He puts the second bottle of whiskey in his shirt.

CHRIS CALLOWAY appears in the doorway. He sees Shane, glances at him curiously. Shane appears not to notice him. Calloway then looks over at the Lewises. Mrs. Lewis has just put a large hat on Sue's head. This brings forth a derisive but amused chuckle from Chris at the betwing doors. Sue looks up, angry and humiliated, at Chris.

(Continued)

24.

(Cont'd)

Chris laughs outright now. Sue takes off the hat, puts it quickly down on the counter and turns her back on him. Chris now hollers over to Atkey:

CHRIS

Hey, Will!

(Indicates bar)

Who's tendin' bar?

ATKEY

Comin' right in.

Chris now turns in the doorway and goes back into the saloon, throwing a last look at Sue.

MRS. LEWIS

Leastways there's some use in them Rykers. Weren't for them you and Torrey would be in the saloon all the time throwin' money away on whiskey.

24A.

MED. SHOT - SHANE AND GRAFTON

Shane is now dressed in his homesteader clothes.

GRAFTON

How is it?

SHANE

Good enough.

GRAFTON

Anything else I can do you for today?

(With this little joke,
he laughs)

SHANE

Do you have anything like soda pop?

GRAFTON

I sure do. Wish more of the boys around here would drink it. Right in there.

(Pointing toward bar)

SHANE

How much for the clothes?

Grafton makes some notes with a pencil on a piece of paper.

(Continued)

24A. (Cont'd)

GRAFTON

Let me see -- shoes, one dollar...
Two shirts - sixty cents... Pants,
hmmmm....

(Makes notes)

Socks - uh-huh...

(Makes notes)

He looks Shane over, sees the new bandana in his pocket, adds that -- then he spends some time, screwing up his forehead as he does the work of adding up what would seem to be a monumental array of figures, looks up quickly and says:

GRAFTON

Well, young man, you owe me three dollars and two bits.

Shane hesitates a moment as he reaches into his pocket, pauses to look over Grafton's figures.

LEWIS

What's the matter, son? You look pale.

SHANE

Seems it's been quite awhile since I settled for any store-boughten clothes.

LEWIS

(Throws away the line)

Your money don't go very far these days.

24B. INT. SALOON - CHRIS AT BAR

Morgan Ryker and other cowhands at nearby table.

CHRIS

Who's that new one in there, Will?

ATKEY

New man.

CHRIS

I know he's new. But who?

ATKEY

(Reluctantly)

I don't know, but he's workin' for Joe Starett.

(Continued)

24B. (Cont'd)

CHRIS

Oh. New sodbuster. I thought
I smelled pigs.

Shane comes in, lines up at the far end of the bar. Will Atkey sees this, looks off a little anxiously to Shane, then back to Chris to see how he's taking it. Chris notices this and, speaking to Atkey and with a gesture of his head toward Shane, says:

CHRIS

Will, let's just keep the smell of
pigs out from where we're drinkin'.

We know Shane hears this. Atkey shrugs helplessly, indicating to Chris that he can't run him out, and Chris says:

CHRIS

Well, are you going to get him
the h--- out of here or am I
going to have to?

Morgan and the boys at the poker table look up rather amusedly.

MORGAN

Let me have him, Chris.

(He hesitates a second,
then laughs at what
he's thinking about)

I'll tell you what, Chris ---
we'll draw straws.

Shane's not getting too happy about all this as he stands up at the end of the bar. Chris takes another little sip of whiskey and is rolling it around in his mouth to get the full flavor as Shane says:

SHANE

Bartender.....

ATKEY

Yes? What can I do for you?

SHANE

Have you got any soda pop?

This nearly kills Morgan!

As soon as he says it, Shane wishes he hadn't. Chris puts down his drink and walks over alongside Shane.

(Continued)

24B. (Cont'd)

CHRIS

What'll it be? Lemon, strawberry
or hyacinth, sodbuster?

SHANE

Speaking to me?

CHRIS

Can't see nobody else standin'
there. Here, have a little of this
and smell like a man.

With this he tosses the rest of his whiskey on the
front of Shane's shirt. Shane burns. Grafton,
sensing trouble, sticks his head in the door.

MORGAN

(To Grafton)

Don't it smell better in here,
Grafton? Chris just fumigated
the sodbuster here.

SHANE

(To Chris)

I think you better take it easy,
Cowboy.

GRAFTON

What's the trouble, Chris?

CHRIS

Trouble? No trouble at all.

GRAFTON

Now take it easy.

CHRIS

Now, Sam, I'm tekin' it just as
easy as can be. I was just askin'
about soda pop and the pigs and
all that.

(To Shane)

Which of them pig farmers are you
workin' for? Or are you just
squattin' on the range?

SHANE

I work for Joe Starett, if that's
any of your business.

CHRIS

Supposin' I make it mine.

(Continued)

24B. (Cont'd)

Shane's temper is rising. He looks like he might accept the challenge. Will places his bottle of soda pop down in front of him.

ATKEY

Here's your soda pop, Mister.

This causes Morgan more merriment, sort of undermines Shane's dignity for the moment.

CHRIS

Now you and your soda pop get out of here and stay out of here. And don't come back.

Shane has paid for the pop and is leaving. As he goes out the door, Rufe Ryker comes in. Morgan says:

MORGAN

Did you see that, Rufe?

RYKER

What?

MORGAN

Chris here just put the run on that sodbuster.

RYKER

That's it, Chris. Keep them squatters on the move.

Grafton shakes his head, indicating he's not too pleased with the whole business.

DISSOLVE:

25. INT. STARETT BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

- ALREADY SHOT -

25. (Cont'd)

MARIAN
(Laying work aside)
Wouldn't you rather have me read
to you?

JOE
I want to listen.

We hear the OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE KITCHEN DOOR
and the VOICES OF MEN raised in greeting.

JOE (Cont'd)
Can't I open the door just a little,
Mother?

MARIAN
I wish you wouldn't beg, Joey.

JOE
Just a little, Mother? Let me open
it just a little.

MARIAN
Then will you come and sit in my
lap, and we'll read?

JOE
But we can listen sometimes?

He opens the kitchen door about a foot. The VOICES
from it are louder now, but except for an occasional
word or phrase we cannot follow the conversation. Joe
peers around the door frame and lags back to his mother.

JOE (Cont'd)
I wish we could go in there. It
was Mr. Johnson just came in.

MARIAN
Have the others come?

JOE
Mr. Howells and Stonewall Torrey.

MARIAN
Mr. Torrey.

She puts her work on the table, and from it takes a book.

MARIAN (Cont'd)
Climb up.

Joe gets into her lap.

MARIAN
How about "Jack, the Giant Killer"?

25. (Cont'd)

JOE
(Listening for the
voices from the
kitchen)
I don't care. Just anything.

Marian brushes his head with her cheek.

MARIAN
(Thumbing the book)
We'll read about Jack then.

JOE
I said I didn't care what it was.

MARIAN
(Reading)
"In the reign of the famous King
Arthur, there lived, in the county
of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who
had an only son named Jack, and ---"

The SLAM of the KITCHEN DOOR and VOICES, louder than
before, interrupt Marian.

STARETT'S VOICE
(O.s.)
Come in. Ernie. Howdy, Lewis. All
here but Shipstead.

The visitors' acknowledgements are overlaid by
Marian's voice.

MARIAN
"-- and Jack was strong, and bold,
and cunning. In those days there
lived a huge giant in a gloomy
cavern ---"

JOE
What does "cunning" mean. Mother?

MARIAN
Here it just means smart.

JOE
And Jack was strong and bold and
smart?

MARIAN
That's what it says.

JOE
Is Pa strong and bold and smart?

25. (Cont'd)

MARIAN

As strong and bold and -- and as
smart as anyone. You know that.

JOE

What about Shane?

MARIAN

Mister Shane, Joey. Why, yes,
of course. I'm sure he is.

(She brushes Joe's head
with her cheek again)

Why do you ask that?

The KITCHEN DOOR OPENS again, and STARETT'S VOICE
rises.

STARETT'S VOICE

(O.s.)

Come in, Shipstead. 'Bout time
you were showin' up.

JOE

They can start the meeting now.

MARIAN

Let's finish the story. "The
coast of Cornwall had been greatly
hurt by his thefts, when Jack
boldly resolved to destroy him."

DISSOLVE:

26. SAME AS PRECEDING SCENE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MARIAN

"'Ladies', said Jack. 'I give you
this castle and all the riches it
contains, to make some amends for
the dreadful pains you have felt.'"

Marian glances at the partly opened door, her atten-
tion distracted by a shadow moving there. We HEAR
ERNIE WRIGHT'S VOICE pitched high.

WRIGHT'S VOICE

(O.s. -- while the shadow
moves at the door)

All this palaver and, like I said,
there ain't a thing we can do.

MARIAN

"As Jack had not taken any of the
giant's riches ---"

26. (Cont'd)

JOE

Shh, Mother! Wait!

WRIGHT'S VOICE

I've spent sweat on my place, but
is it worth spendin' blood on maybe?
I got my missus and the young'ns to
think about. It ain't like it was
just me.

NEW VOICE (TORREY'S)

(His tone is belligerent,
easily distinguishable
from the others; his words
noticeably marked by a
southern accent)

The trouble is, you all want to pussy
foot. And for you, Wright, pussyfootin'
ain't sufficient -- you aim to pull out.

WRIGHT'S VOICE

I'm doin' it, too. You ain't seen
anything yet. A few fences cut and a
man or two beat up -- but you just wait.

STARETT'S VOICE

Me, I want to be able to look myself
in the face---

WRIGHT'S VOICE

With maybe your dead eyes.

STARETT'S VOICE

Maybe so. But I spent two years here,
and it's home, and I be dogged if I'm
goin' to skedaddle. Come the fourth of
July and me and Marian'll be married ten
years, and this is the best chance we
ever had. This here's our place. I
filed on the land and built the house,
and it's ours. The government says so.

SHIPSTEAD'S VOICE

(A new voice with a Scandinavian
accent)

It yust says so. Dat's da trouble.
It do nothin'.

STARETT'S VOICE

In time it will. Sure, there ain't
an officer within three days' ride,
and what law we got is ranchers' law
and so we can't sic it on to Ryker.
But things'll change. He'll get his
come-uppance, if we just stick along,
bein' careful as we can.

26. (Cont'd)

TORREY'S VOICE

(Southern accent)

I know you ain't afeared, Joe, but
you kinda make me tired. Just be
nice and tame -- and some day we
inhe'it the earth.

MARIAN

You've listened long enough, Joey.

(She tries to settle

him back in her lap)

"As Jack had not---"

Joe puts his hand over the page Marian is reading.

TORREY'S VOICE

(Southern accent)

Ryker'd better take care with me.
I told him that myself when him and
his boys came 'round. I spoke my
mind.

STARETT'S VOICE

We'll fight if we have to. But you
could get us wiped out. They're too
many for us.

TORREY'S VOICE

There's seven of us, countin' Shane
but leavin' Ernie out. That's a
fair war party.

NEW VOICE (LEWIS)

Can't count Shane.

STARETT'S VOICE

That's right. Shane ain't in it.

MARIAN

It's scary where it says:

(Reading despite

Joe's protests)

"Though you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

JOE

Mother! They're talking about Shane.

STARETT'S VOICE

What is it you're hintin' at, Lewis?

LEWIS' VOICE

Maybe Shane'll tell you? About him
and Chris Calloway?

26. (Cont'd)

Joe squirms from his mother's lap and steps closer to the door.

STARETT'S VOICE

What's he sayin', Shane?

SHANE'S VOICE

Let him tell.

LEWIS' VOICE

I seen it and I heard it. He let Chris buffalo him at Grafton's this mornin'.

JOE

(Turning, distressed
incredulity in his face)

Oh, Mother. He didn't. I just know he didn't.

He turns back to the door, and he and Marian both listen intently.

STARETT'S VOICE

If he did, he did right. I told him to duck any trouble.

TORREY'S VOICE

Right! Maybe right for him but wrong for us. Let 'em plague one man--even a hired man--and they get biggety.

NEW VOICE (HOWELL'S)

Yeah. And Calloway's just a pup besides..

SHIPSTEAD'S VOICE

Shane, he is right, but it makes it harder all da same.

We hear the squeaky opening of the kitchen door, then Starett's voice.

STARETT'S VOICE

Hey, Shane. What's the matter?

SHANE'S VOICE

Nothing. You can talk freer if I'm not around.

We hear the closing of the door. A silence follows Shane's exit. Joe looks appealingly at his mother.

JOE

He didn't.

26. (Cont'd)

Marian straightens in her chair, her eyes thoughtful.

MARIAN

You stay here, Joey.

She hurries to the front door. As she opens it:

JOE

What is it, Mother? Please?

MARIAN

(On the way out)

Stay there!

She hastens outside. Joe waits behind.

27. EXT. STARETT HOME - (NIGHT)

Marian starts round the house toward the barn, calling softly:

MARIAN

Shane! Shane!

It is a moonlight night, and we see Shane moving ahead of her, a shadow against the land. He stops and waits.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

I wanted to thank you.

SHANE

I didn't do anything.

MARIAN

Thank you for me and for Joe, too.

28. EXT. STARETT FRONT DOORWAY - (NIGHT)

Joe comes to the lighted door, hesitates a moment, then dogtrots around the corner to join Marian and Shane.

JOE

I know you didn't, Shane! You couldn't!

MARIAN

Joey!

SHANE

It's a long story, Joey.

28. (Cont'd)

MARIAN

You go back, right now.

Joe takes a long look at Shane, turns and runs back, as if to flee from disappointment.

SHANE

(Watching him go and
speaking with a kind
of doubtful regret)

You aren't speaking for Little Joe.

MARIAN

You said you had turned peaceful.

Shane doesn't answer. For a moment they stand there, uncertain. Then Shane turns and starts slowly off toward the bunkhouse. Marian watches him, then moves toward the lighted doorway.

29. INT. STARETT LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Joe is sitting where Marian left him - in the rocking-chair. His chin rests in his hands. He looks unhappy. Through the closed doorway we can hear the droning of the voices of the men still holding their meeting. When Marian enters, Joe doesn't look up. Marian stands at the doorway a second, appraising Joe's mood. Then she crosses and takes up the book.

MARIAN

Where did we get to?

Joe says nothing and makes no move.

MARIAN

Don't you want to go on with the story?

Joe shakes his head.

MARIAN

You haven't heard what happens to Jack The Giant Killer yet.

JOE

(Softly)

I don't care about him.

Marian makes room for herself beside Joe in the rocking-chair. She puts her arm around his shoulder and draws him a little closer to her as we CUT TO:

30. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

For the first time we actually see the session of the homesteaders. The wash bench that ordinarily stands outside the kitchen has been brought in to provide extra accommodations. The men are seated on it and on stools and straight-backed chairs. Except for Starett, they flank the two ends and the far side of the table. Starett, like a presiding officer, occupies the near or in side. An oil lamp is burning on the table. The door into the living room is still a little ajar.

STARETT

We take it easy, dodgin' all the trouble we can, not lettin' ourselves be deviled into a fix. If anything happens, anything important at all, whoever knows about it will report to me -- not that I hankered to be made the chairman.

A silence meets his summation. After a moment he continues:

STARETT (Cont'd)

If anyone feels like goin' to town together, like on Saturday nights, maybe it ain't a bad idea.

His eyes go from man to man, and the CAMERA IN CLOSE-UP SHOT shows us:

31. TORREY

He is a little under middle age and is short and muscular. He has the look of impulsive courage, of unthinking and precipitate action. He is so seated, at Starett's left, that the six-shooter shows at his side. So far as we can see, none of the other homesteaders is armed.

TORREY

I reckon I can bodyguard myself.

STARETT

Just remember, Stonewall, that Ryker's kept away from gunsmoke. One shot could turn all hell loose.

Torrey doesn't answer, but it is obvious from his expression that he takes exception to the sentiment.

DISSOLVE:

32.

EXT. STARETT HOUSE - (DUSK)

From the barn a light work wagon pulls up to the gate. In it are Starett and Shane. Joe sits on let-down tailgate. They have slicked up, changed into clean but ordinary work clothes. Shane dismounts after Starett pulls the team up and cramps the left wheel so that Marian can get in.

STARETT

(Yelling)

All right, Marian.

MARIAN

(O.s.)

Coming.

STARETT

You're pretty enough. Remember,
we got to pick up Lewis.

(To Shane with grinning
good nature)

A thing a married man has to get used
to is waitin' on women. It would tor-
ment a man something fierce if the waitin'
wasn't worth it. Take care you get a
woman worth waitin' for, Shane.

Shane gives him a quick and searching look as if to
find whether there is a particular significance in
the remark.

STARETT (Cont'd)

And then again I think if Marian
looked real close at me she might
find a little fault or two. Nothin'
big, of course.

JOE

(From rear of wagon)

You cuss sometimes, Pa.

Starett turning to look at him, as if for the first
time aware of his presence, and pausing a moment
before speaking.

STARETT

It just come to me, Joey -- you stay
behind this trip and watch things.

JOE

Pa!

STARETT

And someone's got to fill the woodbox.

32. (Cont'd)

Marian appears in the doorway and starts briskly toward the wagon. Joe squirms from the tailgate and takes a few steps to meet her.

MARIAN

You expect me to be ready in the time it takes to hitch a team.

JOE

Mother, Pa won't let me go!

Marian puts her hand on his shoulder, then looks up into Starett's face.

STARETT

It's best this time.

He bobs his head at her as if to impart information better left unsaid. Marian realizes he is right, and why.

MARIAN

(Patting Joey on the shoulder)

We won't be long.

SHANE

Want us to bring you something back from Grafton's, Joey?

The word "Grafton's" strikes a sour chord in the boy. He shakes his head and turns away, almost at the point of tears. Marian gives him a final and sympathetic glance, climbs into the wagon, assisted by Shane, who goes around afterwards and finds a seat on the tailgate. Starett starts the wagon on its way.

33. ANOTHER ANGLE

Joe has turned to watch. From his angle we see the wagon ford the stream and start down the trail toward town. As he watches, Shane waves. After a moment Joe raises his own arm in a half-hearted reply. He moves slowly toward the house.

As he walks, something on the ridge beyond the stream on the Ryker holdings catches his eye. It is a lone rider. Joe pauses to watch him. As he does so, the rider changes pace---from a walk the horse goes into a gallop along the crest in the direction of town. Joe gazes at the horseman, then turns his eyes to the far distant wagon with Shane and his parents aboard. Then back to the rider on the hill. And suddenly with

33. (Cont'd)

decision he runs across the footbridge and starts across the open ground in a short-cut to the cross-roads.

34. EXT. CROSS-COUNTRY SHORT-CUT ON WAY TO TOWN - (DUSK)

Joe is running more slowly now, but at a steady pace. He climbs through a wire fence, runs down a gully and up the other side.

DISSOLVE:

35. EXT. LEWIS HOMESTEAD NEAR TOWN - (DUSK)

The Starett party drives up. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis and their oldest daughter, Martha, a pretty country girl of about seventeen, are seated in a hitched wagon ready to go. The four younger Lewis children, all girls, stand alongside, disconsolate as Joe was. They range in age from twelve to three. Two of them -- about eight in age -- appear to be twins.

STARETT

(Raising his voice
and one hand)

How? All set?

LEWIS

(Dubiously)

Martha --

(Nodding toward the
girl on the wagon)

--begged us into goin'.

Starett nods.

LEWIS

We'll tail you, then.

Starett takes his team around to the front as perfunctory greetings are exchanged. The wagons line out for town.

36. EXT. RURAL GRAVEYARD ON STONY RISE - (DUSK)

This is a lonely, deserted place with scattered graves marked by wooden crosses and slabs and, in one case,

36. (Cont'd)

by a stone that stands prominent in its modest company. Joe has slowed his pace to a walk. He looks straight ahead as he passes the cemetery. A breeze mourns among the markers as he goes by. Once beyond it, his face somewhat set, Joe begins to run again, his eyes on the settlement in the distance below.

37. EXT. GRAFTON'S STORE AND SALOON - (DUSK)

The Starett and Lewis wagons drive up and the men get out to tie the teams at the rack. Among the few people outside the store stands Torrey, a holstered revolver at his side. He waves in salute. As the Starett's, the Lewises and Shane approach the store entrance:

TORREY

Right smart posse you got.

STARETT

All quiet?

TORREY

Safe as a church. Hello, Miz Starett, Miz Lewis. Evenin', Martha.

The women greet him and go on into the store.

TORREY (Cont'd)

(Speaking quietly
to Starett)

Ryker's in yonder --

(Nodding toward the
saloon entrance)

...and some of his men, but it don't
mattah. Just a Saturday-night shindig.

STARETT

Play it careful, anyway.

TORREY

(With a trace of
disgust)

Oh, sure. Got a posse my own self --
Shipstead and Johnson. Like I told
them, we shy mighty easy.

Starett's answer is merely a long and scrutinizing look. He and Shane and Lewis pass into the store.

38. INT. DRY GOODS SECTION OF GRAFTON'S - (AFTERNOON)

Shane, the Starett, the Shipsteads, the Howells, the Torreys, Johnson and Mr. Lewis and Sue have entered. Starett is nearest Grafton.

GRAFTON

Howdy, Starett. Heard you was headed in. Something for you?

STARETT

Yes. My wife has some things.
(Indicates Marian who is standing near Shane and Joey at a counter.)
Has a whole list.

GRAFTON

(Calls)

Howdy, Mrs. Starett.

As Marian smiles at Grafton and starts towards him, Shane goes toward batwing doors leading to saloon. Joey trails along behind him. As Shane comes abreast of the doors, he hesitates -- for a moment we think he's going in.

GRAFTON

(To Marian)

Mighty nice to see the women comin' to town.

MARIAN

Hello, Mr. Grafton. Did my order of jars come in yet?

GRAFTON

Every last one of them. All packed up in back.

Shane, who has stopped in front of the batwing doors, decides not to enter, but continues on. Joey looks up at him questioningly. Shane goes to a counter, picks up a pair of gloves, looks at them. Joey picks up another pair, also looks at them. Marian notices this.

MARIAN

Now, Joey, don't go touching everything in the place.

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

(Calling to Grafton)

What about my print goods?

(Continued)

38. (Cont'd)

GRAFTON

The fall things won't be gettin'
in until just before the snow.

Sue Lewis has picked up the hat she was trying on last time she saw Chris. She looks around to see if anyone is watching, tries it on again.

LEWIS

(To Sue)

You got them list of things your
mother wanted?

Sue reacts guiltily at her father's voice, puts the hat on the counter.

SUE

Yes, I have, Pa.

LEWIS

(Exasperated)

I forgot to bring the coaloil can
from the wagon. Get it, will you.

Sue goes out.

Shipstead motions to Torrey who is standing with the Starett.

SHIPSTEAD

Torrey! My wman, she want a party
Fourt' of Yuly.

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

A picnic.

(To Starett)

I already tell Marian.

STARETT

I know. You can count on us.

Over this dialogue Joey has removed a pop bottle from his baggy pants. He carries it to the counter behind which Grafton stands. Shane is nearby. Grafton doesn't notice him for a moment. He is waiting on Mrs. Shipstead.

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

(To Grafton)

I want some yars too.

(To Torrey)

Mr. Torrey, you and your wife come
to da party? Ve want everybody
should be dere.

TORREY

Sure. We'll celebrate independence.

38. (Cont'd)

SHIPSTEAD
Ve vant you too, Shane.

SHANE
Thanks.

SHIPSTEAD
(Turns to Lewis)
You and all da girls?

LEWIS
We'll come.

Grafton has now seen Joey, who is holding his soda-pop bottle.

GRAFTON
(Small joke)
See you drank it all, Joey.

JOEY
(Holding up bottle)
Mr. Grafton, what do I get for the empty?

GRAFTON
The usual.
(Hands him a piece of stick candy)
Thanks, my boy. Run in and give it to Will.

Joey starts toward the batwing doors with the soda-pop bottle. Shane stops him.

SHANE
Just a minute, Joey. You better let me do that.

Shane starts for the batwing doors.

39.
40.

INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON - FROM SHANE'S ANGLE

At a poker table Rufe Ryker, Morgan, and other Ryker cowpunchers. At another table nearby, Chris Calloway and a cowpuncher named PETE.

CHRIS
Ryker ain't too bad to work for --
and we have some fun with the sod-
busters, like I was tellin' you.

MORGAN
The whole bunch came in.
(Indicating toward store)
And they brought all their kids
into town to protect 'em.

(Continued)

39. (Cont'd)
40.

CHRIS

There'll be no fun today -- unless --

He looks up, sees Shane coming in the door with his soda pop bottle.

CHRIS (Cont'd)

(With a pleased little
smile on his face)

Well, looky here!

Shane walks up to the bar, puts the soda pop bottle on it.

CHRIS

(To Pete)

This is a new one. We call him
"Sody Pop."

PETE

Deal me out.

CHRIS

I don't get yuh. You know Sody Pop?

PETE

No. But he looks enough like ---
Just deal me out.

CHRIS

What's with you, Pete?

PETE

Just say I'm superstitious, that's all.

Pete starts to move away. As he does, Rufe Ryker comes to the end of the bar, moves around behind it so he can look Shane full in the face and enjoy the situation.

CHRIS

(To Shane)

I guess you don't hear very well,
sodbuster. I told you if you wanted
to keep healthy, to stay out of here.
Now git!

(He makes a gesture
with his thumb)

Git goin'!

Shane just doesn't move. Calloway has to stand to his feet as a further threat.

CHRIS

Look, pig farmer -- you better get
back inside with the women and kids
where it's safe.

(Continued)

39. (Cont'd)
40.

SHANE

Don't push it, Calloway.

CHRIS

Didja hear me? Git!

Shane picks up the coin that the bartender has given him for the empty and holds it in his hand as Chris eases up to the bar alongside of him.

CHRIS

Do you think that you can come in here and drink with the men?

SHANE

(To bartender)

Set 'em up. Two whiskies.

CHRIS

(To bartender as he puts two shot glasses and a bottle on the bar)

You better make that one.

Shane pours Chris's glass full to the brim and fills his own. He picks up his own glass and looks at the bead in it, then looks at Ryker, then at Calloway.

CHRIS

You ain't goin' to drink that in here.

SHANE

You guessed it.

With that he throws the whiskey across the front of Chris's shirt. Chris looks down at his shirt front. Then he raises his anger-flushed face to confront Shane.

Quick as a flash Shane lashes him across the face with the other glass of whiskey.

SHANE

Skunk!

As Chris rubs the whiskey out of his eyes and looks up to let Shane have it, Shane hits him with a brutal right hand full in the face, knocking Chris across the room through the batwing doors into the grocery store.

41.

INT. DRY-GOODS SECTION OF GRAFTON'S

As Chris comes crashing through, the homesteaders exclaim in frightened surprise. Mrs. Torrey faints! Grafton goes quickly into saloon. (Continued)

41. (Cont'd)

Marian and Starett are just going out the front of the shop. She is carrying her glass jars with her to put them in the wagon. Starett starts to come back.

MARIAN

No, Joe. You stay out of it!

Shipstead and Torrey carry Mrs. Torrey out, taking a small bottle of Spirits of Nitre from the drug shelf to revive her. As they get to the door, Starett assists them.

LEWIS

This is bad -- this is bad...

Shipstead sees Lewis peeking in the front batwing door.

SHIPSTEAD

Lewis, you stay out of-dis. Come here.

Don't get us homesteaders in trouble.

Mrs. Shipstead, behind Shipstead, is fanning herself.

42. INT. SALOON

As Chris enters and charges Shane, who is waiting for him. Chris throws a slashing right which hits Shane on the shoulder, throws him off balance slightly. Chris rushes him. They both start throwing hard punches.

43. EXT. GRAFTON'S STORE

Lewis leaves his place at the front swinging doors, goes to the front door of the store and marshals the homesteaders blocking the door.

TORREY

I'm goin' in there.

JOHNSON

No, you're not, Stonewall. You're stayin' right here.

LEWIS

This ain't our fight. We get mixed up in it and we'll all get run out of this part of the country.

The other homesteaders look at each other anxiously, and nod assent.

44. INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON - BACK TO FIGHT

As Shane and Chris continue to fight. Shane starts after him. The Rykers crowd in to keep the two men apart.

(Continued)

44. (Cont'd)

CHRIS

Lemme have him! Don't stop this.

Shane backs up to the bar. The men step back. Chris rushes for him. Shane steps back, doesn't punch. The two men square off and move around feeling one another out. Nobody throws a punch. The tension grows. They continue this. The tension grows. Each sending out slight little leads to draw a punch from the other.

MORGAN

Bust 'em, Chris!

HENRY

Let 'em have it!

A little grin comes on Chris's face. He's not too anxious to lead. Shane stabs him with a left. Chris grins again. Shane stabs him with another left. Chris grins. Chris tries to hit Shane with a left lead. Shane slips by and slams a hard right and left to the face.

45. INTERCUT A FLASH OF JOEY

from his vantage point at the back doors.

46. BACK TO FIGHT

Chris swings with a right haymaker. Shane sidesteps him and as he goes by, hits him with a rabbit punch that knocks his head toward the bar. Chris closes on Shane and jars him with a blow to his heart. Shane counters with a studied right to Chris's midsection which causes Chris to double up. As Chris bends over, Shane heels Chris's head into the heavy oaken bar rail and grimaces as the SOUND OF CHRIS'S HEAD HITTING THE WOOD makes a noise like a gourd being hit with a club. Chris is groggy and bent over.

Shane, who never knew anybody by the name of the Marquis of Queensbury, laces into him while he's groggy and hits him with everything handy. There is no referee to stop it and it gets pretty brutal till Chris falls over on his face like a pole-axed steer. He's out -- really OUT.

Shane looks at Ryker who is standing behind the bar looking at him coldly, calculating. Shane then backs around toward the swinging doors, looks at Morgan.

(Continued)

46. (Cont'd)

SHANE

Now, does anybody else want to play?

Morgan and the boys are thinking it over.

SHANE

(Looking at Morgan)

Maybe you want to draw straws.

47. FLASH OF JOEY REACTING - ECSTATIC

48. EXT. GRAFTON'S

FLASH OF LEWIS - holding Starett and the other homesteaders out at the front door where they react to what seems to be the end of the fight, with satisfaction.

LEWIS

Looks like it's all over.

HOWELLS

Is everything all right?

49. INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON

Ryker is behind the bar where he has been watching the fight. He now leans on it, looks at Shane who has been backing slowly out of the place.

RYKER

Come back here, young fellow.
Cool down a little. You may have
a friend in this place you don't
know you've got.

(Continued)

49. (Cont'd)

Shane comes over to the bar. Ryker pours him a drink, pushes it toward him.

RYKER

Have one.

Shane shakes his head.

RYKER

Looks like Chris put his foot in it.

Shane only shrugs to that.

RYKER (Cont'd)

I could use a man like you.

SHANE

I'm working for Starett.

RYKER

You don't belong on the end of a shovel. Anything to keep you from drawing your time?

SHANE

I like it at Starett's.

RYKER

Starett's a good man. Dumb, though, and mulish.

SHANE

I see it different.

RYKER

Whatever he's paying, I'll double.

SHANE

No use.

RYKER

What are you looking for?

SHANE

Nothing.

RYKER

(Calculatingly, after
a pause)

Pretty wife Starett's got.

Morgan laughs.

(Continued)

49. (Cont'd)

SHANE

(After a pause)

For an old timer you're a slinky man.

RYKER

People don't usually talk to me that way.

SHANE

Me, either.

RYKER

You've had your chance, boy. No one messes up one of my boys and gets away with it. We'll ride you out of this valley, Shane. We're gonna rough you up a bit and ride you out and you'll stay out.

One of Ryker's men walks over and blocks off the front swinging doors; another blocks the back swinging doors and another blocks the street doors. Joey slides in under the legs of one and comes toward Shane.

SHANE

Joey! Get back!

JOEY

Shane, there's too many.

SHANE

Joey, boy, would you have me run away?

49A. CLOSEUP - JOEY

Looks up at Shane.

SHANE (Cont'd)

Get out of here, Joey -- this isn't going to be pretty.

Joey retreats to the batwing doors where he watches the fight.

GRAFTON

Here, men -- here! Stop this.

As Grafton starts forward to stop the fight, Rufe comes around from behind the bar, steps in front of him.

RYKER

We'll take care of the damages.

GRAFTON

I don't want any fighting here.

MORGAN

Get out of the way!

CUT TO:

50. JOEY -

looking anxious as the men eye Shane and close in very slowly.

51. INT. SALOON

Chris struggles to his feet and goes past Joey, CAMERA FOLLOWING, to

52. CUTSIDE OF GRAFTON'S SALOON

Chris sits on the bench. Sue, passing, sees him looking woebecone and beaten up, and laughs. But as she goes by she sees he is pretty badly battered, stops:

SUE

You're hurt. And I'm sorry for laughing.

Chris looks up at her - is touched by this spirit of kindness.

CUT BACK TO:

53. INT. SALOON

Joey looking anxiously as the boys are still closing in on Shane, getting closer, sizing him up.

GRAFTON

This man's unarmed.

MORGAN

It ain't a shootin'. Quit buttin' in.

Grafton gets out of the way. Morgan motions to the other men and his brother to back up too.

MORGAN

Let me take him.

As he says this, Shane charges in like a bull, hits him. Morgan hits him back. A man rushes up at Shane from behind. Shane turns, ducks, punches.

THE FIGHT IS ON!

CUT TO:

54. JOEY'S FACE

As his anxiety reflects Shane's changing fortune. Things get very tough for Shane. He's down. Joey runs for his father.

54A. EXT. GRAFTON'S STORE

As Joey comes up to Starett and Marian.

JOEY

They're gonna kill Shane! They're
all tryin' to kill him.

MARIAN

Oh, Joe -- please --

STARETT

Marian, Shane's in there and Shane's
one of us.

MARIAN

Oh Joe!
(She turns, torn)

STARETT

(Over shoulder)
You and Joey wait out on the wagon.
Ryker's had this comin' to him for
a long time and it's not for a
woman to see.

Starett enters the store. As Starett goes into fight,
Marian and Joe are drawn by compulsion to watch the fight.

54B. INT. DRY-GOODS SECTION OF GRAFTON'S

Starett picks an axe handle out of the barrel, rushes
into the Saloon, sees Ryker putting the boot to Shane,
who is on the floor. He comes toward Ryker in fury.
Starett is big and terrible in his anger.

54C. INT. SALOON

Starett axes Ryker over the head with a bat. Ryker falls.
Starett swings with a bat, knocks another man out of the
combat. Shane gets to his feet, Starett tears into the
three healthy Ryker men. They go to it with their fists,
Starett going in great style. Shane comes to him and
they stand fighting back to back.

Morgan gets to his feet, comes to it. Ryker pulls him-
self up to a sitting position in the chair at the back-
stage poker table, watches the fight lazily. Shane and
Starett are now fighting back to back, going in great
style. We want to get the feeling of rhythmic triumph
that they affected when working together in accomplish-
ing their purpose on the tree.

(Continued)

54C. (Cont'd)

Morgan is down again. He's pretty well beat. The other boys are tiring. Shane and Starett are going like hell, but tiring.

Grafton mounts the center stairs and tries to dominate the situation with his voice, saying:

GRAFTON

Why don't you fools stop this?
You've had enough of it. You'll
all be killed. Starett, you and
Shane back on out of here.

He's got the shotgun, acts a little bit like he might use it.

Starett and Shane fight their way back toward the front swinging doors. When they get close to it their remaining antagonists show a desire to leave the field to them by backing up toward the bar. They fall back toward the bar. Shane and Starett look tired, but victorious.

GRAFTON

That makes some sense, Starett.
You've won -- and get out of here.

As he's backing up, Starett says:

STARETT

Ryker ain't payin' for this damage
with a nickel. I'll pay for what's
broke.

(He senses Shane doesn't like
these terms too well)

No, by Godfrey, we're payin' for what's
broke -- me and Shane!

They exit like two happy drunks.

The homesteaders retreat around the corner toward their wagons.

CUT BACK:

54D. INT. SALOON

Ryker's men - nursing their wounds. Ryker pulls himself to. He rises from his chair, comes down a little toward Grafton on the staircase.

RYKER

Grafton, I'm through foolin'! From
now on when we fight with them, the
air's gonna be filled with gunsmoke!

DISSOLVE:

55.
56.
57.

INT. STARETT LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Shane and Starett are sitting. Joey watches as Marian doctors their wounds. She continues along with this in silence until:

MARIAN

(Wonderment)

I never saw two such men.

STARETT

It looks like me and Shane make a team all right. With him doin' most of the pullin'.

JOEY

(Ecstatic)

I saw it all, Mother. Every bit of it.

MARIAN

It was no place for you, Joey.

STARETT

(To Marian)

You either.

JOEY

(Reliving it)

I was scared. Then Pa come in and picked that man up and slung him on the floor.

STARETT

I didn't do nothin'. It was all Shane. How you feelin', Shane?

SHANE

Better.

MARIAN

But you did, Joe -- you know you did. It was ugly and you both were wonderful.

JOEY

When that chair came down on you, Shane, I thought you was a goner.

SHANE

It was an easy chair, Joey.

JOEY

I'll bet you two could lick anyone.

SHANE

It's something to forget, Joey.

(Continued)

55. (Cont'd)

JOEY

(All wonderment)

56.
57.

You ne'en to think I'll forget
it... Mother --

MARIAN

But wait until another time to
tell me more about it.

JOEY

(Filled with wonder)

But Mother --

MARIAN

I saw Shane, and I saw your
father, too.

STARETT

It'll make Ryker think twice.

MARIAN

Let's not talk about Ryker. Not
any more tonight.

STARETT

Wish we could forget him.

MARIAN

(To Shane)

There. The turpentine's going
to hurt.

JOEY

He wouldn't say nothin', no matter
how much it hurt. Would you, Shane?

SHANE

(Smiles)

Guess I would if it hurt bad enough,
Joey.

JOEY

It stings like everything.

MARIAN

Joey, you go on to bed.

Marian gently starts to apply the turpentine to
Shane's cuts.

MARIAN

It really does smart, I know.

(Continued)

55. (Cont'd)

56. SHANE
57. I'll just holler, if Joey
doesn't mind.

Joey winces as Marian dabs the cuts on Shane's face.

JOEY
Gosh!

MARIAN
(Turns her head to Joey)
Now for the last time, Joey -- you
go to bed.

STARETT
Me, too. Come on, son.

JOEY
Will you come in, Mother?

MARIAN
All right.

Joey and Starett exit.

MARIAN
It ought to have a bandage.
She starts taking care of Shane's head.

SHANE
It's good enough. It's fine.
Joey sticks his head back in the door. He has his
shirt off.

JOEY
(In a loud voice)
You want to know something, Mother?

MARIAN
(Impatiently)
What is it?

He beckons for her to come into the room. She does.
She closes the door.

58. INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

JOEY
(Whispers)
I just love Shane.

(Continued)

58. (Cont'd)

MARIAN

Oh, do you?

JOEY

I love him almost as much as I
love Pa. That's all right,
isn't it?

MARIAN

He's a very fine man.

JOEY

He's good.

MARIAN

Yes. He's tough, but he's good.

JOEY

He's so good. That's what I like
about him. Don't you like him,
Mother?

MARIAN

Yes, I like him, Joey.

She goes back into the other room.

59. INT. STARETT LIVING ROOM

The lamp is still burning and Shane has gone back
to his quarters. Marian, standing there in the
big room all alone -- the door opens behind her.
It is Starett.

STARETT

What's the matter, honey?

She goes over into his arms.

MARIAN

Hold me, Joe. Don't say anything.
Just hold me tight.

FADE OUT.

60. INT. STARETT BEDROOM - (DAY)

It is about midafternoon. The room, like the rest of the house, is sparsely furnished. It contains a bed, an old-fashioned chiffonier, a rag rug, a clothes closet curtained off, a battered trunk. On a small table rest a china wash basin and a pitcher. Marian is at the clothes closet, clothed in every-day attire. She brings out one dress, then another, looks at each with less than satisfaction, and puts both back. She stands thoughtful for a moment and then, as if she had just had an idea, goes to the trunk and rummages through it, bringing out still another dress, which she only partly unfolds as she examines it. Then, her decision made, she walks from the room with it.

DISSOLVE:

61. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - FEW MINUTES LATER

Marian has laid an ironing board from the work table to the back of a chair. With a gladiron she is pressing the dress she has just brought in. Another iron is heating on the range. Marian hums as she works.

DISSOLVE:

62. INT. STARETT BEDROOM - AN HOUR OR SO LATER

Marian is in the act of dressing. She has put her hair up, donned petticoat and other garments except for the dress. Now she picks the dress from the bed and goes to the little mirror above the chiffonier, where she holds the dress up to her shoulders, craning her head to see as much as possible in the mirror. She is still humming.

DISSOLVE:

63. EXT. STARETT FARM - (DAY)

Shane and Joey are riding the Starett fence line, Shane on his own animal, Joe on a bony old work horse. The dog is trotting beside them. Except for riding boots and gloves, Shane is dressed in farmer's clothes. He has a hammer and pliers in his hand. The two come to a corner and hold up.

SHANE

Not a wire down, Joey.

63. (Cont'd)

JOE

They cut Mr. Wright's fence and
Mr. Shipstead's once. Ours, too.

Shane merely shrugs.

JOE (Cont'd)

What would you do if you found
someone cutting the fence?

SHANE

(Grinning)

Ask 'em if they'd mind, please, to
go around by the gate.

JOE

(In disgust)

Oh, Shane!

SHANE

Your mind is sure full of bad men
today.

(Pause)

I'll race you to the barn.

JOE

It's a go.

He digs his heels into his old horse, managing to get
it to a trot and then to an awkward gallop. Shane
follows. We see then that the house is only about a
quarter of a mile away. Shane holds his mount back
so that Joe's horse stays barely ahead.

JOE

(Yelling)

Get up, Rex! Get up! Hi-yiii!

The riders pull up at the barn, about which chickens
are scratching.

JOE

Beat you! Beat you!

SHANE

Sure did.

JOE

But you really weren't going your
fastest. I know that, Shane.

SHANE

(Dismounting)

It was a pretty good clip.

Joe slides from his horse and both set about the
business of unsaddling.

63. (Cont'd)

JOE

If Rex was just younger, I bet
he could beat him.

SHANE

No doubt about that.

He carries his saddle inside the barn and emerges and
helps Joe off with his. Joe follows him to the barn
door and speaks to Shane who is inside out of scene.

JOE

Why don't you ever wear your
revolver, Shane?

SHANE

(Re-entering scene)

I don't see as many bad men as you,
I guess.

He unbridles the two horses, pitches the bridles into
the barn.

JOE

Shane?

SHANE

What is it?

JOE

(Releasing his pony)
Want me to tell you something?

SHANE

Sure. If you want to.

JOE

I saw your gun in there one day.
(Motioning toward
barn door)
I took a look at it.

SHANE

Oh?

JOE

Are you mad?

SHANE

I guess not. But you'd better
leave it alone, Joey.

JOE

I wrapped it up careful in the
blanket again.

63. (Cont'd)

SHANE

Good.

JOE

Could I see it again? Would you show it to me? Please. You promised you'd teach me to shoot.

SHANE

Some day, Joey.

JOE

Please, Shane. You promised.

He reaches up and tugs at the front of Shane's shirt. Instead of answering, Shane acts on sudden impulse. He goes into the barn and comes out with the weapon.

SHANE

Have to find something to shoot at.

He leads the way, stopping when he comes within sight of the newly built corral.

JOE

The knot there, on the second pole.

SHANE

(Looking down at Joe like a teacher while he removes his gloves.)
Nothing behind it that we could hurt, is there?

JOE

And draw it, Shane. As if you had a holster on.

SHANE

There's a place for the holster -- high enough so the revolver comes easy to your hand; low enough that the barrel clears fast.

Joe watches and listens, absolutely fascinated. Shane drops his arm by his side. It leaps up, the revolver a sort of living extension of it. He fires three times, so fast as to make them almost one.

64. INT. STARETT BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - MARIAN - (DAY)

Before her mirror, and looking her best, Marian is putting the finishing touches to her wedding gown. She reacts to the shots. She drops her comb and

64. (Cont'd)

peers out the window. Then with somewhat the expression of a woman who sees two boys up to some mischief, Marian starts for the door.

65. EXT. STARETT RANCH - MED. SHOT - SHANE AND JOE - (DAY)

Joe is examining the close pattern of Shane's three shots in the post. Wonderingly, with a forefinger he measures off the distance between the bullet holes and steps back to Shane.

JOE

(Incredulously, showing
Shane on his finger)
There's not that much difference
between them.

Shane smiles in reply.

JOE (Cont'd)

Was that like real gunfighters?

SHANE

(Now caught up by the
play and perhaps by
something in his past)
Not all. Some like a shoulder
holster. Some make a cross draw.
(Illustrating by holding
the revolver butt forward
at his left side)
Some carry two guns ---
(He pauses, thinking
of something in the
past, perhaps)
--- But one's enough.

MARIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Short)

Joey!

Shane wheels around. From his expression we can see that Marian's clothes and face make an impression.

66. MED. SHOT - MARIAN STANDING THERE

Her face is set with displeasure at the scene. We suspect in the following exchange that part of her annoyance is subconscious rebellion at the attraction Shane has for her. How much she has overheard we don't know, but evidently it is enough to have put her in bad sorts. Joe runs to her.

66. (Cont'd)

JOE

You ought to see Shane shoot,
mother.

MARIAN

I did.

JOE

He's teaching me to shoot!

MARIAN

Go get ready for the party.

JOE

Oh, Mother!

MARIAN

Go on!

JOE

Why do you want to spoil every-
thing, Mother?

(To Shane)

Will you do it again, just as soon
as we get a chance?

SHANE

We'll have to see about that, Joe.

Joe drags away.

In b.g. we can see Starett bringing round a mowing
machine. From it he yells:

STARETT

What's all the shootin'?

Shane reassures him with a negative wave of his hand.

MARIAN

(Looking in vexation
at Shane)

Guns aren't going to be his life.

SHANE

No.

MARIAN

Even if they seem to be with other
people.

SHANE

I don't want him to be a gunfighter,
either, Marian.

66. (Cont'd)

MARIAN

Then don't give him lessons,
please.

The two stand for a moment, looking at each other.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

(Still with asperity)
You're so good at everything, Shane.

Starett wheels up. He sees vaguely that something is going on, but fails to realize the tenseness between them.

STARETT

(Looking appreciatively
at Marian)

Well, look at my woman! Ain't she
a sight, Shane?

Shane doesn't answer. Marian doesn't smile. Starett waits, puzzled.

MARIAN

We'll be late if you two don't
hurry and get dressed.

STARETT

(On a note of good-
natured injury)

All right. But we ain't done any-
thing except cut hay and shoot a gun.

MARIAN

You shouldn't have worked today.

(Then, significantly)
For one thing, it's the Fourth of
July.

As she starts for the house, we

DISSOLVE:

67. EXT. WRIGHT HOMESTEAD - (DAY)

A large wagon stands outside the house. There is a great silence over the place. Wright backs out the kitchen door, struggling with a feather tick. He manages to get it to the wagon and put it inside.

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(Continued)

67. (Cont'd)

Mrs. Wright, whom one would guess probably to be pregnant, comes out next, carrying a baby chair with a cut-out seat. A boy of about four tags after her. A girl of about eight looks on, in her arms a fretting baby. No one speaks until Mrs. Wright gets the chair inside the wagon. Then she calls to her husband and points offscene:

MRS. WRIGHT

There they go again.

Wright stops at the threshold of his house and looks in the direction in which she is pointing.

68. LONG SHOT - FOOTHILLS NEAR WRIGHT HOMESTEAD

Some mounted men are riding slowly by, heads all turned in the direction of Wright's place.

69. EXT. WRIGHT HOMESTEAD

Wright sees them, goes into house again. After a moment he emerges with a table in his arms. He goes over to the wagon and dumps it in. O.S. COMES THE VOICE OF TORREY:

TORREY'S VOICE

Evenin' Ernie!

70. FULL SHOT - INCLUDING TORREY ON HORSEBACK

He is armed and rather gaily dressed. He has come from a direction away from that of the distant riders. At his horse's heels stands his small and eager dog.

WRIGHT

(Shortly)

Hello.

TORREY

Goin' somewhere?

For an answer Wright only gives him an ill-natured stare.

TORREY

(While Mrs. Wright and
the child look on)Starett and his men busted Ryker's
boys Saturday.

WRIGHT

I know that.

70. (Cont'd)

TORREY

Thought it might change your mind.

WRIGHT

It don't change anything except to make it worse. You ain't located so Ryker's riders pass you every day.

Wright motions briefly toward the horsemen in the distance. Torrey looks in that direction.

71. LONG SHOT - THE GROUP OF RYKER'S RIDERS

72. BACK TO SCENE

TORREY

They're just aimin' to bluff you.

WRIGHT

I know when I got a hand and when I ain't.

TORREY

What Shane can do, or Starett, any sure enough man can do.

(With a touch of
braggadocio)

I'm takin' myself to Grafton's and buy a bottle for the picnic. It's Independence Day.

WRIGHT

(To Mrs. Wright, as
if to put an end to
the conversation)

'Bout ready?

She trudges dutifully back to the house for another load. Torrey reins closer and extends his hand.

TORREY

Good luck, anyhow.

WRIGHT

(Dubiously, and in no
kind fashion)

I hope good luck for you too, Stonewall.

Torrey takes a last look at the Wright premises, turns his horse and starts boldly down the road. His dog scampers after him.

DISSOLVE:

72a. EXT. THE SETTLEMENT

The few residents of the town and the visitors to it are celebrating the Fourth of July. We catch sight of a two-horse race down the main street and hear the shouted encouragements of the spectators. A COUPLE OF DRUNKEN COWPUNCHERS are firing off their revolvers. Torrey rides boldly among the celebrants and comes to the front of Grafton's. The front of the place has been hung with red, white and blue bunting. A flag planted in front barely stirs to the breeze.

73. INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON

Rufe Ryker and Grafton are at a table nearby. The newcomer, Jack Wilson, is sitting with Morgan at a table close to them.

RYKER

But I ask you how do I keep my rights,
I ask you? Do you want me to play dead?

F

GRAFTON

(Shaking his head)

A

That isn't the way I put it, Rufe.

S

RYKER

T

I make this country and spilled my own
blood fighting Indians for it.

GRAFTON

I know, I know.

RYKER

T

And you think when a homesteader says
"move over" I ought to move.

A

Obviously troubled, Grafton doesn't answer.

L

RYKER (Cont'd)

K

Let them squat on my range! And then
I'm supposed to say, "I'm busted, but
you're welcome!"

GRAFTON

It isn't that bad, Rufe.

RYKER

That's easy for you to say.

(Then accusingly)

I've been a friend of yours for a
long time, Sam, and you know I want
to be reasonable -- but something's
got to give way.

Wilson follows the conversation silently but alertly.

(Continued)

73.

(Cont'd)

As he does so, his eyes keep moving over the room.

GRAFTON

What I'm telling you, Rufe, is nowadays
out here a man can go just so far --

RYKER

(Drumming on the table with
his knuckles and speaking
less accusingly)

I've gone along with the new law and
I've stayed away from gunplay. Sure,
I've tried to buffalo the sodbusters,
but you've gotta admit, Sam, my men
have kept their six-guns cased.

GRAFTON

(With a quick and surrep-
titious glance at Wilson)

And now?

RYKER

And now, is right.

GRAFTON

I was hoping you'd cool off, Rufe --
(Pause)

I don't have to guess what's on your
mind. I can't say I like it.

RYKER

Keep your guesses to yourself.

GRAFTON

I want you to know I like Joe
Starett, Rufe.

RYKER

The fool ought to listen to reason.

GRAFTON

Your reason.

RYKER

What's the matter with you? Nothing
I say strikes you right.

GRAFTON

No offense, Rufe. It's your own
conscience eatin' you.

RYKER

Conscience, bah!

Ryker walks away from Grafton and sits down with
Wilson and Morgan.

(Continued)

73. (Cont'd)

A silence follows in which Torrey pushes open the front door and stands there holding it ajar while he looks around. Wilson has swung about at the sound of the door. We see now that he wears two six-shooters. He examines Torrey with a quiet insolence, meeting in its place Torrey's outward bravado. Finally, and with a growing unease, Torrey looks away.

GRAFTON

Come in, Torrey. Want something?

TORREY

(With an attempt at his
customary confidence)

A jug. It's the Fourth.

Before Wilson's stare he goes to the bar and pours himself a whiskey.

TORREY

(Softly)

Here's to you, Ryker.

(A long pause)

For runnin' Ernie Wright off
his claim.

(He drinks, bitterly)

Wilson turns to Ryker.

WILSON

That one of 'em?

RYKER

Yes.

73A. CUT BACK TO TORREY

TORREY

(Continuing)

And it's a downright shame, because
it's all he had and he worked hard
for it.

(Pause)

But let me tell you Ryker the reason
he's runnin' is because he's a coward.

(There is a silence.

Torrey waits and pours
himself another drink)

And here's to me, because I ain't a
coward and you ain't gonna get my claim.

73B. CUT TO RYKER AND WILSON

WILSON

He's a hot-head. I could get him to draw with no trouble at all. It would be easy.

Ryker gets the idea and looks off toward Grafton speculatively.

TORREY'S VOICE

You can't scare me any more'n you can Joe Starett.

RYKER

(Thoughtfully)

No. It's Starett we want.

73C. CUT TO TORREY

He looks the whole place over.

TORREY

Any of the rest of you want to join me in drinking a toast to the independence of the greatest state in the Union?

(Nobody shows any enthusiasm for his proposal -- he continues)

Here's to the independence of the Sovereign State of Alabama!

He tosses his drink off and walks out with an air of having carried the field.

Ryker has paid no particular attention to Torrey, and continues:

RYKER

They'd all get out if we could just get Starett to run.

MORGAN

Starett's a hot-head, too.

RYKER

Starett can be provoked just as easy as this fellow. It would be just a question of gettin' him in here where we could make it look right for Grafton and some of these other pacifiers.

One of Ryker's riders comes dashing in and up to Ryker.

(Continued)

73C. (Cont'd)

RIDER

Wright's packed up. He's hittin'
the trail with his wagons.

HYKER

Yeah I know. Burn the place before
any more of those ticks settle down
in it.

He becomes stimulated by this sweet taste of accom-
plishment and then turns and walks over to Grafton
belligerently.

HYKER

Will it satisfy you if I give
Starett one more chance? I'll
make him an offer -- a fair
offer. But he's got to be fair,
too. That satisfy you?

GRAFTON

I'm not the one to be satisfied.
Let's have a drink.

HYKER

(As they start to
the bar)

Well, Sam, I just want you to
know that I'm a reasonable man.

(He repeats)

A reasonable man.

As they go to the bar -

DISSOLVE:

74.

EXT. TRAIL TOWARD SHIPSTEAD HOMESTEAD - (DAY)

It is past mid-afternoon of the same day as preceding.
We see Torrey riding toward the Shipstead homestead.

75. CLOSER VIEW

A long table is spread outside the house, its oilcloth covering shining in the sun. On the table are food containers, dishes, silverware. Women -- five altogether -- come and go from the kitchen, carrying kettles and pans and additional dishes, shooing the children away as they approach the table and make ready for the picnic-style dinner. A little nearer and to the left, two men -- Lewis and Howells -- are pitching horseshoes. We hear the rumble of talk, an occasional laugh, the shouting of children, among whom we see Joe at still closer view. We also see Marian, a stand-out among these friendly but work-worn women.

Shipstead, Johnson, Starett and Shane stand a little apart from the bustle. Starett is whittling idly on a stick. Shane is first to spot the oncoming rider.

SHANE

(Watching him approach)
Torrey's coming.

The other men turn and look.

STARETT

Sure enough.

Silently, while we hear the background noises, they watch the rider approach.

SHIPSTEAD

(Calling out)
Yust in time, Torrey. Ve nearly ready.

Torrey trots up, unforks his horse, drops the reins and joins the crowd.

STARETT

We was about to start without you.

TORREY

Ernie's takin' out today.

There are nods to this statement as if Wright's departure was no surprise to the crowd.

TORREY (Cont'd)

I reckon he's on his way by now.
He was packed up when I went by.

76. CLOSE SHOT - LEWIS AND HIS WIFE

He whispers to her.

76. (Cont'd)

LEWIS

(Whispers)

Maybe he had more sense'n we
gave him credit for, at that.

77. MED.SHOT - THE GROUP AROUND TORREY

STARETT

(To Torrey)

What was you doin' in town.

TORREY

Gettin' a little cheer for us.

He goes to his horse, takes the bottle almost stealthily from his saddle-bag and rejoins the group. As the bottle is passed, the men press together and drink quickly and rather slyly, their eyes on the women almost as if afraid of being caught.

JOHNSON

(Casually)

What was in town?

TORREY

(A little bravely)

Ryker -- gabbin' with Grafton.

LEWIS

Grafton's fair enough to us.

TORREY

Another man was theah.

The group looks at him, finding a significance in his words.

STARETT

Who?

TORREY

Stranger.

Again the eyes of the others focus on him.

TORREY (Cont'd)

Decked out like a gunfighter.
But I didn't let that scare me.

The horseshoe players, seeing the men in close conversation, quit the game and come to listen, one of them still with a horseshoe in his hand. They take their turns at the bottle.

77. (Cont'd)

JOHNSON

What was he like, Torrey?

TORREY

(Lightly)

Oh, he was a lean, gray-like man,
with two guns on him and a rig
that looked too fancy for work.

Starett, stick and knife in his hand, but no longer
whittling, catches Torrey's eye.

TORREY (Cont'd)

He ain't so big and he ain't so
small. You all will know him when
you see him. He's missin' half an
ear.

Shane, as the comparative stranger in the company, has
been listening quietly. Now he addresses himself to
Torrey.

SHANE

Left ear?

TORREY

Come to put my mind on it, that's
what it was.

The men's gazes go to Shane.

TORREY

You acquainted with him?

SHANE

(Slowly)

Can't say I am.

SHIPSTEAD

But vat about him?

SHANE

I'll have to see him.

TORREY

(Still with the touch
of the braggart)

Take a look, like I done.

78. CHRIS CALLOWAY

Chris has a loop over the horns of the mired cow.
His horse is straining against the dallied rope.

78. (Cont'd)

The cow lunges in the mire, gives up, lunges again. Finally, with the help of the rope she lurches free. She is muddy, hot and mad. Chris swings off his horse and steps to her with the purpose of freeing his lariat. As he does so, she suddenly lowers her head and charges after him. The horse shies away. Chris runs for the Shipstead fence and dives under it barely in front of the cow.

79. GROUP OF WOMEN AT TABLE

Mrs. Shipstead, a matronly and hearty woman, adds a last touch to the spread.

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

We're ready. Go on, now.

She herds the women toward the group of men.

80. GROUP OF MEN

STARETT

Who's it you think he might be,
Shane?

Before Shane can answer, the women are upon them, the children gathering on the edges of the crowd.

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

(Her voice strong above
the other noises)

We're ready. All right now.
Everybody?

81. SHOT FEATURING MARIAN AS
SHE RUNS TO STARETT

GROUP

(Singing)

Put on your old
gray bonnet...

MARIAN

Joe! Joe! It's for us,
too! It's our anniversary.

Starett looks at her and at
the faces around him and a
broad smile comes on his own.

STARETT

I swear!

81. (Cont'd)

The singers are entering enthusiastically into the song, some of them clapping to the time.

GROUP
(Singing)
With the blue
ribbons on it...

82. BACK TO CHRIS

Lying on his stomach on the ground, he hears the voices of the singers and after a moment of listening, rises to his feet and creeps into the woods toward the sound.

83. BACK TO PARTY

MARIAN

Dance, Joe. Dance.

She tries to take him in dance position, but he holds his arms wide, the stick in one hand, the knife in the other. He protests in clumsy embarrassment.

STARETT

You know I can't dance, honey! Stop it.

GROUP
(Singing)
While I hitch old
Dobbin to the shay...

MARIAN

(Low-toned to
him alone)

You don't even know I've
got my wedding dress on.

STARETT

Here, take Shane. Bet
he can dance.

She draws away a little and looks at Shane who looks uncertainly at Starett, who nods approval while he smiles with a sort of overgrown bashfulness.

Marian curtseys to Shane, who comes up and takes her in his arms. They start executing an old-fashioned dance step.

Through the fields
of clover...

83. (Cont'd)

As they dance, Marian catches Starett's eye over Shane's shoulder, and she gives him an enigmatic little smile.

84. CHRIS CALLOWAY

He has pushed his way to the edge of the brush and stands concealed there while he observes the party. We get the idea that he is not only young but troubled; a boy answering lonesomely to the sung suggestion of affection and peace and home. As he looks, his eyes come to focus, as ours do too, on the figure of Martha Lewis.

85. BACK TO DANCE - SHOT
FEATURING WATCHING
WOMEN

We see one of them with her eyes on Marian and Shane. Her gaze flicks significantly to the face of another, as if to say there was more here than could be seen.

GROUP
(Singing)
We will ride to
Dover....

86. SHOT FEATURING MARIAN
SHANE AND STARETT

STARETT
Only it's just ten
years. Not near
enough for me.

GROUP
(Singing)
On our golden
wedding day.

87. CHRIS CALLOWAY

He pulls back from his vantage point and retraces his steps, walking slowly and thoughtfully. His ears re-hear the anniversary song and his eyes re-see the scene. Then he climbs through the fence and goes to his horse, now grazing at some distance from the bog-hole. The cow has disappeared from sight.

88. EXT. SHIPSTEAD HOMESTEAD - LATER

The sun is well down now. Out a little distance from the house and the cluttered table, Starett is

88. (Cont'd)

kneeling, preparing to set off some home-made rockets. Circled around him are other members of the party, the children in the front line.

STARETT

(Before he lights
the first rocket)

Stand back now! Don't want anybody hurt.

The circle edges a few steps away. Joe is in the front line of watchers.

JOE

Why don't we wait till night, Pa?

STARETT

(Busy with his
preparations)

Can't do that and still get the chores done.

He lights the rocket and runs back from it. The rocket goes off in a flash of fire and a billow of black powder smoke. As the smoke fades out:

HOWELLS

(Pointing)

Look!

89. LONG SHOT - VALLEY IN DIRECTION OF WRIGHT HOMESTEAD -
(DAY)

A column of smoke rises strongly in the afternoon air.

90. MED. SHOT - GROUP OF HOMESTEADERS ROUND HOWELLS

As they react to the smoke.

JOHNSON

Wright's place!

SHANE

Ryker's celebrating too.

Several look at him, including Starett.

STARETT

(Bitterly)

In case Wright changed his mind the other side of the hill.

They stand watching, silenced by the sight.

90. END OF PICNIC - ALREADY SHOT

91. EXT. TRAIL TO STARETT HOME - (NIGHT)

The Starett's and Shane are bound homeward from the Shipstead party. We see them first at some little distance, jolting over the trail that leads from the Shipstead place to the Starett gate.

Dimly silhouetted against the night sky are the outlines of grave-stones on the high ground above.

92. MED. SHOT - TWO-SEATED BUCKBOARD

Marian, Starett, Shane and Joey are riding along in silence.

JOEY

(Slowly)

Shane, you think that was him?

SHANE

Who, Joey?

JOEY

That man Torrey seen in town. Do you think that was Wilson?

SHANE

That's nothing for you to worry about, Joey.

MARIAN

(Looks around, sees Joey's head on Shane's shoulder.

Smiles faintly)

You rest, Joey. It's way past your bedtime.

JOEY

(Faintly)

Yes, Mother.

(Pause)

Shane.

SHANE

Yes, Joey.

JOEY

But suppose it is Wilson.

DISSOLVE TO:

92A. SIMILAR CLOSEUP - FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD
OVER DISSOLVE we hear STARETT'S VOICE

STARETT
Anyhow, there's nothing to do but
wait and see.

DISSOLVE TO:

92B. SIMILAR SHOT - (LATER)

SHANE
(Peering into the
darkness ahead)
Looks like we have a little
company.

STARETT
Uh-huh.

MARIAN
Who?

STARETT
Can't tell.

JOEY
(Waking up)
Who is it, Pa?

MARIAN
Hush, Joey.

STARETT
Whoa!

93. EXT. STARETT YARD - ALREADY SHOT

93. (Cont'd)

He gets only brief nods in return. He doesn't offer to introduce Wilson, who has halted his horse a little to the rear of him. Wilson and Shane eye each other.

RYKER (Cont'd)

I had something I wanted to talk over with, Starett.

STARETT

Whatever business you and I got can be talked over right here.

Ryker, a little disconcerted by Starett's abruptness, studies his reply.

RYKER

I'll just lay it on the barrel head then. How would you like to work for me?

STARETT

I'm workin' for myself. Done enough of workin' for others.

RYKER

Wait till I tell you. Morgan's leaving me in a couple of months, and I'll need a foreman. Pay you top wages, more'n you can make on your patch of ground.

STARETT

I ain't interested.

RYKER

I haven't said it all. You can run your cattle with mine. And, what's more, I'll buy your homestead. Set a price you think is reasonable, and you'll find me reasonable. Is that fair?

STARETT

You've made things pretty hard for us, Ryker -- and us in the right all the time.

The words arouse Ryker.

RYKER

Right! You in the right!
(He pauses to muster his thoughts, then

93. (Cont'd)

RYKER (Cont'd)

leans over the saddle
horn toward Starett)

Look, Starett, when I came to this country, you weren't much older than your boy there. We had rough times, me and other men that are mostly dead now. I got a bad shoulder yet from a Cheyenne arrowhead. We made this country. We found it and made it, with work and blood and empty bellies. And the cattle we brought in were hazed off by Indians and rustlers that don't bother you much anymore because we handled them. We made a safe range out of this. Some of us died doing it, but we made it. Then people move in who never had to rawhide it through the old days. They fence off my range and fence me off from water. Some of them, like you, plow ditches and take out irrigation water, and so the creek runs dry sometimes, and I have to move my stock because of it. You say we have no rights to the range? The men that did the work and ran the risks have no rights? I take you for a fair man, Starett.

STARETT

(Fumbling for an
answer)

I'm not belittlin' what you and the others did, Ryker. Same time, you didn't find this country. There was trappers here and Indian traders way before you showed up. And they tamed the country more than you did. But they didn't lay claim to all they set their eyes on.

RYKER

They weren't ranchers.

STARETT

You talk about rights. You think you got the right to say that nobody else has any. That ain't the way the government sees it.

RYKER

I didn't come here to argue. I made you a proposition, a fair proposition.

93. (Cont'd)

STARETT

What about the others?

RYKER

Shane already knows he can work
for me, any time.

STARETT

The other homesteaders?

RYKER

Be reasonable!

STARETT

Then I got to say no.

The answer rouses Ryker to a high but controlled pitch of anger. His face shows his feelings. He is silent for a while, getting a rein on himself.

RYKER

You don't give a man much choice.

He looks around and sees Joey at the gatepost and swings off his horse on impulse and goes to him, squatting to look the boy in the face.

RYKER

How do you feel about it, son?
Wouldn't you like to go partners
with me?

Joe looks appealing toward the buggy.

RYKER (Cont'd)

I don't want trouble with your
father. We don't want anyone to
get hurt, do we?

STARETT

Joey ain't quite of age, Ryker.

RYKER

How about it, son?

Joe is silent and frightened. He looks again to the buckboard and then to Shane, who moves from the gate and stands straight. He gives Joe a serious little wink of assurance.

MARIAN

Come here, Joey.

Ryker straightens and goes back slowly to his horse while Joe runs for the buckboard.

93. (Cont'd)

Once mounted, Ryker sits in a grim silence. Then as if he had crossed a bridge:

RYKER

I don't want you to be sorry,
Starett.

STARETT

Thanks.

Ryker heels his horse, motioning Wilson to come along.

RYKER

See you.

Wilson passes close to Shane as he rides through the gate. The two exchange long and calculating glances.

DISSOLVE:

94. EXT. STARETT BARN - (NIGHT)

The edge of darkness. By the side of the Starett barn Starett and Shane are unhitching the team from the buggy immediately after the scene with Ryker. One works on one side of the team, one on the other, dropping the tugs, loosening the hames and collars, etc. They work deliberately and silently, as men do under the burden of thought. Then:

STARETT

What do you think?

SHANE

You saw him, Joe.

STARETT

You were the one with the idea.

SHANE

He's not a cowpuncher or a bronc-buster.

STARETT

He don't look the part, sure enough.

SHANE

What's left?

A thoughtful silence follows. Shane and Starett strip the harness from their horses and start for the barn, Shane a little in advance. He halts to say meaningfully to Starett.

94. (Cont'd)

SHANE

Remember, Joe, Ryker thinks
he's right.

95. INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON - (THE NEXT AFTERNOON --JULY 5th)

Ryker is pacing up and down.

RYKER

All right, all right.

(Then, as if to himself)

How do I keep my rights? I leave
it to any reasonable man.

(He paces back and forth)

I like Starett too, but I'll kill
him if I have to. I tell you, I'll
kill him if I have to.

WILSON

Ryker, you mean I'll kill him if
you have to.

Morgan chuckles slightly. Ryker gives Morgan a dirty
look and continues his own train of thought.

RYKER

I leave it to any reasonable man.

He drinks his whiskey.

MORGAN

One's run already. Won't take much
to stampede the rest.

WILSON

Why don't you just go ahead and gun him
then, and get on with it.

RYKER

You heard Grafton here. I'm thinking
some of him and how the others'd take it.

(Pauses)

I don't want any run-in with the law.
If we could get Starett in here it
wouldn't take much to bait him.

MORGAN

Give it to the next one that comes
into town, Rufe. One's run already
and that'll stampede the rest.

96. EXT. ROAD TO TOWN

Torrey and Shipstead are riding horseback to the settle-
ment. Torrey's little dog trots happily behind them.

(Continued)

96. (Cont'd)

TORREY

Don't you worry. Ryker's boys
won't mess with us.

SHIPSTEAD

Yah, I feel not so easy in town any-
more. But dere is business to do --
(Ending the sentence
with a shrug)

TORREY

Ahh! The scarder we act, the worse
it is for us. Look 'em in the eye .
and tend to your chores. We'll be
all right, I tell you.

96A. INT. GRAFTON'S

Morgan is looking over the saloon doors outside into
town when we hear him say:

MORGAN

Looky here, looky here!

The others come to the door.

We CUT and SEE:

96A-1. TORREY AND SHIPSTEAD RIDING INTO TOWN

96A-2. INT. GRAFTON'S

Wilson gets set to walk out.

RYKER

Remember, Wilson, we've got to make
this look right...to Grafton.

This, then, becomes a business of making it look
right and putting it over on Grafton. Wilson walks
out onto the porch.

96B. (ALREADY SHOT) (TORREY'S KILLING)

96B. (Cont'd)

TORREY

Anything wrong with that?

WILSON

Just funny.

The two men eye each other. We see both apprehension and courage in Torrey's face.

WILSON (Cont'd)

I guess a lot of that southern trash was named after old Stonewall.

Torrey, stung by the insult, raises his voice.

TORREY

Who was you named after -- or would you know?

96C. EXT. TOWN - SHIPSTEAD

He is emerging from the saddle and harness shop down the street from Grafton's, a distance of about fifty yards. He has a horse collar in his hand. He halts as he steps out, hearing o.s. voices high and sharp with anger, the words themselves indistinct. From his angle we see Torrey and Wilson in their verbal exchange.

96D. BACK TO TORREY AND WILSON

WILSON

(With a loud disdain)

I'm sayin' Stonewall Jackson was trash himself, him and Lee and all them Rebs. You, too.

TORREY

(Shouting)

You're a low-down, lyin' Yankee.

WILSON

Prove it!

Torrey, his face working with anger, grabs for his revolver, but before he can so much as bring it up, Wilson shoots him in the chest. Torrey wheels around crazily, then falls on his back.

96E. BACK TO SHIPSTEAD

He stands frozen, then begins stumbling up the street toward the scene of combat, the horse collar forgotten in his hand. The men on the porch clatter down.

MORGAN

One scdbuster less.

The two others look at Wilson silently, their faces showing a sort of distrustful awe.

Morgan offers his hand to Wilson, but Wilson ignores it while he watches Shipstead. His revolver hangs in his fist. The other three also turn their eyes on Shipstead. Grafton and Atkey have come out on the porch.

Shipstead looks at Wilson and the Ryker men and stops and sees blood staining Torrey's shirt front over the heart. He straightens numbly and looks again at the men. Torrey's little dog is whimpering.

MORGAN

(To Shipstead)

You can take him back.

(Pointing to the
rack)

That his horse?

Shipstead nods dumbly -- stands silently while Morgan and his two helpers untie the horse at the rack, lead it to Torrey's body and heave the body crosswise over the saddle, securing it with the lariat tied at the pommel. As they do so, we see someone running from the saddle and harness shop across the street.

SADDLE-SHOP KEEPER

Who's it? Who's down?

(Continued)

96E. (Cont'd)

Receiving no answer, he stands watching.

Morgan hands the reins of Torrey's horse to Shipstead.

MORGAN

We'll be here if any more of your
friends want to come in.

He takes the horse collar from Shipstead's unresisting hand and pops it over Shipstead's head.

Still wordlessly, Shipstead trudges to the rack where his own horse is tied, gets on and starts from town, leading Torrey's burdened horse. Torrey's dog follows, whimpering. We see Shipstead from the rear as he leaves the settlement.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sodbuster!

DISSOLVE:

97. EXT. LEWIS HOMESTEAD

This is the homestead nearest the edge of town. In the side yard a girl, Ruth, who is twelve, is hanging up wash from a basket by her side and also keeping an eye out for the baby toddling around her. On the porch, facing away from the approaching Torrey, Martha Lewis is churning. As Shipstead nears the place with his burden, the Lewis's dog barks loudly. Ruth straightens a garment on the line, turns and sees Shipstead. She watches for a long moment while the details of the scene grow clear to her and then, suddenly terrified, snatches up the baby and runs to the door, screaming:

RUTH

Ma! Ma!

Martha jumps up from the churn. Mrs. Lewis, her hands white with flour, hurries through the door. She, like Martha and Ruth, is horrified at what she sees. With quick anxiety, she looks across a meadow where, in the distance, we see Lewis raking hay.

DISSOLVE:

98. EXT. STARETT KITCHEN

Starett and Shane are washing up after the day's work, using the basins on the bench that flanks the kitchen.

(Continued)

98. (Cont'd)

STARETT

We sure enough earned our keep
today, Shane.

He ducks and begins washing his face with his hands;
to the accompaniment of blowing and puffings. Face
dripping, he looks at Shane, who is going about his
washing quietly.

STARETT (Cont'd)

Leave us alone, and we'll make a
farm out of this place yet.

Starett takes a towel from a nail driven into the
wall, hands one end of it to Shane. They dry
simultaneously, using the one towel.

SHANE

Uh-huh.

As he speaks he drops his end of the towel and
studies his hands which, close up, are seen to have
been blistered and coarsened by farm work.
Starett sees him studying them, looks at them him-
self.

STARETT

They're beginnin' to look like a
workin' man's.

Shane only nods, and Starett, about to dismiss the
subject, turns his gaze on the hands again, then on
Shane's face, as if finding a significance he had
missed at first. Then, matter-of-factly:

STARETT (Cont'd)

'Nother day, 'nother deed.

He slaps the towel on its nail.

99. EXT. PLAIN - SHIPSTEAD

Slowly he is coming along the trail with his burden.
Joe, romping outside with the Starett dog, is the
first to see them.

100. STARETT AND SHANE

Starett has taken a couple of steps toward the door
of the house. He looks behind him at Shane, who
stands gazing in the direction of the trail from town.

STARETT

Ready?

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(Continued)

100. (Cont'd)

Shane doesn't answer. Starett turns to gaze toward the trail. Both of them, without words, start forward toward the distantly-visible figure of Shipstead, his horse and the body lying across it. We see the Starett dog run from Joe, barking at the visitor. Marian emerges after the dog starts a long, mournful howl.

101. SHIPSTEAD

Stopped not far outside the Starett gate. Both Shane and Starett walk toward him. Both silently register the tragedy.

SHIPSTEAD

Torrey, he is dead.

STARETT

Dead!

SHIPSTEAD

Da new man did it. Da new man by Ryker.

STARETT

(Swinging open the gate
and striding through,
followed by Shane)

Torrey dead!

Marian approaches silently. Joe runs in from where he has been playing.

SHIPSTEAD

(Running on in excitement)
I be across da street and hear mad
in da voices, and dey reach for
pistols, but new man is quivick.
Terrible quivick. Vun shot. Torrey
dead.

Starett and Shane exchange quick glances.

STARETT

(Harshly)

Go on.

SHIPSTEAD

Ve go to town togedder. He say it
be safe. All quiviet. Ve separate.
Den da mad in da voices I hear.
Only da mad, not da vords. Ryker's
men vas all around.

101. (Cont'd)

Shane walks thoughtfully to the side of Torrey's horse. Looking closely at Torrey's body, he examines the wound over the heart with a sort of professional deliberation as if to determine the qualifications of the killer. Joe watches him. Torrey's dog whimpers. The Starett dog, haunched nearby, renews its mournful howling. Shane, having completed his inspection, goes back and leans against the fence, his eyes thoughtful and troubled as they rest on the scene. (This action on Shane's part is continuous throughout the following dialogue).

STARETT

What started it?

Shipstead only shakes his head, then volunteers:

SHIPSTEAD

I pass Lewis. Him and his missus,
and Yohnson. Dey scared.

STARETT

Who saw it?

SHIPSTEAD

Yust da Ryker men and me. Morgan
say dey wait in town for any more.

STARETT

(Turning)

Marian, get ready. Miz Torrey'll
need you. Shane, hitch up.

MARIAN

(Anxiously stepping
forward)

What are you going to do?

STARETT

Go to town. I'll find out about
this.

MARIAN

You won't. You can't -- not alone.

STARETT

I'm going.

SHANE

She's right, Joe.

MARIAN

Everyone's in this. Not just you.
Wait, please, Joe. Wait on the
others.

101. (Con't)

STARETT

(After a pause)

Sooner or later someone's got to.

MARIAN

Not now, Joe. Not you alone.

SHIPSTEAD

Da odders, I t'ink dey run.

Starett gives Shipstead a quick and searching look. Shane is still watching Torrey's body. Watching him and sitting nearby, is Joe. Shane straightens from the fence to go hitch the team. As he does so, Joe asks quietly.

JOE

What are you going to do, Shane?

Shane makes no reply. On Joe's watchful face, we

DISSOLVE:

102. EXT. LEWIS HOMESTEAD - (MID-MORNING OF NEXT DAY)

A tattered covered wagon and a light work wagon are drawn up, unhitched, close to the kitchen door. The Lewis baby toddles around outside. Mrs. Lewis and the four girls move from house to wagon and wagon to house transferring their belongings. Lewis comes out the kitchen door carrying a chair. He takes it to the covered wagon and lifts it inside, and we see then that the interior is piled with odds and ends of furnishings. He stows the chair inside and starts back for the door, through which Mrs. Lewis and Martha emerge with armloads of clothing and old linens. Mrs. Lewis looks beyond Lewis, past the wagons.

MRS. LEWIS

Joe Starett's comin'.

He turns around, see Starett approaching on horseback.

LEWIS

Wisht he'd tend to his own business.

He walks out to meet Starett as Mrs. Lewis lays her burden in the wagon. She follows a few paces. One by one the girls, coming from the house with their loads, halt to listen. The baby toddles up to her mother.

102. (Cont'd)

STARETT

(After appraising the scene)
What goes on?

LEWIS

Us. Just us. We're goin' on.

STARETT

Funeral this afternoon.

LEWIS

We'll be busy packin'.

STARETT

I'll take it bad of you, Lewis.

LEWIS

Can't help it.

STARETT

Some are stayin'.

Lewis turns away. His eyes go to the house and yard
and come to rest on his numerous female progeny.

LEWIS

I got enough.

STARETT

We'll see what's what.

MRS. LEWIS

(In thin and almost
tearful tones)
We've already saw. Torrey's dead,
ain't he?

STARETT

(To Lewis)
You aren't.

LEWIS

Don't aim to be.

STARETT

I figured you for a better man.

LEWIS

Take it the way you want it.

STARETT

You're through with bein' a man,
I guess.

102. (Cont'd)

LEWIS

Not with bein' a live one.

STARETT

So scairt you can't even do decent
by Torrey. Just want to pile
your plunder and skip.

MRS. LEWIS

I don't want him kilt.

STARETT

He won't be. Won't anything happen
for awhile. I'll be expectin' you.

Under Starett's commanding gaze, Lewis and his wife
look at each other. Meantime the children have
lagged closer. Martha stands by Mrs. Lewis.

MRS. LEWIS

We ain't got no place to go, but
I don't want him kilt.

MARTHA

(With suppressed passion)
I wish I was a man.

LEWIS

Anything to get your way, ain't
it, Joe? Shame a man into it or
anything?

Starett holds them with his eyes for a moment longer,
then reins away.

Lewis and his wife look at each other, uncertain and
anxious.

102a. CLOSEUP OF TWINS

1ST TWIN

Aren't we goin' anywhere?

2ND TWIN

You promised we'd go back to Missouri.

DISSOLVE:

103. EXT. JOHNSON HOMESTEAD - (DAY) - SAME AS PRECEDING SCENE

It is about noon.

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(Continued)

103. (Cont'd)

Of all the homesteaders' places, Johnson's is the poorest -- one-room shack, jerry-built barn, and that's about all. One would call it what it is -- bachelor's quarters. Johnson is shoeing a horse just outside the barn. He has a foreleg between his knees and is busy with a hammer. Another horse, freshly shod, is tied nearby. Johnson's preoccupation with his job and the noise of the hammer keep him from noting Starett's approach.

STARETT (O.S.)

Got a few you can shoe for me.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show them both. Starett is mounted. Johnson looks up, bends back to his task to twist off the point of a nail, then lets the leg drop and straightens up.

JOHNSON

Howdy.

Starett looks at the feet of the shod horse, at the feet of the horse being shod, which we see close up.

STARETT

I'm callin' for help.

JOHNSON

Help. From me?

STARETT

The boys are goin' to pull out unless we can hold 'em.

JOHNSON

Hold 'em?

STARETT

What's scarin' 'em is wives and children. They're thinkin' about them.

JOHNSON

Sure.

STARETT

You got no wife and no child.

JOHNSON

Nor anything else much.

103. (Cont'd)

STARETT

Just yourself to think about. So,
you don't scare like some. I want
you to help me with Howells. He's
likely afraid.

JOHNSON

Help how?

STARETT

Get him to stay over.

JOHNSON

Me?

STARETT

Funeral this afternoon.

JOHNSON

Howells don't pay me too much mind.

STARETT

It's just that he'll know you're
stayin', Johnson. It's just that
he'll see you ain't scared away.

JOHNSON

Then what?

STARETT

I'm takin' that up with Ryker.

DISSOLVE:

104. EXT. THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD ON A SLOP OUTSIDE THE
TOWN - (DAY)

At first we see nothing except grass bent to the
wind, a tumbleweed rolling before it. All stream
across the screen. As they do so, we hear the mourn-
ful whistle of the wind and, rising brave and frail
above it, a mixed quartet singing, not very well, the
last verse of "Abide With Me". Throughout the scene,
while THE CAMERA SHOWS US THE DETAILS, the song keeps
on to the closing amen.

QUARTET

"Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen."

104. (Cont'd)

We see the small group of homesteaders gathered around the raw grave that has been dug for Torrey. Nearby stands the trail wagons that Lewis and his wife were loading up in the previous scene. The wagons are still loaded. The rigs of the other homesteaders are tied to the rickety fence that encloses the plot. In the b.g. just outside the distant settlement, we see two riders bound for town.

A plain pine box, underlaid with lariats with which to lower it, rests alongside the grave. Beside it sits Torrey's forlorn dog. Starett, a Bible in his hand, stands at the head of the grave. At one side, with song books in their hands, are the members of the quartet --- Mrs. Shipstead, Johnson, Marian and Lewis.

At the other, weeping, is Mrs. Torrey. She looks forlorn and somehow alone, though Shipstead and Martha stand close to her. Others of the group, including Joe and Shane, are spotted around the grave, the men with heads bared. We see that all the men, with the exception of Starett and Shane, now for the first time are armed. They also are uneasy.

Now and then they look around them, even the male members of the quartet do. They steal glances down the slope toward town, as if fearful of meeting the same fate as Torrey. Shane and Starett are exceptions. In Starett's face we read a grim and fixed purpose that contrasts sharply with the others' anxious indecision.

The wind keeps tugging at the group. It blows a steady stream of dust from the mounded earth beside the grave.

CAMERA MOVES to show us the graveyard, a ragged and barren little plot enclosed by a barbed-wire fence to which the rigs of the homesteaders are hitched. Gophers, one of which we see frisking around a hole, have dug burrows in the plot. The few graves are mounded over, after the old-fashioned manner. They are marked, except for one, with wooden pegs at the foot and rounded boards, with chiseled or painted inscriptions already indistinct, at the head. The exception is a stone marker, three feet high. Just in passing the CAMERA SHOWS us its inscription:

ANNA A. RYKER

1848-----1880

Rest in Peace

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(Continued)

104. (Cont'd)

BACK TO GROUP and then, CLOSEUP to Howells and his wife. Their two children stand on either side.

HOWELLS

(With his mouth to
Mrs. Howells' ear)

This here's enough for me.

To his questioning look, Mrs. Howells nods sadly. The quartet comes to the closing amen. Then, after a minute:

STARETT

Axel, would you lead us in the
Lord's Prayer?

Shipstead, after a moment of surprise, bows his head as do the others as he utters the prayer. His voice, with its Scandinavian accent, sounds above the murmur of the rest. The prayer mixes with the whistling of the wind. We hear a choked sob from Mrs. Torrey.

The prayer over, the homesteaders start lowering the casket into the grave, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

105. THE GRAVEYARD

The crowd has waited until the men could fill in the grave. Starett looks around at the group.

STARETT

There's one thing more. Torrey was
a brave man. I figure we'd be doin'
him wrong if we wasn't the same.

Again there is a sob from Mrs. Torrey, drowned in the wind.

105A. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. TORREY AND MRS. SHIPSTEAD

MRS. SHIPSTEAD

You stay with us. We have room.

105B. BACK TO GROUP

LEWIS

(Quietly)

The last time you asked us to stay,
Torrey was alive.

105b. (Cont'd)

HOWELLS

And what do you want us to stay for?
(Motioning toward
the grave)

This?

The two have spoken with a certain diffidence fitting to the occasion. But bit by bit the character of the gathering is starting to become less and less that of a funeral and more of a meeting. The mounded grave stands between the speakers; emphasizes the gravity of all that is said on both sides.

STARETT

We can have a regular settlement
here. A town, and churches and
schools and ----

As he has started to speak, Howells' attention has been attracted to something o.s.

LEWIS

(Interrupting Starett)
And graveyards.

HOWELLS

Look! Look there!
(he points)

106. LONG SHOT - LEWIS HOMESTEAD - (DAY)

A thick column of smoke rises there.

107. MED. SHOT - THE GROUP ROUND THE GRAVE

All react.

LEWIS

(Looking at his wife with
stunned incredulity)
It's our place!

(Continued)

100. IN A SERIES OF CUTS WE SEE THE DIFFERENT FACIAL
to REACTIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP TO THE SIGHT
113. OF THE BURNING HOMESTEAD.
114.1

114. LEWIS AND HIS WIFE

LEWIS

(slowly, as if coming
to an awareness of
what he had proposed
to give up)

He had no right to do that.

Starett enters the scene.

STARETT

(With a quiet under-
standing)

You gave it up, Fred.

LEWIS

(Still slowly, after
a pause)

But it was ours.

(Looking down at
his hands)

I built it myself.

Mrs. Lewis, with tears in her eyes, nods to his words. For a long moment Starett studies Lewis, then bobs his head decisively as if he knew what was in the other's mind.

STARETT

(Almost as an order)

Come on, then.

He starts leading the way to the vehicles. Lewis beckons his family. Indecisively, the others trail along to their conveyances.

Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, the baby and the twins get into one wagon, as he takes charge of the team. Martha and Ruth mount the other with Martha at the reins.

DISSOLVE:

115. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - (AFTERNOON)

Ryker and his foreman, Morgan, stand looking in the direction of the cemetery from which in the distance we see the homesteaders begin to roll across the windy countryside in the direction of the Lewis cabin.

DISSOLVE:

116. EXT. LEWIS HOMESTEAD - (DAY)

The first fury of the fire has passed. The roof of the place has fallen in. The walls are crumbling. Around, watching, stand the homesteaders, except for Mrs. Torrey, who sits in the Snipstead buggy.

117. CLOSE SHOT - HOWELLS AND HIS WIFE

As a section of wall falls in, sending out a shower of sparks, Howells turns his head in silent inquiry to his wife. She answers with a slow, regretful nod. Silently, they turn and start toward their rig.

118. CLOSE SHOT.- SHANE

He knows Howells is leaving. He gets Starett's attention, nods in the direction of the departing family.

STARETT

Wait, Howells.

The Howells turn at his command. He looks around at the faces. Before he speaks, Mrs. Lewis cries out tearfully, as if in bereavement:

MRS. LEWIS

We never built that room for the girls.

Starett lets his eyes rest an instant on her, then turns to face the group.

STARETT

You wanta know what I want to stick here for? I'll tell you what. For home and our wives and a decent kind of life --- and room for the young'ns, like with the Lewises here. This is farmin' country, a place for people to come and bring up families and live happy, the way we can live happy if we got nerve enough. Give up this valley? It's givin' up a big part of our lives. It's givin' up a chance that won't come again. What's Ryker? He only wants to grow beef, and what we want to grow is families like they was meant to be growed. Stick together and we can put Lewis's house back -- and a room for the girls, to boot. God didn't make this country for Ryker.

(Continued)

118. (Cont'd)

HOWELLS

He's got it though.

STARETT

Not yet he hasn't

HOWELLS

What's to keep Ryker from firin'
a new place? What's to keep him
from killin' more men?

Everyone looks at Starett -- some keenly, some unwillingly. But they all look at him -- even Shane. Because Howells has put the question -- the only real question left in the minds of anybody.

SHIPSTEAD

Yah. Vat do ve do, Yoe?

The question stops Starett, for not yet has he realized actually what he has to do. After a pause in which he looks around as if for an answer:

STARETT

One way or another, we'll see it
through.

HOWELLS

How? What do we do?

STARETT

(Slowly, as if his
decision were just
being made)

Give me time. Give me just a
little time.

HOWELLS

What for?

STARETT

For Ryker.

Shane, watched by Joe, steals a significant look at Starett. We detect something in his expression that sees more than mere talk in the proposed meeting with Ryker. On Marian's face we see the sudden, fearful recognition of what is in Starett's mind.

DISSOLVE:

119. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

Ryker and Morgan are watching the proceedings at the sight of the burned cabin. With them now are

(Continued)

119. (Cont'd)

Chris and two other Ryker hands. Chris stands at a little remove from the rest. In the distance we see, with the Ryker group, that the homesteaders are starting their trek to their farms; each going to his own. There is a long silence in which Ryker watches the homeward journeys. Morgan then turns to him:

MORGAN

It looks like Starett's done it again. Or else you everplayed your hand. They're goin' home.

With a fierce gesture of his arm, Ryker turns his back on the scene.

RYKER

All right! Starett'll be home before long. Get the boys and tell him I want to see him.

MORGAN

And you think he'll come?

RYKER

Tell him I'm a reasonable man. Tell him things have gone far enough.

(Then bitterly:)

He thinks he's reasonable, too.

MORGAN

And then ride back?

RYKER

Make a point of goin' to the ranch. Wilson's enough. Tell Starett anything. Tell him I'm beat -- but get him here. He'll come.

120. A CLOSEUP OF CHRIS

shows he has followed the conversation with some inward reservations.

121. GROUP

As the group of men turns back toward the saloon,
we

DISSOLVE:

122. EXT. STARETT HOME - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Starett stands in the semi-darkness, gazing out over the moonlit valley. A coyote is howling. Far off, a dog barks. The Starett's dog answers. At some distance from the house we make out two tents dimly aglow with lantern light. Starett smokes his pipe and stands looking. After a moment, the door opens and Marian stands there looking at him.

MARIAN

Joe.

He turns his head toward her.

STARETT

(Motioning with his pipe
stem toward the tents)
More leather in them Lewises than
I figured.

MARIAN

You can't do it.

STARETT

Do what?

MARIAN

You know. See Ryker.

STARETT

I know what I got to do.

MARIAN

Come in. You're tired.

He moves somewhat mechanically from his position and enters the lighted house.

123. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

Shane is sitting at a table, showing Joe how to tie knots in a piece of rope. He doesn't look up as Starett enters, though Joe does so, briefly.

STARETT

(As he enters the house
behind Marian)

No use to argue.

Shane now looks up. His gaze rests on Starett. Following it, Joe looks at his father too.

MARIAN

(Almost wearily)
He'll kill you.

STARETT

It's the only chance.

123. (Cont'd)

SHANE

(To Joe, as if he
hadn't heard the
conversation)

This is a false square knot. Won't
hold anything.

Marian turns desperately to Shane.

MARIAN

Shane! Tell him. Tell him not
to go to town. Tell him it won't
work. Tell him.

Shane, no longer watched by Joe, has quit fiddling
with the rope. For a moment he remains with his
head bent over, seeming unwilling to speak.

MARIAN

Shane!

Shane rises, not answering.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

(To Starett)

Wait until things cool off. Wait
that long. That's right, isn't
it, Shane?

Shane has reached the door. Slowly he says:

SHANE

Tell Joe what's right?

He exits, followed in a moment by Joey. Marian
turns silently to Starett. Without words he takes
her in his arms.

MARIAN

Please wait, Joe. Won't you do
even that much for me?

124. CLOSE SHOT - SHANE - NEAR THE BARN

He is walking slowly toward the barn. He stops and
listens. Joey runs up to him and they listen to-
gether. We hear the faint sound of approaching
horses.

125. LONG SHOT - VALLEY FROM SHANE'S ANGLE

In the moonlight we can make out the approaching
figures of riders.

126. INT. STARETT KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

Starett is taking his arms from around Marian.

STARETT

No use to argue, money. I'm going into this with my eyes open.

VOICE OF MORGAN (O.s.)

Starett!

For a moment Starett stands listening. Then he moves over to the wall against which his shotgun is resting.

MARIAN

No, Joe.

Starett pays her no heed. He takes the gun, pushes her away from the door, opens it and walks out.

127. EXT. STARETT HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Starett stands in the shadows, looking out across the land where the figures of the riders are becoming more and more distinct. There are a half dozen of them. Starett's gun is at ready.

STARETT

Who is it?

MORGAN

Peace party from Ryker.

Starett, shotgun in hand, walks out toward the riders.

STARETT

No funny business. Come across and say it.

The riders splash across the stream and draw up in front of him. Marian emerges from the house and stands just outside the doorway.

MORGAN

We ain't armed. Ryker wants to see you. He thinks things have gone too far. Says to tell you he's a reasonable man.

STARETT

(Grimly)

So he killed Torrey.

(Continued)

127. (Cont'd)

MORGAN

Torrey was a nothead. He asked for it.

Starett doesn't answer immediately.

MORGAN (Cont'd)

You want to be reasonable too?

STARRETT

(Still grimly)

I already figured on it.

MORGAN

we'll be at Grafton's.

STARRETT

Who else?

MORGAN

Not us. We're headin' home.

Marian comes forward to put a uselessly restraining hand on Starett's arm.

STARRETT

(Letting his shotgun sag in his hands)

I'll see him.

MORGAN

Come on, boys.

The figures of the riders disappear across the creek and into the distance, to the accompaniment of fading hoof-beats. They are bound not back towards town, but towards the Ryker ranch to the right.

127a CLOSE SHOT - SHANE

Standing in the deep shadows, he lowers his right hand. In it, he has been holding the revolver with which he had been covering Morgan. Joe stands wordless at his side.

DISSOLVE:

128. EXT. STARETT HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT)

Away from the Starett house and outbuildings, the Lewises' camp. The camp consists of a couple of tarps thrown over ridge poles supported by makeshift crotches. The two wagons stand nearby. The tents, illuminated by lanterns, shine yellow in the moonlit

(Continued)

128. (Cont'd)

darkness. We see the shadows of figures moving inside. Mrs. Lewis' voice sounds o.s.

MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)

(Wearily and unconvincingly)
Everything's fixed up nice. You
young'ns get right to bed. Martha,
tend to the baby.

129. CUT TO CALLOWAY

He has tied his horse in a piece of concealing brush and stands at the edge of it looking at the Lewis encampment. Through his eyes we see Martha leading the baby by the hand. They are perhaps twenty paces from the nearer of the tents. Chris steps forward.

CHRIS

(Very softly)

Miss Martha.

Martha is startled and a little afraid, but she stands resolutely while Chris approaches, meantime moving the baby defensively behind her. The ensuing conversation is quietly pitched against the background of voices inside the tents.

CHRIS (Cont'd)

Please don't be scared. There's
a thing I got to tell you.

MARTHA

You've said enough -- and done
enough.

CHRIS

(Hanging his head and
scuffing the ground
with one boot toe)
I didn't want you thinkin' it
was me that fired your place.

MARTHA

Is that all?

CHRIS

I been on the other side, and
I'm sorry about that.

MARTHA

It's late to be sorry. I ought
to call the men.

(Continued)

129. (Cont'd)

CHRIS

Call 'em if you have a mind to.
I been wrong.

She doesn't answer him but stands there appraising him while the baby peeks at him from behind her skirt.

CHRIS (Cont'd)

I wish you could see it to forgive me.

(He turns dispiritedly
away from her in the
direction of the
Starett premises)

Least I can do now is tell Shane.

(He waits in vain for
a reply. When:)

Would you know where Shane's at?

For a long instant she remains indecisive. As she waits Mrs. Lewis calls from o.s.

MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)

Martha, what you doin'?

MARTHA

(Raising her voice)

We're all right. Coming.

(Quietly to Chris
while she points)

In the bunkroom, maybe.

Chris starts away, then turns back on impulse.

CHRIS

I don't s'pose you'd come with me?

MARTHA

Why should I?

CHRIS

Maybe you'd believe me if you
heard what I'm goin' to say.

(When she doesn't
respond, he goes on)

I'd like to make you think good
of me. Please.

MARTHA

I don't owe you any favors.

CHRIS

It's the other way about. I'm
just askin' please. It won't
take but a minute.

(Continued)

129. (Cont'd)

While she is coming to her decision he adds:

CHRIS (Cont'd)

It's on account of you I'm doin' it.

She turns silently, ushers the baby to the tent and pushes her gently.

MARTHA

You run on in.

The baby toddles to the lighted opening.

MARTHA (Cont'd)

(Raising her voice)

I'll be in directly, Ma.

MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)

(Complainingly)

'Less you get to bed, you'll be all wore out in the morning'.

THE CAMERA PANS with Martha and Chris as they walk wordlessly toward Shane's quarters. A dim light shines through the small window. Martha looks at Chris as if challenging him to prove his good intentions.

CHRIS

(In a subdued call)

Shane. Oh, Shane. Shane.

SHANE (O.S.).

Who is it?

CHRIS

Chris. Chris Calloway.

Silence in the barn. The light goes off.

CHRIS (Cont'd)

Martha Lewis is with me.

Our first awareness of Shane is just as a shapeless movement inside the barn.

SHANE

Move away from him, Martha.

She takes a step or two to the side.

Shane emerges hatless. We catch a glint of the revolver in his hand.

(Continued)

129.

(Cont'd)

SHANE (Cont'd)

What is it?

CHRIS

Starett's up against a stacked deck.

SHANE

He knows it.

CHRIS

It's a trick.

SHANE

Who told you?

CHRIS

A man hears things.

SHANE

Why you telling me?

CHRIS

(With a sort of
inarticulate shame)

I do' know...Somep'n come over me.

SHANE

I can't figure you.

CHRIS

I'm through with Ryker.

Martha's expression shows that she is being impressed with Chris' words.

SHANE

So that's it.

After a long pause, he steps forward, transferring his revolver to his left hand. He holds out his right.

SHANE (Cont'd)

Thanks.

CHRIS

(As he takes Shane's
hand)

Sorry I been a fool.

SHANE

It's all right.

(Continued)

129. (Cont'd)

CHRIS

You'll know something to do,
maybe.

SHANE

Maybe I will.

CHRIS

So long then.

(He turns to Martha)

Could I walk back with you?
My horse is cached over there.

She gives him a long and sympathetic look and, still holding his face with her eyes, slowly nods her head.

DISSOLVE:

130. EXT. STARETT HOUSE - (NIGHT)

We see Starett's horse, saddled and bridled, tied near the gate of the fence surrounding the house.

131. INT. STARRETT KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The lamp is lighted. Starett sits heavily at the table, his pipe dead in his mouth. We note that his old cartridge belt, holster and six-shooter hang from the wall. Joey is seated nearby, his eyes on his father. Marian, standing at the work table,

(Continued)

makes a pretense of scraping a pan, then puts it down and dries her hands and comes over to Starett. She is in a state of numb despair.

MARIAN

And nothing I can say will change it?

Joey turns in his seat to look at her and it is as if she had just grown aware of his presence.

MARIAN

(With anxious irritation)

Go in the other room, Joey.

When he is slow to respond she steps to him, gets him up, puts her hand on his shoulder and marches him to the door. On the way, Joey halts momentarily to snatch a small stick from the woodbox.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

Find something to do.

She closes the door after him and turns back to Starett.

STARETT

Can't you see? Maybe there's a chance now. Morgan and them boys went home.

MARIAN

You don't really believe that. That isn't the reason.

STARETT

It's too much of livin' for me to give up -- this place and the valley and the picture of what will be.

MARIAN

What will be!

STARETT

And I can't have you spendin' the rest of your life makin' excuses for me, sayin' maybe I did duck, but what sensible man wouldn't.

MARIAN

Joe!

(Continued)

131. (Cont'd)

STARETT

There's others, too. What would they say?

MARIAN

It's just pride, that's all, a silly kind of pride.

131a. INT. LIVING ROOM - JOEY

He has the stick in his pocket. As he draws it out, like a man uncasing a revolver, we hear him whisper:

JOE

.... high enough so the revolver comes easy to your hand; low enough that the barrel clears fast...

131b. INT. KITCHEN - MARIAN AND STARETT

MARIAN

Don't I mean anything to you?
Doesn't Joey?

STARETT

(Laying his pipe
aside and rising)
It's because you mean so much that I got to go.

(He moves to her and
puts his arms around
her; she yields passively)
You think I could keep livin' with
you, and you thinkin' I showed
yellow? And how would I ever ex-
plain it to Joey?

MARIAN

(Beginning to sob
quietly)
Oh, Joel! Joel!

He holds her gently.

STARETT

I been thinkin' quite a lot.

(Long pause while
she sobs in his arms)
I'm kind of slow in my mind, Marian,
but I see things sometimes. If any-
thing happens to me, you'll be took
care of, and took care of better
than I can do it myself.

(Continued)

131b. (Cont'd)

STARETT (Cont'd)

(Another pause)

I never thought to hear myself
say that--- but this is a time
to lay things bare.

MARIAN

(Pushing back a little
from him and regard-
ing him tearfully)

You make it sound as if I'm glad
for you to go.

STARETT

(Drawing her close
again)

Honey! You're the honestest and
best girl that ever lived, and I
couldn't do what I got to do ex-
cept I've always knowed I could
trust you.

They stand together, not speaking.

131c. INT. LIVING ROOM - JOEY

Tired of his playing, he drops the stick and goes
out the front door.

131d. INT. KITCHEN - MARIAN AND STARETT

Starett has removed the revolver from its holster
and is spinning the cylinder to make sure that all
is in working order. As he turns to put it back,
he looks at Marian and is so moved by the misery in
her manner and expression that he lays the weapon on
the table and walks to her. He lays his hand under
her chin and lifts her downcast head. He speaks
with attempted lightness.

STARETT

Don't go countin' me out. I wouldn't
have lived this long if I wasn't
tough.

As they stand there the kitchen door sweeps open and
Joe bursts in.

JOE

Pa! Mother! Shane's got his gun
on! He's coming!

STARETT

Gun!

(Continued)

131d. (Cont'd)

Starett strides out the door. Marian dries her eyes with her apron. She and Joe trail after him, leaving the door open.

132. EXT. STARETT HOMESTEAD

We can see Shane coming through the fence. His saddled horse stands beside Starett's. Closer view, made the more distinct by the light from inside the house, shows us that Shane has donned his familiar black garb and that his revolver hangs at his side.

STARETT

What's the idea?

MARIAN

Don't let him go, Shane! Don't anybody go!

SHANE

This is my kind of game, Joe.

STARETT

Except that it ain't yours.

MARIAN

Are you both foolish enough to go!

STARETT

Just me.

SHANE

Maybe you can match Ryker -- maybe not. But you can't match Wilson.

STARETT

If it comes to that, I can outlast him. Not that I ain't grateful, Shane.

MARIAN

(Approaching them with
the tears glimmering
in her eyes)

You're out of your senses.

(She spreads her hands
as if to include the
homestead)

This isn't worth a life.

They look at her, unconvinced.

(Continued)

132. (Cont'd)

MARIAN (Cont'd)

What are you fighting for? This---
this shack and a little piece of
ground and work and work and work.
I'm sick of it. I'm sick of trouble.
Joe, let's move! Let's go on!
Please!

STARETT

It ain't so, honey. Don't say that.
You've loved it more'n me.

MARIAN

Not any more.

STARETT

If it was the truth, it wouldn't
change things.

(he turns toward the
lighted door)

All I need's my riggin'.

(He goes into the
kitchen)

MARIAN

There must be a way, Shane, some
way!

Shane nods as he moves toward the door. Starett
comes out the door buckling on his cartridge belt,
to find Shane facing him.

SHANE

It's no use.

STARETT

No use? What's stoppin' me?

SHANE

I am, Joe.

STARETT

Get out of the way!

Starett tries to move around Shane, but Shane
maneuvers to keep in front of him.

STARETT

(Half angrily)

Do I have to fight you, too?

SHANE

Depends on you.

(Continued)

132. (Cont'd)

Starett eyes Shane, sees the determination in his face and abruptly lets fly. The blow catches Shane on the jaw and knocks him down. He lies stunned a moment, then arises groggily. Starett has had time to go through the fence and untie his horse. As he attempts to throw a leg over, Shane runs forward and catches the bridle. The horse rears. Shane gets Starett by one arm and pulls him down. They roll fighting on the ground. A wild blow from Starett clips Shane's jaw, renewing his grogginess. Starett gets up and starts again for the horse. Rising, Shane frees his revolver.

133. CLOSE SHOT - MARIAN

She has seen this last move with dismay.

MARIAN

No!

134. MED. SHOT - STARETT AND SHANE

Starett turns at Marian's shrill cry, one foot in the stirrup. He is too late. With the butt of the pistol, Shane raps him hard behind the ear. As Starett folds and starts to fall backwards, Shane catches him over a shoulder and carries him through the gate toward the kitchen.

Joey, a look of agonized disbelief on his face, runs forward -- then trots along, at Shane's side.

JOE

You hit him -- you hit him with your gun!

As Shane lays Starett gently on the grass outside the kitchen door, Marian runs forward and kneels beside Starett. She looks with wordless distress at him and then at Shane.

SHANE

When he comes to, make him walk around. Get a towel.

(Then, turning to Joe)

Joey -- water and a towel.

MARIAN

(Crying)

It's all so crazy.

At the command in Shane's voice, Joe runs into the kitchen.

(Continued)

134. (Cont'd)

Shane takes Starett's revolver from its holster and holds it out to Marian.

SHANE

Here -- hide this.

She takes it questioningly and then as Joe comes out with a bucket and towel, wets the towel and gently puts the compress on Starett's head. Shane, rising, says:

SHANE

Don't worry. We'll be all right.

He walks toward the gate in the fence. Marian, concerned with Starett, is hardly aware of his departure. When she does realize that he has left, he has passed through the gate.

MARIAN

Stay with your father, Trey. Watch him.

She runs after Shane, the revolver forgotten in her left hand, calling:

MARIAN (Cont'd)

Wait! Wait!

She also goes through the gate. Shane has walked to Starett's horse and is stripping the saddle from it.

SHANE

(As she approaches)
We'll be all right.

MARIAN

Shane-----

SHANE

And no one can blame him for not keeping his date.

He puts the saddle on the fence, moves to the horse's head to take off the bridle.

MARIAN

It's too much, too much.

SHANE

What is?

MARIAN

You were through with gunfighting.

(Continued)

134. (Cont'd)

Shane slips off the bridle, pushes the horse around, gives him a slap on the rear with the reins. The horse trots away.

SHANE

I changed my mind.

In a gesture almost of supplication, Marian holds out her right hand which he takes in both of his.

MARIAN

I don't want you to go.

SHANE

Or Joe either?

MARIAN

Or Joe either.

(She searches his face)

Are you doing this just for me?

Shane is a moment in answering. He looks at her, and we think they may embrace. His gaze goes from her to the prostrate Starett and Joey standing by him, then comes back to her.

SHANE

For you, Marian.

(His eyes go again
to the prostrate
Starett and to Joe---
and again come back
to her)

For you -- but for Joe and Little
Joe, too. How can I ever separate
the Starett in my mind.

MARIAN

I'll never see you again.

SHANE

Never?...

MARIAN

Not if you go in Joe's place.

Puzzled, he tries to understand her meaning.

MARIAN (Cont'd)

Joe is the man of the house.
Could you expect him to live
in your shadow?

(Continued)

134. (Cont'd)

SHANE

(Slowly)

I hadn't thought.

Their hands slowly unclasp.

SHANE (Cont'd)

Tell him I was sorry.

He unties his horse and starts leading it, not outward from the farm but toward the barn. Bowed down, she doesn't watch him go, but when he is out of ear-shot:

MARIAN

Take care of him! Please take care of him!

Over her little prayer, we hear the coyotes beginning to tune up on the hills.

135. EXT. STARETT KITCHEN

Marian has just returned to Starett and Joe. She kneels by Starett and adjusts the compress.

JOE

Will he be all right, like Shane said?

MARIAN

(Taking one of Starett's hands)

He will. He will.

JOE

Will Shane be all right?

(When she doesn't answer immediately)

What did he go to the barn for?
Will he fight, Mother?

MARIAN

Everything is all right. Everything.

JOE

(Looking off in the direction of the barn)

I want Shane to be all right.

MARIAN

Everything, Joey.

He watches while she gives attention to Starett. When she takes the towel from Starett's head and

(Continued)

135. (Cont'd)

turns toward the bucket to re-wet it, he slips off toward the barn.

136. EXT. BARN

Shane is hurriedly tying his bedroll on the back of his saddle. From the shadows Joe sees him.

137. CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Watching, he suddenly makes a decision. He steals off and -- reaching the gate leading to the road -- starts running fast in the direction of town -- along the short-cut route he has taken before.

138. CLOSE SHOT - SHANE

The bedroll secure, Shane mounts and starts jogging away. He is in no great hurry. It is almost as if he is savouring the air, the night, the easy movement of the horse.

DISSOLVE TO:

139. EXT. GULLY - (NIGHT)

Joe plunges down and through the scrub. Once he falls, regains his stride, panting.

DISSOLVE TO:

140. EXT. ROAD TO TOWN - (NIGHT)

We see Shane jogging along toward town. He rides with a leisurely composure, like a man in control of himself and of situations.

DISSOLVE TO:

141. EXT. HIGH GROUND OF CEMETERY

Silhouetted dimly against the night sky are the black outlines of the headstones of the dead. Joe quickens his pace again as he comes level with these, glancing up but once as if to verify that he is still alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

142. EXT. GRAFTON'S SALOON

Shane rides into the town, halts before Grafton's saloon from which yellow lamplight is streaming, takes a careful look around and slides from his horse, which he ties at the rack. He mounts the steps, hitches his revolver into place, swings the saloon door open and, after an instant of scrutiny in which we see him from behind but not the scene before him, slides inside. The door closes behind him.

143. BACK TO JOE

He arrives at the porch. In the light there we can see how dirty and torn and tired he is. He tiptoes up the steps and into the darkened store entrance of the place.

144. INT. GRAFTON'S SALOON - (JUST BEFORE SHANE'S ENTRANCE)

A half dozen men are drinking at the bar. Bone Will Atkey and Grafton are behind the bar, chauffing and setting out drinks. One of the poker tables is deserted. At the other are seated Ryker, Wilson and a nondescript cowhand. A deck of cards lies neglected on the table. Ryker is chewing vigorously on a cigar. A drink stands before him, another before the cowhand. Wilson isn't having anything. He is seated with his back to the wall between the two sets of swinging doors giving to the store. From this position he can keep an eye on both the front and rear entrances of the saloon. Both Wilson and Ryker are armed, and both are silent and watchful. There is a clamor at the bar, men talking, drinking, ordering up. Occasionally one of them looks speculatively over at Wilson and Ryker.

The front door opens and we see Shane. He stands there, carefully but confidently appraising the room, then steps inside to within a dozen feet of Ryker.

Wilson, seeing Shane from the moment of his entrance, pushes back from the table so that his right hand can swing free. He jerks his head, to call Ryker's attention to Shane. The cowhand, following the gesture, puts his hands on the table and pushes back, too.

COWHAND

"Excuse me!"

(Continued)

144. (Cont'd)

he gets up, obviously wanting none of what is to follow, and moves over to the men at the bar.

Little by little the clamor at the bar dies out as one drinker sees Shane and nudges another who nudges another. Shane has halted at a point at which all the men are still within his range. His gaze goes up and down the bar, taking the men in one by one. They show uncertainty and a degree of unease under his stare. He looks then at Ryker. As the conversation proceeds, Shane and Wilson keep flicking glances at each other.

SHANE

I came to get your offer, Ryker.
Better tell the boys not to try
to horn in.

RYKER

Offer? Where's Starett? I'm not
dealing with you.

SHANE

You are, though.

RYKER

Where's Starett? He wouldn't
hunt a hole.

SHANE

Get it straight. He got a knock
on the head.

Silent and puzzled, Ryker waits for Shane to go on.

SHANE (Cont'd)

You could call it a health treat-
ment. What's your offer, Ryker?

RYKER

To you, not a thing.

SHANE

I wanted to make sure.

RYKER

All right. You have.

SHANE

It's too bad.

RYKER

Too bad?

(Continued)

1944. (Cont'd)

SHANE

Too bad you don't know your
time's over.

Ryker steals a glance at Wilson, who has been
regarding Shane with a sort of malign caution.

RYKER

Go on. You're so smart.

SHANE

You've lived too long. The home-
steaders are sticking. The range
days are gone.

RYKER

(Sarcastically)

Sure. Sure. We'll have nice little
pigs and fences everywhere, and a
man with a gun will be jailed. My
time? What about yours?

SHANE

(Nodding slowly)

The difference is, I know it.

RYKER

You can give your six-gun to the
bartender and start hoeing spuds.

SHANE

Not quite yet.

(Bobbing his head
in the direction
of Wilson)

We haven't heard from your friend
there.

At these words, Wilson slides out of his chair and
sidles away a few paces, his eyes constantly on
Shane.

The drinkers begin to fade away, moving toward the
rear entrance and the rear set of batwing doors.
Grafton seems about to intervene, then sees the
hopelessness of doing so.

WILSON

I wouldn't push too far. Our
fight ain't with you, Shane.

SHANE

I take it that way.

(Continued)

144. (Cont'd)

WILSON

You can walk out now, and no hard
feelin's.

SHANE

Is it only sodbusters you're brave
enough to draw on?

The last of the noncombatants dive for cover. Atkey and Grafton duck behind the bar. Only Ryker, sitting grimly at the table, ignores the danger.

We see anger mounting in Wilson's face, then sudden decision. His hand stabs at his hip. On the instant Shane draws, too. They fire almost simultaneously. Wilson, shot in the chest, tries to work his revolver again, until Shane's second bullet hits him. He collapses. It is not possible to tell whether or not Shane has been hit.

145. ANGLE FEATURING JOE - AT SWINGING DOORS

Frightened but fascinated, he has pushed them open so that he can take in the entire scene. From his angle we see Wilson on the floor and Shane watchfully beginning to ease his gun. While Shane's eyes are off him, Ryker, beside himself, lurches for the pistol by his side.

JOE

(Screaming)

Shane! Watch out!

Shane wheels, sees Ryker leveling and leaps to the side as he whips his gun up. Jolted by Shane's shot, Ryker tries to rise, then sinks back. He leans on the table for support. His cigar slips from his mouth. It is still uncertain whether or not Shane has been wounded.

SHANE

Stay back, Joey! Go through the
store door!

Joe lets the door swing to. Shane exits slowly, watchful of the men who are beginning to emerge from cover.

146. EXT. GRAFTON'S

Joe and Shane meet on the porch and begin descending the steps. It is only now, in the hint of uncertainty, of extra care, in Shane's walk, that we begin to suspect something is wrong with him.

(Continued)

146. (Cont'd)

SHANE

Good boy.

JOE

I knew you could, Shane. I just
knew it as well as anything.

SHANE

How'd you get here?

JOE

And I helped you, didn't I? I ran
all the way.

SHANE

You better run back.

JOE

Can't I ride behind you?

SHANE

'Fraid not.

Joe trails Shane to the hitchrack. A glow of light
from inside the saloon casts some illumination here.
He reaches out and tugs at Shane's shirt front, as
we have seen him do before.

JOE

Please! Why not?

Then, unbelieving, he withdraws his hand. CLOSE UP
OF IT shows that it is wet with blood.

JOE (Cont'd)

(Incredulously)

It's blood! You're hurt!

SHANE

It's all right. You go on.

JOE

But, Shane -- ?

SHANE

Don't worry. I said I was all
right. Now run!

The boy moves away a few steps. Shane unties his
horse, mounts it, turns it away from Joe, away from
the Starett ranch. Puzzled, Joe watches him for a
moment. Before Shane is out of the patch of light
from inside Grafton's:

(Continued)

146. (Cont'd)

JOE

Shane! Shane! That's the wrong way!

Shane holds up as Joe comes running.

SHANE

No, Joe.

JOE

But home's over there.

SHANE

I know.

JOE

Aren't you going home?

SHANE

I'll see you sometime, maybe.

JOE

You can't leave.

SHANE

Goodbye, Joey.

JOE

But you're hurt, and Pa's got a lot of things for you to do, and Mother wants you. I know she does.

SHANE

(Almost harshly)

I told you to get on home.

Shane heels his horse and rides away. Joe stares after him. As Shane's figure loses itself in the darkness, Joe begins to cry.

FADE OUT.

THE END

