

"STAGECOACH"

Screenplay by

Dudley Nichols and Ben Hecht

Based on the story

"Stage To Lordsburg"

By Ernest Haycox

SHOOTING DRAFT

Fade in to a scene of wild countryside. Menacing music begins as a stagecoach appears going away towards the horizon.

Dissolve to the stagecoach crossing the screen against a dawn sky, followed by a cavalry troop.

Dissolve to the cavalry troop riding against the dawn on the horizon.

Dissolve to a similar shot of a band of Apaches, riding furiously towards us.

Dissolve to a tremendous vista of desert and mountains against the sky with a glimmer of dawn on the horizon. The stagecoach appears and crosses the screen. Fade out.

Title: 'Until the Iron Horse came, the Stagecoach was the only means of travel on the untamed American frontier. Braving all dangers, these Concord coaches -- the "streamliners" of their day -- spanned on schedule wild, desolate stretches of desert and mountain-land in the Southwest, where in 1875 the savage struggle of the Indians to oust the white invader was drawing to a close. At the time no name struck more terror into the hearts of travelers than that of GERONIMO -- leader of those Apaches who preferred death rather than submit to the white man's will.'

Fade in to another shot looking over the desert and mountains. In the distance we see riding rapidly towards us two frontier figures brandishing rifles -- typical scouts of the U.S. Army at the time.

Dissolve to a U. S. cavalry camp set against a background of desert and mountains. It is early morning and the American colours are being hauled up. In the foreground, a bugler is sounding the reveille, and several soldiers pass, leading barebacked horses. An officer on horseback watches the colours being raised into position. The bugler sounds another salute, blowing the call for colours. In the distance, we see the two scouts riding rapidly towards the camp, one white, the other an Indian. They gallop in... and are joined by the officer on horseback.

Dissolve to a bare room with whitewashed adobe walls -- the headquarters of Captain Sickels, the commander of a troop of cavalry stationed at the town of Tonto, Arizona. Capt. Sickels sits at his desk with Lt. Blanchard, a young officer just

out of West Point, standing over him. We see the two figures who came riding in across the desert so furiously. The White Scout wears buckskin, his hair long in the frontier fashion of that day. He stands opposite the captain on the other side of the desk where a large map is laid out showing the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico as they were in 1885. The other scout is a full-blooded Cheyenne, a powerful-looking Indian who stands impassively. A Non-Commissioned Officer of the Signal Corps is also in the room; he sits at a pine table on which is a telegraph instrument. The White Scout sweeps his finger across the map, covering the area from the San Carlos Reservation. There is a feeling of tension in the room.

WHITE SCOUT

These hills are full of Apaches!
They've burned every ranch in sight.

His finger sweeps the map; his head nods to the impassive Indian.

WHITE SCOUT (CONT'D)

He had a brush with them last night.
Says they're being stirred up by
Geronimo.

The word has a striking effect on Sickels and Blanchard. Even the telegraph operator takes a step forward.

CAPT. SICKELS

Geronimo?

He turns to the Indian, regarding him narrowly.

CAPT. SICKELS (CONT'D)

How do we know...

Cut to medium close-up of the Indian standing still.

CAPT. SICKELS (CONT'D)

(continuing, off)
...he's not lying?

WHITE SCOUT

(off)
He's a Cheyenne. They hate Apaches
worse than we do.

Resume on a medium shot of the whole group as before. Capt. Sickels swings round in his seat towards the N.C.O. There is a moment of tension as he looks at the two scouts, now convinced. The telegraph instrument begins to chatter, and Sickels turns to the N.C.O. decisively.

CAPT. SICKELS
Clear the wire to Lordsburg.

N.C.O.
(already sitting down
to the telegraph key)
That's Lordsburg calling. They seem
to have something urgent for you,
sir.

Sickels goes and stands by the N.C.O. The others gather round watching as he clicks his key in reply and then takes up a pencil, writing as the instrument chatters. He has written only a few words before the instrument abruptly stops. He tries his key, but the sounder is silent. He tries it again, impotently.

CAPT. SICKELS
(sharply)
Well?

Cut to medium shot of the Captain standing beside the N.C.O.

CAPT. SICKELS (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

N.C.O.
(still trying his key)
Line's gone dead, sir.

Sickels impatiently indicates the sheet of paper on which the N.C.O. had begun to write.

CAPT. SICKELS
What did you get?

N.C.O.
(handing the paper to
Capt. Sickels)
Only the first word, sir.

CAPT. SICKELS
(looking up)
'Geronimo'.

Camera pans right as Sickels passes the paper across in front of the N.C.O. to Lt. Blanchard. The White Scout stands beside him. There is a silence that is heavy with menace as the men look at each other.

Dissolve to the main street of Tonto, where a few cow ponies and buckboards are hitched along the racks in front of the stores. Three men stand on the sidewalk. As we hear the clatter of horses, camera tracks left, and round the corner at the end of the street comes the Concord stagecoach, bounding along behind six lathered horses. Camera pans right with it as it clatters down the middle of the street.

We see the street in long shot, as the stagecoach comes near. Camera pans across the street as the stagecoach passes and goes off in foreground.

Another long shot across the street shows: OVERLAND STAGE COMPANY, written in large letters over a gateway with the office to one side; the Oriental Saloon is next door. People are running out of the saloon and from the stores to see the biggest daily event there is in town -- the arrival of the stagecoach, which comes towards us and pulls up in front of the gateway. A crowd has gathered and more men rush up on horse and foot.

The Shotgun Guard is seen from below getting down from the driving-seat. Various voices can be heard shouting greetings to the driver, Buck Rickabaugh. Buck is an important and proud man, and loungers call to him, eager for recognition.

VARIOUS VOICES
(off)
H'ya, Buck!...
Howdy, Buck!...
How's things in Bisbee, Buck?
Have a good trip?

Meanwhile the Shotgun Guard, who has guarded the treasure box from Bisbee, jumps down to the sidewalk.

SHOTGUN GUARD

So long, Buck.

Men begin unhitching the horses. Buck acknowledges the cheery greetings as the Wells Fargo Agent in Tonto pushes his way through the crowd.

WELLS FARGO AGENT

Howdy, Buck. Got that payroll for the mining company?

Buck kicks the box which is under his seat.

BUCK

She's right here in this box.

The Wells Fargo Agent climbs up to the top of the coach, calling to a colleague as he does so.

WELLS FARGO AGENT

Give us a hand with this box, Jim.

BUCK

Jim, I'll pay you that \$2.50 when I get through.

JIM

Okay.

The two agents get the box down and carry it off between them -- Buck looks over his shoulder to the other side of the coach.

BUCK

Now you kids, get away from them wheels!

He starts to get down and calls out to the men who are leading the horses away.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Well... sir, we ran into a little snow up there, quite bad, so you fellers better prepare for a good frost.

He jumps down and disappears round the side of the coach.

The Tonto Hotel is seen on the other side of the road.

Medium shot of the stagecoach as Buck comes round to open the coach door.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Passengers out for Tonto...

A Tonto businessman climbs out and two figures remain sitting in the coach. Through the rear window can be seen Mrs. Lucy Mallory, her cloak drawn about her; she looks tired, yet there is great strength of character in her clear face. Through the other window can be seen a meek little man named Samuel Peacock, who is sitting on the front seat opposite her. There is something gloomy and parsonical about his whole appearance.

He looks thoroughly uncomfortable and uneasy in this wild environment. Buck, with two or three little boys tagging at his heels, proud of being close to such a great man, sees that these last two are not moving to get out and calls in to them.

BUCK (CONT'D)

You folks might as well stretch your legs...

He looks at Lucy, coughs and corrects himself.

BUCK (CONT'D)

...your limbs, ma'am. We're changin' horses here.

He helps Lucy out and she holds her cloak about her. Her voice is crisp and well-bred with just a trace of Virginia in it.

LUCY

Is there some place where I can have a cup of tea?

Tea is not quite in Buck's lexicon. He removes his hat, scratches his head and speaks politely.

BUCK

Well, ma'am, you can get a cup o' coffee right there in the hotel.

LUCY
Thank you, driver.

BUCK
(who has a tender
heart)
You ain't looking very pert, ma'am.

LUCY
(as she leaves)
I'll be all right, thank you.

BUCK
Yes, ma'am.

A medium shot of the porch of the Tonto Hotel, at one side of the Oriental Saloon, shows an attractive young girl sitting with a U.S. Army Captain standing beside her. She gets up as Lucy Mallory appears, walking towards the door of the hotel.

GIRL
Why, Lucy Mallory!

She runs towards Lucy.

LUCY
(gladly)
Nancy!
(to the officer who
comes to join them)
How are you, Captain Whitney?

NANCY
What are you doing in Arizona?

Seen in medium shot, Lucy and Nancy stand by the door of the hotel. As she speaks, an immaculately dressed gentleman, wearing a white hat, comes through the door behind them.

LUCY
I'm joining Richard in Lordsburg.
He's there with his troops.

CAPT. WHITNEY

(off)

He's a lot nearer than that, Mrs. Mallory. He's been ordered to Dry Fork.

NANCY

That's the next stop for the stagecoach. You'll be with your husband in a few hours.

Lucy's face lights up with pleasure and they all turn and start to go in through the door. The well-dressed gentleman, Hatfield, stops short in the doorway and stares for a split second at Lucy. She reacts to his stare. Hatfield recovers himself, lifts his hat politely and stands by to let them go inside.

The tables and chairs beside the window of the hotel are seen in medium shot from the hotel lounge. Lucy, Nancy and Capt. Whitney come in and the two ladies sit down.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm so glad to see you, Lucy. Sit down with us and have a cup of coffee. You must be tired from that long trip.

As they sit down, Lucy looks out of the window and notices Hatfield standing in the street outside and looking through the window. She turns to Nancy, interrupting her.

LUCY

(curiously)

Who is that gentleman?

The Captain answers quietly as his wife looks indignant.

CAPT. WHITNEY

(standing, looking
out of the window)

Hardly a gentleman, Mrs. Mallory.

NANCY

I should think not. He's a notorious gambler.

They all look curiously out of the window at Hatfield. He notices them and turns and walks away across the street, going with easy grace towards the saloon.

A medium shot takes us inside the U.S. Marshal's office. It is a one-storey frame shack with a sign on the window. 'Curly' Wilcox, the U.S. Marshal, sits behind a desk littered with papers, his feet propped on one edge of it. A couple of deputy marshals are lounging in the office. One sits in the foreground on a chair; the other stands in the background leaning on the windowsill. Curly is lighting his pipe as Buck comes in, importantly.

BUCK

(to the deputies)

Hello, Mick. Howdy, Frank. Well,
Marshal, I'm looking for my Shotgun
Guard. Is he here?

Curly is seen from above in medium close-up, leaning forward and shaking his head. There is a rack of shotguns propped against the wall behind him.

CURLY

Out with a posse, Buck... tryin' to
ketch the Ringo Kid.

He pushes a picture across the desk. With the burning match he indicates the photograph. He shakes out the match and throws it on the floor.

Buck, seen from below in medium shot, looks down at Curly. His hands are in his pockets, and he is surprised.

BUCK

Ringo! I thought Ringo was in the
pen.

CURLY

(off)

He was.

Buck picks up the picture and grins.

BUCK

Busted out? Well, good for him.

Resume on the group in the office.

FIRST DEPUTY

It's my guess the Kid's aimin' to
get even with them Plummer boys.

SECOND DEPUTY

Yeah, it was their testimony sent
him to the penitentiary.

BUCK

All I can say is he better keep away
from that Luke Plummer. Gosh, Luke's
run every friend o' Ringo's out of
Lordsburg.

Change to a low angle medium shot of Buck, who likes his
unofficial job of carrying news from town to town.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Last trip there I seen him hit a
rancher with his gun barrel an' lay
his head open like a butchered steer.

Cut to a high angle medium shot of the Marshal, who leans
forward. His feet have dropped to the floor with such a bang
that Buck looks at him, wondering at the effect of his words.

CURLY

You seen Luke Plummer? In Lordsburg?

Resume on Buck.

BUCK

Yes sirree.

Close-up of Curly looking thoughtful. There is a pause as he
looks from one to the other.

Cut back to the shot of the group in the office. Curly gets
to his feet, reaching out for a rifle which is leaning against
the wall. The deputies watch him curiously as he addresses
them.

CURLY

You boys take care of the office for
a coupla days.

He picks up the rifle.

CURLY

I'm goin' to Lordsburg with Buck.
(as he gets his coat,
he explains gruffly
to Buck)
Goin' to ride shotgun.

They go out together, Buck protesting weakly.

BUCK

Oh lor', Marshal, when am I going to
learn to keep my big mouth shut...

Outside the Tonto Bank, we focus on the glass panels of the bank door. White letters on one side read: MINERS' AND CATTLEMEN'S BANK and on the other: CAPITAL \$50,000 -- ASSETS \$250,000. The bank is situated across from the Oriental Saloon and we can see the stagecoach reflected in the glass, with a crowd of people around it watching as fresh horses are hitched up.

Dissolve to the interior of the bank. The two Wells Fargo agents appear, heaving the large iron treasure box onto the counter in front of Henry Gatewood, a prosperous-looking gentleman, who stands behind the counter. He seems to be an important man who commands respect in this Arizona frontier town. A big, old-fashioned iron safe is in a corner behind the counter. At the front of the office there is a wicket, and an old cashier is doing some business with a couple of ranchers.

WELLS FARGO AGENT

Payroll, Mister Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

You know, ever since I opened this
bank, I've been trying to tell those
people to deposit their payrolls
here six months in advance. It's
good, sound business.

Gatewood begins to write a receipt as the Agent takes a package of money from the box and puts it on the counter.

WELLS FARGO AGENT
(pleasantly)
It's good business for you, Mr.
Gatewood.

GATEWOOD
Here's your receipt. Fifty thousand
dollars.

He smiles affably.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)
And remember this -- what's good
business for the banks is good for
the country.

The two agents pick up the empty box and go out, watched
affably by Gatewood.

End scene on a close-up of Gatewood staring after them with
a slight frown.

On the Tonto street a group of stern-faced women, all wearing
badges, march along in almost military order, camera tracking
beside them as they go. In front of them, at a safe distance,
walks a girl named Dallas, accompanied by a rather kindly,
middle-aged and embarrassed Sheriff. Dallas is carrying a
valise.

Medium shot of Dallas, tracking beside her as she walks along
the wooden sidewalk, the Sheriff just behind and the Ladies
of the Law and Order League following.

Medium shot of the Ladies of the Law and Order League marching
grimly behind.

A closer shot of Dallas as she walks. It is obvious that she
is suffering some inner distress and seems close to tears,
but her mouth is set hard in the attempt not to reveal her
feelings. A sudden outcry off-screen makes them stop short.

DOC
(placatingly, off)
Now, my dear lady...

A sign, nailed beside the doorway of a house on the street,
reads: DR. JOSIAH BOONE, M.D. The door opens and Doc Boone

hurriedly appears, a hard-faced Landlady behind him. He is somewhat unsteady on his feet, but he has not lost his optimism and good nature. In his flight he has hurriedly grabbed up an old blue Union Army overcoat and a small bag which is his medicine case. Camera tracks back slightly as they come out onto the porch.

LANDLADY

(shrilly)

Don't you 'dear lady' me, you old
deadbeat! I'm keeping your trunk
because you ain't paid your rent.

Feature Doc Boone as he balances himself carefully on his two feet, gets a better grip on his overcoat and medicine case, and lifts his hand jovially to the angry woman.

DOC

'Is this the face that launched a
thousand ships...'

Feature the hatchet-faced Landlady, hands on hips, as she looks at him sternly through her steel-rimmed spectacles.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

'...And burned the topless towers of
Ilium?'

Cut back to Doc Boone raising his hand dramatically to his lips and blowing her a kiss.

DOC (CONT'D)

'Farewell, fair Helen.'

His eye catches sight of the sign fixed on the wall by the door and he leans over and wrenches at it, determined to take all his stock-in-trade with him. He rips it off and tucks it under his arm; then, with a last look at the Landlady, he walks off.

Close-up of Dallas, backed by two of the Ladies of the Law and Order League. She looks distressed by the turn of events. They look rather pleased.

DALLAS

Doc! Doc!...

She hurries forward.

Doc Boone sways along in medium shot with his doctor's bag and overalls in one hand and his notice under his arm. Camera pans slightly right as Dallas rushes up to him. The Sheriff and the Ladies of the Law and Order League can be seen in the background, watching.

DALLAS

(desperately)

Doc! Can they make me leave town?
When I don't want to go? Do I have
to go?

The Sheriff comes forward, embarrassed, and catches Dallas's arm. His voice is plaintive.

SHERIFF

Now, Dallas, don't go makin' no fuss.

Doc Boone, Dallas and the Sheriff stand together in medium close-up, with the Ladies in the background. The Sheriff is helplessly plucking at Dallas's arm, but she jerks free defiantly as she appeals to the amiable Boone.

DALLAS

Do I have to go, Doc? Just because
they say so?

She indicates the Ladies.

SHERIFF

Now, Dallas, I got my orders. Don't
blame these ladies. It ain't them.

DALLAS

(almost screaming)

It is them!

(to Boone)

What have I done, Doc? Haven't I any
right to live?

DOC
(patting her arm
paternally, quite
unperturbed)
We have been struck down by a foul
disease called social prejudice, my
child. These dear ladies...

The Ladies look on, very distastefully. The Landlady has
joined them and is looking particularly self-righteous.

DOC (CONT'D)
(off)
...of the Law and Order League are
scouring out the dregs of the town.

Cut back to the shot of Doc Boone, Dallas and the Sheriff.

DOC (CONT'D)
Come, be a proud, glorified dreg
like me.

SHERIFF
You shut up, Doc. You're drunk.

DOC
(with dignity)
I'm glorified, sir.

The group of women still look on, sternly.

LANDLADY
Two of a kind.

Cut back again to the shot of Dallas and Doc Boone standing
on the boarding house porch with the Sheriff behind and the
Ladies in a bunch to one side.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Just two of a kind.

She lifts her skirts and stalks off towards her front door.

DOC

(very dramatically,
giving his arm to
Dallas)

Take my arm, Madame la Comtesse! The
tumbrel awaits. To the guillotine!

They start to move forward as the Landlady calls back to the
other Ladies of the Law and Order League:

LANDLADY

Wait till I get my badge, girls.
I'll join you.

Doc and Dallas walk along the street, arm in arm. Camera
tracks along with them and with the Ladies, who follow in
formation.

The procession is seen coming along the sidewalk from between
two men, who stand with their backs to camera in the doorway
of the Oriental Saloon. The two men move out of the way as
Doc and Dallas come to the edge of the porch and put down
their baggage. Dallas sits down and Doc comes forward, pausing
in the doorway.

Inside the Oriental Saloon, halfway down the bar, Mr. Peacock
is talking to the Bartender.

PEACOCK

If you ever go East, brother, come
out to my house for dinner. Nobody
in St. Louis sets a better table
than my dear wife, Agatha.

As he speaks, Doc Boone comes to the bar in the foreground
and motions politely to the Bartender, who comes to him
suspiciously.

DOC

Jerry.

BARTENDER

Yes, Doc?

Doc Boone leans against the bar, and he and the Bartender
look at each other. Peacock can still be seen in the
background, silhouetted against a window.

DOC

Jerry, in the past I will admit, as
one man to another, that economically
I haven't been of much value to you.
But...

(he lowers his voice
confidentially)

...you don't suppose you could...
ahem... put one on credit?

Bartender shaking his head.

BARTENDER

If talk was money, Doc, you'd be the
best customer I got.

DOC

I'm leaving town, Jerry.

BARTENDER

Honest?

DOC

Yes, my dear fellow, and I thought
you might, in memory of our many
happy...

BARTENDER

(reaching for the
bottle)

All right, Doc, just this one.

DOC

Thank you, Jerry.

The Bartender gives him a bottle and a glass, and Doc
carefully and with relish pours himself a drink. He turns
the glass in his hand, regarding the liquor with fond
anticipation. Meanwhile the Bartender nods towards Peacock
at the other end of the bar.

BARTENDER

Here's a man goin' with you on the
stagecoach, Doc. He's an Easterner
from Kansas City, Missouri.

Peacock looks up and turns towards them.

PEACOCK
Kansas City, Kansas, brother.

Doc Boone lifts his glass to Peacock, but his attention is on the glass rather than on the stranger.

DOC
Your health, Reverend!

He drinks.

Doc Boone continues to drink with relish, not taking any notice as Peacock speaks.

PEACOCK
(off)
I'm not a clergyman, my name is
Peacock. I'm a... ahem...

He coughs hesitantly.

BARTENDER
(off)
He's a whiskey drummer.

Doc Boone coughs on his drink and sets down his glass.

DOC
(amazed)
What?

Peacock still stands at the end of the bar, with Doc Boone and the Bartender looking towards him. Doc Boone is delighted.

DOC (CONT'D)
Well, well, how are you...

He walks along the bar towards Peacock.

Cut to Doc Boone as he comes right up to the whiskey salesman.

DOC (CONT'D)
...Mr. Haycock!

PEACOCK

Peacock!

DOC

You don't need to tell me, sir. A familiar name, an honoured name! I never forget a face of a friend.

(he peers at the open case)

Samples?

He takes out a bottle, regards it critically as he uncorks it, and then half-drains it, nodding sagely. Peacock looks at him nervously.

DOC (CONT'D)

Rye!

At this, Peacock hurriedly closes the case. Doc Boone places a friendly hand on his shoulder and Peacock looks even more uneasy.

Outside in the main street of Tonto, the luggage is being piled onto the stagecoach. The men finish hitching up the horses and Buck climbs onto the driver's seat. Another man brushes out the inside of the coach. Everybody bustles around. The passengers wait on the sidewalk.

The banker, Gatewood, is standing behind the counter of his office as Mrs. Gatewood, a frigid-looking termagant, strides into the bank and comes up to him, her hand outstretched.

She stands, her face turned away from him, her hand stretched out towards him.

MRS. GATEWOOD

I need five dollars, Henry.

She holds her hand out, keeping her head averted.

GATEWOOD

(reaching in his pocket, all smiles)

Why certainly, my dear, certainly.

(he gives her five silver dollars)

What is it this time, a new...?

MRS. GATEWOOD
(interrupting him as
she puts the money
into her purse)
I want to pay the butcher. Dinner
will be at twelve o'clock. I've
invited the Ladies of the Law and
Order League.

GATEWOOD
Don't you worry, my dear, I'll be
there.

Mrs. Gatewood strides off, leaving Gatewood standing behind
his counter.

Cut to a close-up of Gatewood frowning.

He turns away thoughtfully towards the old iron safe behind
his desk. He bends down quickly and picks up a parcel of
money, the payroll package.

A high angle shot looks down at Gatewood as he kneels beside
the open safe holding the parcel of money. He takes a black
leather bag and stuffs the money into it.

In the main street, Buck sits up in the driver's seat of the
stagecoach, holding the reins. In the background Lucy Mallory,
Nancy and Capt. Whitney come down from the porch of the Tonto
Hotel.

BUCK
(calling)
All aboard for Dry Fork, Apache Wells,
Lee Ferry and Lordsburg!

As he shouts, the two women and the captain come across the
road towards the stagecoach. The Sheriff accompanies Dallas
as she walks along the sidewalk, carrying her valise. In the
background, the Ladies of the Law and Order League hurry
past. The Bartender and another man come into shot and watch
them as they go past the saloon.

Dallas and the Sheriff come up beside the stagecoach.

Curly leans down from the driving-seat and takes her bag.

CURLY
I'll take that, Dallas.

DALLAS
Oh, thanks.

The Sheriff opens the door for her. Her face is set and defiant now, her chin up.

SHERIFF
In you go, Dallas, and a pleasant voyage.

Dallas lifts her skirt to step into the coach, revealing her ankle and part of her striped stockings. Someone whistles. She looks round, annoyed.

The Bartender and the other man are seen in medium close-up, looking towards Dallas. The Bartender grins and nudges his friend, who grins back. Then they both look back towards Dallas.

Dallas draws her skirt up a little higher, playing up to them and grinning. Then she gets in and the Sheriff moves away, shaking his head.

Dallas is seen through the stagecoach window, sitting back in her seat.

Peacock starts to climb into the coach, followed closely by Doc Boone. The Doc hands up his bag and his notice to be put with the rest of the luggage on the top of the coach.

DOC
Thank you, thank you, my friend.

Doc Boone is also carrying Peacock's sample bag. Peacock leans out of the coach towards him.

PEACOCK
I'll take it, Doctor.

DOC
(raising a hand)
Oh no, no, no trouble at all. I'll carry it on my lap.

Peacock sits back weakly as Doc Boone, with much heaving and spluttering, hauls himself into the coach.

Nancy, Lucy and Capt. Whitney stand together waiting, when a member of the Law and Order League comes up to them.

LADY

Mrs. Whitney, you're not going to let your friend travel with that creature.

She turns round. Dallas, seen from the side through the coach window, ignores the remark.

Lucy looks up towards the coach.

NANCY

(off)

She's right, Lucy. Besides, you're not well enough to travel.

LUCY

(determinedly)

It's only a few hours, Nancy. I'm quite all right.

Dallas looks out of the window of the coach, then looks away.

NANCY

(off)

But you shouldn't travel a step without a doctor.

The two Ladies stand one on either side of Lucy, trying to persuade her.

LUCY

There is a doctor, dear. The driver told me.

LADY

Doctor? Doc Boone? Why, he couldn't doctor a horse!

Capt. Whitney stands at the open door of the coach. Doc Boone looks out of the window on one side, while Dallas can be

seen sitting on the other. Nancy and Lucy come up to the coach, then Nancy and Capt. Whitney help Lucy to climb inside.

NANCY

Now, Lucy darling, you must be very
careful, take good care of yourself --
oh, watch that step, now!

As she gets in, the Whitneys close the door and Buck calls down from the driving-seat.

BUCK

(off)

Now, ladies, both ride facing forward,
please!

NANCY

There we are!

CAPT. WHITNEY

Pleasant journey, Mrs. Mallory!

LUCY

Why, thank you. Goodbye!

NANCY

Goodbye!

DOC

Goodbye!

Nancy looks away, embarrassed.

In a corner of the saloon Hatfield sits at a table, smoking and playing cards. He turns and looks out of the window on his left. He sees Lucy in close-up, leaning round and looking through the window of the stagecoach.

Now he is seen from the outside, looking through the saloon window.

Lucy continues to look out of the stagecoach window. Then she sits back.

Hatfield, still in his seat, continues to look.

HATFIELD

Like an angel in a jungle.

He turns back to the card table and plays his hand.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

A very wild jungle.

COWBOY

What are you doing, Hatfield, talking
to yourself?

Hatfield, a cigarette dangling from his lips, leans forward.
He puffs on his cigarette, then smiles coldly. His cultivated
voice seems to have a cold, mocking edge to it.

HATFIELD

You wouldn't understand, cowboy.

He shakes his head, still smiling.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

You've never seen an angel. Or a
gentlewoman, [a thoroughbred].

He turns and looks out of the window again, camera panning
with him.

COWBOY

Come on, ace bets.

HATFIELD

I raise, gentlemen.

We can hear them putting coins onto the table.

Buck and Curly sit up on the driving-seat of the stagecoach
as it waits outside the Tonto Hotel, ready to pull out.
Several townspeople stand around, shouting their farewells.
A man waves an arm to them.

MAN

(shouting)

So long, Buck, so long, Curly. Nice
trip, boys.

BUCK

So long, boys, so long, kids.

In the background, a detachment of ten cavalrymen lead by young Lt. Blanchard comes galloping down the street. Everyone looks round towards them, shouting in amazement. As they come up and pull in alongside the stagecoach, Blanchard wheels his horse so that he is by the driving-seat and holds out an envelope towards Curly.

LT. BLANCHARD

(crisply)

Captain Sickels asks if you will
deliver this despatch in Lordsburg
the moment you arrive. The telegraph
line has been cut.

Buck and Curly lean down, a trifle mystified, towards Blanchard.

CURLY

(taking the despatch
and looking at it)

Sure.

Blanchard looks up at Curly from his position astride his horse, while Curly leans over the side of the coach to face him.

LT. BLANCHARD

We're going with you as far as the
noon station at Dry Fork. There's a
troop of cavalry there. They'll take
you on to Apache Wells. From Apache
Wells you'll have another escort of
soldiers into Lordsburg. You must
warn your passengers that they travel
at their own risk.

Curly looks puzzled.

CURLY

At their own risk? What's the trouble,
Lieutenant?

LT. BLANCHARD

Geronimo!

The word has a dreadful effect on Buck, who half-rises, trying to get rid of the reins and speak at the same time, neither of which he accomplishes. And on the sidewalk, the crowd looks startled as the whisper runs among the people: 'Geronimo!'

BUCK
(wheezily)
Geronimo! I... I ain't goin'.

CURLY
(gruffly)
Sit down!

Blanchard looks at Buck and his tone is cool with an edge of scorn.

LT. BLANCHARD
Of course, the Army has no authority over you gentlemen. If you think it unsafe to make the trip...

Curly is stung by the tone of the young officer, and he stares Blanchard grimly in the eyes.

CURLY
This stage is going to Lordsburg. If you think it ain't safe to ride along with us, I figure we can get there without you soldier-boys.

LT. BLANCHARD
I have orders, sir. I always obey orders.

Blanchard turns his horse and rides back towards the troop of soldiers, who have stopped a little way behind the coach.

Curly climbs down and goes to the door of the stagecoach.

Now Curly is shown from inside the coach, opening the door and looking in to address the passengers.

CURLY
Did you all hear what the Lieutenant said?

Lucy looks at him.

LUCY

Yes, we heard.

Curly looks round again.

CURLY

Well, me and Buck are takin' this coach through, whether they's any passengers or not. Now whoever wants to get out can get out.

Inside the coach, Doc Boone is busily inspecting the contents of Peacock's bag. Peacock leans across anxiously, but Doc Boone pushes him away, closing the bag.

DOC

Courage, Reverend. Ladies first.

Peacock looks anxiously over at the two women.

Curly also looks at them.

CURLY

How 'bout you, Dallas?

Dallas looks round at him, her face set.

DALLAS

(harshly)

What are you trying to do... scare somebody? They put me in here. Now let 'em try and put me out! There are worse things than Apaches.

The Ladies of the Law and Order League stand in a grim row looking on.

Curly looks over at Lucy, his voice softened with respect.

CURLY

If you take my advice, ma'am, you won't take this trip.

Lucy's face, when she looks at him, is determined.

LUCY

My husband is with his troops at Dry Fork. If there's danger I want to be with him.

Now it is the turn of Peacock and Doc Boone. Peacock clears his throat and speaks meekly.

PEACOCK

Well, you see, brother, I have a wife and five children...

DOC

(slapping him on the hand)

Then you're a man! By all the powers that be, Reverend, you're a man.

Doc Boone grips the whiskey-sample bag firmly and Peacock sits back with a pious expression.

Curly stands at the stagecoach with his back to camera. He closes the door.

CURLY

All right, folks.

HATFIELD

(off)

Marshal...

Curly turns at the sound. Hatfield is seen in medium shot, standing between two of his gambling cronies.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

Make room for one more!

He starts to move forward. Curly stares at him, astonished, as Hatfield comes up to the door of the coach. [Lucy looks out of the window curiously.]

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

I'm offering my protection to this lady.

He takes his hat off to her.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

I can shoot fairly straight if there's
a need for it.

CURLY

That's been proved too many times,
Hatfield.

(growling)

All right, get in. We're late.

Curly goes off, watched by Hatfield. The gambler climbs in
urbanely.

HATFIELD

(to Peacock)

May I trouble you to move over,
sir?...

PEACOCK

Why, yes, of course.

CURLY

(off)

Close the door.

Buck sits nervously ready on the driving-seat as Curly climbs
up beside him.

BUCK

Oh, Curly, we can't...

CURLY

(sitting down)

Get going, Buck.

Buck resigns himself.

BUCK

(shouting and whipping
up the horses)

Hey up! Bessie, Brownie, Bill!

Doc Boone leans out of the stagecoach window to wave goodbye.

The Ladies of the Law and Order League stand in medium shot,
all firmly in a row.

DOC

(off)

Farewell, ladies.

The Ladies scream in horror and one of them covers her eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

Sweethearts!

Cut back to the same close-up of Doc Boone leaning through the window, waving and smiling.

Now we see the main street of Tonto in long shot, as the music begins. The stagecoach moves off, coming down the street towards camera, the soldiers wheeling into position behind. Camera pans left with it as it passes and goes out of shot, followed by Lt. Blanchard leading his troop of cavalry.

The scene dissolves to a high angle medium long shot of Gatewood standing by the road with the heavy valise. The stagecoach can be heard approaching, and, as it comes into shot, Gatewood raises his arm to flag it down. Buck pulls the horses up beside him.

GATEWOOD

(pleasantly)

Room for another passenger?

BUCK

Sure, Mr. Gatewood. Goin' to
Lordsburg?

GATEWOOD

That's right. Just got a telegram.
Had to pack this bag and didn't have
time to catch you at the Oriental.

He opens the coach door.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

Well... I've made it anyway.

Their words are partly muffled by the noise of the horses champing at the bit and stamping and snorting. Gatewood climbs in and Buck urges the horses on again.

Dissolve to a long shot of the road that leads out of town. The stagecoach appears in the foreground, the horses going at a good clip down the winding road into Monument Valley. Behind the stagecoach the detachment of cavalry is strung out, dust rising behind the horsemen in a cloud. It is a hot, clear morning.

Buck and Curly are seen from behind in medium close-up on the driving-seat. Curly looks over his shoulder, rearranging the baggage on the roof of the coach, while Buck chatters and larrups the horses.

BUCK

(yelling)

Hi, Susy! Hi there, Billy! Gitty Ap!
Git along! Git along, Susy!

Nervously to Curly If there's anything I don't like, it's drivin' a stagecoach through Apache country.

Now we reverse the angle of Buck and Curly so that they are facing camera. Buck looks around nervously, making sure the cavalry is near. [Then, reflectively, he reaches into his bulging pocket, takes out a stone and throws it with sharp aim at one of the lead horses, catching it on the rump.] Curly, who has his rifle in the boot and the muzzle between his knees, is sunk in thought, trying to puzzle out something.

CURLY

Sure funny, Gatewood ketchin' us
outside town that way.

BUCK

I took this job ten years ago so's I
could get enough money to marry my
Mexican girl, Julietta. I been workin'
hard at it ever since.

(yelling)

Barney, git on there!

CURLY

At marriage?

BUCK

Why, certainly; my wife's got more
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)

relatives than you ever did see! I
bet I'm feeding half the state of
Chihuahua!

CURLY

Don't it seem funny to you? About
Gatewood?

BUCK

And what do I get to eat when I'm
home in Lordsburg? Nothing but frijole
beans, that's all. Nothing but beans,
beans, beans! Gitty ap, Sam!

Inside the stagecoach, Gatewood is squeezing his bulk into
the seat between Lucy and Dallas, both of whom look at him
with some distaste.

GATEWOOD

Excuse me, ladies.

He chuckles.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

Warm today.

Peacock and Doc Boone sit side by side, seen in medium close-
up.

DOC

(slurring his words)

Your wife made it warm fer me today,
Gatewood.

Dallas, seen in close-up, looks down.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

She was chairman of our farewell
committee.

Dallas looks round towards Gatewood.

He is now shown sitting between Lucy and Dallas. He clears
his throat uncomfortably, trying to break the ice.

GATEWOOD

Fine-looking bunch of soldier-boys
back there. It always gives me great
pride in my country...

Doc Boone opens Peacock's bag again, looking at Peacock with
a wicked grin.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(continuing, off)

...when I see such fine young men in
the U. S. Army. Anybody know where
they're going?

Doc Boone places an exploratory hand inside the bag.

PEACOCK

(closing the bag, but
not before Doc
extracts a bottle)

Brother, aren't you aware of...
(he coughs nervously)
...what's happened?

Gatewood, sitting importantly between Lucy and Dallas, looks
over at him.

GATEWOOD

I don't follow you, Reverend.

Doc Boone looks pleased with himself, while Peacock protests
feebly.

PEACOCK

I'm not a clergyman...

DOC

(cutting in)

My friend is a whiskey drummer. We're
all going to be scalped, Gatewood.
Massacred in one fell swoop.

Cut back to the same shot of Gatewood between the two women.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

That's why the soldiers are with us.

GATEWOOD
(smiling patronizingly
at Lucy)
He's joking, of course.

Cut back to the same shot of Peacock and Doc Boone.

PEACOCK
(fluttery)
Oh no, he's not. Oh dear no. I wish
he were.

DOC
(cheerfully)
It's that old Apache butcher...

Cut again to the same shot of Gatewood and the women.

Gatewood looks very uneasy as Doc Boone continues:

DOC (CONT'D)
(off)
Geronimo.

Now back again on Peacock and Doc Boone.

DOC (CONT'D)
Geronimo, that's the name of our
butcher. He's jumped the reservation.
He's on the warpath.

Again back to Gatewood and the women.

GATEWOOD
(appalled)
Geronimo? Well, why weren't the
passengers notified? Why wasn't I
told?

Peacock and Doc Boone look at the banker.

PEACOCK
We were...

DOC
We were told, Gatewood.

PEACOCK

(nodding)

Yes, yes.

DOC

Weren't you told when you got that message...

Now Gatewood looks suddenly agitated, while Lucy and Dallas sit silently on either side of him.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

...from Lordsburg?

GATEWOOD

(blustering)

Oh yes, yes, yes, of course, of course, I forgot.

The stagecoach and the cavalry troop are now seen in long shot, trotting across the prairie, silhouetted against the evening sky. Camera pans with them as the coach goes out of shot, followed by the cavalrymen.

Cut to a medium close-up of Buck and Curly on the driving-seat. Curly holds the rifle across his knees, deep in meditation, [while Buck, still grumbling, takes a stone from his pocket and tosses it with unerring aim at one of the horses].

BUCK

Now, doggone it, her grandfather's comin' up from Mexico to live with us!

CURLY

I can't figure out how he got that message.

BUCK

Who, my grandfather?

CURLY

No, Gatewood.

BUCK

Sweetheart!

CURLY

Said he got a message.

BUCK

Sweetheart!

CURLY

The telegraph line ain't working.

Now part of the prairie is seen in medium long shot. The horses, pulling hard, come into view hauling the stagecoach up a short sandy slope, throwing up clouds of dust as they go off followed by the cavalry.

Dissolve to a high angle very long shot over another part of the prairie with the stagecoach lurching towards camera. The horses gallop up the slope towards a tree in the foreground. As they come up, a shot rings out.

Meanwhile the cavalry troop is seen fording a river, far behind the stagecoach, camera panning across with them as they go up the other bank.

The stagecoach is still being hauled forward, Buck pulling wildly at the reins to bring the horses to a stop. They whinny and buck. Curly jerks up his gun.

BUCK

Hey look, it's Ringo!

CURLY

(with relish)

Yeah.

The Ringo Kid, seen in medium shot, is standing with a rifle in one hand and a saddle in the other. He shouts out. He swings his rifle round, and camera tracks in to medium close-up then to close-up of him. Buck can be heard steadying the horses.

Buck and Curly are seen in low angle, up on the driving-seat. Curly grins slightly and raises his shotgun.

CURLY

Hello, Kid.

Ringo stands calmly looking on. The desert stretches out into the distance beyond him. If Ringo is taken aback by Curly's shotgun, he doesn't show it.

RINGO

Hiya, Curly. Hiya, Buck, how's your folks?

Cut back to the same low angle shot of Curly and Buck. Buck's eyes are popping with surprise.

BUCK

Fine...

(he clears the frog
out of his throat)

...Fine, Ringo, except that my wife's grandfather...

CURLY

(gruffly)

Shut up!

The stagecoach is seen from the side, showing Lucy, Peacock and Hatfield staring curiously out of the windows.

RINGO

Didn't expect you to be ridin' shotgun on this run, Marshal.

Ringo stands in the foreground with his back to camera, looking up at Buck and Curly.

RINGO

Goin' to Lordsburg?

CURLY

I figured you'd be there by this time.

Ringo starts to move towards the stage.

RINGO

No, lame horse.

(looking up at Curly)

Looks like you got another passenger.

CURLY

Yeah.

He stretches out his hand.

CURLY (CONT'D)

I'll take the Winchester.

Ringo looks up at him. He makes no move to surrender his gun though his manner is friendly. His eyes smile up at Curly as he draws.

RINGO

You might need me and this Winchester.

I saw a coupla ranches burnin' last night.

Curly looks down at Ringo. Buck, behind him, is looking over his shoulder.

CURLY

I guess you don't understand, Kid.

You're under arrest.

Ringo looks up good-naturedly.

RINGO

Curly...

He turns suddenly as a horse whinnies off. Beyond the stagecoach, with Ringo standing beside it, the soldiers come clattering into view, rounding a wall of rock at a canter. Ringo turns right round to look at them.

CURLY

(off)

Gimme that gun, Kid.

Ringo is seen in close-up, looking up towards Curly. His eyes flick back towards the approaching cavalrymen. He sizes up the situation and with a good-humoured shrug looks again up to Curly and uncocks his gun to throw it up.

Lt. Blanchard now leads his troop up to the stagecoach in the foreground. Ringo throws his Winchester rifle up to Curly, who catches it. As the lieutenant rides up to them, Ringo throws his saddle up onto the top of the stage.

LT. BLANCHARD

Everything all right, Marshal?

CURLY

Everything's all right, Lieutenant.

The stagecoach is seen from the side as Ringo goes up to it and opens the door. Through the window, Peacock watches him in some alarm.

RINGO

Hope I ain't crowding you folks none.

He climbs in with them and they close the door.

Lt. Blanchard waits by the stagecoach, as Buck starts the horses up again, and the cavalry troop come up round the bend behind them. The soldiers follow the stagecoach as it moves off.

Dissolve to a long shot of the stagecoach coming up a track, silhouetted against the sky. The landscape is very bleak; only a small dead tree is visible, in the foreground. The stagecoach, followed by the cavalry, goes off on the right.

Dissolve to Buck and Curly sitting on the driving-seat.

BUCK

(cheerfully)

Ain't Ringo a fine boy?

CURLY

I think so.

BUCK

Hey, you're just smarter'n a trade rat -- you knew all the time he was going to Lordsburg. Hey, reckon what he meant, he saw ranch-houses burnin'?

CURLY

Apaches.

Inside the stagecoach, the occupants openly or covertly inspect the newcomer. Through the window behind Lucy, the countryside can be seen going past. Gatewood, sitting the other side of Lucy, picks up his bag of money from the floor and puts it on the seat beside him. He breaks the silence in a friendly way.

GATEWOOD

So you're the Ringo Kid.

Ringo has seated himself on the floor with his back against the door between Hatfield on the front seat and Lucy on the rear seat. He looks straight at Gatewood, his voice casual.

RINGO

(drawling)

My friends just call me Ringo.

(he smiles)

Nickname I had as a kid. My name's Henry.

He takes off his scarf as he speaks.

Cut to a close-up of Gatewood in the foreground with Dallas beside him. They both look towards Ringo.

DOC

(off)

Seems to me I knew your family, Henry.

Doc Boone and Peacock are seen, squashed together in the corner of their seat. [Doc Boone has been lighting a long stogie. He shakes out the match and chuckles at Ringo.]

DOC (CONT'D)

Didin't I set your arm once when you were, oh...

(he holds his hand
knee-high off the
floor)

...bucked off a horse?

Ringo looks at him, sizing him up with keen eyes.

RINGO
(grinning)
You Doc Boone?

DOC
(off)
I certainly am.

Peacock and Doc Boone are seen from the same angle as before.

DOC (CONT'D)
Let's see, I'd just been honourably
discharged from the Union Army after
the War of the Rebellion.

Hatfield turns sharply to look towards Doc Boone.

HATFIELD
(haughtily)
You mean the war for the Southern
Confederacy, suh.

DOC
(suddenly bristling)
I mean nothing of the kind, sir.

Ringo, still looking at Doc Boone with sharp interest,
disregards the interruption.

RINGO
That was my kid brother broke his
arm. You did a good job, Doc, even
if you was drunk.

He ties his scarf back round his neck.

The shot of Peacock and Doc Boone now shows Boone grinning.

DOC
Thank you, son. Professional
compliments are always pleasing.

PEACOCK
Yes, they are.

DOC
(flicking ash from
his stogie)
What became of the boy whose arm I
fixed?

There is a pause. The smile goes from Ringo's face and his voice is quiet as he looks straight ahead of him.

RINGO
He was murdered.

Dallas looks round sympathetically.

Peacock and Doc Boone look down, obviously moved.

Ringo looks saddened by the memory.

Now the stagecoach is seen in medium long shot as it comes towards camera out of a slope against the sunset, with a large rock formation in the Arizona desert rising up behind. Lt. Blanchard and the cavalry troop follow closely. Inside the stagecoach, Doc Boone smiles cheerfully at Peacock, his arms wrapped protectively round the whiskey-sample bag.

Peacock smiles back rather wanly.

Lucy, sitting by the window, with Gatewood partly in shot beside her, looks pale and uncomfortable. She raises a handkerchief to her face, then turns away and looks out of the window.

Hatfield watches her covertly, with a worried frown. Smoke drifts from Boone's stogie and Hatfield raises his handkerchief to try and blow it away. [Lucy coughs,] and Hatfield looks coldly at Doc Boone.

HATFIELD
Put out that cigar.

Doc Boone has the stogie stuck in the corner of his mouth. He puffs on it absently. Then he turns somewhat nervously in Hatfield's direction [as Lucy can be heard stifling another cough].

Hatfield stares at him firmly.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

You're annoying this lady.

Doc Boone looks across towards Lucy. He does not like Hatfield's tone, but he is a kindly soul and he takes the cigar-butt out of his mouth, at the same time nodding towards her with great dignity.

DOC

Excuse me, madam.

Lucy smiles at him graciously.

Doc Boone tosses the butt out of the window.

DOC (CONT'D)

Being so partial to the weed myself,
I forget it disagrees with others.

Lucy smiles, then lowers her eyes and looks away out of the window again.

Hatfield fixes a cold eye on Doc Boone.

HATFIELD

A gentleman doesn't smoke in the
presence of a lady.

Doc Boone leans back and folds his hands over his plump belly, addressing no one in particular in an amiable tone.

DOC

Three weeks ago I took a bullet out
of a man who was shot by a gentleman.
The bullet was...

Hatfield's eyes blaze as he stares at Boone, half-rising in anger.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)
...in his back.

HATFIELD

affronted Do you mean to insinuate...

Ringo looks over at Hatfield and speaks to him with quiet

authority.

RINGO
Sit down, mister.

Hatfield sits back, rather put out.

Ringo is shown looking up at him with a half-smile. But there is no doubting the determined character that lies concealed behind his casual manner.

RINGO (CONT'D)
Doc don't mean any harm.

The stagecoach and the escorting cavalrymen are seen in very high angle long shot as they go along the trail in Monument Valley, the fantastic and majestic scenery rising up all around them. Camera pans slowly with them as they go on down the trail. Fade out.

Fade in to the station at Dry, Fork, a wide yard in which there is a low adobe building with a corral. There are fresh horses for the stage in this corral, together with mustangs belonging to those at the station. [A Mexican boy, who has been standing on the gate and peering down the road, lets out a cry in Mexican and three or four Mexican vaqueros, picturesque in their high peaked hats and coloured shirts and high boots, appear and hurriedly swing open the big gate.]

There is a clatter as the stagecoach comes into view at a good clip and Buck, yelling at his horses, steers the stagecoach skillfully in through the gate, the cavalry escort cantering up behind. Camera pans with the stagecoach as Buck pulls the horses to a stop in front of the long low adobe building in the station yard. The soldiers file across past them as Buck and Curly begin to climb down.

The stagecoach is seen in low angle medium shot from the side. The cavalry horses continue to ride past in the foreground, partly obscuring the business behind -- people getting out and luggage being hauled off the roof of the coach. Ringo gets out first, followed by Hatfield, who brushes down his cloak fussily. Then Peacock gets out, keeping a firm hold on his sample bag, which he has by now retrieved from Doc Boone. Hatfield waits and helps Lucy down; she looks weary and holds her cloak about her. Buck attends to the horses.

BUCK

(shouting to the men)

Be careful of ol' Bessie up there,
now... Take it easy, hold it -- steady
there, girl. Take a look, see if
there ain't a stone in the hoof of
that hoss down there.

Cut to a medium shot with the stagecoach just visible on the left and men bustling around the horses. Ringo is standing at the doorway of the station-house. Billy Pickett, the manager of the station, stands by the stagecoach as Doc Boone gets down. They greet each other like old friends. Camera pans slightly right as Doc and Billy grasp each other and shake hands in delight.

DOC

Well, if it isn't my old friend,
Sergeant Billy Pickett... How are
you, Billy?

Billy's wife comes up and joins them, smiling happily.

MRS. PICKETT

He's fine, Doc, and mighty glad to
see you.

Everybody bustles around in the station yard. Doc and Billy go off arm in arm, and Hatfield and Ringo follow them. Mrs. Pickett goes forward, towards the stage.

MRS. PICKETT (CONT'D)

Great heavens to Betsie, we didn't
figure on no stagecoach coming through
with them Apaches raising Cain. I
was just telling Billy there to hitch
up the buckboard...

Gatewood interrupts her.

GATEWOOD

Now wait a minute -- you mean to say
there are no troops at this station?

Hatfield and Lucy are going away towards the station-house door. Lucy turns suddenly at Gatewood's words as Mrs. Pickett

continues off.

MRS. PICKETT

There ain't no soldiers here but
what you see.

LUCY

(anxiously)

But my husband, Captain Mallory. I
was told he was here.

MRS. PICKETT

(off)

He was, dearie. Got orders night
afore last to join the soldiers at
Apache Wells.

Lucy, very upset, turns away, trying to be courageous, but
the strain shows.

BUCK

(off)

Well, that means we got to turn back.

GATEWOOD

(off)

I can't go back.

(he catches hold of
himself and blusters)

See here, driver, this stage has
started for Lordsburg and it's your
duty to get us there.

As they speak, camera pans right with Lucy, who slowly goes
over to a bench by the wall and sinks down.

Gatewood and Lt. Blanchard face one another, with Buck
standing between them. Curly watches in the background.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(loudly to Blanchard)

And it's your duty, my boy, to come
along with us.

LT. BLANCHARD

(politely)

It's my duty, Mr. Gatewood, to obey orders. I'm sorry.

BUCK

(hopefully)

If you soldiers go back, Lieutenant, we all gotta go back.

Dallas leans wearily against a hitching post, listening impassively, just letting the dispute wash over her.

LT. BLANCHARD

(off, to Curly)

Captain Sickels ordered me to return from here immediately. I can't disobey orders.

Lucy is sitting on the bench with Hatfield beside her. Ringo stands in the foreground looking over towards Lt. Blanchard and the others.

RINGO

I think we can get through all right, Curly.

Buck stands in the centre of the group, Lt. Blanchard, Gatewood, Curly and Mrs. Pickett gathered around.

BUCK

(plaintively)

Don't egg him on like that, Kid. I'm drivin' this outfit and if the soldiers are headin' back so am I.

He plonks his hat back on his head and stomps off petulantly. Gatewood and Lt. Blanchard face one another again.

GATEWOOD

I call this desertion of duty, young man. I'll take it up with your superior officers! I'll take it up with Washington if necessary.

LT. BLANCHARD

(quietly)

That's your privilege, sir. But if you make any trouble here I'll put you under restraint.

GATEWOOD

(collecting himself)

Now don't lose your temper, don't lose your temper.

The others watch as Gatewood stalks off in a rage.

CURLY

I'll tell you how we'll settle it.
We'll take a vote. Inside, everybody.

The stagecoach stands in the middle of the yard. The horses have been unhitched. A group of chickens are pecking about in the dust behind it. All the passengers follow Curly towards the door in the background.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Come on, Buck.

BUCK

(plaintively)

Oh, but Curly, I don't want to go...

Inside the station guest-room, the long table is set for a meal. Doc Boone comes in first, followed by Hatfield and Lucy. Then Dallas enters, with Peacock and Mrs. Pickett, who hurries across and into the kitchen as she speaks.

MRS. PICKETT

Now, come on, girls, set yourselves down; I'll get you something to eat.

In the foreground, his back to camera, Hatfield pulls a chair out for Lucy. Dallas sits herself down by the wall at the far side of the table as the others continue coming through the door in the background. Curly comes forward, taking control of the situation; the others gather round the table as he speaks.

CURLY

Now, folks, if we push on we can be in Apache Wells by sundown. Soldiers there will give us an escort as far as the ferry, and then it's only a hoot and a holler into Lordsburg.

BUCK

I...

He stops to clear the frog out of his throat and Curly goes right on.

CURLY

We got four men can handle firearms... five with you, Ringo.

Doc Boone and Billy Pickett are seen in high angle, both leaning on the bar; Billy has his mouth wide open and Doc is examining it, holding Billy's tongue down with the back of a spoon.

CURLY (CONT'D)

(off)

Doc can shoot, if sober.

At Curly's words, they both look over at him.

DOC

(sarcastically)

I can shoot, I can shoot.

A low angle shot of Curly shows him standing by the table with Lucy sitting in profile beside him. Ringo lounges against a doorpost in the background.

CURLY

(taking off his hat)

Now, Mrs. Mallory, I ain't goin' to put a lady in danger without she votes for it.

Lucy is seen from above sitting with her back to the window.

LUCY

(firmly, but with a
tremulous catch in
her voice)

I've travelled all the way here from
Virginia and I'm determined to get
to my husband. I won't be separated
any longer.

A low angle medium shot shows Curly in the foreground, Ringo and Buck standing behind Dallas, who is seated at the table, with Peacock visible in the background. They are all looking towards Lucy. Curly turns to Peacock.

CURLY

What's your vote, mister?

PEACOCK

(clearing his throat)

Well, I...

RINGO

(interrupting him)

Where's your manners, Curly?

Curly, who is just putting his hat back on his head, stops in his tracks and turns to look at Ringo, who is regarding him sternly.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Ain't you going to ask the other
lady first?

Dallas looks up towards Ringo in amazement.

Ringo and Buck are seen from below as they face Curly, who stands almost back to camera. He looks down towards Dallas.

CURLY

Well, what do you say?

Dallas looks up. There is a pause. Her eyes move back towards Ringo, then she looks down.

DALLAS

(sighing)

What difference does it make? It
doesn't matter.

Ringo, Buck and Curly face each other again.

GATEWOOD

(off)

I vote we go on.

Gatewood is standing with Peacock beside another window.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

I demand it, I'm standing on my legal
rights.

The group is seen in a low angle medium shot. Lucy and Hatfield are seated at the table in the foreground, while the others stand around anxiously in the background, except for Dallas who is sitting against the wall near the door beside Ringo. Curly looks towards Hatfield.

CURLY

What do you say, Hatfield?

Hatfield, idly playing with some cards on the table, looks towards Lucy, off-screen. He picks up the cards, laying the top one face upwards. It is the ace of spades.

HATFIELD

Lordsburg.

GATEWOOD

(standing with Peacock
behind him)

Four.

He is obviously very pleased.

Curly, standing with his back to camera, looks across the room to the bar where Doc Boone and Billy are standing.

CURLY

(pointing)

You, Doc?

Doc Boone steps forward, Billy following him.

DOC

I am not only a philosopher, I am
also a fatalist.

Doc Boone and Billy stand together. Billy has by now provided Doc with a drink and he is very cheerful. He also knows that he is the centre of attraction and that this is his great moment.

DOC (CONT'D)

Somewhere, sometime, there may be
the right bullet or the wrong bottle
waiting for Josiah Boone. Why worry
when or where?

CURLY

(off, very impatient)
Yes or no?

Billy is urging Doc Boone on.

DOC

Having this wisdom, sir, I have always
courted danger. During the late war...
when I had the honour, sir, to serve
the Union...

Hatfield looks up sharply at these words.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)
...under our great President Abraham
Lincoln...

Billy and Doc Boone salute each other.

DOC (CONT'D)

...and General Phil Sheridan, I fought
midst shot and shell and the cannons'
roar...

Curly, seen from the side, looks stern.

CURLY

Do you want to go back or not?

Doc Boone and Billy continue their salute.

DOC

No!

He looks indignantly at Curly and turns back towards the bar.

DOC (CONT'D)

I want another drink.

Billy and Doc Boone giggle together and hurry back to the bar.

Curly and Peacock are now seen from below.

CURLY

That's five.

He looks at Peacock. How about you, Mr. Hancock?

PEACOCK

(meekly correcting)

Peacock.

Cut to a medium close-up of Peacock.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)

I... I would like to go on, brother,
I want to reach the bosom of my dear
family in Kansas City, Kansas, as
quick as possible... but I may never
reach that bosom if we go on. Under
the circumstances... I... you
understand, go back with the bosoms...

(he coughs hastily)

...I mean with the soldiers.

Cut back to the previous shot of Curly facing Peacock with Gatewood nearby.

CURLY

One against! Well, Buck?

Curly turns towards Buck, and camera pans swiftly with his gaze, to include Ringo in the shot, with Buck.

BUCK

I...

He clears his throat to try again, but Curly cuts in promptly.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Buck says aye. That's six!

Buck makes futile motions of protest, but Curly has already turned to Ringo. I'm votin' your proxy, Kid. You go with me.

RINGO

Nothin' gonna keep me out of
Lordsburg, Curly.

He goes out of shot.

CURLY

(looking after him
grimly)

There sure ain't.

(he addresses them
all)

Well, folks, that settles it. We're
goin' through. Buck, you get them
horses changed. Set down, folks. Eat
your grub.

He strides off through the door, followed by a protesting Buck.

BUCK

But, Curly, ain't we gonna eat?

CURLY

We'll eat later.

The room is now seen in medium long shot with Lucy sitting in back view nearest to camera, Hatfield just beyond her. Doc Boone and Billy can be seen at the bar in the background. Gatewood and Peacock stand at the far end of the table as Mrs. Pickett comes through the door near the bar carrying a steaming soup tureen.

MRS. PICKETT

Here y'are, folks, food's on the table. Help yourselves, you got a long ride ahead of you.

She puts the soup on the table and turns to go back to the kitchen, passing Doc Boone and Billy as she goes.

MRS. PICKETT (CONT'D)

You ain't drinking, Billy.

Ringo is standing by the table. Dallas is uncertain whether she should sit down, knowing she is not expected to sit with 'respectable' people. So she passes behind Ringo, going towards the door. He turns round to her, pulling out a chair for her opposite Lucy.

RINGO

Set down here, ma'am.

She spins round to face him, stopping in her tracks.

Lucy, seen in profile, is sitting at the end of the table, Gatewood a seat away at her side. Hatfield stands at the bar. They all look round towards Ringo and Dallas.

Dallas hesitates for a split second. Then she gets her courage up and takes the chair.

DALLAS

Thank you.

Ringo sits down beside her as camera tracks in to a medium close-up of them.

Lucy, seen in close-up, looks across in distaste.

A close-up of Dallas shows her looking back towards Lucy in embarrassment, before looking away miserably.

Across the table, Lucy still looks disapproving and Gatewood looks superior. Hatfield comes forward and stands stiffly beside Lucy. Gatewood passes Lucy a plate which Hatfield intercepts to place with great courtesy in front of her.

Dallas is still acutely embarrassed. Ringo, unaware of the tension, passes her a plate with equal courtesy. Trying to

brave out the hostile glances, Dallas reaches for her cup of coffee and Ringo passes her the sugar with a smile.

Hatfield breaks the tension. He looks from Lucy to Dallas, then bows stiffly to Lucy.

HATFIELD

May I find you another place, Mrs.
Mallory? It's cooler by the window.

Ringo raises his eyebrows in surprise.

There is a pause as Lucy decides how to act.

LUCY

(rising)

Thank you.

Lucy rises from her seat and sweeps off round the table behind Gatewood, watched incredulously by Doc Boone and Billy Pickett from the bar.

The table is now seen from above in a long medium shot, with Dallas and Ringo sitting on one side, Gatewood on the other. Ringo stares, amazed. Dallas spills some of her coffee and the cup rattles as she sets it back in the saucer. Gatewood, not to be outdone, gets up and goes to sit at the far end of the table, as far away from Dallas and Ringo as possible. This whole episode takes place in complete silence. Mrs. Pickett bustles in with a jug of coffee and pours a cup for Lucy. Hatfield sits down beside Lucy in their new places.

Dallas and Ringo are conspicuously isolated at the end of the table. Dallas is miserably embarrassed. Ringo looks perplexed as he watches the others off-screen, then all at once he thinks he understands and turns to look apologetically at Dallas. He cannot face her, and stares uncomfortably at her plate instead.

RINGO

(sheepishly)

Looks like I got the plague, don't
it.

DALLAS

No... it's not you.

RINGO

Well, I guess you can't break out of prison and into society in the same week.

As she does not raise her eyes from her plate he begins to stand up apologetically. She catches his arm and suddenly there are tears in her eyes.

DALLAS

Please!... Please.

Ringo sits down again, looking at her with a straight grateful gaze. She collects herself and passes a bowl for him to help himself to some stew, but he takes it from her and gives her some instead.

Hatfield and Lucy are now seen at the far end of the table from us behind Ringo and Dallas, who sit with their backs to us. Camera tracks in past Dallas and Ringo to a medium shot of Lucy and Hatfield eating their meal. Lucy, suddenly overcome, lays down her fork and rests her head in her hand, looking pale. Hatfield addresses her anxiously in a low, polite tone.

HATFIELD

You're ill, Mrs. Mallory?

Lucy straightens up, fighting off nausea.

LUCY

No... it's just... I'll be all right.

He regards her anxiously.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You're very kind... Why?

HATFIELD

In the world I live in one doesn't often see a lady, Mrs. Mallory. [I'm only doing my duty as a Southern gentleman.]

Close-up of Lucy, who looks at him curiously.

LUCY

Have you ever been in Virginia?

Hatfield hesitates as if to evade the question or shape a lie. He drops his voice.

HATFIELD

I was in your father's regiment.

Lucy looks at him wonderingly with her clear, direct gaze.

LUCY

I should remember your name. You're
Mr... Hatfield?

Lucy looks questioningly at Hatfield.

HATFIELD

That's what I'm called, yes.

She turns away, puzzled, and sips her coffee.

Ringo and Dallas are seen in medium close-up as they eat.
Ringo looks at her and she looks down self-consciously.

DALLAS

Why do you look at me like that?

Buck is now seen from below coming through the door in the background behind Dallas and Ringo, who are sitting at the table piled with the glasses and bowls used for the meal. He takes off his hat as he comes towards the table and addresses the company.

BUCK

(cheerfully)

All aboard for Apache Wells, East
Ferry...

Curly comes up behind him and interrupts.

CURLY

The horses are changed... we'd better
get going.

BUCK
(determined to have
his say)
...and Lordsburg.

Round the table, the passengers are all waiting. Lucy sits at the far end of the table, Ringo and Dallas nearer to camera on the other side. Hatfield gets up and goes towards the bar. Lt. Blanchard comes in the door as Ringo looks up at Curly.

CURLY
(to Ringo)
Okay, Ringo, get going.
(to Mrs. Pickett)
Mrs. Pickett, tell Billy the
buckboard's all ready. Let's get
going.

There is a scraping of chairs as all except Lucy rise and make for the door. Ringo accompanies Dallas. Blanchard comes up to Lucy and addresses her politely.

LT. BLANCHARD
Have a pleasant journey, Mrs. Mallory,
and my compliments to your husband.

Buck hurriedly grabs something to eat off the table as Curly hustles him out. Billy and Doc Boone are the last to leave, arm in arm and very merry.

Dissolve to a high angle long shot of a fork in the trail on the prairie which spreads out into the distance. The stagecoach comes into shot from the foreground and the horses gallop off down the right-hand fork while Lt. Blanchard breaks away from his men to follow it a little way. The soldiers go off to the left, followed by the Picketts' buckboard. Lt. Blanchard watches the stage as it goes off into the distance.

Lucy is seen from below in medium shot leaning out of the window of the coach. Curly is just visible sitting up on the driving-seat.

Lt. Blanchard turns on his horse to face camera, smiling and waving his hat to the retreating stagecoach. Lucy, still leaning out of the stagecoach window, smiles and waves her handkerchief.

Lt. Blanchard continues to wave for a moment. Then his smile fades. He lowers his arm and replaces his hat on his head, then turns away from camera.

From where the trails cross, we can now see the stagecoach disappearing into the distance down one trail and Lt. Blanchard galloping off down the other trail after his cavalry troop.

The cavalry troop and the buckboard with its outriders are seen from above in long shot, galloping away across the prairie. Lt. Blanchard canters into shot from the foreground, catching up with them as they ride along the trail.

The flat plain is now seen with the sky above stretching away into infinity. The stagecoach trundles into shot in the foreground with its six horses trotting along unhurriedly. There is no soldier escort now and the people are on their own. The stagecoach rattles away down the track and into the distance towards the horizon. Fade out.

Fade in to a medium close-up of Buck and Curly up on the driving-seat. Curly, his gun across his knees, scans the horizon vigilantly. Buck chucks a stone at Nellie, shouting a little to spur on the horses. He clears his throat, inviting conversation, but Curly pays him no heed. Finally Buck can't stand the silence and turns as if Curly had spoken.

BUCK

What'd you say?

CURLY

(looking at him as if
he were crazy)

Nothin'.

BUCK

(meekly)

Oh, excuse me. Well, why don't you say somethin'? A man gets nervous settin' here like a mummy, thinkin' about Indians!

CURLY

You say somethin'. You been talkin' all day without makin' any sense.

BUCK

(belligerently)

All right, here's somethin' that makes sense! If I was you I'd let 'em shoot it out!

CURLY

Let who?

BUCK

Luke Plummer and the Kid.

(curly merely looks

straight ahead)

They'd be a lot more peace on the frontier if Luke Plummer was too full o' lead to hold his liquor.

CURLY

I ain't sayin' I don't share your sentiments, Buck, but you're a born fool. First place Luke would kill the Kid in a gun-fight. Second place if Luke did get shot he's got two brothers jest as ornery as he is, and if Ike Plummer didn't kill the Kid then Hank Plummer would.

(he spits off

disgustedly)

Nope, safest place for Ringo is in the pen and I aim to get him there all in one piece. Time he gets out Luke Plummer will of picked a fight with the wrong man and it'll all blow over.

BUCK

(looking at Curly

with astonishment)

Well, I'll be doggoned! I done you an injury, Curly. I thought you was after the reward.

CURLY

(reproachfully)

Reward! Why, the Kid's old man and
(MORE)

CURLY (CONT'D)

me was friends.

(he stares off into
the horizon)

Besides, I can use that five hundred
in gold.

Inside the stagecoach, the passengers are seated in the same positions as during the morning. The heat is stifling and dust drifts in through the open windows. The coach jolts and bounces as it whirls along at fourteen miles an hour. Gatewood, seen in medium close-up with Dallas beside him, is playing the indignant man-of-affairs.

GATEWOOD

(blustering)

I can't get over the impertinence of
that young lieutenant! I'll make it
warm for that shavetail!

Doc Boone, again with the sample bag in his lap, is very thoughtfully attempting to rearrange Peacock's scarf round his neck. The wind is blowing it about so much that it is a futile exercise.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

I'll report him to Washington! We
pay taxes to the government and what
do we get? Not even protection from
the Army!

Peacock is now seen in close-up with Doc Boone just in shot, his hand rearranging the scarf so that it practically covers Peacock's face. While Gatewood continues to hold forth, Doc Boone cleans the dust from Peacock's face.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

I don't know what the government's
coming to! Instead of protecting
businessmen, it's poking its nose
into business.

Cut back to the same shot of Dallas and Gatewood.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

Why, they're talking now about having
bank examiners...

(he snorts)

...as if we didn't know how to run
our own banks.

The stagecoach is going really fast and a stiff breeze is coming through the windows. Dallas desperately tries to rearrange her hat, which is being blown about.

Cut back to Peacock and Doc Boone, who pulls a bottle from the sample-case and holds it up to Peacock ingratiatingly. Peacock does not protest. So Doc Boone takes a large swallow.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

I actually had a letter, from some
popinjay official, saying they were
going to inspect my books! I have a
programme, gentlemen, that should be
blazoned on every newspaper in the
country.

Gatewood now addresses his remarks to Lucy, as the most worthy of attention.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

America for Americans! Don't let the
government meddle with business!
Reduce taxes! Our national debt is
shocking...

Lucy leans against the side of the coach, as far away from him as possible.

Doc Boone is staring lovingly into Peacock's face.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

...over a billion dollars! What the
country needs is a businessman for
President!

DOC
(amiably, holding up
a bottle)
What the country needs is more bottle.

He points to the bottle.

PEACOCK
What?

DOC
(affably)
Bottle!

Dallas, sitting next to Gatewood, has her eyes closed and her head leaning against the back of the seat.

GATEWOOD
You're drunk, sir.

Doc Boone's smile fades as he turns indignantly to Gatewood.

DOC
I'm happy, Gatewood. Woof!

He giggles. Now it is early evening. The stage comes into shot in the foreground, the horses trotting away down the track which stretches way into the distance across the flat desert.

Again we see Curly and Buck on the driving-seat, Curly nearer to camera. He looks over his shoulder.

CURLY
(turning back)
How come you're using this road?
It's gonna be cold up there.

BUCK
(grinning)
I'm using my head. Those beach-crowd
Apaches don't like snow.

Curly looks at him, but says nothing.

In the stagecoach, the passengers are all weary, their shoulders covered with dust. Lucy, seen in medium close-up,

is in obvious distress, looking very ill and worn out.

Dallas is shown leaning back against her seat. Gatewood is sitting next to her with an unpleasant frown on his face and clasping his bag of money. Dallas, who has been looking in Lucy's direction, suddenly ventures for the first time to address her. She sits up and leans sympathetically across Gatewood.

DALLAS

Wouldn't you like me to sit beside
you? You could lean on my shoulder.
You look so tired.

Lucy pulls herself together and her cool tone rebuffs Dallas.

LUCY

No, thank you.

Dallas shrinks back into her seat, flushing.

Hatfield, seen sitting in profile with Peacock nearest to camera beside him, leans forward. Camera pans left with his movement to include Ringo, who is sitting on the floor between the seats.

HATFIELD

How are you feeling, Mrs. Mallory?

Lucy looks over towards Dallas. Then she turns to Hatfield.

LUCY

Is there any water?

Ringo looks up at Hatfield, who is seen in profile. Hatfield turns away and, cupping his hand round his mouth, leans out of the window to shout up to Buck.

HATFIELD

Driver! Canteen, please!

The coach is seen in low angle from the outside as it trundles along. Curly, just visible up on the box, passes a canteen down to Hatfield, who is reaching out of the window to receive it.

Lucy can be seen leaning back wearily through the opposite

window.

Inside the coach, Ringo takes the canteen and undoes the cap as Hatfield fumbles in his jacket for something. Ringo offers the canteen to Lucy. Medium shot of Lucy with Ringo passing her the canteen.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

(off)

Just a minute, Mrs. Mallory.

Hatfield takes the canteen from Ringo and pours some of the water into a small silver cup, which he has in his hand. He fills the cup, then passes it to Lucy.

Lucy takes the cup from Hatfield's outstretched hand and gracefully drinks. Then she closes its little lid and looks at it.

She looks again, more closely, scrutinizing its crest and Latin inscription: 'Ad astra per aspera', as if trying to recall something from her memory. She then looks up at Hatfield and leans forward, pointing to the cup as she questions him.

LUCY

Haven't I seen this crest before?

(holding out the cup)

Isn't this from Ringfield Manor?

Hatfield takes the cup.

HATFIELD

I wouldn't know, Mrs. Mallory. I won
that cup on a wager.

Lucy seems disappointed by his reply. Ringo, sitting in his position on the floor, breaks the silence.

RINGO

(looking up at Hatfield)

How about the other lady?

Dallas is lying back against the headrest with her eyes closed, next to Gatewood. He looks down disapprovingly. She slowly opens her eyes and looks up with a grateful smile.

Ringo takes the canteen from Hatfield's extended hand, pulls off the cork and offers it up towards Dallas.

Cut to the same shot of Dallas next to Gatewood. Dallas brushes some hair out of her face.

DALLAS

Thanks.

Ringo's eyes flick across towards Hatfield, then, still grinning, he passes the canteen over to Dallas.

RINGO

Sorry -- no silver cups.

Dallas leans forward a little to take it.

DALLAS

(quickly)

This is fine!

She raises the canteen to her lips.

Gatewood watches her disapprovingly as she drinks deeply from it. Then with a pleasant smile she offers him the canteen.

GATEWOOD

(shaking his head in
disgust)

No!

Dallas looks down towards Ringo, smiles bravely and hands him back the canteen. Then she sits back, leaning her elbow on the edge of the window and covering her ear with her hand to protect it from the breeze.

Dissolve to a very long shot of the stage galloping towards camera along a dusty track. The sky is stormy above them.

Dissolve to a medium shot of Dallas, Gatewood and Lucy sitting hunched up in the front-facing seat. Dallas has a blanket wrapped round her shoulders. Gatewood still sits stiffly with the bag of money on his knee. Lucy is also huddled up in a cloak and is turned slightly away from the others. Ringo's head can be seen in front of Lucy, his face obscured by his large hat.

Now we see a close-up of Dallas with the blanket held up in front of the window to protect her face from the breeze. She stares fixedly in Ringo's direction, off-screen.

Cut to a close-up of Ringo's head bending forward so that only his hat can be seen. He raises his head slightly and looks up under the brim of his hat.

Dallas now looks up, embarrassed to have been found out. Ringo, smiling slightly, drops his head again, trying to sleep.

Cut to Lucy as her eyes close, then open; her mouth opens slightly. She is obviously very unwell. She pulls the cloak closer round her face.

Now we go to Peacock and Doc Boone. Doc Boone gets another bottle out of the bag. He exchanges glances with Peacock and grins at him, then pulls the cork out of the bottle, but Peacock lays a hand on his arm.

PEACOCK

Please...

Doc Boone looks at him reproachfully, pushes away Peacock's hand with his other arm and drains the bottle, tossing it empty out of the stagecoach window. Then, after regarding the interior of the sample-bag lovingly, he folds his arms across the top of the bag and lays his head on them to go to sleep, watched sadly by Peacock.

On the driving-box, Buck and Curly are huddled up in their coats against the cold wind. Curly looks over his shoulder, down towards the passengers in the coach below them. Buck shouts at the horses, trying to make himself heard above the howling wind. Fade out.

Fade in to a long shot of the Apache Wells station, seen from above at sundown. The stagecoach can be seen lurching along the track in the distance. Three or four Mexican vaqueros in the compound rush towards the gate to open it.

The gateway is seen in medium shot with the trail stretching away into the distance. In the foreground the men open the gate, chattering in Mexican among themselves all the time. The stagecoach comes through the gate and rolls off-screen

in the foreground. One of the Mexicans closes the gate while the others, all armed with shotguns, run shouting after the stagecoach.

Buck pulls the horses up outside the station-house. Camera pans slightly left with the stagecoach as it comes to a halt, then holds as the station manager, a pot-bellied Mexican named Chris, comes up. He opens the door of the stagecoach and, as Ringo lowers himself out, he runs round to stand staring up in amazement at Buck and Curly. Buck is full of the joy which follows averted danger.

BUCK
(cheerfully)
Howdy, Chris. Seven hours from Dry
Fork. That's fast driving, amigo!

CURLY
(as the passengers
climb out)
Get the folks a bite to eat, Chris,
while we change horses. We're pushin'
right on to Lordsburg.

CHRIS
(waving his arms)
You come without soldiers?

Buck and Curly are now seen looking down from the driving-seat.

BUCK
(a hero)
Sure, we wasn't scared. Never seen
an Apache, did we, Curly?

CURLY
(looking round
anxiously and ignoring
Buck)
Where's the cavalry, Chris?

BUCK
Yeah, where is the soldiers?

Buck's jubilant expression is fading rapidly as he looks more closely at Chris's uneasy face.

Chris is seen from above with the back of a horse between him and the stagecoach. He looks up.

CHRIS
(shaking his head,
his eyes wide)
Ain't no soldiers.

He gestures helplessly.

Buck and Curly look down in horror.

BUCK
Huh?

CHRIS
(off)
Soldiers gone.

Lucy and Hatfield are standing together. Lucy steps forward, face taut, her voice shaky.

LUCY
Where's Captain Mallory? Where's my
husband? Where is he?

Lucy now comes beside the stagecoach; for the first time she shows signs of cracking up. Peacock leans through the window listening, as Chris steps forward and faces her.

CHRIS
You his wife... I think?

LUCY
(frantically)
Yes, where is he? Did he go with his
men?

Close-up of Chris.

CHRIS
Si, señora.
(he motions towards
the hills)
Leetle... what you call it...
skirmish...

Lucy's eyes open wide with incredulity.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(off)

...with Apaches last night.

(hesitantly)

Soldiers take Captain Mallory to
Lordsburg...

Close-up of Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...I think. He get... hurt, maybe.

Close-up of Lucy.

LUCY

(standing very still)

Badly?

Close-up of Chris.

CHRIS

(nodding unhappily)

...Yes, señora. I think so.

Hatfield, standing just behind Lucy, watches her with concern. She stands looking at Chris, off-screen, for a moment, then slowly turns away from camera and walks off behind the stagecoach. Hatfield follows her anxiously.

Dallas is standing by the door of the station-house, with Gatewood on the other side of her, as Lucy comes up. Dallas's heart goes out to Lucy and she steps forward sympathetically.

DALLAS

Mrs. Mallory, I'm awfully sorry. If
there's anything I can...

Lucy stops and faces Dallas as she speaks.

LUCY

(coldly)

I'm all right. Thank you.

She turns away and goes on into the station-house, watched

unhappily by Dallas. Hatfield steps gallantly up and follows Lucy into the house.

Lucy comes in through the door that leads from the yard into the lunch-room. It is a fairly large room with bare white-washed walls, a bar at one side and some tables and chairs. Lucy looks terribly sick and is fighting for strength and self-control. But as she reaches out for a chair to steady herself, she suddenly puts her other hand to her head and without warning she collapses in a dead faint, sinking to the floor out of sight behind a table. Just then, Hatfield comes through the door; he starts forward to help, looks down, then hurries back to shout through the door.

HATFIELD

Marshal! Come here. Quickly!

Then he rushes back to Lucy, bending down over her.

Curly is seen from below, hurrying through the door. At first he cannot see Hatfield and scans the room anxiously until his eyes light on him, off-screen. He pauses, laying his shotgun down on the bar beside him.

Hatfield is kneeling down beside Lucy's inert body on the carpet. Curly's shadow can be seen against the far wall. Hatfield gently lifts Lucy's head off the floor, as Curly hurries into shot to kneel down beside him. They exchange glances and Hatfield nods slightly. Curly bends down and starts to pick Lucy up gently in his arms as though she were a child.

Dallas now hurries through the door, coming towards camera, then stops, looking down anxiously. Doc Boone and Gatewood follow her closely.

Curly, holding Lucy in his arms, carries her towards the door at the back of the room, which leads into a passage and bedrooms. Hatfield turns, picks up the oil-lamp from the table beside him and follows them through.

Gatewood, Dallas and Doc Boone turn their heads to watch them go, as they stand in a helpless huddle. Peacock joins them, while Hatfield and Curly are seen going out with Lucy through the door in the background.

Dallas is standing by Doc Boone, who is leaning against the

bar. They are both watching very tensely. Dallas turns to Doc Boone and lays her hand on his arm.

DALLAS

Come on, Doc.

She hurries out of shot in the foreground, but Doc Boone remains leaning against the bar. His eyes close in anguish for a moment. He covers his face with his hands, and at that moment Ringo steps up to him.

RINGO

(quickly but firmly)

Let's go, Doc.

Doc Boone wipes his forehead with his hands and then with a set expression starts to walk towards camera, followed by Ringo.

Outside in the dim passage, Dallas speeds urgently down to a lighted doorway halfway along. She stops and looks through, then hurries into the room. At that moment, Doc Boone comes into shot from the foreground, padding unsteadily along the passage after her. He goes through the same door and, as he disappears inside, Hatfield's shadow falls on the opposite wall from where he is standing on guard. Then he steps out of the room, looking back over his shoulder.

GATEWOOD

(off)

A sick woman on our hands!

The remaining passengers are moving with Buck towards the warm fire in the large fireplace.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

That's all we needed!

BUCK

I... I feel kinda sick myself.

Ringo goes to close the door as Gatewood continues to bluster.

GATEWOOD

(raging)

We're in a fine fix, my friends.

(MORE)

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

It's a fine country we're living in.
The Army has no right to leave a
public place like this undefended!

RINGO

(coming back and
silencing him)

Looks to me like the Army's got its
hands pretty full, mister.

As Ringo speaks, standing back to camera in the foreground, Dallas hurries into the room. Hatfield can be seen through the open door, standing on guard in the passage behind her. Dallas hurries up to Chris, who has been bending down beside the fire. He stands up.

DALLAS

Have you a wife?

CHRIS

Si, señora.

DALLAS

Call her.

Chris goes off, shouting in Spanish to his wife. Dallas turns towards Ringo in the foreground, with Buck watching in the background.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

(turning to Ringo)

Go into the kitchen and get some hot
water -- lots of hot water.

RINGO

Yes, ma'am.

Ringo turns to go as Dallas hurries off again, leaving the men standing in a stunned silence. Just at that moment Doc Boone stumbles back into the room, followed by Hatfield. Doc Boone wipes his mouth and without a word goes off towards the bar, watched by Hatfield and Gatewood. Dallas closes the door to the passage behind her.

Doc Boone slouches unhappily against the bar, watched by Peacock, who stands in the corner holding his sample-bag

tightly. Doc Boone, swaying slightly, looks at the nearly full bottle in his hand.

Hatfield looks over at him with a kind of suppressed fury.

HATFIELD

A fine member of the medical
profession!

Cut back to Doc Boone and Peacock at the bar.

HATFIELD (CONT'D)

(off)

Drunken beast!

At these words Doc Boone firmly replaces the cork in the bottle and presses it home with the palm of his hand. Only then does he turn, steadying himself on the bar, to look purposefully in Hatfield's direction. He starts taking off his jacket.

DOC

Coffee... gimme coffee... black
coffee... lots of it...

He drops his jacket and staggers off, watched by Peacock from the corner.

Dissolve to the station kitchen, where Doc Boone, shirt-sleeves rolled back, is desperately trying to sober himself up. Curly pours him another cup of black coffee from the coffee pot on the range while Ringo holds him steady round the chest. Doc Boone hands Curly back a tin cup, demanding still more coffee; Curly refills it from the pot.

CURLY

That makes four, Doc.

Doc Boone drains the tin cup, his face turning purple with the effort, but he holds the cup out manfully again.

DOC

More, and blacker!

CURLY

(looking apprehensive)

Ain't that enough? You'll have it
coming out of your ears in a minute!

DOC

Keep'er comin', Curly!

Curly splashes the cup to the brim again and Doc Boone puts
it to his lips heroically, gasping with the effort.

RINGO

Drink it down.

CURLY

It'll make you feel better.

Suddenly Doc Boone gasps and looks up at Ringo, clasping his
stomach.

RINGO

All right, now!

He heaves Doc Boone bodily across to the right, where he
bends over to vomit.

In the lunch-room, Peacock and Gatewood are the only two
sitting at table eating dinner. Hatfield stands in the
background guarding the door to the passage. Suddenly, unable
to contain himself a minute longer, he lunges over to the
kitchen door behind Peacock and kicks it open.

Standing at the open door, he sees the group within clustered
round Doc Boone. Ringo holds him over a basin while Curly
and Chris stand helplessly watching. They all spin round as
Hatfield shouts.

HATFIELD

(yelling)

Isn't that drunken swine sober yet?

CURLY

(retorting)

We're doing the best we can!

HATFIELD

(yelling)

Well, hurry!

Hatfield stumps off impatiently. Then camera pans left as Doc Boone straightens up, puffing, his eyes rolling. Curly moves off to the left and throws a glass of cold water in his face. Doc Boone blows and splutters, but he urges Curly on with a wave of the hand.

DOC

That's it! Again!

Curly throws another glass of water in Doc Boone's face, and he shakes his head and blows, trying to clear out his alcoholic fuddle. Ringo steps back out of the range of the water. Then he grabs Doc Boone's arm and pulls him down on a seat.

RINGO

Sit down here, Doc.

As Ringo wipes Doc Boone's face and head with a cloth, Curly urges Chris to the fire.

CURLY

Keep the fire going, Chris! Plenty
of water!

Chris hurries across to attend to the fire. Curly kneels down in front of Doc Boone.

Peacock and Gatewood are seen sitting at the table. Hatfield paces up and down behind them, running his fingers impatiently through his hair. Suddenly Peacock's face drops and he leaps to his feet with a blood-curdling yell.

PEACOCK

Savages!

Hatfield and Gatewood spin round, startled, as Chris comes calmly through the door of the kitchen.

CHRIS

That's my wife...

In the yard doorway stands a full-blooded Apache girl, a

certain savage beauty in her figure. She stands there like an evil shadow, her eyes darting around at the strangers. Two Mexican vaqueros stand behind her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(off)

Yakima.

Peacock is terrified as he quavers to Chris in a high key

PEACOCK

But she... she's a savage.

CHRIS

Si, señor, she's leetle bit savage...
I think.

Chris speaks to the girl in Spanish, waving his arms.

The vaqueros go off outside and Yakima comes forward from the doorway.

The agitated Peacock stands near Gatewood, who is sitting by the table. Chris is beside them, addressing Yakima as if she were a chattel. The girl slips into the room with the grace of a snake and walks through to the kitchen. Hatfield watches in the background. Then Gatewood turns sternly on Chris.

GATEWOOD

There's something about this. That
girl's an Apache!

BUCK

Yeah.

He clears a frog out of his throat.

CHRIS

(pouring coffee)

Sure, she's one of Geronimo's
people... I think.

(grinning)

Maybe not so bad to have Apache wife.
Apaches don't bother me... I think.

Peacock appears not at all convinced. But at that moment Doc Boone comes through the door and strides towards the passage

at the back of the room, followed by Curly and Ringo; he is a different man now, a good professional, as sober as a judge. Everyone turns to watch them as they go.

Cut to a medium long shot looking up the passage towards the door of the lunch-room as Doc Boone comes towards camera, followed by Ringo and Curly. Hatfield watches them from the threshold. Doc Boone dries his hands on a towel, then throws it over his shoulder. As the men reach the door of the bedroom in which Lucy is lying, he stops and turns back to Ringo and Curly. Ringo moves off, but Curly shakes Doc Boone's hand sympathetically.

CURLY

All right, Doc?

DOC

(in a courageous
whisper)

All right.

He turns and disappears through the doorway, watched by the men in the passage. Curly turns to go.

Inside the bedroom, Dallas stands waiting with an oil-lamp in her hand. Doc Boone pauses in the doorway, holding two buckets of hot water. He looks up at Dallas nervously, then pulls himself together.

DOC (CONT'D)

(in a low voice)

All right, now listen.

He puts down the buckets and wipes his forehead with the towel, then goes off to the right as Dallas moves past him and closes the door. She comes back and puts the lamp on a side table, looking towards Doc Boone, now off-screen.

Cut to Curly standing in the passage, with Ringo and Hatfield beside him on the threshold of the lunch-room door. All are staring towards the closed door on the left. They stand there waiting for whatever is going to happen.

Dissolve to one of the Mexican vaqueros playing a guitar in front of the fire outside in the compound. It is night. A voice starts to sing, off. Camera pans slowly left to a long shot of the horses in the corral. Yakima sits on the fence,

singing.

Close-up of Yakima singing. She looks over her shoulder as if hearing some significant noise, but nothing other than the stamp and shuffle of horses can be heard. Still singing, she walks towards the Mexicans sitting round the guitar player; camera pans right with her and holds as she stops, leaning against a wooden post.

Cut to a medium close-up of Yakima singing. Suddenly she stops and speaks in Spanish in a low voice, telling them to go. The group of Mexicans under the covered shelter by the fire get up, wrapping their cloaks around them. Yakima, again singing, does not move. The Mexicans go off on the right with the guitar player still playing, looking back at her as she sings. Cut back to the shot of Yakima singing. Suddenly there is the sound of hoof-beats. She listens, a curious smile glinting in her black eyes.

Curly, Ringo, Buck and Hatfield come rushing out of the house. As they run towards camera, Curly hands Ringo a shotgun. Camera tracks in closer as they run forward and stop suddenly. The stillness of the night is broken by whooping, and the hoof-beats get louder.

From their point of view, we see a vaquero galloping away under the gate into the night.

Hatfield, Curly, Buck and Ringo watch impotently.

BUCK

It's them vaqueros! They've run away!

A pause.

CURLY

Yeah! With the spare horses.

Buck and Ringo look at him worriedly. Then they look back towards the corral.

Out on the prairie, where the full moon is rising over the mountains, a coyote howls its long-drawn-out cry. It howls again, the cry echoing mournfully across the long lonely vista. In the gloomy lunch-room, Ringo, lighting a cigarette from an oil-lamp, looks up slightly as the coyote howls again.

In the lunch-room the men are sitting around in varying degrees of agitation. Hatfield is playing patience at the table behind Ringo, who moves away. Suddenly the howl of the coyote changes, and we hear, mingled with it, the sound of a baby crying. Both men look round slowly towards the door to the corridor.

Now we look along the table with Curly and Hatfield sitting at the end, Peacock sitting in the foreground and Ringo leaning against the chair opposite him. They all look round at the door to the passage in the background. The wail comes again. Buck edges round into shot at the end of the table.

BUCK

Them coyotes gimme the creeps. They
sound jest like...

(again the high wail,
louder)

...jest like a baby.

They look up at him slowly, then Buck looks down at Hatfield's patience game and points.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Black eight!

Hatfield looks down at his game again, but his mind is not on it. As they all turn to look down at Hatfield's cards, the passage door slowly opens and Dallas appears silhouetted against the light. She is holding a bundle in her arms. Slowly they all become aware of her. The last trace of hardness has vanished from Dallas as she holds the infant in her arms, and there is a wonder in her face. She stands a moment in the doorway, a smile in her eyes, then comes into the big room with the little bundle of wailing life wrapped in a bigger bundle of blanket. The men all get up and go towards her, surrounding her.

Seen from below through the door from the passage, Dallas stands three-quarters back to camera as she holds the baby and looks up to the men grouped around her -- Ringo nearest camera, then Hatfield, Curly, Peacock trying to see his way between Curly and Buck. They all smile tenderly and in delight. Curly puts out a finger to touch the new-born child, carefully, as if he weren't sure it was real.

The new-born baby, seen close from above, screws up its face.

Dallas, seen in medium close-up from below, is smiling up towards Curly, whose hand holds the blanket away from the baby's face, while Buck and Peacock look down excitedly. Buck is completely overcome; he looks up.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(amazed)
It's a baby!

Dallas's voice is as proud as if the child were her own, her smile tender and maternal.

DALLAS
It's a little girl.

Ringo and Hatfield look down, quite speechless.

BUCK
(off)
It's a little girl. Well I'll be
doggoned!

Curly, Peacock and Buck all crowd round Dallas, looking down at the baby in Dallas's arms. Dallas is three-quarters back to camera and the baby cannot be seen.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(outraged)
Why didn't somebody tell me?

Hatfield and Ringo look over at him, off-screen. Hatfield is the only one of the group who has not been smiling; his eyes are intense with anxiety.

HATFIELD
How is Mrs. Mallory?

Cut back to the shot of Dallas, Peacock, Curly and Buck. Dallas looks up towards Hatfield.

DALLAS
She's going to be all right.

BUCK
(grinning)
Well I'll be doggoned.
(to Peacock)
Did you know?

Peacock looks up and is about to say something, then changes his mind and looks down at the baby again, grinning. Dallas looks up towards Ringo.

Extreme close-up of Ringo staring at Dallas.

Close-up of Dallas smiling slightly as she looks up towards Ringo. She looks very beautiful.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(off)
Well, I'll be doggoned!

Cut back again to the men crowding round the baby. Dallas is still smiling up towards Ringo. Buck looks down at the baby and wiggles his finger on his lips, making a funny gurgling noise, but Peacock stops him.

PEACOCK
(sternly)
Don't do that.

Buck stops, looking rather put out.

Dallas leaves the men and hurries away with the baby just as Doc Boone comes through the passage door into the room. He looks weary and terribly sober. As he comes forward the men all surround him admiringly; even Hatfield's eyes show a new-found respect. But Doc Boone seems oblivious of the excitement and enthusiasm, heading single-mindedly past the men to the bar. Curly comes up and puts a hand round his shoulders; Peacock waylays him, standing in his path, and grabs his hand, pumping it and staring into his face.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)
(fervently)
Doctor Boone!

He seems about to say something else, but obviously words fail him. Doc Boone does not reply, but starts to move on again, with Peacock holding his arm on one side and Curly

holding his arm on the other.

Doc Boone takes up the same position he had occupied before the emergency where his bottle of whiskey still stands on the bar. His face grey and lined. He puts his cigar back in his mouth. The others are all jubilant; Peacock and Curly smile at him from either side; Hatfield and Buck, also smiling broadly, come up and stand by the bar. [Chris takes up a position behind the bar.] Doc Boone disregards them and seems unaware of anything but his own weariness.

CURLY

Come on, boys, three cheers for old
Doc Boone! Hip, hip...

PEACOCK

(raising a finger)
Sssssh! Quiet!

Buck and Curly have drawn breath to cheer but Peacock cuts them off.

BUCK

Well, we ought to be...

PEACOCK

(smacking the bar top)
Quiet!
(he looks reproachfully
at Buck and adds)
Mrs. Mallory.

They all subside, conceding the point. In the meantime, Doc Boone has poured himself a drink and with much relish downs it in one. Then he slowly lowers the glass, blows his breath out sharply and for the first time looks round at the others and grins. Ringo is standing shadowed in a doorway out in the passage. Dallas comes out of a door farther down the passage, putting a shawl round her shoulders, and walks down the corridor away from camera without seeing Ringo. Ringo starts to follow her. Just before he reaches her, Chris comes out of another door carrying a lamp. Ringo stops.

Chris, seen from the side holding the lamp, stands close up to Ringo, his manner secretive.

CHRIS

(in a low, warning
voice)

Kid, I know why you go to Lordsburg,
Kid. I like you. I knew your poppa.
He was a good friend of mine. If you
know who's in Lordsburg you stay
away... I think.

RINGO

(guardedly)

You mean Luke Plummer?

He lights his cigarette from Chris's lamp.

CHRIS

Luke... Ike... Hank... all there
together. I saw them.

A wild shine comes into Ringo's eyes and he grips Chris's
arm eagerly.

RINGO

You sure of that, Chris?

CHRIS

Sure I can tell you the truth.

As Chris nods, Ringo's eyes gleam.

RINGO

Thanks, Chris. That's all I wanted
to know.

He moves away towards the door, watched by Chris.

CHRIS

You crazy if you go... I think. You
stay away, Kid. Three against one no
good.

Ringo takes no notice and goes outside. Dallas is seen in
long shot, standing in the dark compound. In the moonlight
the vast expanse of desert seems ghostly, yet strangely
beautiful. Ringo comes into shot from the foreground and
silently watches her as she walks slowly out of sight. He
starts to follow.

Cut to low angle medium shot of part of a fence as Dallas comes up, walking slowly and thoughtfully past camera, her arms folded. The experience of the last few hours has affected her deeply, taken all the defiance out of her face and softened it into beauty.

Ringo quietly follows her.

Dallas walks along by the fence, followed at a small distance by Ringo. She stops and rests a hand on the wood. Thoughts of what she might have been seem to be crowding into her heart as she stares off into the moonlit distance. Ringo calls out to her in a low voice.

RINGO

You oughtn't go too far, Miss Dallas.

She turns at his voice and he comes towards her on the other side of the fence.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Apaches like to sneak up and pick off strays.

He leans against the fence and looks down at her. She does not look at him at first.

RINGO

(conversationally)

You visiting in Lordsburg?

DALLAS

No, I... I have friends there.

(she turns towards
him)

And maybe I can find work.

She turns to face him properly and suddenly speaks to him in a rush.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Why don't you escape, Kid? Why don't
you escape?

Ringo and Dallas face one another across the fence.

RINGO

I aim to, Miss Dallas... in Lordsburg.

DALLAS

Why Lordsburg? Why don't you make
for the Border now?

Ringo leans forward in close-up.

RINGO

My father and brother was shot down
by the Plummers. I guess you don't
know how it feels to lose your own
folks like that.

Cut back to the shot of Ringo and Dallas, as she looks off
over the moonlit plains. Her voice is dull and flat.

DALLAS

I lost mine when I was a kid. There
was a massacre in the Superstition
Mountains.

He looks at her in surprise, but she is looking back at her
own dismal childhood.

RINGO

That's tough, especially on a girl.
[It's a hard country.]

DALLAS

You have to live, no matter what
happens.

RINGO

Yeah, that's it.

They look off for a moment into the moonlit distance, each
deep in their own thoughts. Ringo is trying to muster courage
to express what he feels. Finally he turns to her, with his
voice, at first awkward and halting, growing in emotion.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Look, Miss Dallas...

Close-up of Ringo.

RINGO (CONT'D)
...you got no folks... neither have
I. Maybe I'm taking a lot for
granted... but I watched you with
that baby... that other woman's
baby... and you looked...
(he grins)
...well...

Close-up of Dallas.

RINGO (CONT'D)
(off)
...but... well... I still got a ranch
across the Border. It's a nice
place... a real nice place... trees...
grass... water... a cabin half-
built...

Close-up of Ringo.

RINGO (CONT'D)
...a man could live there... and a
woman.

Dallas's eyes are brimming with tears, as she looks up at
Ringo.

RINGO (CONT'D)
(off)
Will you go?

Dallas looks at him as if she cannot believe her own ears.

DALLAS
You don't know me! You don't know
who I am!

Dallas and Ringo face one another in profile.

RINGO
I know all I want to know. You're...
the kind of girl a man wants to marry.

They stare at each other for a few moments, then Dallas turns
away.

DALLAS
(tearful)
Oh, don't talk like that!

Dallas, overcome by the rush of feeling that possesses her, gathers up her skirt and dashes off.

Curly is now seen approaching from the house. His voice, when he speaks, is gruff with suspicion.

CURLY
What you doin' out here, Kid?

We look along the fence, with Ringo on one side and Dallas hurrying away on the other. She stops at the sound of Curly's voice, then moves off as Curly strides up to Ringo.

CURLY (CONT'D)
Stick close to the reservation.

Fade out.

Fade in to a room at the Apache Wells Station. It is early next morning. The men of the party are bunked down on the floor in various positions. Suddenly a voice galvanizes them into action.

CHRIS
(Shouting off)
Curly!

He rushes in.

As he opens the door, the daylight coming through the doorway lights up the people in the room. Everybody sits up. Curly, who is lying by the door, looks up at Chris.

CURLY
What's wrong, Chris?

CHRIS
(excitedly)
My wife, Yakima. She run away.

Ringo and Curly sit, looking up towards Chris, off-screen. Curly is holding a gun.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(off)

When I wake up she's...

(making a wide gesture
with his hand)

...gone.

Curly moves his leg and yanks Ringo across with him. We see that they are handcuffed together round the ankles.

CURLY

(apologetically)

'Scuse me, Kid.

He pats Ringo's leg and turns to Chris again, growling at him reassuringly.

CURLY (CONT'D)

The way you come bustin' in here
you'd think... we was bein' attacked.
You can find another wife, Chris.

CHRIS

(off)

Sure I find another wife. But she
take my rifle and my horse! I never
sell her, I love her so much.

Doc Boone sits up on the bar buttoning his trousers. Chris addresses him passionately.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I beat her with the whip and she
never get tired!

DOC

Your wife?

CHRIS

My horse! Find wife easy, yes, but
not horse like that!

Gatewood and Hatfield are sitting in a corner of the room. Hatfield looks elegant, even in his prematurely disturbed sleep. Gatewood stands up; an awful thought has struck him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(off)

Mala Yakima!

GATEWOOD

I knew that woman was a thief.

The words are no sooner out of his mouth than he starts stumbling about, feeling all around for something. It is obvious that his bag has gone. Curly looks over at him from his place on the bunk.

CURLY

(suspiciously)

What's the matter with you, Gatewood?

Hatfield gets up and moves away as Gatewood shouts frantically.

GATEWOOD

My valise! Where's my valise?

In a general shot of the room, everyone is looking round towards Gatewood as he shouts off-screen.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

Which one of you has got it?

Buck, sitting down on the floor near Doc Boone and Chris, holds up the valise.

BUCK

Here. I been usin' it for a pillow.

Thought you wouldn't mind.

Gatewood rushes into shot and grabs the valise, standing threateningly over Buck.

GATEWOOD

Didn't I tell you to keep your hands off my things?

BUCK

Well, I'm sorry I...

No one speaks. Buck starts to get up.

Buck is now standing up in front of Doc Boone, with Chris visible standing near the door. Buck sticks out his tongue rudely at Gatewood, who is off-screen, and then moves off towards the door, looking back at Chris as he goes. An unpleasant thought has struck him too.

BUCK (CONT'D)

That squaw of yours will find some
Apaches and bring 'em back here.

CHRIS

(indignantly)

My wife's people they won't bother
me... I think.

BUCK

(wheezily)

They bother me... I think!

He goes out.

Chris turns back to Doc Boone. Doc Boone is sitting on the bar and pats it with his hands stiffly.

DOC

Chris... is this bar open?

CHRIS

Sure, all the time, señor, si.

Doc Boone jumps down, and as he lands on the floor it is obvious that the short jump has jarred every bone in his body. Camera pans slightly right as Chris goes round behind the bar and gets out a bottle and a glass for him. Doc Boone turns round towards him and uncorks the bottle.

Gatewood, puffing angrily, puts on his jacket. Curly, who is standing by him, is still dressed only in his shirt-sleeves. Hatfield can be seen in the background, leaning against the doorpost and looking through the open door.

GATEWOOD

(impatiently)

What are we wasting time for? Let's
make a break for it.

HATFIELD

(staring at him coldly)
We got a delicate woman to consider.

GATEWOOD

Well, do you want her to stay here
and be butchered, with the rest of
us?

Ringo comes into shot and stands with Curly facing Gatewood.

He sits down preparing to put on his boots as Hatfield and
Gatewood continue to shout at one another.

HATFIELD

Why don't you think of anyone else
for once?

GATEWOOD

(shouting)
Are you insinuating...?

Curly intervenes.

CURLY

Easy, easy, easy! Quiet, boys, quiet.
(Gatewood stalks off)
We ain't butchered yet. But you're
right...

Ringo looks up.

CURLY (CONT'D)

(off)
...we'd better get goin' for Lordsburg
soon as we can.

Ringo looks towards the door of the corridor, then back
towards Curly, off-screen.

RINGO

Might be a good idea, Curly, if --
uh...

Doc Boone is standing at the bar, drinking, with Gatewood
beside him and Buck in the background.

RINGO (CONT'D)

(off)

...if Doc took a look at the patient.

BUCK

(grinning)

Yeah, and Little Coyote.

Gatewood gets himself a glass and pours himself a drink. He holds out his glass to Doc Boone.

GATEWOOD

(clearing his throat)

If you'll join me, Doctor...

He drinks.

Doc Boone looks at him, then shakes his head.

DOC

No thanks.

Camera pans left with Doc Boone as he moves away from the bar, leaving Gatewood drinking on his own. The pan continues as Doc Boone passes the fireplace where Peacock is standing. He throws his drink into the flames. The fire roars up and Doc Boone goes out of shot, watched by a rather startled Peacock, who looks round towards the bar, then down at the flaring grate.

Dissolve to a close-up of Lucy in the bedroom. Her head is propped up on the pillow and Dallas's hands are in shot braiding her hair.

The bedroom is now seen in medium shot. Lucy lies in bed, with Dallas sitting on the bed beside her. The door in the background opens and Doc Boone comes in cheerily.

DOC (CONT'D)

Good morning.

Dallas gets up and goes to close the door as Doc Boone stands at the end of the bed looking down at Lucy.

DOC (CONT'D)

You're looking chipper today.

Now Doc Boone is seen in close-up as he looks quietly at Lucy, then turns his head towards Dallas, both off-screen.

DOC (CONT'D)
You're up early, Dallas.

Dallas is leaning against the wall by the door. She looks pale and drawn. Her cloak has dropped away from her chest and she draws it up again, but does not reply.

Close-up of Lucy, who knows better.

LUCY
She didn't go to bed, Doctor.

Close-up of Doc Boone, looking down at Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(off)
I'm afraid she sat up all night,
while I slept.

His eyes flick up towards Dallas again.

Close-up of Dallas.

DALLAS
(apologetically)
Oh, I slept in the chair a lot.

Close-up of Doc Boone looking at her. He does not believe her. Doc Boone and Dallas are now seen in medium shot across the room. Dallas moves away from the wall and crosses the room behind Doc Boone as she speaks.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
Well, it was nice to stay awake and
hold the baby.

Camera pans right with Doc Boone as he goes across to the bed where the baby is lying next to Lucy. He bends down to look at the baby.

DOC
(poking the baby)
We've got to get you to Lordsburg,
(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

Little Coyote.

(he chuckles as Lucy
looks at him, puzzled)

That's what the boys christened her
last night from the way she squalled.

The baby is shown close from above, asleep in the bed.

DOC (CONT'D)

(off)

Little Coyote. How do you feel?

LUCY

Fine, Doctor. A bit tired.

Doc Boone is now seen bending over the bed, with Lucy lying
on the pillow below him.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Doctor, do you think my husband...

DOC

(cheerily)

Never mind. The best medicine he can
have is to see you two safe and sound.
You make up your mind to get there.

LUCY

(quietly)

I have, Doctor.

DOC

That's the talk. You need more
strength. Rest all you can. Dallas,
maybe you can fix up some broth.

LUCY

(indicating a plate
and cup on a chair)

She has already.

DOC

Good!

(to Dallas)

How about some coffee for the boys?

He gets out a cigar.

Dallas, who is sitting down beside the window, nods and gets up wearily.

DOC (CONT'D)

Try and sleep for a while, little lady.

(he beams at her
teasingly)

And don't look so proud. I've brought hundreds of 'em into the world...

(a pause)

...once upon a time, and each new one is always the prettiest.

He goes out and Lucy watches him go.

In the passage outside the bedroom Dallas stands against the wall waiting for the doctor as he comes out to go towards the lunch-room. She calls to him, her voice low and intense.

DALLAS

Doc...

He turns back and comes towards her, leaning on the wall opposite her

DALLAS (CONT'D)

...Ringo asked me to marry him.

Close-up of Dallas.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Is it wrong, for a girl like me? If a man and woman are in love, it's all right, ain't it, Doc?

Doc Boone frowns back at her.

DOC

(quietly)

You're going to get hurt, child, worse than you've ever been hurt. Don't you know that boy's headed back to prison?

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)
(She is silent and he
goes on)
Besides, if you two go into
Lordsburg...

Cut back to Dallas listening worriedly.

DOC (CONT'D)
(off)
...together, he's going to find out
all about you.

She stares at him, then makes an inward decision.

DALLAS
(quietly)
He's not going to Lordsburg.
(after a pause)
All I want is for you to tell me
it's all right.

Doc Boone looks at her with a depth of understanding. There is something regretful in his eyes; they see that Dallas is on ice that is too thin.

DOC
Who am I to tell you what's right or
wrong, child? All right, go ahead.

Close-up of Dallas.

DOC (CONT'D)
(off)
Do it, if you can. Good luck.

DALLAS
(almost with tears in
her eyes)
Thanks, Doc.

He looks after her for a moment as she hurries away down the passageway, goes out through the door at the end and closes it behind her, then himself turns to go back to the lunch-room.

In the lunch-room, the men are gathered in a tense group.

Hatfield leans against the bar with his back to the others; Gatewood stands at the end of the bar drinking. Ringo is near the fire, where Buck is busily gathering up his things. Curly joins the rest as Doc Boone appears and taps Ringo on the shoulder.

DOC

Ringo...

CURLY

(interrupting)

Well, Doc?

DOC

Both doing fine. She's a real soldier's wife, that young lady.

He goes over to the bar and picks up his bottle and glass. Gatewood and Doc Boone are now seen at the end of the bar, with Buck behind them near the door.

GATEWOOD

(eagerly to Curly)

That means we can go.

DOC

(pouring a drink)

Not for a day or so, if you want my professional opinion.

GATEWOOD

What do you mean a day? Stay another day? Why?

DOC

Where were you when the stork came last night, Gatewood?

Hatfield adds his support.

HATFIELD

I refuse to allow Mrs. Mallory to travel until she and the child are out of danger.

Gatewood looks furious.

GATEWOOD

What d'you mean 'danger'? Aren't we
in worse danger here?

Peacock intervenes nervously.

PEACOCK

(clasping his hands)

I don't wish to intrude... I've had
five children...

(coughing)

...I mean my dear wife has... and...
much as I dislike to say it at this
hour of our trial, I... ahem... I
believe the doctor is right.

In the group, Hatfield is leaning back against the bar, Curly
is standing a little apart in the middle of the room, and
Doc Boone by Gatewood at the end of the bar. The doctor
strikes the top of the bar with one hand.

DOC

Spoken like a man, Reverend.

GATEWOOD

I say we've got to get out of here
before the Apaches find us. That's
common sense!

Hatfield turns to Gatewood as Doc Boone walks away to the
door into the yard, through which Ringo has now disappeared.

HATFIELD

(vehemently)

I wish you were ten years younger,
Gatewood!

GATEWOOD

Don't let my white hairs stop you!

Buck and Curly move forward and intervene.

CURLY

Quiet! Quiet!

BUCK
(petulantly)
Now, Curly, I haven't said a word.

Gatewood moves away.

CURLY
(shouting at Buck)
Will you shut up!

Buck waves his hands in frustration and moves away as Curly tries to make everyone see reason.

CURLY (CONT'D)
If we argue this thing out right
we'll get somewhere. Now let's all
sit down and talk sensible.

The station-house door is seen from the outside, as Doc Boone comes out puffing on his cigar.

CURLY (CONT'D)
(continuing, off)
Come on, Buck, sit down.

Camera pans right with Doc Boone as he shuffles forward and joins Ringo, who is busily tying his neck scarf.

DOC
(to Ringo)
In that case you better make yourself
useful, my boy. There's a young woman
out in the kitchen. She's making
coffee. She needs help.

RINGO
Thanks, Doc.

Ringo starts to move away, camera panning slightly with him, but Doc Boone grabs him by the arm. Ringo turns towards him and they stand facing each other a moment.

DOC
Say, Kid, how old were you when you
went to the pen?

RINGO

Oh well, I was going on seventeen.

Ringo goes off, leaving Doc Boone looking after him. Doc Boone sticks his cigar into his mouth and then puts his hands into his trouser pockets and stands, looking thoughtful, for a moment.

Dallas is at the range in the kitchen, grinding coffee. Ringo comes through the door at the back and stands leaning against the doorpost looking at her. She does not notice him. He waits there awkwardly for a moment and then speaks, self-consciously polite.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Mornin', ma'am.

Dallas looks up towards him.

DALLAS

Good morning.

Camera pans slightly left as she picks up the coffee-grinder and goes across to the stove and starts spooning the coffee into the big coffee pot. Ringo comes forward and stands behind her, holding his hat.

RINGO

(shifting his weight
hesitantly)

I laid awake most the night wondering
what you'da said if Curly hadn't
busted in. Guess you was up too. I
could hear you movin' around.

(a little awkwardly)

You didn't answer what I asked you
last night.

Dallas goes on measuring the coffee in the pot. Finally she stops what she is doing and drops her hands onto the stove. Close-up of Dallas as she swings round to face Ringo.

DALLAS
(her voice growing
urgent as the words
pour out)
Look, Kid, why don't you escape?
There's a horse out there in the
corral.

Cut to a reverse medium close-up with Dallas in the foreground
three-quarters back to camera and Ringo facing her.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
Curly won't go after you... he can't
leave the passengers in this fix!

RINGO
But I got to go to Lordsburg. Won't
you go to my ranch and wait for me?

Dallas looks at him intensely.

DALLAS
(bitterly)
Wait for a dead man?
(she turns away)
You haven't got a chance.

Dallas goes back to her coffee-making, leaving Ringo standing
awkwardly behind her.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
It was three against one when the
Plummers swore you killed their
foreman and got you sent up. It'll
be three against one in Lordsburg.

RINGO
There's some things a man just can't
run away from.

Camera pans round slightly left as Ringo comes towards camera
and sits down in the foreground by the stove, partly out of
shot.

DALLAS
How can you talk about your life and
(MORE)

DALLAS (CONT'D)
my life when you're throwing 'em
away?
(vehemently as he
comes to her)
Yes, mine too! That's what you're
throwin' away if you...

Ringo sits on the window-sill, looking at her.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
(off)
...go to Lordsburg!

RINGO
(helplessly)
What do you want me to do?

Dallas leans forward urgently from the stove towards Ringo,
while he looks at Dallas in confusion.

DALLAS
(pleadingly)
Would it make us any happier if Luke
Plummer was dead? One of his brothers
would be after you with a gun. We'd
never be safe. I don't want that
kind of a life, Ringo.

RINGO
(slowly)
I don't see what else I can do.

DALLAS
Go now... get away... forget
Lordsburg... forget the Plummers.
Make for the Border and I'll come to
you.

She pleads intensely.

RINGO
You mean that?

DALLAS
I do, I do!

RINGO

Won't you come along with me?

DALLAS

I can't leave Mrs. Mallory and her
baby. I'll come to you from Lordsburg.
I swear it.

Dallas leans against the stove watching Ringo as he gets up from the window-sill. He looks round the room and then back again at Dallas, trying to adjust his mind to this tremendous change.

RINGO

I oughta have a rifle.

DALLAS

I've got one right here.

Camera pans right as Dallas rushes across the room and moves a coat from a rack of pegs on the wall, which is hiding a rifle. She takes it down.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

(eagerly)

I got it for you last night, while
you were all asleep.

Ringo stares at her in wonder.

RINGO

(as he takes it)

You thought of this last night?

DALLAS

Yes, don't ask any more questions,
not now!

Ringo cannot take his eyes from her excited face. She is a complete wonder to him.

In the lunch-room, Curly stands holding a council of war round a large pine table, where Hatfield, Gatewood and Peacock are seated. The plaintive Buck stands beside Curly.

BUCK

Oh gosh, Curly, there ain't no Apaches
behind us. We can still go back to
Tonto.

GATEWOOD

(hitting the table
with his fist)

No! I insist we go on to Lordsburg.

CURLY

What do you think, Chris?

Doc Boone is standing at the bar with Chris on the other
side facing camera.

CHRIS

Geronimo between here and Lordsburg,
with my horse... I think.

DOC

(raising his voice in
song)

'My horse is young, she has gone
astray...'

Chris covers his ears.

Curly and Buck are seen close from below.

BUCK

Quiet. This is a serious matter,
ain't it?

Doc Boone looks from the bar over his shoulder at the others,
off-screen.

DOC

(raising his glass)

Buck -- if I have only one hour to
live, I'm going to enjoy myself.

He drinks.

PEACOCK

Doctor, I don't begrudge you my
samples, but...

BUCK
(interrupting, wagging
his finger at Peacock)
Now you hush -- I stood enough of
you. Now this is a serious problem
and I'm the only one who is talking
sense. Now if Curly...

Cut back to the shot of Buck and Curly as he interrupts Buck.

CURLY
Once we get across that ferry we'll
be all right.

Cut to a medium shot of the five round the table.

CURLY (CONT'D)
The question is, what we gonna do
about the lady and her baby?

Curly goes towards the door to Lucy's room.

HATFIELD
Doctor Boone has settled that for
us, suh. I demand respect for his
professional opinion.

Doc Boone is seen at the bar, spinning round.

DOC
(looking up in surprise
at Hatfield)
Hatfield!

Hatfield is now seen from below, sitting at the table playing
patience, with Curly standing behind him and looking through
the door into the corridor. Suddenly Curly remembers.

CURLY
Ringo.
(turning back urgently)
Ringo!

Camera pans slightly right as Curly rushes off down the
passage shouting for Ringo.

Dallas and Ringo are outside in the corral, leading a saddled horse out from under the covered shelter. Dallas hands Ringo the rifle, which he sticks in the saddle-boot as he prepares to mount. They look at each other for a moment. They have no words for the things they feel. It is all in their eyes.

DALLAS

Hurry, Ringo, hurry!

He takes one last look at her, then digs his spurs into the mustang and the horse leaps forward. Camera pans left slightly as he canters off, leaving Dallas watching him ride away, her arm lifted in a little gesture of farewell.

Pan left with Ringo as he rides his horse hard, jumping the fence that rings the compound and galloping to the top of a rise a hundred feet away. As he tops the rise, galloping straight forward, he suddenly sees something that makes him saw on the bit. The horse comes to a dead stop as if it had four-wheel brakes. He dismounts again, looking around.

Dallas is watching anxiously from outside the corral. Her arm is still half-up in her incomplete gesture. From behind her comes Curly's voice.

CURLY

(off)

Ringo!

Curly rushes into shot coming round the corner of the house. Dallas looks round and sees him coming; he is holding a gun. He rushes off in the foreground, shouting. Terror comes into Dallas's face and she cries out.

DALLAS

Ringo, don't stop! Go on, go on!

Curly rushes off after her.

Buck comes running out of the house after Curly, followed by Doc Boone. Buck stops at the end of the stagecoach and watches as Dallas goes on shouting.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

(screaming, off)

Keep riding!

Ringo's riderless horse comes cantering back into the compound, jumping the little fence by the wall. As it goes off, Dallas rushes into shot, shouting at Ringo.

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Ringo, go on, go on, don't stop!

She is closely followed by Curly. Camera pans left with them as he catches up with her and she grabs his arm desperately, trying to stop him; but he throws her roughly to the ground and runs off towards the desert.

Ringo is standing motionless at the edge of the desert which stretches out beyond him, staring into the distance. Curly charges into shot and grabs him, taking his fists to handcuff them. Curly is hopping mad, but Ringo holds out his wrists calmly.

RINGO

You don't need them, Curly. I'm not running away.

CURLY

(with an angry scowl)

I'll say you ain't!

He snaps the cuffs.

RINGO

(nodding past Curly)

Look at them hills.

Just then Dallas comes tearing up and grabs Ringo's arms wildly. She sees what they see in the distance, and stops struggling.

Curly steps forward, a look of real concern on his face. From a distant summit far across the desert, a thin white spiral of smoke is rising into the still air. It is interrupted sharply. Then another puff rises, like a telegraphic flash.

Curly turns back to look at Ringo.

CURLY

Apaches?

Ringo's jaw tightens.

RINGO

(nodding)

War signals.

Dallas clings even more tightly to Ringo's arm. A look of despair comes into her eyes; she stands there, beyond all speech, beyond all hope now, as the scene dissolves.

The passengers are all gathered round the stagecoach in the yard, prepared to set off once again. Camera pans right with Hatfield as he carries Lucy up to the stagecoach, followed closely by Doc Boone. They all help Lucy inside. Dallas follows them into shot; she has the swaddled baby held tight to her breast.

Dissolve to a high angle medium long shot of the stagecoach galloping out through the gate away from camera, going towards the hills in the distance.

Dissolve to the stagecoach galloping round the foot of a hill in another part of the prairie and disappearing into the distance. Dissolve to Buck and Curly sitting side by side on the driving-box. Buck is working to get all he can out of the horses; Curly sits alert with the rifle across his knees. As Curly scans the horizon, Buck, without turning his attention from the horses, calls to him.

BUCK

Don't you think you oughta take them cuffs off the Kid? He's mighty handy with a gun.

CURLY

(growling back loudly
without turning his
attention from the
dangerous horizon)

You drive them hosses! I'll take care of the Kid.

Curly keeps looking round the whole time, his gun at the ready.

Inside the coach, it is very crowded. Doc Boone is sitting on the floor, Peacock is squashed into one corner, while

Gatewood, seen almost in back view, leans heavily on Doc Boone as he yells out of the window.

GATEWOOD

Can't you drive any faster?

(he pulls his head in
and addresses the
group)

Thick-headed lout! We've got to make
that ferry!

(bitterly)

A man works all his life to get hold
of some money so he can enjoy life
and then runs into a trap like this.

He takes off his stiff collar.

PEACOCK

(starting and leaning
towards Gatewood
nervously)

A trap, brother? You mean the Apaches?
There's been no sign of them.

GATEWOOD

(yelping at him)

You don't see any signs of them!
They strike like rattlesnakes.

Gatewood, his fear making him belligerent, glares at Hatfield, off-screen.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

If you hadn't insisted...

Hatfield is sitting in the corner with Lucy's head on his lap.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(Off)

...on waiting for her...

Lucy looks round.

Ringo is sitting on the floor against the door, his hands in their cuffs laid carelessly across his knees.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

...we'd have been across the ferry
by this time.

Hatfield cradles Lucy's head in his arms.

HATFIELD

(his eyes burning)

You talk too much, Gatewood.

Gatewood's edginess is making things uncomfortable for Peacock sitting beside him, and for Doc Boone squashed down on the floor, only his head and shoulders in shot.

GATEWOOD

(with a snap)

Your threats don't faze me, Hatfield.

Cut back to the close shot of Hatfield and Lucy. Lucy starts to sit up.

GATEWOOD (CONT'D)

(off)

You're nothing but a tinhorn gambler.

HATFIELD

(leaning forward,

murder in his eyes)

How would you like to get out and
walk?

Cut back to the same shot of Gatewood, Peacock and Doc Boone.

GATEWOOD

You can't put me out of a public
conveyance!

DOC

(placatingly)

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

Ringo looks up.

RINGO

Take it easy, Gatewood. We may need
(MORE)

RINGO (CONT'D)
that fighting before we get to the
ferry.

Now back again to Gatewood, Peacock and Doc Boone.

GATEWOOD
(angered by the boy's
tone, looking at the
handcuffs)
You wouldn't be much good in a fight,
you jailbird.

Ringo just looks at him with a thin smile and says nothing.

HATFIELD
(off)
Oh, leave the kid alone. He's
handcuffed.

PEACOCK
(off)
Gentlemen, please!

Peacock sits by the side of Dallas, who holds the baby.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)
(meekly)
Let's not forget the ladies, bless
them.

He looks at the baby.

Dallas looks at him in grateful surprise.

Dissolve to a medium long shot of the stagecoach toiling up
some rough dusty ground and going off in the foreground.

Dissolve to a medium shot of Buck and Curly on the driving-
box. They look very happy and Curly leans down to shout
through the window to the passengers.

CURLY
Well, folks, we're coming into East
Ferry now.

BUCK
Lordsburg next stop!

He giggles.

Dissolve to a long shot of the ferry as seen from the stagecoach as it comes down the road. In the foreground there are some dark posts and fencing. Smoke wafts across the screen. The horses canter in, and camera pans left and tracks back as they pull into the open space in front of what was once the ferry building, now engulfed in flames. East Ferry is a scene of desolation; there is no one around, the houses are in ruins, burned to the ground. The stagecoach stops in the centre.

Buck and Curly are seen from the side on the driving-box. Buck and hardly speak for fright as he suddenly notices the ferry ahead of them.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Curly, look! Look at the ferry.

Long shot looking across the still water of the river where the ferry lies burnt and broken on the opposite bank. All that remains is the thin cable across the water and the smoking ruins of the ferry wharf.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(off)
It's burnt too.

Curly jumps down from the driving-box of the stagecoach. Ringo jumps out, followed by Hatfield. Curly hands a rifle to Hatfield.

CURLY
Hatfield, stand guard over there.

Hatfield runs off in the foreground as Gatewood gets out. Suddenly everybody starts to talk at once. Gatewood is complaining as usual and his tone implies that Curly is responsible for the whole predicament. Doc Boone comes out of the stagecoach after him.

GATEWOOD

(harshly)

Where's the Army? What are the
soldiers doing?

DOC

Anything I can do, Curly?

GATEWOOD

(at the same time)

Are they going to let Geronimo do
nothing but pillage and burn?

CURLY

(putting a hand out
to stop Doc Boone)

Ringo, come here, I need you.

Curly faces Ringo, takes out his key, and starts to unlock
the handcuffs.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Will you give me your word you won't
try to escape no more?

Ringo holds out his wrists, looking straight into Curly's
eyes.

RINGO

I give you my word... to Lordsburg.

Curly's response is sharp; he jerks his thumb over his
shoulder.

CURLY

Get back in the coach with the women.

Ringo's wrists are still held out and Curly is starting at
him scornfully. For a moment they fight each other with their
eyes. Doc Boone can be seen standing on the steps of the
coach, and Gatewood, as Curly starts to move away from Ringo.
But the boy holds out his manacled hands and stops him.

RINGO

I give you my word.

Dallas calls from inside the coach.

DALLAS

(off)

Ringo, don't!

But Curly immediately unlocks the handcuffs, tosses them up into the box, and shouts at Buck at the same time.

CURLY

Drive in the river till she's up to
the hubs.

Long shot of the stagecoach in the clearing heading for the river; one of the burned huts is smouldering in the foreground. Camera pans left as the stagecoach moves off towards the water behind some rocks.

High angle long shot looking down onto the river from the near bank. The stagecoach comes into shot and halts as the horses stand on the bank, urged on by Buck.

Hatfield is standing amidst the ruins of one of the huts, taking off his cloak. Camera tilts down with him as he bends down, to show the body of a woman grotesquely perched on all fours, partly scalped. He covers the body with his cloak. Then camera tilts up again as he straightens up and stares into the distance. Something catches his eye.

In the hilly countryside, all appears to be still.

Hatfield looks anxiously over his shoulder towards the others, then back up to the hills again.

Dissolve to the side of the stagecoach, seen from behind. Curly and Ringo are struggling with a large log which they roll towards the stagecoach and begin to lash to the wheels and underside of the vehicle. Curly shouts quick instructions to Ringo, who hurries off. Buck, on the driving-box, has cleared most of the luggage from the top. He picks up Ringo's saddle and throws it down into the bushes beside him. Then he looks down towards Ringo again and shouts.

BUCK

Sorry about the saddle, Kid.

Another angle from above shows Buck with Ringo standing beside the horses and Curly by the side of the stagecoach.

CURLY
Ready, Kid?

RINGO
All set!

CURLY
Ready, Buck?

BUCK
Oh, I'm ready, Curly.

Curly jumps up onto the driving-box beside Buck, and Ringo starts to hurl pebbles at the horses to get them to go down into the water.

CURLY
Ready, Buck! Here we go, folks.
(He leans down to
shout through the
stagecoach window)
Just sit tight, folks, it'll be all
right.

The stagecoach starts to move forward. The camera is in fact mounted on top of the stagecoach and it lurches and shakes with the vehicle's motion as the horses move forward and struggle into the river. Camera swings round to the right so that it is shooting straight ahead, looking along the horses' backs as they plunge belly-deep into the water.

From the roof of the stagecoach, Buck and Curly are urging the horses through the water ahead of them. Curly hurls pebbles at them, Buck keeps shouting. Ringo is perched on the back of the roof.

Long shot looking over the river to the stagecoach, the horses now swimming. The stagecoach is hub-deep in the water, floating across on two big logs which have been lashed to each side of it and buoy it up.

The heads of the four leading horses are seen just above the water as they swim through the river, camera panning left with them. The horses are now swimming powerfully and pulling the stagecoach across the river. Camera pans across left as the horses reach the opposite bank and start to clamber out

of the shallow water beside the broken ferry.

Dissolve to a medium shot looking along the dusty trail. Track along behind the stagecoach as it moves away into the distance. Now the coach is entering a new kind of country, desolate, with giant cacti pointing fingers up at the cloudless sky.

Dissolve to a medium shot of Buck and Curly on the driving-box, Curly looking back the way they have come.

BUCK

(singing happily)

All aboard for Lordsburg, Lordsburg,
Lordsburg...

(he breaks off)

Hey, Curly!

CURLY

(turns back to him)

What?

BUCK

Do you think I ought to charge Mrs.
Mallory's baby halffare?

Curly gives him a look, then goes back to his watch.

A high angle very long shot looking over the desert shows the stagecoach like a small toy pressing on alone through the desolate expanse towards the mouth of a canyon. It is early evening. Buck can be heard, off, shouting at the horses. Suddenly, camera pans swiftly across to the rim of the canyon wall to reveal a large band of savage-looking Apache Indians, their foreheads smeared with white war-paint, lurking in ambush, waiting for the stagecoach to enter the canyon below. At their centre, looking down into the valley, stands the most dreaded figure in the South-west, Geronimo, powerful of frame, and with a craggy face that seems to have been carved out of red rock.

Another Apache is seen close, with still others of the band on horseback behind him.

Now Geronimo is seen from below in front of a group of Apaches. One of them points off.

The stagecoach is seen far away and below, as its horses gallop along in the middle of the valley. There is little cover for miles around. Camera swings round to the left and tilts up to the ridge to reveal the Apache warband turning away. Most of those on horseback ride out of shot, leaving Geronimo and two or three of his warband standing and watching them go.

Inside the coach the atmosphere is fairly relaxed and even Gatewood makes an attempt at cheerfulness.

GATEWOOD

Well, we'll soon be in Lordsburg.
Sorry I flew off the handle, Hatfield.
Just nervous, you know how it is.

Hatfield eyes him sardonically and says nothing. No hard feelings, I hope.

PEACOCK

(sitting up, rather
proud of himself)
Well, all in all, it's been an
exciting...
(coughing)
...but very interesting trip, now
hasn't it?

Doc Boone looks up at him from his place on the floor of the coach.

DOC

Well, now that the danger's past,
Mister...

Peacock looks down helpfully, while Gatewood looks on.

PEACOCK

Er, Peacock.

DOC

(off)
Ladies and gentlemen, since...

Cut back to Doc Boone on the floor.

DOC (CONT'D)

...it's most unlikely that we'll
ever have the pleasure of meeting
again socially, I'd like to propose
a toast.

He looks up, then takes the cork out of his bottle and looks
at each of them in turn.

DOC (CONT'D)

Major, Gatewood, Ringo... Your health.

HATFIELD

(off)

Thank you, sir.

Doc Boone takes a swig at the bottle, but as he does so there
is a strange whistling sound and a thudding noise; Doc Boone
chokes on the bottle, looking up with his eyes wide in
amazement. He looks round and camera pans swiftly left, now
showing Peacock and Gatewood. Peacock has an arrow stuck in
his shoulder. The little man is sitting bolt upright, a look
of disbelief on his face. He utters no sound as his right
hand gropes to the arrow and holds it by the shaft, while
blood pours down his hand. His face is frozen in agony for a
moment, then, with a slight gurgle, he falls forward, watched
in horror by Gatewood. Camera tilts down with him as he falls
across Doc Boone. Doc Boone, now in close-up, leans forward,
hurriedly trying to remove the arrow. He pulls it out and
looks down aghast at Peacock.

Buck and Curly are driving along, unaware. A shot rings out
and Curly looks round anxiously.

A medium long shot looks up a slope to where several Apaches
are galloping down towards camera, silhouetted against the
sky. Curly immediately raises his gun and fires twice; the
shots explode with a shattering report. Buck, in horror,
urges his horses onwards to renewed effort.

Now the Apaches are seen galloping over the horizon. The
first one gallops out of shot, but the two that are coming
over the hill fall, hit by Curly's bullets; camera pans
slightly right as they roll, slipping down among boulders.
Yet more Apaches appear behind them.

Buck is yelling at the top of his wheezy voice, urging the

horses on, and Curly is yelling at Buck. Then Curly turns down to the door of the stagecoach behind him.

The ravine is now seen from below and in long shot. The Apaches appear at the rim as the stagecoach hurtles through the bottom of the ravine, coming towards camera and going off to the right.

Three Apaches now zigzag down the side of the ravine on their horses and pursue the stagecoach.

The wide flat plain stretches away to the far distant mountains on the horizon. The stagecoach speeds away from camera as Apaches swarm down the canyon slope, riding wildly in pursuit. The noise of yelling and the constant gunfire is deafening.

The team of horses is now seen from the roof of the stagecoach, with Buck and Curly in back view in the foreground. Curly is frantically chucking stones at the horses to urge them on.

Track beside the stagecoach to show Buck yelling wildly at the horses, as Curly continues to chuck stones at them.

Now track rapidly backwards in front of the pursuing Apaches, who gallop across the plain, leaving the canyon far behind.

Buck continues to urge his horses on wildly. Curly removes his gun-belt. He yells for Hatfield, and camera pans slightly right as the latter emerges from the window of the stage and takes the belt from him. While the exchange takes place, Dallas peers anxiously out of the window for a moment. Then, as Buck goes on screaming at his horses, Curly turns back and settles himself on the box, taking aim backwards over the roof of the stagecoach.

The Apaches, some with bows and arrows, some with old rifles, and a few with lances and buffalo-hide bucklers on their arms, are riding furiously, gaining ground on both sides of the stagecoach. They are still behind, but their intention is plain... to come alongside on both sides and rake the passengers with their fire.

The stagecoach is now going full speed, Buck yelling the horses on, Curly shooting over the back of the stage.

The Apaches thunder up in pursuit. One of them falls from his horse as the others charge on.

Track in front of the stagecoach, as the door at the side opens and Ringo crawls out precariously onto the exposed roof. He makes it, crawls forward, and reaches into the boot, getting his rifle. An arm appears from the stagecoach window firing at the pursuing Apaches. The stagecoach continues to hurtle forward, everyone except Buck firing back at the Apaches. Loud 'chase' music adds to the noise of gunfire and war whoops.

Now pan left with the pursuing Apaches.

Cut back to Ringo sitting upright on the back of the stagecoach, seen in profile, aiming down at the pursuing Apaches. He fires.

Seen from below, an Apache bites the dust; his gun flies in the air.

At the side of the stagecoach, Dallas looks anxiously out of the window as two arrows thud into the woodwork just beside her. One of the men inside hauls her away from the window.

Track again below and beside the pursuing Apaches.

Inside the coach, Doc Boone is bandaging Peacock's shoulder while Gatewood stands in back view in a mad panic. He pushes at Doc Boone, trying to get past him to the door.

DOC

Gatewood, will you shut up! I've got a patient here!

GATEWOOD

Stop this stage! Let me out of here!

DOC

Gatewood! Gatewood!

GATEWOOD

Let me out of here, I tell you, stop this stage!

As Gatewood continues to struggle, Doc Boone finally puts down his dressings and turns towards the hysterical man.

Doc Boone is seen from below, as he suddenly punches Gatewood hard on the chin.

DOC
You shut up!

Camera pans slightly right as Gatewood sinks down out of shot. Doc Boone turns back to his patient again. Through the window, the plain seems to fly by.

The stagecoach and the pursuing Apaches are seen in long shot from above, all charging towards camera, which tracks in slightly as the stagecoach goes off to the left. The Apaches chase after it, spread out in a row and firing constantly at their target.

From ground level, we see the team of horses and the stagecoach charge right over the camera lens, followed by some Apaches.

The stagecoach is now seen from the side. Ringo is lying full length on the roof, firing out over the back. Curly is firing past him from the box. Doc Boone, also holding a pistol, is visible at the window. Buck yells wildly at the horses, driving for all he is worth. As a bullet whistles past him, Doc Boone ducks back slightly.

Track with several of the pursuing Apaches, seen from below.

Ringo is lying on his side, aiming out over the back of the coach. He fires.

Track rapidly left with an Apache who falls to the ground as he is hit by Ringo's shot. His horse charges off left and several other Apaches pass over his body.

Doc Boone leans out of the window of the stagecoach, takes careful aim with his pistol, and then fires. Ringo is leaning back reloading his gun from the ammunition box, while Buck continues to yell wildly at the horses. Doc Boone takes aim again.

Lucy, seen in close-up with a scarf round her head, looks grimly out of the window. Doc Boone's hand with the gun is visible on the left. Lucy winces slightly as the gun fires.

From above the stagecoach, we see Ringo on the roof in the centre of shot. The Apaches are clearly gaining ground as the men are now aiming more or less sideways out from the stagecoach. Ringo and Curly fire, then Doc Boone does the same.

Two more Apaches bite the dust, while another gallops past.

Track rapidly out in front of the coach. More gunshots.

Track sideways with the pursuing Apaches.

Track with one Apache who is reloading a rifle as he gallops along. Clouds of dust and more Apaches behind.

Track sideways again with several mounted Apaches.

The stagecoach and horses are now seen in medium long shot, galloping furiously across the plain to the right. Two Apaches approach at the gallop from the left, followed by another intercepting from the side.

On the driving-box, Buck yells at Curly, who turns to the other side to aim at the intercepting Apaches. He fires.

BUCK
(yelling wildly at
the horses)
Come on, get on, ho, go on, go!

Now the Apaches are shown galloping away from camera. One of them falls from his horse in the foreground and is dragged along by the reins.

On the driving-box, Buck continues to yell wildly at the horses while Curly starts chucking stones at them again.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Get on there, ho, ho, go!

From Buck's point of view on the box, the horse team is seen galloping wildly along.

Track out in front of the coach, as an Apache on a piebald horse draws level with the team, throws away his lance and leaps from his own horse onto the leading pair.

Cut back to Buck and Curly, who is now turned towards the back of the coach again. Buck, seeing the Apache land on the horses off-screen, yells to Ringo.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Ringo!

Ringo leans forward behind him and aims across his shoulder. Track sideways with the team of horses, the Apache crouched on the shaft between the leading two.

Ringo fires across Buck's shoulder.

Cut back to the horses, to show the Apache brave hit and falling down onto the shaft between the first pair.

Ringo aims lower and fires again.

Now the Apache falls to the ground between the horses, who gallop on over him followed by the stagecoach. They go out of frame to the left. Camera holds on the Apache, who scrambles painfully up to a kneeling position as more Apaches gallop past.

Close-up of Hatfield leaning from the window of the coach.

He aims his pistol, then fires and smiles.

Track left as one of an Apache group bites the dust. Camera holds on the body as the others charge off.

Hatfield looks round, teeth bared, then aims again.

Track slightly left as more Apaches gallop past and away from camera. Two gunshots; two more Apaches bite the dust.

Hatfield now withdraws inside the carriage for a moment.

Track left with a bunch of Apaches who are catching up with the stagecoach, the back wheels of which show on the left.

Low angle close-up of Ringo on the roof of the stage. He aims and fires twice.

Cut back to the Apaches close to the stagecoach. Two more bite the dust.

Doc Boone is now seen close from below, leaning out of the window of the stagecoach and aiming his pistol. He withdraws inside again as two bullets hit the door before he can fire.

Now a low angle long shot shows the stagecoach hurtling towards camera. The Apaches have now almost drawn level with it on all sides.

Doc Boone leans out, aims and fires.

Again we see the back of the stagecoach on the left, the pursuing Apaches behind, as one of them bites the dust in the foreground. Track slightly left as the horse rolls over, then gets up again and gallops off.

A group of Apaches is galloping after the stage, camera tracking left and slightly above them. Then pan slightly right as the top of the stage comes into view with first Ringo, then Curly, taking aim and firing.

Track rapidly left with two of the pursuing Apaches. The horse of one of them is shot from beneath him and he is flung forward over its neck.

The stagecoach is now seen in three-quarter front view. Track rapidly out in front of it, panning slightly at the same time to keep it in frame. The pursuing Apaches are now all level with the coach.

Track rapidly left with two Apaches. One of them has a rifle raised. He aims and fires.

Cut to Buck and Curly on the box. There is the crack of a gun and Buck almost pitches off the box as he is hit in the arm. He slumps forward with a moan. Curly tries to pull him up again, calling to Ringo to help. Ringo sees what has happened and crawls forward to aid Curly in pulling him up.

Cut to a low shot as from the front of the stagecoach. The reins hang slackly from Buck's hand, off-screen, as the horses gallop along.

The men look down helplessly towards the horses. Curly yells at Ringo.

CURLY
(frantically)
The leader, get the leader!

The reins of the leader are dragging on the ground. Ringo leaps forward between Curly and Buck, letting go of the wounded man.

Track sideways with the stage. We see Ringo jump off the box onto the back of the first pair of horses. Gunshots scream through the air and the music gets louder. Camera pans ahead of the first pair of horses as Ringo jumps onto the next pair, then onto the head pair. The attacking Apaches can be seen through clouds of dust in the background. Having landed on the shaft between the leading pair, Ringo scrambles onto the back of the nearest horse.

Track with Ringo on the back of the leading horse. He is seen in medium close-up and three-quarters back view. He gathers up the loose reins and starts to whip the horse on with the end of them.

On the box, Buck continues to hang onto the other half of the reins with his good hand, feebly urging the horses on, while Curly reloads his gun. But it is really Ringo who is doing the driving now.

BUCK
Go on, go on... go on... go on.

Curly gives Buck a hand dragging on the reins. Hatfield stands at the stage window following an Apache round with his pistol, off-screen. He fires, but there is a click.

The pistol is empty. Looking horrified, he withdraws inside the coach. A gunshot explodes.

Doc Boone is leaning out of the other window, also aiming his pistol.

Track sideways with the galloping Apaches, one of them aiming a rifle with one hand. He fires.

Cut back to Doc Boone following the Apaches round with his pistol. He fires. A click. His gun is also empty. He looks desperately round, then calls up to Curly, off-screen.

DOC

Curly! More ammunition!

Curly turns round from the box and shows the empty magazine of his rifle. He shakes his head.

Doc Boone now looks round in horror. He withdraws inside.

An Apache with a rifle is seen through the other window of the stage, drawing closer.

Track with the attacking Apaches. One of them fires his rifle.

Dallas, seen in close-up huddled in the corner of the smoke-filled stagecoach, clasps the baby to her. A bullet whistles through, making a hole in the woodwork. She turns in horror to look at it.

Track with the attacking Apaches.

Dallas looks anxiously down at the baby, while the attacking Apaches draw ahead, seen through the windows of the stage behind her.

The baby is seen close from above, its eyes closed. The gunshots continue, off.

Dallas suddenly drops her head forward and buries it hopelessly in the baby's shawl.

Hatfield is looking grimly down at his gun, off-screen.

Hatfield's gloved hands are seen, close from above, opening the gun. There is one bullet left in the chamber. He spins it round to the firing position.

Cut back to Hatfield's face. He looks up and across at first Dallas, then Lucy off-screen, his face desperate and forlorn. As he raises the gun, camera pans right and tilts down to show Lucy huddled in the corner, muttering prayers. Hatfield's gun comes into frame on the left, pointing straight at her head. A pause, then there is a gunshot off, and the gun drops and falls to the ground as Hatfield is hit, off-screen. Lucy continues to mutter her prayers, apparently without noticing. Suddenly we hear the sound of a bugle and she looks up, hope dawning in her eyes.

LUCY

Can you hear it? Can you hear it?
It's a bugle! They're blowing the
charge!

Track right with the bugler and standard-bearer of the U.S. Cavalry galloping to the rescue. The bugler turns from side to side, sounding the charge, while the music turns to a triumphant cavalry theme.

Now we see from above the whole detachment of cavalry charging to the rescue, camera tracking right with the horsemen.

Cut to a cavalryman galloping along with the flag, others behind him, their sabres drawn.

Now we see the bugler in a high angle close-up, sounding the charge at the head of his troop.

In the distance, the stagecoach comes toward camera surrounded by the remaining Apaches, while the near cavalry stream towards it. The Apaches pull their horses to their haunches and begin to scatter and run, as the cavalry charge towards them. They flail their ponies with their moccasined feet as they head back the way they have come, leaving the horsemen behind in a cloud of dust. Ringo leaps from the leading horse and holds the team's head, while a small group of cavalymen ride up to the coach.

From the inside, the door of the coach is jerked open and Ringo looks in eagerly. His eyes turn to Hatfield off-screen and his face falls.

Hatfield is leaning back against the side of the coach, with Doc Boone and Lucy supporting him on either side. He tries to smile, looking up at Lucy, and she leans down close to him, pity in her face. It is an effort for him to speak but he manages his last words to her.

HATFIELD

If you ever see Judge Ringfield...
(fighting for breath)
...tell him his son...

He does not finish his sentence, but closes his eyes and slumps forward on Doc Boone's shoulder. We hear the sound of the cavalryman's bugle, off.

Ringo is still looking anxiously through the door. Behind him the bugler circles round on his horse, still blowing his bugle.

Dissolve to medium long shot of the cavalrymen riding in formation across the plain.

Dissolve to a street in Lordsburg, seen from above at night. It curves to the left so that one cannot see its full length. Oil-lamps light the store and saloon fronts, creating the usual Western atmosphere with an eerie effect of shadows from stark points of light. There are several buckboards and a number of cow ponies hitched to the racks that line the street on either side. It is Saturday night and Lordsburg is full of ranchers and miners, cowboys, businessmen and diverse town characters. There is a thudding of hooves, and around the turn in the distance come a group of cavalrymen, their horses lathered and their uniforms covered with dust, as they sweep past at a trot. Then two quartermaster's wagons come round the turn at a sharp trot. As the quartermaster's wagons draw near, the uniformed driver pulls the horses to a halt in front of the Army building, which is opposite the biggest and brightest saloon in town, the El Dorado.

One of the wagons is drawn up in front of the Army building. Several Army officers and four or five ladies have been waiting on the sidewalk in front of the Army office, and they flock to the wagon.

Two cavalrymen, one of them a captain, lift Lucy out; she is laid on one of the stagecoach seats. The ladies crowd round anxiously. Camera pans left as the cavalrymen carry Lucy towards the door.

CAPTAIN

Thank heaven you're safe, Lucy.

LUCY

Where's Richard? Is he all right?

CAPTAIN

He's all right, don't you worry.

Camera holds on a high angle shot of Lucy looking up from the stretcher as the ladies crowd round sympathetically.

FIRST LADY

It isn't a bad wound.

CAPTAIN

We'll take you to him immediately.

SECOND LADY

Where's the baby, dear?

Lucy looks up anxiously and everyone turns to look off to the right.

Dallas is standing in the doorway of the carriage with the baby bundled protectively in her arms. Two cavalrymen, standing one on each side of her, help her down the steps, and camera pans left as she comes up to the group of waiting ladies. A woman dressed as a nurse hurries forward and takes the baby away from her.

NURSE

I'll take the baby.

Then the woman goes off into the background followed by the other women, all cooing over the baby, and Lucy is revealed on the left still lying on the stretcher held by the cavalrymen.

LUCY

Dallas.

Dallas, seen close from below, moves forward, looking down at Lucy off-screen.

Lucy's head, seen close from above, lies on the stretcher on a pillow. She looks up at Dallas.

LUCY (CONT'D)

If there's ever anything I can do
for...

She falters, lowers her eyes and looks away.

Dallas looks down at Lucy sympathetically.

DALLAS

I know.

She takes off her shawl and throws it over Lucy on the stretcher.

Lucy looks up at Dallas as she gently draws the cloak over her.

CAVALRYMAN

(off)

All right, lady.

Lucy's head goes off at top of frame as the cavalrymen carry her away on the stretcher.

Dallas backs away as the cavalrymen move off into the background with Lucy. She pauses for a moment looking after them, then camera pans right with her as she goes over to the wagon and takes down her belongings from inside. She starts dusting off her hat, then looks up as a commotion is heard, off. Piano music comes from the saloons down the street. In the background, more cavalrymen ride across from left to right followed by the stagecoach itself, the tired horses walking, as some cowboys crowd round to watch. Camera pans slightly right as the stagecoach comes towards it.

Two seedy-looking characters are watching, leaning on a rail.

One of them mouths something.

The stagecoach comes forward slowly, seen in three-quarter front view with Ringo driving on the box, Buck, his arm in a sling, at his side, and Curly on the roof behind.

The two men watch in amazement. One man is thin with a drooping moustache, a cigar clamped in his teeth; the other is a short, fat little man whose eyebrows are raised in childish astonishment.

FAT MAN

(with a wheezy gasp)

It's the Ringo Kid!

Suddenly he turns and rushes away through the crowd behind him, hastily followed by the thin man. The other cowboys crowd forward to watch.

Ringo is driving slowly, Curly sitting silently beside him. The stagecoach moves slowly off, followed by a long procession

of curious bystanders, mainly cowboys.

In the El Dorado Saloon, a piano is banging out honky-tonk music amid the racket of a frontier saloon on Saturday night. Luke Plummer is sitting at a table playing poker, surrounded by the other players. A woman leans against his shoulder on one side. The last chip has been thrown into the pot.

LUKE
Aces and eights.

COWPUNCHER
(with a laugh as Luke
reaches for the pot)
Dead man's hand, Luke.

The two rabbit men who were watching Ringo in the street rush up to the tables, the fat one coming round beside Luke and addressing him.

FAT MAN
Ringo Kid's in town.

THIN MAN
Yeah, drivin' the stage.

Luke looks up at someone off-screen and we see his face for the first time: hard, unpleasant, dangerous. A Mexican in a broad sombrero now looks anxiously down at Luke off-screen.

Luke rises slowly to his feet, camera tilting up with him as his face moves into shadow. The woman looks up anxiously at his side.

LUKE
Mis hermanos! (My brothers!)

Cut back to the low angle close shot of the Mexican.

MEXICAN
Si, patron, un momento!

He turns and runs off.

Luke stands with his cards in his hands. He looks at them for a moment, then throws them down on the table.

A close-up shows the cards lying on the table: two black aces and two black eights.

Luke starts to move away.

The saloon is now seen in a reverse angle shot with the table in the foreground. Luke moves away from camera, pausing briefly to address his fellow players.

LUKE

Cash in.

Then he goes over to the bar in the background, his woman sidling after him. He puts an arm on the bar and turns back towards the room.

Cut on motion to Luke at the bar turning towards the room. Another cowpuncher moves past in the foreground as the Bartender, a fat man wearing a top hat, places a bottle of whiskey in front of Luke and pulls out the stopper. Looking rather apprehensive, he produces a glass and Luke pours himself a slug of whiskey.

A long line of men stand in profile at the bar, the one nearest camera moving out of frame to the left.

Luke puts down the bottle and raises his glass.

Luke, now seen in a low angle close-up, tosses the whiskey back in one gulp and swallows.

The men at the bar all look round uneasily and gradually start to move away.

Luke looks meanly to and fro.

At the piano at the rear, the pianist is pounding away stolidly, gazing at Luke off-screen; the woman stands behind him.

Luke looks from side to side with a vicious expression on his face, but he is obviously scared and trying to hide it under the show of meanness.

Dallas is still standing out in the street by the Army building. Two cavalymen pass in front of her, carrying a stretcher with Hatfield's body on it. She watches it pass,

then camera pans right with her as she moves towards a wagon, from which another stretcher is being taken carrying the wounded Peacock. The stretcher-bearers halt as Peacock addresses Dallas, holding out his hand to her, which she takes.

PEACOCK

Goodbye, Miss Dallas. If you ever come to Kansas City, Kansas, I want you to come out to see us.

DALLAS

Oh, thanks, Mister... er...

PEACOCK

Peacock.

The stretcher is carried off. Camera tracks slightly right, then out in front of Dallas as she moves away from the Army building. She suddenly stops and peers forward as we hear the jingle of a harness off. Seen across a rail fence, the stagecoach now comes up the street to join the wagons outside the Army building. We can hear the piano from the El Dorado Saloon playing somewhere nearby. Two men in shirtsleeves hurry up to the stagecoach and numerous bystanders crowd around.

ONE OF THE MEN

Hello, Buck! You got through all right!

BUCK

All right, Bill.

MAN

All right, folks, you're all right. Unload.

The door of the stagecoach opens and Gatewood steps out. One of the men advances towards him, brandishing a piece of paper.

MAN (CONT'D)

Here y'are, Doctor, will you sign this?

The door half-closes and then opens again as Doc Boone begins to emerge in the background.

Ringo and Buck are seen from below on the box. Buck leans forward wearily.

BUCK

Well...

GATEWOOD

(off)

Thank you.

BUCK

...Lordsburg.

He looks up at Ringo.

MAN

(off)

And you, Doctor.

Curly is now coming forward, holding his rifle and looking up at Ringo off-screen.

MAN

(off)

There you are, thank you.

CURLY

Well, Kid?

Cut back to Ringo and Buck on the box, as Ringo leans forward.

RINGO

Curly, how long'll they give me for
breakin' out?

Curly looks up at him.

CURLY

(quietly)

Oh, 'bout another year.

Ringo's expression hardens a fraction. Buck watches him anxiously.

RINGO
(after a pause)
You know where my ranch is?

CURLY
(off)
Yeah.

RINGO
Will you... see she gets there all
right?

Curly is a little surprised.

CURLY
Dallas?

Ringo looks straight ahead.

RINGO
Yeah. This is no town for a nice
girl like her.

He looks down at Curly.

Curly is touched.

RINGO
(off)
Will you do it?

CURLY
(slowly and gravely)
Sure.

At the front of the stagecoach, Doc Boone is visible behind the three men. The Sheriff, wearing a large stetson hat, comes up, followed by an inquisitive bystander.

SHERIFF
How are you, Marshal? Get my man
through all right?

He brandishes several pairs of handcuffs.

CURLY
I don't need them.

Gatewood, still rankling, taps the Sheriff's arm importantly and points up at Ringo, as they form part of a group which includes a portion of the crowd.

GATEWOOD

If you don't want to lose your
prisoner, Sheriff, you'd better take
him yourself.

The Sheriff, puzzled by having the driver of the stagecoach pointed out to him, turns and looks at Gatewood.

SHERIFF

What's your name, mister?

GATEWOOD

My name is Gatewood. Ellsworth H.
Gatewood.

SHERIFF

Gatewood. You didn't think they'd
have the telegraph wires fixed, did
you?

The Sheriff and a Deputy who has appeared on the left instantly leap upon Gatewood, who starts to struggle violently. Close-up of Gatewood struggling wildly as the Sheriff and his Deputy try to get the handcuffs on him. They finally succeed and camera pans left slightly as Gatewood is hustled away, followed by a crowd of delighted bystanders. As they go, Dallas is revealed standing by the wheels of the stagecoach. Soft music. Camera pans right and tracks out as she comes forward, to show the stagecoach in medium shot. Doc Boone is standing by the door, with the other three in their previous positions. Dallas stops by Doc Boone and Ringo climbs down from the box. He looks first at Dallas and then at Curly on the right.

Ringo and Curly are seen in profile.

RINGO

Can I meet you here in ten minutes?

Curly doesn't answer. He just stands looking at Dallas.

RINGO (CONT'D)
I gave you my word, Curly. I ain't
going back on it now.

Curly looks hard at Ringo, then hands him his rifle.

CURLY
No ammunition.

Ringo takes the gun and starts to take off his hat.

RINGO
I lied to you, Curly.

He takes some cartridges out from the inside of his hat, and shows them to Curly.

RINGO (CONT'D)
I got three left.

He puts his hat on again and walks off.

By the stagecoach, Dallas and Doc Boone stand on the left, Curly on the right. Ringo walks towards Dallas, loading his gun.

RINGO
(to Dallas)
Come on.

He takes her by the arm and leads her off as Doc Boone walks towards Curly.

Track low in front of Dallas and Ringo as they walk off down the street. Ringo works the catch on his gun. Slow music.

Doc Boone is facing Curly, with Buck on the box of the stagecoach behind them. They all turn and watch the couple go.

Stay on tracking shot of Ringo and Dallas, now seen in three-quarter front view. They pass the saloon. Camera pans slowly round so that it is tracking alongside and just ahead of them.

By Ringo's side, Dallas fumbles feverishly with her bag.

The doorway of the El Dorado Saloon is seen from behind the bar. Luke Plummer stands back to camera on the left at the bar. He whips out his pistol as two horses draw up at the door and two hard-looking men rush in -- Ike and Hank Plummer. They come up to Luke, who puts away his pistol and nods towards the door, where a group of bystanders are crowding round looking in anxiously. The farthest brother, wearing a hat, looks in the direction of Luke's gaze; at the same time, he grabs the whiskey bottle and reaches nervously for a glass. It clatters over the side of the bar and onto the floor. He looks scared at Luke and pours himself a drink. Luke comes round beside him and grabs the bottle. The man drinks and looks nervously from side to side again.

A line of men at the other end of the bar look on nervously.

Luke and his brother are now shown leaning on the bar in profile. They whip round towards camera, reaching for their guns as a noise is heard at the door.

Doc Boone wanders in, slamming the saloon door behind him. He comes up to the end of the bar facing the three men; he puts his black bag on the counter. Then he points at the whiskey bottle.

DOC

Can I have that?

A pause. Luke Plummer slings the whiskey bottle along the counter.

Doc Boone catches the bottle, looking quizzically up at Luke off-screen. He reaches for a glass and pours himself a slug, then raises the glass, his eyes still on Luke.

Cut back to Luke and his brothers, seen in profile, all looking meanly at Doc Boone off-screen.

Cut back to Doc Boone. He puts down his glass and looks innocently at Luke.

Cut back again to the Plummer brothers. Luke's face is contorted with anger and tension. He looks from Doc Boone to the Bartender and back again.

Now the bar is seen slightly from above with Doc Boone in back view in the foreground; Luke and his brothers are lined

against it on the right. The Bartender stands behind the bar, still in his top hat, one hand in his pocket. Luke stretches out his hand to the Bartender, his eyes still on Doc Boone.

LUKE

Give me the shotgun.

The Bartender does not react. Luke turns to him and says it again, this time louder.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Shotgun!

The Bartender produces a shotgun from beneath the counter and hands it nervously to Luke, who grabs it compulsively, smashing several glasses on the counter as he does so. The Bartender snaps his fingers at his fat assistant who appears on the left. They both go to a large ornate mirror which hangs on a wall behind the bar.

Looking anxiously at Luke off-screen, the Bartender and his assistant carefully lower the ornate mirror down below the bar counter.

Doc Boone and Luke keep on eyeing each other across the bar. Camera pans briefly right as the woman, seen earlier with Luke, rushes up behind him and seizes him by the arm.

WOMAN

Luke, please don't.

Luke thrusts her away savagely, camera panning right again as she lands in the arms of another woman and, recovering herself, rushes off upstairs.

Ringo and Dallas are still walking down the street, camera tracking in front of them. Neither looks at the other. Neither says anything. Her feet seem to drag as she walks, as if she never wanted to come to their destination. As the sequence continues, they walk in and out of shadows while music from bars and whorehouses comes and goes. Drunken laughter is heard off. They are obviously approaching the sleaziest quarter of town.

Pan and track slowly past a cat-house on the sidewalk; a girl sits on the steps. Bawdy laughter comes from inside,

while a 'professor' can be seen pounding the piano through the cracked glass of the doorway.

Cut back to Ringo and Dallas still plodding forward. Here the music changes to a violin and piano playing a waltz.

Track sideways past a couple of similar establishments, Dallas walking ahead of Ringo in the foreground. Then track in behind them as they go towards the top of some steps, where Dallas halts and looks up at Ringo. Behind her is an alley of sleazy-looking houses with lighted windows. Dallas looks desperately up at Ringo, who is partly visible in back view.

DALLAS
(hopelessly)
Well, Kid, I...
(she pauses)
...I told you not to follow me.

Her face is hard and bitter with despair.

Dallas starts to go away down the steps into the alley, as Ringo stands watching in the foreground. She breaks into a desperate run, then halts as Ringo calls to her.

RINGO
Dallas!

She does not turn as Ringo comes down the steps after her. Slow music.

Dallas has her hand on the rail as Ringo comes up just behind her, too bewildered to say anything. Close-up of Dallas from the side looking away from him silently.

Low angle close-up of Ringo looking at her, full of concern.

RINGO
I asked you to marry me, didn't I?

Cut back to Dallas seen in profile. She finally turns towards Ringo with tears in her eyes.

DALLAS
(choking)
I'll never forget you asked me, Kid.
That's something.

RINGO
(holding out his
wrists, his voice
calm)
See them scars? Handcuffs... Scars
wear off, Dallas.

He puts his hands on her shaking shoulders

RINGO
I ain't gonna give you a chance to
forget me. You wait here.

He turns and strides off to the left. Dallas turns to watch him go, looking after him as if she can't believe what she has heard. The quiet music ends.

In the El Dorado Saloon, everybody waits in a tense silence. Luke Plummer stands on the left of the bar with his brothers Ike and Hank. A card game is going on at a table on the right. The door suddenly opens and everybody dives down, their hands over their heads, as the Plummer brothers whip round, their guns out. Buck appears at the door, his arm in a sling. He gives a hoarse shout of fear as he sees the Plummer brothers turned towards him, their guns at the ready.

Buck stands at the door, petrified. He waggles his fingers placatingly and speaks in a terrified falsetto.

BUCK
...Er... er... Ringo said he would
be passing this way in six or seven
minutes.

He grins again placatingly and suddenly bolts out of the door, slamming it behind him.

Cut back to Luke and his brothers, who pocket their pistols. Luke swings the sawn-off shotgun into the crook of his arm and jerks his head to his brothers.

LUKE
(Urgently)
Come on.

They stride towards the left, camera panning with them, and

come up against Doc Boone, who has come round from the end of the bar to block their way. His tone is amiable, but firm.

DOC

I'll take that shotgun, Luke.

Close-up of Luke facing Doc Boone, who is in back view.

LUKE

You'll take it in the belly, if you don't get out of my way.

Doc Boone stares grimly at Luke, off-screen.

DOC

[If it can stand the kind of whiskey they sell here, it can stand lead.]
I'll have you indicted for murder if you step outside with that shotgun.

He holds out his hand as if he were only asking for the wrist of a patient.

Luke stares at Doc Boone hard for a moment, then grins.

The two of them stand by the end of the bar, Luke's two brothers behind him, the fat Bartender in the background.

Luke tosses the gun on the bar with a clatter.

LUKE

Well, I'll tend to you later.

He thrusts Doc Boone brutally aside, camera panning left slightly, then strides off, followed by his brothers. Doc Boone comes forward to the bar again, grinning; he mops his brow and takes the whiskey bottle from the fat Bartender, who has come forward and thrust it towards him. He pours a slug, drinks it fast, then sets the glass down with a sigh. He gasps to the Bartender, who has been watching with bulging eyes:

DOC

Don't ever let me do that again.

The Bartender grins sympathetically and pushes the whiskey bottle towards him again.

In the street outside, Luke's woman is leaning over the third-floor balcony above the bar.

WOMAN

Luke!

She tosses down a rifle. Camera tilts rapidly down with it to the sidewalk, where Luke catches it, his brothers standing on either side. Luke cocks the gun and they all look warily from side to side, then stride off to the left past a lamp.

LUKE

(calling up)

Thanks.

And the three brothers move forward again, scanning the empty street ahead of them.

The Plummer brothers come round the side of the saloon, looking warily around them. A cat runs across in front of them. Medium close-up of the trio. Hank draws his gun and fires at the cat.

The cat scuttles away round a corner.

Cut back to the three brothers, as Ike gives a high-pitched laugh.

IKE

Hank missed him with four feet.

At a street corner, people scatter. A man rides towards camera on horseback with two other horses in tow.

Outside the El Dorado Saloon, cowboys are unlooping the reins of their mustangs from the hitching posts and leading them into corrals. The street is rapidly emptying.

Through the open door of a print shop, we see an old Type-setter in shirt-sleeves, a green eyeshade on his brow, bent over a type box beside an old-fashioned printing press. Track in as the Editor hurriedly enters from the street, taking off his jacket as he goes. On the window is lettered: LORDSBURG SENTINEL. The old Type-setter straightens up as the Editor bustles in, and camera holds on them as they face each other across the press.

EDITOR

Hey, Billy! Billy! Kill that story
about the Republican Convention in
Chicago. Take this down.

He points out into the street.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

'The Ringo Kid was killed on Main
Street in Lordsburg tonight...'

He slaps his hand on the press and points his finger at the
surprised Type-setter.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

'...and among the additional dead
were...' Leave that blank for a while.

Camera pans slightly right as the Editor comes forward and
looks out into the street.

TYPE-SETTER

(following him)

I didn't hear no shooting, Ed.

He puts his hands anxiously on the Editor's shoulders and
looks out past him.

EDITOR

You will, Billy, you will.

Cut to a long shot of the street, a gas-lamp in the
foreground. Two women scurry across the street, while a
rancher drives a buckboard hitched to two horses at a tearing
pace down the street out of town. The street empties as the
three Plummer brothers, now spread out, stalk warily towards
camera. Low music. The brothers look behind them as they
advance, then pause and look round, standing closer together.

Cut to another long shot of the street, where the Plummers'
shadows loom against the far walls. They walk slowly into
view. Simultaneously, Ringo appears from the shadow in back
view in the foreground. Everyone pauses as they see each
other, then Ringo and the trio start to move slowly towards
each other.

Ringo is now seen in reverse angle, stalking slowly towards camera, his footsteps loud on the board sidewalk in the empty night; he comes into a shaft of light, cocking his gun as he goes. He goes out of frame to the left.

Now the Plummer brothers are seen from below, stalking forward, their guns leveled. The music gets louder. They move out of shot.

Ringo is still coming slowly forward in the gloom. The music gets louder still, pounding in time with his feet. Suddenly, Ringo throws himself to the ground, firing as he goes, then feverishly starts reloading his rifle.

Dallas is still standing at the foot of the steps where Ringo left her. She turns and looks up anxiously, as a volley of shots rings out, echoed by a chorus of screams from the whores in the nearby cat-houses. Silence falls. Dallas reacts with anguish. She hurries anxiously up the steps towards camera, calling Ringo's name as she goes.

DALLAS

Ringo... Ringo... Ringo!

She halts at the top of the steps, looks anxiously off to the right, then her shoulders droop and she sinks her head despairingly down against the post at the side of the steps. There is a look of death in her face.

In the interior of the El Dorado Saloon, cowboys are crowded round the door, looking out. The door is flung open and Luke Plummer stands unsteadily in the doorway. He looks from side to side, then advances towards the bar with leaden feet. As he reaches the end of the bar, he staggers and falls, grabbing at the bar as he goes. He lands on his back, dead. Camera tilts down to show his corpse from above.

Dallas stands, dejected and beaten, at the top of the steps, her head resting on her hands. Track in as she raises her head when slow heavy footsteps are heard off. She rushes towards Ringo, as he appears from the right of frame in back view, and falls in his arms. Ringo holds her close to him; Dallas is crying in earnest now, her throat too full of feeling for a word to pass. The music, which has been playing softly, now reaches a climax. They stand locked in each other's arms.

As they stand clasped in one another's arms, a buckboard drives into frame from the left with Curly at the reins and Doc Boone behind. Doc Boone gets out.

CURLY

Ready, Kid?

Curly is seen in medium close-up on the front of the buckboard with the couple standing behind him, looking round at him. Ringo comes forward, followed by Dallas.

RINGO

Thanks, Curly.

Curly gets down from the driver's seat. Ringo starts to get up, then pauses. He turns to Dallas.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Curly's going to see that you get to
my place across the Border.

She nods, looking up at him. Ringo gets up onto the vehicle and Doc Boone comes forward in the background beside Dallas.

RINGO (CONT'D)

Well.

He puts out his hand.

RINGO

Goodbye, Dallas.

Dallas leans forward and clasps his hand in both of hers.

DALLAS

(almost in a whisper)
Goodbye.

CURLY

(in back view in the
foreground)
Maybe you would like to ride a way
with the Kid.

DALLAS

Please.

She gets up beside Ringo. Curly moves out of frame to the left. Doc Boone arranges a shawl around Dallas's shoulders, then does likewise. They sit there, waiting for Curly to climb up, too.

Curly and Doc Boone both move towards the back of the vehicle and each picks up a stone from the ground. Then they seem to go insane, for suddenly they both hurl their stones at the horses' rumps, yelling. The horses gallop off with the buckboard, nearly spilling Dallas from the seat and leaving Curly and Doc Boone shouting and waving their hats in the air.

DOC BOONE AND CURLY

Hiya, giddap, hiya, hiya, hiya!

Now the two men both take a step towards camera, shouting and waving their hats and grinning as the buckboard moves away off-screen. They chuckle contentedly and put their hats back on their heads.

DOC

Well, that's saved them the blessings
of civilization.

CURLY

Yeah.

He laughs, then taps Doc Boone on the shoulder.

CURLY (CONT'D)

Doc...

He removes his Marshal's badge from his lapel.

CURLY (CONT'D)

I'll buy you a drink.

He puts the badge in his pocket.

DOC

(waving a finger)

Just one.

The two men laugh. Curly puts his arm round Doc Boone and they walk off to the left.

Darkness still lies over the land, but sunrise lightens the clouds on the horizon, as the buckboard moves swiftly away from camera into the distance, carrying Ringo and Dallas to their new life. Loud music and the words THE END appear and fade out before the end credits.