

1780

"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON"

Shooting Script

October 16, 1948

SHOOTING
SCRIPT
1780

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S H O O T I N G S C R I P T

"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON"

Please return promptly to
Story Department

Shooting Script # 103
October 16, 1948

Shooting Script # 123

Received from Argosy Pictures Corporation

Shooting Script of:

"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON" dated October 16, 1948

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Date _____

" S H E W O R E A Y E L L O W R I B B O N "

Screen Play by

FRANK S. NUGENT

and

LAURENCE STALLINGS

Story and Adaptation by

James Warner Bellah

Suggested by the Saturday Evening Post story
"WAR PARTY" by James Warner Bellah

ARGOSY PICTURES CORPORATION

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"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON"

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. - BATTLE FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON - WIDE ANGLE SHOT -
PANNING.

The stricken field of Custer's last stand on the Little Big Horn stretches out into the distance toward a ridge whose crest never was gained. It is four hours after the battle. All along the gentle slope lie the grotesquely-sprawled figures of the slain troopers---half-stripped, scalped, some pincushioned with Sioux lances. They lie singly and in huddled knots: islands of blue, bronze-reefed by breech-clouted, war-painted, feather-bonneted Indians.

Here and there we may see a trooper and a brave locked in death-frozen combat. Dead horses, their legs stiffening, are among the human dead. Overhead the buzzards are wheeling, their harsh, expectant CROAKING the only SOUND above the keening WHISPER of the breeze through the grass. The same breeze gives fitful movement to yellow cavalry kerchiefs and the trembling feathers of Indian War-bonnets.

Nearing the end of its pan, the CAMERA picks up a foreground object lying on a section of trampled sward. It is an oilskin wallet, ripped open and with a few pages of a long-treasured love-letter lying atop. The breeze ruffles the pages, then blows them aside--revealing beneath a tin-type of a sweet-faced woman. The CAMERA COMPLETES ITS PAN by shifting a few more inches to frame a blue-sleeved arm and a hand still clutching a broken sabre, shattered against an Indian lance, point driven into the ground, its shaft-feathers stirring.

An off-scene NARRATOR begins his commentary in a natural, casual, Western manner.

NARRATOR

Custer is dead....He lies here on
the battlefield of the Little Big Horn
this afternoon of June 25th, 1876...

2 FULL SHOT - DETAIL OF BATTLEFIELD.

A frozen wave of Indians breaking in death against a tiny rock of blue-clad troopers rallied about a guidon, tilted crazily in the earth.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
...among two hundred and twelve officers and men...horse soldiers of the regular army...empire builders...guardians of a continent...

3 CLOSE SHOT - A TROOPER'S BACK, PIN-CUSHIONED WITH LANCES.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
...at thirteen dollars a month.

4 CLOSE SHOT - A CARBINE CIRCLED BY EMPTY CARTRIDGE SHELLS, with a trooper's hand--palm up--resting nearby with a loaded cartridge clutched in it.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
Two hundred and twelve men with single-shot carbines....against twenty-five hundred braves armed with seventeen-shot Winchesters.

5 MED. SHOT - AN OFFICER SPRAWLED FORWARD ACROSS THE BODY OF HIS HORSE, REVOLVER STILL IN HAND...TWO OR THREE DEAD INDIANS AROUND HIM.

NARRATOR
General Crook with thirteen hundred men had been fought to a standstill on the Rosebud a week before...and now, with this annihilation of Custer's command...

6 MED. SHOT MOVING TO CLOSEUP - BATTLE FIELD DETAIL.

The CAMERA moves past a cluster of the dead to find the figure of a bugler, face down in the grass, and comes to EXTREME CLOSE SHOT of a BUGLE, half-hidden beneath

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

his body. Only the bell of the bugle can be seen. On it, brightly chased, is the legend:

7th CAV. U. S. A.

As CAMERA holds:

NARRATOR

...the immortal 7th Cavalry ten thousand red men are under arms in the camps of Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Gall and Crow King.

DISSOLVE

7 EXT. - LONG SHOT - PLAINS AND BUTTES.

In the distance, a smoke signal balloons into the sky. Into the foreground, over a rise in the ground, come six Indians--some in the trappings of medicine men, others in the regalia of chiefs.

NARRATOR

And from the Canadian border to the Rio Bravo, the word is spread that no longer has the white man any magic...

8 PORTRAIT STUDY - SIX INDIANS.

As they come to a stop, looking off, their faces express surprise, bewilderment, awe.

NARRATOR

For here is an omen of omens.
A great sign from the heavens...

9 EXT. - HERD OF BUFFALO - SERIES OF SHOTS (Allow 10 Shots)

It is hoped that the cinematographer may be fortunate enough to find a herd of buffalo so disposed along the landscape as to suggest the enormity of the herd which once roamed the western plains.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

The buffalo have come north again! Here is food and sinew for war. Here is earth's great plenty for hunters who now become warriors again...

10 EXT. - FULL SHOT - SIX INDIANS

While the chiefs look on with superstitious awe, two of the medicine men stalk impressively to the top of the rising ground, one raises both arms as if in benediction of the distant herds. The other stoops for a handful of earth and tosses a little of the dust to the four winds.

NARRATOR

New Messiahs...new leaders...
arose in every tribe...

11 EXT. - FULL SHOT - LANDSCAPES - INDIAN COUNTRY.

Around the wide circle of the horizon, smoke signals climb upward in long and short puffs, as though Indians in a 360° circle are parlaying by their own telegraph system.

12 EXT. - A LITTLE STREAMLET - INDIANS ON EITHER SIDE.

The two parties of Indians across the stream will probably be dressed in wide disparity, depending upon the director's selection of topography and tribal haunts. Maybe they are Plains Indians, naked and bronzed and bonneted on the one side, calling across to the dwellers of the pueblos. They are obviously pantomiming, "Why should we fight ourselves? Let us fight the white man."

NARRATOR

...Preaching peace among the
Redmen... Let us cease fighting
one another... Let us make
common war on the long knives...

13 EXT. - FULL SHOT - GROUP OF INDIANS.

They are doing a War Dance to beating drums.

- 14 EXT.- EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - DRUMS

Indians; hands beating against drums.

- 15 EXT. - STAGE COACH - RUNNING SHOT - MUSIC - DAY

The stage is rattling along at a furious pace, pulled by crazed and lunging beasts, going hell for leather under streaming reins.

- 16 EXT. - CLOSER VIEW - LUNGING STAGE.

The door on the CAMERA side is off the catch and flaps open and close, open and close, as the stage tears by. There is time to read the lettering on the door as it intermittently comes into view and disappears again with the movement of the door. So the effect is a monotony of repetition.

"U. S. PAYMASTER...
U. S. PAYMASTER...
U. S. PAYMASTER..."

We see, but do not "spot" Indian arrows sticking in the panels of the coach.

- 17 EXT. - STAGE COACH - GUNNING ON DOOR.

There is an unrecognizable figure huddled within the otherwise abandoned stage.

- 18 EXT. - GUNNING UP ON BOX.

As the stage tears along, there is time to see that no one is up on the box, but hanging from the sidestep are a pair of legs, swinging back and forth with the lurching movement of the stage. These legs are cased in soldier pants, drawn over short boots and they dangle loosely with the aimless motion of the dead.

- 19 EXT. - STAGE COACH - AS IT CONTINUES ITS CAREENING.

HEADLONG passage. In the B. G., riding towards it, come two men, cavalrymen, on a picket patrol. As they react to the approaching stage...

20 EXT. - CAMERA STUDY - TWO TROOPERS MOUNTED.

They are Sergeant Major Tyree and Trooper Cliff.

Tyree is the fashion plate of the beau sabreur, with a lance-straight figure and the air of the born horseman in his dusty blue, his broad hat, his scarf, his ease. Cliff is obviously his man Friday. As Tyree instantly reacts and starts riding forward...

21 EXT. - STAGE COACH - RUNNING SHOT.

In a series of acrobatic shots, it is Tyree who rides in among the crazed beasts of the stage and with superb horsemanship and effrontery, manages to bring the stage under control and, after suitable footage, to pull the contraption to a full stop. Tyree instantly flings off his horse as Trooper Cliff grabs his reins...

22 EXT. - RAKING SHOT - STAGE COACH.

Tyree runs into the door of the stage coach and pulls it widely open. Instantly there topples out upon the ground a dead man, whose tunic bears a Major's leaves. He is an elderly man, a sort of pappy guy with bald head and whiskers, and he falls loose and quite dead upon the ground. Meanwhile, Cliff has come into the scene, leading the two mounts...

23 EXT. - TABLEAU AROUND DEAD MAN.

Nothing is heard now for some moments, but the loud SOBBING of the winded horses, as the two men, well used to death in its most violent forms, look down upon the dead paymaster. Cliff waits for Tyree to speak. Presently, Tyree, in the manner of a man who might say that it is going to rain shortly, now speaks, calmly.

CLIFF

It's Major Cheadle.

TYREE

Yeah, looks like we ain't goin' to get paid for another three months...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. - LONG VIEW - FORT STARKE - DAWN EFFECT.

The little stockaded post nestles, a warm brown spot in the emptiness of earth and sky. Thin smoke swings above its chimney and over the landscape come the brazen notes of a BUGLE blowing REVEILLE. After suitable mood,

25 EXT. - OFFICER'S CABIN - FORT STARKE.

It is a crude affair and a board by the door reads:

"NATHAN BRITTLES"
CAPT. CAV. U. S. A."

As horses are being led by in F. G., OVER SCENE the last notes of REVEILLE, now ear-splittingly near, are being blown away.

26 INT. - CABIN

On the wall a cap, sabre, and blue shirt. Near the door an olla, or earthen water jug, with a gourd hanging by it. In an angle by a little window, sunrise seeps through to gild a battered field desk on which rest three tintypes in leather cases secured into a sort of triptych by a faded yellow ribbon. The tintypes are of a woman, and two small girls. Near this group is a large old-fashioned calendar, with a line drawn through every numeral on the page. (NOTE TO PROPS: The name of the month should not be visible.)

At opening, only the legs of the occupant of the alcove are seen. They are clothed in yellow striped cavalry pants, and the left foot is booted. The right leg is having a boot drawn on it by the occupant of the bed o.s. The right leg is rather stiff, and at first has only a few degrees of motion. Through the ensuing scene, this leg, through careful exercise will be restored to full ninety degree action, in the midst of intermittent GROANINGS and flexings.

Presently, the door is seen to open at opposite wall of room and Sergeant Quincannon, half-horse, half-alligator, dressed in first sergeant's chevrons, enters and comes to an earth-shaking salute, at the same time eyeing the water jar nearby.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

Good morning, sir. Five forty-two.

CAPT. BRITTLES (o.s.)

Five forty-one.

QUINCANNON

And a lovely day, sir.

Quincannon now drops the formality, and begins to edge towards the water jar while making his morning oral report.

QUINCANNON

(briskly)

Mrs. Jameson's had her baby, sir.
Courier arrived from Department
Headquarters with the mailbag.
The stage coach run from here to
Sudro's Wells is discontinued.
And there's a dispatch rider in
from the Paradise River Patrol.
Private MacKenzie got hisself shot.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)

(instantly)

Boy or girl?

QUINCANNON

A trooper, sir.

Meanwhile, the sergeant under the pretext of ostentatiously dipping himself a drink of water, has removed from the olla a whiskey bottle, uncorking it with his teeth, and palming it so that when presently he will raise the gourd to his lips, it will mask the fact that he is taking a four ounce slug of whiskey from the watering place.

BRITTLES (o.s.)

When does the stage coach stop running?

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

It stopped.
(he drinks)
Finished.
(he drinks)
No more stagecoach.

As Quincannon begins to replace the bottle in the olla, the owner of the legs now walks into the scene, breeched and booted, and not noticing Quincannon, but going towards his accoutrements on the peg in the wall.

BRITTLES

MacKenzie dead?

QUINCANNON

Yes, sir.

As Quincannon now successfully conceals the bottle again in the water jar.

27 INT. - PORTRAIT STUDY - CAPTAIN BRITTLES.

The captain's face can be nothing but that of a man of war, some fifty-five years old, lines mark it strongly, but they are the effects of weather and no interior quarrel of the human spirit. His cavalryman's moustache could strain a quart of coffee through its gray filaments.

BRITTLES

(he sighs)

MacKenzie was a good man. He'd
have made corporal in five or
six years.

28 FULL SHOT - NEAR DOOR - BRITTLES & QUINCANNON.

As Brittles stoops to put on his shirt, he puts his head meaningfully close to Quincannon and Quincannon with a troubled, but dutiful air, reluctantly breathes into the captain's face. Brittles recoils.

BRITTLES

You've got a breath on you like
a hot mince pie.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON
(injured innocence)
Why captain darlin'!

BRITTLES
Don't call me darlin'.

QUINCANNON
As you well know, I took the
pledge after Chapultepec...

BRITTLES
And after Bull Run, Gettysburg,
and Appomattox... Beats me where
you hide the stuff.

29 INT. - FEATURING WALL CALENDAR.

Brittles strips off the facing page, revealing a new sheet of numerals. (NOTE: The months on both calendar pages are to be obscured so that we will not know whether this is July or September.) With a piece of red crayon or chalk--hanging by the calendar--Brittles circles the numeral 7, and then draws a slant line through the numeral 1.

BRITTLES
(grimly)
Six more days.

QUINCANNON
(disgustedly)
Ah, the army won't be the same
when we retire!

BRITTLES
The army's always the same...
The sun and moon change, but the
army has no seasons.

Brittles gives his leg a painful straightening, pulls himself erect, shoulders back. Quincannon, also with a grimace, hauls back his own broad shoulders and takes position a yard behind Brittles--both men facing the open door.

(CONTINUED)

29 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

(during this)

Here we are in our prime, sir--and
they're turning us out to pasture!
'Tis an abuse of the taxpayers'
money.

BRITTLES

Only tax you've ever paid is
the whisky tax!... Ready?

He cracks his heels together, Quincannon wordlessly does the same and both men stamp out through the door, trying to look 20 years younger than they are.

30 EXT. - BRITTLES' CABIN.

Two lieutenants are standing by. They are Lieutenant Flintridge Cohill with the silver bar of a first Lieutenant, who is lance straight, hard-bitten, nine years out of West Point, and just about ready to take his master's degree in the profession of arms. The other lieutenant, with the blank straps of the second lieutenant, is Ross Pennell, four years out of West Point. He has just reached that stage in life which must be hurdled by all professionals, whether soldier or civilian, when a man sees before him the awesome stretch of years which he will need for perfection, the point where losers turn back, and the winners doggedly go forward.

Standing five paces back of them, at the salute, is a giant sergeant who wears the air of the orderly room and not of the firing line. He carries beneath his left arm an order board. He stands at rigid right-hand salute. He is Sergeant Hochbauer. As the men come up smartly.

BRITTLES

(throwing it away)

Good morning, Mister Cohill...
Good morning, Mister Pennell...
Good morning, Sergeant...

COHILL & PENNELL & HOCHBAUER

Good morning, sir... Good
morning, sir...

(CONTINUED)

30 (CONTINUED)

As Brittles moves on, the two tall lieutenants fall in respectfully a pace behind him. The two sergeants, Hochbauer and Quincannon, now follow a few paces back of the officers, and CAMERA HOLDS long enough to "spot" the natural animosity between the sergeant of the line and the sergeant of the orderly room. They eye one another like two mutually hostile dogs, the contempt of Quincannon for the plunging aspirant to a commission being clear in every swagger of Quincannon's height.

31 EXT. - STREET IN FORT STARKE.

The five man group marches at a brisk walk past whatever detail or activity of the post which the director may find suitable at this point: there may be troopers leading their horses to and from the stables; some small boys walking past and saluting the Captain, who acknowledges greeting, or we may see some women coming from Sutler's store with groceries, and so forth...

Suddenly OVER SCENE, the air is shattered by the first brazen NOTE of a BUGLE calling ATTENTION.

As every head instantly turns in direction of SOUND o.s....

32 EXT. - BIG HEAD - BUGLER.

He is a smart lad and he is blowing ATTENTION real good on the little short cavalry BUGLE. As he finishes, his eyes fix on some nearby object o.s....

33 EXT. - FULL SHOT - OPEN GATES FORT STARKE - SHOOTING TOWARDS PLAINS.

The stage last seen with the dead man is now being driven at a walk through the gates, horses flecked with lather, by Cliff. Sergeant Tyree, mounted, leads Cliff's horse in. The stage halts as Tyree instantly dismounts. At once, the scene begins to fill with soldiers coming forward curiously at the double.

34 EXT. - SERIES OF SHOTS - FORT STARKE (ALLOW 4 SHOTS)
thru

38 1. Captain Brittles and entourage have started forward in direction of stage.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)
thru
38

2. Major Allshard, the picture of a book soldier, comes forward hurriedly down the steps of post headquarters. There is a suggestion which we see but do not "spot" of two well dressed women of officers' caste coming from interior to doorway.

3. In the doorway of the guard house, the relief is tumbling out past the posted sentries, sleepily buckling on duty belts as they go forward. Some of them still have bread crusts in their mouths and hold tins of coffee.

4. Sergeant Tyree is carefully keeping all curious away from the significant arrow sticking in the side of the coach, and from the closed door of the coach.

39 EXT. - TABLEAU AROUND COACH.

As Brittles and Allshard enter, a lane is made clear and there is a brief but pointed contretemps, as it is evident that Allshard, the major commanding the post, defers to Captain Brittles, his junior in rank, but senior in experience. Also, everyone automatically looks towards Brittles, as he moves in by Tyree.

Tyree salutes, Brittles returns it silently, and without a word, Tyree opens the door of the coach. Brittles leans in.

TYREE

Gunshot wounds, sir. Dead when I found him.

BRITTLES

Where?

TYREE

Near Red Butte, sir.

As Brittles leans out and looks towards horses, o.s.

TYREE (cont'd)

The horses were just about done in.

As Brittles now looks back into the coach, as if to ask why.

TYREE (cont'd)

Money box is gone, sir.

Brittles now turns to Allshard o.s., with renewed interest.

40 EXT. - ANOTHER PART OF DETAIL AROUND STAGE COACH -
FEATURING MAJOR ALLSHARD.

Major Allshard, attempting to draw out the arrow, succeeds in removing only the shaft, the head remaining in the trim of the coach. As Brittles walks in...

ALLSHARD

It's not Kiowa.

BRITTLES

Not Comanche, nor Arapaho, either,
with those color bands...

TYREE

(hesitantly)

Sir?

BRITTLES

All right, Sergeant, put in your
two cents worth...

TYREE

Sir, these yellow, white and red
bands are the sign of the
Southern Cheyennes.

BRITTLES

But I've seen Snake Indians use
the same color.

TYREE

Yes, sir. That's true...

41 EXT. - BIG HEAD - TYREE HOLDING ARROW.

TYREE (cont'd)

But look at the clan mark on
this arrow... It is the sign
of the dog. And this arrow
came from the bow of a
Southern Cheyenne dog-soldier.

42 EXT. - BACK TO SCENE.

BRITTLES

(harassed and worried)

What in blazes would Cheyennes
be doing this far south, Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

TYREE

That ain't my department, sir.

Allshard suddenly wheels and speaks to someone o.s.

ALLSHARD

What do you make of the wound,
doctor?

43 EXT. - AROUND STAGE COACH DOOR.

A man in semi-military attire, obviously the post surgeon, with a scholastic manner, a sudden burning, scientific intensity, is leaning into the door, evidently examining the death wound. He leans out testily.

O'LOUGHLIN

I'll need an hour, Major.
(turning to nearby
troopers)

Fetch him to post headquarters.

BRITTLES

Back to your duties, men.

As they turn, Allshard sees something of which he disapproves.

44 EXT. - PORCH OF POST HEADQUARTERS.
45
46

Mrs. Abby Allshard and Olivia Dandridge stand on the porch. Abby Allshard, a regular army wife, competent, simply dressed, still beautiful. Miss Dandridge is far more fashionably attired and dressed at the moment in the flounces and broadbrimmed hat of a woman about to go to a party or a picnic. We must presume that neither knows the nature or cause of the excitement, but Mrs. Allshard's manner is apprehensive, while Miss Dandridge's is mild curiosity. Suddenly, Abby turns to Olivia and starts to lead her back indoors.

OLIVIA

What's happened?

ABBY

It doesn't concern us... And if
you're going on a picnic this
morning...

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

45

46

OLIVIA
(starts asking)

But...

AEPY
(taking her arm)
Come, dear, let's go pack the
lunch basket.

They both go inside...

47 EXT. - DETAIL AROUND COACH.- ALLSHARD, BRITTLES, QUINCANNON.

ALLSHARD
(reflectively)
Cheyennes...
(sudden decision,
turning to Hochbauer)
Is the Indian Agent still on the
post?

HOCHBAUER
Believe he's over at the Sutler's
store, sir.

ALLSHARD
(to Quincannon)
Then my compliments to Mr. Rynders.
Tell him I'll see him in an hour.

As Quincannon starts to go, Brittles pivots with him.

48 EXT. - BRITTLES AND QUINCANNON.

Brittles is giving Quincannon an ironic warning.

BRITTLES
Now, there'll be no drunken wake
for the paymaster at the Sutler's.
You have no money coming in
anyway. You can deliver your
message through the window...

QUINCANNON
Yes, Captain, darlin'...

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. - STABLE QUARTERS - A BUCKBOARD.

Lieutenant Pennell has clambered in and is taking the reins from Corporal Wagner, a burly blacksmith of unmistakably Teutonic stock. Wagner wears an apron, his sleeves rolled back over dirty muscular arms. Pennell is appraising his seedy rig critically. Wagner's manner is apologetic.

WAGNER

Sorry, lieutenant, but she is slicked up so good as I can do.

PENNELL

(crestfallen)

Well, thanks anyway, corporal.

He drives away.

50 EXT. - ALLSHARD'S QUARTERS.

Abby is waiting on the porch--near picnic basket--as Pennell drives up. He salutes her with a wave of the buggy whip.

PENNELL

My respects, Mrs. Allshard...
Is Miss Olivia ready?

ABBY

(the matchmaker)

Yes...yes she is.

(calling off,
musical chimes)

Olivia, Mister Pennell is here!

Abby reaches for the lunch basket as Pennell jumps down, and during the following they will proceed with the business of stowing it in buggy, etc.

ABBY

My! You children couldn't have
picked a better day...

(needling Ross
behind his back)

I've a mind to go with you!

PENNELL

(miserably)

Why...why you'd be more than
welcome, ma'am...uh...

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
(sweetly)
Thank you, Ross...

And now Olivia appears--a sight to strike young Pennell almost dumb with worship. She is radiant in a picture hat, a flouncy picnic dress.

PENNELL
(a little bolder)
But...of course this buggy isn't
very sturdy...and...

OLIVIA
(laughing at him)
Fiddlesticks, Ross Pennell! Can't
you see she's only pulling your
leg...or should I have said "limb"
in deference to your Quaker
ancestors?

He helps her into the buggy.

PENNELL
(relieved - to Abby)
But I would be glad to have you...

OLIVIA
(feigning anger)
Oh, you would!

PENNELL
Not honestly...no!

ABBY
(in mock
indignation)
WELL!

PENNELL
Please, Mrs. Allshard...

But she breaks into laughter, smacks the horse.

ABBY
(laughing)
Go on, the two of you!

As they drive off.

51 EXT. - DETAIL OF MOUNTED TROOPERS - FEATURING COHILL.

Cohill, wearing the sash and sword of o.d., is inspecting a mounted detail. He reacts to SOUND of buckboard WHEELS o.s.

COHILL

(fast)

Take the detail, Sergeant!

He cuts his horse around and trots off.

52 EXT. - NEAR STOCKADE PORT - BUCKBOARD.

The buckboard is tooling easily toward the gate. As Pennell pulls up, the corporal of the guard recognizes him with a salute. Before the path is cleared, however, Cohill rides into the scene.

COHILL

(over shoulder
to Corporal)

As you were, Corporal.

The barrier drops again. Into the background comes a work detail, led by Sergeant Hochbauer, pulling a brass howitzer which they are about to set up at the gates.

COHILL (cont'd)

(to Pennell)

Lieutenant, the post is closed!

(touching his cap
to Olivia)

Sorry to spoil your outing,
Miss Dandridge!

OLIVIA

Sorry, my foot! Mister Cohill,
haven't you anything better to do
than ride around in that little red
sash making yourself obnoxious?

53 EXT. - WORK DETAIL.

The men come to a pause, eyes and ears alert, with all the happy expectancy of Irishmen in the presence of a promising scrap.

54 EXT. - COHILL AND BUCKBOARD.

The back of Cohill's neck is going red, but he preserves a cold military front.

COHILL

If you have any complaints about my orders, Miss Dandridge, you may submit them to Major Allshard---preferably in writing!

OLIVIA

(needling him -
with an eye for her
gallery)

And shall I submit them in duplicate or triplicate?

55 EXT. - WORK DETAIL.

One trooper happily nudges another but goes back to a pretense of work on the strangely-bogged down howitzer under Hochbauer's glare.

56 EXT. - COHILL AND BUCKBOARD - FEATURING PENNELL.

PENNELL

(man-to-man)

Ah, come on, Flint...don't be a spoil-sport....

OLIVIA

(hotly)

That's exactly what he is!

(to Cohill)

Because I wouldn't trust you enough to go on a picnic last Sunday, now you're hazing Mr. Pennell...

(imperiously)

Drive on, Ross...

(making move to
take reins)

If you don't, I will!

Pennell holds the reins away from her, but Cohill spurs in closer.

(CONTINUED)

56 (CONTINUED)

COHILL

You touch those reins and I'll
slap you in the guardhouse!

OLIVIA

You wouldn't dare!

But it is noticeable she doesn't try any further to take the reins. Suddenly she looks off--and her face brightens with defiance at what she sees.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

(loudly)

Now, Napoleon, we'll see who
goes to the guardhouse!

57 EXT. - BUCKBOARD GROUP - AS BRITTLES RIDES IN.

He doffs his hat courteously to Olivia as he nears. His smile is easy, but he obviously is aware something is amiss.

BRITTLES

(easy humor)

Is someone placing you under
arrest, Miss Dandridge?

OLIVIA

(sweetly)

It's Lieutenant Cohill, sir...
He suddenly decided he can
order me around, and...

COHILL

(overlapping)

Sir, I was merely...

BRITTLES

(overlapping)

You're at attention, Mister
Cohill...

There is a hoarse CHEER and GUFFAW, o.s., from the work detail. Brittles turns and surveys it...sternly. Quincannon has joined them.

58 ANGLE ON WORK DETAIL.

Sheepishly they start hauling on the cannon, pulling it through the dry dust.

BRITTLES
Why the delay here?

QUINCANNON
It was the mud, sir!

59 EXT. - FEATURING OLIVIA

The girl is manifestly well-bred, and is beginning to wish she'd never heard of a picnic.

BRITTLES
(politely)
Please proceed, Miss Dandridge.

OLIVIA
(apologetically,
making it worse)
I don't want to make a scene,
Captain... I'm sure Mister
Cohill is a fine officer... I
know his father, General Cohill,
a lovely old gentleman... But
Lieutenant Cohill has made up
his mind that Lieutenant Pernell
hasn't got enough rank to be
seen in my company...

60 EXT. - QUINCANNON AND DETAIL.

As they savor the conversational spice...

QUINCANNON
(softly)
She has a point there!

All nod as they await the next riposte...

61 FEATURING BRITTLES

He is still professional and polite, though Olivia is almost in tears. She has found herself in a situation which she is anxious to relieve.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

PENNELL

Sir, if I can...

BRITTLES

You're at attention, Mr. Pennell...

It is evident that old Brittles is enjoying the discomfiture of the two officers and is tolerantly amused by Olivia's mettle... He now swings back to her, deadpan.

BRITTLES

Do you wish further to amplify your complaint, Miss Dandridge?

OLIVIA

(horrified)

Complaint? Oh, Captain Brittles, I'm not complaining. I love Fort Starke. And I simply adore the entire cavalry.

BRITTLES

(with a little bow)

That's a very nice thought, Miss Dandridge...

(deadpan to Cohill)

You have the floor, Mister Cohill.

COHILL

(stiffly)

Sir, I have denied Mister Pennell permission to leave the post.

Brittles slowly turns to Pennell.

62 ANGLE - ON PENNELL

BRITTLES

And for what purpose did you wish to leave the post, Mister?

PENNELL

Pic-nick-ing, sir...

BRITTLES

(admiring Olivia's flounces)

Where? In St. Louis?

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

PENNELL

Just out by the waterfall, sir
... But I'm sorry if I ---

BRITTLES

(with the air of a man
habitually saying it)
Never apologize, mister... It's
a sign of weakness...

(to Cohill)

Mister Cohill, I see no reason
why Mister Pennell should not
go pic-nick-ing.

63 ANGLE - ON COHILL

He takes Brittles' words as a man takes a body blow, trying
not to show his hurt, but showing it in his eyes, in the
contraction of belly against spine.

COHILL

(saluting)

Very good, sir.

He half-turns his mount toward the corporal. Olivia all
but sticks her tongue at him, but flashes a radiant smile
at Brittles.

OLIVIA

(triumphantly)

Thank you, Captain Brittles!

Brittles clamly dismounts and leads his horse to Olivia
and extends his hand toward her.

BRITTLES

But Miss Dandridge, Mister Cohill
was quite right in denying you
permission to leave the post under
the present conditions...

(taking her hand)

May I escort you back to your
quarters?

As Olivia hesitates, Brittles increases the pressure and
draws her out of the buckboard and starts away-- still
leading his mount.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES (cont'd)
(over shoulder, as
he goes)
You may proceed on your pic-nic,
Mister Pennell!

COHILL,
(briskly--concealing
grin--to Corporal
of Guard)
Pass Mister Pennell, Corporal!

Cohill sidles his mount against the buckboard and casually slides an exploring hand into the lunch basket-- coming up with a slightly crumpled stuffed egg. Just before biting into it:

COHILL (cont'd)
(chummily)
Where you figuring on holding
your pic-nic, Ross?

Then he bites into the egg.

PENNELL
(calling off,
disgustedly)
Never mind, Corporal!

He impatiently tucks the disarranged napkin back around the lunch basket and glares defiantly up at Cohill.

PENNELL (cont'd)
I'll tell you where... At
Delmonico's in New York --
about two months from now!...
With Olivia on my arm...and
I won't be wearing any blue
suit, either!

He cuts the buckboard around and savagely whips off.
Cohill, with a grin, shoves the balance of the egg into his mouth.

64 EXT. - SUTLER'S STORE.

A faded shingle reads "One-Arm John's -- Licensed Sutler,
USA." Quincannon emerges, wiping his lips with the back

(CONTINUED)

64 (CONTINUED)

of his sleeve, followed by Toucey Rynders, Indian agent. Rynders is a tall, suave, urbane, well-dressed rascal--with a fur collar around his jacket, an immaculate white silk shirt with a flowing tie, all topped with a light Stetson.

Outside the store are two goons, dressed in modified plains fashion, who--as from long habit--casually follow in after Rynders as he moves. One is called Hench, the other Badger.

RYNDERS

Sure you haven't time for one more, Sergeant...?

QUINCANNON

No, sir. I'm practically on the water wagon... Never more than four or five at a single sitting.

65 EXT. - POST HEADQUARTERS - FULL SHOT.

Major Allshard sits upon the steps, pipe in hand, waiting informally. Across from him, Captain Brittles waits just as lazily. Near Brittles is Tyree. The men watch as Quincannon and Rynders--followed at several paces by Rynders' bodyguards--approach.

RYNDERS

(easily)

You wish to see me, Major Allshard?

ALLSHARD

(vacantly, but
ironically)

Why, yes, Mr. Rynders... You're probably aware that the garrison here at Fort Starke hasn't been paid in over two months?

RYNDERS

(giving it a little
eyebrow)

My books at the store are eloquent testimony to the fact, Major...

(pause)

Do you wish to discuss your own grocery bill at this time?

(CONTINUED)

ALLSHARD

No.

(bluntly)

I want to discuss the paymaster with you. Thought you might be interested in Dr. O'Loughlin's autopsy.

BRITTLES

(casually)

Would you care to view the body, Mr. Rynders?

He extends his hand in invitation toward the open door. Rynders does not recoil with guilt but stops at the top of the third step. It is clear he has no intention of going inside.

RYNDERS

I'd prefer...well, certainly, if you wish me to...

ALLSHARD

(overlapping)

There's no need for you to go in, Mr. Rynders...

(he stands)

...if you've some personal disinclination.

RYNDERS

(quickly)

But if I can be of any service...

The appearance of Dr. O'Loughlin at the door interrupts the scene. The doctor holds a bullet between tweezers, with a gauze pad beneath it. He is followed by the ubiquitous Hochbauer with orderly board.

O'LOUGHLIN

(as he comes)

Well, gentlemen...

He pauses, noticing Rynders---not knowing whether to continue. Allshard motions him to proceed. Rynders is eyeing the bullet with curiosity---and perhaps a little apprehension.

ALLSHARD

Go ahead, doctor...

66 ANGLE FEATURING O'LOUGHLIN.

The others coming closer to peer at the bullet when he holds it up.

O'LOUGHLIN

Here's the bullet that killed
our friend Cheadle... A rifle
bullet.

Somehow all eyes turn on Rynders; he sees the battery
trained on him and stands a bit defensively and defiantly
---returning the stare around the circle.

RYNDERS

Is there anything so odd about
that?

O'LOUGHLIN

(very friendly)

Why, yes! There is - something
very odd, Mr. Rynders. It came
from a repeating rifle...a
Winchester rifle... It was a
Winchester rifle that killed
Trooper MacKenzie...

BRITTLES

(casually)

Two men killed within twenty-four
hours by the same type of firearm.
What does that suggest to you,
Mr. Rynders?

RYNDERS

Perhaps it is the same Winchester?

BRITTLES

The men were killed a hundred
miles apart... Try again, Mr.
Rynders.

RYNDERS

Then I confess, it puzzles me.
Have you a theory?

67 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON STEPS -- FEATURING BRITTLES AND ALLSHARD.

Again the courteous deference from the senior officer
toward the junior in rank. Allshard makes a small

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

gesture with his pipe, bidding Brittles to put the questions.

BRITTLES

Yes, I have, Mr. Rynders... If the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers have shifted south, it is only to create unrest among the local tribes... and I put it to you that a ring of gun-runners has moved in to clean up on the wartalk.

RYNDERS

I dislike challenging your theory, Captain, but I cannot believe any Winchesters could be sold in this territory without my knowledge.

Brittles gets stiffly to his feet, works his knee.

BRITTLES

(flat tones)

Perhaps you are right, Mr. Rynders.

Allshard also rises. It is noticeable that none of the men look directly again at Rynders; he has had his last warning.

O'LOUGHLIN

(to break tension)

Shall I read you the clinical report?

ALLSHARD

Another time, doctor...

RYNDERS

Then if you're through, gentlemen, I'll be on my way...

He breaks off and all turn at sudden CRIES from guard-house o.s.

68 FULL SHOT - STOCKADE GATES - A GALLOPING COURIER.

He comes through on a foam-flecked horse, riding low and hard and comes full up to the CAMERA with a plunging stop and swings down exhausted---fumbling in his shirt for dispatches.

69 EXT. - FRONT STEPS - ALLSHARD AND GROUP.

As Allshard steps down to return the courier's salute and accept the dispatches. Brittles takes the exhausted man by the arm and passes him on to Tyree.

BRITTLES

See to him, Sergeant...and have
someone cool out his horse.

As Tyree and the courier move out, all look to Allshard who is skimming the pages with increasingly grim face.

70 EXT. PORTRAIT STUDY...ALLSHARD.

He has the born soldier's deliberative poise upon the receipt of the news: He takes the pipe from his mouth and paraphrases the gist of the news for the others:

ALLSHARD

(quietly)

Well, gentlemen, it's quite true
about Custer...and even worse than
we had heard... And Sitting Bull
is rousing the Sioux Nation for a
holy war.. It promises to be a
hard and bloody winter.

He hands the dispatch to Brittles.

ALLSHARD

Here's the list of the Custer
dead... two hundred and twelve
of the Seventh Cavalry....

BRITTLES

(reading the names)

George Armstrong Custer..Tom
Custer...Calhoun...Cook...
Crittendon...Harrington...
Keogh....

Allshard begins tapping the dottle from his pipe.
The RAP after each name is called is like a funeral knell.
As all sit...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

71 EXT. - STOCKADE GATE - LATE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT.

Captain Brittles is walking slowly towards the stockade entrance. In b.g., the corporal of the guard, standing in the guardhouse door, sees him and instantly ducks back into his cubbyhole as if carrying out a long accustomed service. Meanwhile, a sentry turns and lifts the gate bar, and faces outward at present. The sentry at the other side of the gate does likewise.

As Brittles reaches the guardhouse, the corporal comes out without any military formality whatsoever. This is a friendly, family thing without the emoluments of rank, as the corporal is now seen to be carrying a wooden bucket filled with water, and a gourd which will later prove to be pierced with holes, like the spout of a watering can. He presents these, with a collapsible canvas-seated camp stool, to the tall captain.

BRITTLES

Thank you, Corporal. Thank you.

CORPORAL

My pleasure, sir.

Brittles is about to salute the sentries with their present arms when suddenly from rear and into scene comes Wagner, the big Teuton last seen slicking up Lieutenant Pennell's buckboard. He is clumsy and bear-like, but he too has the same tender solicitude of the corporal of the guard.

WAGNER

(bashfully)

Captain Brittles...please, sir...

He produces from behind his back a sheath of the summer's best hollyhocks arranged with German precision in a spray.

WAGNER

(still stammering)

From mein frau...for...

He makes a head-jerking gesture out toward the open ground.

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

(accepting flowers)

That's mighty nice, Corporal...

(inspecting flowers)

...hollyhocks...

(to Wagner)

You tell Mrs. Wagner I'm obliged.

WAGNER

(overwhelmed)

Yes...yes, Captain...

As he continues, both arms now laden, the sentries go from present to the rifle salute.

SENTRIES

(in unison)

Evening, sir...Good evening.

He continues on through the stockade as a color guard passes by the port.

72 EXT. - OPEN PRAIRIE - LATE AFTERNOON - BRITTLES.

Walking slowly toward CAMERA, Brittles has his eye fixed on something past and to the right of the CAMERA. He is unmindful of the beauty of the dying day, but its serenity touches him as he comes closer for his rendezvous.

73 EXT. - ANGLE ON BRITTLES AND NEARBY SECTION OF A PALING OR PICKET FENCE.

As he comes to the fence--his eyes still fastened on something unseen, the CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY so that we see that the fence is that of a small cemetery--the fort's Boot Hill--pathetically small in the immensity of the plain on which it stands. The cemetery is dominated by one atrocity of a monument--doubtless erected by a St. Louis brewer to the memory of a wayward son--but most of the "headstones" are of simple carved wood, with here and there a plain stone.

74
75

CLOSER ANGLE - CEMETERY.

Passing the monstrosity, moving slowly down the lane between two lines of graves, Brittles comes to a stand--still before three simple headstones so grouped that they are unmistakably reminiscent of the three tintypes of the triptych on his desk. The larger and central stone bears the inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY CUTTING BRITTLES
Beloved wife of
Nathan Cutting Brittles

Born September 10, 1844
Died June 2, 1867

The stone to one side reads:

ELIZABETH BRITTLES

Born December 4, 1860 Died June 5, 1867

The last stone reads:

JANE BRITTLES

Born February 20, 1862 Died June 7, 1867

Brittles sets down the bucket, opens the campstool, lays the hollyhocks across the foot of the grave, then sits wearily on the stool. He takes the dipper from the bucket and carefully begins watering the running cover of the grave---possibly periwinkle.

He begins to speak quite casually.

(CONTINUED)

74 (CONTINUED)
75

BRITTLES

Well, Mary, only six more days to go and then your old Nathan will be out of the army... Haven't decided yet what to do... Just can't picture myself back there on the banks of the Wabash, rockin' on a front porch... No, been thinkin' I might push on west to the new settlements in California... We've had some bad news, Mary-- George Guster's been killed and his whole command... Miles Keogh among 'em... You remember Miles? That big happy-go-lucky Irishman who waltzed so well with you?

(sheepish smile)

Yes, I know... Guess I was jealous... I never could waltz myself...

(brisk again)

I'm takin' the troop out in the mornin'... some Cheyennes around. So I'm to pick up the patrols and chase 'em back north... Probably my last mission, Mary... Hard to believe, isn't it?

Brittles has finished his watering and sits back--a man of few words trying to think out his next thought in ordered speech. At this moment the shadow of a woman falls across the plot. The effect, at first, is eerie, but is not held long enough to be pointedly supernatural. Brittles leans forward, studying the shadow, then slowly turns and looks up at the figure casting it.

76 EXT. - FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT STUDY - OLIVIA - FROM BRITTLES' ANGLE.

Olivia is wearing a simple dress of some dark stuff with a light scarf thrown over her head and shoulders. Not now the spirited filly of the picnic episode, she is a figure of shy, gentle, young-womanly beauty. She holds a small potted plant--doubtless embedded in a tomato can which is bravely wrapped in paper and tied with a ribbon and small bow. It is her peace offering--and something more. She speaks hesitantly, fearful of her intrusion.

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

I...I hope I'm not intruding,
Captain... But...I've watched
you come out here...

(glance at graves)

...to your...family...and...

(extending flowers)

...so I've brought this...

Brittles rises stiffly and takes the flower pot in both hands--like a man receiving a chalice.

BRITTLES

(having a little trouble
with his voice)

I appreciate this...very much.

OLIVIA

(in quick relief)

They are called cyclamen...it's
a Greek word. I think it means
Rabbit's ears.

BRITTLES

(studying flowers)

My wife called them "flaming
arrow"...She was...she was
fond of gardening.

OLIVIA

(shy again--drawing
her scarf)

Well...then...Oh...I'm sorry I
made such a fool of myself at
the gate this morning...

BRITTLES

(smiling)

I thought you made a fool of
two lieutenants...and that's
never against army regulations.

Olivia smiles warmly back at him--and extends her hand
in frank friendship and liking.

OLIVIA

Then I'm forgiven?

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES
(taking her hand)
Forgiven.

She turns and leaves.

OLIVIA
Good night, Captain.

BRITTLES
Good night...Miss Dandridge.

Brittles stands a brief moment, looking after her, conscious of her youth and beauty and freshness; conscious, too, of the tenderness he has lost in all these years after his wife's death. Then, finally, he rediscovers the flowers in his hand and turns back to the graves.

77 CLOSER ANGLE - BRITTLES.

As he places the pot at the base of his wife's headstone and carefully distributes the hollyhocks at the base of the other two stones. Meanwhile he resumes his 'conversation'.

BRITTLES
She's a nice girl, Mary... Reminds me a little of you. Guess it's no wonder those young lieutenants of mine have been pawing the ground like buck elks in the Spring... Well, I'll say good night, Mary. Say goodnight to the children....

Brittles stands, flexing his gimp leg, and reaches for the camp chair and the other equipment when o.s. is heard the SOUND of a BUGLE blowing "TO THE COLORS". He straightens and comes to a salute.

78 EXT. - FORT - FULL SHOT PAST BUGLER.

Officers and men, scattered about the ground, are facing the colors, saluting as the BUGLE continues.

79 EXT. - LONG SHOT - CEMETERY.

Brittles stands, a lonely silhouette--and a small figure against the night sky and the outlines of the graves.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

80
thru
86

EXT. - FORT STARKE - DAWN - PORTRAIT STUDY - BUGLER.

He is blowing ASSEMBLY, or some other appropriate call as the troop is being readied for its patrol.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- Suggesting intense activity of the Fort. BUGLE CALLS under all shots.

1. BLACKSMITH (Corporal Wagner). He is sweat-stained, grimy, tired--a Vulcan who has been at his forge the long night through. He pauses a moment, looking off at the SOUND of the BUGLE c.s., then swings again to his horseshoe pounding. Behind him in the red glow and smoke smudge are troopers running their horses out from the stables.

2. ANOTHER ANGLE IN BLACKSMITH'S SHED. A wiry man is sharpening a sabre on a foot-treadled wheel. He holds its blade up--horizontally--at head level, studying the light beam along its cutting edge--then swings it by the hilt in a flashing arc.

3. A RACK OF CARBINES. As a dozen trooper hands reach up and pluck them down.

4. A ROW OF HORSES DRAWN UP OUTSIDE THE STABLES. Each horse with saddle blanket on its back, each with his trooper standing beside him--saddle poised. At a sergeant's COMMAND--or BUGLE CALL--the saddles swing like one onto the horses' backs.

5. MED. SHOT - SUDS ROW. Plump Mrs. Crumrein is saying goodbye to Corporal Crumrein. She is unashamedly dabbing a tear from her eye with a pudgy fist, while her husband swings his infant son high in the air and holds him at arm's length--studying his face. The baby is laughing delightedly.

CORPORAL

(heartily)

There's my corporal! Take care of mama!

MRS. CRUMREIN

(scoldingly)

YOU take care!

87 6. CLOSE SHOT - NEAR PICKET FENCED HOUSE OF THE BRIDE, MRS. BROWN. She and her handsome young husband break from an embrace. She is trying her best not to cry. He steps back a pace, comes to attention, snaps her a salute. With an effort, she pulls herself erect, salutes him. Without a word, he pivots and marches away--and she takes an involuntary step after him, her hand going to her mouth to stifle a cry for him to return for one more kiss.

88 7. FULL SHOT - COMPANY STREET. The troop is assembling, men leading their horses. Women are crowding to the sidelines. Little boys--and girls--their eyes bright with interest and excitement are watching--and getting in the way. Dogs are BARKING. The BUGLE ends its series of calls with BOOTS and SADDLES.

89 INT. - BRITTLES' QUARTERS - BRITTLES AND QUINCANNON.

We see them now--old warhorses, their blood quickening to the martial sounds outside. There is no gayety in them, but rather the eagerness of men called to a task they know they are competent to execute. Their uniforms are bleached by the suns of other patrols. They wear belts and suspenders.

At the opening of the scene, Brittles is loading his revolver. He gives the chamber a whirl, expertly swings it into place and holsters the revolver. Then he flexes his gimp knee--elaborately. He STAMPS the floor a time or two. Seeing him ready, then, Quincannon hands Brittles his sabre. Brittles takes it formally beneath his left arm and pulls back for the usual striding exit---Quincannon as usual taking a place behind him. But Brittles pauses a moment--for a look around. His eyes go briefly to the triptych--and hold--then continue around the room--the act of a man making sure he has forgotten nothing. He pulls erect again, but stops dead--seeing that damned calendar on the wall.

Slowly he crosses to it, with Quincannon--no less dejected --at his shoulder. Taking the bit of pencil suspended by it, Brittles slowly draws a line through the second numeral.

BRITTLES

Five more.

QUINCANNON

Three more.

(CONTINUED)

39 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

(angrily)

Five! Can't you count?

QUINCANNON

(apologetically)

I was meanin' weeks--Three weeks,
sir, for me.

BRITTLES

Oh.

(back to present -
angry with himself)Well, days--weeks--what's the
difference... You going to
stand there all morning?

Quincannon is about to let his Irish temper flare--he didn't go to the calendar, did he?--but he quickly realizes Brittles doesn't mean a word of it. He quickly steps behind the Captain again.

QUINCANNON

(as he does)

I'm sorry, captain darlin'...

BRITTLES

And don't apologize...it's...

QUINCANNON-BRITTLES

(in unison)

...a sign of weakness.

And both men throw back their shoulders and throw off their years--and stride out into the sunlight.

90 EXT. - COMPANY STREET - MOVING WITH BRITTLES AND QUINCANNON.

As they stride past the assembling troop. Men are throwing packs on their horses, taking up cinches. Cahill is riding hard on the men--ad libbing instructions and injunctions.

Suddenly Brittles falters and comes to a stop in sheer amazement as we see Lt. Pennell riding beside a wagon and bringing it into position with the troop.

91 ANGLE ON BRITTLES.

BRITTLES
(calling off)
What's this, Mister?... We carry
no wagon on this patrol!

92 FULL SHOT.

As Pennell rides up, saluting.

PENNEL
Major Allshard's orders, sir.

Angrily Brittles swings on his heel and moves off at right angles toward Allshard's quarters, with the equally puzzled Quincannon trailing a yard behind. As he goes, troopers begin coming from Allshard's--struggling with trunks, hatboxes, a few loose parasols and other feminine gear. Brittles sees this with mounting indignation while Quincannon is finally brought to a full stop by the carrying out of a dressmaker's form, modelled on the slim lines of Olivia Dandridge.

As Brittles hits the steps of Allshard's quarters:

93 INT. - ORDERLY ROOM - FORT STARKE.
94

It is the usual company layout with files, order boards, pegs, rifle racks, field desks, etc. Major Allshard is seated at his desk, finishing a directive which Sergeant Hochbauer is taking down.

ALLSHARD
(racing through)
...by order Allshard, major...et
so forth, so forth.

He looks up and rises seeing Brittles enter--recognizing the blood in his friend's eye and knowing the cause of it. Hochbauer, an instant later, stands--salutes.

BRITTLES
(entering--slowly
spacing his first
words)
Major All--shard--what in blazes...?

(CONTINUED)

93
94

(CONTINUED)

ALLSHARD

(a hand up)

Hold it!...I know!...the wagon!

BRITTLES

Yes, by thunder!...and that...
junk--parasols, trunks...hat
boxes--and--a--a...

(his hands pantomime
the female curves of
the dummy)

...an indelicate dressmaker's
whatsis! I can't encumber my
troop with a wagon.

ALLSHARD.

(letting him have it
--very quietly)

Nathan...I'm sending Abby and
Miss Dandridge with you.

Brittles stands numb--the wind momentarily gone out of
him.

ALLSHARD

(fast--taking advantage
of the lull)

They'll accompany the troop to
Sudro's Wells...where they
will take the stage east...

(emphatically)

That's an order, Captain!

BRITTLES

(very stiffly)

Sir, I wish to protest this order.

Allshard shrugs, reaches for a piece of paper and a pen.
He dips the pen in an inkwell and slides the paper and
pen across to a corner of the desk. Hochbauer vacates
his chair.

ALLSHARD

(during this)

I expected you to... You may
put it in writing.

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)
94

BRITTLES

(bluntly)

I intend to.

He sits down and, with a glance at the wall clock to establish the time, begins writing furiously. Allshard looks down at him with full understanding and sympathy and begins to pace the room.

ALLSHARD

(sympathetically)

Sat up half the night with this, Nathan... I can't keep the Dandridge girl here... She's not army...

BRITTLES

(as to himself, as he writes)

For the following reasons: ---
One!...

(he looks up)

A war party of Cheyenne Dog-Soldiers is now raiding this territory...

Brittles resumes writing, as Allshard continues, neither man apparently paying the slightest attention to what the other is saying.

ALLSHARD

I've a feeling every woman who goes through life on this post for the next five months has got to be army to the core...

BRITTLES

TWO! They must be sought out and driven back...

ALLSHARD

And with you going on the retired list, it's my last chance to get rid of the girl...

BRITTLES

Three! Failure to act at once will give the Cheyennes time to arouse the local Arapahoes and Comanches...

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)
94

ALLSHARD

It's obvious she can't travel alone, so I've got to send Abby ... But my wife doesn't like it a bit...

BRITTLES

Four! The inclusion of women among the members of this troop will delay the performance of its duties...

ALLSHARD

Said everyone would think she was running away... Poor Abby...
(softly)
Means she'll be gone all winter...

BRITTLES

In conclusion... I respectfully protest the decision of the commanding officer to saddle my troop with his female relations in this critical hour...
(with a flourish)
Signed... And so forth...

Brittles stands shoving the screen toward Allshard, who makes a slight gesture toward Hochbauer.

ALLSHARD

(hum-drum manner)
File it, Sergeant-Major...

Brittles extends his hand to Allshard, who takes it without surprise. Both men look weary, a bit grim.

BRITTLES

A hard decision, Mac... You'll miss Abby.

ALLSHARD

Hate to hamstring you this way, Nathan...

The two start toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)
94

ALLSHARD (cont'd)
(husband coming to
the fore)
But...you WILL take every
precaution?

Brittles stiffens slightly and Allshard, immediately sensing it, smiles his apology--and squeezes Brittles' arm.

ALLSHARD (cont'd)
(embarrassed)
No...forget I asked that.

Both men look up--relieved at the interruption--as Abby Allshard comes through the door.

95 ANGLE - FEATURING ABBY.

She is wearing a campaign hat with a cavalry kerchief over it and knotted beneath her chin. She has on a simple riding outfit which has seen much use. She looks shrewdly from her husband to Nathan, then back again to the Major.

ABBY
(knowing grin)
How'd he take the idea of old
Iron Pants riding with him?

ALLSHARD
(thumb jerking
toward paper on
desk)
Under protest, my dear.

BRITTLES
(slight bow to Abby)
Official protest of course,
Abby... It will always be my
pleasure to escort "Old Iron
Pants".

Brittles moves out--with Abby and the Major smiling fondly after him. Then she turns and, for a moment, they look at each other--a couple very much in love with

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

all the mutual concern and regret over a parting. Abby suddenly smiles radiantly--if a little falsely--at her husband and goes to him with arms extended.

ABBY

Now stop worrying!

96 EXT. - COMPANY STREET & FRONT OF ALLSHARD'S HEADQUARTERS.

The troop is now drawn up in a company front and Brittles, mounted, moves along to a central position fronting the men.

BRITTLES

(loudly)

Men! Two ladies are going with the column...Mrs. Allshard and Miss Dandridge!

97 CLOSE SHOT - ROSS PENNELL..

His eyes rolling slightly upward, the faintest trace of a pleased smile.

98 CLOSE SHOT - FLINT COHILL.

Lips compressed, not liking the news a bit--thinking of its effect on Ross.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)

I know you will be extra vigilant...

99 FULL SHOT - BRITTLES

BRITTLES (cont'd)

And remember to watch your language! Above all...WATCH THAT WORD!

He swings his mount and jogs slowly back toward Allshard's headquarters.

100 DETAIL OF COLUMN - QUINCANNON FRONTING SOME TROOPERS.

QUINCANNON

Ye heard the captain...so I'll
expect ye to be on yer most
contumacious behaviour...an'
that also means...

Quincannon loses the troopers attention-- their heads
are pivoting to the left as tho drawn by magnets--and
Quincannon automatically looks the same way--and his
lips purse involuntarily.

101 ANGLE ON OLIVIA.

And a sight to justify any man's whistling. She is
cantering down the company street, riding side-saddle,
wearing a fashionably cut facsimile (or reasonable one)
of a trooper's brass-buttoned shell jacket, a jaunty
kepi and a slim-waisted, form-revealing skirt. She
wears a yellow ribbon in her hair.

102 ANGLE ON QUINCANNON.

Manfully collecting himself, he whirls furiously back on
the troopers.

QUINCANNON

(hoarsely)

No whistling! No whistling! Or
I'll be playin' marbles with the
teeth of the man that does!

The troopers dutifully do an eyes front, but Quincannon
is not above temptation and he swings quickly for
another view--his lips again pursing of their own
volition.

103 SERIES OF SHOTS - OLIVIA RIDING ALONG THE COLUMN.

1. AS SHE PAUSES BEFORE BRITTLES. She comes to a salute.

OLIVIA

Trooper Dandridge reporting
for duty, sir.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES
(studiously)
A yellow ribbon means a sweet-
heart in the cavalry... Who
is it for, Miss Dandridge?

OLIVIA
(coquettishly)
Why, for you, Captain Brittles...

She canters by.

104 2. SHE CONFRONTS COHILL.

OLIVIA
Hope the uniform meets with
your approval, Mister Cohill.

COHILL
So he's branded you with the
yellow ribbon?

OLIVIA
(teasingly)
How do you know it's not for
you, Mister?

She continues by.

105 3. PENNELL RIDES CLOSE.

PENNELL
(hardly daring to
hope)
Is it really for me, Olivia...?

OLIVIA
Need you ask that, Mister
Pennell?

106 4. OLIVIA AND QUINCANNON. As she rides up.

OLIVIA
Major Allshard says I'm to put
myself in your care, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

Well, Miss, if I'm to be your
maiden aunt, ye'll have to tell
me who the yellow ribbon's for...

OLIVIA

(soulful look)

Why who could it be, but the
handsomest...sergeant in the
troop!

Quincannon's Irish map disintegrates and as she rides
on he involuntarily WHISTLES--then breaks it off as he
hears, o.s.:

TROOPER'S VOICE

Baggage wagon?...How'd you
like to go...!

107 QUICK FLASH - QUINCANNON. As he wheels on teamster.

QUINCANNON

(frantically)

Watch them words! Watch them
words!

108 CLOSE SHOT - LITTLE TROOPER.

Bent to tighten his cinch.

TROOPER

(covertly)

Watch them Grammar!

And bends again to his task, all innocence as Quincannon
stomps into the shot--looking in vain for the offender.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)

Troop, attention...

BUGLE BLOWS ATTENTION.

109 FULL SHOT - COMPREHENSIVE SHOT - THE TROOP.

Brittles giving commands. In b.g. Allshard and colors
move to gate.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES
Prepare to mount!

BRITTLES
MOUNT!

BUGLE blows BOOTS and SADDLES.

BRITTLES (cont'd)
Lead out from the right.
Twos--twos right! Walk. Yo!

The column swings into action. We hear the BAND PLAYING
"She Wore a Yellow Ribbon".

110 SERIES OF SHOTS:
to

- 120 1. Women are trailing along beside the moving column.
2. Three small boys with paper hats and wooden sabres
keep in step beside their fathers' mounts.
3. A Young woman runs in close to one trooper and
collars a hound puppy which has been trying to
follow its master.
4. An old quartermaster, grizzled and crippled, cups
his mouth with his hands.

QUARTERMASTER
Keep your hair on, boys!

5. A woman holding a baby high, so her husband can see
him clearly.
6. ANGLE UPWARDS - section of troop--men shooting side-
wise glances at wives and children.
7. Small boy running alongside trooper, holding up a
rabbit's foot.

SMALL BOY
Your rabbit's foot, paw, your
rabbit's foot!

8. ABBY AND OLIVIA - riding along. Olivia is obviously
delighted. ABBY is yelling her last minute goodbyes.

(CONTINUED)

110 (CONTINUED)

to
120

ABBY

(calling off)

I won't forget the gingham and
the patterns...

(to another)

...and the baby shirts...

9. STOUT MRS. CRUMREIN.

MRS. CRUMREIN

(to Abby)

And the teething rings...

10. Dr. O'Loughlin--passing man seen earlier with arm
in a sling and broken ribs.

O'LOUGHLIN

I know it itches...but you
leave that cast on till we get
back!

11. BUCKBOARD - NEAR STORE. Rynders and two goons in
buckboard, complacently watching the column moving
out. Rynders exchanges satisfied looks with men
and lightly whips up his team--moving in a direction
opposite that in which the column is going.

121 EXT. - NEAR STOCKADE GATES.

Now the troop is at the gates, moving smartly, with the
grim precision of a smoothly-running machine of war.
The BAND is PLAYING them out.

(NOTE: It is hoped that the location, terrain and light
may suggest the effect of a rising sun which will gild
the landscape onto which Brittles is leading his troupe.
But if the weather proves cloudy or rainy--and no changes
can be made in the shooting schedule---this and the pre-
ceding scenes preparatory to the troop's departure can be
construed as being made in the grey light of a false dawn.
No plot point would be affected by any such change.)

122 FULL SHOT - AT GATES.

Major Allshard and the grouped colors sit their horses,
receiving the salute of the passing troop. As Brittles
and the lead column passes:

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

So...here they are...the dog-faced soldiers, the regulars, the fifty-cent a day professionals--riding the outposts of a nation.

As the troop begins to pass Allshard.

NARRATOR

From Fort Reno to Fort Apache, from Fort Phil Kearney to Fort Sheridan...they were all the same.

123 PORTRAIT STUDY - QUINCANNON - ON THE FLANK OF HIS TROOP, SALUTING THE COLORS.

NARRATOR

In every troop, a Sergeant Quincannon--with his time running out against his hashmarks.

124 FULL SHOT - THREE GALLOPING FROM THE REAR TO THE FRONT OF THE COLUMN OVERTAKING BRITTLES.

NARRATOR

...A Young Tyree--only three stripes on his sleeve now--but a captain to the men he commanded under Jubal Early when Marse Robert was a living god.

125 MED. SHOT - HEAD OF COLUMN.

Brittles turns inquiringly as Tyree comes up, gives him a salute and starts to make a report. (Silent shot). Brittles' jaw sets, he speaks (mutely) gestures and, with another salute, Tyree gallops off at a tangent to the column. (Note: This is the order to tail Rynders.)

NARRATOR

And at the head of a column, always a Captain Brittles--with the wisdom of his trade drawn from long years with the service...

126 FULL SHOT.

Olivia and Abby pass Allshard. Abby's hand goes up--half in salute--but instead of dropping it smartly, she touches it to her lips and floats the major a kiss. As she passes out of sight COHILL and PENNELL ride in--and by.

NARRATOR

And down the line of file-closers,
the lieutenants he trained to
follow him---Flint Cohill, with
nine years of service...Ross
Pennell with four...

As wagon and balance of column pass the colors:

NARRATOR

Allshard...Brown...Crumrein...
Davis...call the roll for them
all...Men in dirty-shirt blue
and only a cold page in the
history books to mark their
passing.

127 EXT. - STOCKADE GATES.

Shooting into Fort as Allshard and color detail turn their backs and slowly ride into the fort.

NARRATOR

But wherever they rode....

128 EXT. - STOCKADE GATES - REVERSE ON GARRISON.

They have all come to the center of the gates now--and the gates are slowly closing. The remnant of the garrison, the wives, the small boys--their swords now trailing dejectedly,--the dogs now still and a little worried--they all stand, peering out, through the narrowing crack of the gates.

NARRATOR

...and whatever they fought for,
that place became...the...United
...States!

And the stockade gates swing shut.

DISSOLVE.

129 EXT. - WIDE ANGLE VIEW OPEN COUNTRY - TWO DUST WHIRLS.

Toward the north, a cloud of dust shows the movement of A Troop as it trots along on the three-day move to Sudro's Wells. CAMERA PANS slowly to discover a smaller dust cloud--kicked up by a buckboard--moving tangent to it--or east by south.

130 EXT. - CLOSER SHOT - BUCKBOARD AS IT MOVES.

Rynders drives the buckboard. His two goons with him. Presently he turns aside and from the protecting cover of a butte, two men drive out in a wagon. They wave in friendly fashion to Rynders, as they pull the buckboard to a stop. As the men reach out to shake hands...the CAMERA WHIPS TO:

131 EXT. - RIDGE - ROCKY OR WITH PROTECTING SHRUBS - TYREE.

Tyree, on one knee and taking advantage of the available cover, is peering grimly off at the distant group. His horse is concealed behind the crest. Satisfied at what he has seen, he runs--stooped--to where his horse stands, steps onto saddle and gallops off toward the north. The CAMERA holds on the study of the running horse until it diminishes in the distant landscape.

DISSOLVE.

132 EXT. - LONG SHOT - MOVING TROOP - MID-AFTERNOON.

The troop is moving along, baggage wagon at the rear, at a steady ground-consuming pace. Clouds of dust trail from the column and all but obscure horses and men.

Suddenly, from the flank, TYREE gallops in.

133 EXT. - HEAD OF COLUMN - FEATURING BRITTLES.

Brittles has turned, observing Tyree's approach--and then, squinting at the sun, swings high an arm.

BRITTLES
(calling)

Troop...halt!...Dismount and walk!

He spurs out to meet Tyree and swings off his horse. So does Tyree as he comes up.

134 EXT. - BRITTLES AND TYREE.

The salutes are perfunctorily exchanged, but Brittles misses no detail of Tyree's manner, the appearance of his lathered horse.

TYREE

Trailed Mister Rynders' buckboard southeast, sir... 'bout a mile below the Painted Post ...he met two men in a wagon.

BRITTLES

Know who they were?

TYREE

No, sir, Captain...and it didn't seem prudent to inquire.

BRITTLES

(nodding approval)

Huhh!...What do you suppose they could be doing down there, Sergeant?

TYREE

That ain't my department, sir.

Brittles smiles slightly, but Tyree presses in.

TYREE (cont'd)

But now I've reported as ordered, sir, I'd be pleased to return and introduce myself to those rascals...

BRITTLES

Take your point, Sergeant...

He looks off--in the direction Rynders has taken.

BRITTLES

I've got a sort of feeling we'll meet 'em on the turn-around.

135 EXT. - NEAR HEAD OF WALKING COLUMN.

Cohill walks his horse side by side with Olivia, who is leading hers. The girl, though plucky, is bone-tired,

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED)

hot, dirty, saddle-sore, thirsty-- and, above all, annoyed. Cohill, equally dusty, moves along like a tireless machine.

A gust of hot wind blows a choking dust cloud against them. Olivia coughs and rubs an impatient glove against her sanded lips.

COHILL

(in broad imitation
of a tea-party
conversationalist)

Romantic, isn't it, Miss Dandridge?
...Guidons gaily fluttering,
bronzed men lustily singing,
horses prancing...
(heavy emphasis)
...and bunions aching!

OLIVIA

Must you always be so vulgar,
Mr. Cohill?

COHILL

The cavalry doesn't go in
for refinements, Miss
Dandridge...

OLIVIA

Cavalry? This ridiculous
business of having to dismount
and walk every hour or so...
You might as well be in the
infantry...

COHILL

We soon would be if we didn't
ease the mounts...
(quiet contempt)
Why don't you ride in the wagon?

OLIVIA

No, thank you! Why doesn't
the army put springs on its
wagons?

COHILL

Oh, the men all said they'd
rather have fingerbowls...

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

(icily)

Have I your permission to ride
back along the line? I'd
rather take the dust with Mr.
Pennell.

COHILL

Haven't you already thrown
enough dust in Pennell's eyes?
Why don't you give him a chance!

Cohill stiffens as he realizes Brittles has drifted
back and probably overheard his speech.

BRITTLES

(mildly)

Mister Cohill, relieve Mister
Pennell with the rear guard.

COHILL

Yes, sir...

As Cohill mounts and gallops down the line, Olivia looks
after him with flashing fury...

BRITTLES

(enigmatically)

Everything under control, Miss
Dandridge...?

OLIVIA

(still looking back
after Cohill)

Everything's just fine, Captain.

Brittles' smile is still enigmatic. Suddenly his
attention holds--looking ahead with sharp concern.
Brittles throws up his hand and the column halts.

136 LONG SHOT - BRITTLES' POINT OF VIEW - TYREE.

Tyree is signalling and another point is peering off.
MUSIC changes to INDIAN THEME.

137 FULL SHOT - HEAD OF COLUMN - BRITTLES.

As he swings onto his horse, with the trooper behind him swinging into ready positions. Brittles rides out, followed by his bugler.

138 EXT. - A HILLTOP ON THE PLAIN.

Sergeant Tyree and the other trooper sit their horses, looking off into the distance. Brittles rides in briskly, pulling a collapsible telescope from its case on the saddlebow.

BRITTLES

Can you make them out, Sergeant?

TYREE

Looks like Arapahoes, sir.

138A EXT. - LONG SHOT - BRITTLES' POINT OF VIEW.

Far away, a dustcloud forms. Nothing is visible to the ordinary eye, but Tyree's voice is heard o.s.

TYREE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Moving their whole village--
wagons and all.

139 EXT. - BIG HEAD BRITTLES.

Blinking slightly, he is unable to see anything but dust. He has the telescope to his eye, and his gloved hand is turning the focus ring.

BRITTLES

I don't know where you got
your brains, Sergeant... But God
must have given you that pair
of eyes.

140 EXT. - EFFECT SHOT - DETAIL OF INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MARCH - AS SEEN THROUGH TELESCOPE VIGNETTE.

Tyree has been correct. It is an Indian Village moving travois, mounted braves, women, children, dogs, tipis, lodge poles, etc. They are all moving laterally, and paralleling C Troop, and in the same direction...

(CONTINUED)

140 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES' VOICE
Arapahoes, all right. And
heading the same way we are!

141 EXT. - STUDY OF TYREE, BRITTLES AND ORDERLIES.

Brittles is passing the scope to Tyree and at the same time thinking aloud.

BRITTLES
Why should they be moving towards
Sudro's Wells?... Can you answer
that, Sergeant?

TYREE
Sir, my mother didn't raise
any Rebel sons to make guesses
in front of a Yankee captain.

BRITTLES
(grimly)
I'd soon find out...if...
(half to himself)
No, Sergeant...we can't risk
it...not with those women.

He turns as Olivia canters up--eyes bright with excitement as she peers at the Indians off.

OLIVIA
(breathlessly)
Are they Indians, Captain?...
Are we going to fight them?

BRITTLES
(sternly)
Rejoin the column, Miss
Dandridge--

As she pauses, hardly crediting it, he swings her bridle and slaps her horse's rump.

BRITTLES (cont'd)
Get back in line--and keep
your interval.

(CONTINUED)

141 (CONTINUED)

As Olivia, somewhat chastened but also indignant, rides back, Cohill and Pennell ride in.

BRITTLES
(looking at Indians--
not at them)
I don't like it, Mister Cohill
...I don't like it at all.

Cohill looks inquiringly at Tyree.

TYREE
Arapahoes, sir...

BRITTLES
(facing lieutenants)
We're turning east, gentlemen--
to give them a wide berth...
we will approach Sudro's Wells
from Twin Forks.

COHILL
(thinking of work
to be done)
We'll lose half a day, sir.

Brittles starts away.

PENNELL
(thinking of
Olivia)
The ladies may miss the stage
...sir.

BRITTLES
(turning on him)
Would you rather have them
miss their scalps, Mister?
(to bugler)
Boots and Saddles!

As the BUGLE BLOWS, Cohill looks at the sheepish Pennell, and gives him a pitying wag of the head.

142 FULL SHOT - WIDE ANGLE.

As the column moves off. It is hoped that the shot obtained may convey the impression of this small

(CONTINUED)

142 (CONTINUED)

column all but lost in the immensity of the plains-- with lighting and SCORE combining to heighten the effect of the menace which henceforth must overshadow the movement of the troop.

DISSOLVE.

143 WIDE ANGLE SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON - ROUGH COUNTRY - THE TROOP.

A time lapse is indicated in the changed terrain, the long shadows running out ahead of the troop as it continues doggedly on its eastward course. After suitable footage.

144 CLOSER STUDY - REAR OF TROOP.

As the end of the column passes on ahead, we see FLINT COHILL riding five yards behind the troop. His eyes are alert, but not apprehensive as he scans the country on both sides.

Ross Pennell canters his mount from the head of the column toward him. The men exchange perfunctory salutes.

PENNELL

(riding in)

You're relieved, Mister Cohill
...I'm taking over the rear
guard.

145 MOVING ON PENNELL - COHILL.

PENNELL

(grumpily)

Glad you're going up there
...The Old Man hasn't spoken
to me in three hours.

COHILL

(mimicking Pennell)

"But the ladies may miss
the stage, sir!" Hah! You'll
be lucky if he talks to you
in three days!

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED)

PENNELL

It'll be his last chance to.

COHILL

Yeah?

(sarcastically)

So the Lieutenant Pennell is still going to resign.

PENNELL

(emphatically)

Through channels!

COHILL

As adjutant I'll tear it up!

(tolerantly)

Look, bub, every second lieutenant's entitled to three resignations during his first tour of duty.

PENNELL

But you forget...bub...that I don't have to depend on cavalry pay!

COHILL

(bitterly)

That's right...I'd forgotten your silver spoon... But I'll bet Miss Olivia Dandridge hasn't...not for a minute!

He spurs his horse and canters off, leaving Pennell burning--choking off his angry reply.

146 ANGLE NEAR HEAD OF COLUMN, PARALLELING FRONT OF BAGGAGE WAGON.

OLIVIA is riding near the wagon as Cohill overtakes her and pulls in beside her. She is acutely conscious of his coming and, womanlike, appears elaborately indifferent to it. But Cohill's first words shatter that indifference into splinters.

(CONTINUED)

146 (CONTINUED)

COHILL

(leaning in--words
coming in a rush)

Take your hooks out of Ross
Pennell, do you hear! He's
got the makings of a good
officer!

She whirls on him in astonishment, then blazing anger.

OLIVIA

(angrily)

You're not his guardian...nor
mine, Mister Cohill!

COHILL

I'm telling you just the same!
It's bad enough you've
hamstrung the captain on his
last patrol... But Ross!
Spoiled rich kid... The Army's
his only chance... And even
if you can't take the army...
leave him alone!

He spurs his horse ahead, leaving her as angry and as
frustrated as Pennell. As the column moves ahead, the
rear of the baggage wagon comes into view.

147 ABBY and Dr. O'Loughlin are making themselves as com-
148 fortable as possible on the tailgate. Both of them
have their heads turned ahead--as though they had been
listening to the Cohill-Olivia exchange. Now they turn
back, and, as the CAMERA moves, holding on the rear of
the baggage wagon, we see their reactions to what they
have heard. O'Loughlin is amused, Abby is frowning
and troubled.

O'LOUGHLIN

Ah dear, what a troublesome
thing it is to be young...
Aren't ye glad, Abby, that we
won't have to go through
that phase again.

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)
148

ABBY

(preoccupied with
her own thoughts)
Flint has no right to speak
to her that way!

O'LOUGHLIN

(chuckling)
He'd the best right...Poor
lad, he's in love with her
himself...

(wagging head in
amusement)
Such pious indignation and
concern for young Pennell!

ABBY

(briskly)
Nonsense...she's no woman for
Flint.

(complacently)
She'll marry Ross and have
a fine house in Philadelphia
...he'll inherit his father's
railroad...they'll have their
babies...and...

O'LOUGHLIN

(briskly)
And live happy ever after?
(shaking his head)
Abby, if that was in the back
of that Machiavellian mind
of yours when ye brought yer
niece out here, ye can banish
the thought...Yer niece is
going to be an army wife--
like yerself!

O'Loughlin isn't prepared for Abby's reaction. She
whirls on him with something almost of terror in her
voice and manner.

ABBY

Don't say that, doctor,
don't say it! Because you
don't know what it means...

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)
148

She sees O'Loughlin's surprise and ruefully acknowledges it. And now Abby lowers her guard for perhaps the first and last time in her life and lets her words rush out in a burst of self-disclosure which at first stuns, then touches her old friend.

ABBY

An Army wife!... Oh yes, you know some of it! The gallant smile when your man rides out...

(bitterly)

...but not the terror of the long nights when he's gone... nor the sorrow of seeing your baby sicken and die for want of fresh greens and milk... You've been to our little formal dinners, with the two silver candlesticks and the one good tablecloth...

(whirls on him)

But shall I tell you, doctor, how often I've mended that cloth... how carefully I must set the table so wine stains won't show... Yes, you know the army wife... a ten-dollar bill in her stocking, a black evening gown in her saddlebag and a soft hand on the reins...

(slowly)

But I planted twenty-four gardens in the first ten years of our marriage... and we never stayed long enough to see a single bloom.

O'Loughlin - sympathetic and embarrassed - awkwardly reaches to touch her hand.

O'LOUGHLIN

But... but you and Mac...

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)
148

ABBY

(quickly)

But mark you, I wouldn't change
my life for any woman's... nor
would I wish it on any woman...
Olivia least of all...

Abby now groans and shifts her posterior gingerly.

ABBY

(continuing)

Though there have been times
when I wish Mac had chosen
Coast Artillery...

O'LOUGHLIN

(quickly)

I can give you a little horse
linament...

ABBY

(after an
indignant glance)

I would prefer a drop of the
medical whisky, doctor...

They break off, as o.s. we hear a distant call from
Tyree.

TYREE'S VOICE

(faint in distance
- words possibly
not distinguishable)

Buffalo! Buffalo!

149 EXT. - HEAD OF COLUMN

In the distance Tyree, on the rim of a mesa or plateau,
is waving his arm excitedly while another trooper
is peering off. Brittles, Cohill and bugler spur out
ahead of the column toward Tyree.

TYREE

(words possibly
indistinguishable)

Buffalo ahead... Buffalo!

150 EXT. - CLOSER ON TYREE AS BRITTLES AND COHILL RIDE IN.

TYREE
(pointing)
Buffalo, sir!

151 LONG SHOT - VAST STRETCH OF PLAINS.

The plains have now become a sea of dusty brown bodies kicking up immense dust clouds. Other clouds on the horizon suggest the presence of still greater herds. (Note: If this shot can be tricked to simulate a continuous pan shot, it will -- it is hoped--convey the impression of herds as vast as those which once roamed the western plains.) Far away, windborne, can be heard the ceaseless BELLOWING and STAMPING of the bison.

TYREE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Must be six full herds, sir...
and by the dust clouds in the
south more a-comin'.

152 REVERSE ANGLE - BRITTLES AND OFFICER GROUP IN F.G.

As the troop comes forward, men rising in their stirrups for a better look, Olivia curbing her desire to leave the troop for a closer view, Quincannon--followed by Pennell--spurring out to join the officer group.

QUINCANNON
(to Brittles as he
rides up--looking
off)
Will ye look at them, Captain!
It's like the old days! When
whiskey was fifty cents a gallon.

BRITTLES
(half-incredulously
--almost to himself)
It's the first time the herds
have come north since the
summer of... '69.

153 MED. SHOT - DETAIL OF TROOP.

A young trooper, licking his lips, turns to a saddlemate.

FIRST TROOPER

Sure hanker for a taste of
buffalo meat.

SECOND TROOPER

(wisely)

Beans is safer...Injuns'll be
thick as flies 'round that
herd.

FIRST TROOPER

(peering off)

Ain't seen none, yet...

154 FULL SHOT - THE HERD.

Moving slowly but relentlessly north--cutting off the
troop's line of march.

155 MED. SHOT - BRITTLES.

Peering off, reaching back for his spy glass. Suddenly
he observes Olivia, dutifully maintaining her place in
the column, but manifestly eager to be nearer the bluff.

BRITTLES

(calling)

Come forward, Miss Dandridge...
This is a sight you may
never see again...

Olivia has darted out of the column at his first
invitation. As she nears him, Brittles proffers the
glass.

BRITTLES (cont'd)

(hint of melancholy)

And one I never expected to.

156 ANGLE - FEATURING OLIVIA.

As she eagerly puts the glass to her eyes and turns it
on the distant herd. The men stand around watching her,
all a little proudly as though this had been a miracle
of their devising--just for her.

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
(after a moment--
breathlessly)
You don't expect me to believe
all this real, Captain...

BRITTLES
(reflectively)
When I first rode out here as
a young lieutenant--thirty
years ago--the whole territory
was grazed by herds like this...

157 EXT. - EFFECT SHOT - AS THROUGH SPY GLASS VIGNETTE.

The buffalo herd--in cross section and close-up--
showing the shaggy-maned bulls, the cows with their
calves moving across the range of vision.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)
So many of 'em, there was no
way of counting... Maybe sixty
or seventy million...

158 PORTRAIT STUDY - BRITTLES.

He speaks with a little bitterness.

BRITTLES
The Indians couldn't make a
dent in their number...but the
white man could--and did...

159 EXT. - EFFECT SHOT - THRU TELESCOPE VIGNETTE - DETAIL
HERD.

A big bull, pawing the ground dumbly, moving his shaggy
head from side to side--then ambling off.

160 MED. SHOT - BRITTLES AND OLIVIA.

BRITTLES

Look while you can, Miss
Dandridge--You won't see
the likes of it again.

Brittles turns and moves away toward his officers, who have been standing a bit withdrawn. They continue a few yards--to take them well apart from Olivia. In the scene are Brittles, Quincannon, Tyree, Cohill, Pennell --possibly bugler.

BRITTLES

Well, Mister Cohill, would
you lead the troop through
that herd?

COHILL

Not unless ordered, sir, and
then under written protest.

Brittles gives a satisfied nod and turns to Pennell.

BRITTLES

(reflectively)

Only wish I knew what the
Indians were thinking.

PENNELL

A big hunt might make them
forget war, sir...

BRITTLES

(doubtfully)

Yes, there's that possibility
...but...

He turns to Tyree.

BRITTLES

What's your thinking,
Sergeant?...and don't tell
me it ain't your department.

161 ANGLE FEATURING TYREE.

Tyree clears his throat before beginning--at first shyly, then with increasing assurance and dignity.

(CONTINUED)

161 (CONTINUED)

TYREE

Ain't paid for thinkin', Captain,
but I rede it thisaway:---if I
was a young hotblood like Red.
Shirt, anxious to show off before
them Cheyenne Dog Soldiers, I'd
be standing by a council fire
out there tonight tellin' the
bucks that it was My medicine
brought the buffalo back.

Tyree now begins to think--and speak--and even look
like an Indian as he unconsciously begins to speak with
the cadence and gesture of a young chief addressing his
tribe...

TYREE

I'd say it was a sign from the
Great Spirit...for us Injuns to
forget our old quarrels...and
band together...with our
Cheyenne brothers who whupped
General Custer n' General Crook
...and WIPE OUT the REST of the
Yankee cavalry!...

162 FULL SHOT - STUDY OF THE GROUP..

There is a moment's hush--impressed and impressive.
Tyree slumps apologetically.

TYREE

(embarrassedly)
Course, I'm just guessin',
you understand, Captain.

BRITTLES

Course you understand, Sergeant,
that I'm just guessing, too...
But if I were an Indian agent--
maybe named Mister Rynders...
and had met a couple of men--who
might be gun runners--I'm guess-
ing I'd be mighty close to
that council fire of Red Shirt
--ready to do a landoffice
business in repeating rifles.

(CONTINUED)

162 (CONTINUED)

PENNELL

(impetuously)

But if that's so, sir, then
 why don't we move out and...
 (regretting rashness)

Sorry, sir!

BRITTLES

Never apologize, Mister Pennell
 ... We can't...BECAUSE!
 (indicates women)

Brittles lets the bitter fact sink in, then turns back
 to Tyree--no indecision in his manner now.

BRITTLES

Sergeant, you're well-mounted
 ...Make for the Paradise
 River...pick up our patrol
 and proceed at your best pace
 to Sudro's Wells...Have them
 hold the stagecoach for the
 ladies...

(understatement)

Tell them I've been delayed.

TYREE

Yes sir, Captain.

163) Tyree wheels his mount and spurs off. The CAMERA follows
 164) his ride as he gallops down slope and along the dusty
 (For fringe of the buffalo herds.
 Buffalo
 shots) After sufficient footage on Tyree's ride.

165 FULL SHOT - BRITTLES.

Straightening his shoulders, he swings his mount back
 toward the troop and his arm signal is taken up by
 Cohill who gives the familiar command:

COHILL

Forward---Yo--oh!

And as the troop moves again in a slightly altered
 direction...

DISSOLVE.

166 EXT. - PLAINS - LATE AFTERNOON - SERGEANT TYREE.

(We may presume this is an hour after Tyree has left the troop.)

He is a solitary figure in blue as he moves at a tireless gallop across the wide expanse of the valley. Tough ground is nearby--possibly foothills, boulders, an arroyo. As he comes closer to the CAMERA he observes some object on the ground, or caught in a clump of chaparral. He pulls his horse in and circles back to it.

167 EXT. - PLAINS - CLOSER ON TYREE.

He dismounts to pick up the object. It is a forage cap with eagle feathers attached to it.

INSERT - THE CAP AS HELD BY TYREE.

Now we see that it is ornamented with the familiar crossed sabres of the cavalry and the legend:

"7th CAV. U. S. A."

168 EXT. - PLAINS - BACK ON TYREE.

His expression is grim, thoughtful. He talks--as from long habit--to his horse. Matter-of-factly, not sentimentally.

TYREE

Cheyennes, Lady... The ones
that killed those Yankee
boys with General Custer...

He stuffs the ornament into his shirt front and begins peering at the ground...

TYREE

And a mighty fresh trail...

But he breaks off at a distant CHORUS of YIPING CRIES, turns and looks as the CAMERA WHIPS TO:

169 EXT. - RISING GROUND - CHEYENNES AGAINST SKYLINE.

It is a small war-party of ten or twelve Cheyenne Dog Soldiers, breech-clouted, feathered, painted--on paint ponies also paint-striped for war. Having spotted Tyree, they charge over the hillock-- YIPPING fiercely-- and come hell-bent for Tyree. (NOTE TO CREW: THIS IS OUR FIRST REAL CLOSE SHOT OF THE INDIANS. IT MUST BE DRAMATIC AS AN EXCLAMATION POINT. STRONG COLOR, STRONG FACES TO LIFT EVERY KID IN THE AUDIENCE A FULL TEN INCHES OUT OF HIS SEAT).

The leader of the Cheyennes carries a light blanket draped over his rifle-carrying arm and which he uses as a gonfalon in directing the movements of his bucks. (NOTE TO PROPS: This vividly colored--probably red-- "Blanket" should be of silk or some lightweight material to permit its easy handling and flowing movement).

170 EXT. - THE CHASE - SERIES OF SHOTS.
thru

- 174 1. Tyree mounts and streaks away, making for the rougher ground.
2. YELLING Indians veering to try to cut him off.
3. ANGLE FEATURING CHEYENNE LEADER, as he swings rifle, with blanket draped over arm, making his braves fan out to encircle Tyree.
4. Tyree snakes his mount between two boulders--barely wide enough to permit his passage.
5. INDIANS having to follow in single file.
6. Tyree leaping his mount over a shallow coulee or arroyo.
7. Indians losing ground as they follow, some circling the obstacle.
8. Tyree swinging to right, then having to pull up.
9. Shot--from his viewpoint--two Indians racing toward him from that direction. O.S., triumphant, excited CRIES of Indians.
10. Tyree veering off, forced to urge his horse up rising ground.

(CONTINUED)

170 (CONTINUED)
thru

- 174 11. Blur of Indians--WHOOPIING eagerly--as they whip past CAMERA.
12. HEAD ON SHOT - Tyree looking back over shoulder, as he races toward and past CAMERA, with Indians in hot pursuit but still some distance back.
13. Tyree riding to hillcrest and suddenly pulling in. O.S., again the exultant YELPS of Indians.
14. We see that Tyree has been forced to the edge of a chasm. The drop is sheer, precipitous...with perhaps 18 feet to the far ledge, somewhat lower. Tyree looks helplessly left and right, seeking an alternative.
15. Indians racing up the slope, YIPPING triumphantly.

175 EXT. - PROFILE SHOT NEAR EDGE OF CHASM.

Tyree past his horse's neck, speaking softly, reassuringly.

TYREE

See it, Lady?,,, Take a good
look, girl...you can do it!

176 EXT. - FULL ON SLOPE AND EDGE OF CHASM.

Tyree quickly guides his mount a dozen strides back toward the advancing Indians, then pulls LADY around and makes his approach to the jump.

177 EXT. - EFFECT SHOT - PROFILE CHASM AND OPPOSITE LEDGES.

As Lady makes her superb leap and carries safely over. O.S., Indian YIPPING takes an ANGRY TONE.

178 EXT. - EDGE OF CHASM - CLOSE ON INDIANS.

Their mounts rear up almost on top of the CAMERA, suggesting they are being pulled to a stop on the very brink of the chasm. (NOTE TO SOUND CUTTER: Put in terrific NEIGH of a frightened, protesting horse over this).

179 EXT. - FAR SIDE CHASM.

Tyree, recovering from the jump, looks back--then slaps Lady's neck encouragingly--swerves his course slightly and continues away at a slightly slower pace.

180 EXT. - CHASM EDGE.

Indians on their panting horses, gesturing threateningly but obviously abandoning the pursuit.

181 EXT. - LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON.

Tyree once again is loping across open country, swinging in a wide arc as though to suggest he is regaining his original course.

DISSOLVE.

182 EXT. - COMPREHENSIVE SHOT ON TROOP - BRIGHT MORNING EFFECT.

(NOTE: If possible, shoot this against rising sun).
The troop again is on the march, clear of the buffalo herds, moving along at a good trot.

183 EXT. - HEAD OF COLUMN.

Brittles in the lead, trailed by Quincannon and bugler... Cohill flanking...Olivia and Abby riding with high heads.

Suddenly, o.s. we hear the faint REPORT of a SHOT. Heads swing up attentively. Brittles starts to raise his arm. Two more SHOTS--clearer and unmistakable--come through. Brittles completes the arm signal. Quincannon and Cohill at once ride in close.

BRITTLES

(to Quincannon)

Sergeant---the ladies to the rear...Mister Cohill, take the troop! Advance at the trot!

(louder--to troop)

First two squads!... At the gallop! Ho!

QUINCANNON

(bellowing)

Horseholders!

Brittles digs in and with the first squads and two horseholders following, gallops out from the column, leaving Cohill to swing into the column's lead.

COHILL

(arm signal as he does)

Column of deuces--wagon centre! Ho!

184 EXT. - RUNNING SHOT.

Brittles leading first squads out as o.s. the nearer PLOP of scattered SHOTS. Now as the angle widens we may see in the distance two dust clouds--one relatively small, the other larger.

(NOTE: If the terrain permits, there may be some intervening bluff or section of bouldered ground at a midway point between Brittles' squad and the distant patrol under attack. We would assume that this may screen Brittles' unit from the eyes of the attackers and give him the needful cover and element of ambush strategy).

185 EXT. - LONG SHOT - PATROL AND DIST PURSUERS - AS
FROM BRITTIES' VIEWPOINT.

Ahead of the first dust cloud we now see Corporal Quayne's patrol--five or six men, two of them mounted on single horse. They are making heavy progress, their horses almost spent... Behind them there is dust. Riding in it the spaced vanguard of twenty to twenty-five Arapahoes. The troopers OCCASIONALLY FIRE back but there is no firing from the Indians.

186 EXT. - RUNNING SHOT - BRITTIES' SQUAD.

BRITTIES

It's Quayne's patrol, men!

He gives an arm signal. The squad spreads into a line of skirmishers.

187 EXT. - QUAYNE'S PATROL.

We now see that one horse is carrying double, a wounded man exhaustedly hanging to his companion. The other troopers ride at the flanks of the double-burdened horse with one deliberately shielding it from the rear... They are throwing OCCASIONAL SHOTS back. As the troopers move ahead, we now see their pursuers--featuring above all the heroically savage RED SHIRT, fiercest of the Arapahoes. He is riding a blue-gray stallion and carries a bow. Most of the Indians carry lances--none has a rifle.

188 EXT. - NEAR BROKEN GROUND.

As Brittles' squad approaches. The wise old campaigner has judged his terrain perfectly and knows too much to throw his eight men against two dozen Indians. He flings up his arm and the patrol pulls in for a concerted running dismount. Like a precision machine, the men turn their horses over to two troopers who act as horse-holders and lead the mounts into cover. The troopers then take cover --in units of threes--behind the rocks, carbines ready.

Brittles alone stands exposed and draws his sabre.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES
(during above)
Dismount!...Take cover!...
Hold your fire!

He takes a few paces out onto the plain--raising his sabre overhead so it will catch the sunlight as he brandishes it.

BRITTLES
(yelling off)
Patrol ho! Patrol! Here!
This way.

189 EXT. - WIDE ANGLE - PLAINS.

The patrol comes into foreground with Brittles standing-- a distant figure, signalling with the silver blade of his sabre, alone in front of the cluster of boulders. Obedient to his command, the patrol swerves and makes for him.

A moment later the van of the Indian attackers sweeps in, riding thru the dust churned up by the patrol. As other Indians fill the screen and the dust cloud becomes too thick to pierce.

190 EXT. - REVERSE ANGLE - BRITTLES' VIEWPOINT AS THE PATROL COMES CLOSE.

191 CLOSE ON BRITTLES.

He brings the sabre down, pointing it to right.

BRITTLES
Ready on the right! FIRE!

192 CLOSE ON THREE TROOPERS.

Calmly they have been sighting along their carbines-- their faces expressionless, intent. The CARBINES BARK in unison.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)
Ready on the left! Fire!

193 FULL SHOT.

Brittles--sabre to left--and including three other troopers who have risen from behind boulder and FIRE simultaneously.

194 EXT. - FULL ON INDIANS.

As REVERBERATION of second volley SOUNDS. Red Shirt pulls his horse back on its haunches as two Indians near him go down--and the charge is broken.

Another FUSILLADE cracks out. Red Shirt yells for his men to turn and the Indians wheel their mounts and ride off.

As he rides off, Red Shirt pauses long enough to pick up one Indian whose mount has been lost. The Indian does a running vault up beside Red Shirt and is carried away.

195 EXT. - NEAR BOULDERS.

The patrol--having swept past the squad--has circled back and Brittles and the troopers converge on the exhausted man and their sobbing horses. Brittles is the first to reach the mount carrying double and steadies the wounded man--Corporal Quayne--as he all but falls to the ground.

196 EXT. - DETAIL AROUND BRITTLES AND QUAYNE.

Quayne is a rough-tongued veteran, now bled almost white--and with a broken-shafted arrow imbedded over his heart. Brittles and others help him to the ground.

BRITTLES
(during this)
Steady Corporal, steady...

Quayne refuses to lie, but struggles to a sitting position making a feeble attempt at a salute. His breath comes in gasps...

(CONTINUED)

196 (CONTINUED)

QUAYNE

Corporal Quayne, sir...reporting
with Paradise River Patrol...
Arapahoes...jumped us...at...
sundown...

Private McCarthy, the trooper whose mount carried Quayne,
breaks in--hating to see Quayne's suffering, and with
anger in him for what has caused it.

McCARTHY

It was Red Shirt hisself,
cap'n--the black-hearted, gut-
eatin', son o'... Belial!

QUAYNE

(stronger voice)
SHUT UP, MC CARTHY...
(not so strong)
Silence in the ranks...I'm
makin'...this report...
(to Brittles)
They had us ringed...but at
night we...got away... Made
for the relief point...
(not looking at
Brittles)
But you weren't there, sir.

BRITTLES

(wetting his lips)
I wanted to be there!...
Proceed, Corporal.

QUAYNE

They flushed us at dawn...
(indicating arrow)
...and I got this!...

Quayne suffers himself to be placed prone now. The
clatter of the approaching troop comes over as Cohill
leads it forward. Quincannon rides in and dismounts
and approaches the group around Quayne.

(CONTINUED)

BRITTLES
(during this)
A good clear report, Corporal...
This day will show on your record
when you come up for that extra
stripe in two or three years...

Seeing Quincannon, Brittles jerks his head at him.

BRITTLES
I think a drink of whisky is in
order here, Sergeant.

Quincannon beams and reaches happily into his blouse, his
dainty paw brushing the sand off his lips expectantly.

QUINCANNON
I don't mind if I do, sir...

He raises the flask. Brittles has arisen. He gives
Quincannon an impatient glance.

BRITTLES
Not for you, you jughead!

Leaving Quincannon hurt and crestfallen, Brittles stalks
away.

197 ANGLE INCLUDING VANGUARD OF TROOP AS IT RIDES IN, COHILL
LEADING.

Cohill brings his arm to the signal for halt and prepares
to dismount the troop. Dr. O'Loughlin is out of the
wagon like a shot and hurries toward the knot of troopers
around Quayne, followed by Abby. Brittles moves quickly
toward Cohill.

BRITTLES
(calling sharply)
There will be no halt, Mister
Cohill!
(calling off to Doctor)
Place Corporal Quayne in the
wagon, Doctor!

(CONTINUED)

197 (CONTINUED)

Brittles' course has brought him close to Cohill, who has sensed but does not fully understand the urgency in his manner. Brittles' next words explain it.

BRITTLES
(grimly to Cohill)
Red Shirt has made his move!
... Sergeant Tyree was right.

Cohill's jaw hardens. This is the news both men have been fearing.

BRITTLES
(bitterly)
I have been too late!

A trooper leads Brittles' horse to him. He mounts his horse and walks out into the lead, with Cohill following.

DISSOLVE.

198 EXT. - TROOP ON THE MOVE AGAIN - TROTTING.

Brittles leads the column. Olivia and Cohill are packed in close with the first squad. The wagon brings up the rear. Its flaps are down, but there is no other sign as it rattles and bounces along that a desperately wounded man lies within it. An orderly leads the doctor's horse at the flanks of the wagon.

199 CLOSE ON TAILGATE OF THE WAGON - MOVING.

Dr. O'Loughlin, his manner anxious, comes from within the wagon and beckons to the orderly.

O'LOUGHLIN
My horse, Grady...

As the trooper leads it forward...

200 EXT. - HEAD OF COLUMN - MOVING.

Brittles, his face gray with dust and concern, barely turns as Dr. O'Loughlin gallops up and reins in beside

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

O'LOUGHLIN

The arrowhead's right over
Quayne's heart, Nathan...
It's got to come out...

BRITTLES

(not looking at him)

Well?

O'LOUGHLIN

It's a chancey operation...
at best...

(hesitantly)

Can you halt?

BRITTLES

You know I can't.

O'LOUGHLIN

(wheedling)

Give me thirty minutes, Nathan...
twenty?...for the man's life.

BRITTLES

Doctor, I couldn't give you five
--not if he was my own son...
Quayne's a soldier. He'll have
to take a soldier's risk.

O'LOUGHLIN

He knows that... I was the one
that was begging, sir.

He swings his mount, prepares to ride.

BRITTLES

I'll give you all I can...!
Pass the word... At a walk, yo!

The column slows...

BRITTLES

Dismount...and lead!

O'Loughlin's dour face is illumined with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

O'LOUGHLIN

Thank you, Nathan!

And he gallops the length of the column as we see the men throwing off their horses and beginning to walk.

DISSOLVE

201 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE WALKING TROOP.
thru

205 This is a procession, a funeral march, not the romantically-caparisoned movement of a cavalry troop. The scene shrieks with silence--a suspenseful silence like that in a quiet room with a noisy clock. Here the clock is the SCUFFING of booted feet, the PLOP-PLOP of horses' feet in soft ground, the monotonous CLINK of canteens, the agonizing SQUEEK of one wheel in an axle that needs grease.

1. COMPREHENSIVE ON COLUMN, moving in an almost serpentine fashion to follow a level course.
2. SHOOTING out along head of column, showing that Brittles is weaving his course rather than taking a straight line.
3. ANGLE ON WAGON - featuring driver, his mouth tight with concentration, his reins taut--almost as though he were carrying the horses over the uncertain terrain.
4. DOWN, from wagon seat--on troopers proceeding in front of it. They are kicking stones out of the path--stooping occasionally to roll out a larger boulder--stamping or scuffing earth to fill depressions. We must sense this is not a matter of orders, but of desire. (NOTE: It may be deemed desirable--and for fuller clarity here--that these men are not leading their horses, but have turned them over to horseholders who stride parallel with the work group).
5. As the wagon passes, we briefly see ABBY ALLSHARD, her hair bound with a kerchief--nurse-fashion--lean out and toss Quayne's blood-stained shirt with its

(CONTINUED)

201 (CONTINUED)
thru
205

yellow chevrons, to the ground. The eyes of the passing troopers flick to it as they stoically trudge along.

6. CLOSE ON WAGON WHEELS at ground level, rolling through the dirt, cutting a deep double-track. A grease pail beneath the wagon swings like a pendulum --CREAKING sharply in a dissonant cadence.
7. PORTRAIT STUDIES -- BRITTLES, QUINCANNON, possibly Trooper McCarthy (the man who brought Quayne in.)
8. TAILGATE OF WAGON, as Dr. O'Loughlin appears with a pail or basin of bloodied water and flings its grim contents off to the side of the trail.
9. COLUMN OF MARCHING TROOPERS...some of them look quickly, almost stealthily at the ruddy stain already being absorbed into the parched earth... this, their friend's life blood. Others with deliberate stoicism do not look down.
10. HEAD OF COLUMN - BRITTLES. There is a DISTANT HAIL from tail of column.

TROOPER'S VOICE

Captain Brittles...yo!...Captain
Brittles...yo!

At the first SOUND, Brittles flinches. His face shows his foreboding; he falters--turns, looks down the column where--in the far distance by the wagon--O'Loughlin's orderly is waving.

Brittles mounts and spurs his horse down the column, passing COHILL and OLIVIA who have been walking almost directly behind him. They look after him.

206 EXT. - WAGON - REAR.

As Brittles reins in and walks a pace behind it. O'Loughlin presently pulls back the flap from the canvas bows, looks up at Brittles. He has an object in his hand which we may not see but can assume is the arrow-head. He tosses it lightly in his palm as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

206 (CONTINUED)

O'LOUGHLIN

(simply)

Well--here it is, Nathan...

(professionally)

Had to go in behind the shoulder blade to get it....

BRITTLES

(impatiently)

Blast the details! Is he...?

O'LOUGHLIN

I think I can safely say he'll live to make sergeant!

The doctor's announcement is greeted with a hoarse CHORUS of JUBILANT YELLS from the troopers immediately around.

Brittles' smile is as relieved as theirs as he yells.

BRITTLES

Pass the word!... The Corporal's doing fine!

207 FULL SHOT ALONG TROOP.

As we hear the word being carried from squad to squad like a stone skipping the water.

VOICES

He's doing fine...

Fine...

Yeah, Doc got it out...

Quayne's fine...

Men pound saddlemates' backs--weariness forgotten, broad smiles...

But Brittles reverts almost at once to duty and as he spurs forward again, we hear his orders:

BRITTLES

Mount and walk...pass the word...mount!

208 EXT. - NEAR HEAD OF COLUMN.
209

Cohill stands ready to give Olivia a hand-up. The good news about Quayne has had its natural effect on her and is making her forget her hostility toward Cohill.

OLIVIA

(happily)

I'm so glad about Corporal Quayne!

Cohill cups his hands to receive her boot.

COHILL

(bluntly)

Why?... He's just another dogface
soljer in dirty-shirt blue...

He has lifted her into the saddle. She looks down on him angrily, but he meets her stare--challenging her.

COHILL

What's it mean to you if he
lives--or dies?... Did you
ever dance with him at the
fort?...speak to him?... Did
you ever even LOOK at him?

Olivia's anger fades...turns to a little self-searching and possibly some contrition. Cohill meanwhile has gone to his horse and mounts. Brittles passes them and takes the head of the column.

COHILL

(answering his
question)

No...you didn't... No officer's
bars...not a gentleman.

They put their horses in motion, close behind Brittles.

OLIVIA

I've been finding that some
lieutenant's bars are no
guarantee of that!

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

209

COHILL

You're glad about Quayne--certain!
But only because it puts the happy
ending to the story you're taking
back east to your tea parties...
Well, now you can tell 'em you've
seen it all...a real Indian fight,
a man with an arrow in his chest...
That should make your tour just
about perfect.

Brittles reins in and drops back beside Olivia.

BRITTLES

Abby...Mrs. Allshard...has had a
rough time back there, Miss
Dandridge...heat, choleroform and
all... Would you care to spell
her for a while?

A little to Cohill's surprise, Olivia doesn't hesitate
a moment--in fact seems--and is--truly grateful for a
chance to be of service.

OLIVIA

Certainly, Captain...thank you!

As she turns and rides out, Brittles moves closer to
Cohill, who has been looking back, frowning, after
Olivia.

BRITTLES

Has anyone ever taken down your
little britches and tanned your
hide, Mister Cohill?

COHILL

(somewhat startled)

Why...no sir!...that is yessir,
my father...with a razor strop,
sir.

(CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

(pointedly)

Well, Mister Cohill, I'm old
enough to be your father...
Take the point, Mister.

As Cohill spurs out.

210 EXT. - WAGON - OLIVIA.

Olivia is being helped into the moving wagon by
Sergeant Quincannon, who is leading her horse. She
goes forward bravely, trying not to recoil at the sickly
sweetness of the chloroform, the reek of iodoform, and
so forth... As she disappears, Abby comes forward
into view.

211 EXT. - ABBY ON TAILGATE.

She is unwinding the kerchief or white band which,
nurse-fashion, has been covering her hair. As she
mops her face with it, she speaks to Quincannon.

ABBY

Sergeant Quincannon...

QUINCANNON

Yes, m'um...

ABBY

Do you still hide your whiskey
bottle in the Captain's saddle
bags?...

QUINCANNON

Why, mum... The idea...
(gargles the rest of it)

ABBY

(plaintively)

Give...

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED)

Quincannon now knows that she really needs one and, still gargling whatever dialogue the director decides is pertinent, at the moment of shooting...Quincannon reaches into his breast pocket and produces a flat pint which he seems to carry for the road. As Abby gives him a grateful look and begins to unscrew the cap, over scene comes Brittles' voice.

BRITTLES' VOICE (o.s.)

At the trot... Pass the word...

At the trot... Yooooowwww....

The wagon comes to life and the troop begins once again to JINGLE along...

DISSOLVE TO:

212 EXT. - PLAINS - LATE AFTERNOON - COMPREHENSIVE ON TROOP.

It is nearing Sudro's, which is still hidden from sight by a rising ground or butte. Brittles riding at the point, with his bugler.

213 CLOSER ON BRITTLES.

Suddenly he pulls in, looks off--his face tense.

BRITTLES

(to the bugler)

Sound the charge!

Brittles spurs ahead--at the gallop. The bugler stands his mount a moment, blowing the STRIDENT NOTES.

214 COMPREHENSIVE ON THE TROOP.

At the charge, BUGLE BLOWING o.s. As it crests the rise, or rounds the butte--whichever terrain permits.

215 ANGLE FROM BEHIND AND ALONGSIDE THE ROCKETTING COLUMN MOVING UPON THE BURNING RUIN OF SUDRO'S STAGE STATION - MOVING SHOT .

(CONTINUED)

215 (CONTINUED)

We see the burning buildings, the corral in whose gate the stagecoach--one wheel broken--is almost consumed by the fire. Atop a high corner of a 'dobe wall a trooper stands, frantically waving a guidon. There is a well at Sudro's and, grouped around it, a tight little band of four troopers and Sergeant Tyree, holding a six-year-old tow-headed girl in his arms. Near them is the girl's brother--a nine-year-old, with a rifle two feet longer than himself. Still in the defensive positions they had been holding until the troop brought relief. Possibly far in the distance--and receding as the troop approaches--we may see the dust cloud created by the retreating Indians.

216 EXT. - NEAR WELL AND CORRAL.
217

As the column thunders in and at a signal from Brittles, comes to a panting halt. Tyree, the besieged troopers and the boy stagger toward Brittles. The men are powder-smudged, smoke-stained. Perhaps a torn sleeve and bloody smear here and there among them attest to the close fighting. The little girl's eyes are wide with terror.

Brittles dismounts--grim-faced, turning to Tyree.

TYREE

I'm right glad to see you,
Captain.

BRITTLES

Sorry I'm late... Make your
report, Sergeant.

TYREE

Cheyenne Dog party---
(pause, then with
emphasis)
...and thirty Arapahoes with 'em.

BRITTLES

Well that blows the lid off,
doesn't it?

TYREE

We rode in on 'em...but...
(gesturing off)
Ma and Pa Sudro...

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

217

Brittles looks off, then, with foreboding, at the little girl, who all during this period has had one chubby fist at her mouth.

BRITTLES

She...see it?

TYREE

(shaking head)

Found 'em crouched in the smoke house.

Abby enters the scene in a maternal rush and takes the child from Tyree's arms.

ABBY

(with great
tenderness)

Why, Emmy Sue!....You remember me, honey...?

GIRL

You're the major's wife...

The child now begins to cry. Abby's arms enfold her and she pats the youngster, taking her away.

ABBY

There, there;...Cry on your Aunt Abby's breast...

The men look after her the briefest moment, then Brittles returns to facts...and Tyree.

BRITTLES

Men all right?

TYREE

Trooper Smith's down, sir.

Brittles comes to attention like a pointer. The name has special meaning to him.

BRITTLES

You mean...Smith?

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

217 Tyree nods significantly--he knows about Smith too--and leads to where Trooper Smith lies, half-propped on the ground.

SMITH

(faint smile)

Don't bother about me, Captain...
Trust you'll forgive my presumption
...like to commend the boy here...
for the way he handled this action
...Best tradition of the cavalry, sir...

TYREE

Sir, I take that most kindly...

But the words are hardly out of his mouth when Brittles stands and starts away.

BRITTLES

He doesn't hear you, Sergeant...

218 ANGLE ON TROOP.

The men are dismounted, solemnly looking around at the scene of desolation.

219 ANGLE NEAR STAGECOACH

This may be an interesting tableau. Olivia stands close to it. The coach is now a gutted ruin, almost burned to a charred skeleton. Somewhat apart from her stand COHILL and PENNELL. A study of the cross-currents of their minds would be interesting. To Cohill, her attitude is merely the personally-disappointed one of the traveller who has missed a train. To Pennell, this means Olivia will spend the winter at the post--to give him time for his resignation to be acted on. To the girl herself, this is a moment of self-revelation; she has seen horror; she feels herself accountable for it; had it not been for this trip to catch the stage there might have been no massacre at Sudro's...Beyond that she may be thinking of a man named Flint Cohill and beginning to understand his bitterness and the reasons for his low opinion of her.

Brittles enters the scene, speaks sternly to his dawdling lieutenants.

(CONTINUED)

219 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

See to the troop, Mister Cohill!
Mister Pennell...the picket lines!

He continues in to Olivia as the lieutenants leave. She turns to him and we see that her eyes are tear-wet, her mouth trembling. But her courage makes her stand up to him.

OLIVIA

You don't have to say it, Captain
...I know that all this is because
of me...Because I wanted to see
the West...because I wasn't army
enough.to...stay the winter...

BRITTLES

You're not quite army yet, miss,
or you'd know never to apologize
...it's a sign of weakness.

OLIVIA

But this was your last patrol!
And I'm to blame for...

BRITTLES

(sternly)

Only the man who commands can
be blamed...It rests on me!...
Mission a failure!

He kicks the coach and it falls shudderingly apart.

DISSOLVE

220 EXT. - WAGON GATE - NIGHT EFFECT

Olivia is sitting in the back of the wagon in b.g., and is just closing the lid of some sort of small portmanteau or box. Meanwhile, in foreground, Abby, with Tyree, is biting off the thread on the edge of a small Confederate flag which she has fashioned out of some dress material, but which we do not immediately identify as being a flag. She hands the flag to Tyree who takes it reverently.

(CONTINUED)

220 (CONTINUED)

ABBY

It's the best that I could do,
Sergeant.

TYREE

It's mighty kind of you, ma'am.

As Tyree turns away, CAMERA SLOWLY PANS him over to where three crude hastily knocked together wooden coffins are side by side, awaiting burial. He kneels on one knee, takes his revolver and nails the now identifiable Confederate flag on one of the coffins.

DISSOLVE TO:

221 EXT. - NIGHT BIVOUAC AT SUDRO'S - BURIAL

In the foreground are the three open graves, marked by rough headboards or crosses. Standing beside them is Brittles, bareheaded and with a prayerbook in his hand. Grouped about are troopers, Abby and Olivia, the two small children. In the background are the squad fires, the wagon with a light burning dimly in it. Brittles has been speaking and we pick up the continuation of his words.

BRITTLES

...so I commend to Your keeping,
Sir, the souls of John Sudro and
his wife, Martha...And I commend
also to Your keeping the soul of
Rome Clay, late brigadier-general,
Confederate States Army...known
to his comrades here, Sir, as
Trooper John Smith, Number 4465,
United States Cavalry--a gallant
soldier and a Christian gentleman.

He pivots.

BRITTLES

(to firing detail)

Front Rank...ready, aim; FIRE!

Four CARBINES BLAZE into the night sky.

BRITTLES

Rear Rank!

(again the CARBINES)

(CONTINUED)

221 (CONTINUED)

Olivia blindly turns and moves away from the burial scene.

BRITTLES

Fire!

The THIRD VOLLEY has not ceased its reverberations when the BUGLER softly begins to play TAPS.

222 EXT. - SUDRO'S - NIGHT - DETAIL NEAR CORRALS AND
223 OUTSKIRTS OF THE BIVOUAC.
224

Olivia is moving thoughtlessly out toward the black border of prairie. O.S. the SCORE is musical ly echoing the SOUND OF TAPS. Cohill comes up and stands several yards behind her. In her abstraction, she does not note his coming.

COHILL

(softly)

I wouldn't go any further if
I were you...

Olivia turns, startled.

COHILL

(without sarcasm)

You're almost across the foot-
lights now!

There is the faraway CRY of a WHIPPOORWILL.

OLIVIA

Leave me alone!

COHILL

There are probably a hundred
hostiles out there--watching
every move you're making.

Again there is the faint CRY of a WHIPPOORWILL--from a different direction. Cohill moves close to her.

COHILL

Think that's a whippoorwill?

As she stands hesitant--convinced but reluctant to show it--Cohill firmly takes her arm and starts to lead her back. She angrily jerks her arm away.

(CONTINUED)

222 (CONTINUED)
223
224

OLIVIA
I can walk without your support,
thank you!

PENNELL'S VOICE (o.s.)
(angrily)
All right, Flint...

He comes riding into the scene, starting to undo his blouse.

PENNELL
...Let's get it over with...Pull
your blouse!

COHILL
Have you gone crazy, Mister
Pennell?

PENNELL
(still unbuttoning)
Don't pull rank on me!...You've
been green-eyed ever since she
put on that yellow ribbon!

COHILL
Button that shirt, Mister!

OLIVIA
Yes, Ross...please!

PENNELL
You can sulk and sneer all you
want...but you're going to keep
your paws off her!

COHILL
All right, Mister...I'll
accomodate you...let's
step over to the corral.

He starts to lead the way, unbuttoning his shirt.
Pennell moves to follow.

(CONTINUED)

222 (CONTINUED)

223

224

PENNELL

(stiffly to Olivia)

Excuse us, Olivia!

OLIVIA

(trying to block him)

Don't, Ross!...It isn't anything
to fight about.

Brittles has entered the b.g. in time to hear her and to
take in the scene.

BRITTLES

(commandingly)

I agree, Miss Dandridge.

The two officers turn and stand stiffly at attention as
he moves closer.

BRITTLES

Button your shirt, Mister
Pennell!...I thought better of
you... Forr years out here and
still behaving like a wet-eared
cadet on the Hudson...

(whirls on Cohill)

What's this all about, Mister
Cohill?

COHILL

Sir, I must decline to answer--
respectfully.

BRITTLES

Mister Cohill, it is a bitter
thing to learn that an officer
with nine years in the cavalry...
the officer to whom I am surrender-
ing command of this troop in two
days,...should have so little grasp
of leadership!...For you to be
chivvied into a go at fisticuffs
while taps still sounds over a
brave man's grave!...God help
this troop when I am gone!

(CONTINUED)

222 (CONTINUED)

223

224

PENNELL

(wanting to accept
the blame)

Sir, it was my fault...

BRITTLES

(overriding)

You are at attention, Mister
Pennell!

Pennell subsides, but Olivia steps forward.

OLIVIA

Captain, it was a misunderstanding,
but if I am at all responsible...

BRITTLES

Hold your tongue, Miss, and go
back to the troop area...

She goes...

BRITTLES (Cont.)

Mister Cohill, have the men build
the squad fires higher and make
the fullest show of bedding down
for the night... Have them stuff
their blanket rolls with straw...
and silhouette them around the
fires... We are moving out within
the quarter-hour.

DISSOLVE

225 EXT. - BUDRO'S - NIGHT - COMPREHENSIVE.

The troop appears to be bedded down for the night.
Squad fires burning, huddled blanket-shrouded figures
prone or outlined against some of the fires which are
now burned much lower than they were when seen at the
time of the burial. Prominent is one sentry-like figure,
caped and hatted.

226 CLOSE - DETAIL OF ROCKS - NIGHT.

A painted Cheyenne carefully pulls back on his war bow
and releases an arrow with a sinister TWANG.

227 EXT. - DETAIL SUDRO'S - NIGHT.

The sentry-like figure in cape and hat shudders with the impact of an arrow that buries itself almost to feathers--and then topples forward onto a fire. It catches fire at once--revealed as Olivia's dressmaker's dummy--and as it blazes brilliantly.

228 CLOSE ON CHEYENNE.

His face a mask of surprise, then chagrin. Two other Indians come up behind him.

CHEYENNE

(in Indian)

They've gone!

As they angrily run forward toward the deserted camp.

DISSOLVE

229 EXT. - ROUGH COUNTRY - NIGHT EFFECT.

(NOTE TO CREW: This and following shots leading to the Rynders massacre sequence may be made on some of the rainy or cloudy days to be expected on location).

The column passes the CAMERA tightly drawn up at close intervals at a dogged horse-walking pace. Nothing is heard but the MUFFLED TREAD of the horses, the quickly-silenced CLANKING of a CANTEEN or SABRE, the RUMBLE of the WAGON.

Brittles leads the column--the grim man-of-war, eternally vigilant; squired by his bugler.

After him, the first squad with giant Quincannon tenderly carrying the six-year-old Sudro girl on the pommel of his saddle. Near him rides the boy, still valiantly clutching his long rifle.

Next Olivia, her eyes roving thoughtfully to the tight-lipped Cohill riding grimly nearby.

Then the wagon. Abby parts the canvas covers as a trooper, riding close, hands in his canteen--for wounded Quayne. She accepts it with a nod, the covers swing shut and the wagon moves.

(CONTINUED)

229 (CONTINUED)

Finally the rear guard--and Ross Pennell, his face as black and angry as Flint Cohill's. Suddenly he stiffens and whirls to one side, defensively, as we hear the DRUMMING of a horse's HOOVES, a shouted CHALLENGE and quick REPLY.

TROOPER (o.s.)
(flanker in distance)
Who's that?

TYREE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Sergeant Tyree...

230 FULL SHOT - HEAD OF COLUMN.

Brittles and troop ven as Tyree approaches from angle to column. Brittles spurs out to meet him. The two men put their heads together as Tyree makes his report--which we cannot overhear except as a BUZZ over the steady forward movement of the troop.

Brittles and bugler pull out of column with Tyree and let the column go past.

231 ANGLE - BRITTLES AND PASSING TROOP.

BRITTLES
(softly)
Pass the word for Mr. Pennell...

We hear the whispered word carry back. Then as Cohill moves abreast.

BRITTLES
Take the troop, Mister Cohill...

COHILL
Yes sir...

Cohill rides out... Brittles begins unhooking his sabre and Tyree and bugler follow suit. Pennell rides in.

BRITTLES
Sabre, Mister...and come along...

(CONTINUED)

231 (CONTINUED)

Pennell quickly unhooks his sabre and the four men ride in file alongside the wagon, drop their sabres on the floor beside the driver. Abby sees them--with some apprehension. Then they ride off in the direction from which Tyree had come. The troopers' heads turn apprehensively as they go past.

Olivia makes a small gesture--~~the~~ faintest raise of a hand--as Pennell passes her, but he does not seem to see her.

232 LONG SHOT - FROM TROOP ANGLE.

On the four riders--Brittles, Tyree, bugler and Pennell, picking their way up rising ground, rough country.

233 CLOSER SHOT.

The four nearing the top of a ridge. Tyree raises his hand and dismounts. The others follow. They turn their reins over to the bugler who acts as horse-holder, and warily continue their climb afoot. Now, faintly--then with increasing clarity--we hear the sound of MEN'S VOICES--one, authoritative, others angry, jabbering.

234 CLOSE ANGLE - ACROSS A RIDGE TOP.

As the heads of Tyree, Brittles, Pennell peer over the crest. The reflection of dancing flames dapple their interested faces.

235 EXT. - A SMALL HIDDEN VALLEY - NIGHT.

(NOTE TO PRODUCTION CREW: Director suggests this scene be shot at night at a site near the permanent camp location, generator lights to be augmented with flares.)

In the red glare of campfires, Red Shirt with a score or more of his Arapahoes stand in a rough semi-circle around the gun-runners' wagon. It is the typical frontier freight wagon with its canvas now pulled back to reveal its contents. Within it may be seen bolts of trade goods, some whiskey kegs, but predominantly rifle and ammunition boxes. A whiskey keg has been set out on the tailgate and near it, possibly on the ground, is an opened case of rifles.

(CONTINUED)

235 (CONTINUED)

Toucey Rynders stands negligently against the wagon, his silver-headed buggy whip in his hand. Acting as his spokesman and interpreter is LEE BRADLEY. Hench, one of Rynders' goons, holds his carbine ready--eyes roving over the Indians. The other goon is handing out tin cups of whiskey to some of the Indians--a group of others jockeying for position near the keg. Other Indians are staring greedily at the rifles in the box.

Bradley is talking to Red Shirt -- words not distinguishable at this distance. But his attitude and that of Red Shirt indicate that they are arguing or bargaining.

In the b.g. of the scene are the Indian horses--a few of the youngest bucks guarding them.

236 EXT. - CLOSER STUDY AROUND WAGON.

Red Shirt is concluding an angry speech to Bradley.

RED SHIRT

(in Indian)

...too much...too much...

BRADLEY

(to Rynders)

He says fifty dollars is too much...

Rynders plucks one of the shiny Winchesters from its case, pushing back a few young Indians who have been bending over it.

RYNDERS

...too much, eh...? Tell 'em
it shoots seventeen times at one load...
Show 'em!

He passes the rifle to Bradley, who begins to load the magazine at the same time explaining--in Indian--about the shots.

BRADLEY

(in Indian)

See!...Seventeen shots...

237 STUDIES OF FASCINATED INDIAN FACES...as they come
covetously nearer.

RYNDERS' VOICE

Tell 'em with that rifle they
can load on Sunday--and shoot
all week!

Red Shirt again steps forward, shaking his head and
repeating his refrain.

RED SHIRT

(in Indian)

No...it is too much!

238 FULL ON WAGON

RYNDERS

(angrily)

Tell that grandson of a horse-
thief I know he's got the
money from the paymaster's box!

Red Shirt shoots Rynders a look of savage hatred--as
though he understood him but was trying not to betray it.

BRADLEY

(in Indian)

You have the money.

Suddenly Rynders wheels and discovers a young Indian
reaching tentatively for one of the carbines in the case.
With a teamster's skill, he slashes out with the whip
and lays a red welt across his face. As he does, there
is a startled cry from one of the goons and a yell from
the Indians.

RYNDERS

(as he strikes)

Get out of that, you dog-eating
thief!

239 EXT. - RED SHIRT - STUDY OF SYMMETRY - NIGHT (FLARES)

With poised skill, the giant Indian raises the bow,
feathered shaft and string to his ear, and with brawny
forearm in powerful and graceful pull, extends the bow
to its full pull. As he lets fly, there is a terrific
"TWANG"...

240 EXT. - RYNDERS - EFFECT SHOT - NIGHT (FLARES).

He has turned just in time to take the arrow full into the breast. It transfixes him, and the feathered shaft is at once "spotted" in a target of blood widening upon the white silk shirt. Even as he falls, bending, already dead, at the foot of the rifles, there is a terrific SHOUT.

241 EXT. - PANDEMONIUM AND LOOTING - NIGHT (FLARES).

SCREAMS, YELLS, demoniacal LAUGHTER, as frenzied Indians rush in to fight with the guards and loot. The bucks are transformed into crazy men. Even though there are plenty of rifles for all, they fight among themselves in their crazed eagerness to secure Winchesters and cartridges.

242 EXT. - BRITTLES AND PENNELL - NIGHT EFFECT.

Brittles is watching the scene without a change of expression, but Pennell has the eye of one who is learning something, his eyes begin to travel, as if following a moving object.

243 EXT. - GENERAL VIEW OF LOOTING - NIGHT (FLARES).

Hench, a bully earlier identified as Rynders' right hand man, is running like a deer, broken arm flapping behind him. As he dodges, rabbit-fashion, behind him two boys on ponies are trying to cut him down. After breathless games of tag, suddenly a giant warrior rides into the scene, raises in his saddle, and pins Hench into the ground (with a telescope lance), as the two youths rush by to count coup on him.

244 EXT. - BRITTLES AND PENNELL - NIGHT EFFECT.

Pennell's eyes have ceased roving, as he has followed the chase to the kill, and he looks anxiously at Brittles, who continues to stare deadpan.

245 EXT. - INDIAN REVUE - NIGHT (FLARES).

The rifles are all apportioned now. Twenty-five or thirty bow-and-arrow fighters now have two or three Winchesters apiece. They gallop about in a sort of Indian gymkhana, or horse carnival, around the figure of their chief, Red Shirt. Their CRIES, in Indian language, are evidently

(CONTINUED)

245 (CONTINUED)

given to vaunting and boasting. Some of them are making the difficult off-side, under-the-neck shot. Some others are simply firing at random, emptying their magazines at the stars. Others are piling high the wooden cases for a bonfire. Still others have broken-out bolts of scarlet and blue cottons, and are trailing them like garlands, round and round the scene... After many feats of wild horsemanship, crazed exultation, all composed into a general pattern of a devil's ritual....

246 EXT. - FEATURING BONFIRE - NIGHT (FLARES).

The Indians have caught one of the bullies and are carrying him spread-eagle, as he fights and shouts. They fling him high in the air and he lands smack in the fire, as they roar with laughter. As the man bounds out, ablaze, they seize him and lift him again.

247 EXT. - TROOP IN COLUMN - COHILL - NIGHT EFFECT.

The troop is moving along at the trot. Cohill is keeping it closed up. He hears the SOUND of DISTANT FIRING. There is apprehension and anxiety for the missing captain on every face as the troop goes by.

248 EXT. - INDIAN PANDEMONIUM - NIGHT (FLARES).

Red Shirt sits his horse, brandishing a rifle and calling out the tune of the CHANT, like some satanic dance-caller at a square dance in hell. The Indians are at the pitch of fury in their antic delirium, and the DRUMS boom war.

249 EXT. - BRITTLES AND PENNELL - NIGHT EFFECT.

Tyree is shadowy behind them. Brittles, still watching the sight beyond him extends his hand back.

BRITTLES

(fumbling)

Give me....

As Tyree leans in to pass him a carbine...

(CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

No, no, your knife, Sergeant...

Brittles reaches into shirt pocket and produces his cut-plug of tobacco, as Tyree quickly hands him a clasp-knife.

BRITTLES

Join me in a chew of tobacco?...

TYREE

(apologetically)

No, sir... I don't chew and I don't play cards...

BRITTLES

(overlapping)

A nasty habit, chewing tobacco
... Been known to turn a man's
stomach...

As he rises and begins to chew his quid, he returns Tyree the knife. Pennell, stricken dumb, follows after them, to where the bugler holds the horses. As Brittles prepares to step on...

BRITTLES

Still thinking of resigning,
Mr. Pennell?

As he steps on and rides away, followed by the others...

DISSOLVE TO:

250) OMITTED

251) :

252)

253 EXT. - THE RIVER - DAY.

(NOTE TO CREW: The director hopes to use the same location which provided the river crossing scene in FORT APACHE).

The troop stands silhouetted--a profiled column of twos-- against the skyline on the steep bluff overlooking the river. A faintly-heard COMMAND CRY echoes eerily.

BRITTLES' VOICE
Officers and non-commissioned
officers...front!

And now the silhouette is broken as the officer group turns out of line and rides to the head of the column.

254 EXT. - RIVER BLUFF - DAY - BRITTLES AND STAFF.

Brittles sits his horse, surrounded by Cohill, Pennell, Quincannon, Tyree and bugler. We see upon them all the strain, the dust and the weariness of their night-long march.

Brittles' expression is grave--the air of a man facing a hard task, having to make a hard decision.

(CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

We leave a rear guard here,
gentlemen...under one officer!

The sergeants elaborately stare ahead, not wanting to single out either officer by so much as a glance. Cohill at once begins to scan the terrain--picking out his defensive positions. But Pennell leans forward eagerly. He speaks with a stiff formality unusual to him.

PENNELL

Sir, I would consider it a
privilege....

BRITTLES

Thank you, Mister Pennell.
Your offer to volunteer will
go on your record...

(slight smile)

...if you still wish to make
a record, sir.

(to Cohill)

Mister Cohill, you will
command the rear guard.
Take two squads, cover our
crossing... and deny the
hostiles the use of this
ford.

COHILL

Yes sir...

He swings and calls out to troop.

COHILL

First squad! Second squad!

BRITTLES

(quickly)

Too many married men in the
second squad, Mister Cohill...

COHILL

First squad...fifth squad...
wheel out and form on the
right!

255 EXT. - DETAIL AROUND WAGON - OLIVIA, ABBY AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

The women have dismounted and are seated on rocks or other improvised perches, feeding the little orphan on army biscuit soaked in water. Olivia is looking concernedly toward the detail Cohill is forming.

OLIVIA

What's Mister Cohill doing?

Abby knows what a rearguard action means and what it may entail, so her reply is casual and disarming.

ABBY

Just choosing a rear guard,
dear...

(quickly changing
subject to child)

I've got two jars of Damson
plums on my pantry shelf.

LITTLE GIRL

(solemnly)

You have?

ABBY

(nodding)

They're just waiting to be
eaten up by a little girl I
know...

Olivia meanwhile has eyes for nothing but Cohill in the b.g.

256 EXT. - COHILL AND HIS TWO SQUADS.

The men are dismounted, stripping their gear to essentials. They are checking carbines and opening up ammo boxes. Cohill is walking among them, watching and supervising every detail.

COHILL

Two hundred rounds carbine
ammunition per man..thirty
for revolving pistols...
Bradley, some extra canteens...

As Brittles rides in, Cohill notes him at once.

(CONTINUED)

256 (CONTINUED)

COHILL
Detail! Attention!

As the men stiffen, Brittles takes center position.

BRITTLES
Men, they call this stream
the Paradise... But in an hour...
(looking off toward
the east)

257 LONG SHOT - HIS ANGLE.

We see signal smokes rising from the distant hills, small
advancing dust clouds with here and there, perhaps, the
flash of sun on lance or carbine barrel.

BRITTLES' VOICE (over)
...or perhaps something less,
I know the opposite name will
be more appropriate.

258 STUDY - BRITTLES AND REARGUARD DETAIL.

BRITTLES
I would stay with you, if I
could... Mister Cohill...

QUAYNE'S VOICE
Captain Brittles, sir...

259 ANGLE - INCLUDING QUAYNE, LEANING OUT OF THE WAGON'S
TAILGATE.

QUAYNE
I request permission to remain
behind with the rear guard, sir.

BRITTLES
Permission refused... Mister
Cohill, start the troop over
whilst I choose your defense
positions...

260 WIDE ANGLE - BLUFFS AND RIVER.

As Brittles and the rearguard detail move one way while Cohill and Pennell start the troop down the bluff to the river.

COHILL

Troop attention! Forward!
Yo!

BRITTLES

(to detail)
First and fifth squads!

261 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CROSSING.

262

263 These must, of course, be dictated by the terrain, but
264 the following are suggested:

265

1. Pennell leading the troop down the declivity.
2. The wagon, ropes tied to its side, and the men and horses anchored to the stay-ropes, steadying it and holding it back as it begins its perilous descent.
3. There is a brief flash inside wagon of Abby bracing Quayne against shock.
4. Olivia is no longer looking at Pennell, but for the first time begins to understand the professional competence of an officer like Cohill, who does not give one command to haze the men in their travail, but rather with an observant eye is always in and out of the clustered mass of men around the side of the wagon, giving a straining trooper a new purchase, or taking a hand where one man is getting too much resultant force.
5. Pennell arriving at the river's edge with the van, is looking at the current, trying to pick his best course. As he leads off into the water, looking back from time to time.
6. The young lad with the long rifle, looking forward with the thrill and excitement of swimming a river with a force of cavalry, himself suddenly planked into a world of romance and danger from the life of a little chore-boy at a stage stop.
7. Cohill arriving with Tyree and the wagon at the river, and preparing to cross.

266 EXT. - RIVER'S EDGE - BIG HEAD - QUINCANNON WITH CHILD.

Quincannon, with his peasant's sagacity, has halted his horse to give the child reassurance before he plunges with her into the river. He has produced a worn, bull-cod pocketbook, and is extracting from it a faded roll of yellow ribbon.

QUINCANNON

(with a croaking
tenderness)

'Twas given me by a very great
lady...when us sergeants named
her queen of the non-com's
ball...

(as he begins to tie
it around her hair)

And from now on, ye have a
sweetheart in the cavalry...
So water can't hurt you now.

As he continues...

267 EXT. - SPECTACULAR ON RIVER CROSSING.

The troop is strung out crossing the river, the wagon breasting the stream and barging across.

(NOTE TO CREW: It is the director's intention actually to ford the river with the troop as spectacularly as possible, making full use of all the various talents of the company, featuring small, unsung bits of strength and prowess which the occasion would provide.)

268 EXT. - BRITTLES AND REAR GUARD - NEAR BLUFFS.

We see the men in their various defense positions, behind boulders, in scooped out depressions--on a ridge commanding the approaching ground. Brittles is riding--or walking--among them...ordering the last few men to designated spots.

BRITTLES

(throwaway lines)

Over there, Swenson...so you
can cover Finney's flank...
Excellent Corporal... Johnson
dig in deeper!

269 EXT. - FAR SIDE OF RIVER.

The crossing is almost accomplished. Dripping men and beasts emerge onto the far ground.

1. The wagon pulls out of the stream and onto dry ground.
2. QUINCANNON, appropriately wet, is emerging from the river, the child dry and safe, clinging to him. With a sigh and a grimace, he reaches into his blouse.

QUINCANNON

And now it's time for me to
take my medicine...

(he drinks a great
gulp and makes a
face)

Agh! It tastes somethin'
horrible.

The little girl looks up in sympathy. Quincannon steels himself for another go at the bottle.

270 EXT. - FAR SIDE OF RIVER

The troop is out of the river now, men dismounted, wringing out their clothes, seeing to their weapons, Pennell and Cohill are riding the line seeing that all is well.

271 EXT. - FAR SIDE OF RIVER

Behind some boulders can be seen the heads of Abby and Olivia. Quincannon elaborately stands at vigil, still holding the little girl on his saddle. The suggestion is that the women are wringing out their wet skirts. Quincannon does an elaborate "takum", and averts the little child's face from the scene, shielding her eyes with a broad hand, as Abby and Olivia step from behind the boulder, carrying their wet skirts on their arms. They are now revealed in breeches and boots.

ABBY

(harshly)

What are you staring at, you
big ape? Haven't you ever
seen a woman in pants before?

(CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON
(with puritanical
intolerance)

No, I haven't. And I hope to
heaven I never see such an
indecent sight again...

272 EXT. - RIVER'S EDGE - PENNELL, COHILL AND BUGLER.

Cohill is ready to recross the river. He and Pennell
face each other a brief moment. This is, perhaps, the
first time they have looked at each other since the
night of the fight.

COHILL
(to bugler)
Officer's call for the Captain,
bugler!

As the bugler places the instrument to his lips and
SOUNDS the CALL, Pennell suddenly reaches out a hand--
which Cohill takes. They shake warmly--and Cohill spurs
out and off.

273 EXT. - DETAIL NEAR BLUFFS - BRITTLES AND DETAIL.

They all turn. The SOUND of the BUGLE is faint but
demanding. Brittles hates to leave. He looks back at
the distant plains.

274 EXT. - LONG SHOT - HIS ANGLE - THE PLAINS.

The dust clouds are closer now. We may see Indians on
horses in three converging bands, sprinting like hell
toward the bluff.

275 EXT. - DETAIL NEAR BLUFFS - BRITTLES AND REAR GUARD.

BRITTLES
(with some emotion)
I'll be back, men...I'll be
back! Good luck!

(CONTINUED)

275 (CONTINUED)

MEN

Doncha worry about us, Captain!
Yes, sir, we know you will.
Good luck to you, Captain!
Luck, sir!

He spurs out and off.

276 EXT. - COMPREHENSIVE ON TROOP.

The men are drawn in a column of twos, resolutely facing westward, away from the river. Pennell comes riding to the front of the troop. Cohill passes him on his way to the river's edge. Brittles can be seen splashing up and out of the river. Every head is turning as Cohill rides the column.

MEN

(calling)

Luck, Lieutenant!
Hang on, sir... we'll be back.
Luck, sir!

SERGEANT TYREE

Good shooting, sir.

277 EXT. - FEATURING OLIVIA AS COHILL PASSES HER.

Her face is suddenly furrowed with apprehension, intelligence. Abby stands horse near her.

OLIVIA

But...why I didn't know...I
didn't understand...

278 EXT. - RIVER'S EDGE.

Cohill and Brittles converge and throw off. Brittles has no time to waste.

(CONTINUED)

278 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

There are three parties of
'em, Mister Cohill...but this
is the only crossing in twenty
miles... So you've got to buy
me some time. You've got to
buy me a long day!

COHILL

I will do it, sir.

BRITTLES

Then I know you will...Flint.

He extends his hand.

COHILL

Flint?...

(smiles)

It took you nine years to call
me that, sir... It was worth
waiting for!

BRITTLES

Hang on, son. I'll be back
to get you out of this pocket
by noon tomorrow.

Cohill salutes and turns when Olivia runs up to him.

OLIVIA

Flint, wait!

BRITTLES

(sharply)

We've no time to lose, Miss.

OLIVIA

(just as sharply)

I'm well aware of that...

Without another word she walks into Flint's arms and
kisses him hard. Then she steps back, looking into his
face--waiting. Cohill doesn't know what to do. He
looks almost abashedly at Brittles.

BRITTLES

(impatiently)

Well, haul off and kiss her
back, blast you!...

(CONTINUED)

278 (CONTINUED)

And as Flint does, he rides out--YELLING his marching orders as he goes.

BRITTLES

Troop...attention! Forward...
Yo!

Flint has kissed her back just as thoroughly. But breaks at the SOUND, o.s., of two or three rifle SHOTS and the faint WHOOPING of the first Indian party and the drumming of their HOOVES.

He breaks away and mounts his horse and without a word or backward glance, starts to recross the stream. The WHOOPING and DRUMMING becomes louder and there are a few more SHOTS.

279 EXT. - FULL SHOT - TROOP AND RIVER.

Cohill fording the stream, the troop moving off--but every eye in the column back on the man crossing the stream alone. The GUNFIRE is more insistent now.

DISSOLVE.

280 EXT. - FORT STARKE - TWILIGHT EFFECT.

The weary troop is approaching the gates--a spent little force with none of the smartness it possessed short days before when it so proudly started out.

Brittles is in the lead--walking his horse like everyone else; too tired to conceal the gimp of his one bad knee.

We may see Quincannon, steadying the sleeping Sudro girl, holding her on his saddle.

Abby and Olivia--no longer the sharp contrasts of dashing-dressed Eastern girl and drably-practical veteran army wife, but alike as two dusty peas in a pod.

A grim, silent, spent cavalcade, it plods through the gates of the fort. No cheers, no welcoming cries for its reception. Only a MURMUR, perhaps, of shock and sympathy. The children themselves stare with open mouths. The very dogs hang back.

(CONTINUED)

280 (CONTINUED)

The troop moves in--with Pennell bringing up the rear guard--and the stockade doors slowly come shut and we hear, muffled and distant:

BRITTLES' VOICE
(a dry croak)
Troop...halt!...

DISSOLVE TO:

281 EXT. - POST HEADQUARTERS - TWILIGHT.

Brittles, tightening his belt, dusting himself, trying to force back his shoulders, is making for the post headquarters--moving blindly through the slowly walking men leading off their horses, wives coming up to give what comfort they can to their spent husbands.

Brittles resolutely mounts the steps and enters headquarters.

282 INT. - ALLSHARD'S QUARTERS - LAMPLIGHT.
283

284 He sits at his desk as Brittles, entering the room, comes to a crashing attention at the desk, salutes, and begins forcefully.

BRITTLES
Sir, it is my duty to report
the failure of the mission.

Coming through the door, Abby, followed by Olivia, creeps painfully, wearily, towards a pegged bench in the corner of the room.

ABBY
Oh, fiddlesticks, Nathan
Brittles...

BRITTLES
(stubbornly)
I've never worn a coat of white-
wash and I won't start now. I
failed at Sudro's Wells, I failed
to keep Rynders' rifles from the
tribes... I failed...at everything
...I leave the army a failure!

(CONTINUED)

282 (CONTINUED)

283

284

ALLSHARD

You're just running yourself
down because you're tired,
Nathan.

BRITTLES

(with spirit)

Blast you, Mac... Hasn't she
told you I left Flint Cohill
and two squads back there on the
Paradise?

ALLSHARD

(soothing)

And a sound military move,
Nathan.

BRITTLES

(wearily)

I'd like to rest the troop
three hours. With your approval,
sir. By noon tomorrow, I'll
have Cohill out of that pocket.

ALLSHARD

(shaking head)

No, Nathan...

The way he begins to nag with his pipe is a warning.

ALLSHARD (Cont'd)

Troop can't leave here till
dawn.

BRITTLES

(shocked)

Dawn? Troop should be out of
here by midnight.

ALLSHARD

(evenly)

I agree, Nathan... If you were
leading it. But young Pennell
will need all the daylight he
can find.

To Brittles, this is a clap of doom.

(CONTINUED)

282 (CONTINUED)

283

284

BRITTLES

Pennell? That babe-in-the-woods? Fording a river against a swarm of hostiles with Winchesters?

ALLSHARD

(gently)

Aren't you forgetting, Captain, that you retire from the army tomorrow?

BRITTLES

Tomorrow's all I need. Look, Mac, forty years a good soldier, I can't leave Cohill out there facing those devils...

ALLSHARD

It's no one day's mission, Nathan. After the troop picks up Cohill...

BRITTLES

If he's still alive.

ALLSHARD

I'm instructing them to dog the flanks of the tribe until reinforcements are sent us.

(quickly)

Strictly defensive action, mind you. Don't dare risk anything else.

BRITTLES

(licked)

All right, Major. I now volunteer to go with the troop as a civilian scout... Cohill's that to me...

ALLSHARD

(wearily)

Now, Nathan, you know your application for the civilian scouts wasn't even acted on back in Washington.

(bitterly)

That's gratitude to an officer with your record!

(CONTINUED)

282 (CONTINUED)
283
284

BRITTLES

Then I'll go as a...
(grasp at last straw)
I'll go as an interpreter.

ALLSHARD

(reproachfully)

And I thought you were fond of
young Cohill...

BRITTLES

Fond of him!

ALLSHARD

(smoothly)

Every time Cohill gave an order,
men would turn right around and
look at you. Men would wonder
if he was doing the right thing.

(shakes head)

You want to ruin him?

BRITTLES

I know...but...

ALLSHARD

And young Pennell's got to
learn to cross a river under
fire. So did we. Cohill's
got to run his chances. We ran
'em, Nathan.

BRITTLES

(giving up)

Yes... I know... but...

(he bows)

Sir, I request to leave the
post tomorrow.

ALLSHARD

Permission granted, Captain.

ABBY

Where will you go, Nathan?

BRITTLES

West... I think, Abby... Yes,
maybe to the new settlements
in California.

(CONTINUED)

282 (CONTINUED)

283

284

Brittles slowly goes to the door. He has full realization now that for him, the race is over. There is nothing left but the little finishing canter after the tape has been broken.

BRITTLES

(with a frosty
smile)

Old soldiers, Miss Dandridge...
Some day you'll learn how they
hate to give up. Captain of
a troop one day, and every man's
face is turned towards me.
Sergeants jump when I growl...
(pause)

And now, tomorrow I'd be glad
if the blacksmith asked me to
help him shoe a horse.

Brittles turns and walks out of the room. There is no sound for a moment, then Allshard whirls on Abby, and begins to weep.

ALLSHARD

Blast your eyes, Iron Pants...
If you start sniffing now...
(to Olivia)
And as for you...

OLIVIA

I'm not crying. I'd like to
stand up and cheer...

As she begins to weep...

DISSOLVE TO:

285 EXT. - FORT STARKE - EARLY MORNING - CLOSE BUGLER
BLOWING REVEILLE.

286 INT. - CAPTAIN BRITTLES' QUARTERS

287 Once again we see, thru the door into his sleeping quarters, the booted leg of Brittles being flexed, painfully, as its owner faces his last day in the Army.

But there is something new in his bleak quarters--an old-fashioned suitcase lying on the plank table. Draped over its opened cover is a claw-hammer pepper-and-salt mixture of pre-Civil War vintage and nearby a high-crowned, flat-topped hard hat. There may be other evidences that Brittles has spent much of the night getting his belongings in order--his military gear piled on one side, his few personal things on the other.

The door is flung open and Quincannon enters and comes to a thundering attention.

QUINCANNON

Good morning, sir...Five-thirty-one.

BRITTLES (o.s.)

Five thirty-two.

QUINCANNON

(spots the civvies--
makes for them wonderingly)

And a black day for the Army.

Brittles comes out, completing his dressing. If he sees Quincannon staring and fingering the civvies, he ignores it.

BRITTLES

Have the quarters cleaned up
after I've gone...Give the firewood
to Mrs. Crumrein...my extra saddle
to Mister Pennell...you can sell
the pail and the wash-basin...

QUINCANNON

(a sudden thought)
...and the olla, Captain darlin'?

BRITTLES

Oh yes...the olla!

(CONTINUED)

286 (CONTINUED)

287

He goes to it and under Quincannon's astonished stare reaches in and plucks out the bottle--and holds it to the light.

QUINCANNON

...now how did that ever get there...?

Brittles merely gives him a look. Quincannon turns accuser.

QUINCANNON

How long have ye known about it?

BRITTLES

Ever since the second battle of Bull Run, you thickhead!

QUINCANNON

(hurt--touching
his heart)

It hurts to think of ye deceivin' me all these years, sir.

Brittles almost casually shoves the bottle to Quincannon and goes to the calendar. We now see that this is the ringed day. Brittles carefully draws a line through it--and then, after a moment's bitter reflection--with two sweeping strokes slashes an X across the whole page.

BRITTLES

There's that! Well, Sergeant, I think this is an occasion for a drink. Help yourself.

QUINCANNON

No, I'd take no pleasure in it...
(quickly)

But as it's an order, sir...
Yer health.

He lifts the bottle and gulps thirstily. Brittles moves to the hated civvies. Quincannon follows him, wiping his lips.

(CONTINUED)

286 (CONTINUED)
287

QUINCANNON

Only fourteen days for meself,
sir, and then, no doubt, I'll be
havin' to buy one of these monkey
suits, too.

BRITTLES

It's the only one I ever owned...
I was a lad in jeans when I left
my father's farm to join the
army... I'd drink to your
retirement, Sergeant, if I were
a drinking man...

QUINCANNON

Sir, I'll do the honors for ye.

He raises the bottle. A BUGLE CALL--probably ASSEMBLY--
sounds. Brittles whirls at it, facing the door.
Quincannon lowers the bottle. Brittles makes a quick
decision.

BRITTLES

Sergeant, I'll review the troop
alone this morning... Try on
that suit for me!

QUINCANNON

(puzzled)
The suit, sir...?

BRITTLES

(firmly)
Want to see how it looks.

Quincannon sets down the bottle-- gives a quick darting
look about the room--looking for the Captain's dress
coat. Brittles meanwhile does his familiar leg-flexing
routine and steps bravely out the door.

288 EXT. -- BRITTLES' QUARTERS.

As Brittles emerges--then comes to a stunned stop,
looking off.

289 EXT. - FORT STARKE COMPANY STREET.

The troop stands ready at horse, Pennell and Allshard among them. They stand as for a regimental review, every man shined and polished, with overcoats and forage caps.

ALLSHARD
(as Brittles appears)

Salute!

The sabres flash up--every eye on Brittles.

290 EXT. - BRITTLES' QUARTERS

He is manifestly stunned by the honor they are paying him. Quincannon comes up behind him with his dress coat, to which is pinned his Medal of Honor. Brittles unhooks his sabre belt to receive the coat, then hooks it back on, mounts and rides away.

291 EXT. - COMPANY STREET.

The troop remains at the salute as Brittles rides to the front center position. Pennell rides up to him.

PENNELL
"A" Troop, all present or
accounted for, sir.

BRITTLES
Thank you Mister...
(firmly)
Men...I'll not be riding out with
you...I'll not be here when you
return...I...I wish I could...
But I know your performance under
your new commander...will make
me proud of you...as I have
always been....

He whips up his sabre and salutes the troop.

PENNELL
One moment, Captain...Sergeant
Tyree--front and center.

Tyree rides out. Brittles looks at him in some surprise.

(CONTINUED)

291 (CONTINUED)

TYREE

Sir, a small token from the
troop... they all put in the
hat for it, sir... even
Sergeant Hochbauer.

He hands Brittles a case in which there is a silver watch.

As Brittles looks at it.

TYREE (cont'd)

It's solid silver...brought
on from Kansas City...there's
a sentiment writ on the back
of it.

As Brittles turns it over--and somewhat sheepishly takes
out his spectacles to peer closer.

292 INSERT - WATCH

It is engraved as follows:

To Capt. Brittles, From A
Troop. "Lest We Forget".

Brittles may haltingly read some of this.

293 EXT. - PORTRAIT STUDY BRITTLES

He takes off his glasses, puts them away while he gropes
for words. Finally--winding the watch.

BRITTLES

Thank you...Sergeant Tyree...
(to troop)

Thank you. Thank you one and
all...Take the troop, Mister
Pennell--proceed on your
mission!

294 FULL SHOT

Brittles spurs and wheels in a straight line back to his
quarters as we hear and see the troop move out.

PENNELL

Right by twos--Forward--yo!

295 EXT. - BRITTLES' QUARTERS.

He is tying up his horse, looking off, toward troop which is now moving out of the gates.

296 INT. - BRITTLES' QUARTERS - QUINCANNON

The big ape is stuffed bursting into Brittles' suit and is now trying the hat at different angles on his head--using the back of Brittles' tin washbasin as his mirror. He bends down for a closer glimpse but a pre-warning SOUND of STRAIN makes him straighten promptly. He tries the silver-headed cane at various jaunty angles--all the while indulging in a little half-wistful monologue.

QUINCANNON

(soto voce)

Ah now, me darling Missus
Callahan 'stoo good of ye to say
that...besides, Callahan's me
friend...

He whirls guiltily as Brittles enters.

QUINCANNON (cont'd)

(guiltily)

Excuse me, Captain, I was just
practicin' to be a civilian.

BRITTLES

Let's see the side view.

Quincannon turns--like a fashionplate.

BRITTLES (cont'd)

Perfect. Made for you. I'd
like to have the Sutler see it
on you, and order a duplicate...

He reaches in his pocket for a couple of silver dollars.

BRITTLES (cont'd)

Here...go see him, Sergeant...
and have a few drinks on me,
while you're waiting.

QUINCANNON

Now, sir?

(CONTINUED)

296 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

At once, Sergeant.

QUINCANNON

Since ye insist, sir...

He starts to salute, awkwardly comes in contact with the derby, tips it and practically stumbles out. Brittles follows him to the door and watches after.

297 EXT. - COMPANY STREET

Quincannon strutting self-consciously but proudly across the street toward the Sutler's--ignoring the amazed glances of some troopers who turn to stare after him. Among these is Sergeant Hochbauer.

BRITTLES

(calling)

Sergeant Hochbauer!

Hochbauer at once comes over to the door of Brittles' quarters.

BRITTLES (cont'd)

(deadpan)

Sergeant Quincannon is improperly dressed while on duty, and is under the influence... Throw him in the guardhouse...

HOCHBAUER

Alone, sir?

BRITTLES

Take what men you'll need...

As he starts...CAMERA HOLDS as Brittles smiles faintly, and starts in opposite direction towards Allshard's quarters.

298 EXT. - FRAGMENTARY DETAIL NEAR BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Hochbauer has entered the scene and is calling in:

(CONTINUED)

298 (CONTINUED)

HOCHBAUER
Corporal Wagner...

Wagner, the big-bearded Teuton, bare-armed and in leather apron, comes to the doorway empty-handed.

WAGNER
Me, Sergeant?

HOCHBAUER
I want you to help me arrest a man...

WAGNER
(starting forward
eagerly)
Yeah, who?

HOCHBAUER
Quincannon...

WAGNER
(stops dead)
Just a minute...

Wagner rushes back in through the doorway and quickly reappears with a sledge hammer, as at that moment, through scene appear two giant troopers, each carrying on his shoulder a barrel of salted pork.

HOCHBAUER
Cut out the gold-bricking, men
... I've got a real job for you...

299 INT. - SUTLER'S - AT BAR.

Sergeant Quincannon is rapping impatiently on the bar as a sleepy Sutler comes from the rear hastily putting on the rest of his clothing.

QUINCANNON
(rapping and shouting)
Lively, lively...There's a gentleman here wants his breakfast...

As the bartender looks astonished at the apparition...

(CONTINUED)

299 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON (cont'd)

Whiskey, me good man...Irish
whiskey...And I'll pour me own...

As he starts to pour and drink--he is suddenly checked
by the fall of Hochbauer's hand upon his shoulder, and
he whirls in angry astonishment at this familiarity.

300 INT. - PORTRAIT STUDY - HOCHBAUER AND DETAIL.

They loom enormously, big, brawny men, as Hochbauer
speaks with authority.

HOCHBAUER

You're under arrest, Quincannon...

QUINCANNON

Who says so?

HOCHBAUER

By order of Captain Brittles.

QUINCANNON

(snorting)

Ye lie in yer teeth...I am here
by the Captain's orders.

The bartender is just about to take back the bottle, as
Quincannon wrenches it from him.

QUINCANNON

Leave it be!

HOCHBAUER

All right men...Let's take him.

QUINCANNON

(unbelieving at
first)

'Tis no time for joking, men
...It's the Captain's treat...
(reaches for glass
again)

HOCHBAUER

(taking his coat lapel)

Now, are you going peaceably?

(CONTINUED)

300 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

(knocks off his hand)

I've never gone anywhere peacefully in my life...

(seeing lapel torn)

Look what you've done to the Captain's suit!

He swings knocking Hochbauer flat on his back, and the battle is on...

The whole house shakes from the struggle, as men go up and down like jumping jacks...

QUINCANNON

(shouting)

'Tis treachery... 'Tis black treachery... I was ordered here... I could prove it by Captain Brittles...

(as he throws one assailant out the door)

301 EXT. - SUTLER'S DOORWAY - SHOOTING FROM THE SIDE.

Through the doorway, four men in rapid succession are shot out like cannon balls, head first, feet first, sideways... We recognize the blacksmith, Wagner, among those, who immediately rise and start rushing back in...

302 INT. - SUTLER'S - QUINCANNON.

The remaining four men are now crawling up from the floor, but Quincannon has returned to his rapping on the bar. He now has the blacksmith's sledge hammer in his hand and is using it as a gavel... The bartender is cowering.

QUINCANNON

(shouting)

Someone upset me drink... I won't pay for it. Pour me another--

He suddenly looks off to see Hochbauer and the other three men returning grimly set on duty...

(CONTINUED)

302 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON (cont'd)
(points at them with
sledge hammer and
speaks angrily, as the
frightened bartender
begins to pour a fresh
drink)

Now I've given you a polite warning,
you Dutch baboon...

(as they come on)

Let's have no unpleasantness...

He is still trying to drink as they all spring again and
he BELLOWS--

303 EXT. - SUTLER'S

The BELLOWING and the DIN is heard throughout the post,
and people are beginning to run forward towards the
doorway, when out of the doorway a huge pot-bellied iron
stove suddenly falls with a CLANG, followed by a man
whose entire head has been rammed into the elbow of a
stovepipe, like a chicken with its head cut off, swinging
rights and lefts.

QUINCANNON'S VOICE (o.s.)

You've ripped the Captain's
pants...

Suddenly out of the doorway, there emerges a mass of
knotted and rioting men, with Quincannon the center of
the group. It staggers in a collective whirl like a
demented octopus, until with a mighty gesture, Quincannon
swings himself free, scattering the men like nine pins
in a circle about him. He manages to hold his grasp on
only one, Wagner himself if possible, and swings him
aloft with his two brawny arms. Quincannon, at this
moment, has not a seam left intact, the hat has lost its
brim, but the crown is still proudly on his head. With
a final triumphant ROAR...

QUINCANNON

Now stand back, or I'll brain
you with this midget...

This tableau of stunned men and spellbound onlookers is
broken by Mrs. Allshard's entrance on the scene.

(CONTINUED)

303 (CONTINUED)

ABBY
(in passing, to
Quincannon)
Put it down, Sergeant...

Then with angry eyes, she turns upon the battered group...

ABBY (cont'd)
(angrily)
Aren't you ashamed...Eight of
you picking on one man...

Quincannon's features begin to dissolve in self-pity, as
Mrs. Allshard turns to Hochbauer.

QUINCANNON
(weeping)
Only seven, Ma'am.

HOCHBAUER
Captain Brittles ordered him
placed under arrest, ma'am...

QUINCANNON
(furiously)
It's a black falsehood!

ABBY
(ignoring him; to
Hochbauer)
Did he, Sergeant...?

HOCHBAUER
He did, ma'am...

Quincannon looks like a man bereft of his last friend.
Mrs. Allshard very quietly takes him by the ear.

ABBY
Now off you come to the guard-
house, Quincannon.

QUINCANNON
It's treachery, that's what it
is...treachery...

As she starts leading him away...

CUT TO:

304 EXT. - ALLSHARD'S QUARTERS.

Allshard and Brittles stand on the small porch looking off to where Abby is marching Quincannon to the guardhouse. Brittles' horse stands saddled and waiting, the Captain's meagre belongings in its saddlebags and blanket roll. Both men are grinning.

ALLSHARD

All right, Nathan, I get it--
ten days in the guardhouse
and no charges!

BRITTLES

Make it two weeks--till he
retires...

(apologetically)

A man with a thirst like that
couldn't get along on less than
a sergeant's pension.

ALLSHARD

You've my hand on it--we'll keep
him from temptation on beans and
water.

BRITTLES

Specially on water... Well,
goodbye, Mac... Tell Abby good-
bye for me.

ABBY'S VOICE (o.s.)

He'll tell me no such thing,
Nathan Brittles!

Both men turn as Abby comes in--followed by Olivia, who
hangs back a little.

ABBY

Goodbye is a word we can't use
in the Cavalry...

She takes him by both arms.

ABBY (cont'd)

Until our next post, Nathan!

And she kisses him. Brittles can't find a word to say,
nor does he need one. Olivia now rather timidly comes
forward. Her yellow ribbon is on.

(CONTINUED)

304 (CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
(wistful smile)
May I...haul off...and kiss you,
too, Captain?

And she does. Brittles wordlessly then goes to his horse and prepares to mount...Olivia suddenly follows him and catches his knee restrainingly after he swings up into the saddle.

OLIVIA
(she has to ask it)
Do you think he's all right?
Will they get there in time?

If Brittles had not already changed his mind about California, the girl's entreaty tips the scales to his decision.

BRITTLES
I don't know...but hold on to
that yellow ribbon!

Olivia's face is transfigured with fresh hope as she steps back between Abby and Allshard and Brittles rides away, briskly and with no backward glance.

As he goes there is an anguished cry (o.s.) from Quincannon.

QUINCANNON'S VOICE
Captain - Captain darlin'!

305 BARRED GUARDHOUSE WINDOWS - CLOSEUP QUINCANNON

QUINCANNON
(a man bereft)
Captain darlin' - it's mutiny,
sir--treason! Th' blackest
kind o' treachery - Oh Captain!---

306 EXT. - THE FORT AT GATES

Brittles rides out, turns, salutes the colors-- then spurs off again--slowing just a trifle as he passes the little cemetery. We expect him to stop, but he maintains his slackened pace until he has passed it, then spurs to a gallop again.

DISSOLVE.

307 EXT. - INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT EFFECT.

308

309 SERIES OF SHOTS.

310

It is a scene of wildest excitement and savagery. Around the scores of circularly-grouped tepees, war dances are in progress, war councils being held.

From two or three quarters, small bands of mounted Indians are dashing into the camp, to alight and be greeted by those already assembled.

Horses are led into the pony herd picketed nearby.

The fact that this is an alliance of the tribes will be suggested by the varied clothing worn by the different bands--some in the hanging clouts and shirts of the Southern tribes, some in the ornate porcupine-quilled leggings and chest plates of the Plains Indians, some war--bonneted, some in bison-horned caps.

Masked dancers are RATTLING GOURDS and DRUMS. Individual Indians are racing their ponies up and down--firing SHOTS wildly into the sky. Groups are dancing and chopping at the painted war posts. Red Shirt and some of the band seen at the Rynders massacre greet a new arriving band of savages--and as the chief alights, Red Shirt ceremoniously presents him with one of the stolen rifles. As this chief now raises it and pledges himself to war, the SOUNDS of PANDEMONIUM rise to a new CRESCENDO.

311 EXT. - ALONG RIDGE SLOPE - NIGHT EFFECT.

"A" Troop is spread out on a long line just beneath the ridge crest. The troopers are dismounted, sprawled out. Horseholders guard the picket lines. FAINTLY can be heard the ECHOES of the Indian REVEL and possibly a glow in the sky indicates the approximate position of the Indian camp.

Cohill, Tyree and Pennell are looking off, over the ridge--their faces grave.

312 ANGLE FEATURING THE THREE.

COHILL

(to Tyree)

Care to estimate their number,
Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

312 (CONTINUED)

TYREE

Well, sir, I wouldn't feel any
better if they was only half
as many...

Suddenly they stiffen, turn rapidly--at the SOUND of a
HORSE'S DRUMMING HOOVES growing nearer.

BRITTLES (o.s.)

Hold your fire--"A" Troop--

313 EXT. - NEAR RIDGE SLOPE - TROOP.

314

315 As Brittles rides in, dismounts and is at once met by
Cohill, Pennell, Tyree, who come on the run. The
troopers pass the news in murmurs of "it's the Captain"
...."The Captain."

COHILL

(gladly)

Captain Brittles! Glad to see
you, sir.

BRITTLES

And I you... Make your report,
Mister Pennell.

PENNELL

I effected the relief after
sundown, sir. No casualties...

BRITTLES

My compliments, Mister Pennell.

PENNELL

(he's been
knighted)

Thank you, sir.

BRITTLES

Make your report, Mister Cohill.

COHILL

We've been trailing them all
day, sir. It's a big
concentration...

Cohill leads way to ridge top.

(CONTINUED)

313 (CONTINUED)

314
315

BRITTLES

I'm ordering you to volunteer
again! Fetch a guidon.

TYREE

Yes, sir.

As Tyree goes, to reappear with his horse a moment later,
Brittles hands his order to Cohill.

BRITTLES

Remain here...take no action
until I return...if I do not
return, these are your orders.

Tyree is back. Brittles swings into his saddle.

BRITTLES

Follow on, Sergeant!

And he and Tyree ride toward the direction of the Indian
camp.

DISSOLVE

316 EXT. - INDIAN CAMP - NIGHT EFFECT.

The excitement has reached a fever pitch. Dancers are
prancing, waving scalps, brandishing rifles. Red Shirt
is riding in short galloping bursts back and forth
through the camp, followed by some of his braves.
Perhaps a few of them still are waving the yard goods
and ribbon taken from Rynders.

Somewhat apart from the turbulent scene is a wagon
belonging to old Pony-That-Walks. In it are his squaws.
We may see--but not spot--the old chieftain and a few
of the elder members of the tribal council squatted before
a fire near the wagon.

Suddenly out of the darkness and into the red glare of
the fires ride two figures--like blue apparitions:
Brittles and Tyree. They ride, eyes straight ahead, into
the middle of the camp and towards Pony-That-Walks.

There is a moment's hush as they appear, succeeded by
SCREAMS of anger and astonishment and the braves begin
to converge on them and follow them. Some of the riders

(CONTINUED)

313 (CONTINUED)

314
315

COHILL

Every tribe in the territory...
eight, nine hundred...and
they're getting ready to strike
... We've got to strike first.
I'm glad the Major sent you out,
sir...

BRITTLES

He didn't send me...I came.
I'm not on duty.

COHILL

(incredulously)

Then, there's no change in the
orders?...We still can't attack?

BRITTLES

An order's an order, Mister.

He stands and looks at his watch.

BRITTLES

Mr. Cohill, my retirement does
not become effective until mid-
night. Until then I am an
officer in the United States
Army. If I give you a written
order will you obey it?

COHILL

I don't need a written order
from you, sir.

BRITTLES

Nevertheless you'll get it...

He whips a stubby pencil and small pad from his pocket
and writes furiously.

BRITTLES

(during this)

It will prove helpful at the
court-martial...Sergeant Tyree!

TYREE

Yes, sir?

(CONTINUED)

316 (CONTINUED)

dash their horses up to them and rear up--challengingly. With methodical calm, Brittles reins in and dismounts--as does Tyree. He throws the reins to Tyree, who backstands him as he takes a few steps forward toward the council fire of Pony-That-Walks.

As Brittles takes a step, there is the TWANG of a bow and an arrow drives into the ground inches from his boot-tips. Brittles looks up.

317 CLOSE ANGLE. RED SHIRT.

He holds his bow ready for another shot, a look of malignant hatred on his face. The Indians HOWL their approval at his challenge.

318 FULL SHOT.

319

Brittles quickly stoops, pulls out the arrow, breaks it, spits on it and flings it into Red Shirt's face. Red Shirt has lost much face by this..but we must sense from his expression, his convulsive grasp of his bow that it will be but a matter of seconds before he releases another shaft. But in this split second old Pony-That-Walks hurries into the scene, perhaps deliberately intervening his body between that of Brittles and Red Shirt. A few other elders follow him.

Pony-That-Walks is a magnificent old patriarch whose dignity is in no way lessened by his reservation-Indian speech.

PONY-THAT-WALKS

Nathonn! Nathonn! I am a Christian,
hallelujah...Hah!

(he indicates Brittles'
knee--then pulls an
imaginary bow)

Old friend! Me! Long time.
Long time!

Proudly he touches his chest--thus indicating to the others that it was he who gave Brittles his old leg wound.

BRITTLES

I have come in peace!

(CONTINUED)

318 (CONTINUED)
319

PONY-THAT-WALKS

(quickly)

Take salt, Na-thonn, take salt!

He reaches a hand into a pouch at his belt and extends the salt to Brittles and Tyree...as they dip up a pinch and swallow it there is a disappointed HOWL from the young bucks crowding around.

PONY-THAT-WALKS

Smoke pipe!...Good! Good!

The old Indian strips the cover from his pipe, takes a brand from one of the other elders, puffs the pipe into life and quickly passes it to Brittles and Tyree. And now the Indians crowding around step back, GROWLING angrily but momentarily at least respecting the peace pipe and salt.

BRITTLES

Pony-That-Walks my heart is sad
at what I see...Your young men
painted for war--their scalp
knives red--the medicine drums
talking..This is a bad thing.

PONY-THAT-WALKS

(nodding soberly)

A bad thing, Na-thonn...Many
will die...My young men....
your young men...No good, no good.

BRITTLES

We must stop this war, Pony-
That-Walks.

PONY-THAT-WALKS

(shaking his head sadly)

Too late, Na-thonn...The young
men do not listen to me. They
listen to big medicine...Yellow
Hair Custer dead...buffalo come
back...Great sign....Too late,
Nathonn.

(eagerly)

But you come with me. We hunt
buffalo together. Smoke many
pipes. Old friends, Nathonn...
We are too old for war.

(CONTINUED)

318 (CONTINUED)
319

BRITTLES

(nodding)

Yes, we are too old for war.
But old men should stop wars!

PONY-THAT-WALKS

Too late, too late!...Soon many
squaws will sing the death
songs, many lodges will be
empty...

(eagerly again)

Come with me, Na-thonn...
hunt buffalo, get drunk
together, hallelujah!

BRITTLES

No, I must go, old friend...
I go far away.

The old man looks at him a long moment and his eyes dim
and his shoulders droop in grief and resignation. Then,
with great dignity, he takes his peace pipe in both hands
and holds it out chest-high and offers it to Brittles.

PONY-THAT-WALKS

Then Na-thonn, my brother...go
in peace!

Brittles takes the pipe with equal dignity, turns and
remounts. The old chief raises his hand in farewell and
benediction as Brittles and Tyree turn and ride slowly
back through the camp. Brittles holds the pipe high,
for all to see.

320 CLOSE STUDIES BRITTLES AND TYREE.

Now, as they slowly ride through the camp, the Indians
begin to crowd menacingly again, with a note of rising
anger. We must feel that any moment all hell will break
loose.

BRITTLES

Walk!...and unless you want
to look like a porcupine...
pray I don't drop this pipe!

(CONTINUED)

320 (CONTINUED)

As the CRIES grow sharper and we see some of the Indians notching arrows to their bows, Tyree starts to squirm as for a backward look.

BRITTLES

Don't look back!....How many ponies in that herd?

TYREE

Six-seven hundred, sir... along the creek bank.. It ain't my department, Captain.. but I'd sure appreciate an order to go faster.

BRITTLES

Easy...easy...
(then giving his mount the spurs)

NOW!

And as both men spur their horses, there is a final tumult of SCREAMS of rage and frustration from the hostiles; and as they disappear into the darkness outside of the camp, there is a WHISTLE of arrows behind them and the savage CRACK of many rifles.

DISSOLVE:

321 EXT. - COHILL'S POSITION.

As Brittles and Tyree ride in and pull up.

BRITTLES

(calling)

Ready, Mister Cohill?

COHILL

Yes, sir...

BRITTLES

Men know their assignments?

COHILL

Yes, sir...

(CONTINUED)

321 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

We'll lead down the draw and
mount at the creek bottom...
Pass the word...

As the troop starts out, shadowy and MUFFLED.

322 EXT. - ANOTHER FEATURE OF TERRAIN.

The troop silently moving in ghostly fashion through the night, the SOUND of the Indian CAMP growing nearer.

BRITTLES

(softly)

Pass the word to mount!...
Get the brands ready ..
Guide on me... Forward...
at the trot...YO!

323 EXT. - INDIAN CAMP.

Wild dances still in progress, suddenly a BUGLE sounds the CHARGE. The dancers are frozen in astonishment, then all turn to race toward the pony herd. (o.s.)

324 EXT. - FULL SHOT - TROOP.

The men are racing at the gallop, many carrying lighted brands and torches, FIRING their carbines or revolvers in the air, some BEATING on their metal canteens with their skillets...in all, a panic-rousing cavalcade.

325 ANOTHER ANGLE.

As the troop reaches the pony herd. The beasts rear in fright. Their few surprised picket-holders are helpless to hold them back. NEIGHING and SQUEALING the animals break loose and are driven through the encampment with the troop in pursuit, Indian horse-holders running away in terror.

326 EXT. - SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PONY STAMPEDE.

The nature of the ground and the number of the herd will determine the exact shots. But it is the director's intention to show the herd wildly racing through the village, toppling tepees, scattering the warring braves. The troops will follow at a mad gallop--not SHOOTING at the Indians themselves, but INTO the AIR and continuing to make the maximum amount of NOISE and CONFUSION. As a final gesture, some of the troopers will throw their fire-brands into the tepees--causing them to go up in flames. And any attempt at resistance by the Indians is prevented, not so much by the troop, but by the wild disorder of the scenes which end with the Indians scattered to the four winds--crouched behind rocks and in gullies--while the troop continues to drive the herd away and into the darkness.

327 EXT. - FINAL SCENE - PONY STAMPEDE.

The BUGLER is sounding RECALL and then ASSEMBLY at the far side of the village as the troopers turn and wheel in.

328 EXT. - FEATURING BRITTLES

as in b.g. the troop is gathering.

BRITTLES

Anyone wounded?

COHILL

No casualties, sir!

BRITTLES

That's what I call the luck of a dog-doctor's assistant!... Mister Cohill, have the troop follow the tribes tomorrow--riding a mile behind them all the way... Walking hurts their pride and your watching will hurt it worse... And if they court-martial you, remind them your orders forbade you to attack the Indians--they said nothing about attaching their pony herds.

(CONTINUED)

328 (CONTINUED)

He consults his watch.

BRITTLES (cont'd)
It is past midnight...I have
been a civilian for two minutes...

He replaces his watch and unhooks his sabre.

BRITTLES (cont'd)
It is your sabre, Mister
Cohill--

COHILL
(accepting it)
Thank you, sir...

BRITTLES
...And your Army!

He salutes, wheels his mount and rides off.

DISSOLVE.

329 EXT. - LONG SHOT - WIDE ANGLE - MORNING.

The troop is riding along, grinning broadly. Ahead of them--by twos, sixes and twenties, the scuffling braves limping along.

Riding by Tyree is Pony-That-Walks, smiling very contentedly.

TYREE
Well, General, how you
standin' that McClellan
saddle?

PONY-THAT-WALKS
Hallelujah!

DISSOLVE.

330 EXT. - SERIES OF SHOTS.

BRITTLES RIDING westward, silhouetted, on varying terrain to be chosen by the director...riding somewhat slumped, unmilitary, dogged.

(CONTINUED)

330 (CONTINUED)

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE

And so Nathan Brittles, ex-Captain of Cavalry, U.S.A., moved westward then...westward along the Santa Fe trail...toward the setting sun, which is the timeless beacon for all men... and he might have reached the new settlements in California, except...

331 EXT. - FULL SHOT - TYREE GALLOPING.

He begins to call out --

TYREE

(calling out)

Cap'n -- Cap'n --

332 EXT. - FULL SHOT - BRITTLES.

He turns -- warily -- hearing a distant HAIL.

TYREE'S VOICE

(faint)

Captain! Captain Brittles!

333 WIDE ANGLE - COMPREHENSIVE ON TWO.

As Tyree spurs his horse towards Brittles...

334 CLOSE ON TWO.

As Tyree pulls in to a stop.

TYREE

(fumbling in blouse)

It's for the Captain, sir!

...For you, sir! From the
Yankee War Department!

(CONTINUED)

334 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

(taking and
reading it)

Why, Sergeant...look...It's my
appointment as Chief of
Civilian Scouts... And will you
look at these endorsements...
Phil Sheridan... William T.
Sherman...third endorsement,
U. S. Grant, President of the
United States...

(musingly)

Sergeant, I've drawn three aces.

TYREE

Yes sir... Just one ace missing,
sir...

Brittles gives him a curious look.

TYREE

Robert E. Lee.

With a laugh, both men turn and start the journey back.

DISSOLVE.

335 EXT. - FORT STARKE - NIGHT EFFECT - COMPANY STREET
OUTSIDE ASSEMBLY HALL.

As Brittles and Tyree--dusty with travel--ride down
the main street, paced by an orderly.

ORDERLY

In here, sir...

As Brittles and Tyree dismount--somewhat curiously--
Sergeant Quincannon, in formal dress and wearing a sword
knot, opens the door and emerges.

QUINCANNON

The Major's in here, sir...

BRITTLES

(wonderingly)

Quincannon...?

(CONTINUED)

335 (CONTINUED)

Brittles looks hesitantly at Tyree, but Tyree backs away.

TYREE

Ain't my department, sir.

Brittles proceeds alone, and as he passes Quincannon, the sergeant blows gustily in Brittles' face, then steps back a pace within the lighted doorway of the assembly hall, to stand like a major domo.

336 ANGLE ON DOOR - FROM INSIDE THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

As Brittles enters, Quincannon is facing the unseen assembly, making his announcement.

QUINCANNON

(proud as hell)

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Nathan
Brittles! Chief of Scouts!

Brittles' head turns down the length of the room and he comes to a stunned stop. And now the BAND LETS GO with a series of RUFFLES and FLOURISHES.

337 FULL SHOT - THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

The troop is drawn up in its formal best in a double facing line, with the ladies of the troop standing with the men. Every eye is turned with happy expectation toward Brittles as he stands travel-stained and bewildered in the doorway. Slowly then he makes his way down the lane between the ranks to where Allshard and Abby, the two lieutenants and Olivia stand waiting for him.

338 ANGLE ON ALLSHARD GROUP.

With a broad smile, Allshard extends his hand to the still overwhelmed Brittles.

ALLSHARD

(smiling)

You're two days overdue---Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

338 (CONTINUED)

BRITTLES

I...I'm sorry...I...got here as fast as...

ALLSHARD

(grinning)

Don't apologize...It's a mark of weakness....

Abby now comes forward with a buckskin jacket, on which are a colonel's silver leaves.

ABBY

We hope it fits, Nathan...

As she helps him on with it.

ABBY (cont'd)

There...now...turn around...
Oh, you look fine...doesn't he?

BRITTLES

You look pretty fine yourself, Abby...

ABBY

(blushing)

How can I?...with that big ape of a Quincannon losing my best corsets!

Cohill now comes forward--leading Olivia with a possessive hand on her hand.

COHILL

Sir, perhaps you'll be surprised to know that Miss Dandridge and I...

BRITTLES

I knew that all along, Mister...

He looks at Pennell and smiles.

BRITTLES

Anyone above the rank of second lieutenant could have seen that, eh, Mister Pennell.

(CONTINUED)

338 (CONTINUED)

PENNELL

(with a grin)

There'll come a time when I'll
be the first lieutenant, sir.

BRITTLES - COHILL

(in unison)

In ten or twelve years!

And now the BAND STRIKES UP "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon".
and there is a general movement to choose partners and
begin dancing. Cohill reaches for Olivia, but she backs
away and comes closer to Brittles instead.

OLIVIA

Will you stay for the dance....
Colonel?

BRITTLES

No...if you'll excuse me...

Olivia knows he has a rendezvous and, with swift understanding, takes the small nosegay of flowers she has been wearing and puts it in his hands--and then dances off with Cohill.

Brittles looks at the flowers, then starts from the room.

339 ANGLE NEAR DOOR - QUINCANNON AND HOCHBAUER, TWO TROOPERS
IN BACKGROUND, SUGGESTING QUINCANNON'S GUARDHOUSE ESCORT.

Quincannon elaborately unsheaths his sword and passes it
hilt first to Hochbauer.

Hochbauer, with equal dignity and ceremony, refuses to
accept it.

HOCHBAUER

(to troopers)

Escort the sergeant back to the
guardhouse!

And cautiously he slips a pint bottle into Quincannon's
waistband. Quincannon smiles his surprise and pats his
belt.

(CONTINUED)

339 (CONTINUED)

QUINCANNON

Hochbauer, I've hopes ye'll
make a soldier yet!

And with great dignity, he marches out.

340 EXT. - FORT GATES.

Brittles slowly walking towards the gate. Again the familiar gesture of the corporal of the guard as he comes out with a collapsible stool.

Brittles takes it and our last sight of him is walking up the line--toward the cemetery silhouetted in the evening sky.

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D