

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE

FINAL

10/24/68

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1 SCRIPT

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Title _____ THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE

Signed _____

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE

screenplay by

**John Crawford & Edmond Penney
and Gordon Dawson**

based on a story by

John Crawford & Edmond Penney

Oct. 24, 1968

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Presents

A Phil Feldman Production

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE

Technicolor

Jason Robards	as	Cable Hogue
Stella Stevens	as	Hildy
David Warner	as	Joshua

Co-Starring

Strother Martin	as	Bowen
Slim Pickens	as	Ben
L. Q. Jones	as	Taggart
Peter Whitney	as	Cushing
R. G. Armstrong	as	Quittner

Featuring

Gene Evans	as	Clete
William Mims	as	Jensen
Kathleen Freeman	as	Mrs. Jensen
Susan O'Connell	as	Claudia
Vaughn Taylor	as	Powell
Felix Nelson	as	William

Executive Producer Phil Feldman
Produced and Directed by
Sam Peckinpah
Co-Producer William Faralla
Written by John Crawford & Edmund Penney
Director of Photography L. Ballard, A.S.C.
Art Director Leroy Coleman
Sound by Don Rush
Film Editors Frank Santillo, Lou Lombardo
Set Decorator Jack Mills
Special Effects by Bud Hulburd
Unit Production Manager Dink Templeton
Dialogue Supvr. Frank Kowalski
Costumes for Miss Stevens by
Robert Fletcher
Titles Created by Latigo Productions
Assistant Director John Gaudio

Music by Jerry Goldsmith
Associate Producer Gordon Dawson
Songs: "Tomorrow is the Song I Si
Music by Jerry Goldsmith
Lyrics by Richard Gillis
"Wait for Me, Sunrise"
Music & Lyrics by R. Gillis
Both sung by Richard Gillis
"Butterfly Mornings"
Music & Lyrics by R. Gillis
Orchestrations by Arthur Morton
Music Supervised by Sonny Burke
Makeup Men: Gary Liddiard,
Al Fleming
Hair Stylist Kathy Blondell
Publicist Hank Fine

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE

CHARACTERS

- CABLE HOGUE.....Prospector; a desert rat.
A man who's been thrown an
axe to grind and does it
to a fine edge.
- JOSHUA DUNCAN SLOANE.....Hell-fire circuit-rider who
knows that by understanding
the evils of drink and sin
he can find salvation and
never stops looking.
- HILDY.....Deadwater working girl --
sweet, a little past prime --
a long time past the first
primrose.
- BEN FAIRCHILD.....Head driver on the Kimball
and Humbolt Stageline.
- WEBB SEELY.....The shotgun. Both know
when to pull up.
- TAGGART.....A one-armed sonofabitch, one
of Hogue's partners. Black-
hearted, vicious, and very
good at both.
- BOWEN.....The other partner. More to
be conquered than pitied --
but it never works that way.
- J.E. QUITTNER.....Branch officer of the Kimball
and Humbolt Stageline in
Deadwater. He could be a
branch officer anywhere and
fail just as badly and still
blame it on bad luck.
- STEVE CUSHING.....Owner and President of the
Deadwater Bank -- owners and
presidents usually have a
reason for being owners and
presidents -- Steve Cushing
does -- he's come a long way
and he never even knew he
started.

CHARACTERS (Cont.d)

2.

BIG JACK.....Intruder at the well.

**THE JENSENS.....Stage passengers -- they run
narrow -- but deep --
knee deep.**

POWELL.....Land Office manager.

**CLETE, THE AVENGING HUSBAND.....He likes being the avenging
husband -- it gives him a
reason to pound on people
and not his wife -- a well-
adjusted, righteous communi-
subleader -- beware -- it's
his game -- and Joshua know
it -- Cable doesn't.**

**CLAUDIA.....Sweet, bereaved and ripe for
Joshua's kind of plucking.**

And:

Passengers, Bank Tellers, Cattlemen, Townfolk, Clerk, Kids, etc.

CHANGE
1/8/69
1.

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

- 1 A LARGE GILA MONSTER IGNORES THE DUST of a soft-whistling desert wind as it suns itself on a flat rock, glaring beady-eyed O.S. After a moment, a shadow moves around it and the CAMERA PULLS BACK as CABLE HOGUE, whistling softly through his teeth, crouches and stares back at the lizard with an unblinking concentration that matches the reptile's

Cable is a weathered, dust-covered desert rat. His clothes are dirty, ragged; sweat-stained and old.

Behind him is his burro loaded with provisions and gear; picks, shovels, panning-cradle and a rifle.

The desert wind drops off, but the man's whistling continues tuneless -- ghostly.

- 2 CABLE LOOKS AT THE LIZARD, the lizard looks back at Hogue.

HOGUE

You ain't but part poison and I'm hungry for meat.

The gila doesn't answer. Hogue makes a slow pass with his hand and the gila lumbers up and snaps at it. Hogue laughs softly, and draws his knife. The lizard watches -- then:

- 3 EXPLODES INTO A MASS OF BLOOD AND GUTS AND THE SOUND of a nearby rifle echoes into the distance.

- 4 CABLE ROLLS FOR THE BURRO AND GRABS THE TIE ROPE as the animal starts to bolt.

HOGUE

(calling out)

Taggart?

(after a moment)

All right, fellers, but don't carry a good thing too far -- you pecker woods already raised hell with our supper.

- 5 ANOTHER BULLET RICOCHETS OFF A NEARBY ROCK and Cable hastily rolls again.

HOGUE

Bowen?

(with growing concern)

Now, fellers...

TAGGART (OS)

Get away from your jack!

Hogue looks off:

- 6 TAGGART APPEARS SHIMMERING IN THE HEAT.

He is a tall man in scarecrow attire; a black slouch-hat, a black tailcoat and pants that have seen better days. One sleeve of the coat is pinned to his shoulder; he's missing an arm. He carries a rifle aimed at Hogue as he walks forward slowly.

TAGGART

Move!

- 7 HOGUE HESITATES, turns, watches as:

- 8 BOWEN APPEARS AND MOVES TOWARD HIM. Bowen wears baggy clothing, topped by a battered derby. He is a smaller, stockier, dirtier man than Taggart.

- 9 HOGUE, TRAPPED BETWEEN THE TWO, stands, backs off, laughing a little shakily.

HOGUE

Find any water?

But they don't answer.

- 10 BOWEN STARTS OFF WITH Hogue's burro, crossing in front of Taggart who still holds a gun on Hogue. As the burro passes:

11 CABLE QUICKLY GRABS HIS RIFLE from the pack, steps clear, levering a shell into the chamber.

12 TAGGART AND BOWEN HESITATE FOR a brief instant then laugh softly. Turn away: It's all been a joke.

HOGUE

I 'preciate humor -- but I'm beginnin' to think you boys are cutting it a mite thin.

13 TAGGART BEGINS TO GUM a cigar stub.

TAGGART

What else we got to do?

14 BOWEN TIES THE BURRO -- crosses to the Gila remains.

BOWEN

(laughing softly)
Had you shaking, Cable.

HOGUE

(relaxing a little)
What'd you find?

TAGGART

10,000 gallons of sand -- that's what we found --

15 HOGUE SHAKES HIS head. The rifle sags.

16 BOWEN, BENDING OVER THE REMAINS of the Gila, straightens, steps to Hogue with the tail. Hogue reaches for it.

17 TAGGART LEAPS FORWARD, SLAMS THE RIFLE AWAY FROM Hogue. Bowen picks it up, jams it in Hogue's gut.

BOWEN

You damn fool. You had us.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED

There is a peal of laughter from Taggart who begins to lead away the burro. Hogue watches them, realizing he is being robbed and left to die.

TAGGART

It's just like you said, Hogue --
There's enough water for two but
not for three --

18 THE TWO MEN AND THE BURRO AND THE REMAINING water
go on.

HOGUE

(disbelieving)

For God's sake! Leave me a
little -- !

BOWEN:

(singing,
improvising)

Ol' Cable was yellor, ol' Cable was white
Ol' Cable was dying -- but that was all right --
For Taggart and Bowen as slick as you please,
Picked up all the water and left for the trees.

Taggart laughs wildly and the voices fade.

19 HOGUE STANDS SLOWLY WATCHING THEM DISAPPEAR -- then
starts following, stops abruptly as:20 A BULLET KICKS UP SAND NEAR HIM. He drops on all
fours.21 BOWEN, TAGGART AND BURRO DISAPPEAR over the horizon
with a final distant PEAL of laughter. Hogue rises
from the ground.22 THEY ARE GONE: and he is completely alone. He turns,
looking at:23 THE DESOLATION OF THE EMPTY DESERT, listening to the
keening of the wind.

- 24 HOGUE CROSSES, SQUATS ON THE SAND, picks up the remains of the gila. Already it has begun to dry into parchment-like shreds.

HOGUE

(quietly)

Call me yellor and leave me to dry
up and blow away -- Sing a song
about it -- Laugh about old Cable
Hogue, huh?!

He leaps from the ground, looks up and around at the:

- 25 DESERT AND THE SHEER, UNSCALABLE WALLS OF THE MOUNTAINS that surround him in the far distance.

HOGUE

(shouting)

I'll get out...don't you worry none
about that! You worry 'bout when I
get out -- 'cause I'm going to find
you Taggart -- and you Bowen --
you mealy-mouthed little pimp -- you
never could tell gold sign from
horseshit -- and there's a difference --
a big difference.

- 26 A BLAST OF WIND WRAPS HIM IN SAND and his words are lost. He turns his back, covers his head with his coat, then whirls and yells loud enough to be heard:

HOGUE

I'm going to live to spit on your
graves! Both of you!!

Gable spits and the wind dies. He looks about him for the best way out. The only break in the mountain range surrounding the desert flats is a:

- 27 FAR, DISTANT GAP TOWARD the west. Hogue starts off toward it.

TITLES OVER A SERIES OF ANGLES - DAY AND NIGHT

- 28 HOGUE WALKING THE DESERT

- 29 THE SUN BLINDING HIM

- 30 THE WIND SUCKING THE MOISTURE OUT OF HIS BODY.

- 31 THE NEAR-FREEZING TEMPERATURE of the high desert night forcing him to keep moving. Finally, as:
- 32 THE SUN WARMS THE DESERT, HE STAGGERS, then falls, rolls over, and is instantly asleep.
- 33 HOGUE WAKES UP, BLINDED BY THE SUN, SITS UP, STANDS, tries to spit, can't; tries to talk, can -- but words don't come easily.

HOGUE

(finally)

Ain't had no water since yesterday...

(glancing up)

Lord. I'm gettin' kinda thirsty...

Just thought I'd mention it -- Amen.

He cuts another look up at the heavens, then resuming his tuneless whistle, he walks on.

- 34 HOGUE WALKING, GETTING DRYER.
- 35 THE SUN GETTING HOTTER.
- 36 THE SUN COMING UP AND THE MOUNTAINS GETTING FARTHER AWAY.
- 37 HOGUE WALKS, STOPS, TURNS SLOWLY AROUND, GLANCING UPWARD from under the brim of his hat.
- 38 THE DESERT - A FULL THREE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREES. NOTHING MOVES. If anything, it is more barren than before.
- 39 HOGUE THINKS THIS OVER, LOOKS UP.

HOGUE

(scowling a little)

Yesterday I said I was thirsty, and I thought you might turn up a little water...now, if I sinned, you send me a little water and I won't do it no more... whateverin hell it was I did --

(pause)

...I mean it, Lord.

He turns, moves away into the distance.

40 A MERE SPECK AGAINST the floor of the desert.

41 IN THE F.G. IS ROLLING DESERT TERRAIN. In the b.g. is a sun parched mountain range. Then the SOUND of wind brings the:

42 FIRST WISPS OF A SANDSTORM AND IN THE DISTANCE THE FIGURE OF CABLE HOGUE STAGGERING FORWARD. Hogue is caked with dust. The sandstorm is building...blinding.

HOGUE

(trying to yell over
the storm, failing)

Nigh four days without water...If
you don't think I put in my suffrin'
yet, Lord, you better try goin' dry
for a spell!!

43 HOGUE STOPS, LOOKS HEAVENWARD. His lips are swollen. He is dying.

HOGUE

(hoarse whisper, warningly)

Listen to me! I don't get some soon,
I ain't going to have no chance to
repent!

He pauses, waits for that to sink in, then puts it straight to the Lord.

HOGUE

Well, Lord?

He waits for an answer, gets none, turns, staggers on. A brutal blast of wind:

44 THROWS HIM TO HIS KNEES. He looks up, angered.

HOGUE

Careful -- you're 'bout to get my
dander up!

He manages to get to his feet, drags on a few more steps and stops. He has reached the point of total exhaustion, swaying as the wind whips at his clothes. His lips can barely move.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/8/69
8.

44

CONTINUED

HOGUE

You want the book words?

(no answer)

Well, I'll try -- but that don't
mean their worth a tinker's dam!

(mumbling; trying to
remember)

Our Father...hollowed...be yer...yer?

He can't remember; delves deeper into memory and comes up
with:

HOGUE

Now I...lay me down...down..to
sleep...I...I...

Suddenly he knows he is dying, but he can't remember the
password to the Pearly Gates.

HOGUE

(giving up)

Lord, you call it --

(then)

Ah, hell, I'm just plain done in.

But the only answer is the wind-shattered LAUGH of Taggart
and slowly:

45

THE TATTERED, BROKEN FIGURE CRUMPLES FORWARD to his knees.
His face half-buried in the sand. He tries to lift his
head but falls back, rolling over on one side. His eyes
are glazed.

HOGUE

Amen...and to hell with the
bunch quitters!

His dust-caked eyelids flutter and then slowly he reacts to

46

THE OUTLINE OF HIS SHOE half-seen through the blowing sand.
He reaches for his leg trying desperately to drag his shoe
up and into focus and he does, staring half-blindly at:

47

DRIPPING MUD CAKED ON THE LEATHER. He slowly reaches out
and in fear and disbelief picks off a piece.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(muttering)

If you ain't serious, Lord, you
sure as hell are running out
my string.

There is no answer except the wind. He tastes the mud. I
is wet! He grins and starts crawling back, trying to re-
trace his tracks in the sand, but:

48 THE STORM HAS COVERED THEM. He flounders, sags, then
reacts to:

49 HALF-BURIED TRACKS a few yards off.

50 HE DRAGS HIMSELF LIKE A CRAB ALONGSIDE THE TRACKS. Sudder-
ly he comes upon a dark patch in the sand. He stares at
it for a moment, then touches it tentatively and then in a
sudden, wild spasm, starts digging furiously with both
hands. He is sobbing. As he digs deeper, the muddy sand
becomes watery mud. He scoops out a handful, makes a ball
of it, holds it up and rolls over on his back and:

51 SQUEEZES OUT A FEW DROPS of water onto his parched, crack-
lips. He rolls over onto his stomach, rooting, sobbing,
drinking whatever he can. Lifting his mud-smeared face from
the hole, he spits out a mouthful of almost sucked-dry
earth and croaks in exultation, forgetting God; taking all
the credit:

HOGUE

I told you I was gonna live!
This is Cable Hogue talkin'!
Hogue! Hogue! Cable Hogue!!

Then his voice is lost in the howling, laughing wind and:

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT. DESERT WATERHOLD - DAY - DAWN EFFECT

THE STORM HAS SUBSIDED. HOGUE IS LYING ALONGSIDE THE MUD
HOLE...almost circling it with his body. Some distance
away is a 40-foot slow rising ridge topped by a rock for-
mation.

Although exhausted, Hogue is not sleeping soundly. The
SOUND of the desert wind (always vaguely resembling the
last laugh of Taggart) grows into a howl.

53 HIS EYES OPEN WIDE AND HE SITS BOLD UPRIGHT, listening to the SOUND of laughter under the wind. It grows louder. Hogue, close to panic, springs to his feet, as the laughter now punctuated by distant shots and ricochets.

54 HE WHIRLS, BACKS UP, his face twisted with hate and fear, then almost falls as his heels hit a high, hard rise in the sand. He turns, looks down at:

55 WAGON RUTS IN THE GROUND. It is a road -- now blown clean of sand. The laughter is gone. Only the sound of the wind remaining.

HOGUE

(kneeling)

Tracks...deep enough for wagons --
Wagons -- stage coaches -- buckboards --
with kids and mamas -- people! Goin'
somewhere on a road! -- And I'm on
it - just waitin' -- me and my water
hole --

(laughing)

I whipped them bastards now all I
got to do is -- wait.

Hogue stands tall -- turns and now looks at:

56 THE WATERHOLE -- it is some 40 yards from the road almost impossible to see because of the ridge on one side and a high sage growth that masks it, on the other. He turns to:

57 THE MOUNTAIN GAP HE CAME THROUGH, clear and forbidding in the far distance.

HOGUE

(calling out)

Taggart!! Bowen!! It's a big
country -- it's a big desert!! But
you'll have to be comin' out. Sooner
or later you'll be turnin' up! An'
when you do...

58 HE PICKS UP A LONG, DEAD BRANCH, STRIPS IT as he crosses to the spring.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

HOGUE
By God, I'll be here!

He rams the stick into the ground with a vengeance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY (EVENING EFFECT)

59 HOGUE IS CROUCHED OVER A TINY FIRE, slowly building it up. There is a faint jingle of harness. Hogue turns:

60 OVER THE HORIZON A STAGECOACH APPROACHES. Hogue drops his wood, hurriedly ties his shoe and runs for the wagon road.

61 ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE STAGECOACH are two men: BEN FAIRCHILD, the driver, and WEBB SEELY, the shotgun. Webb is dressed in homespun and not so simple.

Ben is dressed in a suit and wears a high-crowned hat that never earned him a dime in his life. They sight Hogue and pass. Hogue hollers after them.

WEBB

He alone?

BEN

(stopping the horses)
Looks like it.

Webb cocks his shotgun, looks back as Hogue runs to catch up.

62 JENSEN, A FAT MAN NOW GROWN LEAN CARRYING THE TRUTHS of Mary Baker Eddy - or possibly an inspired eastern Adventist, or a graduate of any run-of-the-mill hardshell and hardsell Baptist glory factory, sticks his head out of the stagecoach window.

JENSEN

(sharply)
Something the matter? Why are we stopping? Are we in trouble?

They don't answer, watching:

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12.

63 HOGUE, WHO PULLS UP, WINDED.

HOGUE
Nice evenin', fellers.

64 WEBB AND BEN EXCHANGE LOOKS. Ben turns to Jensen.

BEN
He is -- we ain't.

JENSEN
(to Hogue)
You're a long way from home...

HOGUE
(grinning)
I'm half way to hell and looking
for help.

WEBB
(liking him)
You've got it, pilgrim.

JENSEN
You've fallen among good hands,
my friend -- the Gospel says --

BEN
Want a ride in?

JENSEN
He can ride inside with us --
Matthew, Chapter 2, verse 3,
clearly states.

65 JUDITH, Jensen's wife, sticks her head out the window,
looks and whines:

JUDITH
Daniel -- are you sure -- ?

CONTINUED

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13.

65 CONTINUED

JENSEN

Shh!

(pulling her back in)

I have told you never to question
my judgement... Matthew, Chapter 2 --

He stops as Ben pulls out a bottle and passes it
to Hogue; drinks deeply, passes the bottle back.
Webb, then Ben, drink deeply.

Jensen, looking out the window, doesn't like what
he's heard or what he sees.

WEBB

We're near half way -- but you can
ride -- for -- say three --

HOGUE

(shaking his head)

If sugar was two cents a barrel --
I couldn't afford a pinch of salt
or the egg to put it on... I was
robbed 'bout 5 days back.

66 THE JENSENS' HEADS SNAP BACK.

MRS. JENSEN

Where?

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

Hogue turns to her, touches the brim of his hat.

HOGUE

They nailed me out there on the flats, ma'am. Took everything I had up to and including my patient, good-natured and somewhat broken down jackass. He was an onery sonofabitch, ma'am, begging your pardon, but he was mine -- and carried water -- losen' him did gravel me some.

The heads snap back inside the coach.

Webb and Ben quietly tickled by Hogue, pass him the bottle -- Hogue drinks.

WEBB

Mister, you oughta be damned glad you're alive.

(the heads come out again)

Beg pardon, Ma'am.

JENSEN

Your language is disgusting.

BEN

Well, I know that mister --

(then, as Hogue passes him the bottle)

Hell, climb on up. You can ride free.

Hogue takes a step up, stops, looks off at the:

67

STICK AND SHIRT THAT MARK THE HIDDEN SITE OF THE MUDHOLE
Hesitates.

JENSEN

(from coach)

Driver?! It's getting late --

CONTINUED

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15.

67 CONTINUED

WEBB

Don't fret. your honor -- we're
just fixin' to leave. Soon as
I count my money --

68 HE SWINGS OFF THE SEAT TO THE GROUND and moves toward
the rear of the coach. Jensen's head pops out of the
window.

JENSEN

As soon as you what?!

WEBB

As soon as I water my mule!

Jensen's head pops back inside. Hogue takes another
drink. Ben takes another drink, passes the bottle back.
Hogue kills it, throws it away.

HOGUE

How far into town?

BEN

(pointing ahead)
Deaddog's about...

WEBB (OS)

Twenty miles.

BEN

(indicating road
behind)
Gila City.

WEBB

(returning)
Same...Twenty miles.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(as Ben drinks)

Looks like you could use another
stop.

BEN

(passing bottle)

No good without water.

HOGUE

(as Webb drinks)

No water between Gila and
Deaddog?

WEBB

(passing bottle)

Nope -- but it don't seem to
bother me none --

Hogue drinks deep -- whistles a little, makes a slow turn,
knocks off another big one, passes the bottle back.

HOGUE

(as Ben drinks)

Be worth a lot -- if a feller
was to find it...?

Ben reaches for breath, then belches loudly; The Jensens'
heads appear. Webb snarls at them, the heads disappear.

BEN

Worth more 'en gold.

JENSEN

(from inside coach;
impatiently)

Driver, it's gettin' dark!!!

WEBB

(taking the bottle)

Well, it usually does 'bout this
time...every summer -- damndest
thing you ever saw.

He drinks deeply. Ben lights a lantern and hangs it on the
seat.

BEN

You got enough water to carry you?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

Cable hesitates, then nods.

BEN
(to Webb)
Give him some grub.

Webb throws down their lunch sack.

JENSEN
(yelling)
I demand that you start this vehicle!

69 CABLE, BEN AND WEBB LOOK AT EACH OTHER, GRIN, then all have another drink, then Webb jerks the knot that holds all the baggage on top of the wagon. Ben tosses the nearly empty bottle to Hogue.

HOGUE
(genuinely touched)
Well, now...this sure...well, many thanks, fellers...many thanks till you're better paid.

Ben sets the brakes hard, puts the whip to the horses and as the horses bolt, he slaps loose the brake and:

70 THE STAGE SHOOTS AHEAD AND AS IT DOES: the baggage flies off.

BEN
(yelling)
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

HOGUE
(yelling after them)
When you comin' back through?

BEN
(yelling, without looking back)
Next week. Sure you don't want to come in with us?

HOGUE
(shouting, as they disappear)
No!
(then, to himself)
It's goin' to be --
(turns toward the desert)
...right here, Hogue, right here!

CONTINUED

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18.

70 CONTINUED

Then, as he begins to retrieve the baggage, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - WATERHOLE - DAY - A SERIES OF ANGLES:

71 HOGUE UNPACKING THE BAGGAGE, trying on one of Jensen's coats, liking it.

72 HOGUE WANDERING THE WAGON ROAD, finding a rusted shovel blade -- nails, driftwood and old lumber and other debris, thrown away as useless from years of weary, over-loaded wagons.

73 OMITTED.

74 DIGGING INTO THE SPRING WITH IT: the hole is now about 2 feet deep and 6 feet square.

75 WATER SEEPING IN, the hole filling up.

76 OMITTED.

77 RABBITS IN A SNARE, hands freeing them - hands skinning them.

78 RABBITS ROASTING ON a spit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPRING - DAY

79 BUILDING AN IMPROVISED FENCE, HOGUE PAUSES, takes a dry gourd-cup hanging from a mesquite branch standing upright alongside the spring. A scrapwood shelter has been built. Hogue drinks, wipes his brows with mud-caked sleeve.

Something catches his attention. He freezes, then shakes his eyes to see:

CHANGE
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19.

80 A RIDER IN A SMALL CLOUD OF DUST coming at a gallop toward
the spring.

81 HOGUE RUNS TO THE SPRING as:

82 THE HORSE AND RIDER PULL UP. The stranger is a big, mean-
looking sonofabitch with a stubble beard.

83 HOGUE, TRYING TO APPEAR CALM, nods a greeting, as he
studies the intruder.

STRANGER

Where's the water?

HOGUE

(indicating the spring)

Right there -- all you can drink...
fer...

(gulping)

ten cents.

STRANGER

Outta my way.

The stranger kicks his horse in the side, rides past
Hogue, almost knocking him down.

84 THE SIDE OF THE HORSE is deeply cut and bloody from the
rider's spurs.

85 HOGUE REACTS TO THIS and begins to sweat. The stranger
reins in, dismounts. He ignores the dipper, ducks his
whole head in the water. The stranger comes up for air,
water trickling down his face.

HOGUE

That's my drinkin' water!

STRANGER

(with contempt)

Your water!:

HOGUE

My water -- I found it where it
wasn't -- my land -- my water.

STRANGER

Here's my pay --

CONTINUED

CHANGE
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20.

85 CONTINUED

The stranger spits into the well.

HOGUE

(with forced calm, crossing toward the horse)

You shouldn't 'a done that.

The stranger dunks a bandana and squeezes it out over the well. Hogue steps behind the horse.

STRANGER

's that right?

Then he tenses as the SOUND of a shell being levered into the breach of a 30-30 is heard.

86 THE STRANGER TURNS SLOWLY, knowing the sound.

87 HOGUE IS HOLDING THE RIFLE ON HIM.

STRANGER

(starting for Hogue)

You gimme that rifle.

HOGUE

(softly)

I'll give you what's in it --

The stranger stops, starts to tell Hogue off, reconsiders, then mounts his horse.

HOGUE

Stop in again. Always open for business.

(a wide grin)

You're my first customer.

87A THE RIDER'S SPUR sinks to the shaft in the horses flank.

87B THE HORSE KICKS AND SPINS AROUND. Hogue can't get out of the way, collides with the horse's rump and crashes to the dust with the wind ripped out of him.

87C THE STRANGER DIGS FOR HIS PISTOL, draws and takes deliber aim. Hogue, eyes wide and trying to get his breath, inch backward in the sand. It looks like he's all but forgot the rifle in his hand.

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21.

87D THE STRANGER SQUINTS DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS HOG-LEG,
grins mirthlessly.

STRANGER
(almost a spit)
'Pears to me you're 'bout 17 kinds of
a stupid sonafabitch!

A GUNSHOT, an amazed expression on the Stranger's face
and a small hole appears in his chest. He is knocked off
the horse, which bolts into the wilderness.

87E CABLE PICKS HIMSELF UP and looks down at the Stranger
a little sick.

HOGUE
'Pears to me you're bout 17 kinds
of a damn fool.

The stranger looks up at him -- wide eyed -- and very
dead.

HOGUE
(softly)
Not that it seems to bother you
none.

Hogue picks up the rust covered shovel, avoids the
Stranger's glassy stare and begins digging a grave.

SCS
88-94 OMITTED

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WATERHOLE - DAY

95 A NEW HOLE TEN FEET SQUARE AND DEEP -- over Hogue's head,
is in the desert near the waterhole. Sand comes flying
out at regular intervals. In the f.g. is a fresh grave
with a marker that reads -- "--OX."

96 HOGUE INSIDE THE HOLE IS sweating, shoveling methodically.
Nothing is heard but the SOUND of the improvised shovel.
Hogue stops, there is silence, then darkening the sky
above him is:

197 JOSHUA DUNCAN SLOANE -- a tall man in a tattered black suit and hat. Hogue grabs for his rifle and fires instantly. The hat of the intruder goes flying. He ducks.

JOSHUA (OS)
Peace and good will, brother. I
come as a friend.

A white handkerchief waves over the edge.

198 JOSHUA ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES OUTSIDE THE HOLE KEEPS WAVING THE HANDKERCHIEF. Hogue, gun in hand, climbs up out.

JOSHUA
Careful, sir, I am a man of God.

HOGUE
Well, you damned near joined Him.
Anybody with you?

JOSHUA
(extending his hand)
Reverend Joshua Duncan Sloane, preacher
to all of Eastern Nevada and selected
parts of Northern Arizona.

HOGUE
(still looking)
You're a sorry preacher -- and a hell
of a sneak!

JOSHUA
(stung)
In my case, sir, those thus attributed
often go hand in hand -- and speaking
of such - here is mine in all good
fellowship.

199 HOGUE LOOKS AROUND, THEN satisfied Joshua is alone, finally
shakes his hand. Joshua, it should be noted, is more than a
little drunk.

HOGUE
I'm Cable Hogue.

There is an awkward pause as Hogue stares at Joshua. Joshua
adjusts his string tie, fidgets under the stare.

JOSHUA
(uncomfortably)
Cable. A rather unusual name, isn't
it?

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100 CABLE TURNS, MOVES AWAY, JOSHUA FOLLOWS HIM TOWARD THE
WATERHOLE.

JOSHUA

You might call this place Cable
Springs! Sound good?

Cable grunts -- they arrive at the water hole.

JOSHUA

(suddenly, hands
outstretched)

You have builded an oasis in the
wilderness.

HOGUE

No...I just stumbled on to this
old mud hole here and I...dug it
out a little.

JOSHUA

(pointing)

And that excavation? A wine
cellar perhaps?

HOGUE

3 holer.

Joshua thinks this over then notices the new grave.

JOSHUA

I see tragedy has already struck
this cactus Eden.

HOGUE

(simply)

No tragedy, I just shot the sonofabitch
with his own gun -- tried to kill me.

JOSHUA

(flinching)

Well said and well done -- defend thyself
with the jaw bone of an ass if need be.

101 HE BELCHES, THEN REMOVES HIS HAT AND COLLAR AND PREPARES
TO refresh himself.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(kneeling)

You are a good Samaritan to offer help and water to the weary traveler.

HOGUE

(gun coming up)

Hallelujah, Brother! At fifteen cents a head! Water, men, sheep and hogs, fifteen cents...horses, mules and cattle, two bits!

(indicating Joshua's horse)

That'll be forty cents for the two of you --

JOSHUA

(leaning over to drink)

Of course.

HOGUE

(prodding him with the rifle)

In advance!

JOSHUA

(this brings him up, shocked)

Advance?

HOGUE

In advance -- which means before you drink -- you pay -- hard money -- in advance.

Joshua's hand is raised as if to offer a blessing.

JOSHUA

Cast thy bread on the waters, friend -- and permit this man of God his just needs.

HOGUE

You talk like a man of God all right -- but I went through Hell getting this here cup of water -- forty cents you pious bastard, or I'll bury you!

Joshua looks at him, hesitates, then tries again.

JOSHUA

My misguided friend -- you are but a poor sinner in need of redemption.--

102 CABLE COCKS THE RIFLE, JOSHUA QUICKLY BRINGS FORTH A MEAGER COIN PURSE AND STARTS LOOKING INTO IT. Hogue peers in, to Joshua holds the purse closer to himself. Reluctantly, he fishes out three coins, one at a time, and pays. Hogue pockets the money -- bows a little. Joshua drinks, as does his horse.

103 HOGUE REACHES IN UNDER HIS SHIRT, and extracts an old, dirty bit of oil cloth which serves as a crude money fold. He unfolds the frayed cloth, revealing one or two worn thin, greasy bills and a few small coins. He puts Joshua's three coins safely in the cloth and folds it up and returns it under his shirt, studies the preacher.

HOGUE

What church did you say you was with, Preacher?

104 JOSHUA LOOKS UP AT CABLE, HIS FACE DRIPPING WATER, then looks at his horse. His horse looks at him, dripping water. Then both drink again.

JOSHUA

(finally)

"The Church of the Wayfaring Stranger"
...a church of my own revelation.

HOGUE

(suspicious as hell)

Just like that?

JOSHUA

(straightening, defensively)

Just like that!!

He stands, takes out photographs from an inner pocket.

JOSHUA

Allow me, Brother. These are some of my parishioners and Sisters-of-the-Spirit.

Hogue takes the photos, looks, his eyes widen, his voice softens.

HOGUE

"Sisters-Of-The-Spirit."

105 HE LOOKS THEM OVER AGAIN - THEY REIN HIM IN HARD.

HOGUE

(stunned)

This one's naked as a jaybird's ass!

JOSHUA

(calmly)

'Naked we came into this earth,
and naked we shall return.'

Joshua puts the one photo in a special pocket in his wallet and the others in the original pocket. Hogue looks at him with new respect.

106 JOSHUA, LOOKING AROUND HIM, MOVES AWAY, waving his arms about.

JOSHUA

Well, well, well, Brother Hogue, I foresee a great community springing up out of the sand. Busy thoroughfares...alabaster buildings...a thriving metropolis! Filled with the faithful.

HOGUE

(softly)

Amen.

JOSHUA

(voicing his dream and his greed)

How much of this land is yours?...to sell of course; I wish to buy.

HOGUE

(stalling)

Well, considerable...

JOSHUA

(eyeing the terrain)

Hmmm...I...uh...don't see any boundary stakes anywhere.

He pauses, looks for reaction; gets none. Hogue is also looking for stakes.

CONTINUED

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1/14/69
27.

10. CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(moving in for the kill;
almost licking his lips)
I suppose you've been too...busy...
(walking, eyeing the
waterhole)
...to file your claim with the land
office.

107 HOGUE TENSES, LOOKS AROUND quickly to see if it's safe
to leave his post. There is no sign of Bowen and
Taggart or anyone.

JOSHUA

(carefully)

You know...if a person was to drop
word of this in Deaddog...or Gila...
why...there'd be forty eleven men
riding out here by sundown...a claim
in one hand and a gun to back it
up.

Joshua glances over his shoulder at Hogue's back; blinks
nervously and continues on.

JOSHUA

(softly)

Why...yes...

(rubbing his hands,
pacing faster)

This information could mean...a
lot ... of money to a...person...
who...uh...

108 to
110 OMITTED

CHANGE
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28.

111. JOSHUA'S VOICE TRAILS OFF AS HE TURNS AND RUNS for his horse.
- 112 ALMOST REACHING HIS ANIMAL, HE STOPS dead in his tracks as O.S. SOUND OF A SHELL BEING PUMPED into Hogue's rifle almost deafens his sensitive ear. He turns, his expression changing from eager anticipation to a foolish, guilty grin.
- 113 HOGUE ON THE ROCK HAS HIS RIFLE TRAINED ON JOSHUA. He trots down slowly and deliberately.
- 114 REACHING JOSHUA, HOGUE GRABS THE REINS AND PULLS THE HORSE around, placing himself between Joshua and the animal.

HOGUE

What a blessing religion must be!
Touches my heart -- the loan of
your horse, Preacher.

JOSHUA

(grinding his
teeth)

It's nothing, my friend -- ride in
good health with my blessing.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(mounting)

I hate to go in among them -- but you
helped show me the way -- to salvation --
and a secured claim --

JOSHUA

(white with frustration)

My only mission in life is to help
the misbegotten -- the downtrodden --

Hogue grins, rides away.

HOGUE

(voice trailing back)

God bless, you Reverend -- just make
yourself to home...But...don't forgit...
everytime you take a drink...leave
fifteen cents in the cup or I'll shoot
your ass into next Wednesday.

As Joshua glares after him, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD JUST OUTSIDE DEADDOG - DAY

115 HOGUE IS RIDING OUT of the desert. He reins in and looks
O.S. at:

116 THE TOWN OF DEADDOG. It consists of two or three dozen
structures. The two-story rooming house, a hotel, the land
office, the bank, the stage line office, two general stores,
and five saloons, and a newspaper.

Most are wind-scrubbed and sand blasted, shingle-and-frame
shacks. The rest are new brick and old adobe. The road is
mud every seven years. Mostly it is caked earth, loose sand
and flying dust. But it is the county seat and progress is
on its way - seven commercial buildings and two residents
already have electric lights.

117 HOGUE SITS THERE, EMITTING HIS TUNELESS WHISTLE. He pulls
his hat down slowly over his eyes and squints out from under
the brim as he takes it all in.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

(Hogue dreads the idea of going into town...any town. To his community life has always been something frightening; he has been made to feel an outsider, but now he's got to.)

HOGUE

(mumbling, nervous,
resigned)

Well...git in...git it over with...
and git out!

118 HE HIKES UP HIS PANTS, tugs at his hat brim, kicks the old grey horse in the ribs and rides in.

EXT. DEADDOG - DAY

119 HOGUE RIDES INTO TOWN, PULLS UP abruptly, stunned as directly across his path saunters:

120 HILDY, ONE OF THE TRIMMEST LITTLE FILLIES he's ever seen. She's not dressed to please women or prissy men. Hogue can't believe it or her.

121 HE DISMOUNTS, LEADS THE HORSE TO A HITCHING RAIL. He doesn't know where the land office is.

122 SUDDENLY DOESN'T CARE TOO MUCH BECAUSE Hildy is coming toward him. He'll have to ask someone where it is -- why not wait and make the most of an approaching opportunity. He does.

HOGUE

(as she passes him, pussy-footing after her)

Please...uh...ma'am...uh...if you'd please...well...hell --

Suddenly he remembers his manners and grabs his hat by the brim awkwardly, trying to tip it.

HOGUE

Could you tell me...

He can't look her in the eye too long, so looks off down the street.

HOGUE

(yelling)

...where the land office is?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

She stops, looks at him, smiles a little.

HILDY

(after a moment)

You're lookin' at it. Can't you see the sign?

123 HOGUE STARTS. HE HASN'T SEEN THE SIGN. He'd hardly got past her shirtwaist.

HOGUE

Well, Ma'am...Miss...It's just that I...

(embarrassed)

I don't read too Goddamned good... which one is it?

HILDY

(pointing)

It's the second one down there. with the white sign.

HOGUE

(eyes straight ahead, nodding his head)

Thank you kindly, Ma'am -- Miss.

(moves to turn, then, a sudden afterthought)

Oh...and the stage office?

HILDY

(smiling at him)

Right over there...kitty-corner from here.

HOGUE

(looking at her devoutly)

Thank you, Ma'am...I thank you truly.

124 SHE SMILES SOFTLY AND MOVES AWAY -- HE LOOKS AFTER HER THEN UNBUTTONS HIS SHIRT AND CHECKS TO SEE IF HIS MONEY IS SAFE. It is. As he unfolds the dirty old oil cloth and moves toward the land office, he glances after her.

- 125 HILDY, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL TALKING TO A COWBOY
throws Hogue a warm, friendly glance over the man's shoulder
- 126 HOGUE IS SO TAKEN BY HER THAT HE overshoots the land office,
then catches himself and hurries in.

INT. LAND OFFICE - DAY

- 127 HOGUE ENTERS AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES the man behind the
counter. This is POWELL.

HOGUE

(hesitantly)

What's it cost to file?

POWELL

Is this to be under the Desert Land
Act or Homesteaded?

HOGUE

(big)

Well...I want to do the right thing...
for the government.

(then, softly)

What's right is right -- you know what
I mean?

Powell, bored, tries to catch flies with one free hand and
a rolled up newspaper.

POWELL

Under the Desert Land Act an individual
can apply for up to three hundred and
twenty acres at a dollar and a quarter
an acre, plus proof of reclamation.

HOGUE

Whoa, now! Hold up! What the
hell does all that mean?

POWELL

(by rote)

Land without water isn't allowable.
And if you can't substantiate either
agricultural or horticultur....

CONTINUED

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33.

127 CONTINUED

HOGUE
Hold on there, feller! I got
wa....
 (looks around and
 lowers voice)
I got...
 (down to a whisper)
...water.

Powell snaps at the fly, catches it; he looks at his hand,
listens to the buzz, looks up at Hogue in triumph -- then
the words sink in...the hand opens, the fly drones away.
Powell doesn't care. His eyes as big as saucers are on
Hogue.

POWELL
 (softly)
Water --?
 (as Hogue nods, quickly
 reaching for his maps)
Where?

HOGUE
 (whispering)
West...eight mile through the pass.

128 POWELL FLIPS THE MAPS.

HOGUE
 (suddenly yelling)
...off by the wagon road there...
rock knoll 40 yards on the right.

Powell shakes his head. Hogue's rifle comes up. Powell
goes back to his maps.

POWELL
That seems to be...open at the
present, but --

HOGUE
 (exhales heavily)
'But' my ass! Mister, you nearly
had me changing maps -- or agents --

POWELL
 (quietly)
There's no water there.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Come on out -- if you can't
drink it I'll fry the claim paper --
speaking of which, where is it?!!

Powell reaches for application form and pen.

POWELL

Now, your name?

HOGUE

Cable Hogue.

POWELL

(writing)

C-a-b---is that 'l-e' or 'e-l'?

(as Cable hesitates --
he doesn't know)

How do you spell 'Cable'?

HOGUE

(turning away, covering
his embarrassment)

Well, mister, if you're boggin'
down on 'Cable', wait'll you
git to 'Hogue'.

(turns)

What's it goin' to cost?

POWELL

(with measured patience)

A dollar-and-a-quarter per acre.

129 HOGUE PLUNKS THE OLD DIRTY OIL CLOTH ON THE desk and unfolds
it.

HOGUE

Well, all right, then!
Here!

(pushes it toward
Powell)

Now, what'll that buy me?

Powell looks at the mess in front of him.

POWELL

That....would buy you two
acres.

CONTINUED

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129 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Hang it in then -- Let's see
what it can do, as the lady
said to the sailor.

POWELL

Two acres, Mr. Hogue?

HOGUE

Legal, ain't it?

POWELL

(stopped cold)
Well...yes.

HOGUE

(as Powell hesitates)
Mark it!

130 AND POWELL DOES, circling the rocky point and the area
around the spring.

EXT. LAND OFFICE - DAY

131 HOGUE TROTS OUT OF THE LAND OFFICE CLUTCHING THE CLAIM -
CERTIFICATE IN HIS HAND. HE STOPS BESIDE THE BANK
WINDOW, STARES DOWN AT IT, then suddenly lets out a wild
yelp of joy and does a little jig.

The townspeople turn and look at him. Hogue, embarrassed
at his spontaneous exhibition ambles off down the street,
ignoring the sidewalk, then he stops, seeing:

132 HILDY WITH ANOTHER MAN! NEAR THE DOOR OF THE TOWN'S MAIN SALOON-HOTEL. They enter. Hogue whistles softly. Then his attention is diverted by:

133 ACTIVITY IN THE BANK. HOGUE PRESSES TO THE WINDOW WATCHING A TELLER COUNTING OUT MOENY. The customer picks up the money and rolls it into a large wad and puts it away.

EXT./INT. BANK - DAY

134 HOGUE WATCHES, THINKING, TASTING THE MONEY. THE BANK IS SMALL, BUT IT'S MANAGER, MR. CUSHING, IS A FORMIDABLE FIGURE as are the TWO TELLERS.

To Hogue it is a palace. He presses his nose against the window, looking at the two glistening brass teller cages, the shiny spittons, the polished brass lamp:

135 THE PILES OF MONEY FLUTTERING BACK AND FORTH OVER THE COUNTER. the smug successful types pocketing the money.

The big desk of the manager, over which is a large commercial calendar featuring the year 1909 with a colored picture of the year's latest model horseless carriage.

136 HOGUE, STILL WATCHING, TAKES A TENTATIVE STEP FORWARD toward the door, but stops as the manager slams a paper down on his desk and mouths "absolutely not."

The customer gets to his feet and the manager backs the customer across the floor and out of the bank.

137 AS THEY COME THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, the manager, Mr. Cushing booms out:

CUSHING

I'm here to talk about investments,
not wishful thinking.

The customer hurries away. Cushing turns his heavy-browed glare directly onto Hogue.

138 HOGUE SPOOKS AND TURNS AWAY DIRECTLY into the path of a big cattleman who:

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139 STEAM-ROLLS HIM OFF THE SIDEWALK AND INTO THE STREET.
Hogue scuttles away, completely unnerved by "civilization."

As he walks along, shaken and off guard, he realizes, suddenly, that there he is standing directly in front of his other destination:

140 THE STAGE LINE OFFICE. THERE IS A SIGN OVER THE DOOR
READING:

"KIMBALL AND HUMBOLT STAGE LINE"
Head Offices -- Carson City, Nev.
Branch Line Mgr. -- J.E. Quittner

141 QUITTNER, THE MANAGER, SITS AT HIS DESK, CHAIR TILTED BACK
ENJOYING A BIG CIGAR. Hogue stands looking in at him,
trying to summon up nerve.

The two men study each other through the window. Hogue
finally moves forward and enters.

INT. STAGE OFFICE - DAY

142 HOGUE CROSSES TO THE DESK which holds Quittner's booted
and spurred heels, papers and a pitcher of water. Two
clerks, Vic & Easy, are behind the ticket window.

HOGUE

You the boss here?

QUITTNER

(indicating the sign)

I'm Quittner.

Hogue hands Quittner the certificate.

HOGUE

(making his joke)

Quittner, huh?...But I'll bet
you ain't no quitter, are you,
Mister? Heh, heh, heh!

There is a pause. Hogue shifts uncomfortably.

QUITTNER

(reading certificate)

You brought a claim for two dollars
and a half -- so what?

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

Quittner lays the certificate on the desk.

HOGUE

(slapping the certificate)
So that was ever' last cent I had!

QUITTNER

(looking at Hogue)
I can believe it!
(as the clerks laugh)
Where is this claim? -- Mister --

143 HOGUE LOOKS AT HIM. He'd like to shoot the son of a bitch, but Cable is not a gunman, he's a miner -- and this is not any fuzz cheeked kid -- this is a tough prosperous man -- a man whom Cable must deal with -- Hogue takes off his hat slowly.

HOGUE

(stiffly)
Hogue! C.A.B.L.E.! It's at
Jackass Flats...not far off the
road...an'...

QUITTNER

(cutting in)
What in hell you got out there
that's so important you got to
bother me with it?

Hogue picks up a water pitcher and pours it over the floor.
Some of it splashes on Quittner.

Quittner's chair thumps forward.

QUITTNER

(controlling his temper)
You found water between here and Gila?

HOGUE

(nodding, pushing his
luck)
If you was to give me thirty-five
dollars...
(tearing the claim in half
handing it to Quittner)
I'll cut you in fer half.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

QUITTNER

(looking at it)

Half of two acres on Jackass Flat--

(as the clerks snicker)

This stage line's been opeatin'
for thirty-five years. We've
looked under every rock and behind
every sandpile between here and
Gila and if there was water in that
forty mile, we'd a found it.

HOGUE

I'm tellin' you straight...!

QUITTNER

(rises to his full height)

No, I'm tellin' you straight. I've
had my belly full of broken-down
prospectors, hoboes, and get-rich-
quick on my money promoters.

(cable flinches)

Every one of you comes by here
tryin' to gouge money out of me...

HOGUE

Why you never even gimme a...

QUITTNER

But you are the only son of a bitch
that ever had the gall to pour water
over my britches.

He swings and knocks Cable sprawling out the door of the
office into the street.

EXT. STAGE OFFICE - DAY

144 QUITTNER CROSSES TO THE DOORWAY. The clerks join him.

QUITTNER

I let you talk, I listened and I'm
not interested! Now get out.

145 QUITTNER CRUMPLES HIS HALF OF THE TOWN PAPER AND TOSSES IT
into the dust of the street. Hogue stands, crosses, grabs
the paper, tries to fit the two places together, then shakes
them at Quittner.

HOGUE

(only half believing it)

By God...This is worth somethin'!

CONTINUED

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145 CONTINUED

Vic and Quittner laugh loud and long. The laugh cust right into Hogue, but he takes a deep breath and strides resolutely toward the bank, fishing for an old brass safety pin and smoothing out the papers. Easy watches him with concern until Quittner turns on him then Easy tries to laugh - can't make it.

INT. BANK - DAY

146 HOGUE ENTERS, CROSSES TO THE TELLER WHO IS COUNTING A LOT of money. Hogue, at the window, pulls up and watches, wide eyed, and his resolution melts. It's just too damn high-toned.

147 HE TURNS AND WALKS TO THE DOOR THEN:

148 THAT SAME CATTLEMAN DRIVING STRAIGHT ON THROUGH THE DOOR CATCHES HOGUE AND KNOCKS HIM RIGHT BACK INTO THE BANK.

The cattleman goes directly to the teller window and Hogue is left standing right in the middle of the floor.

149 HOGUE STANDS DAZED AND BEWILDERED. There is the SOUND of an old mechanical adding machine and the DRONE of tellers counting money.

CUSHING (OS)

Something I can do for you?

Hogue looks.

150

CUSHING IS STARING AT HIM LIKE A BULL AT A BASTARD CALF.

Hogue would like to bolt and run, but his feet won't move. He winces, closes his eyes and then makes his big decision. 'What the hell; what can I lose.' He attacks. Moving forward, he slaps the paper down hard on the counter.

HOGUE

(yelling)

You see that chunk o' paper there?

That's mine!

(pounding the counter)

Me, me!!

(as Cushing looks at him critically)

Across the street there they think I'm lyin'! They say there's no water. No water!

Cushing obviously doesn't know what-in-the-hell he's talking about.

HOGUE

(quieting down a little)

Listen...I was robbed and left to die without a drop!

(as Cushing doesn't speak)

Well...do I look dead?!

(no answer, Hogue begins to sweat)

No, sir! I got up on my hind feet and walked straight to water!!

(into Cushing's face)

W-A-T-L-E!

(pauses, lets that sink in)

Kinda grabs you by the short hairs, don't it?!

CUSHING

You got the floor...

HOGUE

(building up steam)

Well...them jackasses across the street can laugh at me all they want, but they're in a spot of trouble! Wouldn't you think that a stage line could see that?!

Cushing tries to get a word in edgewise, but no chance. Hogue has got the floor for the first time in his life and he's got something to say!

HOGUE

In all them long, drawed out, back-breakin', kidney-shakin' bladder-bustin'

CONTINUED

150

CONTINUED

HOGUE

miles between here and Lizard, there ain't one speck of wet relief for man nor beast! Now...if I could bring comfort to passengers, rest to the teams, food and drink to drivers and water to them all...What'd be wrong with that?!

(thinking quickly)

Mister, there's a preacher out at my diggin's...

(points to Joshua's horse across the street)

Him and that big ol' grey horse took on enough water out there to bloat an elephant. He'll tell you! And you wouldn't doubt a man of the gospel, would you?

CUSHING

Of course -- that's the first man I'd doubt.

Hogue looks at him, amazed, delighted.

HOGUE

(softly)

Well I'll be damned -- I came to the right place after all.

CUSHING

What do you want?

HOGUE

Grub stake...thirty-five of them green ones!

151

HOGUE POINTS TO THE MONEY IN THE TELLER'S HAND.

CUSHING

You have any collateral?

Hogue just looks at him. He's getting pretty fed up with all these Goddamn town words.

CUSHING

(continuing)

Do you own anything?

HOGUE

(jabbing at the certificates impatiently)

I told you -- right here!!!

CUSHING

...that's two dollars and a half...

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

For a moment both men stare down at the paper, trying to find a way.

HOGUE

Well...

(then, quietly)

I'm worth somethin', ain't I?

152

CUSHING STUDIES HIM FOR A MOMENT, turns, looks out the window. Hogue feels this silence is another rejection. The tension grows...it begins to be too much for him.

He grabs certificate and looks toward the door for escape, starts out. Cushing reaches in his desk.

CUSHING

(quietly)

I want to hear more.

153

HOGUE STOPS, FROWNS, TURNS BACK. Catfoots it to the desk.

HOGUE

Why?

CUSHING

Why not?

HOGUE

(fingering his
ragged clothes)

Well, sir, I always figured you
banker type hombres steal for the
rich ones -- you never bothered
with shirttail trash like me.

CUSHING

We don't steal!

CABLE

(softly)

Lend, borrow, invest, mortgage and
repossess? What else do you call it?

CUSHING

(trying not to grin)

What's your name?

HOGUE

Cable Hogue.

(with new authority)

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

CABLE (Cont'd)
Cable...with an 'L-E.'

Cushing starts filling out the form.

CUSHING
Mr. Hogue...Mr. Cable Hogue...
thirty-five dollars is all you
want?

He looks up at Hogue, giving a stern but warming and understanding look. They sort of share this moment. Hogue shrugs elaborately.

CUSHING
(continuing)
Will a hundred get you started?

154 HOGUE WOULD LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING, but he's too busy trying to keep his eyes from getting all watered up, so he just nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY

155 A HAPPY HOGUE BURSTS OUT OF THE BANK WITH BILLS IN HIS HAND, whistling, his tuneless whistle. He takes ten steps and stops dead in his tracks as he reacts to:

156 HILDY, SAYING GOODBYE TO HER ESCORT, IS STANDING IN THE SALOON DOOR. Now is the time! He's got money, the field is wide open, and he's ready to celebrate!

157 HILDY IN THE OPEN DOORWAY HESITATES, looks at Cable and flashes him a smile, and enters and starts up the stairs leading to her room.

158 HOGUE THINKS ABOUT THAT SMILE, is it a come-on? No, she's just a friendly lady. Well...he's going to have to take that chance. He pockets his money, stomps the dust off his shoes, hitches up his pants, heads for the door, pause for a second, gulps, enters.

INT. REARING HORSE SALOON AND ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

159 CABLE CLIMBS THE STAIRS ACUTELY CONSCIOUS OF THE STARES AND SNICKERS OF THE DRINKERS AT THE BAR. He reaches the top landing -- shuffles over to the door, starts to knock, hesitates.

He looks down at his appearance. Thinks. Doesn't like what he's thinking. He slowly starts back down the stairs. Stops remembers something, takes out the money for a little confidence. Starts counting, savoring it.

160 THE DOOR OPENS AND HILDY APPEARS.

HILDY

Yes...?

Hogue turns, money in hand.

HILDY

(warmly)

Ohh...Hello!

Hogue stands there awkwardly. Hildy steps out onto the landing.

HILDY:

Did you want to see me?

Hogue nods. Hildy indicates the open door. Hogue starts for the door, gaining momentum as he goes, and as he passes her, she gets a sniff of him, reacts:

161 IT'S ENOUGH TO GAG A DOG OFF A GUT WAGON. HILDY SHAKES HER HEAD, MAKES UP HER MIND AND FOLLOWS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HILDY'S ROOM - HOGUE AND HILDY - DAY

162 IT'S AS FRILLY A ROOM AS DEADDOG WILL ALLOW. A touch of plush, some lace tatting, a gold-framed picture, a hand-made quilt on the bed.

163 SQUAT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM IS A LARGE, ROUND METAL TUB. IT IS FILLED WITH SOAPY WATER AND A VERY HAPPY CABLE HOGUE. Standing alongside it, scrub-brush in hand is

164 HILDY. She wears only a shift. Her hair is down. She is scrubbing his back.

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED

HILDY
(moving away for a moment)
Stay right there.

HOGUE
(purring)
I ain't goin' nowhere.

Hildy takes a pitcher from a bureau, goes to a sink-pump, starts filling it.

HOGUE
Why look at that! An indoor pump!
(laughs)
You're livin' high off the old hog.

HILDY
Not near as high as I'm goin' to be
livin'!

Hildy walks toward Hogue with the pitcher, dumps cold water over him.

HOGUE
(howling)
Sweet Glory -- love --!

HILDY
Well, I got to rinse you off. Never
seen a man so dirty. You musta had a
pound of dirt on you.

HOGUE
Feel a lot lighter, Hilly.

HILDY
The name's Hildy. You got me
mixed up with some other one.

INSERT A HILDY BENDS OVER TO LIFT THE TUB.

HOGUE
Hey -- you can't do that alone!

HE MOVES TO HELP HER. HIS TOWEL STARTS TO GO. He grabs it, holds on for dear life. His other hand grabs one of the washtub handles. They take it to the sink, lift it and empty it.

CONTINUED

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164 CONTINUED

HILDY

Why, there's gravel in there!

Hogue looks at Hildy; fingers the gravel.

HOGUE

Slowly, love -- you never know
where you're going to find gold.

Hildy laughs and swats him playfully. Hogue appraises
her and falls hopelessly and helplessly in love.

HOGUE

You know, honey, if you're ever
gittin' out of this business...
I'm buildin' a place of my own and
it's going -- to be...

165 HILDY PICKS UP HOGUE'S CLOTHES. She reacts to the cloud
of dust as she drops them in a pile in a corner.

HILDY

(proudly)

I've had enough of this damn desert to
last me two life times. I'm on my way
up! Undo me...San Francisco's my next stop.

(beat)

An' when I hit Frisco...

HOGUE

Noisy, godawful, claptrap town!

HILDY

I'm going to hit it in style!

HOGUE

Two days and you're tired...

HILDY

Tired of it? I ain't even got there yet.

HOGUE

Ohh, you will -- I ain't worryin' about
you. You'll get there all right...

HILDY

You bet your sweet life I will!

HOGUE

One way or another, love.

CONTINUED

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48.

165 CONTINUED

HILDY

I will. An' when I get there...
I'm going to be the ladiest damned
lady you ever seen.

166 SHE LAUGHS. HOGUE LAUGHS WITH HER.

HILDY

I'm going to marry the richest man
in San Francisco...maybe the richest
two men in San Francisco -- just a
question of time.

HOGUE

Well, I hope you do - for your sake.
But a body never knows.
(a beat)
Anyways, if you ever need help, you
know where to find me. Remember my
name?

HILDY

Do you remember mine?

HOGUE

(softly)
I remember...

They look at each other; she giggles -- Hogue laughs,
takes her hand, leads her to the bed.

HOGUE

My lady, there ain't nothin' you
can't do, once you make up yer mind.
Now don't forgit that...ever!

167 OMIT (subject to change)

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168 HE TAKES HER INTO HIS ARMS AND THEY SINK ONTO THE BED IN A deep embrace. Then after a long moment, from below comes the SOUND of voices singing the old gospel hymn, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." Hogue's head pops up. He looks up, trying to figure who in hell is singing.

HILDY
(pulling him back)
What's wrong?

Hogue doesn't answer. He rises, picks up the towel, wraps it around him and edges toward the window and looks out.

EXT. STREET TENT - DAY

169 ACROSS THE STREET IN A SLAP-DASH SHELTER OF POLES AND CANVA. a preacher is leading a handful of stalwarts in the old hymn as they circle the tent and re-enter. Hogue leans forward to get a better look. The preacher looks and sounds a hell of a lot like Joshua.

PREACHER
(a building rant)
God's pure and natural essences are
being threatened by the devil! Yes!
God and Satan make war in our times!

INT. ROOM - DAY

170 HOGUE STARES IN DISBELIEF AND SQUINTS.

EXT. TENT MEETING - DAY

171 THE PREACHER IS NOT JOSHUA.

PREACHER
Inventions are being sent from hell's
hot fires to destroy the Almighty!
Sinners...do not fall into his hands!!
The devil seeks to destroy you with.....
(podium pounding outburst)
Machines!!!
(softly...repulsed)
Machines...and you sinners are flocking
to his mechanical bosom.
(a shout)
You ask how I know!?!?

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171A THE REPENTERS JUMP A FOOT at this outburst. The Preacher leans over the podium and challenges their eyes, then...

PREACHER

(humbly)

There are those of us that God talks to...
I am such a man. Yes...God spoke to me
just the other day. He said....

(long beat. Then softly, almost
casually)

"Lloyd...machines are the inventions of
satan. Don't let 'em be fooled...Tell 'em
how it is, Lloyd. Tell 'em that the forests
will die, the animals will die and they will
die. The devil and his machines are trying
to take man away from God. Tell 'em, Lloyd.

(a shriek)

Are you going to let machines take you
away from God?!!?!

THE REPENTERS ARE GRIPPED with the fever of the message.
All lean forward on the benches and shout "NO!" in unison.

INT. ROOM - DAY

172

HOGUE SIGHS, THINKS ABOUT HIS preacher, is he at the Spring
or on his way to Gila or here? Nonsense all of it. But
it's too late, the damage is done. He frowns, shoots
a quick glance downward..."damage has been done". The
risen have fallen! (The mood destroyed) Romance is out
of the question. He jams his hat on and starts picking
up his clothes, grumbling to himself.

HOGUE

I got to git back...that pious
sonofabitch could have me sold out.

Hildy sits up in bed, stares at him astonished, astounded
and furious.

HILDY

Whaaaaat?

HOGUE

(muttering)

...taken the stage to Gila...
..sold me out...

CONTINUED

HILDY
(seductively)
Hogue, come here...

HOGUE
(putting on his pants)
No, Hildy, it's no good...I forgot
to make my boundaries -- build the
monument.

HILDY
What-in-the...

HOGUE
(slipping into
his suspenders)
No, I just know it.
(shaking his head)
It'd bother me all through it...
I'd keep thinking about that damn
preacher stuck out there...maybe
coming in to cheat me!

HILDY
(warningly)
Hogue...!!

HOGUE
(putting on his
shoe. looking daggers
out the window)
Hell of a time for a goddamn prayer
meetin'! Why'd they want to start
up now?

HILDY
What-is-the-matter-with-you?
(no answer; she drops
her sweetness)
Ain't you forgettin' something?!

HOGUE
What?

HILDY
(yelling)
Well, what about me?!

HOGUE
Huh?

CONTINUED

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172 CONTINUED

HILDY

Me -- me!
(then)
And the money!

HOGUE

Money??
(indignantly)
For what?!!

173 HILDY SNATCHES A NEARLY FULL BOTTLE OF WHISKEY FROM THE BEDSIDE TABLE. She brings it up and aims it at Hogue's head.

HOGUE

Well, if you don't want me here...

He grabs shirt, pants and shoe, she wings the bottle at him. He ducks and it takes out the window.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

174 THE BOTTLE SAILS IN A HIGH ARC out the window and lands in the street.

175 THREE OR FOUR TOWNFOLK COME PEERING OUT OF SHOP DOORS. They look up at the broken window, then back at the bottle in the middle of the street.

A barber and his lathered customer join them. In the b.g. there is the SOUND of Hildy's shrieks and cries of wrath.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE LANDING - DAY

176 HOGUE, CLOTHES IN ONE HAND, IS TRYING TO GET THE DOOR CLOSED. Hildy is pulling from the other side in a noisy tug-o'-war.

HILDY (yelling O.S.)

Now just a damn minute!

177 DOWNSTAIRS INTERESTED SPECTATORS are peering up at the

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

disturbance. Hogue eyes them and hisses softly to the howling Hildy, as he manages to get the door closed.

HOGUE

Hildy, listen to me! Listen...
I got his horse...but maybe he took
the stage to Gila.

He looks down over his shoulder. More people are beginning to gather. The pounding and yowling dies down. It's quiet. She's listening. It's Hogue's move. He squints and thinks -- then gets an idea.

HOGUE (brightly)

I'll be back.

HILDY

Back hell! You'll pay me now.

This happy announcement triggers an explosion of yelling, pounding, tugging and finally with the force of a small battering ram, milady's dainty foot comes crashing through the door panel. Hogue sees she means business; releasing his grasp, he throws up his hands and wheels away.

INT. HILDY'S ROOM

178 THE DOOR FLIES BACK HILDY LANDS ON HER TAIL. She gets up shaking with fury, and storms out onto the landing.

INT. LANDING - DAY

179 HILDY, SEEING THE FACES LOOKING up at her, skids to a halt, clutches at her skirt, whirls back in, slams the door.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - FOOT OF THE STAIRS - DAY

180 A SMALL CROWD HAS GATHERED and is peering up. There is the SOUND of a rapid clump-clump-clumping down the stairs, then the door bursts open and:

181 A WILD-EYED HOGUE APPEARS with pants on, shirt in one hand and shoe in the other. He reaches the ground, looks around apologetically at the folks as he hops around, putting on the other shoe.

CONTINUED

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181 CONTINUED

HOGUE
(nodding his head toward Hildy upstairs)
Well...ya know how it is....women!!!

They look up as:

182 A RAGING HILDY APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.

HILDY
(screaming out)
There you are, you son of a bitch!!

She looks down at:

183 HOGUE AND THE CROWD BELOW. Hogue is still hopping and trying to tie his shoe.

HOGUE
(placatingly)
I'll be back.....honey.

HILDY
You call yourself a man!

Hildy ducks back into the room and reappears with a big pitcher of water. She's holding the pitcher out, ready to hurl it down on him.

HOGUE
(trying to get his arm in a sleeve)
Now, Hildy.....

HILDY
(cutting in, threatening)
Aren't you goin' to get back up here and settle up?

She gets no answer and so she lets it fly and down it comes a-sloshin'.

The folks below cower and scoot for cover. Children are lifted to safety. Hogue sidesteps the pitcher, still trying to get into his shirt. Hildy again disappears with cries of frustration, going for more ammunition. Hogue sees he must get out of range, runs, stops, picks up the whiskey bottle....runs again.

HILDY
(reappearing)
Just a damn minute, Hogue!

CONTINUED

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183 CONTINUED

Hogue skids to a halt, looks up.

HOGUE

Hildy....now! Hildy....listen!

184 THEN A CHAMBER POT COMES FLYING through Hildy's window, wings him, and he dodges toward the tent.

184A THE FAITHFUL ARE ON THEIR FEET: "Yea!"

PREACHER

Sinners come back!

He owns them....."Yea! Yea!"

PREACHER

Join God's side!!

(fevered)

Destroy machinery and you kill the devil!!

The preacher begins leading them in chant after chant of "Destroy machinery and you kill the devil....Destroy machinery and you kill the devil!" And then:

184B HOGUE BREAKS THROUGH THE SEATED CROWD, tips over the podium, benches and worshippers alike before he's safely out the other end.

185-
189

OMITTED

186

CONTINUED

is a "PFFOOM!" and dust and sand is shot out from all four sides, covering the folks clear across the street. The singing trails off. The organ squawks to a stop. For a moment there is a great silence and nobody moves. Then through the dust cloud there are small SOUNDS of dismay and wonder.

VOICES

1. God Dammit!!!
(coughing)
2. What the hell happened?!?!?
3. Help?
4. Mother, are you all right?!
5. Who would do a damn silly thing like that?!....
6. Mother?...?

187

HOGUE STANDS AS THE DUST BEGINS TO SETTLE, watching as:

188

GREAT LUMPS START threshing around under the canvas.

PREACHER

(coughing)

It's the hand of the devil.

VOICES

1. When I get out from under here someone is goin' to chaw a beefsteak!!!
2. Damn town drunks! They oughta be...
3. Over here, Bertha!!

There are also the SOUNDS of giggles, even a slap during the above dialogue, finally:

189

CITIZENS RUSH FORWARD to help. They lift the edge of the canvas, shouting instructions to those underneath. A man crawls out and looks around. A town kid runs to him.

KID

(pointing to Hogue)

He did it, Mister!

Another man appears. The citizens turn -- they are all now glaring at Hogue. Slowly they start for him.

190 HOGUE LOOKS AROUND TO FIND THE BEST WAY out of there. He shoots a quick glance over his shoulder at the threatening crowd and takes off like a scared jackrabbit for his horse. It spooks, trots away. Hogue grabs the saddle horn, tries to make a flying mount as the horse breaks into a run. As does the crowd. Hogue swings up into the saddle and over it into the dust on the other side. He rolls, leaps up, and without a backward glance, follows the horse into the desert scrub.

191 HILDY AT THE WINDOW watches (flatiron in hand) the small figure of Hogue going like a bat out of hell through the sag brush after his animal. The crowd runs after him for a few moments, then stops, shouting threats and shaking their fist

HILDY

(yelling)

CABLE HOGUE, YOU'RE NO DAMN GOOD!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABLE SPRINGS - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

192 THE SILHOUETTE OF THE PASS LEADING TO JACKASS FLATS IN THE B.G., the SOUND OF Joshua's voice is heard finishing a hymn and immediately plunging into a recitation of the psalms. His words are echoed by the rocky hills. Finally, a rider in silhouette rides into the f.g. and reins up. It is Hogue.

193 HE LISTENS TO THE SOUND of the echoing scriptures for a moment, curses to himself, then rides in.

194 JOSHUA ON THE ROCK NEAR THE WATERHOLE, declaiming to the setting sun, sees Hogue ride in and dismount, and crosses to him. On the saddle of his horse, a bulky paper-wrapped package.

HOGUE

(throwing him a
bottle of booze)

Here, Preacher!

JOSHUA

(catching the bottle)

Welcome back to the fold, brother!

(he goes on without
missing a beat)

Yeah -- Verily, I shall bring forth
the children out of the wilderness.

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195 HOGUE GOES TO THE HAMMOCK - rolls in, pulls hat down over his eyes.

HOGUE

Ain't nothin' wrong with the wilderness...
Drink up, Prescher...an' then we're
goin' back in among them. I got unfinished
business in Deaddog.

JOSHUA

(taking a long swig)

Amen.

EXT. TOWN PAST HILDY'S STAIRWAY - NIGHT

196 THERE IS THE DISTANT SOUND of drunken singing by:

CABLE & JOSHUA

"That's how the farmer's daughter went
and lost her yeller garter -- And I can't
go back to Memphis anymore -- Anymore...
Anymore...
Oh, I can't go to Memphis anymore."

197 JOSHUA AND HOGUE, RIDING DOUBLE, COME INTO VIEW
Hogue is in the saddle, Joshua behind. They pull up. Hogue
steps off, knocking Joshua into the dust. Hogue, trying to
grab him, tumbles after.

198 THEY SIT THERE, looking at each other, roar with laughter,
and help each other up, (both seventeen miles on the other
side of being more than half drunk) and start toward the
door.

HOGUE

(clutching onto the hitching rail)
Prescher! Ain't you fergittin' somethin'?

Joshua looks around, hoping no one has seen him, and starts
unbuttoning his collar.

HOGUE

No, not that...dammit. I mean...

Joshua jumps to the saddlebag and pulls out a large
package.

JOSHUA

(heading for the steps)
Heaven forfend we should forget that!

CONTINUED

198 CONTINUED

Both chuckling softly at this, conspirators.

INT. STAIRWAY - ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

199 AS HOGUE AND JOSHUA START UP THE STAIRS, Joshua flips off his collar and shoves it in his pocket.

HOGUE

That collar go on as easy as it comes off?

The Preacher looks at him, looks around, winks and then both whoop with laughter, then run up the stairs to the landing. They stop, hissing each other to silence. Cable points at:

200 THE BROKEN PANEL IN HILDY'S door and they stagger against the wall, laughing silently, almost falling down.

HOGUE

(pointing at the door)

See, I told you...clean through!
WHANG, she took 'er!

They double up with another fit, then straighten as:

201 THE DOOR OPENS AND HILDY STANDS THERE. Her look would crack granite...but not these two. Hogue looks at her adoringly. Joshua takes in the picture of Hogue and Hildy together, blesses them with a gesture.

HOGUE

(cutting in)

No, dammit, now now!

(then, turning to Hildy)

Hildy...

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202 HE GOES BLANK. LOOKS DOWN AT THE PACKAGE IN HIS HANDS,
hesitates, then holds it out to her at arm's length.

HOGUE

Here!

203 HILDY GLARES AT HIM, FINALLY TAKES THE PACKAGE, rips it
open and brings out a fancy, hand-painted thunder mug.

HOGUE

Got it on a trade.

Hildy doesn't know whether to laugh, cry or hit him with
it...so she laughs. Hogue laughs. Joshua laughs. Still
holding on to the pot, she throws her arms around Hogue
and hugs him, then kicks the door open wider and leads
him into her room, slams the door behind her.

204 JOSHUA STANDS THERE FOR A MOMENT with the door in his face
The laughter from inside keeps rising and falling with
all shades of meaning. For a brief moment, Joshua is
nobly resolved not to listen and starts away. A happy
shriek from Hildy turns him back. He quickly leans down
and peeks through the hole in the broken panel. Suddenly
there is a meaningful silence.

JOSHUA

(muttering philosophically)

Well...the Lord giveth and the Lord
taketh away...

He straightens up, turns from the door, starts away, stops,
turns back, takes another look, snaps upright, and starts
falling down the stairs, singing.

JOSHUA

I know a girl and her name was Sally --
Caught her quick in my hometown alley!

As Joshua's voice fades and the SOUND of his fall, the
SOUND of laughter from inside is resumed, broken with
giggles, sighs -- then yelps of pain followed by:

HILDY

Cable Hogue -- take off your God-
damned shoes!!!

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58A.

INT. DEADDOG SALOON - NIGHT

204A JOSHUA, LAUGHING AT HILDY'S LAST, tumbles down the stairs and sprawls to a halt in front of the rickety bandstand where:

204B "ARIZONA HOGAN AND HIS FOUR GILAS" are working out in a dance number....badly. Hogan is a live-wire one-man band. His four dancers, all over-used queens of the squeaking springs, look at the preacher with only mild interest and keep hoofing it. One dancer, the one they call "The Makko Shark", gives Joshua a jagged toothy grin as he picks himself up. Joshua notices and smiles back.

HOGAN

(over his shoulder - snapping)
Keep hoofin' it! I'll tell you when
to smile!

JOSHUA

Charity, brother....charity.

HOGAN

(still playing)
Charity's for ol' ladies and preachers.

Joshua starts to pull out his collar, thinks better of it, tips his hat and bows low to the girl, then exits. Hogan watches him go, then snaps the Makko Shark back into the line with the flick of a drumstick on her fanny.

EXT. DEADDOG STREET - NIGHT

205 AS JOSHUA, STILL COLLARLESS, ROAMS THE street in search of fair game, the SOUND of a WOMAN CRYING reaches his ears.

JOSHUA

(lighting up)

Ahh...the voice of a new sister.

He steps over to a door and ascertains that the sound is coming from within; this is his kind of prey. Humming lightly to himself, he slips on his collar and knocks. A sobbing girl in her early twenties cracks open the door. This is CLAUDIA, a sweet child in deep trouble. In her hand, a tear-soaked telegram.

CLAUDIA

(between sobs)

Yes...

Joshua removes his hat and puts on his most pious manner.

JOSHUA

My apologies for intruding in your time of obvious grief. Being a man of the cloth, I could not bring myself to pass your door without at least offering the solace of my services.

(beat)

I...am the Reverend Joshua Duncan Sloan.

He 'absently' scratches his neck, bringing attention to his collar. Claudia is in no condition to be skeptical.

CLAUDIA

Come in...

He's already moving through the door.

INT. CLAUDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

206 THE PREACHER TURNS AND extends his hand to Claudia. The girl is still weeping almost out of control.

JOSHUA

Take my hand, child. Allow me to share in your suffering.

(on her hesitation)

The Lord works in many ways. At times, when He has dealt too much for one to bear...He sends a messenger to comfort and love.

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED

CLAUDIA

(weakly)

He does?

JOSHUA

(nodding)

Such a messenger am I. I am a shoulder
to the grieving...a hand to be gripped
in despair...a vial to pour one's heart
into.

(a solemn beat)

My only mission in life is that of
comfort and love...which I humbly
offer you now. Come child, take my
hand and rest your head on my shoulder.

She can be a rock no longer. Joshua presses her hand to
his chest and gathers her in.

JOSHUA

Now then...what great weight may I
lift from your tortured soul?

CLAUDIA

(an anguished sob)

It's Frank.

He immediately releases her and shoots quick glances
around the room.

JOSHUA

Frank?

CLAUDIA

He's dead.

Instantly Joshua gathers her back in, comforts her, stroking
her back with infinite, almost divine tenderness.

CLAUDIA

The telegram just came...it happened
in Gila.

JOSHUA

How terr....

CLAUDIA

He's only been gone two weeks...

JOSHUA

How pitif....

CLAUDIA

....and two days.

CONTINUED

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206 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

Weep your heart into mine, child...
for it is weeping with you. I shall
be the reservoir for your sorrow...
and your guide for a brighter tomorrow.

207 SHE IS FALLING INTO HIS SPELL. Joshua is breaking out in a
fine sweat.

CLAUDIA

(sobs reduced to sniffles)
It's so good to know that someone...

As Joshua speaks, he undoes a button at the nape of her neck.

JOSHUA

Thank not me, Sister. I am but an
emissary of the kingdom of heavenly love.
(beat)
Out of the depth of your sorrow, we shall
know the beauty of...His...love.

Another button pops open, then another. He gently caresses
the exposed portion of her back. Her eyes meet his...she
has fallen.

JOSHUA

Even now, as we stand here in...His
shadow...feel the grief subside as I
absorb it through my palm and into my heart.

CLAUDIA

Ohh yes, Reverend Sloan...I do!

He flicks open still another button; victory is near and
he knows it.

JOSHUA

Feel your pain...Flowing into my heart.

CLAUDIA

Yes, yes, I feel it -- Oh, Reverend
Sloan, I don't believe I've ever met a
man as unselfish as you are.

JOSHUA

(going in for the...kill)
Come, Sister, and together we shall
purge this grief from your soul...and
release your true spirit as we reach
...all that is holy.

CONTINUED

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62.

207 CONTINUED

As he gently ushers her toward the bed, there is a KNOCK on the door.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Claudia! It's me.

CLAUDIA

It's my husband.

208 JOSHUA DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO RELEASE HER, button her back up or run. He tries to do all three at once as the color drains from his face.

JOSHUA

But...he's...the telegram...

CLAUDIA

(tears welling up again)

That was Frank...my brother.

(suddenly remembering)

Clete doesn't know yet. They were very close.

JOSHUA

(weakly)

Clete...

CLETE'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Claudia! Open the God-damned door!!

CLAUDIA

(a new hope)

Reverend Sloan, could you...would you help console Clete? Absorb his grief like you did mine. They were so close, and...

There is a loud CRASHING SOUND and a startled reaction from Claudia.

The Reverend Joshua Duncan Sloan trying to exit through the back door neglected to open it. He bounces back into the room.

209 CLAUDIA OPENS THE DOOR AND CLETE, big, half rough, more than half mean, bursts into the room.

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED

CLETE:

What in hell is this --

Joshua takes the bull by the horns.

JOSHUA

Silence --! There has been a death
in your family.

Clete skids to a halt.

CLAUDIA

(wailing)

Frank -- he's dead.

JOSHUA

Kneel!

And they do - both of them.

JOSHUA

Bow your heads.

And they do - both of them.

JOSHUA

In this hour of your need --
I will comfort you.His hands go on their heads; he is getting away with it,
knows it and his voice rises:

JOSHUA

Yea...I will comfort you. I will
bring you to a closer understanding
of the mystery of life and death --
and love.

CLAUDIA

(softly)

Oh, thank you, Reverend.

CLETE

(his eyes mist)

I loved that kid, Reverend, crazy
loon that he was.

JOSHUA

(stroking Claudia's head)

I know, I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABLE SPRINGS - DAY

210. HOGUE IS CARRYING A HUNDRED POUND BOULDER TOWARD THE LEAN-TO IN THE DISTANCE. Joshua, walking in front of him, and totally oblivious to his grunts and groans, is expounding to the heavens:

JOSHUA

She was a treasure...waiting to be found. A dew-kissed flower...sparkling with the sunrise. Her breath was that of a wanton angel upon my lips.

Hogue hefts the boulder for a better grip.

HOGUE

(grunting)

Married woman!

JOSHUA

I shall walk in her breezes, bask in the rays of her beauty and lie in the golden arches of her passions.

(then---wearily)

Ah...Brother Hogue...it grieves me bad to think of her with that Goliath.

211. JOSHUA SQUINTS DOWN THE FOUNDATION DITCH TO MAKE SURE IT'S STRAIGHT. Hogue puts the first cornerstone in place.

HOGUE

Yer cup went dry, Preacher. A man's a poor sport when it comes to another pleasin' his woman.

The Preacher sits down on the rock pile and takes a long look at Hogue.

CONTINUED

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211 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

I don't pleasure them, Brother Hogue
...I baptise them!

(as Hogue looks at him)

...with tender loving care -- and that's
all she needs.

(as Hogue laughs)

There's been a death in the family --
she needs help - my help.

HOGUE

Husband'll give her all the help she
needs and when he wants!

JOSHUA

And Hildy ---?

212 THE SUN IS RISING AS HOGUE PRODS JOSHUA with a well-
place boot. In the b.g., the completed foundation
and some studs, etc.

HOGUE

Hildy ain't mine...nobody owns Hildy!

Joshua rolls over and pulls the flimsy blanket over his
head in an attempt to shut out the dawn and Hogue.

JOSHUA

(more asleep than awake)

God damn it, Cable Hogue...it's the
middle of the night!

HOGUE

(looking over the land - softly)

She's got her life 'n' I got mine...
right here -- right where I want to be!

JOSHUA

(peeking out at him)

That ain't exactly so, Cable -- you
love that girl?!

CABLE (yelling)

Up and at 'em! You ain't no help to
me lyin' there on your ass!!!

Joshua groans his protest and climbs to his feet.

213 HOGUE AND JOSHUA CARRY A BRASS BED AND LUMPY MATTRESS TOWARD
THE HALF COMPLETED SHACK. In the b.g., a wagon half full
of assorted junk pulls back onto the wagon road.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
66.

213 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(straining)

Brother, sometimes I question your
sanity.

HOGUE

You don't know nothin' 'bout swappin'!
A week's waterin' rights for this!?
Friend, it's a swappin' man's swap!

JOSHUA

Why? You can't sleep less you're bedded
down on lizards and rocks!

They drop it next to the shack and step back to admire it.

HOGUE

T'ain't true - only thing I like
'bout cities is city beds.

Joshua thumps the mattress into place and lays down to
savor the softness.

JOSHUA

(nonchalantly)

My little Claudia comes to mind.

214 TWO RIDERS (ONE IS EASY, THE OTHER IS DONALD) WATER THEIR
HORSES. Hogue slips a bulging oil cloth under his boat,
crosses to the nearby completed shack where:

215 JOSHUA SITS IN THE SHADE WITH A BOTTLE, staring wistfully in
the direction of Deaddog. Hogue plops down beside him and
holds out his hand. Joshua hands him the bottle.

JOSHUA

I really should venture into Deaddog and
pay my respects.

Hogue takes a long pull, then hands the bottle back to
Joshua.

HOGUE

Burning with passion...Huh, Preacher?

JOSHUA

What about youf's, 'Brother' Hogue?

HOGUE

Mine! Hell, I ain't never had a passion.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

215 Joshua rises to one knee and cocks a finger at Hogue.

JOSHUA

Ah! And what would you call the
vengeance that gnaws at the very walls
of your soul!? That's the passion that
will nurture the dandelions above your
grave!

216 A SMALL RABBIT ROASTS OVER THE CAMPFIRE. HOGUE AND
JOSHUA sit in silence as night descends on the desert.

HOGUE (softly)

Taggart 'n' Bowen meant for me to
die an' ...if my feet don't git cold,
my back don't turn yella 'n' my
legs'll stay under me...

(long beat)

...I sim to kill 'em fer it...but that
sin't what I call passion.

THE SOUND of a COYOTE IN THE NIGHT punctuates this.
The Preacher shifts his weight as Hogue broods into the
fire. Finally:

JOSHUA (simply)

"Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord."

HOGUE

That's fair enough -- Just as long as
He don't take too long -- and I can
watch!

216A Cable and Joshua sit by a fire eating a rabbit. The sky
is dark and overcast. Joshua looks to the heavens.

JOSHUA

It's raining.

CABLE

It never rains in the desert.

Joshua gets up, walks to the lean-to. Tears a piece
of canvas and makes a makeshift pancho which he slips over
his head and returns to the fire. After a pause, Cable

CONTINUED

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67A.

216A CONTINUED

rises, walks to the lean-to and gets a piece of canvas to cover his head and returns to the fire and rejoins Joshua.

217 A CRUDE HOMEMADE BRUSH IS PAINTING on weathered wood. The shack is completed. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Hogue painting a sign as Joshua looks on. he is finishing the letter "b" in "Cable".

JOSHUA

Now....the "L"...

218 CUSHING ON HORSEBACK RIDES over a knoll towards Hogue and Joshua.

He reins in his horse and studies - with amused satisfaction - "Cable Springs".

219 HOGUE'S SET-UP IS COMPLETED - as completed as it will ever be.

220 THE 'HOUSE', THE CORRAL, THE WELL, THE WATER HOLE FOR THE horses, the shed for the cooking and feeding of travelers, etc. Around Hogue's property are numerous piles of dirt as if others have been digging for water - and they still are.

221 BEN, BARNEY DADE, THE CLERK, QUITTNER, WEBB AND SEVERAL OTHERS gathered around one of the holes. The stagecoach is standing nearby.

222 HOGUE FINISHES THE NAME "CABLE" AS CUSHING FINISHES HIS INSPECTION AND RIDES TOWARD HIM.

HOGUE

That does 'Cable' ... Now how do you spell 'Springs'?

JOSHUA

It starts off with an "S".

HOGUE

Yeah...? Well how's it go from there?

223 CUSHING APPROACHES, attracting Hogue's attention.

JOSHUA

Well, that depends...

HOGUE

(shouting)

Howdy, Mr. Cushing!

Hogue and Joshua go to meet him.

224 CUSHING REINS IN HIS horse and dismounts.

CUSHING

'Afternoon, gentlemen. Thought I might pay you a visit.

CONTINUED

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224 CONTINUED

HOGUE

How about a drink of water?

CUSHING

I'd like that.

225 THEY MOVE TOWARD THE WELL. In B. G., we see Quittner's group by their latest digging effort.

CUSHING

Mr. Hogue, you've done remarkable things with one hundred dollars.

HOGUE

(proudly)

Thank you, Mr. Cushing. Well...this is it...Cable Springs.

CUSHING

(nodding toward the group)

I see you got neighbors!

HOGUE

(lowing a bucket down the wall)

They'd like to be...

CUSHING

How's it going? They found anything?

HOGUE

(amused)

Not one damn drop! Been diggin' for thirteen days!

(handing Cushing a dipper of water)

Try this, Mr. Cushing.

(yelling loud enough for Quittner to hear)

And there's a lot more where that came from.

226 QUITTNER AND HIS GANG LOOK off at Hogue and start cussing their own diggings.

HOGUE

(rubbing it in; shouting)

Kinda looks like I bought the right two acres, don't it, fellers?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
70.

226 CONTINUED

QUITTNER
(turning - shouting)
All right, Hogue! All right! I give
up! Dammit!

227 THRU

229

OMIT

230 QUITTNER STALKS OVER TO HOGUE AND CUSHING. BEN FOLLOWS.
Webb and the Clerk get aboard the stage. DURING THE
FOLLOWING, Webb drives it over by the well.

CONTINUED

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230 CONTINUED

QUITTNER

(fawning)

Good afternoon, Mr. Cushing.

(to Hogue, as Cushing merely nods)

You got us, Hogue. We're beat.

(he hands Hogue the contract)

I've already signed it.

Cushing takes it from Hogue.

HOGUE

(gleefully)

Look at all them zeros!

JOSHUA

All comes to him who waits!

CUSHING

That makes it official...You're
in business Cable.

BEN

Oh, by the way...Hogue

(unwrapping a package)

Here's just about the most important
thing of all.

HOGUE

(anxiously)

What's this goin' to cost me?

BEN

Nothin'.

231 BEN UNFURLS IT. IT IS AN AMERICAN FLAG.

HOGUE

(now taken aback)

Well, if that don't beat all!

BEN

You'll have to buy a flagpole.

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED

HOGUE

I'll make my own.

QUITTNER

(skeptically)

You goin' to be ready to feed all the passengers comin' through?

HOGUE

Mr. Quittner, don't you worry none... The desert will provide. Why, I can just see...them hungry passengers squealin' with delight as they flop a lip over my grub. You'll see! The desert will provide.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

232

HOGUE AND JOSHUA ARE ON ALL FOURS BEHIND A bush, watching something O.S. Suddenly they jump up and run to an open spot. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM and reveals a snared desert trophy darning wildly back and forth. Hogue slowly reels it in; Joshua picks it up and carries it, backing wildly PAST CAMERA, which PANS with it. It is a lean, scrawny, old cottontail.

JOSHUA

Did it ever occur to you, Cable, how smart and bountiful God was to put breasts on a woman -- and just the right number in just the right places...Ever notice that, Cable?

HOGUE

Well, where in hell else would He put them!? On their backside?!

JOSHUA

That's a thought --

HOGUE

(suddenly harsh)

I got bellies to feed tomorrow and we're short on grub -- Get to work!!

233

A COILED RATTLESNAKE STRIKES, MISSES AND BEFORE IT CAN RECOIL HOGUE'S HAND GRABS IT BEHIND THE HEAD AND LIFTS IT TRIUMPHANTLY ALOFT, JOSHUA FLINCHES AND OPENS A GUNNY SACK half full of writhing creatures. Hogue laughs softly and drops the snake in the bag, then turns and moves away. Joshua follows, dragging the sack.

CONTINUED

233 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(dreamily)

And legs...you ever notice a female person's legs?

HOGUE

Well, of course I did...Some o'em go all the way up to the ladies' ass -- others stop somewhat below...

During the above:

234 A HOLE APPEARS IN THE SACK and a dozen different varieties of reptiles make their exit.

235 JOSHUA LIFTS THE SACK curiously, yells. Hogue stops, follows his glance.

236 SNAKES ARE ALL AROUND THEM, some coiling, others disappearing in the brush.

237 HOGUE WHIRLS AND GOES AFTER THEM, JOSH looks down at the reptiles surrounding him, wonders what in the hell he is doing there, gives a yell and highsteps it for camp. Behind him, Hogue starts snapping up snakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAMADA

DAY

238 HOGUE AND JOSHUA ARE LADLING SLUMGULLION into plates. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND reveals the guests. Seated at the rickety table are FRED (HUSBAND), DOT, his WIFE and RALPH, his CHILD Ben Webb Seely and LUCIUS, a big, fat drummer who finishes his last bite and pounds on the table. (In the b.g. is a screen snake pit filled with gila monsters, rattlesnakes, etc. It sports the sign "DESERT MEWSEEM".)

LUCIUS

More!

DOT

Would you mind if I had just a teeny bit more also? It's very tasty.

(she starts to lift her nailed-down plate)

Good heavens!

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
74.

238 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(slapping a load on Lucius' plate)
Makes it easier to wash and keep track.

Joshua smiles and loads Dot up. She takes another bite. Fred is cleaning his plate as is Ralphie.

DOT

Delightful!

JOSHUA

Desert stew! Good fresh meat!!

The drummer's spoon stops halfway to his mouth. He holds it away from him so he can focus on the spoon load.

LUCIUS

...what's in it?

Hogue's dirty hand reaches out to the spoon and takes a chunk of meat off it, studies it, tastes it, drops it back on the plate.

HOGUE

That's jackrabbit br---

JOSHUA

(quickly)
ah...chuckwalla...!!!

Ben and Webb begin to exchange looks.

FRED

WhAt's chuckwalla?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
75.

238 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

Chuckwalla...well...that's breast of
quail...wild drove thighs.

There is a pleased reaction of 'oohs' and 'ahhs'.

239 HOGUE SQUINTS AND HE LOOKS up as he tries to recall. He
is proud of his recipe and wants to be exact.

HOGUE

(happily)

...an'...uh...ground squirrels,
bluegut lizard, horny toad, black
gopher and rattlesnake - grasshoppers
for seasoning, pack rats and prairie dog
to fill in.

There is the SOUND of spoons dropping in the plates.

HOGUE

(still looking up, continuing
obviously)

If you can get hold of wild onion -
that'll help... you see, out here, what
you gotta do is...you gotta work an' you
make do!!

240 THE TABLE HAS BEEN CLEARED OF TOURISTS. Scattered some
distance from the shelter are most of Hogue's guests.
Some running. some are in the process of throwing up the
good old Hogue family recipe. The Husband and the drummer
are leaning against the corral, stunned and ill. The
billious, green-faced wife is staring agast at her
hungry child who continues to wolf it down. Webb,
leaning back, tries to control their laughter.

HOGUE (calling out)

Wait! There's dessert!

That does it...the drummer lets go. Webb and Ben fall
against each other laughing.

241 JOSHUA STEPS TO CABLE, STICKS out his hand; Cable takes it.

JOSHUA

Cable, I'm off to Deaddog -- The call
is upon me and cannot be ignored without
endangering my soul --

CONTINUED

241 CONTINUED

CABLE

Your soul! Just be careful you don't
get your ass full of buckshot --

JOSHUA

I'm doing the Lord's work.

CABLE

Hell of a name for it.

JOSHUA

He will protect me -- and for your
own protection, never detail your
meal again.

Hogue watches the gagging travellers cross to the stage
and nods.

HOGUE

I reckon you're right.

(then)

Say hello to...

He stops, pausing.

JOSHUE

(moving away, grinning)

I will - I will, Cable. I'll give
her your love.

Hogue glares at him, then laughs.

HOGUE

That's all you can do, Preacher --
you can't convince Hildy without
hard cash.

JOSHUE

(yelling back)

We'll see, Cable!

And as Cable thinks this over, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABLE SPRINGS - DAY

242

THE AMERICAN FLAG IS WAVING IN THE BREEZE. CAMERA PULLS
BACK and we can see that Hogue has built a tall, tall flag-
pole by tying many short pieces together. It's held up
by guy wires. Hogue hauls the flag down, folds it, marks
off another day on his calendar. A little more work has

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED

been done. A few details added, such as a wash stand outside the door and a hay feeder for the livestock. In the B.G. we see the rim of the hills and a rider is coming up the road from Deaddog. Hogue walks to the little rise and looks out. The rider approaches. It is Hildy. She pulls up and looks at Hogue.

HILDY

Evenin', Cable.

243 DUMBFOUNDED, HOGUE HELPS HER OFF THE HORSE. He stands back to look at her.

HILDY

Thank you.

HOGUE

Hildy, I don't know why you're here, but I'm mighty glad you are.

HILDY

I was asked to leave...by the good people of the town.

HOGUE

Good people? In Deaddog? I never met any.

(laughs)

'Cept you.

She laughs with him. Hogue takes her traveling bag from behind the saddle, escorts her to the shelter, sits her down. As he does this, he suddenly notices the flies buzzing around the dirty, nailed-down plates.

HOGUE

We wasn't expectin' company.
(grabs bucket of water
and sloshes half of it
over the entire table
as Hildy jumps up to
avoid a wetting)

Ain't got around to doin' my dishes yet.

244 HE GRABS AN IMPROVISED, DIRTY DISH MOP AND GIVES EACH PLATE A QUICK 'ONCE OVER' SWIRL, then rinses the plates by throwing the rest of the water over the table, then picks up one edge of the table, tilting it, dumping the water and finally drags the table from under the shelter out into the sun.

(CONTINUED)

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78.

244 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Sun makes it real pure, you see.
(pause, casually)
You see Joshua?

HILDY

(just as casual)
Surely did.
(then smiles)
He talks a lot, Cable -- and well, too,
but I'm not ready to be saved...not yet...

Hogue laughs with pleasure and runs toward the shack.

HOGUE

Now just make yerself to home.
Just right at home! Be right back!

Hogue ducks into the station. Hildy looks at the desert around her, takes out a hairpin, lets her hair fall loosely about her shoulders.

INT. STATION - DAY

245 HOGUE IS TRYING TO MAKE THINGS TIDIER. He kicks things aside, stuffs them away out of sight.

246 EXT. STATION SHACK - DAY

JUNK COMES FLYING OUT OF THE WINDOW, as a cloud of dust pours out of the door. Hildy smiles at the commotion.

INT. STATION - DAY

247 HOGUE FINALLY WAVES HIS HAND with "Oh, to-hell-with-it" gesture and walks to the door - opens it.

DISSOLVE TO 249.

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INT. STATION - NIGHT

249 HOGUE AND HILDY ARE AT THE TABLE. Hogue has whipped up one of his 'specials' and Hildy is doing her best to get it down. Finally, however, enough is enough.

HILDY

I don't mean to be ungrateful, Hogue but you do need a cook.

HOGUE (a hopeful smile)

You want the job?

HILDY

(slowly shakes her head)
I've got to be movin' on.

250 HOGUE RISES, RICKS UP THE SILVERWARE, puts it in a pan of hot water on the fire.

HOGUE

Where to?

HILDY

San Francisco...I told you.

HOGUE

(looking toward the open door)
Lord a'mighty, woman, it's nearly dark. You can't travel alone at night.

HILDY

(pausing a moment)
Hogue, don't you worry about me...
no one else ever has.

HOGUE

Maybe that's the trouble.

Hogue returns to the table, sits across from her.

HOGUE

(resolutely)
Hildy, I ain't gonna let you go tonight.

CONTINUED

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250 CONTINUED

Hildy laughs it off.

HOGUE (continued)
I mean it. Laugh all you want.
This is wild country out here...
rustlers...coyotes...no tellin'
what else.

There is an awkward pause.

HILDY
(smiling)
You want me to stay?

HOGUE
Yep.
(adding quickly)
If you stay...tell you what i'll
do.
(points up to the rafters)
See that brass bed up there? A
dandy, good bed. It's yours. As
long as you stay. I'll set that up
for you.

251 HILDY LOOKS AT HIM THEN RISES and starts for the door.

HOGUE
(anxiously)
Where you goin'?

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED

HILDY

(stopping at door)

If I'm goin' to stay overnight,
I've got to get myself washed up.

She exits. Hogue stands stupefied for a moment, then slaps his hands together in sheer glee, and starts hauling down the bed.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

252 HILDY IS WASHING HER FACE AT THE WELL. In the B.G. Hogue can be HEARD clanging and banging the bed.

INT. STATION - NIGHT

253 HOGUE IS PUTTING THE BED TOGETHER, cussing at it, pounding it and kicking it.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

254 HILDY REACHES INTO HER SADDLE BAG, extracts a nightgown from it.

INT. STATION - NIGHT

255 HOGUE SLAMS THE BED TOGETHER, then looks through the window, sees Hildy approaching.

HOGUE

Wait, wait! Not yet!

Outside Hildy stops.

HOGUE (O.S.)

Wait right there. Don't go away.

256 ANOTHER BURST OF DEBRIS FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW. Hildy laughs softly. Hogue opens the door.

257 HILDY WALKS TOWARD HIM SLOWLY, languerously, stops.

HILDY

Now?

Hogue looks at her, nods 'yes'. Hildy walks in.

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INT. STATION - NIGHT

258 HOGUE SHOWS HILDY THE BED which has been set up, mattress in place and covered. It is a good looking brass bed and has been made up, but has a lot of left over lumps.

Hildy goes to it, touches it, then lies down on it, stretches. Purrs with pleasure.

Hogue grins, turns to the stove and gets a pan of hot water and exits.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

259 HOGUE BEGINS TO WASH outside the window.

HILDY (O.S.)

You beennice to me, Hogue. Never throwed it up in my face what I been.

HOGUE

Well, what've you been? A human being' - we try the best we kin... we all got our own ways of livin'...

HILDY (O.S.)

An' lovin'...

HOGUE

Love, huh?

(thinks about this for a moment)
Yeah, it gets mighty lonesome without it. You know, Miss Hildy, sometimes out here alone at night, you...

INT. STATION - NIGHT.

260 HILDY reacts to the 'Miss' of respect in her name.

CONTINUED

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260 CONTINUED

HOGUE (continued)
..sometimes I wonder what the hell
I'm doin' out here...all alone.

HILDY
Why don't you come into town?

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

261 HOGUE, SHAVING, REACTS TO THIS.

HOGUE
Go back in among 'em?
(nervous chuckle)
I don't know about that. In town
I'd be nothin', Miss Hildy. I
don't like being nothin'. I been
that before -- out here, well --
I got a good start out here.
(pause)
If you'd like to stay on awhile,
maybe us two could kinda...

HILDY (O.S.)
Hogue, it's not my kinda life. I
can't stay. We don't think the
same.

HOGUE laughs, covering up disappointment.

262 IN THE SHACK, HILDY IN HER NIGHTGOWN, is brushing her hair.

HILDY
But I'll stay on a day or two...

HOGUE (O.S.)
Then where?

HILDY (O.S.)
San Francisco -- -- but not tonight.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
2/10/69
84.

263 OUTSIDE HOGUE AT THE WASH BASIN blinks into the mirror while finishing shaving. He wonders if this is a bona fide invitation. Decides it might be; crosses his fingers; wets down his hair and crosses to the house.

INT. THE SHACK

264 HILDY STUDYING HERSELF IN FRONT OF A BROKEN MIRROR by the light of a coal oil lamp, turns as Hogue enters. Hogue stops in his tracks.

HOGUE
Now that is a picture.

HILDY
You've seen it before.

HOGUE
Lady, nobody's ever seen you before.

He walks to her, takes her to him, buries his head in her hair, kisses her neck. He draws back, looks at her, reaches over, blows out the lamp.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STATION - DAY

265 HILDY & CABLE SING "BUTTERFLY MORNING". VARIOUS CUTS & LOCATIONS TO COVER SONG

HILDY WASHES CABLE'S SHIRT BY THE WELL. Hogue sits on the sunning bench and drinks her in.

HOGUE
You sure brighten up the desert,
Miss Hildy.
(grins)
Specially them long desert nights.

Hildy smiles, but doesn't give it her all.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
2/10/69
84A.

265 CONTINUED

HILDY

There's lots of places besides
the desert.

(then quietly)

Lots of places, Hogue.

HOGUE

Well, I guess there is -- but not
for me -- maybe not for you.

266 HE BENDS DOWN AND PLUCKING A FLOWER growing near the
well, awkwardly holds it out to her.

She takes it and is genuinely moved; maybe no one has
ever picked her a flower before.

INT. STATION - DAY

267

HILDY PUTS THE FLOWER IN A BEAN POT AND STEPS BACK TO ADMIRE IT. The station reeks of a woman's touch. Hogue leans in the doorway.

HOGUE

You see -- I made up my mind when I come here... I quit runnin'.

HILDY

(quietly)

A man can be runnin' just sittin' still.

HOGUE

I ain't runnin' 'n' I ain't sittin'... I'm waitin'.

268

HILDY SWEEPS THE FLOOR A LITTLE HARDER THAN NECESSARY and Hogue has to do a little dance to keep out of the path of her swishing broom.

HILDY

(clipped)

For those two? What good's that going to do?! It ain't worth it, Hogue. Revenge always turns sour! Forget them.

HOGUE

(jumping out of the broom's way)

There's some things a man don't forget. I got me two...name of Taggart 'n' Bowen.
(a long beat)

I been waitin' a long time, Hildy.

Hildy stops sweeping and gives Hogue a long look.

HILDY

You couldn't handle 'em last time. Next time you'll just get yourself killed.

EXT. STATION - DAY

269

HOGUE IS WOLFING DOWN ONE OF HILDY'S MEALS. The table is neatly set for the afternoon stage; an immaculate contrast to Hogue's way of doing things. Hildy beams at Hogue's acceptance of her cooking.

HOGUE

I'll get myself killed puttin' down your grub.

(takes another bite)

You know, Hildy, 'cept for me... you're the best cook I know.

CHANGE
1/14/69
86.

EXT. STATION - DAY

270 THE TABLE IS A SHAMBLES OF DIRTY PLATES, CHICKEN BONES AND RUMPLED napkins. THE STAGE DISAPPEARS in the distance as Hogue helps Hildy clear the table.

HOGUE (continuing)

An' it looks like them passengers agree with me.

Hildy laughs, then her eyes go soft as they meet Hogue's. He takes her hand gently, almost awkwardly.

HOGUE

I'm mighty glad you're here.

EXT. STATION - DAY

271 HOGUE AND HILDY wait by the well as the stage lumbers up the main road. Hildy is long of face and heavy of heart.

HILDY

I won't be much longer, Hogue.

(beat)

If I don't go now...there won't be much use in goin' later.

HOGUE

Soon as they come --

HILDY

(shaking her head)

What if they never come?

He thinks about this, then:

272 THE STAGE PULLS IN AND HOGUE GOES TO HELP THE PASSENGERS. Hildy stands there a moment, looks after him, then follows.

EXT. STATION - DUSK

273 HOGUE AND HILDY LOWER THE FLAG IN THE SUNSET. They savor the moment then turn and walk hand in hand toward the station.

HILDY

Even if you did get them..an' you got to San Francisco...How'd you find me?

HOGUE (softly)

Don't you worry none 'bout that!'

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
87.

INT. STATION - NIGHT

274 THE GLINT OF THE BRASS FOUR POSTER BED IS ALL WE SEE IN THE FILTERED MOONLIGHT. There is a squeak, then a long silence.

HILDY

(Quietly...from the dark)

It's a big town, Hogue. A real city.

HOGUE

(from the dark)

I don't care where you are, Hildy.

I said I'll find you... 'n' I aim to do just that!

(a quiet laugh)

An' quit changin' the subject...

The bed SQUEAKS with quiet laughter and the gentle shuffling of bodies in the night.

EXT. STATION - DAY (DAWN EFFECT)

275 HOGUE AND HILDY RAISE THE FLAG WITH THE DAWN

Hogue squeezes her hand and her face glows with the sunrise. It is a moment cherished as they stroll back toward the station.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION - DAY

276 IT IS EARLY MORNING, HOGUE in long johns is pouring coffee into a cup which he takes to Hildy who lies in bed looking at him - a smile on her face.

Hogue stops suddenly, listening. There is the SOUND of horse hoofs, very faint, in the distance - moving fast.

HOGUE

Comin' fast. Never knowed that to mean anything but trouble.

(giving her the coffee)

You stay here until I tell you to come out.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
88.

276 CONTINUED

HILDY
All right, Cable.

The SOUND of the horse is coming closer.

HOGUE
(at the door)
An' bolt the door after you.

HILDY
I will.

Hogue exits.

EXT. STATION - DAY

277 HOGUE STEPS OUT, WATCHES JOSHUA RIDE IN LIKE THE WIND.
He pulls up in front of the station and dismounts.

JOSHUA
He's after me. He's going to kill
me!

HOGUE
Then keep movin'!

JOSHUA
I'm serious.

HOGUE
So'm I.

278 HOGUE MOVES AWAY. Joshua follows.

JOSHUA
(as Hogue stretches out)
She was not a sister-in-purity --
I found her weeping by the livery
stables - Clete had become taken with
drink and left the poor child...

CONTINUED

CHANGE

1/14/69

89.

278 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(as he pauses)

And...

JOSHUA

I...I comforted her...for days -- weeks
(sadly) -- months - but then, he returned...
(hardly able to speak)
and that fool woman went to him,
confessed, and begged for forgiveness...

AS HOGUE looks at him,

And he forgave her -- But not me!
He swears I won't leave this desert
alive!

HOGUE

(waving him off)

Good luck, Preacher!

JOSHUA

(desperately)

Hogue, every minute we argue,
DEATH is riding closer. We're in
trouble!

HOGUE

(sitting up)

We? I never pleased nobody's
wife!

JOSHUA

(kneeling)

To err is human, Brother; to forgive --

HOGUE

You're forgiven, Josh. But then again
it ain't my wife.

(looking at the kneeling man
then out over the desert,
gruffly)

Somebody's comin'!

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
90.

278 CONTINUED

JOSHUA TURNS and sprints for the cabin.

HOGUE
Hildy's in there...

JOSHUA
(skidding to a step
eyes brightening)
Hildy? From...?

HOGUE
That's the one and you'd better behave
yourself or I'll come gunnin' fer you.

279 HILDY OPENS THE DOOR, sees Joshua.

HILDY
Why, Preacher Sloane.

280 JOSHUA CATFOOTS FORWARD, tips his hat, bows.

JOSHUA
Morning, Ma'm.

The door slams, is bolted. Hogue groans audibly
then runs to Joshua's lathered horse, ties it beside
Hildy's, looks back at an approaching cloud of dust,
rips off the saddle and blanket.

Joshua's head snaps out of the window.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
91.

280 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

The devil arriving on horseback.

- Protect us Hogue!

(then - groaning - heading inside)

Oh, Lord, what have I done?

HOGUE

Nothin' you ain't done before. But
this time you got caught at it.

HILDY (O.S.)

(giggling a little)

You're in for it now Joshua.

281 HOGUE REACTS AS CLETE COMES GALLOPING IN, rides right
up to the door, shoots into the air.

CLETE

(shouts)

Open up in there!

HOGUE

(real easy)

I'm over here, Mister. Cable
Hogue's the name.

Clete whirls, looks around quickly for Hogue, spots him,
spots the horses.

CLETE

Whose horse is that?

HOGUE

Which one?

CLETE

The one all lathered up.

HOGUE

Ohh, that one. That's mine.

CLETE

What's its name?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
92.

281 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Oh, that...uh...that's old Alexander.

CLETE

(studying the horse)

Funny name for a mare.

HOGUE

Like the lady said to the sailor --
"It all depends on how you look at
it."

The rider dismounts, starts for the door.

282 HOGUE LEAPS FORWARD, blocking his way, extends his hand.

HOGUE

I'm Cable Hogue. H...O....

CLETE

I don't give a damn who you are!

HOGUE

I do.

(then)

They's nobody here but me.

CLETE

I'll just look.

HOGUE

That'd be callin' me a liar.

(drawing his gun)

CLETE

Outa my way!

Hogue steps aside slowly. Clete tries the door.

HOGUE

(with mock weariness)

Jammed again.

CLETE

Jammed, hell! It's locked. From
the inside!

CONTINUED

283

FOUR SHOTS COME SPILLING FROM THE GUN, RAPID FIRE. HOGUE JUMPS HIM, PINS HIS ARMS BEHIND HIM. Clete tries to hit Hogue with the gun. Aims it back at Hogue, fires. The shot whines by Hogue's nose.

HOGUE

(aloud; to himself)

Where'd that one come from?
Thought I counted six.

284

CLETE THROWS THE GUN BACK AT HOGUE, trying to hit him in the head. With a heavy grunt, Clete breaks loose, picks up a rock which goes flying by Hogue's head.

285

HOGUE GRABS A SHOVEL, CHASES CLETE. Clete spots a sledge hammer, picks it up.

CLETE

(swinging sledge hammer)

All right. Come on.

He and Hogue begin circling each other. A Mexican stand-off. In the B.G. Joshua slips out the window and sneaks to his horse.

CLETE

(spotting Joshua)

Oh, no you don't!

286

HE GOES AFTER JOSHUA, trapping him against the wall.

JOSHUA

Peace, Brother, peace!

CLETE

Had enough of that!

Hogue is enjoying Joshua's comeuppance until Clete raises the sledge hammer. This is carrying things too far. Hogue is on him in a flash, grabs the hammer, flings it away. Clete punches Hogue in the stomach. Hogue doubles over, trying to catch his breath.

JOSHUA

(cheer-leading him on)

Yeah, verily, Hogue -- rally to
the side of the blessed.

287 HOGUE SWINGS AT THE RIDER, CONNECTS. Clete staggers back.

JOSHUA

(clapping hands)

'And the hand of the Lord shall smite them!'

Hogue swings, misses, punches a hole in the side of the building. He staggers back, nursing his hand.

JOSHUA

Never fear, 'the Lord shall look after the sheep of his flock.'

Hogue looks over at Joshua in exasperation and disgust. Off guard, he is a perfect target and Clete drops him.

288 HOGUE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET. Clete pummels him again. Hogue falls into the arms of Joshua, who pushes him back into the fray with:

JOSHUA

'Onward, Christian soldiers!'

HOGUE

(turning on Joshua)

Shut up and fight, damn you!

JOSHUA

I have never been taught the arts of war, Brother.

HOGUE

Well, start learnin'!

Then Clete comes forward with the retrieved sledge hammer. Hogue picks up his shovel. The battle is on again.

289 CLETE SWINGS THE SLEDGE HAMMER; Hogue wards off the blow with his shovel. There is a resounding CLANG. Hogue swings the shovel at the rider, but misses. And so it goes. Finally:

HOGUE

(breathing hard)

Ain't you fergittin' somethin'?

CLETE

(stopping)

What?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
95.

289 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Why're you fightin' me? I never
diddled your wife!

The sledge hammer swings right at Hogue. He ducks and
it whizzes by in an arc.

JOSHUA

You are most unreasonable, sir!

Clete stops dead, turns slowly to Joshua. Of course,
Joshua is his man! He picks up his gun, begins
loading it. They watch him silently.

JOSHUA

Not completely unreasonable, mind
you.

Clete continues loading shells into his gun. Joshua
backs away. Hogue begins to chuckle and steps in
between them.

CLETE

Back off!
(Hesitates, then)

Hogue circles away.

CLETE

Now, Reverend, I'm goin' to blast
your head off your shoulders.

He raises his arm to shoot. There is a sickening SOUND
of a shovel hitting the back of a man's head.

290 CLETE TOPPLES FORWARD. HOGUE STEPS FORWARD, shovel
in hand, looks down.

HOGUE

(to Joshua)
Gimme a hand with him.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/19/69
96-98.

290 CONTINUED

JOSHUA
Is he still alive?

HOGUE
(lifting him)
Feel his pulse.

JOSHUA
He might wake up. You feel it.

291 HOGUE LOOKS DISDAINFULLY AT JOSHUA. TAKES CLETE'S WRIST,
FEEL HIS PULSE.

HOGUE
(as Clete groans)
He's all right.

292 HOGUE AND JOSHUA SECURE CLETE ON THE SADDLE and shoot the
horse off down the road.

HOGUE
(during the above)
Now if I was you, I'd start off the
other way, before somebody else
comes after ya!

293 HILDY COMES OUT OF THE STATION. Crosses to him.

HILDY
It it all right?

HOGUE
Yeah. You can come out now.

Hogue swaggers a bit. He's won his first knock-down-drag-
out fight and his woman saw it. He is cock-of-the-walk.

HILDY
(going to Hogue)
I saw him hit you in the stomach.
And look at your face, Hogue...uh...Cable.

HOGUE
I'm all right.

But he isn't, not yet, and it snows.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/19/69
98A.

293 CONTINUED

HILDY
I say you're goin' to lie down.

HOGUE.
You say?

HILDY
That's right. I say!

HOGUE
Look, woman, I'll do no such
thing. So just save your breath,
understand?

QUICK DISSOLVE -

INT. STATION - DAY (DUSK EFFECT)

294 HILDY IS AT THE STOVE. HOGUE IN BED. JOSHUA IS AS
CLOSE TO HILDY AS HE CAN GET. Hildy wrings out a rag,
moves over to Hogue, places it on his head.

HILDY
Now, you just lay there awhile
until you feel better.

HOGUE
(glaring at Joshua-
starts to rise)
Feel better already.

Hildy stares at Hogue threateningly.

HOGUE
(catching her eye)
All right, all right.

295 HOGUE SETTLES BACK. Hildy takes a bucket - exits. Joshua
grins at Hogue and scampers after her. Hogue grits his
teeth.

EXT. STATION - DAY (DUSK EFFECT)

296 JOSHUA CATCHES UP WITH HILDY, takes the bucket.

JOSHUA
Miss Hildy, you have a nice
bedside manner.

CONTINUED

296 CONTINUED

HILDY

(laughing)

Joshua, that's all you ever got
in mind.

JOSHUA

Not at all, Miss Hildy. The
soul of a woman is far more
important to me than the body.
(starts to take her hand)
However, to reach the soul...

HILDY

(laughs, pulls hand away)

Joshua, how many states you been
chased out of?

JOSHUA

(sighs)

The world is not ready...

HILDY

You could've been killed. Cable
too. Or you might have killed the
husband.

JOSHUA

(filling the bucket)

No. He is one of God's creatures.
I had no intention of harming him.

HILDY

I'm sure.

JOSHUA

You saw how I handled him -- with
reason.

They start back. Joshua staggers a little with the
weight of the bucket - leans on Hildy for support, slips
an arm around her waist.

JOSHUA

(needling her)

Sister Hildy, never thought I'd
see the day when you'd become
domestic.

HILDY

Me? Domesticated?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/19/69
98C.

296 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

I think you're fixin' to settle
down out here...cookin', sewin',
making it real homey.

HILDY

Is that what you're thinkin'?

JOSHUA

'Pears Brother Hogue does, too.

HILDY

(freeing herself)

You both got another think coming.

They enter the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHANGE
1/14/69
99.

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

297 HILDY IS AT THE STOVE: JOSHUA SITS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, tucks a napkin under his chin. Ignores Hogue, watches Hildy -- lord and master of all he surveys. Cable is at the table -- a wet rag on his head - his hand bandaged.

JOSHUA

My dear, that smells delicious.

HILDY

(serving Joshua)

It is good.

HOGUE

(glaring out from under
the rag)

Hold on, "Preacher."

(holds out hand)

That'll be fifty cents.

HILDY

Ohh, for heaven's sake. That's
hardly fair.

HOGUE

Not fair? He oughta pay me
double fer today.

HILDY

You haven't charged me nothin'!

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
100.

297 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Well, you haven't cha...

298 HE DOESN'T FINISH. The ladle in Hildy's hand clangs against his head...and rings. He looks at Joshua. Joshua looks at him - dares him to answer. Hogue's eyes drop.

JOSHUA

Brother Hogue, you're a true Samaritan.

Hildy, still burning, serves Hogue and herself, slams pot back on the stove, returns to the table and sits.

HOGUE

(finally)

Just don't push yer luck.

HILDY

Would you like to say grace, Reverend?

HOGUE

Not over my food.

HILDY

(angry)

Very well, I'll say grace!

She bows her head; Joshua bows his. Hogue glares, but bows his.

HILDY

(reciting)

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for all this good food, an' that we can share it all as one...

CONTINUED

Hogue glances up at this.

HILDY

(going on)

We thank Thee for all Thy
goodness and mercy; Bless this
food, O Lord...and bless this
house. Amen.

Joshua and Hogue both say 'Amen', raise their heads and
start to eat.

HILDY

Hogue...ah...Cable...

(as he looks at her)

I'll be leavin' tomorrow.

HOGUE

Tomorrow?

JOSHUA

(cutting in fast)

Why, I am, too, Miss Hildy.
Please allow me...

HOGUE

(ignoring Joshua)

You just got here.

HILDY

Cable, I was only going to stay
one day...maybe two. It's been
two weeks.

HOGUE

Couldn't be?!

HILDY

Has, though.

HOGUE

(trying to cover the
hurt)

I guess I sorta got used to the way you
cooked an' all. An' it's been nice
hearin' you sing...

(pause)

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
102.

298 CONTINUED

HILLY

I admit I thought a lot about
stayin'. You treated me like
a real lady. You almost had me
believin' I was one. You were
good to me, Cable.

299 JOSHUA STARES AT HIS PLATE - pretending not to be there -
eating steadily.

HOGUE

(without malice)
But not good enough?

HILLY

Too good...
(beat)
I can't handle it, Cable...
(another beat)
Thanks for everything...but I'm
leavin'.

Hogue puts down his spoon. He's not hungry.

HILLY

Don't you like the food?

CONTINUED

299 CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
103.

HOGUE

Excuse me...uh...that feller
hit me in the stomach...sort of
lost my appetite.

(rising)

I'd better find you a place to
sleep, Preacher.

JOSHUA

Why, that bed over there looks
just fine - dandy.

HOGUE

It's fine, but it ain't yours.

JOSHUA

(rising)

Isn't a guest entitled to bed and
board?!

HOGUE

(rising)

A payin' guest!

HILDY

Stop it! You're both going to
sleep outside tonight.

HOGUE

(stricken)

But tonight's going to be your last...

HILDY

Outside. Both of you!

EXT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

300 JOSHUA AND HOGUE EXIT, Hildy closing the door behind them.

HOGUE

You sure picked a hell of a time
to come bargin' in.

Hogue tosses Joshua a bedroll. They start bedding down.

JOSHUA

Brother Hogue, it was not of my choice.
I do not enjoy being chased across the
desert by a madman.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
104.

300 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Well, it's over and done with.

JOSHUA

Amen to that. Good night, Brother
Hogue.

HOGUE

Good night, Joshua.

Hogue rolls over and feigns sleep. Joshua does the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION AT NIGHT - HOGUE AND JOSHUA

301 EACH TRIES TO SEE IF THE OTHER IS AWAKE. Joshua feigns
snoring. Hogue rises, starts for the station door.
Joshua clears his throat.

HOGUE

Thirsty.

302 HOGUE CHANGES HIS DIRECTION, HEADS TO THE WELL, drinks,
glaring at Joshua over the dipper, then goes back to his
bedroll.

303 LATER, JOSHUA, THINKING HOGUE IS ASLEEP, MOVES TO THE HOUSE
AND STARTS TO CLIMB IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. Hogue, awake,
pitches a rock which catches Joshua right in his rear end.
Hogue feigns sleep. Joshua hesitates, curses quietly,
then goes back to his bedroll and falls asleep. Hogue
watches him, but falls asleep himself.

304 A HAND SHAKES HOGUE. HE LOOKS UP. THERE STANDS HILDY, her
nightgown blowing in the breeze. To Hogue it must be a
dream, but it isn't. She motions for him to follow her,
takes his hand, leads him to the station. Door closes
behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

305 OMITTED

EXT. STATION - DAY

306 JOSHUA AND HOGUE yawn and stretch in their respective beds.

JOSHUA

Morning, Brother Hogue. Sleep
well last night?

HOGUE

(after a long moment)

No....

JOSHUA

Oh.

They start dressing and rolling up their bedrolls.

HOGUE

(pointedly)

Nice morning fer travelin'.

Joshua walks toward the station door!

JOSHUA

Miss Hildy up yet?

HOGUE

Left early.

JOSHUA

(stopping, turning)

How do you know?

HOGUE

(twisting the knife)

Well, you know how it is, Josh...
when you can't sleep.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
106.

306 CONTINUED

The men exchange looks. Finally:

JOSHUA
Funny thing...

HOGUE
(turning away
lost)
What...?

JOSHUA
(kindly)
It doesn't matter how much...or how
little you've wandered around, how
many women you've been with. Every
once in a while, one of them cuts
right through...right straight into
you!

HOGUE
(almost yelling, almost
ready to bawl)
Well, whatta you do about it?

JOSHUA
(softly)
I guess maybe when you die...you
get over it.
(then)
So long, Hogue.

Joshua turns, starts for his horse, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

307-
308

OMITTED

CHANGE
1/14/69
107.

EXT. STATION - DAY

309 HOGUE LEADS A HARNESSED TEAM OUT OF THE CORRAL.

The stagecoach comes into the yard and pulls up in front of the station.

BEN
(calling out)
We're only stayin' a minute, Hogue.
Runnin' late...

He stands, bends his elbow and gestures pointedly at his elbow, then at the coach. Cable freezes for a moment, then nods his understanding.

Webb and Ben climb down. Webb begins unhooking the team as Ben opens the stagecoach door and starts helping passengers out.

310 TAGGART AND BOWEN DROP OUT, see him and their hands drop to their guns, looking for trouble, and they don't find it.

Cable, leading the team, spots them and walks forward with only the shadow of what he feels crossing his face.

HOGUE
(calling out)
Welcome to Cable Springs.
(then to Taggart
and Bowen)
Hey, boys! Been wondrin' - worryin'
if you ever got outa there alright --
glad you made it.

Bowen and Taggart - slow, stop finally, try and grin back.

BOWEN
Why...howdy, Cable.

TAGGART
(nodding)
Hogue.

HOGUE
(friendly as hell)
Come on an' have a drink of the best
damn water for fifty mile aroun'...

The woman passenger comes up to Hogue, but before she can speak:

CONTINUED

HOGUE

Aroun' in back, ma'am.

(To Bowen and

Taggart)

I'd make you coffee, boys, but
I know ol' Ben here won't letcha
stay long enough to drink it.

(joshin' Ben who has

hauled out his watch

and is looking at it)

Look at him! He can be meaner'n
hell when he's runnin' late...

TAGGART

(looking around)

How long you had this place?

HOGUE

Two year an' a half.

BOWEN

Pretty big layout.

HOGUE

Well...I owe it all to you boys...

(as they look at him)

When I come outa there...I found
this water hole an'...jest...
went into business.

TAGGART

(softly)

Looks like you done real well,
Cable.

BOWEN

(fishing)

Big fat bank book, huh, Cable?

HOGUE

(laughs)

Me in a bank?! ...You know me better'n
that --

(putting out bait)

I put 'er in-the-ol'-sock an' I got
'er hid real good!

311 BEN LOOKS AT HIM AMAZED. Cable gives him the eye.

CHANGE
1/14/69
109.

312 BEN NODS AND SIGNALS TO WEBB, who has finished hooking up and climbs aboard.

BEN
(calling out)
All aboard for Deaddog!
(to Hogue)
Almost forgot...brought this month's
poke out for you.

The grumbling passengers climb aboard as Ben pulls out a leather pouch full of double eagles and tosses it to Hogue.

TAGGART
Hogue, glad to hear you're doin'
so well.

BEN
If I was doin' just half as well,
I'd be a rich sonafabitch instead of
just a poor one.
(then)
All aboard, folks!

Hogue slips the pouch into his pocket and pats it proudly.

HOGUE
Well, I owe it all to you, boys.
(then)
You come back...you hear?!

TAGGART & BOWEN
We will...one of these days.

313 INT. STAGECOACH - DAY

TAGGART
(softly)
Why not tomorrow?

BOWEN
Why not?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION - DAY

314 HOGUE WATCHES THE STAGECOACH PULLING AWAY, then turns and walks away, his shoulders bent - worried, helpless. If Taggart and Bowen were watching (and they are), they would say what an easy job they had.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHANGE
1/14/69
110.

EXT. STATION - DAY

- 315 HOGUE IS COVERING ONE OF QUITTNER'S DEEP HOLES WITH POLES, BRUSH AND DIRT. He tramps the dirt solid and brushes it to make an obvious attempt at disguising the 'hiding place' for his loot. He steps back, looks it over and is satisfied.
- 316 HE CHECKS HIS RIFLE AND NEW SIDE ARM AS HE HEADS AWAY IN THE DESERT.

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE ABOVE STATION - DAY

- 317 HOGUE RIDES UP AND DISMOUNTS, draws rifle from saddle, and leads his horse out of sight behind the rock. He scrambles up on the rock and looks off across the Valley.
- 318 TWO SMALL DOTS ON THE HORIZON moving closer.
- 319 HOGUE SMILES AND SINKS into the cover of the brush.
- 320 BOWEN AND TAGGART RIDE INTO THE YARD and dismount. They fall for Hogue's nonsense. Taggart nods toward the shack. Bowen draws his gun, heads for the front door, kicks it in and enters. Taggart wanders back toward the well. He leans against the corral.
- 321 HOGUE LYING IN THE ROCKS, watches, smiling a little.
- 322 THERE IS THE SOUND OF BOWEN TEARING the place to pieces, looking for Hogue's money.

INT. SHACK - DAY

- 323 BOWEN IS TIPPING THE BED OVER and ransacking the place.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

- 324 TAGGART AT THE CORRAL STILL LOOKING AROUND suddenly reacts to something o.s.
- 325 TAGGART'S POV - THE COVERED HOLE

326 TAGGART SLOWLY WALKS TOWARD THE HOLE. He kicks the dirt, revealing poles and brush. He reaches down, lifts a pole up out of the dirt and tosses it aside. He squats, looks into the hole.

TAGGART
(calling out)
Bowen!
(to himself as he
studies the hole)
Just looky what we got here...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABLE SPRINGS - DAY

327 THE LIP OF THE HOLE - A SHOVELFUL OF SAND FLIES OVER. There are the SOUNDS of more digging. More sand flying.

328 CAMERA SHOOTs DOWN INTO THE HOLE, REVEALS TAGGART AND BOWEN. The hole is about eight feet deep. Taggart handles the pick with one arm while Bowen shovels. They stop and sit down. Taggart takes a long drink from a canteen. Three rusty tobacco cans filled with copper coins are to one side.

BOWEN
Whatta you think?

TAGGART
We've found the copper - silver
and gold got to be next!

BOWEN
Why in hell don't we just wait till
he comes back - let him do the diggin'.

TAGGART
(laughing)
Why in hell not!

HOGUE (O.S.)
Suits me, boys!

The water squirts from Taggart's mouth.

BOWEN
(hisses)
You hear that?

TAGGART
Shhhh!

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
112.

328 CONTINUED

HOGUE (O.S.)

Come on out...with yer hands up,
fellers.

Taggart nods 'no' to Bowen.

329 HOGUE STANDS NEAR THE HOLE, gun in hand.

HOGUE

Think it over. I got lotsa time.

330 TAGGART AND BOWEN CROUCH INSIDE THE HOLE

TAGGART

What's he doin'?

BOWEN

Ain't gonna poke my head over the
edge to find out.

TAGGART

(yells)

Hogue, you know you ain't got no
guts. Last time you had a gun on us
you didn't use it.

HOGUE (O.S.)

Yeah...well, of course, that is a
fact...

(then)

You wanta try yer luck again?

TAGGART

He's bluffin'!

BOWEN

Yeah!

331 HOGUE DRAGS A BENCH NEAR THE HOLE

HOGUE

(glancing upward at the
sun directly overhead)

Sun's pretty hot, ain't it? Kind
of enjoy it though - providin' ya
got plenty of water...and that's
what I got...plenty of water.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
113.

331 CONTINUED

He drinks noisily from dipper.

332 IN THE HOLE THERE IS NO SHADE AND BOTH MEN are suffering from the blistering sun.

TAGGART

(indicating)

He's right up there.

A little pebble rolls over the edge.

BOWEN

(whispers)

See that?

(points)

Right there!

They start calculating in pantomime. As Hogue goes on talking, they work the range and elevation of their crossfire.

HOGUE (O.S.)

I ain't runnin' no more, fellers.

I'm stayin' right here. Sooner or later you got to come out.

Taggart and Bowen have decided. Taggart mouths the words, "One - two - three" and both stick their guns over the tip of the hole and open fire (keeping their heads well down, of course).

Then the SOUND of a groan from Hogue.

HOGUE (O.S.)

You done me in. You...ohhh...

The SOUND of a body falling.

TAGGART

We got him!

BOWEN

He might still be alive.

TAGGART

Take a look.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
114.

332 CONTINUED

BOWEN

You're sure?

Taggart curses, gives him a foot boost.

333 BOWEN POPS OUT. PAST HIM IS THE SUNNING BENCH. There is no sign of Hogue. Bowen looks around frantically. A shot knocks his hat off.

BOWEN

(down to Taggart)

Put me down, dammit. Down!

334 TAGGART DROPS HIM; Bowen crouches, breathing hard.

BOWEN

We never touched him.

TAGGART

Where is he?

BOWEN

Why in hell don't you take a look?

A rock comes sailing into the hole. They duck. There are more rocks. They are hit.

335 OMITTED

336 HOGUE CAN BE HEARD walking around, mumbling to himself, along with his tuneless whistle. The rocks cease.

TAGGART

(after a moment)

Now what's he up to?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/14/69
115.

336 CONTINUED

Then both men hop aside in terror as a five-foot desert rattler drops onto them. The panic that follows is only matched by their efforts to get out of the hole when three more snakes land amongst them...then:

337 THEY ARE STANDING IN FRONT of Hogue, shaking; their eyes on his gun.

HOGUE

Now, fellers, I want you to start takin' off all them duds. You can keep your underwear. That's all.

Taggart and Bowen look at one another, start stripping down.

HOGUE

And your boots. Get 'em off. Socks too.

They hesitate; Hogue fires a shot at their feet. They take off their boots and socks.

HOGUE

Now fellers, I want you to start movin'.

Incredulous reactions from Taggart and Bowen.

HOGUE

Yep! Head right back through them hills, boys. If I see you on the road, I'll hafta blow your heads off. Now, git movin'!

BOWEN

No water?

CONTINUED

337 CONTINUED

HOGUE

And don't that sound familiar?

BOWEN

Hogue, don't be a...

HOGUE

(dead serious)

Git movin'!

They start off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION - EARLY MORNING

338 HOGUE IS SLEEPING IN HIS BEDROLL, NEAR THE SPRING. He stirs in his sleep, opens his eyes, peers out into the desert.

339 ROCKS AND BUSHES. His glance PANS past a point, stops, moves slowly back. There is a form moving.

340 HOGUE REACHES OVER, BRINGS HIS PISTOL UNDER THE BLANKET WITH HIM. He pulls the blanket over his head, feigning sleep.

341 THERE IS A HOLE IN THE BLANKET AND HOGUE'S EYE at the hole.

342 PAST THE STRINGY, FRINGED HOLE, two figures move forward through the brush, darting in, ducking down.

343 TAGGART AND BOWEN RUN and crouch together behind a bush.

TAGGART

I want to do this.

He stands up, moves in, bends down again.

344 HOGUE'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH BLANKET. TAGGART PICKS UP A HUGE ROCK, sneaks up on Hogue, tries to figure out which end of the blanket Hogue's head is under, decides, starts to lift the rock. Gun barrel blots out the hole. There is the LOUD SOUND of three shots.

345 TAGGART FALLS, BOWEN FREEZES. Hogue throws off his blanket and rises, gun in hand. It is a strange moment.

346 HOGUE AND BOWEN STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF TAGGART'S BODY. Hogue is suddenly aware that he has actually killed a man. Hogue stares down at Taggart. Bowen's glance follows Hogue's. He is terrified. A long, long, quiet pause. All at once Hogue looks back up at Bowen...but past him...a wild look in his eye.

BOWEN

What...! Don't...!

Hogue is not listening to Bowen; his ear has picked up another SOUND, now audible...in the distance; a spluttering gasoline engine. Hogue moves to get a better look at it.

HOGUE

(looking down the road, spots it)

What is it?

347 THE CAR CHARGES TOWARD THEM.

BOWEN (O.S.)

I seen one before.

HOGUE (O.S.)

Out here? On them roads?!

BOWEN (O.S.)

Go anywhere!

348 HOGUE LOWERS HIS GUN, STANDS THERE TAKEN UP IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS. Bowen breaks and runs toward the car, going like the wind, waving his arms and shouting:

BOWEN

Help me! Help! He's goin' to kill me! Kill me!

349 HOGUE RAISES HIS GUN BUT Bowen's last two words have hit home. Hogue looks down again at Taggart.

350 BOWEN RUNS, WAVING FRANTICALLY, BUT CAR ROARS BY HIM.

BOWEN

Wait! Wait!

351 THE PEOPLE IN THE CAR WAVE BACK AND LAUGH at the funny fellow in the long Johns. Then, as they pass the station, they see Hogue standing there, clad only in shirt and underwear. More laughter and a burble of lines: "What's the matter, ain't you never seen an automobile before?" "Looks like we got 'em outa bed!" etc.

352 THE DUST SETTLES AROUND HOGUE AS HE watches the car recede toward the horizon. Bowen comes back, head down.

HOGUE

(with contempt)

Horseless carriage. So that's what all the fuss is about.

(spits)

Don't look like much.

(starts off; turns

back; grudgingly

has to admit:)

Did go right by, though. Right on by.

(breaks his own mood with:)

Well, that's gonna be the next fellow's worry.

353 HOGUE IGNORES BOWEN, STARING AT the body of Taggart.

HOGUE

Hey, Taggart, you don't look so mean, now that...you...

He hesitates, then walks to the station house. As Bowen gets a shovel, Hogue enters the shack.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

354 THE WIND BLOWS THE FLAP OF THE CURTAINS, THE ONES HILDY MADE FROM AN OLD PETTICOAT. HOGUE WALKS TO THE WINDOW, feels the curtains, looks out at the desert. He finds a hairpin on the sill, puts it in his shirt pocket. He lights the lamp, sits at the table. The little beanpot with the flower in it is still there. Hogue strokes the pot with a finger.

HOGUE'S VOICE

I don't care where you are. If I say I'll find you, I'll find you.

HOGUE

(aloud; calling out)

Hildy, I'll find you! You hear? I'll find you!

CONTINUED

CHANGE
3/9/69
119-120.

354

CONTINUED

HILDY'S VOICE

Revenge ain't worth it, Hogue.
It always turns sour.

HOGUE'S VOICE

On second thought, I reckon it
does.

HILDY'S VOICE

Hogue, even if you ever get to San
Francisco...how will you find me?

HOGUE'S VOICE

I'll find you!

HILDY'S VOICE

It's a big town, Hogue.

His mind is made up. He starts in right now. Takes off
boots, starts to unbutton his shirt, tries to do
everything at once. Takes down his pack-sack. Looks
out the window - Bowen is sneaking up to the spring.
Hogue whistles.

355

BY THE SPRING, BOWEN CRINGES, THEN crosses to the shack
and opens the door.

BOWEN

I can't go it out there.

HOGUE

That right?

BOWEN

It wasn't my fault, Cable. All I did
was... I'm sorry, but Hogue - you know
how it was with Taggart?

HOGUE

Yeah, I know.

Hogue sticks the gun in his belt and heads for the door.

356-
357

OMITTED.

CHANGE
3/9/69
121.

EXT. STATION SHACK - DAY

358 HOGUE COMES OUT THE DOOR TO GET HIS SOCKS drying on the
sunning bench. CAMERA GOES WITH HIM.

359 HOGUE SPOTS THE STAGE COMING IN.

HOGUE
(going for the relief horses)
What kinda cock-eyed schedule's
this?

The stage pulls to a stop. Ben climbs down.

WEBB
Got no passengers.
(stretching)
Just a batch of mail an' a...

HOGUE
(putting on his socks)
Don't matter, really....I'm
leavin'!

BEN
Leavin'?

WEBB
(climbing down)
You leavin' the desert?

HOGUE
Don't see no reason to stay.
Done jist about all I had to do
out here. It's a big world, fellers.
I wanta see some of it...Next stop:
San Francisco!!

Hogue hands the lines of the relief horses to Webb.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
3/9/69
122.

359 CONTINUED

WEBB

You serious?

BEN

You really goin' in among 'em?
Hogue, that ain't like you.

HOGUE

Ain't it? Fetch me a shirt, Bowen!

360 BOWEN STARTS OFF TO GET THE SHIRT. BEN AND WEBB STARE
AT BOWEN; they aren't too sure whc or what this
barefoot, long-johned fellow is, running errands
for Cable Hogue.

WEBB

He means it!

361 OMITTED.

362 HOGUE REACHES FOR HIS SHIRT.

HOGUE

You bet I mean it.

BEN

Hold on, Hogue. You can't just up
and leave the station like this.
What're we gonna do between Deaddog
and Lizard?

HOGUE

(as if it has just occurred
to him)

Say, that's right. You're goin'
to need somebody...

(gestures; indicates
desert and station)

A man as good as me. That ain't
easy...but it ain't that hard, either.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
3/9/69
123.

362

CONTINUED

Hogue looks directly at Bowen. Ben and Webb turn and look.

HOGUE (Cont'd)
Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet
my former partner, Samuel D. Bowen!

Bowen nods and gives a stupid grin. Hogue clamps a hat on Bowen's head.

HOGUE
Git some clothes on.

Bowen disappears into the station.

CONTINUED

362 CONTINUED

BEN

(concerned)

What if we'd had passengers jist now? Women passengers? Huh?

HOGUE

Oh, he'll have his pants on.

BEN

Now wait a minute! You can't leave some damn fool...

HOGUE

Samuel D. Bowen.

BEN

runnin' around in his long-johns in charge.

(hearing something)

What's that?

Hogue hears it, turns. There is the SOUND of an automobile in the distance. The four men react; Ben looking out from the driver's seat, Webb craning his neck to see the approaching car.

363 A HORSELESS CARRIAGE IS COMING TOWARD CABLE SPRINGS at top speed...28.4 miles per hour. Seated beside the goggled Negro DRIVER is a lady wearing a fashionable black hat.

364 THE HORSES ARE GETTING JUMPY AT THE APPROACHING SOUND. Webb moves over to the lead pair just in case.

WEBB

Sure is an ugly lookin' thing, ain't it?

HOGUE

'Nother one came through here yesterday.

BEN

Kinda strange...movin' all by itself.

BOWEN

(proudly)

I seen one before.

The car whips in, spooks hell out of the horses, then sputters to a halt. Webb quiets the team.

365

THE LADY IS HILDY, DRESSED IN A TRIM BLACK TRAVELING SUIT AND IS A VISION OF CLASS AND BEAUTY AS SHE STEPS OUT OF THE CAR. For the first time in his life, Cable Hogue is speechless. They drink each other in for a long moment, then:

HILDY

Hi, Hogue...

Hogue's eyes go misty and he grins, cries and hollers at the same time. He grabs Ben and hugs him.

HOGUE

That there lady is Hildy!!

BEN

(grinning, holding
him off)

Then what'cha tryin' to put a
lip-lock on me for?

Hogue's grin goes sheepish and he turns to face his dream.

HOGUE

The ladiest damn lady I ever
saw!

They share another moment, then move into each other's arms; Hogue's knees buckle in the process. Bowen drifts over to the car. Webb turns to the horses in embarrassment and Ben enjoys their embrace with a silly grin.

366

THE DRIVER, A LARGE COLORED NAMED WILLIAM, is dressed in a chauffeur's uniform and brown leather puttees. He steps up to Bowen who is giving the automobile a real once-over.

WILLIAM

(Oxford English, letter
perfect)

Begging your pardon...Sir. Might
I borrow a tank of water?

Bowen now gives William a once-over, then:

BOWEN

Mister, Cable Hogue don't let nobody
borrow nothin'.

(calling to Hogue)

Hey...how much water you think
this thing'll take? Three...m'be
four horses' worth.

367 HOGUE COMES UP FOR AIR AND SHOOTS AN ANGRY GLANCE AT BOWEN.
Ben sighs audibly.

HOGUE

How the hell'd I know? You're runnin'
this place now!

He goes back for more; Hildy is waiting with it.

368 BOWEN CHECKS OUT THE CAR ONCE AGAIN, SCRATCHES HIS HEAD BUT
WILL be damned if he'll admit he doesn't know where the
water goes.

BOWEN

'at'll be five horses worth 'n'
not a cent less. Move it up on
the rise 'n' help me fetch the
water.

William cranks up the car and climbs in. The horses spook
again and Webb grabs the lead down close to the bit.

WEBB

Get that damn thing away from my
team 'fore they take a notion to
tromp hell out of it!

Bowen jumps on the running board with great importance and
points the way.

369 THE CAR SPUTTERS OVER TO THE RISE AS HOGUE AND HILDY PART
AND TAKE a good look at each other.

HOGUE

I was just comin' to see you, me
and Alexander.

(then)

Oh, you do look fine, Hildy.

(a knowing grin)

...I guess you found one of them
rich husbands that you was always
looking for.

Hildy nods, a small smile on her lips.

HILDY

Well, Hogue, let's put it like
this...I ain't hurtin' no more.

(then)

I'm headin' for New Orleans

...I just dropped by to check up
and see if you were ready.

CONTINUED

369 CONTINUED

HOGUE

(quietly)
I'm ready, Hildy.

Hildy breaks into a big smile.

HILDY

You'd leave your desert, Hogue?

HOGUE

I've already gone, honey.

HILDY

And Taggart...and that other fellow?

HOGUE

(pointing)
That other fellow is slobberin'
all over your automobile.

370 HILDY LOOKS AT HOGUE AND KNOWS she is looking at a new man.

HOGUE

(quietly)
Taggart ain't slobberin' over
nothin'...he's got a mouth full
of sand and it don't bother him
none at all...and me a good deal
less!

They share a long moment, then Hogue turns and yells to Ben
and Webb.

HOGUE

Boys...I'm headin' for New Orleans.

BEN

New Orleans...?

WEBB

Hell, Hogue, Alexander will be
plum wore...

HOGUE

Alexander, hell...Cable Hogue is
goin' in style...

(points at car)

...in that.

(beat)

...Come on, help me load up.

371 HOGUE AND HILDY CROSS TOWARD the shack.

HOGUE
I'm 'bout ready, Hildy. Won't
take a minute.

HILDY
We got nothing but time, Hogue,
nothing but time.

Hand in hand they enter the shack.

INT. SHACK - DAY

372 HILDY LOOKS FONDLY AROUND AS HOGUE starts to dismantle the
bed.

HILDY
You ain't plannin' on takin' that,
are you?

Hogue looks up from his work, a grin on his face and winks
at Hildy.

HOGUE
I don't know a better place to
start than where we left off.

Hildy laughs and crosses to the little bean pot and picks
out the now parched flower.

HILDY
They invented them beds in New
Orleans, Hogue...
(winks)
...I'm sure we'll find one there.

Hogue stops, grins at Hildy, grabs his bedroll, squeezes
Hildy and they exit.

373 WILLIAM AND BOWEN ARE AT THE FRONT OF THE CAR. The driver
is filling the radiator and Bowen is on down the slope
admiring the car. Hildy stands in the doorway watching as
Hogue heads up the slope.

BOWEN
I seen one of these before. I
guess you need the water for the
steam, don't'cha?

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/8/69
129.

373 CONTINUED

WILLIAM
(arrogantly)
No, they burn gasoline.

BOWEN
Burns it, huh?
(not understanding)
Ohh...yeah!

Hogue puffs up the incline and begins packing his gear in the car.

BOWEN
Hear that, Hogue, burns gasoline!

HOGUE
(preoccupied with parking
gear in car)
That so?

Hogue moves back down the incline.

BOWEN
M'be a fella could pick up a little
extra money sellin' that too.

374 INSERT-GEARSHIFT LEVER

One of Hogue's heavy bundles tumbles off the pile and lands hard on the gearshift.

A harsh METALIC SOUND as the lever grinds into low gear.

375 THE CAR LURCHES FORWARD. Bowen is directly in the path of the car; Hogue also, but further down the incline.

HILDY
Hogue!

Hogue turns, as does Bowen, to see the approaching car. Bowen stands paralyzed as the car slowly bucks and lurches toward him.

HOGUE
Bowen!!

But the man does not move. Hogue runs back up the slope and shoulder blocks Bowen out of the way. Other voices shout warnings.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/8/69
130.

375 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Damn horseless.....

376 HILDY STARTS TO RUN

HILDY

Hogue!!

377 CABLE PUTS HIS SHOULDER AGAINST THE CAR, tries to fight it, can't as it cuts him down, bounces across his body and continues down the incline, crashing into the corral fence. Hogue, half ground into the sand, curses softly then tries to laugh...can't; tries again, almost makes it.

HILDY

(running to him)

Oh, my God! Hogue!!

HOGUE

Son of bitch kicks worse than a mule...

(then, as they gather
around him)

Hell, I'm all right.

(then, slowly)

No I'm not...damn thing's heavier
than she looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION - DAY

378 BEN, WEBB, BOWEN AND WILLIAM ARE CARRYING THE BRASS BED FROM THE STATION TOWARD THE SHELTER IN THE F.G. HOGUE IS PROPPED UP ON THE BED AND HILDY IS WALKING BESIDE HIM. As they approach CAMERA, Joshua can be seen riding in and dismounting in the b.g. He walks toward the group and assists them as they place the bed under the shelter.

CONTINUED

CHANGE
1/8/69
130A

378 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Thanks, boys...Lots better out
here.

JOSHUA

Well, well, brother Hogue....what's
all this?

HOGUE

(turning in surprise at
hearing Joshua's voice)
Where the hell did you spring
from?

CONTINUED

378 CONTINUED

Joshua's eyes feast on Hildy and he puts on his most charming smile.

JOSHUA

(still looking at Hildy)

You don't look so good, Hogue...
you in trouble?

HOGUE

(as salty as ever)

No trouble. Just dyin'!
"The Last Reckoning."

JOSHUA

(eyes still on Hildy)

It must come to all of us. Prepare
yourself, Cable.

HILDY

(angry)

Shut up, Joshua, it just ain't
so!

(to Cable)

You'll be up and around in no time.

BOWEN

She's right, Cable...

JOSHUA

(quickly)

Of course you will.

BOWEN

Cable?

HOGUE

(still glaring
at Joshua)

Yeah?

BOWEN

Thanks fer what you done.

HOGUE

(turning to him)

An' here I waited near three
years to get even with you.

CONTINUED

378 CONTINUED

HOGUE (Cont.)

I was goin' to piss on your
grave...

(shakes his head sadly,
then)

Boys...when I go...just bury me
where the ground's soft an' the
diggin's easy.

HILDY

Aw Hogue...Cable...don't talk like
that. You're going to be just fine.

BEN

Hell, Hogue...yer too onry to die.

HOGUE

(cheerfully)

Nope, my innards feel like a deck
bein' shuffled...

(long beat)

...Hildy...that man you was married
to...

HILDY

He never could make desert stew,
Cable. He died 'bout a month back.

JOSHUA

Poor child...Let me console...

Hildy avoids his groping hand with a slap and a laugh.

HILDY

He was eighty-three. Died of a
stroke in bed...

(winks at

Hogue)

...but he died happy.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

HOGUE

(grinning through
the pain)

I'll just bet he did! S'mattera
fact, if these gents'd do me the
kindness an' move me back inside
for a while, I'd kinda like...

HILDY

Cable Hogue!

379

THE PREACHER SLIPS HIS SERPENT-LIKE ARM AROUND HILDY'S waist
again.

JOSHUA

Brother Hogue! This is a time of
deep thought and serious reflection
...not of base and vile lust!

Hildy wriggles out of Joshua's coil. Hogue eyes the preacher
with as mean a look as he can muster. Joshua fidgets with
his collar. Hogue grins. Hildy grins and then both break
into laughter. Hogue's laughter turns into a body-wracking
spasm and Hildy squeezes his hand even tighter.

BEN

Easy, ol' stud.'

JOSHUA

(softly)

Anythin' I can do?

Hogue considers the question. Then an idea comes to him.

HOGUE

Yeah. 'Bout time you earned
your keep...Preach me a funeral
sermon.

(long pause)

A good one. Don't make me out no
saint, but don't put me down too
deep.

They all exchange looks with one another, not realizing he
means now. There is a pause, then:

HOGUE

(impatiently)

Well?

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CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(happily)

Brethren...!

HOGUE

Bull's eye! See!

JOSHUA

We are gathered here in the sight
of God and all His Glory, to lay
to rest...

BOTH

Cable Hogue...

HOGUE

Amen to that!

JOSHUA

Now, most funeral orations, Lord,
lie about a man, compare him to
the angels - whitewash him with a
real wide brush. But you know,
an' I know, Lord, it ain't true.

HOGUE

Sounds right, Preacher... Hang it
in there!

JOSHUA

(catching fire)

A man's made up of bad as well as
good... all of us. Cable Hogue was
born into this world no one knows
when, nor where. He came stumbling
out of the wilderness, like a prophet
of old.

HOGUE

You're real handy with them words,
Preacher.

JOSHUA

From the barren wastes around him,
he carved himself a one-man kingdom.

HOGUE

Well, now, I...

JOSHUA

Some said he was ruthless...

CONTINUED

380

BEWILDERED LOOKS FROM BOWEN, BEN AND WEBB. QUIZZICAL LOOK FROM JOSHUA. HILDY KNOWS.

HOGUE

Come on, let's hear it!

JOSHUA

(a big reaction)

Hear it? You mean...now?!

HOGUE

Sure, what would you say?

JOSHUA

(nervous as hell -
trying to think)

Uh...ahh...

HOGUE

It ain't so much the dyin' you
hate...It's not hearin' what
they're goin' to say 'bout you...
that's all.

JOSHUA

(flustered, muttering)

Well...let me see...

HOGUE

All my life I been skeered about this
livin', and now...I got to do the other
...I reckon I could use some help.

381

JOSHUA LOOKS AROUND AT THE GROUP as if to ask, "Can he be serious?" Mistaking his look, Webb removes his hat and holds it over his heart. Soon they are standing reverently in a ragged semi-circle around the old brass bed. There is a long pause.

HOGUE

(impatiently)

Come on, now. I ain't got much time.

And before we know it, the rehearsal of Hogue's funeral is under way.

JOSHUA

(mournfully)

Brethren...

HOGUE

That'd scare the hell outa everybody.

CONTINUED

381 CONTINUED

HOGUE

Who said that?

JOSHUA

But you could do worse, Lord, than to take to your bosom Cable Hogue. He wasn't really a good man...he wasn't a bad man...but, Lord, he was a man!

Hogue smiles in affirmation and satisfaction, closes his eyes and leans back.

382 JOSHUA, HEAD FRAMED AGAINST THE SKY:

JOSHUA

He charged too much, and he could be as stingy as they come...

383 CAMERA PULLS BACK AND REVEALS IT IS THE NEXT DAY. THEY BURY HOGUE.

JOSHUA

Yes, he may have cheated. But he was square about it.

This is the real funeral. Cushing and Quittner have joined those who were at the rehearsal. Ben, dressed in black, lights a cigar, as he stands listening to Joshua.

384 HILDY WATCHES BOWEN THROW THE LAST SHOVEL FULL OF sand on the grave. Webb stands off in the distance waiting for Joshua to hurry up and finish.

In the b.g. the automobile has been untangled from the mud and, with the stagecoach, waits on the small rise.

385 BOWEN FINISHES TRAMPING EARTH ON THE GRAVE. He puts the shovel on his shoulder, starts for the stagecoach.

386 WEBB AND BEN HEAD FOR THE COACH.

387 HILDY AND JOSHUA ARE ALONE AT THE GRAVE.

CONTINUED

387 CONTINUED

JOSHUA

(during the above)

Rich or poor, he gouged them all the same. When Cable Hogue died, there wasn't an animal on the desert he didn't know. There wasn't a star in the sky he hadn't nicknamed. There wasn't a man he was afraid of...

388 JOSHUA MOVES TOWARD THE STAGECOACH, HILDY TOWARD THE CAR.

JOSHUA

He never went to church...

389 WEBB TIES THE RELIEF TEAM behind the coach.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

...but the whole desert was his cathedral.

390 WEBB AND BEN CLIMB UP ONTO THE SEAT.

391 HILDY GETS INTO THE CAR, William closes the door for her.

JOSHUA

(pausing at door

of stagecoach)

Hogue loved the desert. Loved it deeper than he'd ever say...

(looks back at grave)

He built his empire, but he was man enough to give it up for love when the time came.

(then, after a very

long moment)

...Amen!

392 IT IS GETTING DARK. HOGUE'S GRAVE IS IN F.G. JOSHUA STEPS INTO the coach. Webb yells at the horses.

393 THE STAGECOACH MOVES OUT. The horseless carriage moves out in the opposite direction.

394 HILDY CASTS A LAST LONG LOOK at the grave, then turns in her seat to face the horizon.

138.

395

TWO COYOTES COME LOPING INTO FRAME, PAUSE, sniff the air, then they drink at the watering trough, wander off up the rise, circle the grave, and move into the desert, as we:

FADE OUT

--- THE END ---