

THE BIG SKY

From the novel by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

by

Dudley Nichols

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THE BIG SKY

FADE IN

ROAD THROUGH WOODS - DAY

- 1 On both sides of road the forest stands dark and brooding - big trees, thickets and clumps of underbrush. We see JIM DEAKINS driving his team of mules and wagon. Nothing in the wagon but a pine box. Jim is a husky easy-going young Kentuckian. His long-barreled rifle, laid against the seat beside him, is a flintlock Hawkins, for the time is 1830, and slung round his shoulder are his powder horn and buckskin shot bag. No sound in the woods except the barking of a fox squirrel, the drumming of woodpeckers and the chirping of birds.

DEAKINS' VOICE (1)

It all started back in Kentucky
on the road to Louisville.

He looks ahead and pulls in his mules, seeing:

- 2 LONG SHOT - TOLL-KEEPER'S HUT. The toll-keeper, a tiny figure in the distance, comes out and lowers a pole across the road, then goes back into hut to await the arrival of Jim's mules and wagon.

- 3 DEAKINS. He studies the situation and then, with a humorous glint in his eye, taps the mules with the whip and steers them off into the woods to the right.

DEAKINS' VOICE (2)

That tollgate-keeper was going
to be surprised when he come out
to collect my money.

LAP

- 4 IN WOODS - CAMERA FOLLOWS DEAKINS as he picks his way around the toll-gate. He hears the screaming of bluejays and peers ahead suspiciously and reins in.
- 5 LONG SHOT AHEAD. A crouching figure breaks cover for an instant and vanishes into another clump of bushes.
- 6 DEAKINS in the wagon as he watches ahead suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS' VOICE (3)

It happened so quick I couldn't tell whether it was a man, or a bear - or what. Kentucky was pretty wild in those days and I wasn't taking any chances.

He gets his rifle and jumps down from the wagon.

LAP

- 7 CAMERA FOLLOWS DEAKINS as he sneaks through woods. He comes to a gully and starts to climb down when he sees a sapling fallen across it. Turns toward CAMERA and crosses gully on the sapling.

- 8 DEAKINS on other side of gully as he steps stealthily to a dense thicket that skirts the gully. He hears the peculiar whistle of a bird and turns, trying to spot where it is. The bird whistles again, somewhere just inside the thicket. Deakins relaxes.

DEAKINS' VOICE (4)

I knew there wasn't a man around or that bird wouldn't have been there.

Swings his rifle across his shoulder and turns back to cross the gully. As he reaches the middle the sapling cracks underfoot and he pitches forward.

- 9 LOW CAMERA IN GULLY as Deakins pitches to the ground on his face. There is the rattle of a snake and his eyes widen as he sees a big timber rattler coiled against the root of a rotted stump in the gully. As it raises its head to strike at his outstretched hands a hunting knife whips into scene and pins the neck of the snake to the root of the stump. The snake thrashes wildly. Deakins looks up bewilderedly at the bank of the gully he has just left.
- 10 BOONE CAUDILL on bank of gully, looking down at Deakins with unfriendly eyes. In his left hand is a long-barreled rifle and a string of fox squirrels. He climbs down a step or two and jumps the rest of the way into the gully, ignoring Deakins as he strides to the stump. Boone's back is to Deakins as he takes his knife and slings the dead snake from it. Deakins, who has hurt his ankle and is having trouble getting up, finally blurts out.

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (5)

I sure am much obliged.

Boone wipes the knife on his pants leg and slips it back in his belt as Deakins limps towards him bewilderedly.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Was that you whistled like a bird?

Boone turns and, with an incredibly swift movement, hits him. Deakins goes flat on his back. Boone relaxedly watches as he gets up, more bewildered than mad.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

You had no call to do that.

BOONE (6)

I don't like to be followed.

DEAKINS (7)

I don't like to be hit -
specially when I ain't looking
for it.

Quick as a flash Boone hits him again. This time Deakins is slower getting up, his ankle is hurting, but his blood is up and he limps angrily towards Boone.

BOONE (8)

Wait a minute. Sprained your
ankle, didn't you?

(steps back
carelessly)

I don't fight anybody with a
sprained ankle.

DEAKINS (9)

You're sure enough going to
fight me.

Sardonic humor suddenly glints in Boone's eyes. He likes this man who stands up to him.

BOONE (10)

You think you're pretty good,
don't you?

DEAKINS (11)

Anyone can hit a man when he
ain't ready.

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (12)

Where you goin' with that team
and wagon?

DEAKINS (13)

Louisville.

BOONE (14)

Two-three days - you ought to be
all right. Want to take me along?

DEAKINS (15)

I sure don't want to lose you.

Boone picks up his rifle and squirrels and climbs the bank of the gully in the direction of the wagon. He turns to see Deakins is having a hard time getting out of the gully with that sprained ankle. Casually he reaches down to give him a hand.

BOONE (16)

Here.

He drags Deakins up the bank and walks off, Deakins limping after him.

LAP

11 FURTHER ON IN WOODS - Mules and wagon, Boone beside Deakins. Boone has his long-barreled rifle between his knees and they are by no means friendly in their attitudes. They are all the time sizing up each other.

DEAKINS' VOICE (17)

Well, that's how I met up with
him. Wasn't like anyone I'd
ever known. He'd hit first and
think about it afterwards. And
he could hit harder than anyone
I'd ever known.

CAMERA FOLLOWS ALONG as Deakins watches Boone out of the corner of his eye. Boone glances back a couple of times, as if to make sure no one is following.

DEAKINS (18)

Was that you whistled like a
bird?

Instead of answering, Boone repeats the whistle.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Sure sounds like a curlew.
Guess we might as well know
each other. My name's Jim
Deakins.

His eyes ask a question. After a little Boone answers.

BOONE (19)

Zeb Calloway.

LAP

12 ROAD BEYOND TOLL-GATE as Deakins drives out of the woods and turns ahead again. Boone looks back down the road suspiciously.

DEAKINS (20)

What you runnin' away from?

BOONE (21)

Sheriff.

DEAKINS (22)

How come?

BOONE (23)

Man stole my gun while I was asleep. When I caught up with him the Sheriff was around. Sheriff believed his story and threw me in jail.

DEAKINS (24)

And you got out, huh?

BOONE (25)

I got my gun.

LAP

CAMP IN WOODS ALONG ROAD - NIGHT

13 They have built a campfire near the tail of the wagon. Boone has skinned the squirrels and spitted them on green sticks, roasting them in the flames. As Deakins limps into the firelight from the mules Boone looks around for something to sit on and spies the pine box in the wagon. He slides it out and drops one end on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (26)

Might as well sit on this.

DEAKINS (27)

(helps)

I guess the old gentleman won't
mind being sat on.

BOONE (28)

Who?

DEAKINS (29)

The old gentleman in the box.
Easy now - I can't deliver him
bruised up too much. Don't get
him too near the fire neither.

He sits down on box and sniffs the roasting meat.

BOONE (30)

How come you're takin' a dead
man to Louisville?

DEAKINS (31)

When a man's had a bunch of wives,
he's sure got trouble, even when
they can't nag him no more. He's
got five women dead. And a sixth
one still livin'. She wanted to
bury him on the farm, but the kids
by the other wives wouldn't hear
to it. They come to the farm and
gave notice he had to be put down
proper, at Louisville. So they
rassled around for two-three days
yellin' Pa would want this and Pa
would want that. When Louisville
won out I got the job.

(watches Boone turn
the squirrels)

What would you say he looked like?
An old gentleman with six wives
and more younguns than you can
count.

(Boone shakes
his head)

He's got white whiskers that reach
right down to his belly button.
Looks just like a goat, that's what.

Boone starts laughing and Deakins stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Well, you finally did it. You
can laugh.

LAP

14

BOONE AND DEAKINS have finished their meal by the fire.
Boone takes a firebrand, lights his pipe, while Deakins,
who has pulled off a shoe, feels his ankle.

BOONE (32)

Looks all swole up.

DEAKINS (33)

Ain't half as swole up as you
are, Zeb. Take a good lickin'
to cure you, I guess.

BOONE (34)

Ain't nobody ever going to lick
me again.

DEAKINS (35)

(grins)

Now you owned up. Who licked you?

BOONE (36)

My old man. He tried it again
when I told him I was goin' west.
This time I didn't take it.

DEAKINS (37)

You licked him?

BOONE (38)

Had to. Only way I could get
away from the farm. That ain't
no life for a man.

Deakins, lighting his own pipe with an ember, studies
Boone curiously.

DEAKINS (39)

How far west you going?

BOONE (40)

St. Louis.

DEAKINS (41)

That's about as far as a man
can go, ain't it?

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (42)

The way I heard it, that's where the real country just begins. She's big and wild and no stink of people. Out there a man can trap beaver and fight Indians and live like a natural man.

DEAKINS (43)

Who told you all that?

BOONE (44)

My uncle. He's been out there his whole life - trappin' and huntin'. Ain't seen him since I was fifteen. I'm going to find him.

DEAKINS (45)

What's his name?

BOONE (46)

Zeb Galloway.

DEAKINS (47)

Same as yours?

BOONE (48)

That ain't my name.

DEAKINS (49)

Didn't think it was, the way you spoke.

BOONE (50)

My name is Boone. Boone Caudill.

Deakins grins and sticks out his hand.

DEAKINS (51)

Glad to know you, Boone.

LAP

SCENIC SHOT IN WILDER COUNTRY - DAY

15 Boone and Deakins riding the saddled mules.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS' VOICE (52)

Well, we didn't fight it out in Louisville. It was a long time later before we got mad enough to do that, and a lot farther West -- 'cause that's what we did, headed West together. Sold the wagon and set out for St. Louis.

LAP

SCENIC NIGHT SHOT

16 The two men on mules in another kind of country, rolling prairie.

DEAKINS' VOICE (53)

If you want to know how far it was just try it on a mule. I'd begun to think we'd never make it.

LAP

17 NIGHT SHOT AS THEY TOP A HILL on the mules and rein in.

DEAKINS' VOICE (54)

Then one night we saw it -

18 MINIATURE SHOT OF ST. LOUIS AND THE RIVER.

DEAKINS' VOICE (55)

The big river shinin' in the moonlight, an' across it the lights of St. Louis.

19 NEAR TWO SHOT as the two men look down with awe.

DEAKINS (56)

Holy catfish, she's a big town, Boone. How many people you think?

BOONE (57)

Ten-twelve thousand Uncle Zeb said.

DEAKINS (58)

I can't figure why folks'll do it, unless they don't know any better.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (59)

I don't hanker to live in no ant hill.

DEAKINS (60)

Me neither.

They start their mules down in the darkness.

LAP

ST. LOUIS STREET - NIGHT

20

BOONE AND DEAKINS coming along the busy street. A gaudy French frontier town at the edge of the wilderness. Light comes from the store fronts and carriage lights (oil) and lanterns carried on wagons or in hand. The boys gawk at the motley crowd - trappers, long-haired mountain men in buckskins, squaws, French girls, chic women and well-dressed business men in beaver hats. People stream along both sides of the street. Wagons loaded with lumber and ropes and hides, and carriages drawn by high-stepping horses roll along the street.

DEAKINS' VOICE (61)

Well, we sold the mules and started looking for Boone's Uncle Zeb.

The boys have come through the crowd CLOSE INTO CAMERA and now Boone indicates across the road (it's the fur company store, we find presently) and they step out into the muddy street.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they dodge wagons, carriages and men on horseback, moving both ways along street. Suddenly they have to step back for an Indian who steers his horse almost into them to skirt a big mudhole. Boone's eyes flash at the Indian and he swings his rifle and smacks the horse across the rump. As the horse jumps out of their way the Indian is almost thrown - but he goes on stolidly. Deakins looks at Boone, astonished.

DEAKINS (62)

How come you did that?

BOONE (63)

I don't like Indians.

And he goes on, leaving the puzzled Deakins no chance to find out why. They reach the boardwalk along the street. Look up PAST CAMERA at -

21 FRONT OF THE FUR COMPANY STORE next to an alley. There are no lights inside, evidently it is locked up for the night. A couple of bearded trappers lounge in front, chewing tobacco and watching the passing throng. Across the front of the store is a big sign -

MISSOURI RIVER CO.
Furs & Trading.

22 BOONE AND DEAKINS as they look up at the sign and step in, CAMERA SWINGING on them to take in the two trappers, who watch them try the locked door.

FIRST TRAPPER (64)
Lookin' for Sam Eggleston?

DEAKINS (65)
We're lookin' for Zeb Calloway.

Both trappers react peculiarly, as if they hadn't heard aright.

FIRST TRAPPER (66)
Who?

BOONE (67)
Zeb Calloway. We figured they'd know him here.

He indicates the fur company door. The trapper's expression is dryly enigmatic as he spits a brown stream.

FIRST TRAPPER (68)
You ain't figgered wrong.

SECOND TRAPPER (69)
Reckon ev'ry man-jack 'long the river knows Zeb.

DEAKINS (70)
Know where he is?

FIRST TRAPPER (71)
Ask Sam Eggleston. Runs the fur company, Sam. You kin find him over at the White Stag.

BOONE (72)
Where's that?

FIRST TRAPPER (73)
(thumbs)
Tavern 'cross the alley.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (74)

Thanks.

The trappers watch them as they move on past to the right. CAMERA HOLDS ON TRAPPERS as they grin.

SECOND TRAPPER (75)

Ain't gonna miss this, air we?

FIRST TRAPPER (76)

I ain't.

They hitch up their pants and saunter after the boys.

23

EXT. FRONT OF TAVERN as the boys, who have crossed the alley and a horse-trough under an oil lantern, come up to the door above which is an antlered skull, painted white. We hear merry music of a concertina within. It swells up as the boys enter -

INT. TAVERN

24

There is a bar and a fireplace and tables and chairs. Men at tables are being served by a pretty French girl. Men at the bar being served by the barman, a little white-haired man with a stomach like a melon. At the rear a group of company men are gathered around a little mustachioed boatman, Labadie, who is playing the concertina, drunk and grinning. Boone and Deakins glance around as they move in to the bar. We don't hear the dialogue but see Boone and Deakins question the pot-bellied barman. Barman points off at a corner or alcove table where four men are sitting eating their supper. Boone and Deakins thread their way through the busy place towards the table. As they pass the concertina, Labadie breaks off playing to grab a bottle which an onlooker brings him from the bar. Behind the boys we see the two trappers from the company store step in and move to the bar, telling some joke to their cronies there who turn to watch the fun -

25

FOUR MEN AT TABLE as Deakins and Boone come to it. Boone addresses the four of them -

BOONE (77)

Mr. Eggleston?

They all look up at Boone and Deakins, not unfriendly - but it is Eggleston who answers. A big-raw-boned, shrewd-looking man.

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

EGGLESTON (78)

Yeah?

BOONE (79)

I'm tryin' to find my uncle. Man
said you might know where he is.

EGGLESTON (80)

What's his name?

BOONE (81)

Zeb Calloway.

Eggleston's friendly attitude instantly changes. The
name produces a similar effect on the three other
seated men. Boone doesn't understand the looks between
them. He doesn't understand the silence.

BOONE (cont'd)

Know where we can find him?

Eggleston just stares up at Boone and Deakins, sizing
them up, as the other three seated men grin, addressing
him with ironic casualness -

FIRST MAN (82)

I heard Zeb hooked up with some
Frenchman, Sam.

SECOND MAN (83)

That's right. Feller name of
Jourdonnais. Independent trader.
Owns a keelboat.

THIRD MAN (84)

(with mocking
gravity)

Got big ideas, Jourdonnais. Hear
he's buckin' the fur company up
the Missouri, Sam.

Boone realizes something is wrong and his quick glance
at the men settles on Eggleston. Deakins sees that
look coming in Boone's eyes. Oh Lord, here it comes
again. Boone's voice is as cold as his eyes now -

BOONE (85)

I asked you a question, Eggleston.
Ain't had no answer yet.

EGGLESTON (86)

I don't know where he is, and I
don't care a tinker's damn, long
as he keeps off company territory -
him and his French and Injun friends!

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

Boone involuntarily tries to hand his rifle to Deakins who pushes it right back at him. Eggleston and the three other men get up, ready for it.

BOONE (87)

That all you got to say?

EGGLESTON (88)

No. If you find him tell him he still owes the company for two barrels of whiskey that never got delivered to our trading post at Fort Missouri!

FIRST MAN, BEDWELL (89)

(grins sourly)

Only two barrels? Don't sound like Zeb.

Boone again tries to hand Deakins his rifle but Deakins refuses it just as the pretty French waitress enters with more dishes of food. She is right where she will get hurt if anything starts. Deakins grabs Boone's arm as the concertina strikes up again out of scene -

DEAKINS (90)

Come on.

He pulls Boone away as Eggleston and the three men watch and then sit down as the girl serves them coffee.

26 LABADIE playing his concertina as the men gathered around him egg him on.

27 THE BAR as Deankins draws a coldly angry Boone in at one end where they are alone and motions to the pot-bellied barman, pointing at a bottle. As the barman pours them drinks Boone looks off at Eggleston's table and decides to go back. Deakins grabs him again -

DEAKINS (91)

Can't we keep out of trouble for one night?

BOONE (92)

Ain't only four of 'em.

DEAKINS (93)

You're crazy. Bet every man in the place is workin' for the fur company.

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (94)

One way to find out.

DEAKINS (95)

(shoves drink
into his hand)

Want to get run out of town? We
might have to hang around for a
month before Zeb shows up.

(morosely watches

Boone gulp his drink)

That hot temper of yours has been
gettin' me in trouble through
three States. Remember what
happened in Louisville?

BOONE (96)

(nods coldly)

We didn't fight.

DEAKINS (97)

(indignantly)

Before my ankle was well enough
to take you on, you got me into
so many fights I sprained it all
over again - worse. And busted
my knuckle to boot.

BOONE (98)

Is it my fault if you can't hit
without pushin' back that knuckle?

DEAKINS (99)

In Indiana I near got my skull
split with a wood-ax on account
of you hit the boss in that
lumber-camp.

BOONE (100)

(grins sardonically)

Good fight, wasn't it?

DEAKINS (101)

In Illinois I pushed back my
knuckle again when you jumped
that bunch of hunters.

(watches the pretty
waitress go past)

Tonight I thought we were going
to have some fun.

BOONE (102)

(also watching
the girl)

Suits me.

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (103)

Then promise you won't hit no
one 'cause he don't like your
uncle, or 'cause you don't like
Injuns, or maybe just on account
of he's cross-eyed.

(pushes glass which
he's had barman
refill to Boone)

Come on, Boone. Promise you
won't start nothing. Not
tonight anyway.

BOONE (104)

All right, all right.

Again the pretty girl comes past them, going toward a
table with a tray, and they both find themselves
watching -

28 GIRL from THEIR ANGLE as she bends over a table, showing
pleasant curves.

29 BOONE AND DEAKINS watching her.

DEAKINS (105)

I'm hungry, ain't you?

BOONE (106)

I am for some of that.

They head for a table - two men with a single thought.

30 GROUP SHOT AT EGGLESTON'S TABLE. They are finishing
their meal with whiskey poured into tumblers from the
bottle on the table as Bedwell glances off -

BEDWELL (107)

Sam, take a look over there.

Eggleston and the others look off at -

31 MED. LONG SHOT across tables and people as we see the
pretty waitress laughing and chattering to the boys,
who cannot understand her French but are having a little
game of pantomime, trying to give their order, having a
lot of fun.

32 EGGLESTON AND HIS GROUP watching. Bedwell grins at Eggleston whose expression is stony.

BEDWELL (108)

Looks like you got some competition, Sam. They're rompin' with your Susie.

EGGLESTON (109)

(gets up)

Let's have a drink at the bar.

33 BOONE, DEAKINS AND THE GIRL who is laughing over their order, standing so that her apron pocket is close to Deakins.

DEAKINS (110)

What time'll you be off tonight?

The girl chatters something in French and bustles away, and Boone looks at Deakins with a sardonic grin.

BOONE (111)

Sure is tough when you can't talk to a woman.

DEAKINS (112)

Think so?

And he opens his hand and shows a brass room-key.

BOONE (113)

(indignantly)

Hey, you swiped that.

DEAKINS (114)

That's right - and she saw me do it.

(grins)

Where you going to sleep tonight?

Before Boone can think of an adequate answer the girl returns, smiling and eager, with the pot-bellied barman, who has a bunch of iron keys on a big wire ring.

BARMAN (115)

Susie says you men want a room.

BOONE (116)

(as Deakins

hurriedly puts

brass key on

the table)

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

The barman slips an iron key off the ring and hands it to the speechless Deakins.

BARMAN (117)

Number seven. First door on the right. Top of the stairs. That'll be a dollar.

Boone is grinning wickedly as Deakins fishes out a silver dollar and forks it over. The barman starts to turn away but the girl says something in French.

BARMAN (cont'd)

She wants her key back. The one you used to tell her what you wanted.

DEAKINS (118)

(gulps)

Oh, sure.

But he looks on the table for it in vain. His searching eyes come to rest happily on Boone's innocent face -

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Give it to the man, Boone.

Boone with some embarrassment fishes the brass key out of his pocket and hands it to the girl who is standing right next to him. She chatters French gaily and turns away, following the barman. Deakins grins wickedly.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Sure is tough when you can't talk to a woman.

BOONE (119)

(complacently)

Not if you're the right man.

He points down on the tablecloth in front of him and Deakins looks - and the grin goes off his face as he sees the brass key where Susie put it down unnoticed. There is a sardonic glint in Boone's eyes -

BOONE (cont'd)

Hope you like number seven. They say it's lucky.

Before he can say anything more there is a roar of laughter from the bar out of scene and the concertina strikes up more loudly. The boys both look off at -

34 BAR AND CROWD from THEIR ANGLE. Eggleston has grabbed Susie as she passed him going toward the kitchen and now he is swinging her around, dancing, as the men make room for him, laughing and egging him on.

35 BOONE AND DEAKINS rise almost together, watching off -

DEAKINS (120)

(itching to move in)

You give me your word you wouldn't.

BOONE (121)

(equally itching

to move in)

I'm keepin' my word, ain't I?

DEAKINS (122)

(egging him on)

Anyway, she ain't my girl. Keep out of it.

BOONE (123)

I'm keepin' out of it.

DEAKINS (124)

I can't see 'em from here.

BOONE (125)

Neither can I.

And as one man they move forward -

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM to where men have crowded around an open space in which Eggleston is swinging the waitress to the lively concertina. Bystanders have swung little Labadie up on the bar where he stands grinning drunkenly and playing for all he is worth. Onlookers laugh as Eggleston swings the girl. The fun is getting too robust for her, her hair has fallen loose and with one hand she tries to hold down her skirts which fly up as she is whirled. As Boone and Deakins reach the edge of the circled onlookers, the girl breaks away. But she is hemmed in by the laughing boisterous onlookers. As Eggleston pursues her past Deakins he is tripped and falls flat on his face. We don't see Deakins stick out his foot, but we know it wasn't Boone by the surprised way Boone looks from the fallen Eggleston around at the innocent-faced Deakins. The concertina breaks off and the whole crowd watches tensely as Eggleston gets to his feet. But Deakins' blandly innocent face stops him - for an instant while the girl escapes.

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (126)

Sorry, I was tryin' to get outa
your way.

EGGLESTON (127)

(ready to hit)

You still lookin' for Calloway?

DEAKINS (128)

That's right.

EGGLESTON (129)

Well get out of here then and
look down the alley.

BOONE (130)

What's down there?

EGGLESTON (131)

The jailhouse!

There is a roar of laughter from the onlookers but in the same instant - wham! - Boone hits him, and the fight is on. It is a fast mad mix-up as Eggleston's men jump in. Boone and Deakins hit four or five of them as they surge in, and then the whole crowd falls on them and they disappear in the scrimmage as we -

LAP

INT. LOG JAIL - NIGHT

36 BOONE AND DEAKINS, a little the worse for wear, are behind bars as a tough old sheriff locks the barred door with a ponderous key. The scene is lighted by a lantern set on a bench. The old sheriff picks up their rifles and sets them against the white-washed wall beside a third long-barreled rifle as Boone and Deakins watch him through the bars.

INT. TANK CELL

37 BOONE AND DEAKINS watching the sheriff as he walks out and we hear the heavy outer door slam. Deakins feels the painful knuckles of his right hand as he growls -

DEAKINS (132)

Thought you were gonna keep out
of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (133)

(sore - thinking
about the girl)

I didn't start it.

DEAKINS (134)

(holds out his hand)

Can I help it if a man falls over
my foot?

BOONE (135)

(looks at the hand)

What's wrong?

DEAKINS (136)

This knuckle again.

(wincing - as

Boone yanks at it)

Didn't hurt yours none?

BOONE (137)

(as the knuckle
snaps in place)

Course not.

DEAKINS (138)

Don't know how you do it, the
way you hit.

(pulls out a
silver dollar)

Well, heads or tails?

BOONE (139)

For what?

DEAKINS (140)

(indicates tier
of bunks in back)

Bottom bunk. I'm tired and my
neck hurts. Something must
have fell on me.

BOONE (141)

Heads.

Deakins flips the coin and they get down to inspect it.

DEAKINS (142)

Don't put your foot in my face
on the way up.

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

They move over to the shadowed bunks and Deakins starts pulling off his shirt as Boone takes hold of the top bunk and swings himself up. As his weight lands there is an angry protest and Boone is pushed so hard by a prior occupant that he pitches out on the floor. At the same moment a man rears up, swings his feet over the side and stares down at them. He is quite a character - a middle-aged, long-haired mountain man in buckskin clothes and moccasins. He is lean and lithe as a panther. His face is seamed and his blue eyes twinkle penetratingly. The boys gape at him as he rasps indignantly -

MR. UPPER BUNK (143)

What you tryin' to do, boss? Ain't there no place in this town where a man can have peace and quiet?

BOONE (144)

(stares incredulously)

Uncle Zeb!

ZEB (145)

(leans down,
peering irascibly)

What's that?

BOONE (146)

Don't you know me?

ZEB (147)

(peers, mutters
disgustedly)

Well I be dogged!

He springs down, landing as lightly as a cat on his moccasined feet, and closely inspects the happily grinning Boone.

ZEB (cont'd)

Boone Caudill?

BOONE (148)

(happily)

That's right. This here is Jim Deakins.

DEAKINS (149)

How're you, Zeb.

But Zeb ignores him, his stern gaze fixed on Boone.

ZEB (150)

What in Sam Hill you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (151)

We come lookin' for you,
Uncle Zeb.

ZEB (152)

(tartly)

I mean how come you're in jail?
I be dogged if it ain't a
disgrace - findin' your kin in
jail!

BOONE (153)

(grinning)

I don't mind.

ZEB (154)

You don't mind? Well, you ought
to. Oughta be 'shamed of yourself.
What would your Ma think, me
findin' you in jail?

BOONE (155)

What about you?

ZEB (156)

Don't try to back out of it!

BOONE (157)

(getting annoyed)

You're here, ain't you?

ZEB (158)

Just plain Providence, I reckon.
Where else would I of found you?

BOONE (159)

Well what're you doin' in jail?

ZEB (160)

You talk too much. Jest like
your Pap. I warned my sister she
was gittin' mixed up with jailbirds
when she married him.

BOONE (161)

(mad)

You leave him out of this.

DEAKINS (162)

(grins)

Sic 'im, Boone.

BOONE (163)

He don't think no more of you than
you do of him. Says you're nothin'
but a drunk.

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (164)

(with assumed anger)

Well I be dogged. Not only a
jailbird - he's a liar. Measly
son-of-a-shoat! By beaver, if
you're any part like him -

Goaded too far, Boone hits - but this time he is up
against somebody who is not only ready for it, but
quicker than himself. Zeb ducks like a cat and hits
Boone so hard that something flies out of his hand as
he lands against the bars. Zeb, who has been goading
and testing him, stoops and picks up the fallen object,
weighing it in his hand as he watches Boone get up.
His eyes twinkle humorously -

ZEB (cont'd)

Looks like you ain't forgot what
I learned you, boss - but you're
slower'n seat.

Deakins is eyeing the object in Zeb's hand.

DEAKINS (165)

Hey, what's that?

ZEB (166)

Bullet pouch.

He shows his own in his other hand. Pitches Boone's
back to him. Boone catches it glumly as Deakins looks
at him and it all dawns.

DEAKINS (167)

So that's how you hit so hard.

ZEB (168)

(chuckles)

Won't bust your knuckles neither.

(matter-of-factly
to Boone)

Now get the sand out of your craw
and tell me what you're here for.

BOONE (169)

(disgustedly)

I thought a man was lyin' when he
said you were in jail.

ZEB (170)

Who said that?

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (171)

Man name of Eggleston.

ZEB (172)

You let that polecat lick you?

BOONE (173)

Wasn't only him.

DEAKINS (174)

Whole fur company fell on us I guess.

ZEB (175)

(angered)

I been fightin' that crowd ever since they killed my fust pardner. They claimed he was rubbed out by the Sioux, but it warn't so. Not by a gutful!

DEAKINS (176)

How come they did that?

ZEB (177)

We was free traders - and ain't nothing they won't do to stop competition. They want to hog the whole Missouri. Don't want nobody tradin' with Injuns less they got a finger in the pie.

(spits a brown stream)

Never mind that. Tell me what you two aim to do? Where you going?

DEAKINS (178)

Where you going, Zeb?

ZEB (179)

Up the Missouri on a keelboat.

BOONE (180)

We figured to join up with you.

ZEB (181)

(peers at him
for a moment)

I ain't the boss.

As the boys look at him disappointedly we hear an excited angry voice, the clang of a drawn bolt and the scream of the outer jail door. They look out through the bars -

38 THROUGH THE BARS we see a short burly Frenchman come striding in past the tough old sheriff and grip the bars as he glares in angrily -

JOURDONNAIS (182)

Calloway! What the devil you doing here?

ZEB (183)

Waitin' for you to git me out, Jourdonnais.

JOURDONNAIS (184)

(explodes)

You wait for me? Non! It is me who wait for you! First I wait for that drunken Labadie. Then you leave boat to find him. I should know better. I know how you love the whiskey. I am fool to let you leave boat --

ZEB (185)

All you got to do is pay our fines and get us out.

JOURDONNAIS (186)

(peers in hopefully)

Labadie too? He is with you?

ZEB (187)

Nope. I mean me and these two first-rate hunters I hired for you.

JOURDONNAIS (188)

(explodes again)

Hunters? Have we not already the full crew? Mon vieux! you are drunk!

ZEB (189)

Ain't even wet my dry.

JOURDONNAIS (190)

Where you think I am looking for you? All along river they tell me, Yes he was here and had the whiskey --

ZEB (191)

It's a lie. Didn't get into the second bottle 'fore I had a set-to with some company men.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (192)

(alarmed)
You tell them anything about
boat?

ZEB (193)

They told me. That's how it
started. Began droppin' hints
that maybe your boat was goin'
to be searched in the mornin'.

JOURDONNAIS (194)

(alarmed)
Enfant de garce!

ZEB (195)

When they said we'd never git
past Fort Leavenworth, I --

JOURDONNAIS (196)

(cuts in angrily)
How they find out?

ZEB (197)

Looks like one of your crew got
drunk and talked too much.

(calmly as
Jourdonnais
looks agitated)

There's a heavy mist risin' on the
river. If I was you I'd slip out
'fore they know it. Git started
tonight and be up river a far
piece 'fore daylight.

JOURDONNAIS (198)

Without Labadie?

ZEB (199)

Without me - if you don't pay our
fines and git us out of here. You
kin take it out of their wages.
(indicates boys)

JOURDONNAIS (200)

I pay your fine, oui. But two
more jailbirds, non! Jamais!

ZEB (201)

Suits me, by beaver. Go on. Sail.
I'm goin' back to bed.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (202)

(groans as
Zeb turns)Calloway, non! Mon vieux!
Without you we cannot --

ZEB (203)

Well hustle up and pay our fines
then. Wait for us at the river.
You wasted enough time already.

JOURDONNAIS (204)

(glares helplessly)

Me waste time! Enfant de garce!Abruptly he turns away and strides out and we hear the
outer door slam angrily. Zeb turns to the boys calmly -

ZEB (205)

Kind of excitable - but a man
you can count on.

DEAKINS (206)

We - we sure are obliged to you,
Zeb.

BOONE (207)

Yeh, thanks.

ZEB (208)

(eyes them
quizzically)

If I was you I'd wait and see.

LAP

39 EXT. LOG JAIL as the door opens and in the glow of
latern light from within we see Zeb and Deakins step
out, rifles restored. Deakins waits for Boone to emerge
and pass him and CAMERA MOVES IN ON DEAKINS and we see
he is tossing his shot-bag reflectively - and the way
he looks after Boone and then follows we know Deakins
is soon going to repay him for, well, a lot of things.

40 IN ALLEY as they come out of the gloom into the light
from the street and we faintly hear the concertina
music from the tavern. (Remember the alley is between
fur company office and the White Stag.) There is a
horse trough and pump on one side of the alley and
Deakins stops as they come abreast of it.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (209)

Wait a minute.

He sets down his rifle against the trough and works the pump, cupping his hand to get a drink and slosh his face. Boone sets down his rifle and Deakins pumps for him as he drinks. Deakins looks at Zeb who waits -

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Drink, Zeb?

ZEB (210)

(with biting scorn)

Out of a pump?

Deakins grins as Boone finishes drinking and straightens.

DEAKINS (211)

How many times you hit me, Boone?

BOONE (212)

(with a sardonic
glint)Coupla times. What's on your
mind?

DEAKINS (213)

I been learning. .

BOONE (214)

What?

DEAKINS (215)

To hit first.

And like a flash he hits Boone with the shot-bag he's been holding, and knocks him cold. Zeb growls at Deakins -

ZEB (216)

Ain't you two mules had enough
yet?

DEAKINS (217)

(blissfully pocketing
shot-bag)

Ask him.

Zeb scoops a hatful of water from the trough and stoops over the supine Boone.

41 LOW CAMERA ON ZEB OVER BOONE as Zeb pours the cold water over his face and a gratified Deakins stoops down as Boone opens his eyes, looking at Deakins with a kind of sardonic admiration.

BOONE (218)

You're pretty good.

DEAKINS (219)

Thanks.

BOONE (220)

(sits up)

Maybe as good as I am.

DEAKINS (221)

Maybe better.

Boone gets up to settle it then and there but Zeb gets between with sharp authority -

ZEB (222)

Hold it, hold it. You got two thousand miles or river to find out. Now get movin' 'fore I take you both on.

42 CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they go on towards the lighted street with Zeb carefully between them. The concertina music swells up as they turn the corner towards river, passing the door of the White Stag. Boone and Deakins stop in front of the door where an old Indian is standing like the wooden figure in front of an old-time cigar store. Zeb thinks they want to fight again -

ZEB (223)

Come on, you idjits.

DEAKINS (224)

(to Boone,
innocently)

We got to get our blanket rolls, don't we?

BOONE (225)

That's right. Got to give back a couple of keys too.

DEAKINS (226)

That's right.

ZEB (227)

(grabs them)

No you don't.

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (228)

Come on, Zeb.

BOONE (229)

Ain't you comin' in with us?

ZEB (230)

(angry because
he itches to)
Didn't ye hear me tell Jourdonnais
we'd keep out of trouble? He's
waitin' at the river.

BOONE (231)

Eggleston's inside.

ZEB (232)

Don't have to tell me what you're
up to. But I give Jourdonnais my
word and we're gonna keep it!

He pulls them on, wrathful because he cannot finish the fight with the company crowd, and is passing the big mullioned window next to the entrance when a couple of drunks come out the door behind them and through the open door we hear a louder burst of concertina music. Zeb looks in the window and stops short, still gripping the arms of Boone and Deakins.

ZEB (cont'd)

Labadie!

DEAKINS (233)

Where?

43 SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW we see the little mustachioed Frenchman perched drunkenly on the bar playing for the noisy crowd among whom are Eggleston and his cronies.

ZEB (234)

There. Makin' the music.

44 THREE SHOT as they look in window. Zeb's voice is indignant, trying to justify what he's going to do.

ZEB (235)

Drunker'n a pie-eyed possum.
He's the one's been talkin' too
much.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (236)

Well let's get him.

As Zeb turns back toward the door Deakins in sheer devilment grabs Zeb's arm -

DEAKINS (237)

Wait a minute. What about your promise to Jourdonnais?

ZEB (238)

Don't git between me and my dooty! I promised him first I'd get Labadie, didn't I?

He is going to the door as he says it and Deakins is right beside him - and Boone is ahead as they reach the door. Boone starts to set down his rifle but Zeb grabs it and hands it to the old Ree Indian, along with his own, as he motions Deakins to do likewise.

ZEB (cont'd)

Old friend of mine!

Deakins hands over his rifle hurriedly to keep up with Zeb and Boone who are already entering. As door closes behind them CAMERA HOLDS ON THE WOODEN-FACED OLD INDIAN. Suddenly the concertina breaks off with a loud squawk and all hell breaks loose inside. We hear yells, shouts breaking bottles, crashing of chairs and tables - a terrific shindig. The old Indian never moves or turns around. Through the window we just glimpse part of the shindig, and then one of Eggleston's men (Bedwell) is knocked back against it and crashes right through, landing on the boardwalk at the old Indian's feet. As Bedwell jumps up and rushes for the door the old Indian clunks him with a rifle and he drops, cold. Now the lights go out inside as the uproar grows in volume. The door flies open and another of Eggleston's men is flung out. As he rushes back in the old Indian clunks him too and he falls beside Bedwell. The next instant Zeb and the boys emerge with little Labadie like a sack between them, out cold, collect their rifles from the Indian and exit hurriedly in the dim light. The old Indian looks after them and then walks the other way with immense calm and dignity, stepping over the inert men he clunked.

LAP

RIVER JETTY IN FOG.

45 This is impressionistic and mysterious. Just a few feet of the end of a narrow jetty built out into river where the heavy mist is now curling up and obscuring everything. The lights of St. Louis in background only make a weird misty glow which seems to magnify the four figures that emerge from it, outlined against the luminous curling mist as they step out TOWARDS CAMERA to the end of the jetty which is supported five feet above the water by old pilings. Boone and Deakins have little Labadie, now dead to the world, between them. Zeb precedes them as they emerge from the fog. Over this -

DEAKINS' VOICE (239)

It was one of the greatest nights of my life. Here we were - starting out without knowing where we were going or what it was all about.

Now they are IN CLOSE at end of jetty, the mist drifting around them spookishly. Zeb blinks into the opaque fog and calls softly -

ZEB (240)

Jourdonnais!

We hear Jourdonnais' muffled voice very near as he grunts, "Ici!" There is a splash as CAMERA PULLS BACK LOW TO WATER and we see the skiff, which has been waiting concealed just under the narrow jetty, pushed out alongside. They speak in hushed voices -

ZEB (cont'd)

Here. Take Labadie.

JOURDONNAIS (241)

Ben! You find him. Ivre-mort!

As Boone and Deakins lower the little man like a sack the concertina Boone holds in one hand wheezes a chord and both Zeb and Jourdonnais growl under their breaths sharply -

JOURDONNAIS (cont'd)

Boucle-la! Silence!

They drop into the skiff silently and Zeb shoves against the piling and the skiff glides out into the mist as the skiff-owner digs into the water with the oars. The boat glides silently out into the mist which makes a natural -

DISSOLVE

- 46 THICK MIST ON WATER - LOW CAMERA. Less luminosity in background now as the skiff emerges out of the curling mist and comes IN CLOSE. The rower rests his oars and Jourdonnais looks around uncertainly. He call out -

JOURDONNAIS (242)

Ahoy, Mandan!

Out of the fog a deep voice echoes muffledly - "Mandan!" Jourdonnais looks quickly off, the rower turns boat a little and drives the oars into water. Again the skiff disappears in fog which makes another natural -

DISSOLVE

- 47 THICK MIST ON WATER - The skiff emerges from shroud of mist in towards a glow of light whose source we do not at first know. The glow makes the fog even more impenetrable as we hear the splashing oars and then see the skiff come in TOWARDS CAMERA. As it comes IN CLOSE, CAMERA SWINGS TO TAKE IN the source of light, a ship's lantern held over the side of a large boat at the prow so that we see illuminated the name of the boat - MANDAN. The skiff pulls in alongside the bow, from which the anchor rope tends down into the water. A hulking figure is visible now, holding the lantern. Hands reach down as Labadie is passed up, then more hands pull up Zeb and the boys -

ON BOARD THE MANDAN

- 48 Now we see other lanterns on the deck and by their light the figures of sleeping men. They are a tough-looking lot - French boatmen. Romaine himself is the biggest, toughest-looking brute of a man imaginable. He lifts his lantern and peers suspiciously at Boone and Deakins as they come over the side.

ZEB (243)

Hunters, Roamine.

Romaine grunts and turns away to hold the latern over the side again where the skiff is -

- 49 SHOOTING DOWN PAST LANTERN we see Jourdonnais leaning and saying a few swift words in French to the rower, who makes a sign of understanding, mutters 'Bon voyage' and pulls out again, swallowed by the fog.

ON BOARD MANDAN

- 50 Everything is dimly seen, lanterns moving spookishly in the sheeted mist as Jourdonnais and Romaine rouse sleepers roughly and the men get up, grunting and muttering in French, scratching themselves. More men who have wakened on the after deck come forward alongside the cargo box. They are climbing on the thwarts in the bow section as Romaine and a big fellow named Pascal lay hold of the anchor line.
- 51 CAMERA LOW ON WATER SHOOTING TOWARDS BOW as we see the anchor break water, pulled by Romaine and the men at the bow above.
- 52 LONG SHOT OF THE KEELBOAT (MINIATURE) seen vaguely through fog as it starts up the Missouri soundlessly. The lanterns are still burning, one hung from the mast, making blobs of light in the mist. One by one the blobs of light start going out.
- 53 NEAR SHOT - MANDAN in the fog as Romaine stands at the bow, lifting the last lantern to look at the twenty men now pulling at the big sweeps. Then he puts out the lantern and takes up a long pole and turns, watching ahead.
- 54 CLOSE SHOT - ROMAINE staring ahead through the fog as we hear the rhythmic splashing stroke of the oars.
- 55 SHOOTING INTO FACES OF THE ROWERS as they bend forward on unison and pull.
- 56 JOURDONNAIS ON TOP OF CARGO BOX as he grips the big steering oar that extends aft behind him. He peers ahead through the mist, watching Romaine for signals.
- 57 STERN SECTION. BOONE AND DEAKINS watch silently as they sit beside Zeb who has found a jug and is leaning back against the cargo box. Little Labadie is sprawled at their feet snoring. Even Deakins' voice is hushed.

DEAKINS' VOICE (244)

We soon left St. Louis and
everything behind. All Zeb
would tell us was that we were
headed up the craziest, wildest (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS' VOICE (cont'd)

river in the world, the old
Missouri, to trade for furs
with the Indians. We knew
there was a lot he wasn't
telling us yet.

- 58 BOW SECTION - CLOSE ON TWO MEN pulling the aftermost oars. One takes a bottle from his pocket, takes a drink. Chouquette, a big bearded man with a patch over one eye, watches thirstily as he tips up the bottle, then reaches over and snatches it. He tilts up the bottle and sucks at it, but it is empty. The other man grins at him. Angrily Chouquette flings the bottle out into the fog and we hear it splash. Chouquette takes a stealthy look at Romaine, then furtively ships his oar and slides off the thwart and sneaks back towards the cargo-box.
- 59 ALLEYWAY ALONGSIDE CARGO-BOX as we see Chouquette sneak along to a doorway and stealthily pull back the canvas flap and crawl into the darkness within.
- 60 STERN SECTION. BOONE, DEAKINS, ZEB and the snoring Labadie. Zeb picks up the jug for another drink as the uncanny silence is suddenly broken by a girl's muffled scream. Boone and Deakins jump up, looking at the cargo-box. Zeb pays no attention, tilts up the jug.
- 61 TOP OF CARGO-BOX - JOURDONNAIS as he looks over the side and rips off some angry French at Chouquette who is scrambling forward.
- 62 BOW SECTION - CLOSE ON ROWERS as they turn and grin at Chouquette who hurriedly slides onto his thwart again and grabs his oar, while Jourdonnais' low angry voice adds a couple of compliments.
- 63 STERN SECTION, BOONE, ZEB AND DEAKINS. They look at Zeb astonishedly, waiting for him to lower the jug - which he finally does, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

DEAKINS (245)

Zeb! What was that?

ZEB (246)

Man sneaked in the cargo-box
I guess.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

BOON (247)

Didn't sound like no man to me.

DEAKINS (248)

Me neither. Yelped like a woman.

ZEB (249)

Oh, that. Reckon she woke up
and got scairt.

The boys stare at him incredulously. He offers the jug
to Deakins who is too flabbergasted even to see it.

DEAKINS (250)

What's a woman doin' on this
boat?

ZEB (251)

It's Jourdonnais' idea. Let
him tell you.

He tips up the jug again as the boys look at each other
speechlessly, and then at Zeb again.

DEAKINS' VOICE (252)

And that's all we could get out
of the old son-of-a-gun.

LAP

64

DAY - BEAUTIFUL LONG SHOT OF THE KEELBOAT moving up
river, with her sail up and bellied in theup-river wind.
We see Jourdonnais on the cargo-box at the steering
sweep, the crew lounging round on deck, Romaine standing
at the bow watching ahead for dangers.

DEAKINS' VOICE (253)

Boone and me couldn't figure out
why Jourdonnais would bring a
woman on a trip like this. All
next day we kept watchin' the
cargo-box - but she never showed
her face.

LAP

65

SHOOTING FROM SHORE with trees in foreground, we see
the Mandan being rowed in towards the bank as
Jourdonnais hauls down the limp sail. It is late
afternoon, towards evening. Half a dozen men spring
into thigh-deep water, catch a hawser which Romaine

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

in the bow throws to them, and pull the keelboat close in alongside the bank. Jourdonnais shouts to various men in French and others jump out and tie off the stern of the boat. Now a gangplank is slid out and Boone and Deakins, Zeb and other members of the crew pile off tiredly. Jourdonnais stands by the door of the cargo-box.

- 66 SERIES OF QUICK CUTS showing preparations for the camp, the gathering of wood and building of a big fire. The cook, with a couple of boatmen to help him, carries pots and kettles off the boat along with beans, pork and cornmeal. Zeb reconnoiters the camp site and sees that rifles are stacked near the fire. There is ad lib chatter in French among the boatmen. A couple of them start wrestling on the bank out of sheer high spirits. A sense of commotion and activity.

LAP

THE MEN AROUND THE BLAZING CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

- 67 Some of them are still eating but most have finished the meal, sitting and lounging around, lighting pipes by passing embers from the fire. Labadie has his concertina out. Jourdonnais steps in from the boat in background with a jug of whiskey.
- 68 NEAR SHOT - BOONE, DEAKINS AND ZEB as they step in close to the fire, within the circled men, tamping their pipes. Boone stoops and gets a blazing stick and lights his pipe, passing the brand to Deakins while Zeb stoops to get another ember. At that moment the music and the talk and laughter suddenly break off, and Deakins lowers his firebrand as they all look off at -
- 69 BOAT FROM THEIR ANGLE. We see a girl cross the gangplank to the bank. She has a buckskin robe pulled about her like a cloak, hooding her face. She turns down the bank with a lithe graceful step.
- 70 BOONE AND DEAKINS watching off while Zeb lights his pipe. Deakins' expression is very interested but Boone's face falls disgustedly.

DEAKINS (254)

That ain't no woman. She's
just a girl.

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (255)

She's an Indian.

ZEB (256)

That's right.

He tosses the ember back in the fire as Boone takes another disgusted look after the girl and turns away. Deakins is still watching off at the girl.

71

FULL SHOT - GROUP AROUND FIRE as the men all watch the girl vanish past some bushes. Jourdonnais, jug in hand, has been watching them. Now he steps into the circle, outlined brightly by the fire.

JOURDONNAIS (257)

(smiling a little)

Now you see her, hunh? You have the ideas maybe. Tres bien, is time to talk. I don't tell you before because men get drunk and talk too much.

(his grin fades
as he glowers at
little Labadie)

Like you, Labadie!

(Labadie squirms so
uncomfortably that
his concertina
squawks and the
men chuckle)

But first we talk business. You have sign on boat for ten dollars the month, the belly full of food, whiskey three times a day. But this time for more. For each man a share of profits. Because this time we go far. Up river two thousand miles. Maybe more. No white men go so far before.

(looks around quietly)

We go to trade for furs with the Blackfeet.

The men's attitudes have been growing uneasy and now there is instant reaction at the last word. They stir, mutter to each other and we hear the words "les pieds noirs" repeated in their exclamations.

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (cont'd)

You think we trade with the Rees -
Sioux - Crows - with Indians
whose furs have been stolen by
the company? You know what they
pay in St. Louis now for beaver?
A fortune! You know what they
say?

(his teeth
glint again)

They say the Indian skins the
beaver, but the company skins
the Indians.

(a few men chuckle)

This time we do not take the
company's leavings. We go past
their forts, past their trading
posts - where they do not dare
to go.

Chouquette, the big surly man with the black patch over
his eye, who has been loudest among the mutterers, now
gets up defiantly -

CHOUQUETTE (258)

Why you don't tell us when we
sign on?

JOURDONNAIS (259)

I told you, Chouquette. Because
men get drunk and talk too much!
Already the company find out what
we have in cargo.

(glares at Labadie
who squirms again)

So at Ft. Leavenworth soldiers
will inspect cargo. If they find
more whiskey than what the permit
allow, they will seize boat. Is
it not so, Calloway?

ZEB (260)

(grins)

That's their idea I guess.

Pascal, a big whiskered man with a good-natured
countenance gets up uneasily as Chouquette remains
standing.

PASCAL (261)

Dites donc, m'sieu. If fur
company cannot trade with
Blackfeet, how can we? Pourquoi?

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (262)

Because they have not the Indian girl! Tell them, Calloway!

ZEB (263)

She's a Blackfoot. Daughter of the Blackfoot chief. Her people are gonna be mighty grateful for us bringin' her back.

JOURDONNAIS (264)

(triumphantly)

This time we go to end of river only because we have the little squaw. For us she is the -- how you say it?

(turns to Zeb)

ZEB (265)

Hostage.

JOURDONNAIS (266)

C'est ca - hostage. She protect us. She tell her people we bring her back because we want to be brothers to the Blackfeet.

(his smile grows sardonic)

Also we bring the cargo to trade. Beads, and vermillion, and guns and powder, and the strong water to drink. We bring these presents past their enemies, past the Sioux, past the Crows, so that our red brothers may have what other nations have.

(his smile vanishes)

But if anything happen to her -

(makes a gesture more ominous than words)

So keep away. Leave alone. She is not tame. Not afraid. But is necessary she tell her people we are not like other white men with Indian squaws. So no talk, no play, no hands on her.

(looks around at them)

Is any man afraid? Want to leave?

Now is time to speak.

(his gaze comes to rest on Chouquette who still stands mutinously)

You, Chouquette?

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

CHOUQUETTE (267)

I not afraid. Not of you neither,
Jourdonnais.

JOURDONNAIS (268)

Non? Nor of M'sieu Calloway?
He will shoot, dead, anyone who
monkey.

(looks at Zeb
who nods cheerfully)

ZEB (269)

That's right.

JOURDONNAIS (270)

(grimly)

Also I have le fetou. We say no
more. Now you know. From now
on deserter have hard time.

(relaxes,
friendly again)

And now we have the whiskey.

ZEB (271)

Be dogged if it ain't time,
Jourdonnais.

The men relax, some of them still brooding it over though, and Labadie begins playing his concertina softly again as the jug starts around. As Chouquette tilts up the jug the men's faces all turn and Chouquette lowers the jug quickly to watch as the girl reappears from the darkness and steps into the firelight. She walks right through the men as if they didn't exist. (Labadie's music grows softer.)

72 CLOSE SHOT - DEAKINS AND BOONE watching with the rest. Deakins' face is alive with keen interest. Boone's expression, no less interested, has a kind of jeering look in it, a conflict of attraction and scorn, as their heads turn following the girl.

73 GROUP SHOT as the heads of the men turn, following the proud free walk of the girl, ignoring their looks and their presence. She crosses the gangplank and disappears into the cargo-box.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

74 PICTURESQUE DAY SHOTS OF THE MANDAN moving up river - with her sail bellied out and making good time, with sail flapping and crew rowing, with no sail up and the men laboring hard at the oars - A feeling of the commencing struggle up the long wild river. Over these -

DEAKINS' VOICE (272)

So we went on up the river for ten days, till we got close to Fort Leavenworth --

LAP

75 NIGHT - THE KEELBOAT being rowed up the river noiselessly, her hull a dark shape against the glimmer of the water -

DEAKINS' VOICE (273)

And for the first time we kept on going at night. Jourdonnais had even the oars muffled.

LAP

76 EERIE NIGHT SHOT OF THE KEELBOAT as it sneaks past Ft. Leavenworth, the boat and the rowers blackly outlined against bonfires the soldiers have lighted on the west bank (off port side of boat). We HEAR a military bugle blowing taps in the distance. One of the muffled oars screams or bumps and Jourdonnais growls sotto voce - "Quiet, quiet!" A dog starts barking from the shore, nearer than the bugle. And then...the dark shape of the boat is past the bonfires and swallowed by darkness again -

LAP

77 NIGHT - SHOOTING FROM EAST BANK we see the big keelboat against the glimmer of the water as she is rowed in hard and grounds in shallow water about fifty feet from shore. The men start jumping off into the water and carrying kegs of whiskey in TOWARDS CAMERA. Over this -

DEAKINS' VOICE (274)

Couple of miles above Leavenworth we sneaked ashore and started unloading the whiskey.

- 78 NEAR SHOT - MANDAN with more men jumping into the water and the kegs being passed down over the side rapidly. We see Zeb, Boone and Deakins standing guard on top of the cargo-box with their rifles. Just below them Jourdonnais stands on the passe avant superintending the work.
- 79 ON THE BANK - We see the men coming in with kegs of whiskey, cacheing them in a clump of willows on the bank. The pile of kegs is growing fast. No wonder they sneaked past the Fort!
- 80 SHOT TOWARDS BOAT showing the men wading swiftly ashore with more kegs, and still more being passed over the side, out of the cargo-box.
- 81 ON BOAT - ZEB AND THE BOYS ON TOP OF CARGO-BOX as Jourdonnais climbs up beside them, watching the work proceed swiftly below them. Zeb speaks to Jourdonnais in a low voice -

ZEB (275)

Don't forgit to leave some whiskey on the boat.

JOURDONNAIS (276)

Oui. What the permit allow.

ZEB (277)

(with amused
sarcasm)

Little more is better. Let a soldier seize a coupla kegs and he ain't gonna be suspicious.

JOURDONNAIS (278)

(chuckles)

Oui. C'est bien.

He calls down to Romaine and tells him in French to put ~~back~~ one keg, as Zeb motions to the boys and climbs over on the passe avant.

- 82 SHOT FROM WATER UP AT BOAT as we see the men returning to the boat and climbing on board, Romaine and those already on board reaching down to help them. Zeb jumps down into the knee-deep water, holding his rifle clear, and the boys follow suit. They are in NEAR CAMERA as Zeb motions them to wait. Boatmen are still climbing aboard hurriedly. Deakins mutters to Zeb -

(CONTINUED)

82 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (279)

Boat going back to Fort
Leavenworth?

ZEB (280)

You jest ketchin' on? They'll
pass inspection, git back here
tomorrow and we'll load up again.

(calls up)

How 'bout that jug, Jourdonnais?

Jourdonnais hands it down to him, a full whiskey jug, as the last man is pulled on board. But something else is on Deakins' mind as he looks up at the muffled figure of the Indian girl who comes along the passe avant from aft and stops beside Jourdonnais. Romaine is handing down blankets and a buffalo robe to Boone.

DEAKINS (281)

How about the girl, Zeb?

ZEB (282)

(amused)

Don't worry 'bout Teal Eye. She
kin take care of herself.

And at that moment she does by springing down lightly into the water beside them, splashing both of the boys so that they jerk their rifles higher to keep them dry. She has the buckskin robe pulled about her shoulders and face like a hood so that we can only glimpse her dark eyes as she passes them and wades toward shore, with the boys looking after her surprised. Zeb waves to Jourdonnais and motions to the boys to follow him as he wades PAST CAMERA. Already Romaine and the men are pushing the lighted boat off downstream -

LAP

CAMPFIRE ON THE BANK

83

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Zeb and the boys sitting around the fire comfortably, their meal finished. Nearby is the clump of willows where the whiskey they are guarding is cached. Deakins lights his pipe with a firebrand and hands the ember to Boone, who lights his. Deakins looks off at the bushes, his mind on the unseen girl. The scene is quiet, only the lapping of the river, croak of frogs, crickets, the distant howl of a wolf baying the rising moon. From the direction Deakins is watching the muffled-up girl steps in from darkness noiselessly on moccasined feet. Ignoring the watching boys she goes to pile of blankets, takes what she

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

wants, steps over by a log behind Boone and makes her bed. Zeb takes a swig from the jug and stares at the fire, seeming not to notice the boys who crane round to watch -

84 LOW CAMERA ON GIRL as she curls up in the buffalo robe and pulls a blanket over her face and round her bare legs. We haven't yet seen her face.

85 THREE SHOT AT FIRE. Deakins looks round disappointedly at Zeb, who hasn't noticed their watching.

DEAKINS (283)

Ain't she never gonna show her face?

ZEB (284)

(rouses from
his thoughts)

Teal Eye?

DEAKINS (285)

That her name?

ZEB (286)

Jest somethin' I call her. Ain't you never noticed the eye of a blue-wing teal? Purty.

DEAKINS (287)

I ain't even seen her face yet.
You Boone?

Boone grunts an uninterested negative, frowning at the fire as if he didn't want to talk about the girl. Zeb offers the jug to Deakins who shakes his head, puffing his pipe as he mutters to Zeb out of the side of his mouth -

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Funny, ain't it?

ZEB (288)

Hmmm?

DEAKINS (289)

Man don't worry much about women,
when he knows they're around.
But when you get way off from 'em,
like we are now, and you know
you're goin' a lot farther away....
(halts, thinking)

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (290)

(dryly)

You're on a mighty interestin'
subjeck, hoss. Whyn't you finish?

DEAKINS (291)

Well, what I mean is, that's when
they get to workin' in your mind.
You reckon you're a fool for not
noticin' before how important they
are.

(Zeb only chuckles
and takes another
drink)

Ain't nothin' like seein' a woman's
face. I remember once I was in a
stagecoach, back in Kentucky, and
all night I set right next to a
woman had her face wrapped up in a
veil. When the road got rough I
couldn't help bumpin' against her.

ZEB (292)

(impatiently,
as he stops)

You gonna keep me on tinterhooks?
What'd you do?

DEAKINS (293)

(puffs reflectively)

Nothin'. But finally the
stagecoach turned over, and I
sure was glad even if I did near
break my arm, 'cause she lit
right on me and I got to see her
face.

ZEB (294)

Purty?

DEAKINS (295)

Purty.

Suddenly Boone, who has been smoking and listening,
gets up and strides off to the girl -

86

LOW CAMERA ON TEAL EYE as Boone stoops in abruptly and
pulls the blanket from her face. She is strangely
attractive, wild and unafraid as she stares up at him
with a kind of defiance, the firelight reflecting like
sparks in her dark eyes. Boone stares for an instant,
then rudely drops the blanket and turns away -

87 THREE SHOT AT FIRE. Zeb and Deakins are looking at Boone as he sits down again and fishes for an ember to relight his pipe. Zeb's expression is sarcastic, Deakins' eager -

ZEB (296)

Well?

DEAKINS (297)

(impatiently)

What's she look like?

BOONE (298)

Not bad - for an Indian.

He puts the ember to his pipe as Deakins looks at Zeb, burning with curiosity.

DEAKINS (299)

How'd she get lost from her people?

ZEB (300)

(lowers jug)

Crow war-party ketched her. Crows an' Blackfeet hates each other. Just pure luck she slipped away afore they killed her.

DEAKINS (301)

How'd Jourdonnais get her?

ZEB (302)

Found her floatin' down river in a canoe half-dead. 'Way up above the Platte.

DEAKINS (303)

Wish I could talk to her. How'd you learn?

ZEB (304)

I been among 'em.

(stares at the fire)

This child has seen a lot of Injuns, and most of this country. She's big and wild. Colter's Hell and the Seeds-kee-dee and the Tetons standin' higher'n clouds, but by beaver! there's nothin' purtier than the upper Missouri. She's wild and purty like a virgin woman. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

87 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (cont'd)

(looks off at girl)

An' the purtiest part of it all belongs to her people. Proud Injuns, Blackfeet. They don't aim to let no white men spile their country. Only thing they're afeared of is the white man's sickness.

BOONE (305)

What's that?

ZEB (306)

The grabs! White man can't see nothin' purty without wantin' to grab it. An' the more he grabs the more he wants to grab. Like a fever an' he can't get cured. Only thing he can do is keep on grabbin' till ever'thing belongs to white men - and then they start grabbin' from each other. I reckon Injuns got no reason to love anything white. Yet this child would ruther be in the Blackfoot country than anywheres else. Many's the time I dodged 'em, makin' cold-camps and thinkin' my time was up. And all the time livin' wonderful, loose and free's any animal.

He tips up the jug again, not noticing that Boone has an angry look in his eyes.

BOONE (307)

That's where Ben was killed, ain't it?

ZEB (308)

That's right. Ben wasn't no older'n you be now. I wasn't much older myself. Thought you'd a forgot.

BOONE (309)

I don't forget like some people.

Zeb looks at him but says nothing. Boone reaches into his shirt and pulls out something and tosses it.

BOONE (cont'd)

You forgot what that is?

88 CLOSE SHOT - ZEB as he turns it over in his hands. It is an Indian scalp, though it has lost its shine and the patch of skin that holds it together is shriveled and lies lost in the hair like a burr in a dog's coat.

BOONE'S VOICE (310)

You took it off the Injun
killed my brother.

89 THREE SHOT as Zeb holds scalp close to fires, searching his memory. Deakins inspects it with much interest.

ZEB (311)

Yeah. Must of give it to you
that time I went back to tell
your Ma.

BOONE (312)

That's right.

ZEB (313)

Long time ago, hoss. If I was
you I'd get rid of it
(tosses it back)

90 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE as he catches it.

BOONE (314)

Why?

Before Zeb can answer a brown slim hand reaches in from behind him and snatches the scalp, and he springs up -

91 WIDER ANGLE as Boone goes after Teal Eye and catches her. Zeb yells at him angrily, "Boone!" - but Boone pays no attention as he tries to wrest the scalp from the girl. She is strong and they swing round in a vicious tussle. She trips and goes down - and Boone with her!

92 CLOSE TWO SHOT as she tries to roll away, still fighting, and he sits on her, pinning her down as he gets the scalp back. Teal Eye reaches up viciously and rakes his face with her nails. And as he is half-blinded, stunned, she springs up and gets away.

93 GROUP SHOT as Boone looks after the girl, vanishing in the darkness. Zeb and Deakins are standing, looking at him angrily as he turns back to the fire. We see the

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

stripes of blood on his clawed face. He puts his hand to his face and looks at the blood as he steps near fire, the more angry because Zeb and Deakins have seen him get the worst of it.

BOONE (315)

She's worse'n a spitecat!

ZEB (316)

Good thing she didn't have a knife.
She'd a stuck it in your gizzard.

BOONE (317)

What for?

ZEB (318)

That's a Blackfoot scalp you got
an' she knows it.

(sharply)

Ain't you never thought why
Injuns take scalps? To shame
an enemy! Accordin' to her
belief there's a Blackfoot
brave someplace can't show his
face in the Hereafter till that
scalp is buried.

BOONE (319)

(looks at the old
scalp in his hand -
incredulously)

Buried?

ZEB (320)

That's right!

DEAKINS (321)

(sore at Boone)

Whyn't you give it to her?

Boone just looks at him defiantly and stuffs the scalp in his shirt.

ZEB (322)

All right, hoss. But from now
on you better sleep with one
eye open.

He picks up the jug as Boone and Deakins sit down by the fire again, Boone's eyes angry as he finds his pipe where he dropped it when he jumped up. Deakins watches him as he feels his scratched face again and looks at the blood on his hand.

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (323)

Don't forget. One eye open.

Boone ignores him, reaching for a firebrand as we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

94

DAY - SCENIC SHOT OF THE MANDAN as she moves up-river in wilder country now, the water sparkling in the sun, oars dipping in unison as the men sing to the stroke. The wind is at the boat's stern, a gusty, noticeable wind, but enough to fill the sail and help the rowers.

DEAKINS' VOICE (324)

Well, we got the whiskey reloaded
and pushed on up the river.

LAP

95

DAY SHOT OF THE MANDAN NOW BEING POLED in swift shallow water. The men bunch forward on the walkways, ten on each side, set their poles, turn and put their shoulders against the poles, crouching forward on the cleats, grunting and sweating like horses as they shove the boat forward and walk aft to the stern. There one man on each side holds with his pole while the others turn and walk forward again, to reset their poles and move another boat length. Jourdonnais' hoarse voice shouts at them -

JOURDONNAIS (325)

A bas les perches!...Fort!...
Fort!....Levez les perches!

They lift their poles and this is repeated over and over.

DEAKINS' VOICE (326)

Rains had made the current
swifter and the going harder.

LAP

96

SHOOTING FROM WOODED BANK we see the Mandan poled close to shore and Zeb, Boone and Deakins jump into thigh-deep water and wade ashore, rifles held high and their powder horns looped up on their heads to keep them dry. They step out on the bank and into the woods as the boat goes on, Jourdonnais shouting his refrain "A bas les perches! Levez les perches! Fort! Fort!"

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS' VOICE (327)

Rations were low, and we started
huntin' for fresh meat.

LAP

NEAR RIVER BANK - DAY

97

We see the three hunters emerge from a thicket and come
TOWARDS CAMERA. Zeb is watching around alertly. Boone
and Deakins each have a gutted deer slung over their
shoulders. They hear the trumpet of the Mandan and
turn towards river.

DEAKINS' VOICE (328)

Couple more weeks and we'd left
civilized country so far behind
it was hard to remember.

98

BANK OF RIVER as they push through bushes and we hear
the trumpet again. They look down river and CAMERA PANS
to take in the Mandan nosing towards them. The boys
dump their game to the ground, waiting, as Zeb turns
and looks searchingly PAST CAMERA again, as if sensing
some danger. Over this -

DEAKINS' VOICE (329)

We'd passed the mouth of the
Platte when Zeb began to get
uneasy.

LAP

99

NIGHT CAMP ON THE BANK. The fire has burned down and
the men have finished the meal, though a few are still
stripping bones with their teeth and tossing bones into
fire. Jourdonnais is passing the jug while Labadie is
squatted down near the blaze softly playing his
concertina. Boone and Deakins lounge nearby, smoking.
Zeb not in sight.

100

IN WOODS NEAR CAMP. NEAR SHOT BIG ROMAINE standing with
his rifle, his back to the camp which we see through
bushes in background. Concertina fainter here.

DEAKINS' VOICE (330)

Zeb had started puttin' out guards
at night.

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED)

There is a sound and Romaine turns quickly but relaxes, lowering his rifle as he sees Zeb step in from where he has been reconnoitering. Romaine grunts -

ROMAINE (331)

All right?

ZEB (332)

Nothin' but a bear. I'll git
Pascal to spell you.

Romaine grunts a "Bon" as Zeb steps off towards the camp, pushing through the bushes through which we glimpse the fire. Romaine settles back again, watching the dark forest, listening to the nostalgic concertina.

101

GROUP AROUND CAMPFIRE. The men are all listening to Labadie, caught in the strange lonely nostalgic music. From the darkness where the boat is tied up Teal Eye appears, on her way through the camp. Labadie's music grows softer, more tender, and the men turn their heads, watching the girl as she steps in gracefully towards the fire.

102

BOONE AND DEAKINS by fire as Deakins touches Boone's arm and they look up, watching as she steps in and stoops down to the fire, searching for a firebrand she can use as a torch. Deakins is openly attracted, Boone has a sardonic glint in his eyes as he leans forward, pulls out a good torch he's been using as a pipe-lighter and offers it to the girl. For an instant she looks at him with a kind of savage violence, sparks kindling in her eyes. Then she picks up the firebrand she has found, an inferior one, and brushes past him as if he didn't exist. Boone seems sardonically amused. Deakins looks at him dryly -

DEAKINS (333)

Thought she was gonna shove
that right in your face.

BOONE (334)

(grins sardonically)
She better not try.

He gets up, taking the firebrand with him.

103

GROUP SHOT AROUND FIRE as Boone saunters over towards where Labadie is squatted playing his haunting music, while Zeb enters from the darkness in direction of woods and finds the big whiskered good-natured Pascal, who is smoking near Jourdannais.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (335)

Your turn, Pascal.

PASCAL (336)

Oui, m'sieu.

He lumbers off towards the woods and Zeb calls dryly -

ZEB (337)

How 'bout takin' a rifle?

Pascal grins embarrassedly as he turns back and takes the rifle Jourdonnais hands him, then goes on to relieve Romaine as Zeb shakes his head to Jourdonnais.

ZEB (cont'd)

Don't know as it's much good to him. He couldn't hit a bull's hind end with a lodge-pole.

Jourdonnais shrugs agreement as he hands Zeb the jug he's been passing around.

104

CLOSE SHOT - CHOUQUETTE standing leaning against a tree, his unlighted pipe clenched in his teeth as he listens to Labadie fascinatedly. The light is dim for he is well outside the circled men. Boone saunters in, with the firebrand in hand, touches him on the shoulder and offers brand.

BOONE (338)

Light?

Chouquette grins his thanks and puffs as Boone holds the brand to his pipe.

BOONE (cont'd)

That music kinda gets inside a man, don't it. What's he playin'?

CHOUQUETTE (339)

(blows out smoke)

Is ver' old song, m'sieu. It tell how the lonely man long for his woman.

Boone tosses the ember aside and saunters off into darkness. CAMERA HOLDS ON CHOUQUETTE who puffs, then reacts as he sees -

- 105 SHOOTING ACROSS CIRCLED MEN from HIS ANGLE we see the girl emerge from the darkness of the woods with her torch. She doesn't want to walk through the group again, thinking Boone is still there with Deakins. She drops the torch and circles around.
- 106 CLOSE SHOT - CHOUQUETTE watching her, his head turning so that we know she is coming in his direction - for he stands outside the circle, between the group and the boat.
- 107 TEAL EYE as she slips around behind the men, unnoticed. As she comes in CLOSE she stops beside a tree, watching Labadie, attracted by the spell of his music which gives expression to her own loneliness.
- 108 AT CAMPFIRE - CLOSE ON ZEB AND JOURDONNAIS who have been talking. Jourdonnais lights one of his Spanish cheroots and puffs frowningly. Romaine comes in from woods and sits down nearby, next to Deakins.

ZEB (340)

Ain't only Injuns we got to
look out for.

JOURDONNAIS (341)

Je sais. Danger of Indian we know.
But danger of white men we do not
know. What you think company will
do?

ZEB (342)

(shakes his head)
You didn't pick nothin' easy.

JOURDONNAIS (343)

Business is danger. Toujours.
Maybe we --

He breaks off as something catches his eye outside the circle. Gets up and exits.

- 109 MED. SHOT - TEAL EYE beside a tree in the outer dimness watching Labadie and listening to the lonely music. She is so absorbed she hardly sees Chouquette as he slides around the other side of the tree. Even when she sees him she isn't startled or frightened. Grinning he pulls from his pocket a string of glass beads that catch the firelight, glittering as he holds them to her enticingly. She just looks at him contemptuously - and

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

He doesn't see Jourdonnais as he steps in, jerks him round and hits him hard. Teal Eye vanishes towards the boat as Jourdonnais goes back towards the fire - and the music goes on without interruption.

110 AT CAMPFIRE. Zeb has the jug tilted up as Jourdonnais returns and sits down, puffing his cigar as if nothing had occurred, speaks without interrupting their train of thought.

JOURDONNAIS (344)

As I say business is danger.
We lose maybe. Maybe we make
money. Lots of money.

ZEB (345)

It ain't worth it, jest for the
money.

JOURDONNAIS (346)

(shrugs)

All you hunters are crazy. You
like the lonely fire, the danger,
what you call the freedom and,
sometime, the squaw. We like the
silver in the pocket, people, wine,
song, women. We ascend the river
only to return.

ZEB (347)

If that ain't crazy I'm a Digger.

JOURDONNAIS (348)

You mountain men, you return only
to ascend again - return for
powder and lead only to go up
river again.

(his teeth glint)

Is crazy, mon vieux.

ZEB (349)

Reckon Injuns is the only one
ain't crazy, hoss. They got what
they want and are tryin' to keep
white men from sp'iling it --

He gets no further for at that instant there is the
explosion of Pascal's rifle in the woods and Zeb
drops the jug and grabs his gun -

111 FULL SHOT OF CAMP SCENE as everyone jumps to his feet, grabbing guns, falling over each other. Boone has run in from the river. Pascal himself comes lumbering in from woods, jabbering French to Jourdonnais as he tries to grab Zeb's rifle from him. It's hard to know what Pascal is jabbering but it's certainly about Injuns. Then a big laughing voice yells from the woods in an Indian tongue, a loud laughing voice, and Zeb calls out with sharp authority -

ZEB (350)

Hold it, hold it! Don't nobody shoot!

JOURDONNAIS (351)

(excitedly)

What is it?

Instead of answering Zeb calls out in the strange tongue into the woods and the voice answers a couple of words jovially. They are all looking PAST CAMERA at -

112 BUSHES AS THEY PART And a strange apparition steps through from the darkness. A ragged old Indian, his face creased in smiles, is carrying an antelope over his back.

113 FULL SHOT as he steps into the firelight, dumps his antelope by the fire, and grins around at the astonished men, his gaze coming to rest on Zeb. His ugly bony face creases into a smile that shows two front teeth missing. He has a crooked nose that comes down almost to his lip and seems about to poke into the hole in his teeth.

POORDEVIL (352)

How!

He begins to laugh, a laugh that starts deep in his belly and bubbles out, until the men hearing him want to laugh too, it is so true and silly.

ZEB (353)

How!

The Indian brushes a tangle of hair out of his eyes, takes the bow and quiver from his shoulder and lets them drop. For a hunting shirt he has on an old deerskin doubled over, a hole cut for his head. He has it tied with whangs under his arms. His leggings are old and thin, with hardly a fringe left.

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

POORDEVIL (354)

Talk English, me. Heap good.
Plenty good.

ZEB (355)

So?

POORDEVIL (356)

(slaps himself
on the chest)

Good.

ZEB (357)

Talk it then, hoss.

POORDEVIL (358)

Eat. Drink. Bed. Squaw.
Dingdang!

ZEB (359)

Who be ye, Injun?

POORDEVIL (360)

Blackfoot, me.

He starts talking Blackfoot and Zeb listens closely.

ZEB (361)

Blackfoot all right. Looks
like a Poordevil Injun - no
gun and nigh bare-rumped.

The Indian smiles again, his tongue working between
the gap in his teeth as he eyes the whiskey jug,
smiling innocently.

POORDEVIL (362)

Love whiskey, me. Love
whiskey heap.

ZEB (363)

Yep, he's a Blackfoot.

Zeb hands him the whiskey jug and Poordevil tips it
up thirstily. As he drinks, drinks as if he couldn't
get enough, a voice sternly calls out two words in
Blackfoot - and Poordevil pulls down the jug so fast
whiskey spills off his chin. He stares with round
astonished eyes -- as do Deakins, Boone and the rest,
at -

114 TEAL EYE as she steps in from the darkness towards the boat. Her eyes flash angrily. CAMERA SWINGS WITH HER as she confronts the bewildered Indian and gives him a tongue-lashing in their tongue. Deakins turns to Zeb as Teal Eye continues.

DEAKINS (364)

What's she sayin'?

ZEB (365)

As fine a temperance lecture as
I ever heered -

(wryly)

Or want to hear! Says he's
makin' a laughin'-stock of the
Blackfeet, swillin' down whiskey.
Guess I better rescue him.

He takes the whiskey jug Poordevil is holding guiltily now. He points at the girl who is proud and silent now in her indignation, and asks a question. She answers in a few words, haughtily and he folds his hands across his breast and says something with great humiliation and respect. Deakins can't help laughing as he watches him -

DEAKINS (366)

He sure is ugly, but he tickles
a man. Can we keep him, Zeb?

ZEB (367)

Couldn't get shut of him now.
He knows who she is. Look at
'im - like a whipped dog.

Teal Eye pays no attention to them. Like a princess accepting the humiliation of a subject she steps in, lays her hand on Poordevil's shoulder and says two words, and Poordevil brightens as we -

LAP

115 DAY - LONG SHOT - MANDAN is fighting up swift rapids, pulled by the cordelle. We see the crew struggling along wooded bank, straining at the line which stretches taut to the keelboat far behind.

DEAKINS' VOICE (368)

Week or so later we hit a bad
stretch of water - and it kept
gettin' worse.

- 116 NEAR SHOT OF THE MEN struggling along the bank, thigh-deep in water to pass the trees at water's edge. It is all they can do to hold boat. Chouquette jumps ahead and makes a turn with the line around a tree so they can take a rest.
- 117 SHOOTING PAST CREW'S SWEATING MUDDY FACES as they grunt at the line we see the Mandan out in the river far behind, swinging in the boiling water.
- 118 WOODED BANK - SHOOTING TOWARDS THICKET we see Boone and Deakins emerge towards river, rifles in hand. They come IN CLOSE and stop at river, looking off PAST CAMERA -
- DEAKINS' VOICE (369)
Zeb sent us back to tell
Jourdonnais that if he had a fool
hen's sense he'd tie up and wait,
- 119 WHAT THEY SEE: THE MANDAN fifty yards out in the boiling water, swinging on the cordelle, hardly moving an inch ahead. Jourdonnais grips steering oar, Romaine at bow with pole, Teal Eye atop cargo-box holding to the bending mast and watching excitedly, enjoying the fight with the river.
- 120 CLOSE ON THE TWO BOYS as they watch the boat and Deakins yells PAST CAMERA - "Jourdonnais!"
- 121 NEAR SHOT - MANDAN in the foaming rapids. Jourdonnais leans on the steering oar, watching ahead. Romaine fends the boat off with his pole at the bow. The roar of the water is loud but Teal Eye, holding to the bending quivering mast with one hand, her buckskin skirt blowing in the wind, hears the shouting of Deakins and Boone and looks shoreward. Then she leaves the mast to tell Jourdonnais - just as the bridle snaps, the taut cordelle flies up in the air, the bent mast jerks straight and the keelboat cants over so sharply as the boat swings broadside that it seems she is capsizing.
- 122 NEAR SHOT - CANTED DECK as Teal Eye is pitched towards us into foaming water, while in the same instant Jourdonnais grabs at a rope and hangs on and Romaine clings to the passe avant at bow, the rushing water sucking at him.

- 123 BANK - NEAR SHOT - BOONE AND DEAKINS as they drop their rifles. Deakins dives into the foaming water and starts swimming while Boone, sizing up the situation a little better, starts running down the bank.
- 124 THE MANDAN as she rights herself, swinging in towards the shore.
- 125 FALLEN TREE IN THE BOILING RAPIDS. We glimpse the girl swept UNDER CAMERA and into the branches of the tree, vanishing into a thick mass of driftwood which the tree has collected. The next instant we see Deakins as he swims in towards the tree, fighting the current.
- 126 NEAR SHOT - TREE half submerged as Deakins appears, fighting his way through the mass of swirling driftwood. Now he sees Teal Eye, he thinks, and CAMERA SWINGS WITH HIM a little to take in what he grabs - but it is only her clothes which have been torn from her by the sharp prongs of the tree.
- 127 CLOSE SHOT - DEAKINS as he pulls himself up and looks down river to see -
- 128 LONG SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE - Boone runs in along bank, jerking off his shirt, and dives into the water.

LAP

- 129 SHORE OF RIVER BELOW RAPIDS - BOONE comes TOWARDS CAMERA carrying the unconscious girl. She has on his hunting shirt which covers her almost to her knees, but her body is limp in his arms. (It isn't one of those Romeo western scenes where the lady weighs three pounds and superman is smiling and flaring his nostrils as he carries the beauty with one arm; this is an Indian girl, she's heavy, and Boone is damn tired). As he PASSES CAMERA -
- 130 REVERSE - SHOOTING ON HIS BACK as we see Deakins break through some bushes ahead and reach Boone.
- 131 TWO SHOT as Deakins looks at the girl with relief, then quick anxiety when he sees how limp she is. In his right hand he has her sodden buckskin clothes. His left hand has been injured - blood on it.

(CONTINUED)

131 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (370)

Good work. How is she?

BOONE (371)

Just water-logged.

He moves on and Deakins falls in beside him, glancing at the girl anxiously.

DEAKINS (372)

You tired?

BOONE (373)

She ain't no feather.

DEAKINS (374)

(hopefully)

Want I should carry her?

BOONE (375)

I'm doin' all right.

But he's puffing hard as they go on up river bank.

LAP

132

CAMP BY THE RIVER - DAY. We see the Mandan tied up safely to trees that edge the river, where a big fire is blazing though it is not yet dark. The tired crew lounges around, resting, Poordevil among them. Boone and Deakins are near the fire, Deakins holding up his wet shirt to dry it. Boone is still minus his shirt. On the boat we see Jourdonnais and Zeb emerge from the cargo-box, cross the gangplank and come towards the fire, Zeb with Boone's shirt.

133

BOONE AND DEAKINS as Jourdonnais and Zeb enter.

DEAKINS (376)

She all right?

ZEB (377)

Talkin' a blue streak now she's got some dry clothes on.

(tosses Boone's shirt to him)

They's a message comes with that.

BOONE (378)

What?

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (379)

(sarcastic)

She says now you're even, 'cause
she didn't kill you last night.

Boone pulls on his shirt as Deakins grins.

DEAKINS (380)

You must of forgot to keep that
eye open.

Jourdonnais has been looking at Boone with such intense
emotions that he glowers to hide what he feels. Now he
tries to say it -

JOURDONNAIS (381)

Caudill, I -- I --

Fiercely he claps Boone on the shoulder so hard it jars
his teeth and turns away. Zeb looks after him.

ZEB (382)

Never seen the old hoss afore
when he couldn't talk. Knows
he was a fool not to tie up and
wait like I told him,

(to Deakins)

Now let's have a look at that
hand.

Deakins shows his mashed hand, wincing when Zeb squeezes
the third finger, which is badly mashed and already
blue-black.

ZEB (cont'd)

How'd you do it?

DEAKINS (383)

Tree in the river. Log hit it.

ZEB (384)

Mmmm. That finger ain't gonna
be much use to you.

134 JOURDONNAIS ON BANK - CLOSE SHOT as he stops by bow
of boat and glares across the rolling water, tired but
glad with a fierce gladness. He shakes his fist at the
river exultantly -

JOURDONNAIS (385)

You big tough crazy dam river,
you get nobody yet!

LAP

NIGHT - FULL SHOT OF CAMP AROUND THE FIRE. Overcoming the danger, the rescue of the boat and the girl, has elated Jourdonnais and all hands. Jourdonnais is free with the jug. Little Labadie is playing lively music. Men are skylarking. Zeb takes the jug from Jourdonnais and crosses to fire and hands it to Deakins. (Boone isn't visible, he is searching the boat for a piece of iron.) One of the skylarking men, a big fellow, grabs Labadie's concertina and skips away and Labadie jumps up after him angrily. They run around the fire, the crewman making wheezing mocking sour chords, then someone trips him and as he goes down Labadie gives him an infuriated kick. The crewman jumps up and hits Labadie, who springs up like a rubber ball, makes a flying jump and he and the big man go down, rolling almost into the fire, away from it, fighting boatman-fashion with nothing barred.

136 JOURDONNAIS AND ROMAINE watching -

137 THE FIGHT as the big man and little man roll, gouging and hitting. Labadie sinks his teeth in the crewman's ear and the big man howls and crashes his fist into the little man's belly.

138 CLOSE ON JOURDONNAIS AND ROMAINE as the huge soft-hearted Romaine mutters in French anxiously and moves to break it up. Jourdonnais grabs his arm, his eyes dark and angry -

JOURDONNAIS (386)

Mon! C'est bien!

ROMAINE (387)

He kill Labadie, m'sieu.

JOURDONNAIS (388)

Wait!

139 THE FIGHT FROM THEIR ANGLE as Labadie is flung off and the crewman gets to his feet murderously. But as he rushes Labadie the little man lets fly with his feet - the sabat kick - and the big man goes down cold and lies there, all the fight out of him. Labadie picks up his concertina, sits down by the fire and commences playing again, the watching men turn away and laugh among themselves.

140 ZEB AND DEAKINS sitting by the fire as Zeb hands Deakins the jug again and Jourdonnais steps in and grins down at Zeb, indicating off at Labadie proudly -

JOURDONNAIS (389)

C'est un bon coup de pied,
n'est-ce pas?

ZEB (390)

I'd jest as soon be kicked by a
jackass.

(takes empty jug
from Deakins and
hands it up)

Fill 'er up again, hoss.

Jourdonnais grins and exits toward boat as Boone enters with a long iron bolt he has dug up on the Mandan.
(Perhaps an old rifle barrel or a rusty bayonet?) Shows it to Zeb.

BOONE (391)

Only piece of iron I can find.

ZEB (392)

Poke it in the fire.

Boone stoops and puts one end in the coals as Zeb gets out his big hunting knife and commences whetting it. Deakins grins at him amiably, a couple of sheets in the wind.

LAP

141 IN WOODS - NEAR SHOT - ROMAINE standing guard with his rifle. - LATER. Beyond him we glimpse the campfire. Night noises - crickets, frogs, an owl far off, faint yipping of coyotes. A man, outlined against the fire, is coming to relieve Romaine. As he steps in close we see it is Chouquette. Romaine hands him his rifle and Chouquette settles down at the guard post as Romaine goes back to camp.

142 SILENT GROUP AROUND CAMPFIRE. Men lounging around smoking, sitting or stretched out, some already blanketed down. Those awake are watching Zeb, Boone, Deakins and Poordevil who sit in a small group by themselves within the big circle, close to the fire. Jourdonnais steps in from the boat with a fresh jug as Deakins tips up the jug he holds. (Romaine enters from woods and stands watching.)

143 CLOSE ON ZEB, BOONE, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL as Deakins holds jug upside down, grinning at Zeb who is feeling the edge of his knife and giving it a few more whets on his legging, while Boone inspects the iron he has poked in the fire. Jourdonnais steps in and offers the fresh jug but Zeb shakes his head significantly.

ZEB (393)

He's full to the gills.

DEAKINS (394)

(proudly)

Thass right. Don't even feel
it. Don't feel nothin'.
Lookit that hand.

He beams as he holds out his left hand to show Boone. We can see the mashed finger is blackening. Boone inspects the glowing end of his iron, shows it to Zeb who nods, then shoves it back in the coals.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Shure am sorry, Boone.

BOONE (395)

For what?

DEAKINS (396)

(waves hand
happily)

Mussa hit you awful hard. Mussa
busted your jaw, huh?

BOONE (397)

(lovingly tending
the iron)

That's right.

DEAKINS (398)

Shure am shorry.

(peers at hand
owlishly)

No, I ain't. Wanted to hit you.
Don't like way you carry her.
Don't like way you look at her.
Don't like way you don't like
Injuns. Lookit ole Poordevil.
(pats him fondly)
He's friend of mine. What say,
ole Injun?

Poordevil chuckles, points at knife Zeb is feeling and the iron Boone is tending, says a few words in Blackfoot and chuckles again. Deakins beams at him fondly, laughing too. Zeb looks at Boone.

(CONTINUED)

143 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (399)

Ready?

BOONE (400)

You bet.

They all get up. Poordevil steps behind Deakins and pulls him to his feet and Deakins is laughing as the Indian clamps his arms around his midriff. He stops laughing as Boone grabs his left wrist and Zeb steps in and his knife flashes in the firelight. Deakins lets out a yell. Boone hands Zeb the piece of iron with its red-hot tip and Zeb shoves it against the stump of finger and there is a sizzle of white smoke. Deakins lets out a real howl -

DEAKINS (401)

Hey!

They let go and Deakins stands swaying by the fire looking at his left hand with bewilderment - but without pain.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Holy catfish!

144 CLOSE SHOT OF HIS HAND and we see the mashed finger has been neatly amputated and cauterized.

145 CLOSE GROUP SHOT as Deakins inspects his hand bewilderedly, works his other fingers which feel fine now. The three surgeons look on, drunkenly proud of their work as Deakins keeps flexing his fingers. Poordevil laughs happily.

ZEB (402)

How she feel, hoss?

DEAKINS (403)

Fine. Where's my finger?

ZEB (404)

Where it won't cause no gangrene.

BOONE (405)

You ain't going to need it no more.

DEAKINS (406)

(indignantly)

Ain't gonna need it? 'S'all you know. Whatz man gonna do without his finger? Gotta have my finger. Where's my finger?

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED)

He peers at them anxiously and they look at each other a bit worriedly themselves.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Trouble with you is you're all drunk. Ole Injun drunk too. Ain't no frien' of mine. Where's my finger?

BOONE (407)

Guess it dropped in the fire.

DEAKINS (408)

Holy catfish!

Frantically he starts kicking ashes and embers and they all are down on their hands and knees searching for the lost finger as we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

146 DAY - LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN being rowed up river, a wide quiet stretch of water now, the men singing to the stroke.

DEAKINS (409)

Everything went fine for a long stretch. The river was down and we made good time.

LAP

147 WIDE ANGLE ON MANDAN near bank in shallow water as the men pile off with the cordelle, wading in to the muddy swampy bank and paying out the line behind them as Romaine and Jourdonnais hold the boat with set-poles to keep her from drifting downstream till the crew gets up ahead on the line. We see Teal Eye atop the cargo-box, watching. (The hunters and Poordevil not in sight.) Over this -

DEAKINS' VOICE (410)

Then things began to get tough again.

LAP

148

SWAMP NEAR RIVER. We see Zeb and the boys and Poordevil come through some bushes, squelching through the mud and water as they hunt. Poordevil is carrying some game. They are slapping at mosquitoes and gnats that cloud their heads. As they come IN CLOSE we hear the trumpet of the Mandan faintly and Zeb turns towards the river. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM NOW. Zeb is between the boys, the Indian following. Boone growls tiredly to Zeb.

BOONE (411)

Seems like this river's twice as long as the world. Ain't no end to it.

ZEB (412)

You ain't seen half of it yet.

DEAKINS (413)

Sure is a big country. Only thing bigger is the sky. Looks like God made it and forgot to put people in it.

BOONE (414)

(slaps mosquito)

Didn't forget to put skeeters in it.

DEAKINS (415)

Worse'n chiggers, ain't they. Like to bleed a man to death.
(slaps mosquito)

ZEB (416)

You ain't seen a real skeeter yet. Further up we go the bigger they get, till they get a stinger like a pipe stem.

DEAKINS (417)

Can't see what God made 'em for.

ZEB (418)

To remind a man he ain't so biggity, I guess.

DEAKINS (419)

(slaps another)

Maybe they're askin' what God put hands on us for, huh? I bet they're sayin' thank you, Lord, for everything - only why did you have to put hands on a man or a tail on a cow?

(CONTINUED)

148 (CONTINUED)

They halt abruptly, hearing excited voices of the crew on the bank ahead.

149 MED. LONG SHOT OF CREW ON CORDELLE along the swampy bank ahead. They are yelling and gesticulating to Zeb.

150 ZEB, BOYS AND POORDEVIL as they jump forward, slogging through the swamp towards the bank.

151 NEAR SHOT - MEN ON CORDELLE as Zeb slogs in followed by the others. The men have stopped pulling but hold the line with tends out to the boat far behind them. They are in knee-deep mud and water. Pascal and Chouquette have left the line to look at something on the bank ahead, screened by bushes, and now they come running back to Zeb and the boys slog in.

ZEB (420)

What is it?

Chouquette and Pascal jabber a few words in French and point up the bank to something screened by bushes. Zeb and the boys run that way straight through the bushes, rifles ready.

152 BUSHES AS ZEB, BOYS AND POORDEVIL break through and CAMERA SWINGS WITH THEM to take in two ragged, bearded, wild-looking trappers who stand on a little hillock of dry sand. Their canoe is drawn up at the river's edge nearby. Each has a stick in his hand with which they have been digging. A dead man lies on the sand beside the unfinished grave. They seem as speechless to see white men here as Zeb and the boys are to see them. The toiling men are splashing in on the cordelle in background as Zeb and the boys look down at -

153 THE DEAD MAN lying stiffly beside the shallow unfinished grave.

154 CLOSE GROUP SHOT as Zeb looks up across the dead man at the two dirty, ragged trappers, whose eyes look half-crazed.

ZEB (421)

Cholera?

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

One of the men speaks hoarsely, as if he hadn't spoken for a long time and it's an effort.

FIRST TRAPPER (422)

Injuns.

ZEB (423)

Where?

They motion up the river, as if speaking were too much effort for their exhaustion. Zeb looks down at the dead man, then up at them again.

ZEB (cont'd)

Three men alone looks like easy pickin's to some Injuns. Hadn't oughta been alone, I reckon.

FIRST TRAPPER (424)

Wasn't alone.

(Mandan's trumpet
blows again and
he points off
at it)

Keelboat like yours.

ZEB (425)

(stares at him)

They attacked a keelboat?

FIRST TRAPPER (426)

Burnt it.

SECOND TRAPPER (427)

Only us got away.

(looks down at
dead man)

Couldn't do nothin' for Tom
'cept pull an arrer out of his
belly.

Zeb motions for Boone and Deakins as the Mandan's trumpet blows again.

ZEB (428)

Finish their diggin'.

(to trappers as
the boys step in
and start to work)

You two better jine up with us.

FIRST TRAPPER (429)

No more!

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

SECOND TRAPPER (430)

We go down!

155 ANOTHER ANGLE taking in the men on the cordelle who are gathered at the bank watching uneasily, some of them glancing down river whence the Mandan's trumpet blows again imperatively. Zeb motions the crew to get going.

ZEB (431)

Pull on up so I kin call to the boat.

(to the trappers)

We'll fix you up with grub and whatever you need.

As the men on the cordelle toil forward along the muddy bank, skirting the trappers' canoe, and Boone and Deakins dig at the grave -

LAP

156 TIMBERLAND - THE HUNTERS as they step into view around some bushes and enter a little glade where sunlight streaks in. Zeb is looking around with unusual alertness as they come on noiselessly, Poordevil beside him.

DEAKINS' VOICE (432)

Zeb and the Injun was followin' signs we couldn't even see.

157 MOVING CAMERA ON THE HUNTERS as they proceed stealthily. Zeb and Poordevil alertly scan the trees, birds, leaves, grass, everything seems full of mysterious signs. Suddenly the Indian and Zeb stoop over the grass.

158 LOW CAMERA CLOSE ON FACES OF ZEB AND POORDEVIL over the clump of grass. Poordevil points at several spears of grass that are curled down and he and Zeb mutter softly to each other in Blackfoot.

159 BOONE AND DEAKINS as they look at each other wonderingly. What kind of game is it? What the hell does it mean? They see something ahead and Boone jerks up his gun -

160 LONG SHOT THROUGH WOODS as an antelope breaks through bushes and runs straight at them in a panic, then swerves off.

- 161 FOUR SHOT as Boone steadies his sights. But before he can pull the trigger Zeb knocks his gun up. Poordevil jerks up his bow in a flash and swinging sidewise to lead the antelope, lets the arrow fly with a whoosh.
- 162 RUNNING ANTELOPE as the arrow hits and it slithers into the grass, dead.
- 163 CLOSE FOUR SHOT ON HUNTERS as Boone looks angrily at Zeb, Zeb looks angrily at Boone, and Poordevil looks very pleased as he trots out after his game. Zeb growls at Boone under his breath -

ZEB (433)

Want to tell a mess of Injuns
where we be?

BOONE (434)

(flabbergasted)
Injuns!

ZEB (435)

What kind of signs you think
we been watchin'?

BOONE (436)

Well why didn't you say so?

ZEB (437)

(sarcastic)
Figgered a man carries an Injun
scalp would know all about it.

Boone flushes as Zeb starts ahead cautiously. They follow -

LAP

- 164 EDGE OF WOODS. The three hunters and Poordevil come stealthily TOWARDS CAMERA, Zeb and Poordevil in the lead. Poordevil is toting the antelope he killed. As they come IN CLOSE Zeb halts them and peers searchingly PAST CAMERA -
- 165 SLOW SWING SHOT ACROSS OPEN MEADOW. Just grass for a hundred yards without a chance of anyone hiding.
- 166 CLOSE ON THEIR FOUR FACES as their eyes search the meadow. Boone is still burning over Zeb's remark. Zeb looks up as we hear the shrill cry of a hawk overhead -

167 BIG FISH HAWK as it sails across treetops as if to light in woods on other side, then swerves off or flies up again.

168 THEIR FOUR FACES as they follow the hawk's flight.

ZEB (438)

Hawk acted like it was gonna light. Funny;

(to boys)

You two wait here. See me wave, come on.

He motions to Poordevil and steps off in woods.

169 SHOOTING PAST BOONE AND DEAKINS we see Zeb and Poordevil keeping behind bushes within the edge of the woods as they walk swiftly and silently to make a safe circuit of the meadow. As they vanish behind a clump of bushes Boone, Zeb's sarcasm still rankling, mutters to Deakins-

BOONE (439)

He's just tryin' to throw a scare into us.

DEAKINS (440)

(grins at him)

Kind of gets under your skin, don't he.

BOONE (441)

(growls)

He give me that scalp, didn't he? How come he keeps ridin' me?

Looks across meadow angrily and steps forward to show up Zeb.

DEAKINS (442)

Hey. He said wait.

BOONE (443)

(witheringly)

You wait.

Deakins uneasily watches -

170 BOONE'S BACK FROM HIS ANGLE as he walks swiftly out into the open meadow headed straight across.

- 171 DEAKINS watching uneasily, looks around to see if he can sight Zeb and Poordevil, then back at the retreating Boone again. Deakins is sore but what can he do? He is torn between the impulses to obey Zeb and to follow Boone.
- 172 LONG SHOT ACROSS MEADOW as we see Boone reach the other side and boldly stalk into the woods.
- 173 IN WOODS ON OTHER SIDE. Boone is being careful despite his bravado with Deakins. He steps on cautiously, stops beside a tree, moves on, disappears behind some bushes, reappears again, turns and looks through woods to see if Zeb is in sight yet. Moves on.
- 174 NEAR SHOT - BOONE proceeding carefully deeper into woods. CAMERA SWINGS ON HIM as he nears a heavy thicket. Now we are on his back as he steps around a clump of bushes - and at that instant we see a part of the bushes come alive! A Sioux warrior, camouflaged except for two black stripes painted down his cheeks, detaches himself from a bush and steps in noiselessly toward Boone's back, reaching for his battle-ax. As he raises the ax Boone turns to go back and wave for Deakins. There is one frozen instant - a flash of seeing - and then Boone kicks the Sioux in the belly (he is too close to get his gun up, no time for it anyway) and the Indian's tommyhawk slashes the brush as he goes down. As the Indian leaps at him again Boone only has time to swing his rifle like a club, trying to beat the second swing of the battle-ax. The Sioux grunts, the tommyhawk whistling from his hands as he goes down over a root, and Boone leaps on him.
- 175 CLOSE SHOTS AS THEY ROLL savagely. Then Boone is on top as they roll into tall grass or behind a low bush, and we see him get his knife from its sheath, and the blade flashes as he drives it down. The grass is still. But as Boone staggers to his feet there is a high quavering yell from within the woods and an arrow smacks into a tree just over his head. He whirls around to see -
- 176 ANOTHER SIOUX WARRIOR running at him out of a thicket deeper in the woods, battle-ax in hand as he yells.
- 177 BOONE as he jumps to where he dropped his rifle and jerks it up to shoot. But the priming charge has been knocked out, the flintlock snaps without firing. The blood-freezing yells grow louder.

178 SHOOTING FROM BEHIND BOONE we see the oncoming warrior with his upraised club. Boone knows he is done for, but he is game - he stands his ground. Grabs the barrel of his useless rifle to use it as a club. As the Sioux almost reaches him there is the explosion of a rifle out of scene and the warrior slithers, dead, almost to Boone's feet. Boone looks round dazedly towards the meadow to see -

179 DEAKINS not ten yards away swiftly pouring powder into his gun. More quavering yells from the woods.

180 BOONE as he stares blankly and the quavering yells rise as an arrow whistles past him and hits a tree. The sound of it galvanizes Boone into action. He sprints towards Deakins and the meadow -

181 FULL SHOT - MEADOW as we see Zeb and Poordevil run out from the far side (they'd made about half the circuit when hell broke loose) just as Boone runs out of woods from the right and Deakins backs out, covering Boone's escape with his reloaded rifle. Zeb yells -

ZEB (444)

This way! Here! Run! Hump it!

Boone cuts that direction as Deakins fires into the woods and then turns and sprints after Boone. Arrows cut the grass around their feet.

182 ZEB AND POORDEVIL. Zeb is sighting along his rifle and as Poordevil fits an arrow to his bow Boone sprints in to them and then Deakins. Zeb and Poordevil shoot together.

183 REVERSE - LONG SHOT ACROSS MEADOW as we see two Sioux who have broken out of the woods in their pursuit of the boys go down. One lies still while the other scrambles up and comes on, an arrow sticking in his shoulder.

184 THE HUNTERS. Zeb is throwing powder into his gun, plopping in a bullet from his mouth, reloading, while Poordevil jerks another arrow from his quiver. But Boone has got his rifle re-primed and is sighting along it - boom, and a spurt of smoke!

185 REVERSE ON THE SIOUX with the arrow in him as he falls not a hundred feet away and lies still in the grass.

186 REVERSE ON HUNTERS as Deakins and Zeb throw up their reloaded rifles, sighting - but the quavering yells have stopped. No sound. No movement. Poordevil lets out a triumphant whoop, jerks out his knife and lopes forward, "Hi-yi!" Zeb yells to stop him -

ZEB (445)

Poordevil!

(only the joyous
whoops come back)

Keep that crazy Injun covered!

DEAKINS (446)

(breathing hard)

Think there's more of 'em?

ZEB (447)

If nothin' happens to that
whoopin' Blackfoot that's all
the Sioux we're gonna see.
Crazy idjit. Be dogged if I
know how he's lived so long.

187 WHAT THEY WATCH: LONG SHOT on Poordevil as he stoops over a dead Sioux and makes a circular motion with his knife.

188 THE THREE HUNTERS as the boys react startledly -

BOONE (448)

Hey, what's he doin'?

ZEB (449)

Old Injun-fighter like you oughta
know. Maybe them Sioux scalps
will offset that one you're
carryin'. Blackfeet hates the
Sioux.

(looks sarcastically
at Boone's stung
face)

You ain't got no more sense'n
Ben had. Maybe next time you'll
listen to this child.

BOONE (450)

(curtly)

Mighty sarcastic, ain't you.

(looks at Deakins)

Thanks a heap, Deakins.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

But Deakins is watching off fascinatedly at the whooping Poordevil and doesn't seem to hear him.

LAP

189 NIGHT - CAMP OF THE MANDAN. SHOOTING TOWARDS bushes that edge the camp we see the four hunters emerge from underbrush. We are far enough from the campfire so that only a dim glow flickers on their faces as they come out of the gloom. The boys look mighty tired, but Zeb and the Indian are tireless - Poordevil is toting his antelope along with a dark bundle slung in one hand. As we DISSOLVED we have heard out of scene the crack of a whip and the howl of a man and now as the hunters step IN CLOSE it cracks again and there is another howl as they stop short, seeing -

190 CAMP FROM THEIR ANGLE. The men stand around in sullen groups watching Jourdonnais flog a man who is tied to a tree, his shirt stripped off - big Chouquette. Romaine stands beside Jourdonnais who lashes again with fury and Chouquette groans -

191 THE HUNTERS as they stride in swiftly, Zeb in the lead.

192 NEAR SHOT - CAMP as Zeb strides in followed by the boys. Poordevil hangs back, dumping his antelope. The firelight is bright on Chouquette's bare back and on Jourdonnais and Romaine. The whip cracks again as Zeb and the boys step in past the sullen watching boatmen.

ZEB (451)

What's goin' on here?

JOURDONNAIS (452)

Dog of a dog! Chouquette!
(his whip cracks)

ZEB (453)

After Teal Eye?

JOURDONNAIS (454)

She go for swim. He grab her.

DEAKINS (455)

(anxiously)

She all right?

ZEB (456)

(angered)

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

192 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (457)

(to Zeb)

On boat. Talk to her. Find out.

Wrathfully he lashes again as Zeb strides to the boat.

193 CLOSE ON BOONE AND DEAKINS watching as the whip cracks. Deakins' angry eyes show he thinks Chouquette is getting what he deserves. But Boone doesn't like it. Suddenly, acting without thinking which is his wild nature, he steps forward •

194 GROUP AROUND TREE as Boone strides in and grabs the whip from Jourdonnais' hand as he raises it for another blow. Jourdonnais whirls round • and for an instant both he and big Romaine are speechless. We have never seen Boone really mad before. Nor seen Jourdonnais so mad as he is now.

JOURDONNAIS (458)

(harshly)

Give me that whip!

BOONE (459)

That ain't no way to treat even a dog.

JOURDONNAIS (460)

(starts for him,

thick with rage)

I whip you too, by gar!

Boone raises the whip threateningly and stops Jourdonnais in his tracks - for Jourdonnais suddenly sees he is dealing with a dangerous man.

BOONE (461)

Ain't nobody gonna whip me!

Big Romaine jumps forward, outraged by Boone's threatening his captain. Boone drops the whip and hits him as he charges in. But for once Boone is up against someone who doesn't knock down easy. Romaine staggers, shakes his head, charges in again. He is crying like a baby - a kind-hearted dangerous baby that doesn't want to kill but can.

195 ON THE BOAT. ZEB AND TEAL EYE as they come out of cargo-box. Both look at the fight which we hear. Zeb angrily jumps off the boat to break it up. CAMERA HOLDS ON TEAL EYE who watches excitedly, enjoying it.

- 196 THE FIGHT. As Zeb strides in, Romaine gets his great arms around Boone, almost breaking his back as he squeezes. Zeb stops beside Deakins, watching as Romaine lifts Boone off his feet and staggers towards the river with Boone clamped half-suffocated in his viselike arms.
- 197 CLOSE SHOT - TEAL EYE ON THE BOAT watching excitedly -
- 198 ROMAINE FROM HER ANGLE as he flings Boone out into the water, turns and staggers back towards the fire. Boone flounders around choking. He hears a laugh and looks up at -
- 199 TEAL EYE on the boat as she laughs at him scornfully. Then we hear the crack of the whip commence again and she looks off with relish, her eyes sparkling as if she were wielding the whip herself to avenge her indignity.
- 200 AT CAMPFIRE as Jourdonnais gives a final lash of the whip, Chouquette passes out and drops like a sack, only held by his arms to the tree. Jourdonnais throws the whip to Romaine and Romaine slashes the bonds and Chouquette falls to the ground and lies there like a dead sack. They leave him lying there as Jourdonnais looks at Zeb anxiously - as does Deakins -

JOURDONNAIS (462)

How is she?

ZEB (463)

All right. Jest mad.

LAP

- 201 IN WOODS NEAR CAMP - VERY LATE. BOONE leans against a tree, standing guard, still brooding over what has happened, sore at the world. He alerts, picks up his rifle as he hears someone coming, then relaxes, masking his expression as Zeb steps in followed by Jourdonnais. Boone and Jourdonnais do a good job of ignoring each other. Jourdonnais puffs the cigar in his teeth as Zeb growls -

ZEB (464)

All right, boss. I'll take over.

BOONE (465)

(growls)

'Bout time.

(CONTINUED)

201 (CONTINUED)

He turns away from them and walks back toward the camp. Only now does Jourdonnais glance after him. Zeb sees the glance and mutters to the Frenchman.-

ZEB (466)

Thanks for not whippin' him.

JOURDONNAIS (467)

(grimly - sotto voce)

Is better. Romaine do it.

ZEB (468)

(irritated)

Crazy fool. Trouble is he ain't afraid of nothin'.

JOURDONNAIS (469)

(his teeth glint)

Like you, mon vieux.

ZEB (470)

(disgustedly)

Like walkin' right into them Sioux today.

JOURDONNAIS (471)

(puffs his cigar
worriedly)

You sure about Sioux? They make no trouble for long time.

ZEB (472)

(impatiently)

This child oughta know a Sioux.

JOURDONNAIS (473)

(his teeth glint)

The squaws, yes. Beaucoup young Sioux have eyes like Calloway, no?

ZEB (474)

(unsmiling)

Listen, Jourdonnais - and don't never bring it up again. Only squaw I ever took was a Blackfoot.

He stares off sombrely at the dark mystery of the woods. We have never seen his eyes sad before.

ZEB (cont'd)

Seems like I see her every time I look at Teal Eye. Wasn't no other woman for this child.

(CONTINUED)

201 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (475)

(his cigar glows
in the dark)

Only one woman for me too. My
Jeanette. The man without the
woman...

(shrugs expressively -
peers curiously at
Zeb in the gloom)

Why you leave her, mon vieux?

ZEB (476)

(evasively - regretting
he's talked)

She ain't here no more.

He walks off into the darkness and Jourdonnais puffs
his cigar silently, watching after him.

202 NEAR CAMPFIRE - SHOOTING ACROSS CHOUQUETTE who lies on
his belly goraning we see the sleeping men blanketed
down around the fire which has burned down to a mass of
embers. Chouquette's bare back is streaked and
lacerated by the whip. A shadowy figure steps in and
carefully puts a blanket over him. It is Boone.
Chouquette twists his head and rolls his one good eye
upward as Boone stoops in with a dipperful of water.
Chouquette pushes himself up on his elbows, his face
sweating and drinks greedily, making sucking noises as
CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on him and Boone. As Chouquette
grunts a "Merci, mon ami" and collapses face down again,
an ember from the fire is shoved straight at Boone's
face. Boone knocks it to the ground, ducking his head
and falling back, sparks sizzling in his hair as he
looks up at Teal Eye whom we see as CAMERA PULLS BACK
SWIFTLY. She looks at him with hatred and contempt,
then walks swiftly into darkness towards the boat as he
gets to his feet angrily, half minded to go after her -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

203 DAY - LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN seen through trees as she
is poled by the men walking the passe avants.

DEAKINS' VOICE (477)

We passed the Cheyenne and worked
up towards the Yellowstone. The
further up we got the more
Jourdonnais seemed to worry.

203A SHOT UP RIVER with Mandan and the poling crew in foreground. Ahead we see a high perpendicular bank that comes sheer down to the water. We see Teal Eye on the cargo-box watching the wild shore. Jourdonnais, holding the steering oar, lifts the trumpet with his free hand and blows a blast that echoes between the cliffs.

204 WOODED BANK HIGH ABOVE RIVER. THE FOUR HUNTERS emerge from trees and move in towards the brink as we hear the Mandan's trumpet again, faintly. Poordevil lugs an antelope on his back.

DEAKINS' VOICE (478)

Seemed now like all of us were
worried about somethin' or other.

They come to the brink and Poordevil dumps his antelope. Zeb stoops to help him tie a wood float to the carcass while the boys look down at river, seeing -

205 LONG SHOT ANGLING DOWN at the Mandan poling into view.

206 FOUR SHOT. Deakins and Boone watch the boat below as Zeb and Poordevil finish tying wood floats.

DEAKINS' VOICE (479)

Me, I couldn't get Teal Eye out
of my mind. Guess Boone couldn't
either. She seemed to hate him even
worse - ever since that night they
flogged Chouquette.

Zeb and Poordevil take the antelope between them, swing it out hard and let go. It sails through space.

207 SHOT AT WATER LEVEL BELOW as we see the carcass sail through air, hit with a big splash ahead of the Mandan. Jourdonnais steers the boat towards it, blowing the trumpet as a signal.

208 HIGH BANK - THE FOUR HUNTERS watching down. Zeb turns and looks around behind him as if sensing some presence. Deakins glances at him.

DEAKINS' VOICE (480-1)

Somethin' was bothering Zeb too.
He had a hunch we were bein'
follered.

Zeb steps off and they follow him as we -

LAP

209 TWILIGHT - MANDAN'S CAMP BY THE RIVER. The boat is already tied up and men are lounging around, or carrying things ashore, or carrying in wood for the fire which has been started. Some of the men have stripped off their shirts and stand in the water sloshing themselves to cool off.

DEAKINS' VOICE (482)

We camped early so Zeb could
scout around and put out guards
'fore dark.

210 RIVER'S EDGE - BOONE has soaped his face and is shaving, his buckskin shirt stripped off. He is stooped down, using his reflection in the water. But it's not a very good mirror and as he takes a last whack he cuts himself. Scowls at his reflection, trying to see the cut, puts his finger to it and looks - blood. Zeb steps in, looks at him and shakes his head disgustedly. Man who shaves is still a tenderfoot in Zeb's lexicon.

ZEB (483)

Be dogged if you ain't a pair --
you and Deakins.

BOONE (484)

(folds and
pockets razor)
Little soap and a shave wouldn't
hurt you none maybe.

ZEB (485)

Lord put whiskers on a man's
face same as He put grass on the
ground. This child ain't goin'
agin the Lord. How 'bout gittin'
out on guard dooty?

BOONE (486)

Ain't it Deakins' turn?

ZEB (487)

He'll spell you. Second watch.

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM ALONG BANK as Boone pulls on his shirt.

BOONE (488)

You takin' the late watch tonight?

ZEB (489)

Chouquette.

Boone stops short as they come round a screening bush, staring at -

211 DEAKINS sits basking, shirt off, leaning back against a tree while Teal Eye with immense fascination tries to shave his soaped face. She is so utterly absorbed she doesn't see Zeb and Boone watching a few feet behind her.

212 GROUP SHOT as Zeb chuckles. Deakins opens one eye, hearing the chuckle, and grins at Boone who growls at him -

BOONE (490)
Better not let Jourdonnais
ketch you.

DEAKINS (491)
Your turn next - if you wanta
get your throat cut.

Teal Eye pays no attention to the watchers as she absorbedly takes another fascinated whack with the razor. She says something in Blackfoot. The words sound tender and Deakins looks blissful, enjoying Boone's reaction.

DEAKINS (cont'd)
Listen to her coo. What's
she sayin', Zeb?

ZEB (492)
She says "Why don't you pull
'em out?"

Boone is satisfied at Deakins' reaction and he walks on with Zeb as Teal Eye takes another fascinated whack - and this time nicks his ear. She draws back the razor apologetically as he flinches.

LAP

213 MIDNIGHT - GUARD POST IN WOODS NEAR SLEEPING CAMP. DEAKINS with his rifle as he walks IN CLOSE and stands looking around at the dark mysterious woods. Yawns. Rests his rifle butt-down. Night noises - hoot of an owl, splash of a fish in the river, crickets, frogs, the distant howling of wolves. He hears another sound and swings up his rifle, turning toward the sleeping camp in background. A low voice mutters "C'est moi, Chouquette" and Deakins relaxes as a hulking figure appears around some bushes, rifle over his shoulder. Deakins hasn't forgotten Chouquette's offense against Teal Eye (no more than has Chouquette forgotten his flogging) and Deakins' eye is not friendly as he watches Chouquette step in, grunting and scratching himself, his pipe in his teeth. Deakins gets a whiff of his breath, and his eyes grow colder as he growls -

(CONTINUED)

213 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (493)

Kind of late, ain't you?

CHOUQUETTE (494)

Pas pourquoi? Work all day.
Work all night.

DEAKINS (495)

You been hittin' that jug?

CHOUQUETTE (496)

You wait. I fix that Jourdonnais.

DEAKINS (497)

You got nothin' to grouch about.
Zeb's takin' the next watch.
It's the hardest.

He turns away and heads back toward the camp. Chouquette pays no attention to him. Sets down his gun and puffs his glowing pipe, scowling at the woods as if he saw Jourdonnais everywhere.

214 THE SLEEPING CAMP. The fire has burned down to a big mass of embers. Around it we see the snoring blanketed men. Noises from the river are louder here. Deakins walks in from the woods, finds his blanket by the fire and lies down, pulling it round him, dead-tired.

215 THE BOAT AT THE BANK. A dark shape against the glimmer of the big river. But one lantern has been left on deck, burning low. By its light we see Teal Eye as she slips out of the cargo-box and crosses the gangplank TOWARD CAMERA. She stops NEAR CAMERA, glances off at the sleeping camp, and CAMERA SWINGS ON HER as she moves off down along the bank, vanishing past a clump of bushes.

216 GUARD POST IN THE WOODS. CHOUQUETTE leans against a tree, sleepily puffing his pipe which glows red in the dark. His gun rests butt-down. He hears a sound to his right (like a pitched stone) and jerks up his gun and turns to peer in that direction. In that instant something happens so fast we are hardly aware of it until it has happened. An arm comes in from the other direction, from behind the tree, a knife flashes and Chouquette only grunts as it is driven into his heart. He collapses, taking the knife with him.

217 LOW CAMERA ON CHOUQUETTE slumped on the ground as a figure stoops in and pulls out the knife. CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in the assassin - a man we have not seen before. We cannot see him very clearly but we see something we cannot forget - a plume of white hair grows from a scar at the hairline in front, like a long white feather in a head of black hair. He watches Chouquette a moment to make sure he is dead, then straightens, looks off into the woods PAST CAMERA and softly imitates the fluttering whistle of an owl.

218 A RISE OF BARE GROUND some distance from the camp. Outlined against the sky we see a compact silent waiting group of horses and men. There are eight horses and seven men - but too indistinct to count. Again we hear, faintly, the owl whistle. The men move forward stealthily, leaving two men to hold the horses. They come on silently downhill TOWARD CAMERA.

LAP

219 EDGE OF RIVER BELOW THE CAMP. A spring trickles out of a face of rock and splashes into a little rock pool, from which it runs off into the river. We see Teal Eye as she comes along the edge of the river to the splashing spring. She goes to it, drops on her knees, puts her face down to the pool and starts drinking the cool fresh water. From behind her we see moving shadows that turn into three men from the group we saw leave their horses. Two of them move in stealthily behind the knelt-down girl, reach down and grab her, clapping a hand tightly over her mouth as she struggles fiercely, unable to utter a sound. The third man swiftly loops a rawhide thong around her wrists, pulling them behind her. This is just a fast impressionistic action, not too clearly seen.

220 ALONG BANK NEAR BOAT. SHOOTING PAST GANGPLANK we dimly see two figures steal down along edge of the bank TOWARD LOW CAMERA. As they sneak IN CLOSE we see only their legs, which turn and stealthily cross gangplank in foreground.

221 ON THE BOAT - TWO MEN dimly seen by the light of the low-burning lantern, moving silently on moccasined feet. We cannot see them too clearly, but one is tall with a long face, the other a little man with a sharp mile's face, clad in skins with his hair in three plaits like an Indian's. They look around swiftly, their eyes coming to rest on the lantern. The tall man motions the little man and they sneak into the cargo-box.

- 222 THE SLEEPING CAMP. LOW CAMERA ON BOONE wrapped in his blanket with his feet to the fire. A mound of embers collapses, its support burnt away, and some of the coals roll out close to Boone's feet. He stirs, lifts his head from the blanket, sees the coals and sits up. With one foot he pushes the coals back and is about to lie down again when he glances off toward the boat. Sees something. Gets to his feet uncertainly and steps across sleeping men toward -
- 223 THE BOAT. Nothing wrong apparently, just the lantern burning low. Boone steps in FROM BEHIND CAMERA. Stops near gangplank watching.
- 224 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE looking PAST CAMERA sleepily. Decides he must have been dreaming. Turns back toward the glowing campfire. But as he moves away he hears a sound behind him and turns again to see -
- 225 BOAT. The two men have sneaked out of the cargo-box and are spilling powder from their powder horns, making a trail from the door of the cargo-box to the lantern on deck.
- 226 MED. SHOT - BOONE as he stares for an incredulous second and then snatches up a rock and throws it hard PAST CAMERA -
- 227 CLOSEUP - LANTERN ON DECK as rock hits it just as a hand completes the powder trail - there is a flash of fire as the lantern breaks -
- 228 SHOOTING PAST BOONE TOWARD BOAT as we see him charge across the gangplank, yelling "Zeb! Deakins!" as he grabs the little man who tries to spring off, and they grapple against the running flames that travel along the powder trails to the cargo-box. Against the bright flares, blackly outlined, we see the tall man swing at Deakins.
- 229 FULL SHOT OF THE CAMP with the boat and its flaring powder trails in background as sleeping men leap into life and there is a wild confusion as they dash toward the boat. We see men outlined against the sputtering fires as they grapple with the marauders - but it's hard to tell who is who and what is happening.

230 ON BOAT. IN THE WILD MELEE we glimpse Zeb and Deakins grab the tall marauder, dragging him across the gangplank as Boone pitches off into the water, still holding the fighting little man. Jourdonnais and Romaine and others of the crew dash on board and commence jerking burning blankets out of the cargo-box. They fling them over the side and we see them drift on the water burning. Romaine throws pails of water to put out flames on deck.

231 CAMPFIRE - Great confusion as Zeb, Deakins and Boone drag their prisoners toward the fire which blazes up brightly as men throw on armloads of leaves and dry brush. Zeb and Deakins throw the long-faced man on his face by the growing fire and he lies there. The little man fights Boone like a cat. Boone cuffs him on the neck with his fist and slams him down hard beside his mate. The little man sits up as the boatmen crowd round bewilderedly. His thin sharp mole's face looks round at the grim faces, first one way, then another, as if to find something to bite on, his eyes small and venomous. The long-faced man comes to, gets his elbows under him, pushes up and rolls over on his butt. In background we see the fire has been extinguished on the boat, but now Jourdonnais comes plunging in crazily from the boat, a pistol in his hand, shoving it into the faces of the prisoners -

JOURDONNAIS (498)

Where is she? What you do with her?

DEAKINS (499)

(just realizing)

Teal Eye?

Jourdonnais doesn't hear him, for he is choking with rage as he waves his pistol in the long face.

JOURDONNAIS (500)

Where is she? Dites moi! Vite,
vite!

The little mole-faced man leans forward like a striking snake -

MOLE FACE (501)

Tell 'em nothin'.

JOURDONNAIS (502)

(savagely)

Talk or I shoot!

(CONTINUED)

231 (CONTINUED)

LONG FACE (503)

(spits out blood)

You're too smart to shoot,
Frenchy. You know we got
friends.

MOLE FACE (504)

Tell the Vide Poche nothin'.

Boone grabs him, shakes him like a rat and slams him
down again on his butt as Romaine yells "Jourdonnais"
and comes lumbering in from the woods so overcome he
can hardly speak. Jourdonnais snaps -

JOURDONNAIS (505)

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

ROMAINE (506)

(stammers)

Couquette! Il est mort!

Boatmen react with consternation as Jourdonnais turns
on Long Face savagely -

JOURDONNAIS (507)

So you kill Chouquette! Now by
gar! we make you talk! Fire,
water, rope - or maybe the live
snake, no?

The bloody grin fades from the Long Face.

ZEB (508)

Ain't no call for it, Jourdonnais.
They don't have to talk. We know.
This is company doin's. Told you
McMasters would try to move in on
us.

MOLE FACE (509)

Who's McMasters?.

ZEB (510)

Company boss you work for. Ain't
got sand enough to do his own jobs,
so he hires polecats like you.

MOLE FACE (511)

You're an all-knowing son-of-a-
shoat, ain't you.

Zeb jerks him to his feet, the little man fighting like
a cat, but Zeb hits him so hard he thumps on his back
and lies still, his teeth gleaming like a dead
squirrel's. Casually Zeb turns to Jourdonnais -

(CONTINUED)

231 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (512)

Only one way to settle this,
Jourdonnais. Got to get it
over with. Let's take these
two and throw 'em back in
McMaster's lap.

JOURDONNAIS (513)

(reckless
with anger)

Ouï! By gar, we call on
McMasters! If he want to make
fight, good! Moi, c'est egal!

DEAKINS (514)

(angrily impatient)

But what about Teal Eye?

ZEB (515)

(with maddening
calm)

They ain't gonna hurt her.
Worth as much to the company
as she is to us. Maybe more.

BOONE (516)

(angrily)

You gonna let 'em get away with
her?

ZEB (517)

(sarcastic)

Ain't said nothin' of the kind.
I know what they done - Grabbed
her first. Left these two behind
to burn the boat.

DEAKINS (518)

Well what are we wainin' for?

BOONE (519)

Yeah, let's go!

ZEB (520)

(bitingly to Boone)

You walkin' into the Sioux again?
Git the sawdust out of your
thinkpiece. We got to burn the
boat first.

JOURDONNAIS (521)

(violently)

What?

(CONTINUED)

231 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (522)

(grins)

Only way to ketch up with 'em.
Make 'em think we're stuck here.

Jourdonnais stares at him crazily as we -

LAP

232 FULL SHOT OF THE CAMP. The fire is a conflagration now and silhouetted against it we see the black figures of the whole crew as they carry in wood - brush, logs, everything - and throw it into the roaring flames that reach the treetops.

LAP

233 DAY - OPEN COUNTRY UP RIVER - LONG SHOT of the hunters as they appear from bushes and swiftly ascend a rise of ground outlined against sky. Zeb and Poordevil are in the lead, Boone and Deakins following.

DEAKINS' VOICE (523)

Old Poordevil could follow their tracks almost at a run. Every time he thought of Teal Eye it was a double run. Guess I felt the same way.

234 NEARER SHOT as they ascend swiftly TOWARD CAMERA, Zeb and Poordevil watching the tracks they follow. CLOSE INTO CAMERA Zeb halts and points back at -

235 VERY LONG SHOT OF TIMBERLAND with a plume of black smoke rising above treetops into the sky.

236 THE HUNTERS as they go on swiftly again -

DEAKINS' VOICE (524)

One thing in our favor, they wouldn't expect us. Their trail kept close to the river and Zeb could tell they were takin' their time.

LAP

237 IN WOODS AGAIN - MOVING SHOT ON THE HUNTERS as they keep their killing pace, their faces dripping with sweat as they go racking along. Boone is keeping up though Deakins has fallen a little behind.

DEAKINS' VOICE (525)

How the Injun and Zeb could
keep that pace I don't know.
Ever since daybreak.

LAP

238 IN HEAVY UNDERGROWTH - THE HUNTERS coming swiftly TOWARDS CAMERA -

DEAKINS' VOICE (525a)

Then along about sundown -

IN CLOSE TO CAMERA Poordevil stops short and grabs Zeb's arm. Boone stops behind them and Deakins comes in and halts.

239 LONG SHOT DOWN TOWARDS RIVER - AN OPEN GLADE. Eight horses grazing in the rich grass and seven figures around a fire that is being built.

240 THE HUNTERS AS THEY CROUCH DOWN. Zeb motions the boys as he moves towards cover, to circle on camp from the woods.

241 MED. LONG SHOT - CAMP. Placidly grazing horses, six men and Teal Eye. The man with the white plume is cutting tobacco for his pipe. Several men lounge on the ground. Another brings in a last load of brushwood. The sixth stands near Teal Eye, one foot on the log she sits on, his rifle butt on the ground. The rifles of the others are stacked against a tree near fire. Behind them we see Zeb, his rifle at his hip, step noiselessly from behind a clump of bushes and walk in casually. It is the big loose man who sees him first and mutters something sharply to the men by the fire. The man close to Teal Eye jerks his foot from the log and turns, starting to lift his rifle, but Zeb covers him -

ZEB (526)

Drop it.

He drops it. Zeb looks at the big loose man.

(CONTINUED)

241 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (cont'd)
Well, Streak, I see you're
still workin' for McMasters.

A man near the fire starts to move. Zeb swings his
rifle a little.

ZEB (cont'd)
Just don't move an' nobody'll
git hurt.

STREAK (527)
You're only good for one shot,
Calloway. Before you can reload -
(derisively)
If you got a hoss's sense you'll
throw in with us. You've lost
your boat.

ZEB (528)
How you know that?

STREAK (529)
We - we seen the fire. Way off.

ZEB (530)
Thought you would..

Streak sees Zeb make a sign to Teal Eye and he grins.
Her hands are tied behind her but she is watching
excitedly, not frightened.

STREAK (531)
Wouldn't worry about the girl if
I was you. McMasters will send
a keelboat up the river to get
her back to her people.

ZEB (532)
(sarcastic)
Do a little tradin' on the side?

STREAK (533)
(his grin widens)
How'd you guess?

ZEB (534)
'Fraid you're wrong both ways,
Streak. She's comin' along
with me.

Streak jerks his head towards the men who have been
standing tensely by the fire, and one of them dives for
the tree where the rifles are stacked.

- 242 CLOSE SHOT - TREE as the man dives in. There is a whoosh and an arrow pins his arm to the tree.
- 243 CLOSE GROUP SHOT with the pinned man in background against the tree. Poordevil steps out from the bushes that hem them in, fitting another arrow to his bow, followed by Boone and Deakins, their rifles ready.

ZEB (535)

Well I be dogged. Looks like the woods is full of Injuns.

(grins at Streak)

I don't hanker to shoot nobody, Streak, but I'd kinda like to see you make a move.

(calls to Boone)

Git 'em all together, hoss.

Boone herds the men from the fire towards Streak as Deakins heads for Teal Eye who watches excitedly. Poordevil goes to recover his arrow.

- 244 CLOSE SHOT - MAN PINNED TO TREE as Poordevil enters, tries to pull out his arrow, disregarding the man's yells. It is driven too deeply into the tree. Poordevil spies the stacked rifles and eagerly scoops them up in his arms, forgetting the pinned man.

- 245 ZEB watching - keeping his rifle on the men.

- 246 TEAL EYE AND STREAK'S MAN as Deakins finishes cutting her rawhide bonds. Streak's man stands stupefied, his dropped rifle at his feet. Teal Eye, excited and having a fine time, says something to Deakins in Blackfoot and he grins at her happily -

DEAKINS (536)

Don't know what you're sayin' but I got my own idea.

He turns and clips Streak's man hard, then picks him up by the scruff of the neck and drags him off to where Boone has the men herded around Streak. Poordevil trots in and scoops up Streak's man's rifle to add to his collection.

- 247 FULL SHOT as they close in together now, Zeb moving towards the silent group around Streak, covered by Boone's rifle. Teal Eye and Poordevil follow as Deakins tosses the man in at Streak's feet.

(CONTINUED)

247 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (537)

They don't smell so good, Zeb.

ZEB (538)

Wait'll you git a whiff of McMasters. Ye'll think these boys are geraniums - 'cept Streak. He's been McMasters' foreman so long you'd think he's been squirted on by a skunk.

Poordevil begins pointing at Streak and talking eagerly to Zeb in Blackfoot.

DEAKINS (539)

What's Poordevil jabberin' about?

ZEB (540)

Says Streak's got the purtiest scalp he ever laid eyes on.

STREAK (541)

(grimly)

You won't get away with this, Calloway. You're hung up without a boat, or any supplies, and you haven't got a friend within a thousand miles --

He doesn't go on, for at that moment they hear the sound of Mandan's trumpet. Streak's men look off startledly -

248 LONG SHOT - RIVER as the Mandan comes into view, seen through trees. She comes lickety-split with the men laying on the oars.

249 CLOSE ON STREAK AND HIS MEN as they stare. They cannot believe their eyes. The trumpet blows again louder -

250 GROUP SHOT as Zeb motions Boone and the others to get to the river.

ZEB (542)

(sarcastic)

Looks like we'll git to McMasters' hen-house 'fore you do, Streak. Any messages?

He follows the others towards the boat which is now nosing in towards the bank, its trumpet loud as we -

LAP

251 DAY SHOT OF THE MANDAN moving on up river at a good clip under sail. Everybody is happy. We hear Labadie's gay concertina.

LAP

252 NIGHT CAMP ON OPPOSITE RIVER BANK. Jourdonnais and everyone on the Mandan, save the two prisoners, are celebrating. Campfire is built up to twice usual size, flames lighting the excited men. Jourdonnais is passing the jug. Labadie playing his concertina.

DEAKINS' VOICE (543)

We camped 'way up on the other side and had a celebration. Jourdonnais warned us there wouldn't be no more to drink till we got past McMasters and his company fort.

253 ON THE BOAT - TEAL EYE sits by a lantern, making a pair of moccasins with the awl, buckskin and sinews, listening to the music and gaiety. She looks off at -

254 CAMP FROM HER ANGLE. Men dancing, Labadie playing, the watchers clapping their hands and urging them on.

255 TEAL EYE as she watches, feeling lonely and out of it. She puts down her work, gets up and moves across the gangplank -

256 GROUP AROUND FIRE favoring Zeb, Poordevil and the boys who sit near together watching the men dancing, others clapping and egging them on in French. Jourdonnais is in high spirits as he fetches the jug to Zeb. Poordevil eyes the jug hopefully as Zeb tilts it up -

257 CLOSE ON THE FOUR HUNTERS as Zeb lowers the jug, ignores Boone on his right and Poordevil on his left, handing the jug across the Indian to Deakins. Poordevil reaches hopefully, then runs his tongue through the hole in his teeth as he watches Deakins take a drink. Deakins starts to hand jug back to Zeb but Poordevil gets it this time. As he tips it up and gulps mightily a stone hits him in the belly and he jerks down the jug, takes one look across the fire and hurriedly hands jug to Zeb. They look across fire at -

- 258 TEAL EYE outside the circle of men, looking sternly at Poordevil.
- 259 CLOSE ON FOUR HUNTERS as Deakins grins at Poordevil's hangdog expression. Music and dancing continue unabated as Boone, watching Teal Eye and thinking how to devil her, reaches into his shirt and pulls out the old Blackfoot scalp. Poordevil sees it and shrinks back uneasily.
- 260 CLOSE SHOT - TEAL EYE watching Boone as her eyes flash with hatred and she turns away haughtily -
- 261 CLOSE ON THE FOUR HUNTERS as Boone's eyes glint with amusement. Zeb growls at him sarcastically -

ZEB (544)

Put that thing away. If you had a fool hen's sense you'd bury it. I oughta kick myself from here to Sunday for ever givin' it to you!

BOONE (545)

(puts it away -
caustically)
You ain't part Blackfoot, are you, Uncle Zeb?

ZEB (546)

I ain't no part of you, that's sartin!

Boone just grins and takes the jug from between Zeb's knees. Zeb tries to keep it but Boone takes it and tips it up, while Deakins lights his pipe with a firebrand. Deakins sees something across the fire, drops the ember, slides back and gets up quickly.

- 262 NEAR SHOT - TEAL EYE as she leans against a tree well outside the circle of skylarking men, watching but hardly seeing it, for she's smouldering at Boone. She is too annoyed to notice a man slip out of the gloom behind her - a big fellow. He steals in behind her, keeping behind the tree,
- 263 CLOSE SHOT - TEAL EYE as he slips in behind the tree. He stands waiting a moment, his eyes gleaming, then reaches around the tree to touch her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

263 (CONTINUED)

But at that instant a hunting knife whams into the tree just under his hand and he jerks back. Teal Eye turns, sees the flash of light on the knife - and the man takes one look PAST CAMERA and vanishes. Teal Eye looks PAST CAMERA at -

264 DEAKINS FROM HER ANGLE ten feet away. He has walked swiftly around outside the circle of men unnoticed. He makes a sign for her to keep the knife.

265 TEAL EYE as she pulls the knife from the tree and slips it into her buckskin blouse.

266 FULL SHOT OF THE CAMP SCENE as Deakins circles back to his place beside the hunters, who haven't noticed.

LAP

267 FULL SHOT OF THE SLEEPING CAMP - HOURS LATER. Men lie blanketed all around the burned-down fire, just a red glow now. From the direction of the boat we see a shadowy figure moving in. Then we recognize Teal Eye and catch a gleam of light on the knife she has in her hand. She looks around searchingly and moves stealthily towards a blanketed sleeper -

268 LOW CAMERA OVER A SLEEPER as she enters and stoops into scene, the knife in her hand. We see it is Boone. Stealthily her hand reaches into his shirt.

269 CLOSE UP OF HIS EYES OPENING and quickly shutting to just a slit, through which we catch the glint of his eyes as he watches the knife blade over him.

270 LOW CAMERA ON TEAL EYE over Boone as she finds what she wants - the old Blackfoot scalp. Stealthily she rises, the knife glittering in her other hand. Boone's eyes open wide, following her as she moves off in the darkness. He raises himself stealthily on one elbow -

271 SHOOTING LOW PAST HIM we see Teal Eye steal into the woods. Boone gets noiselessly to his feet and follows as she disappears.

272 IN WOODS - LOW CAMERA ON TEAL EYE. She is on her knees, digging a hole in the grassy earth with the knife. As she puts the scalp in the hole Boone's arm reaches in and grabs her arm that holds the knife. The next instant she is up like spring steel and CAMERA PULLS BACK and SWINGS ON THEM as she fights him like a wildcat - but without a scream or a cry for help - this is her own business and she'll make it alone. There is a wild tussle for about five seconds - and then he has her pinned down.

273 LOW CAMERA - TWO SHOT as he pins her down in the grass, the knife fallen in foreground as she struggles to reach it and he mutters angrily -

BOONE (547)

Tryin't to knife me, huh?

Her hand shoots out for the knife and they struggle again.

274 THE SLEEPING CAMP - SHOOTING ACROSS THE BLANKETED MEN snoring around the fire we see the figure of a guard walk in from the edge of the woods around the little clearing where the camp is. (He comes from a direction opposite to that in which Boone followed Teal Eye into woods). He stoops at the fire to light his pipe with a firebrand and we see the guard is Deakins. He tosses ember back on the fire, straightens and comes TOWARDS CAMERA which PANS DOWN WITH HIM as he stoops to rouse Boone, who is to take the next watch. But CAMERA PANS DOWN to an empty blanket. Deakins looks puzzled, glances around. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he steps to several more blanketed figures (which turn out to be Zeb, Jourdonnais and Romaine.)

275 CLOSE ON DEAKINS as he stoops in and rouses a sleeper. Zeb sits up alertly.

ZEB (548)

Yeah?

DEAKINS (549)

(worriedly)

Time for Boone to go on guard.
He ain't here..

Jourdonnais rouses next to Zeb at the sound of the voice and pushes up on one arm, gruffly sleepy -

JOURDONNAIS (550)

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

(CONTINUED)

275 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (551)

Man's missin'.

He gets up as Jourdonnais grunts and shakes Romaine next to him.

276

IN THE WOODS - BOONE AND TEAL EYE. She lies in the grass, her face pressed against her right arm. Her hands are clenched. Boone stands a little distance away looking at her.

BOONE (552)

Whyn't you say something?

(silence)

Even if I can't understand you,
you can talk, can't you?

She is grimly silent and he stoops and picks up the knife from the grass. She pushes herself up on one arm and sits up and raises her head to watch him fiercely, her eyes like two sparks in the dim light.

BOONE (cont'd)

You're just plumb wild, ain't
you. White girl wouldn't come
at a man with a knife.

(waits but she is silent)

Can't you say somethin'?

(wearily)

It's hard enough to deal with a
woman who can talk. When she
don't talk you can't tell what
she's thinkin' or anything.
Get up. Do something.

She only eyes him fiercely and, angry with himself, he
flings the knife with a quick movement and it sticks in
a tree at one side of them.

277

CLOSE SHOT - TEAL EYE as her fierce eyes turn to look
at -

278

CLOSE SHOT OF THE KNIFE sticking in the tree at
shoulder height - the blade glinting.

279

MED. SHOT - BOONE as he watches her, his eyes lonely,
low voice bitter.

(CONTINUED)

279 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (553)

What'd you expect - sneakin' up
on a man in the middle of the
night with a knife?

He turns and stoops to the hole she was digging. Picks
up the old scalp and slaps the dirt out of it.

BOONE (cont'd)

I'd a give you this, but I
don't like havin' a knife
poked in my face.

280 TEAL EYE as she crouches down, watching the knife,
ready for a spring as we hear Boone's voice embittered
by another thought.

BOONE (cont'd)

That's another thing - you
clawed my face! You been
headed for trouble with me
ever since we met.

She gets up swiftly and noiselessly after the knife.

281 BOONE, as half-turned away, he brushes the last crumbs
of dirt out of the scalp and slips it into his shirt.
He hears her coming and turns to grapple with her as
she springs in on him fiercely -

282 IN WOODS - WE SEE ZEB, DEAKINS, JOURDONNAIS AND ROMAINE
as they move suspiciously among the trees, then Zeb
turns sharply TOWARDS CAMERA. There is the threshing
sound of a tussle and Zeb jumps forward, followed by
Deakins, Jourdonnais and Romaine. In an instant they
are PAST CAMERA -

283 CLEARING. BOONE TUSSLING WITH TEAL EYE as the four
men run in and grab him.

284 GROUP SHOT as Teal Eye breaks away and steps back,
hiding the knife as she watches Boone fiercely. Zeb's
voice is high and angry - and bewildered as he peers
at Boone -

ZEB (554)

What's goin' on here? What you
been up to?

(CONTINUED)

285 (CONTINUED)

She stoops and wipes the blood off on the grass and straightens, slipping the knife into her blouse as she follows on towards the camp - hungry for the satisfaction of seeing Boone flogged to boot.

286 FULL SHOT OF THE CAMP. Not asleep now. Everyone has been awakened and the big fire is leaping up brightly as men throw on armfuls of dry leaves and branches. Against the soaring flames we see the black shapes of men moving around. They stop, watching Romaine drag in Boone with Jourdonnais, Zeb and Deakins following. There is a small tree near the blaze and Romaine dumps Boone beside it. Boone gets groggily to his feet, supporting himself against the tree. Romaine pulls Boone's arms around the tree and loops a rawhide thong about his wrists to hold him there.

287 EDGE OF WOODS - TEAL EYE as she steps into the firelight, watching with vengeful eyes -

288 CAMP FROM HER ANGLE, favoring the group tying Boone to tree.

289 CLOSE GROUP SHOT AT TREE as Romaine steps around tree where he has tied Boone's wrists and catches the whip which Jourdonnais pitches to him. Deakins looks on grimly, but Zeb's eyes are pitying - with a kind of bitter disappointment in this fool nephew. As Romaine draws back the whip Jourdonnais stops him angrily -

JOURDONNAIS (562)

Attendez!

He steps in, grabs Boone's shirt at the collar and rips it off his back - and then stops short, staring at Boone's bare back, as does everyone else -

290 CLOSE UP - BOONE'S BACK. Blood is running down his side from an ugly knife wound between his ribs under the right arm. The pushing around Boone has got has opened the wound more and the blood blackens his side as it seeps down, soaking his pants. And now Boone faints and slumps like a sack held to the tree by his two arms tied around it.

291 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP - SHOOTING FROM OTHER SIDE OF TREE so that we see Boone's tied wrists and the faces on the other side. The faces of Zeb, Deakins, Jourdonnais and Romaine are caught best in the light as they look at the slumped Boone. Jourdonnais curses in French under his breath, grabs the whip from the blinking Romaine's hand and flings it to the ground angrily. Zeb steps around INTO CAMERA and with his hunting knife cuts the rawhide thong and Boone slumps to the ground.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

292 DAY - THE MANDAN being rowed up river. (Remember we are one man short - Chouquette.)

293 NEAR SHOT - MANDAN. The men sweating at the oars. The two prisoners are tied up forward. Jourdonnais on the cargo-box. Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil in the after section. Teal Eye is on the cargo-box near Jourdonnais watching down at -

294 ZEB, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL in stern section. Poordevil is absorbed in fondling Streak's rifle which Zeb has given him to replace his old bow and arrows. He pays no attention to Zeb and Deakins who are absorbed in threading a large needle. Deakins' expression is morose - he's still burning about Boone and the girl.

295 CLOSE ON ZEB AND DEAKINS. Zeb takes the heavy long thread from Deakins and tries to run it through eye of needle.

ZEB (563)

I remember once me and a trapper name of Parker run smack into a grizzly b'ar. That grizzly sure messed up Parker 'fore I killed it. Tore out one eye and ripped his ear clean off. Well, this child happened to have a needle and string. Grabbed up Parker's ear while it was still hot and sewed 'er back on his head, and she growed as good as ever. Couldn't find his eye or I'd of sewed that back too. That's how he come to be called One-Eyed Parker.

(CONTINUED)

295 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (cont'd)
(pulls thread through
and knots it)
There y'are. All you got to do is
pour whiskey in his wound and sew
him up.

DEAKINS (564)
(growls)
Not me! You do it.

ZEB (565)
Not this child. Swore I never
would again.

DEAKINS (566)
Why?

ZEB (567)
(embarrassed)
Well -- seemed like I sewed
Parker's ear on backwards. He
cussed me to the day he died on
account of every time he'd hear
a rattlesnake he'd turn the
wrong way and step smack into
it.

DEAKINS (568)
Can't get nothing backwards on
Boone. It's just a cut.

ZEB (569)
I know but it made me nervous.
(proffers needle
pleadingly)
Go ahead, hoss. Can't hit a
man when he's down.

DEAKINS (570)
(growls)
I can wait till he gets up, can't
I?

Zeb sighs and starts to get up as Teal Eye's brown hand
reaches in and takes the threaded needle.

296 THREE SHOT as Zeb looks up surprised at the girl who
says something in Blackfoot. Zeb's face lights.
Deakins looks blankly after the girl as she goes off
towards cargo-box doorway with thread and needle.

(CONTINUED)

296 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (571)

(flabbergasted)

She gonna do it?

ZEB (572)

Ain't no one kin do it better.

Deakins looks after her incredulously - puzzledly.

DEAKINS (573)

I never will be able to tell
what a woman'll do next.

Boone's angry yell comes muffled from the cargo-box and Zeb grins as he reaches for the jug. Deakins brightens as he listens with pleasure to another yell of protest from the cargo-box -

LAP

297 NIGHT CAMP OF THE MANDAN - FULL SHOT of the men gathered around the fire eating, the boat tied at river's edge in background. No music or gaiety. Serious feeling now.

DEAKINS' VOICE (574)

I guess she did a pretty good
job at that, 'cause in three-
four days Boone was a lot better.

298 NEAR SHOT - GROUP AROUND FIRE. We see Zeb and Jourdonnais standing off talking in low voices, their expressions grave as Deakins lights his pipe with an ember, watching them.

DEAKINS' VOICE (575)

Everyone was kind of on edge.
Zeb'd told us tomorrow we'd reach
the company fort - McMasters'
stronghold.

299 INT. CARGO-BOX OF MANDAN. By the light of a lantern we see Teal Eye step in with a pail of fresh water. CAMERA SWINGS ON HER as she steps over to a bunk and we see Boone lying on his back, bare to the waist, staring at the ceiling broodingly. Teal Eye sets down the pail, dips a tincup full of water and offers it. Boone shakes his head irritably -

BOONE (576)

I asked for a drink.

(CONTINUED)

299 (CONTINUED)

She just offers the water and he pushes up on his elbows, mad -

BOONE (577)

Whiskey!

Without a flicker of expression she starts trickling the water into his angry face and he has to jut his face forward, set his mouth to edge of cup and keep gulping to keep from getting soaked. He lies back, beaten and angry. She picks up the whiskey jug and he watches her hopefully. But she pushes him over against the wall, exposing the wound on his back. It is a long cut but it has been neatly sewed up. Teal Eye takes the jug and pours a little whiskey on the still raw wound. He winces and makes an angry sound, trying to roll back, but she holds him firmly with one hand as she trickles on more of the fiery whiskey, an unholy light of glee in her eyes.

LAP

300 DAY - LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN as she is rowed swiftly up river.

DEAKINS' VOICE (578)

This was the day for the showdown
with McMasters.

301 ON MANDAN. SHOOTING AFT we see Jourdonnais and Zeb on top of the cargo-box as Deakins climbs up, watching up river as Zeb points PAST CAMERA -

DEAKINS' VOICE (579)

There it was, 'way up on the
north bank - Fort Missouri!

302 LONG SHOT OF THE PORT. It is perched on the high right bank (painted in on a bluff or promontory - on the right bank). Compared to it the other forts along river look like wigwams. It has big square pickets, evened off at the top and shining bright and new. They fence in a space a man could set a cornfield in. At the corners facing the river stand blockhouses, broad as barns, rising high to four-way roofs. Low down on them are loopholes for cannon. A flagstaff rises from inside stockade.

(CONTINUED)

302 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS' VOICE (580)

This was the last outpost. No wonder McMasters was top-dog with a fort like that. I kept wonderin' what was gonna happen - Looked like we were in for trouble.

LAP

303 RIVER BELOW THE FORT - LONG SHOT taking in part of shore as the Mandan, oars clipping the water in unison, angles in toward the fort. We hear the BOOM of a cannon.

304 NEAR SHOT - MANDAN moving in towards the shore as Jourdonnais at the bow (Romaine has taken the steering oar) takes a lighted cigar from his mouth and touches off the swivel gun - a small cannon secured at the forepeak of the boat. It BOOMS an answer to the fort as smoke rolls out. Poordevil nearly jumps out of the boat as the swivel goes off.

305 SHORE BELOW FORT. Indians and whites running down into foreground to watch the Mandan come in. The Indians are Rocks, mostly naked from the belly up except for their buffalo robes. Many squaws. The whites are workmen in jeans and cotton shirts and moccasins. Not more than two or three Indians have on leggings. The rest are barelegged, most of them barefooted too. Red and white, they are laughing and talking, ready to give a hand as the Mandan pulls in. Some of the Indians wade out in the water and grab the lines that are thrown from the boat. As the boat is pulled in close Indians try to climb aboard. Jourdonnais shouts -

JOURDONNAIS (581)

Non! Non! Push them off! Push!

Indians are uncereemoniously dumped off as the boat grounds, and four of the toughest boatmen jump off in the water, holding rifles overhead. They secure the lines Romaine and a boatman fling to them. Jourdonnais, Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil are on top of the cargo-box with their guns. (Boone is in cargo-box with Teal Eye, out of sight.)

306 ON BOAT - GROUP SHOT dominated by Jourdonnais, Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil on cargo-box above the men.

(CONTINUED)

306 (CONTINUED)

JOURDONNAIS (582)

We call on M'sieu McMasters!
No one to leave boat! You
hear? Romaine?

Romaine grunts acknowledgment as he starts dragging the trussed-up prisoners into view. Jourdonnais, Zeb and Deakins step to the passe avant and jump down into the water where the four armed men are waiting.

307

SHORE BY BOAT as we see the three jump into the water, their rifles held aloft. They wade to dry ground and the laughing, jabbering crowd of Indians and whites parts for them and falls silent, looking up at the boat as they see Romaine hoist the two prisoners up onto the passe avant. The thongs that bound their legs have been cut but their hands are still tied behind them. Romaine gives them a shove and they pitch down into the water. The crowd on the shore watches uneasily. The four armed men from the boat, who have been waiting in the water for the prisoners, grab them and shove them ashore ahead of them as they wade to dry ground where Jourdonnais, Zeb and Deakins are waiting in the parted crowd. They move on through and exit up bank. Now the crowd starts jabbering and moving again, and a pack of young squaws come running in from the fort above, and the boatmen climb up on the passe avant, grinning at them. Poordevil stands alone atop the cargo-box, beside the mast, laughing to himself as he watches the crowded shore.

308

ANOTHER ANGLE ON MANDAN AND SHORE. We see more young squaws come running down to the boat, their faces laughing. There is a jabber of Indian talk, a baby squalling, Indian dogs scampering and barking. The boatmen crowd along the passe avant watching the young squaws call out in their strange tongues, gesticulating and beckoning for the men to come ashore.

309

SHOOTING DOWN FROM HIGH BANK we see Jourdonnais' armed party climbing swiftly up the steep shelving ground TOWARDS CAMERA, pushing the prisoners before them. Below them we see the Mandan at edge of river and the crowd of squaws and Indians and whites on the bank jabbering at the boatmen.

310

BIG GATES OF THE STOCKADE - SHOOTING UP FROM ZEB'S ANGLE as they fold open. On either side we see sections of the high stockade outlined against sky. The gates themselves are of heavy timbers bolted together and

(CONTINUED)

310 (CONTINUED)

hung on huge wrought-iron hooks. This upward angle prevents our seeing inside the stockade as the gates open. Two half-breeds with plaits of hair like Indians are opening the gates from within. FROM BEHIND CAMERA the four armed men from the Mandan swiftly run up the path ahead of the others and two of them grab on to each gate, swinging it wider as the half-breeds step back uneasily. We see Zeb, Deakins and Jourdonnais move on up towards the gates, pushing the two prisoners before them - as a lordly figure of a man steps into the opening from within the stockade, silhouetted against the sky. It is McMasters!

311 DOWNWARD SHOT ON ZEB, DEAKINS, JOURDONNAIS and the prisoners - the Mandan and the river far below. They halt NEAR CAMERA.

ZEB (583)

Come on down, McMasters.

312 REVERSE - SHOOTING UP PAST ZEB'S PARTY AT McMASTERS in the gateway as he steps down arrogantly TOWARDS CAMERA. The four armed men from the Mandan hold the gates open. McMasters has a face like an anvil - broad forehead, broad cheeks, broad chin. He wears a black city hat, a costly dark suit, fresh ironed, and a shirt with ruffles down the front that gleam white in the sun. His stare is contemptuous as he comes DOWN CLOSE and stops just above Zeb and the others arrogantly.

313 ANGLE FROM SIDE as McMasters stares down at them coldly. Only the two prisoners quail before that stare. Zeb and Jourdonnais give them a shove that pitches them forward at McMasters' feet.

ZEB (584)

Little present for you, McMasters.

McMASTERS (585)

Trouble-makers! Tried to drive them off, but they hung around.

ZEB (586)

Maybe bein' on your payroll kept 'em hangin' around.

McMASTERS (587)

Not on the payroll!

(CONTINUED)

313 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (588)

How 'bout Streak Allen? Him
and the rest of your men will
be showin' up 'fore long -

(looks off
down river)

Looks like them comin' now.

McMasters' eyes flick off to the left at -

314 VERY LONG SHOT DOWN along river. Along the open left bank we see six horsemen galloping. The rearmost rider leads two horses behind him - those of the prisoners.

315 GROUP SHOT as McMasters looks from the approaching men to Zeb, Jourdonnais and Deakins his expression masked.

ZEB (589)

(sarcastic)

Too bad we had to take their
guns away. The girl too.

McMASTERS (590)

(coldly)

I know your plans, Jourdonnais.
But we have plans for the
Blackfoot country ourselves.
We claim it.

ZEB (591)

(bitingly)

Why ain't you took it then?

McMASTERS (592)

The time isn't ripe. If it
isn't ripe for an outfit like
ours, how close to ripe do you
think it is for you?

JOURDONNAIS (593)

We pick it green then!

McMASTERS (594)

Go on and you'll go under.

ZEB (595)

This child's had a gutful of
you, McMasters. So's we understand
each other - we let your men go
this time. Next ones won't come
back.

(CONTINUED)

315 (CONTINUED)

McMASTERS (596)

Next ones may be Indians.

ZEB (597)

Jest don't send nobody after us -
'cause they won't come back.
That goes for you too. That's
all we come to tell you.

He motions to the four armed men standing guard at the gates above McMaster and they turn and start down. McMaster watches in cold silence.

316 SHORE BELOW FORT - SHOOTING PAST MANDAN we see the six horsemen, led by Streak, come galloping in along the open bank (which is level with the river below the promontory on which the fort is perched). In foreground we see the boat, the men on the passe avant, Poordevil by the cargo-box, and the crowd of squaws and Indians on the shore, calling and laughing and making seductive gestures up to the boatmen, some of whom are only restrained from jumping off in the water by Romaine, who stands guard. But now the crowd at the edge of the water hears and sees the cantering horsemen coming and they surge back to make room as Streak and his men swing in TOWARDS CAMERA and swerve their horses into the shallow water to pass the crowd, hoofs kicking up water. Abruptly Streak and the man behind him who carries one arm in a rawhide sling, pull in their horses and the other men rein in.

317 DOWNWARD SHOT ON STREAK AND THE MAN WITH ARM IN SLING as they rein in sharply in shallow water, staring up PAST CAMERA at what has stopped them.

MAN WITH ARM IN SLING (598)

There's the Injun shot me!

318 UPWARD SHOT AT POORDEVIL beside cargo-box, grinning innocently and childishly down at Streak. We see boatmen on either side of Poordevil, crowded in front of the cargo-box doorway, watching down curiously.

319 CLOSE DOWN ON STREAK AND MAN WITH ARM IN SLING as they look up at the grinning Poordevil. The man whose arm was pinned to the tree mutters under his breath -

MAN WITH ARM IN SLING (599)

Wait'll I get me a gun.

(CONTINUED)

319 (CONTINUED)

He jerks his horse's bridle but Streak grabs it without taking his gaze from Poordevil above -

STREAK (600)

Hold it!

He reaches to his sheath and pulls out his knife, but as he pulls it back for the throw-

BOONE'S VOICE (601)

(sharply)

Don't throw it!

320 UPWARDS AT THE SMILING POORDEVIL - AND BOONE in doorway of cargo-box beside him; his rifle pointing at Streak from the hip. The boatmen have moved out fast both ways, some still scrambling clear at sight of Streak's knife. Poordevil is smiling childishly down at Streak. Boone is bare from the waist up, he looks pale but determined. Behind him we see Teal Eye peering out startledly.

321 DOWNWARD ON STREAK AND MAN WITH ARM IN SLING. Streak has checked his throw as he glowers up at Boone -

STREAK (602)

Put down that gun.

MAN WITH ARM IN SLING (603)

Don't you know where you are?

This is company territory!

322 UPWARD SHOT - BOONE BESIDE POORDEVIL. Teal Eye steps out of doorway anxiously. Boone jerks his rifle barrel a little at Streak with an invalid's irritation, his finger on the trigger -

BOONE (604)

Move on, both of you!

Poordevil suddenly chuckles, points at Streak and says something to Boone in Blackfoot as he pulls at a lock of his own tangled hair where Streak has the fascinating white plume.

323 DOWN ON STREAK AND OTHER MAN as they glare up at the Indian.

(CONTINUED)

323 (CONTINUED)

MAN WITH ARM IN SLING (605)

Hear that? He wants your scalp!

Streak starts to throw knife again in his rage but Boone's voice and rifle stop him -

BOONE (606)

Don't try it!

324

WIDE ANGLE FROM SIDE - SHOOTING UP RIVER now, so that we see Boone and Poordevil on the boat, Streak and his men on their horses in the shallow water, part of the crowd of Indians watching from dry land - and Zeb, Jourdonnais, Deakins and their four armed boatmen scrambling down the steep bank in background, on their way back to the boat. Streak doesn't see them coming as he stealthily pulls back his knife.

STREAK (607)

You shoot that gun and won't none of you get out of here alive.

BOONE (608)

You won't neither. I'll give you three to get movin! One -- two --

His finger is on the trigger, but at that tense instant Zeb yells out -

ZEB (609)

Hey, there! Hold it, hold it!

Boone doesn't shoot and Streak doesn't throw, for Zeb and the others come hurrying in, their rifles covering Streak and the surprised men on the horses. Zeb, Deakins, Jourdonnais and the four men jump into the shallow water, wading towards the boat as they cover the horsemen. Zeb motions with his rifle sarcastically for Streak to get moving -

ZEB (cont'd)

McMasters is waitin' for you, Streak.

Streak sullenly jerks his reins and turns his horse, and the other men follow as he splashes his horse to the bank and starts it up the shelving ground. Zeb and the others climb on the boat hurriedly, Romaine and the boatmen reaching down to give them a hand. The four armed men pass up their rifles and start shoving the Mandan out into deeper water -

LAP

325 THE MANDAN BEING ROWED up river at a lively clip. Sail is being raised. It bellies out as it catches a lucky quartering wind. Prairie stretches away to far horizons.

DEAKINS' VOICE (610)

Now we'd left the last trace of white man behind. Nothin' ahead but wilderness, river, the big sky, and hostile Injuns maybe. And behind us hostile whites who'd try anything to stop us, maybe.

LAP

326 DAY SHOTS OF THE MANDAN working upstream on the cordello, the half-naked, mud-covered men toiling along the bank and in the water. An autumnal tinge in the prairie landscape now, bright colors in grass and occasional trees.

DEAKINS' VOICE (611)

Jourdonnais drove the men twice as hard now - fightin' time. He had to do his tradin' and get back down the river 'fore winter'd come on and freeze us in.

327 THE PRAIRIE NEAR RIVER - ZEB, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL through tall clumps of grass, hunting. Poordevil now proudly carried his rifle. As they come TOWARDS CAMERA

DEAKINS' VOICE (612)

Boone wasn't well enough to leave the boat yet. I was sure waitin' for that day. Funny how two men as close as we'd been could hate each other - but that's how it was now.

They halt NEAR CAMERA and Zeb points off ahead at -

328 LONG SHOT - HERD OF BUFFALO grazing.

DEAKINS' VOICE (613)

Buffalo was everywhere in this country. Sometimes we'd seen ten thousand in a single herd.

THE THREE HUNTERS as they check priming of their rifles and move towards the buffalo.

LAP

- 329 LOW CAMERA ON GRASS as we see them crawl in CLOSE TO CAMERA. Zeb grunts and they fire together, smoke covering the screen.
- 330 NEAR SHOT - BUFFALO as a couple of cows go down and the rest of the herd thunders off in panic, dust rising.
- 331 THE HUNTERS as they walk towards their kill, reloading.

DEAKINS' VOICE (614)

We killed enough meat for
a dozen boat crews - takin' only
the choice parts, leavin' the
rest for the wolves.

LAP

- 332 THE MANDAN sailing up the river through the open country. We hear Labadie's concertina.

DEAKINS' VOICE (615)

Buffalo meat is sure good eatin'
and the men felt fine. Even
the weather was with us now.

- 333 ON THE MANDAN we see the men lounging around smoking and enjoying themselves while Jourdonnais is in such good humor that he passes the jug for an extra ration of whiskey. Labadie plays gaily as the wind, blowing straight up river, bellies the sail. Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil lounge in the stern section, Deakins watching Teal Eye who sits on the edge of the cargo-box, swinging her legs and watching the north bank eagerly - for it is a homecoming for her. Boone comes out of the cargo-box and goes aft along the passe avant to join Zeb.

DEAKINS' VOICE (616)

Even Jourdonnais relaxed. Felt
so good he passed the jug around.

- 334 CLOSE SHOT - LABADIE sitting playing a lively tune with big grinning Pascal beside him beating time. Romaine hands Pascal the jug, he drinks and hands it back. Then he jumps up and commences capering on the passe avant -

- 335 FULL SHOT - BOAT as Pascal capers to the music and the men all laugh and egg him on, while Labadie increases tempo. Pascal gets more excited and pretends to hold a woman as he capers wildly. Everyone is laughing. They shout out at him, "La femme! La femme!" He whirls his "woman" wildly, laughing himself, along the length of the passe avant. Suddenly there is a whoosh from BEHIND CAMERA (from south bank) and a punky sound as an arrow hits Pascal in the belly.
- 336 NEAR SHOT PASCAL - an astonished look on his big good-natured face as he tries to keep his balance, the arrow sticking clean through him so that we see the barb projecting from his back. He pitches into the river with a splash.
- 337 KEELBOAT. The men have stood frozenly for this instant. Deakins springs up and jerks Teal Eye off the edge of the cargo-box into the stern sheets where she is protected. The next instant the men dive off the thwarts and passe avants into the boat out of sight. Romaine runs aft to the cargo-box to take the steering car from Jourdonnais, as a second arrow whangs into the cargo-box, just missing him. Jourdonnais shoves Romaine off the cargo-box and jumps down himself into the stern section, where he can still handle the steering sweep and keep under cover.
- 338 SHOT DOWN INTO BOAT as we see them all crouched down, grabbing rifles which are passed along. All is silent. Nothing happens.
- 339 INT. BOAT - NEAR SHOT - HUNTERS AND TEAL EYE. There is no sound, only the lapping of water against the sides of the boat as the bellied sail shoves her along. Zeb, rifle in hand, reaches up to the passe avant and pulls himself up to look at south bank.
- 340 SOUTH SHORE FROM HIS VIEW. Empty and innocent.
- 341 CLOSE ON ZEB'S FACE peering over passe avant puzzledly.
- 342 STERN SECTION. - NEAR GROUP SHOT. They all watch Zeb as he slides down again. Jourdonnais looks at him but he shakes his head.

343 LONG SHOT - MANDAN as she sails along like a deserted ghost ship straight up mid-river. But we can see the steering car being held by Jourdonnais' hands. Heads appear cautiously above the gunwales and then the hunters climb up into full view, rifles ready as they watch the south shore off left or port side.

LAP

344 ON MANDAN - SHOOTING FROM STERN we see the hunters, Poordevil and Teal Eye in foreground, Jourdonnais on the cargo-box again, and some of the crew. They are all looking off over the port side.

DEAKINS' VOICE (617)

And then we seen 'em.

345 VERY LONG SHOT TOWARDS SOUTH BANK. A quarter of a mile beyond the bank we see Indians break out of a stand of timber, or a gully or some cover, tiny figures on horseback cantering out on higher ground so that they are silhouetted against distant mountains. At first there are only a dozen or so but they keep streaming out, parallelling the river.

346 THE FACES ON THE MANDAN watching in uneasy silence -

347 VERY LONG SHOT OF THE INDIANS as they keep streaming out into view, fifty of them now and still coming.

348 FACES ON THE MANDAN watching. The boatmen crouched forward mutter in French to each other. Jourdonnais, who gets excited over small things, is cool in danger.

JOURDONNAIS (618)

Calloway. They are Sioux?

ZEB (619)

Crows!

349 CLOSE ON ZEB, POORDEVIL, BOONE, DEAKINS AND THE GIRL watching. We have never seen Poordevil's eyes so hostile before. Nor the girl's. She's remembering what the Crows did to her. Zeb calls off puzzledly.

ZEB (620)

Can't figger it, Jourdonnais.
Crows ain't been hostile for
a long spell.

- 350 CLOSE ON JOURDONNAIS AND ROMAINE as they watch -
- 351 LONG SHOT OF THE INDIANS still pouring out from cover, stretching out in a long line paralleling the river, a hundred visible now and still coming. They keep the same pace as the keelboat.
- 352 FULL SHOT - BOAT FROM STERN as all hands watch, not noticing the wind is dying. The bellied sail collapses and flaps baggily and Jourdonnais notices. He shouts to the men forward and they scramble to the thwarts. Romaine drops the dead sail and runs forward along the passe avant to the bow as we

LAP

- 353 SHOOTING FROM NORTH SIDE we see the keelboat surging along as the men lay on the oars. Jourdonnais holds the boat near the north shore and with good reason, for beyond the boat we see the Indians, well over a hundred strong, as they trot along on their horses abreast of boat.

DEAKINS' VOICE (621)

They just kept followin' us day
after day. Keepin' out of gunshot.
Watchin' us.

- 354 ON MANDAN. We see the tension on board. Everyone trying to work but unable to keep from watching.
- 355 LONG SHOTS OF THE INDIANS as they follow along, part of the long column disappearing at moments as they dip into hollows or behind clumps of trees, then reappearing again - keeping up with the keelboat.
- 356 ON MANDAN. Deakins fingers his rifle as if he'd like to level it across the gunwale and shoot. Zeb watches him to make sure he doesn't.
- 357 LONG SHOT OF THE INDIANS as they reappear around a hill in foreground, the long column stretching out again.

LAP

358 NIGHT - THE MANDAN tied up to some bushes at the lower end of a sand spit in mid-river, the water glimmering in the moonlight on both sides of boat.

DEAKINS' VOICE (622)

Nights, we'd anchor out in the middle of the river - or tie up to an island when we'd find one.

359 NEAR SHOT - BOAT. In the moonlight we see the uneasy faces of the men leaning with their rifles watching the menacing shoreward gloom. The hunters and Jourdonnais are atop the cargo-box with their rifles.

360 CLOSE GROUP SHOT HUNTERS watching off silently. Teal Eye climbs up beside them and Deakins watches her broodingly -

DEAKINS' VOICE (623)

I couldn't help thinkin' what would happen to Teal Eye if the Crows caught her again. I made up my mind I'd save one bullet for her.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

361 DAY - THE MANDAN being rowed up river, keeping close to the north, or right, bank. CAMERA SHOOTs from north bank and we see that opposite shore is open and unwooded - no Indians, nothing visible.

DEAKINS' VOICE (624)

Next morning the Injuns were gone!

362 ON THE MANDAN we see the men rowing forward, Romaine standing at bow by the swivel gun which is trained on south shore, Jourdonnais at steering oar, Zeb and Teal Eye on cargo-box near him, the boys and Poordevil in stern section. All are watching around silently, hardly able to believe their good luck.

DEAKINS' VOICE (625)

Not a trace of 'em anywhere. They'd dogged us for four days - and then cleared out in the night.

363 ON TOP CARGO-BOX - ZEB AND JOURDONNAIS watching shore. Zeb has his rifle. Jourdonnais looks relieved but he is seething with impatience, a cigar in his teeth.

JOURDONNAIS (626)

What you make of it?

ZEB (627)

Don't know.

JOURDONNAIS (628)

I put men on cordelle now. We make better time.

ZEB (629)

If I was you I'd wait.

JOURDONNAIS (630)

(blows up)

Wait? Enfant de garce, we move like the snail!

(waves to his right)

No danger on north side! You know importance of time! You scare like the woman, mon vieux?

ZEB (631)

(sarcastic)

You ain't askin' me, you're tellin' me. Go ahead. I ain't arguin' with no mule!

JOURDONNAIS (632)

(bellows forward)

Romaine! The cordelle! We tow!

He shoves the steering oar to drive boat to north bank.

364 THE MANDAN - SHOOTING FROM NEAR NORTH BANK as the boat drives IN CLOSE. Romaine sets his pole at the bow to hold her in shallow water. The men pile off sullenly, jumping into shallow water and wading to bank, which is open here, bare of trees and brush. They carry heavy loops of the cordelle, gathering in a sullen group NEAR CAMERA as they wait for the others.

365 NEAR SHOT BOAT - SHOOTING UP FROM WATER at Jourdonnais and Zeb on the passe avant, as Poordevil, Deakins and Boone enter to them from aft. All have their rifles.

ZEB (633)

(to Jourdonnais -
curtly)

We'll scout ahead.

(CONTINUED)

365 (CONTINUED)

He jumps down and wades PAST CAMERA, followed by Deakins and Poordevil. As Boone moves in to jump after them, Jourdonnais grabs hold of his rifle, and we see he has not forgotten his wrath. In fact his tiff with Zeb impels him to take it out on someone - who happens to be Boone.

JOURDONNAIS (634)

Non! No gun! For you the
cordelle!

Boone hangs on to his rifle, looking at Jourdonnais indignantly -

BOONE (635)

I wasn't hired to tow your boat!

JOURDONNAIS (636)

(wrenches at rifle)

Non! You were hired to make
trouble!

Boone angrily wrenches his rifle out of Jourdonnais' hands and jumps -

366 WIDE ANGLE - BOAT AND GROUP FROM BANK - as Boone hits the water and wades to Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil on bank. Jourdonnais in a rage grabs up a rifle. Zeb calls out with sharp authority -

ZEB (637)

Hold it, Jourdonnais!

JOURDONNAIS (638)

(mad as hell)

I am boss here! He goes on
cordelle!

ZEB (639)

(just as mad)

That's right!

(to Boone)

You heard what he said!

367 CLOSE SHOT ON BOONE FACING ZEB, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL, the sullen men moving up the shore with the line in background.

BOONE (640)

Nobody's takin' my gun away.
Not you neither!

(CONTINUED)

367 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (641)

(sarcastic)

Keep it if you like. Make it
twice as hard. But git on
that line!

(mutters sotto voce)

Want to git yourself killed?
That Frenchman's crazy as you are!

Abruptly he turns and walks off up the bank with Poordevil as Deakins grins wickedly. Boone would smack Deakins if his hands weren't full of rifle. Deakins turns after Zeb. Boone glowers after them, swings his rifle to his shoulder and steps over to join the crew defiantly.

368 GROUP SHOT CREW as Boone falls into the line of men moving up the bank. His expression says he'd like to blow up the Mandan and everybody on board. But dammit, he still has his rifle!

LAP

369 LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN being towed up river.

370 THE MEN TOILING ON THE BANK. ANGLING SHOT so that we see the line stretching far back and out to the Mandan in the river. As the men toil PAST CAMERA we see Boone at the tail end, having a hard time holding his rifle as he leans forward against the straining line. He's not shirking it, but he's working twice as hard as the rest. And he's so mad we know he's going to cut loose the first chance he gets.

371 WOODS BESIDE RIVER. Zeb, Deakins and Poordevil step out of a thicket and approach CAMERA watching alertly. They step to the bank and look back down river to see --

372 LONG SHOT OF KEELBOAT coming. We see both shores are wooded now. We glimpse the sweating crew as they clamber into the water to get round some trees that grow at the edge.

373 ZEB, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL as they watch, making sure all is well, then turn to go ahead. They have not gone two steps before there is a clatter of exploding rifles and they jump back to the bank to see --

374 LONG SHOT - MANDAN AND CREW. The men have dropped the cordelle and are stumbling out into the shallow water in absolute confusion as there are more cracks of rifles and a high quavering yell of a hundred Indians.

375 ZEB, DEAKINS AND POORDEVIL transfixed for an instant as the yell rises along with more shots. Deakins, thinking of nothing but Teal Eye, breaks into a sprint straight PAST CAMERA and down the edge of the river as Zeb yells at him -

ZEB (642)

Deakins!

But Deakins is gone as the quavering cry of the Crows swells up. Zeb starts after him with Poordevil following

376 NEAR SHOT OF THE PANICKED MEN as the ugly yell of the Indians is loud. Some of them run down the bank, but most of them are in the water, those who are furthest swimming now. A rifle cracks and one of the running men pitches from the bank into the water. Arrows flutter round the wading men and the swimmers.

377 ON MANDAN - SHOOTING FROM AHEAD to take in the swivel gun at bow as we see Romaine run IN CLOSE along the passe avant with a piece of smoking punk he has brought from the cargo-box. He swings the gun from south shore to train it ahead at north bank. We hear the high quavering yell and sporadic shots as Jourdonnais, gripping a rifle, yells at Romaine from atop the cargo-box. Teal Eye is on the cargo-box, exposed as she watches excitedly.

JOURDONNAIS (643)

Romaine! Non!

Romaine looks round at cargo-box and Jourdonnais flaps his arms wildly.

JOURDONNAIS (cont'd)

Not yet! You kill our men!
Hold boat!

He throws up his rifle and fires towards the woods over the heads of the men in the water as Romaine grabs up a pole and sets it to hold the boat.

378 SHOT FROM BOAT - ANGLING TOWARDS WOODED SHORE. We see the water dotted with swimming men as arrows flutter and splash among them and there are sporadic shots from unseen fusils.

- 379 ON MANDAN - Jourdonnais gestures fiercely at Teal Eye to get down under cover but she remains where she is, holding to the mast as her eyes search the shore excitedly. Jourdonnais grabs another rifle, jumps to the passe avant and runs forward beside Romaine who holds the boat from drifting downstream and away from the swimming men. Jourdonnais fires again over the heads of the men towards the woods. The yells of the Indians keep up a savage obbligate to the action.
- 380 NORTH BANK BELOW THE MANDAN. SHOOTING UP ALONG EDGE we see Boone sprint in and fling himself behind a log, panting. Swiftly he pours powder into his gun barrel, shakes bullets into his hand from his shot-bag, drops one in the barrel and plops the rest into his mouth as he rams home the charge with wiping stick.
- 381 LOW CAMERA - CLOSE ON THE LOG as we see Boone slide his rifle barrel across it INTO CAMERA seeing -
- 382 LONG SHOT - TWO CROWS as they gallop out of the woods to the water's edge. They jerk up their bows and shoot.
- 383 LOW CAMERA - CLOSE ON BOONE as he fires PAST CAMERA -
- 384 NEAR SHOT OF THE TWO CROWS as one spins from his horse into the water. Other warrior wheels his horse and charges in the direction of the shot.
- 385 LOW CAMERA ON BOONE as he pours powder into his gun and plops a bullet into it from his mouth, not taking time to ram it home as he drops his gun across log.
- 386 LOW CAMERA - SHOOTING TOWARDS THE ONCOMING INDIAN, yelling as his horse gallops harder, leaning low to keep himself covered. We don't see Boone or even the tip of his rifle, but as the Indian comes near there is a bang and gun-smoke spurts out and obscures everything. We should feel the Indian was rocketing toward us so hard the horse will trample us the next instant.
- 387 REVERSE ON BOONE as smoke clears away. He is reloading his rifle as he sees -

- 388 THE DEAD INDIAN ten feet away where he pitched from his horse which is swerving back into the woods. The boom of the Mandan's swivel gun shakes the air.
- 389 THE MANDAN IN MID-RIVER. We see Jourdonnais has touched off the swivel while Romaine keeps his weight on the pole, holding the boat against the current. Men are swimming around the boat now, some of them clambering on board. Two dripping men who have already made it give them hands and drag them aboard, while Teal Eye runs around throwing ropes over the side for others to grab as they swim in. How many are killed, how many missing, we have no idea. The yells of the Indians continue fiercely and now we hear the crack-crack of louder rifles.
- 390 NEAR SHOT BOW - JOURDONNAIS has rammed another charge into the swivel gun and trains it high towards the woods where the yells sound loudest, takes the stub of cigar from his teeth and touches it to the gun. It booms and jumps as smoke spurts out.
- 391 MANDAN as the smoke rolls aft and clouds the whole boat from view, even the fagged swimmers who are being pulled aboard or still struggling towards the boat. This smoke curtain makes a SLOW DISSOLVE as the sounds of battle die away.
- 392 NIGHT - MED. LONG SHOT - MANDAN tied up at a narrow sandspit in mid-river. Only a few bushes and some driftwood on the bar. We can see the water glimmering in moonlight on both sides. The Mandan is a ghostly shape and the scene is utterly silent. In foreground on the sandbar we see a campfire of driftwood and three figures silhouetted by the blaze, two standing with their rifles watching the dark shores while the third is squatted close to the fire with his back to us. The three figures are Zeb, Jourdonnais and Poordevil.
- 393 LOW CAMERA ON WATER SHOOTING TOWARDS a dark object moving on water - a log moving in. The moonlight sprinkles around it and we catch the glint of a rifle held on top of the log to keep it dry - a man holding it while he swims with the other arm stealthily. An Indian?
- 394 ON SANDBAR - CLOSE ON ZEB, JOURDONNAIS and the squatted Poordevil by the fire. Zeb hears a splash and jerks his rifle as he turns. Poordevil scrambles to his feet

(CONTINUED)

394 (CONTINUED)

with his rifle. Jourdonnais lifts his gun. As Zeb sights along his gun, his finger on the trigger, we hear the WHISTLE of a curlew - and Zeb doesn't shoot, seeing -

395 BOONE as he stands up in waist-deep water, takes his rifle and gives log a shove toward sandbar, wading in swiftly after it toward sandbar. He steps out on dry sand and CAMERA SWINGS ON HIM to take in the three astonished men by campfire, who have lowered their guns. Poordevil, grinning and chuckling, thumps the dripping Boone on the back joyously. Jourdonnais just stares. Zeb tries to hide his delight behind a sarcastic countenance - but doesn't succeed very well.

ZEB (644)

Be dogged if a bad penny don't
always turn up. Good thing
you whistled.

BOONE (645)

Wouldn't of knowed where you was
if I hadn't seen this fire.

ZEB (646)

What you think we made it for?
Where's Deakins?

BOONE (647)

(reacts)
Ain't he here?

He looks at their silent faces. Jourdonnais shrugs, his expression gloomy and embittered.

ZEB (648)

(finally)
Blamed idjit run smack into them
Crows. Me and Poordevil couldn't
ketch him.

Boone stares at the fire a moment, warming his hands.

BOONE (649)

How many missin' - besides Deakins?

ZEB (650)

Five.

JOURDONNAIS (651)

(heavily)
Also two wounded.

(CONTINUED)

395 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (652)

(bitingly)

We was lucky not to git wiped
out. Mebbe next time you'll
listen to this child.

Jourdonnais gestures with gloomy apology as Boone turns
and stares off at the dark north shore, puzzled by
something.

BOONE (653)

Uncle Zeb,

ZEB (654)

Hmmm?

BOONE (655)

How come Crows is on the north
side of the river. Don't the
Blackfeet claim it?

ZEB (656)

(growls disgustedly)

Sure. That's why the Crows
sneaked over last night - to
ketch us sleepin'. Had a hunch
they was gonna set an ambush
somewheres.

Boone, staring off at the shore, suddenly whistles like
a curlew. Zeb looks at him understandingly and there
is no sarcasm in his tone now, a rough sympathy in his
voice -

ZEB (cont'd)

Ain't no use, Boone. Might of
been you instead of Deakins.
Better turn in on the boat. You
too, Jourdonnais. Me and the
Injun'll stand watch till Romaine
spells us.

Jourdonnais grunts and gloomily heads for the boat
tied at the lower end of the sand spit. Boone trudges
after him, Zeb's gaze following him.

396

BOAT as Jourdonnais and Boone climb on board. In the
darkness we hear a man stir and groan. Jourdonnais
goes aft past the cargo-box, Boone following. As he
goes past the door a hand reaches out and grabs him.

397 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE AT DOOR OF CARGO-BOX as he faces Teal Eye in the moonlight. Her eyes glint anxiously as she tries to ask about Deakins. Only because Boone also has Deakins on his mind does he understand her soft words and signs.

BOONE (657)

Deakins?

She nods. He shakes his head and points off at the north shore. They both look off at the foreboding dark shore -

LAP

398 THE CAMPFIRE ON THE SAND SPIT - A SOLITARY HUGE FIGURE, ROMAINE, stands guard. He stoops and throws more driftwood on the fire. As it blazes up he straightens quickly to look toward boat. Boone enters casually, rifle in hand. Romaine grunts -

ROMAINE (658)

No sleep?

BOONE (659)

Thought I'd keep you company.

ROMAINE (660)

Bon!

He stoops, gets an ember to light his pipe as Boone saunters on up sand-spit.

399 UP-RIVER END OF SAND SPIT as Boone saunters in TOWARDS CAMERA, silhouetted against fireglow in background. He stops and glances back at Romaine who is outlined blackly against fire as he tosses on more sticks. Boone stoops and CAMERA PANS DOWN to what he finds - the log he'd shoved in ahead of him on his swim out.

400 ON BOAT - CLOSE SHOT TEAL EYE on the passe avant, watching up river PAST CAMERA at -

401 MED. LONG SHOT FROM HER ANGLE - WE SEE BOONE beyond the fire at which Romaine sits facing us. He is wading out into water, pushing log before him, holding his rifle on the log, caught in the moon-track on the water

402 CLOSE ON TEAL EYE as she reacts. Not startled, not frightened, but glad, her eyes glinting with fierce pride, watching -

403 BOONE as he reaches waist-deep water, still in the bright moon-track. He starts swimming and vanishes into darkness toward the north bank.

404 TEAL EYE as she reacts, then kneels down on the passe avant and lowers herself over the side. We hear a faint splash.

LAP

405 DARK NORTH SHORE OF RIVER. We see the water surface break, catching a sprinkle of moonlight as Boone lets himself down in shoulder-deep water, his powder horn looped on his head to keep it dry. He takes his rifle, shoves the log away into deeper water and holding his rifle above his head wades out TO CAMERA. Steps on dry ground, dripping as he looks around cautiously. Whistles his curlew whistle. No answer but the distant hoot of an owl. He stealthily climbs up bank.

406 TOP OF BANK - BOONE enters from BEHIND CAMERA, stops and whistles softly. No answer. He disappears into the dark forbidding forest.

407 SHORE - SHOOTING OUT TOWARDS MOON-TRACK AGAIN we see the water ripple and break as a dark shape swims toward the spot where Boone came ashore. Teal Eye wades in TO CAMERA, outlined against the glimmering water. As she comes IN CLOSE we hear Boone's curlew whistle. Swiftly she climbs up the bank into the dark forest.

408 OPEN GLADE IN WOODS. We hear Boone's whistle and then see him as he emerges from the gloom of the woods, stepping into moonlight as he comes NEAR CAMERA. Suddenly hears something in the woods behind him, turns swiftly, bringing up his rifle.

409 REVERSE - CLOSE ON BOONE as he sees something move and raises his rifle to shoot.

410 REVERSE AT DARK WOODS as Teal Eye steps out of inky shadows into moonlight.

411 REVERSE - CLOSE ON BOONE'S STARTLED FACE as he just keeps from pulling trigger. His expression says, "Oh my God."

412

TEAL EYE as she comes forward swiftly. CAMERA SWINGS TO BRING IN BOONE dumbfounded as he looks at her in CLOSE TWO SHOT. His expression says more than words. Mutters angrily under his breath -

BOONE (661)

If you ain't a crazy little
Injun!

(motions to her
to beat it)

Git on back 'fore I spank you!

She makes an impatient sign for him to go ahead, she'll follow. He stares at her bitterly, his growl just audible -

BOONE (cont'd)

Don't you hear me? Git back
to that boat!

She says something low but imperative, her eyes angry as she motions him to move on. He motions the other way vehemently - exasperatedly -

BOONE (cont'd)

Don't you understand plain --
plain --

("English" doesn't
sound right and he
says through his
teeth)

How's a man gonna talk to you?

(louder)

Git on back!

Swiftly she puts her hand over his lips to hush him. He glowers helplessly.

BOONE (cont'd)

You're gonna get us both killed.
(helplessly as he
decides to try
honey if vinegar
won't work)

Now be a good little Injun and
go back to the boat. Go on now.

She motions him to get going and he gives up, realizing uneasily they are both standing exposed in the moonlight. He mutters bitterly as he starts on -

BOONE (cont'd)

Oh what's the use!

(CONTINUED)

412 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA TRUCKS BEFORE HIM as she catches up eagerly. He stops and looks at her helplessly, muttering under his breath -

BOONE (cont'd)

You ain't even got a gun.

(pulls his knife
from its sheath
and offers it
angrily)

Here, blast you!

Her face lights up and she shakes her head and pulls Deakins' knife from her blouse. Shows it happily. That's really the topper for Boone. He stares at her indignantly - helplessly -

BOONE (cont'd)

If you ain't a pain in the neck!

Sheathes his knife and strides on. She trots at his side eagerly.

LAP

413 IN WOODS FURTHER DOWN. The darkness is flecked with patches of moonlight falling through the trees. We hear the curlew whistle and then Boone steps out TOWARDS CAMERA with Teal Eye. They come IN CLOSE and stop. He whistles again and they listen. Then - like a faint echo - the whistle floats back to him. They react. Boone moves off PAST CAMERA with Teal Eye trotting at his side excitedly -

414 IN MOON-FLECKED WOODS FURTHER ON. SHOOTING TOWARDS DARKNESS we hear Boone's curlew whistle. We hear a scratching sound VERY CLOSE and CAMERA PANS DOWN ON A BIG FALLEN TREE. A clawing sound as of an animal crawling up the other side of the log. Then a man's right hand reaches up the other side of the big log, clawing at the bark for support. We think it is an Indian. Another hand comes up INTO CAMERA - a left hand - and the third finger is missing! There is a gasping sound as the curlew whistle is heard nearer, and Deakins pulls himself up into view, swaying on his feet as if he were dead drunk. His face is white and blank in the patch of moonlight. As he stands swaying the curlew whistle is heard very close and Deakins tries to whistle, like an automaton, but can't make it. He turns and staggers away from the tree and falls flat on his face.

415 SHOOTING ACROSS DEAKINS' COLLAPSED FIGURE we hear Boone's whistle quite near. Then Boone and Teal Eye come out of darkness swiftly TOWARDS CAMERA. They stop ten feet away and look around. They cannot see Deakins sheltered by a clump of wood-fern where he has fallen. Boone whistles but Deakins is unconscious. As they turn away Deakins tries to get up again. Boone hears the rustle and whirls around. He sees a swaying figure crawling drunkenly towards him like a half-dead bear. Swiftly he lowers his gun as Teal Eye runs forward to Deakins.

416 CLOSE ANGLE as Teal Eye drops on her knees beside Deakins in foreground and Boone enters swiftly. He stoops and they roll Deakins over on his back. He is unconscious. Boone runs his hand down Deakins' thigh and lifts his hand into moonlight, feeling it wet. His hand is bloody. Teal Eye's expression is very different from what it was when Boone was wounded and she tended him. Her face is full of tenderness and anxiety as she feels his blank cold face. Boone calls under his breath, trying to rouse him -

BOONE (662)

Deakins!

But it's like trying to rouse a dead man. He gets up swiftly and exits as Teal Eye examines Deakins' wound.

417 LOW CAMERA ON BOONE as he stoops in nearby where there are some leaves and scoops dry leaves into a little mound. Pours on powder from his powder-horn, takes flint and steel from his pocket. Tries to strike it. The flint is wet and only a few sparks fly towards the powder. As he tries again the girl reaches in swiftly and stops him. They are in CLOSE TWO SHOT now. She says something in Blackfoot. He speaks even though he knows she cannot understand.

BOONE (663)

Got to make fire. Him cold.

He strikes the flint but she stops him again, repeating a Blackfoot word impatiently. He looks at her, trying to understand -

BOONE (cont'd)

Crows?

(she nods)

Got to take a chance, little

Injun.

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

417 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (cont'd)

(points off at
Deakins, trying
to make her
understand)

Him cold. Die. Make fire.
Keep warm.

He strikes at the flint again, but this time she reaches down and knocks the mound of leaves and powder flying, looking at him as if he were the village idiot. He looks at her with futile exasperation, talking to himself as he growls at her -

BOONE (cont'd)

You're a big help, ain't you!
Can't you see he won't last the
night if we don't keep him warm?

She gets up impatiently and exits to where Deakins lies. Boone, still crouched down by his destroyed fire, watches her with a frown. CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM. Suddenly his frown fades and his face fills with astonishment as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

418

DAY - IN WOODS BY FALLEN TREE - DEAKINS AND TEAL EYE. Deakins sits on the ground, propped against the fallen tree, his face very pale as he silently watches Teal Eye who sits on the tree beside him fastening on her buckskin belt. Boone, who has been reconnoitering, walks in noiselessly from woods on other side of fallen tree. The sun is just rising and the forest is alive with bird-song and the barking of squirrels. A squirrel runs in along the fallen tree, looks at Teal Eye, then scampers out again. Boone steps to the tree, swings his legs across it and sits on the other side of Deakins from Teal Eye as she finishes fastening her belt.

BOONE (664)

Sun's warmin' up now.

DEAKINS (665)

(mutters weakly)

Feels colder to me. How'd you
find me?

BOONE (666)

(casually)

You're pretty weak. Lost a lot
of blood.

(CONTINUED)

418 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (667)

How'd you find me?

BOONE (668)

Question now is how to get you
back to the boat.

DEAKINS (669)

How'd you find me?

BOONE (670)

Think you can walk?

DEAKINS (671)

How'd you find me?

BOONE (672)

Little Injun found you.

DEAKINS (673)

(hating his help)

Thought I heard you whistle.

BOONE (674)

You must of been dreamin'.
Come on, let's see if you can
stand up.

Deakins tries but it's plain he can't. He gasps, his
face wrenched with pain, and pushes Boone away as he
sinks back, speaking with the irritability of the very
sick.

DEAKINS (675)

Leave me here and get her back
to the boat. Zeb can come and
git me.

BOONE (676)

(sarcastic)

Didn't think you was such a
quitter.

DEAKINS (677)

(angrily)

I'll remember that. Go on, get
her back to the boat. You know
what those Crows would do to a
Blackfoot.

BOONE (678)

Come on now, don't be yellow --

(CONTINUED)

418 (CONTINUED)

At that instant we hear the distant BOOM of the Mandan's swivel gun. They look off startledly as it reverberates through the woods.

BOONE (cont'd)

Swivel gun! They must be lookin' for us! Wait here!

He leaves his rifle leant against the log beside Deakins, leaps over the fallen tree and sets off at a run through the woods as the swivel gun booms again. Deakins, strengthened by the realization that now they'll be saved and Zeb will soon show up with Boone, looks up at Teal Eye - and all his irritability vanishes, his love unconcealed now they're alone.

DEAKINS (679)

So you're the one found me.
(smiles weakly)

Thanks. Thanks for what you did last night too. When I woke up I thought I was dreamin'.

She crouches down beside him, trying to understand. He reaches out and catches her slim brown hand, though it's an effort.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Listen, Teal Eye. If I come out of this I'm going to learn to talk to you. I've got a heap of things to tell you.

She doesn't understand but she smiles and feels his face for fever, and sick as he is Deakins looks a pretty happy man. The gun BOOMS again.

419 EDGE OF RIVER as Boone runs in TOWARDS CAMERA and sprints into the shallow water to look up-river as we hear another, louder BOOM from the swivel gun. He sees-

420 LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN way up river, sail hoisted up, and now there is a fusillade of rifle-fire as we see a score of Indians milling around between the north bank and the keelboat on their horses. The swivel gun spurts a cloud of smoke again and we see the Indians break and gallop for the wooded bank.

421 CLOSE ON BOONE as he watches for a frozen second, then sprints AWAY FROM CAMERA back into woods.

LAP

422 IN WOODS - MOVING THREE SHOT. A slow painful progress as Boone supports the almost dead weight of Deakins. He grips Deakins' wrist over his left shoulder, his right arm around Deakins' waist. Teal Eye carries Boone's rifle, trying to help Deakins from the other side. Boone is almost all in, his face beaded with sweat. But Deakins, his face twisted with pain, gives out first. His head falls forward and he sags as he passes out again. Boone lowers him to the ground with a beaten expression. Teal Eye stoops over him. There is nothing weak, nothing frightened or discouraged about the Indian girl. She is as calm and resourceful as a man. She looks up reassuringly at Boone and then watches Deakins as his eyes open slowly, exhaustedly. His lips move, his voice hardly audible as Boone and the girl stoop over him.

DEAKINS (680)

Go on. Leave me.

BOONE (681)

You're doin' fine.

Deakins' eyes rove from the girl's face to Boone's. He feels so tired, almost peaceful lying there.

DEAKINS (682)

If you don't ketch up with the boat --

BOONE (683)

(casually - but
goads him)

Always did think you was yellow.
You ain't got as much nerve as
the little Injun.

DEAKINS (684)

(glowers)

You wouldn't say that if I was
on my feet.

BOONE (685)

Well get on your feet then!

He heaves him up, his arm going around Deakins as Teal Eye helps. They move on draggingly.

LAP

- 423 MED. LONG SHOT of the three as they move slowly along the bank of a stream that races down over boulders and ledges as it drops toward the Missouri to which it is tributary. The three figures are outlined blackly against the white tumbling water. As CAMERA SWINGS ON THEM it takes in a waterfall that spills off a high stone ledge and boils into a pool.
- 424 NEAR SHOT as they move along edge of the rushing rapids below waterfall. Boone pauses to get a better hold on Deakins. Teal Eye looks back and motions to Boone quickly. He looks back to see -
- 425 FAIRLY LONG SHOT of a couple of Crows as they put their horses down the far bank on the other side and turn downstream to find a place to cross.
- 426 CLOSE ON TEAL EYE AND BOONE as they crane round looking ahead frantically. Deakins is too far gone to notice notice or care. Boone pulls him onto his back and breaks into a staggering run with Teal Eye at his side, helping hold Deakins. We see them reach the waterfall, swing round to look back, and then seemingly disappear right into the waterfall.
- 427 CAVERN BEHIND THE SHEET OF FALLING WATER. There is a cave-like recess, only a few inches of water on the stone floor. The light is dim and wavering as it passes through the rippling sheet. Boone is almost exhausted as he lugs Deakins in and lowers him at the back of the cave. He and Teal Eye turn to look out at -
- 428 SHOT THROUGH FALLING WATER. Waveringly we see the foaming pool and the rapids below. Then through the curtain of water we see the wavering images of half a dozen Crows as they canter in along the right bank, looking for a place to cross. They find it just below the pool, where gravel has been kicked up to make shallows, and they put their horses across.
- 429 CLOSE SHOT THROUGH CURTAIN OF WATER - THE WATCHING FACES of Teal Eye and Boone as they see -
- 430 THROUGH WATER AN ENDLESS FILE OF CROWS as they cross the stream swiftly on their horses.

431 HIGH LEDGE OF ROCK ABOVE THE RIVER. BOONE AND TEAL EYE climb into view through a narrow cleft with Deakins between them. They lean him back against a rock face that rises still higher. Boone indicates off and they all look down at -

432 LONG DOWNWARD SHOT of a file of Crows crossing the Missouri back to the south shore. The figures are small and black against the water. The sun is setting, giving a fine effect. The Indians walk their horses as far as they can and then the horses swim and the line angles downstream with the current, emerging to shallow water further down.

433 BOONE, TEAL EYE AND DEAKINS as they watch. It doesn't mean much to Deakins, he is so used up.

DEAKINS (686)

Crows?

BOONE (687)

(nods)

Goin' back to their own side..

DEAKINS (688)

We better keep movin'..

BOONE (689)

Not if I can help it.. You're all in. So are we..

(sees something)

Wait a minute -..

He moves off from them along the perpendicular face of rock, CAMERA MOVING BEFORE HIM. He stops and CAMERA PANS to what he has seen - the mouth of a cave.. Boone ducks into its dark interior..

LAP

434 NIGHT - INT. OF CAVE. By the light of a fire Boone is feeding we see him and Teal Eye and Deakins.. Deakins leans back against rock wall near fire, Teal Eye on her knees examining his wound.. The cave is higher than a man's head at this end and a chimney goes up through the rocks to carry off smoke. Cave is L-shaped, this section at bottom of the L, the cave mouth at the top of L, so that firelight cannot be seen outside.. Deakins is annoyed as he watches Boone feed more sticks on the blazing fire, and now he vents his secret irritation -

(CONTINUED)

434 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (690)

What about them Injuns camped
across the river?

BOONE (691)

What about 'em?

DEAKINS (692)

Do we have to have a fire?

BOONE (693)

They can't see it.

DEAKINS (694)

You don't know much about Injuns.

BOONE (695)

(looks round
at Teal Eye)

I keep learnin'. Can't let you
get cold again tonight.

DEAKINS (696)

I wasn't cold last night, when
I come to.

BOONE (697)

That's what I mean.

(starts whetting
his knife)

Got to get that bullet out of you.

DEAKINS (698)

(growls)
I'll get it out myself.

BOONE (699)

(holds knife
point in flame)

You might cut yourself. These
things are dangerous. I still
got a sore back from one of 'em.

As he advances Deakins flinches away with alarm and
Teal Eye turns to see Boone coming with the knife.

DEAKINS (700)

Keep away with that thing.

BOONE (701)

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

434 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (702)

I'm better off with a bullet in me.

Boone moves in but stops short, for Teal Eye pulls Beakins' knife from her blouse as she says something in Blackfoot very sternly to Boone. Sheepishly he sheathes his knife as Deakins looks immensely relieved, if somewhat astonished.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

Hey, that's my own knife, ain't it?

BOONE (703)

(growls)

Yeah, you didn't do any Indian givin'. What she takes she takes for keeps.

Deakins smiles at Teal Eye admiringly as she bends over him with the knife.

DEAKINS (704)

She'd be the same way with a man I bet.

His smile goes and he stiffens convulsively with pain as she digs in the knife and Boone grins, watching.

LAP

435

THREE SHOT after bullet is out. Deakins lies flat on his back near fire, his face beaded with sweat. Teal Eye bends over him tenderly, wiping the sweat from his face as Boone kneels by the fire, examining the bullet she has taken out.

BOONE (705)

Never seen one like it before.
Kind of funny shaped too.

DEAKINS (706)

(grunts painfully)

What?

BOONE (707)

Bullet.

(hands it over)

Look at the little marks on it.
Must be nicks from a bullet mould.

(CONTINUED)

435 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (708)

(examining it,
curiously)

Yeah.

Deakins is still studying the bullet, holding it over his face close to the fire, as Boone gets up casually.

BOONE (709)

Look, if I ain't back 'fore daylight you and her move on. I'll ketch you up the river a ways.

DEAKINS (710)

(astonished)

Where you goin'?

BOONE (711)

Down to the river. Look around.

He moves casually towards cave mouth as Deakins rears up on one elbow, seeing his rifle in the firelight leant against the cave wall.

DEAKINS (712)

Hey, take your rifle.

BOONE (713)

(turns and
grins at him)

I ain't gonna shoot while them Crows can hear me, am I?

And he exits as Deakins stares after him uneasily. Teal Eye, who hasn't understood a word, says a word and pushes him down again, wanting him to lie still. He stares at the ceiling sombrely, trying to figure it out, as Teal Eye mops his face again tenderly.

DEAKINS' VOICE (714)

I didn't know it, but the crazy fool was gonna cross the river and try to steal me a horse from those Injuns!

LAP

436

LONG NIGHT SHOT OF THE CROW VILLAGE. It is a fair-sized camp, about forty lodges, but the size of it is suggested, not seen - a few wigwams and the glow and smoke of many fires obscuring the rest. We hear Indian dogs barking.

(CONTINUED)

436 (CONTINUED)

Around a larger central fire we see men moving, many squatted down close to the fire, squaws slipping into the background, while a funeral chant wails up to the low monotonous thudding of hands beating on hollow logs. It is some kind of lamentation for the Crow warriors who have been killed in the abortive attack. We see the scene interruptedly, for a bunch of horses is drifting out to grass, cropping on the way and passing between CAMERA and the fires of the camp. The smart horses of the herd are hobbled, having to walk short or to lift up and lunge to get anywheres. A dark shape crawls in UNDER CAMERA and gradually becomes visible as a man's head and shoulders as they lift above the grass in foreground..

437 LOW CAMERA CLOSE ON BOONE'S FACE as he lifts his head, watching.. (The thudding beat and chant continue throughout sequence.)

438 WHAT HE SEES: HORSES as they move past slowly, outlined against the fires. CAMERA FINALLY CATCHES the best horse of the lot and SWINGS TO FOLLOW - A red horse with a narrow blaze, deep chest, legs quick and slender. It carries itself proud.. A prize horse - and hobbled.. It moves toward Boone..

439 CLOSE UP - Boone watching, his eyes catching the glow of the distant fires. He rises a little.. We see he has a rope in his hand, ready to flip the end over the arch of the horse's neck. Then we hear a snuffle of fright.

440 THE RED HORSE as it shies away and lunges with the hobbles, but moving quick and easy just the same.. Stops with his head high and turned, the firelight catching the white blaze..

441 INDIAN WIGWAM which is well away from the central fire.. Out of the shadows of the tent steps a solitary Crow, who has been watching the ceremony from a distance while keeping an eye on the herd. He steps off into darkness, going slow and watchful..

442 THE RED HORSE outlined against the distant fires as it wheels round nervously, then starts cropping grass again.. The next instant Boone rises from the dark grass, flips the rope over the arch of the neck and

(CONTINUED)

442 (CONTINUED)

catches the end beneath the throat, hanging on as the red horse snorts and rears and tries to spin. It is all dimly seen, and very swift, but we hear Boone's breath grunt out of him and his arms nearly start from their sockets as he is jerked ahead. Then he catches his feet and holds still while the horse stands stiff and scared. The beat and chant of the village continue mournfully.

443 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE AND THE HORSE, seen dimly against the fires of the village as Boone's hand goes out and strikes the red horse's neck, feeling the muscles quiver. He hears something and turns. Stares off into darkness. He can't let go of his horse now. Swiftly he stoops and runs the free end of the stolen lariat under the hobbles and, pulling strong and slow, brings the head down and ties a knot to hold it there. He reaches for his knife as he backs off around the horse, which stands stock-still.

444 DIM SHOT AMONG THE HORSES as the thudding chant continues and we see a movement like a piece of darkness dividing itself, like a piece breaking off and coming on by itself. Now we see the Indian who left his tepee, moving slow and watchful.

445 NEAR SHOT - BOONE near the black shape of a horse as it lifts its head quickly. Boone looks where the horse is looking PAST CAMERA.

446 WHAT HE SEES: THE SOLITARY CROW as he steps round another horse and comes slowly straight towards Boone.

447 BOONE as he stoops, picks up a rock and flings it into darkness over the Indian's head.

448 NEAR SHOT - CROW as he hears the plop of the stone and a startled horse behind him. He turns, his war-ax ready. Out of pitch darkness in the other direction Boone leaps on him. His left arm goes around the neck of the Crow, under the chin, clamping off the cry that struggles in the throat, and his knife drives deep. The Crow's knees fold under him and Boone lets him sink. Still the mournful beat of drums and the wailing chant continue. Boone runs for -

449 THE RED HORSE as Boone enters swiftly, cuts the
hobbles, unties the lariat and, not daring to mount
yet, slips out swiftly leading the horse. The chant
continues as darkness swallows them up.

LAP

450 DAY - MED. LONG SHOT - DEAKINS on the red horse,
leaning over weakly but hanging on, as Boone leads, the
horse by the crude rawhide bridle he has fashioned,
carrying his rifle in the other hand. Teal Eye walks
beside the horse, one hand steadying Deakins.

DEAKINS' VOICE (715)

He never did tell me how he got
that horse, but the way he was
in a hurry to git moving right
away gave me a hunch it hadn't
been so easy as he let on.

LAP

451 ALONG EDGE OF RIVER. MOVING SHOT OF THE TRIO moving
along as before, though Deakins sits straighter,
looking stronger. Beyond them we see the river and
the far shore and mountains rising to snow. Teal Eye,
no longer having to hold Deakins on, leads the horse
now while Boone travels a little ahead, his rifle ready.

DEAKINS' VOICE (716)

Each day I was getting stronger.
But we couldn't ketch up with
the keelboat.

LAP

452 LITTLE CAMP ON THE BANK. Teal Eye stoops by the fire,
roasting meat on sticks, with an eye on Deakins who
lies nearby, leaning back against a log filling his
pipe, a half-cured deerskin over his legs. They are
at the edge of the river, the water gleaming where it
catches firelight. Near the fire we see the antlered
head and carcass of an elk Boone has killed and cut the
best meat from for the meal. Deakins is watching Teal
Eye's intent face bright in the fireglow as Boone enter
from the darkness where the red horse is tethered with
an armload of wood.

DEAKINS' VOICE (717)

We were gettin' up into Blackfoot
country now - and still no trace
of the Mandan. I was gettin'
worried and I guess Boone knew it.

(CONTINUED)

452 (CONTINUED)

Boone takes a brand from the fire and hands it to Deakins to light his pipe, speaking casually with put-on cheerfulness.

BOONE (718)

Zeb's gonna be mighty surprised
when we show up.

DEAKINS (719)

You figure we'll find 'em
tomorrow?

BOONE (720)

Day or two after maybe.

Teal Eye hands Deakins a strip of roasted meat on a stick, then adjusts the deerskin over his wounded leg as we -

LAP

453 LATER - THE THREE SLEEPERS AROUND BURNED-DOWN FIRE. Deakins has the deerskins tucked around him, sleeping deeply. Boone is stretched alongside the log. He has laid out juniper branches across him and the log, but he's pretty cold. He has built a little lean-to for Teal-Eye - poles propped on the ground with branches piled on top. She lies under this with her moccasined feet to the fire, Indian fashion. Night sounds - an owl, the splash of a fish, distant howling of wolves. Boone stirs with the cold, pushes off the juniper branches and gets up, crouches at the fire to warm himself. Throws on a few more sticks and the flames crackle up. He looks off at -

454 TEAL EYE UNDER HER LITTLE LEAN-TO. The knife she carries has slipped from her blouse and glints in the firelight beside her. Boone's arm reaches in and picks it up.

455 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE crouched beside her as he looks at the knife in his hands - thinking how it nearly killed him. He sees her stir and quickly puts the knife behind him as Teal Eye sits up, startled to find him so close. With his free hand he reaches out and catches her hand. Swiftly she reaches into her blouse for the knife - but it's not there! He grins and pulls her knife from behind him. Holds it out to her and - slowly - she takes it, watching him with her strange wild eyes. He mutters softly, amused -

(CONTINUED)

455 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (721)

Bet you'd cut me again, little
Injun.

She watches as he moves back to the log, lies down and
pulls the juniper branches over him. She keeps
watching him as we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

456 DAY - MED. LONG SHOT OF TRIO moving along north edge of
river which stretches out wide and lonely in the
background. Deakins sits the horse strongly now, the
rawhide reins in his hand. Teal Eye follows behind the
horse, Boone well ahead as they travel more swiftly.

DEAKINS' VOICE (722)

Well, we didn't find the Mandan
next day, nor the day after -
nor the week after that.

457 EDGE OF RIVER as they come TOWARDS CAMERA, keeping close
to the water. Boone, well ahead with his rifle, PASSES
CAMERA. As Deakins comes near, on the horse with Teal
Eye walking beside him, he suddenly reins in and slides
off the horse. He motions for her to get on and ride.

DEAKINS (723)

Get on.

(she shakes her head)

Look, I'm all right. Get on.
Ride.

She makes a stern sign for him to get back on the horse
and when he grabs her arm and tries to lift her on, she
breaks away and runs ahead PAST CAMERA to make him ride.
He looks after her helplessly - and starts leading the
horse on to catch up with her. Here's a girl with a
mind of her own, doggone it!

LAP

458 DEAKINS AND TEAL EYE coming along bank through some
bushes - and Teal Eye is riding! Deakins walks beside
her, looking stronger. As they NEAR CAMERA they hear
Boone's call -

BOONE'S VOICE (724)

Deakins!

(CONTINUED)

458 (CONTINUED)

Deakins quickly turns a little and heads through some bushes which screen the river, followed by Teal Eye on the horse.

459 EDGE OF WATER - BOONE wading out of shallow water with an object he has fished out as Deakins swiftly comes through bushes followed by Teal Eye. They look with astonishment at what Boone sets down - a whiskey keg.

DEAKINS (725)

Where'd you find it?

BOONE (726)

Seen it floatin' past.

DEAKINS (727)

(brightens)

They throwed it off the boat.
Mandan must be just ahead.

BOONE (728)

It's full. Can you see Zeb
throwin' away good whiskey?

Deakins cannot, but he tries to make a joke.

DEAKINS (729)

Might be his way of sendin'
us a drink. Let's tap it.

BOONE (730)

Look out there.

They look out in river where he points -

460 A TRAIL OF WHISKEY KEGS floating down river, bobbing past now.

461 THREE SHOT as they stare at the kegs uneasily. Boone snaps them out of it, decisively -

BOONE (731)

We better get movin' fast.

He strides on up the bank and a worried Deakins follows with Teal Eye.

LAP

462 HIGH WOODED BANK as they emerge from undergrowth and come on swiftly TOWARDS CAMERA. As Boone comes IN CLOSE he sees something down on the river ahead and raises his rifle in a warning gesture. They halt, looking down at -

463 LONG PICTURESQUE DOWNWARD SHOT - Six figures on horses are moving out into river from the opposite shore a hundred yards upstream.

464 BOONE, DEAKINS AND TEAL EYE as they watch tensely.

DEAKINS (732)

Crows?

BOONE (733)

Maybe.

465 LONG DOWNWARD SHOT ON RIVER - Horses are swimming now, the riders pulled alongside holding rifles on top of the saddles. Current sweeps them past the watchers.

466 CLOSE ON BOONE, DEAKINS AND TEAL EYE watching. She slides off the horse as Boone grabs the bridle and leads it into a thicket.

LAP

467 DOWNWARD SHOT ACROSS DEAKINS, BOONE AND TEAL EYE lying on the edge of the high bank, watching. The current has swept the horsemen to a point below them, and now the riders come into view as they skirt the water, cantering upstream. They are white men! As the leader passes he jerks off his hat and shakes water out of it. His black hair has a white plume in it! The other five men we don't recognize but they look tough.

468 CLOSE INTO THE THREE FACES watching down UNDER CAMERA as we hear the cantering horses pass on the gravel below.

DEAKINS (734)

(bewilderedly)

Streak! What they doin' way up here?

Boone shakes his head. He doesn't know what the hell to make of it. It doesn't make sense.

LAP

469 THE TRIO as they move along bank, level with the river again. Teal Eye is on the horse, Boone and Deakins walking swiftly ahead.

DEAKINS' VOICE (735)

We couldn't figure it out, but
we knew something was wrong.

LAP

470 NIGHT - WOODS ABOVE THE RIVER as we see Boone and Deakins come out around a thicket with Teal Eye.

DEAKINS' VOICE (736)

We pushed on lickety-split, and
a few hours after dark we found
the Mandan.

They halt NEAR CAMERA, looking off at -

471 LONG SHOT DOWN ON THE MANDAN'S CAMP. We see a campfire, men moving around it and the boat at the bank.

472 CLOSE ON BOONE, DEAKINS AND TEAL EYE watching. Deakins starts to move forward but Boone catches his arm and whistles like a curlew, watching the camp below.

473 NIGHT CAMP OF THE MANDAN - FULL SHOT. The Mandan's crew are a dispirited group. They are gathered around the fire, some of them on the boat at the bank, watching Jourdonnais and Romaine in heated argument with Streak, caught bright in the light of the blazing campfire beside which they stand. Streak's men are standing around watchfully on the other side of the fire. CAMERA SHOOTs CLOSE PAST two figures who are seated on kegs with their backs to us, outlined against the firelit scene. As Boone's curlew whistle is heard above the mumble of Jourdonnais' and Streak's voices, one of the figures turns and we see Zeb's face.

474 CLOSE ON ZEB as he looks round and the figure beside him does likewise - Poordevil. Zeb gets up, with a cautious glance off at the men at fire. Poordevil starts to follow but Zeb motions him to wait and the Indian stops. As Zeb exits we hear the curlew whistle again.

475 NEAR WOODS ABOVE THE CAMP - Out of the gloom we see Boone and Deakins as they come DOWN TO CAMERA.

476 REVERSE - SHOOTING PAST THEM we see Zeb coming up the open rise of ground, the campfire and river a couple of hundred feet below him. He holds his rifle ready, but as he steps IN NEAR CAMERA he lowers his rifle and his jaw falls as he stares at -

477 PAST ZEB AT BOONE AND DEAKINS who confront him, a wall of darkness behind them.

ZEB (737)

Well I be dogged!

478 CLOSE THREE SHOT from side as they close in. They speak rapidly in low sharp voices -

ZEB (738)

(bewilderedly)

Figgered you was both dead.
How'd you git here?

DEAKINS (739)

Tell you later. What's happened?

BOONE (740)

What's Streak doin' here?

ZEB (741)

Tryin' to buy out Jourdonnais.

DEAKINS (742)

(blankly)

Buy the boat?

ZEB (743)

(disgustedly)

Lock, stock and bar'l. All
except the whiskey.

(angrily)

Danged if Jourdonnais didn't
throw most of the whiskey
overboard. Plumb lost his head!

BOONE (744)

(impatiently)

What happened?

ZEB (745)

Hit a rock and snagged a hole in
the boat. Wasn't no danger if
Jourdonnais didn't get so excited.

(disgustedly)

Throwin' off good whiskey when
all we had to do was run the boat
aground. We'll have her patched
up good as new by mornin'.

(CONTINUED)

478 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (746)

How come he's sellin' out then?

ZEB (747)

Losin' Teal Eye took the heart right out of him. Then after the second Crow attack his men got rattled and he had to kill a man to keep 'em from turnin' back. Yesterday we snagged a rock and he near lost his boat. He's like a man goin' down for the third time - and Streak is makin' promises I know McMasters don't aim to keep.

(bitterly)

I ain't blamin' Jourdonnais.
If he hadn't lost Teal Eye -

He breaks off because Boone has whistled softly towards the darkness behind him. Zeb peers startledly -

ZEB (748)

Some one with you?

479

SHOOTING UP AT WOODS we hear a horse and the next instant Teal Eye rides out of darkness and reins in.

480

CLOSE GROUP SHOT as Zeb stares at her in stupefaction as she slides off and embraces him.

ZEB (749)

Well I be double dogged!

DEAKINS (750)

(grins happily as
he looks at the girl)

She saved my life, Zeb. That's how you lost her.

ZEB (751)

(groggily)

If you two got any more miracles up your sleeve, jest wait'll I ketch my breath.

DEAKINS (752)

(telling him
another)

Well, we knew we'd find Streak here.

(CONTINUED)

480 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (753)

How?

DEAKINS (754)

We saw him come across the river
from the south side.

ZEB (755)

From where?

BOONE (756)

(reassuringly)

They didn't see us.

ZEB (757)

From the south side?

BOONE (758)

That's right.

ZEB (759)

(snaps)

No it ain't. It's wrong.
They'd of had to come right
through the Crows.

DEAKINS (760)

That's what they did.

BOONE (761)

We seen 'em.

ZEB (762)

(slowly)

Streak says they come up this
side. Never set foot in Crow
country.

BOONE (763)

What's he lyin' for?

They look at each other as a light breaks. Deakins
breaks the silence - to Boone:

DEAKINS (764)

One thing I didn't tell you.
'Fraid you'd think I was crazy.
After I was shot I crawled under
cover. Guess I was out of my
head, or maybe I was dreamin' -
but a couple of Injuns rode past,
lookin' for me, and I'd a swore
one of 'em had a white feather
in his hair - (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

480 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (cont'd)

(puts his finger
to his hairline
to match Streak's)

Right here.

They look at each other, their expressions growing grim.
Boone indicates the girl, to Zeb sharply -

BOONE (765)

Tell her to wait here till we
come back.

Zeb tells her in swift Blackfoot, she nods and without
another word the three men head down for the camp -

481

NIGHT CAMP OF THE MANDAN - FULL SHOT. Streak stands
talking to a gloomy Jourdonnais. His five company men
stand around in careless but watchful attitudes, their
rifles butt-down on the ground. The crew is reduced
now to twelve dirty, disheartened men. Romaine enters
to Jourdonnais with the whiskey jug and Jourdonnais
motions him to offer it to Streak, who tips it up for a
drink.

482

STREAK, JOURDONNAIS AND ROMAINE as Streak hands the jug
to Romaine, wipes his mouth with his hand and starts
filling his pipe, very friendly -

STREAK (766)

It's a fair offer, Jourdonnais.
You save your boat and get a
good price for your trade goods.
You know without the girl you
ain't got a chance with the
Blackfeet. Lose your scalps,
that's all. You know now
McMasters was tryin' to be your
friend when he warned you
against Injuns. He found out --

He breaks off, staring PAST CAMERA where Jourdonnais
and Romaine are already looking speechlessly - pop-eyed -

483

WHAT THEY SEE: ZEB, BOONE AND DEAKINS as they step into
the firelight from the direction of the woods. Members
of the crew get to their feet incredulously and everyone
stands as in a tableau. The three walk in past the fire
TOWARDS CAMERA, which SWINGS TO TAKE IN STREAK AND
JOURDONNAIS. Members of the crew crowd around
astonished, sensing something is going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

483 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (767)

(sarcastic)

Here's the boys you didn't want
to hire, Jourdonnais.

(to boys)

Guess you both know Streak.

BOONE (768)

(dryly)

Last time I seen him he was tryin'
to throw a knife at me.

STREAK (769)

(laughs warily)

You got me riled. That Injun
pointin' at my scalp. I didn't
realize he's cracked. Forget it.

He puts out his hand but neither Boone nor Deakins takes
it. Streak drops his hand, smiling good-naturedly -
with his mouth only, not his eyes.

STREAK (cont'd)

No use holdin' a grudge.
Business is business. You
licked us once. Now your
outfit's in trouble and we're
tryin' to help you.

DEAKINS (770)

How?

STREAK (771)

(disarmingly
good-natured)

McMasters warned you against
Injuns, didn't he? Couple days
after you pulled out we got word
the Crows was on the warpath.
Burnt a couple of our tradin'
posts. McMasters called every
company man back to the fort and
sent us on to warn you -

(regretfully)

But we was too late. Couldn't
ketch up till now.

DEAKINS (772)

(to Boone)

Sounds all right, don't it.

(CONTINUED)

483 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (773)

(not taking his
eyes from Streak)

Yeah.

STREAK (774)

(feels on sure
ground now)

Jourdonnais's agreed to let
bygones be bygones. He's
changed his mind about McMasters.
(to Jourdonnais)

Right?

Jourdonnais gloomily shrugs a kind of half-hearted
agreement and Streak expands as he looks at the boys -
sure of himself now.

STREAK (cont'd)

We figgered you'd appreciate
the chances we took followin'
you way up here. A man don't
find out who his friends are
till he's in trouble.

BOONE (775)

(abruptly)

Which side of the river'd you
come up on?

STREAK (776)

(his eyes dart
at Boone)

This side! Why?

BOONE (777)

You wasn't on the south side at
all?

STREAK (778)

(laughs warily)

You think we're crazy? These
Crows are mean when they cut
loose. I aim to keep my hair.

DEAKINS (779)

With a white feather in it?

Streak's smile vanishes and he looks at Deakins coldly.

STREAK (780)

I don't like remarks like that.

(CONTINUED)

483 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (781)

(to Jourdonnais -
diverting Streak)

We got the little Injun with us.

JOURDONNAIS (782)

(reacts - as
does Streak)

What you mean? Who?

BOONE (783)

The Blackfoot girl. Teal Eye.
We got her.

Jourdonnais stares at him speechlessly and Zeb chuckles.

ZEB (784)

Wouldn't believe it myself if I
hadn't just seen her.

STREAK (785)

(eagerly)

Where is she?

BOONE (786)

(casually)

Back in the woods.

(grins a little
as Streak looks
past him)

She won't come in till we call
her.

STREAK (787)

(swiftly readjusts
- to Jourdonnais,
very friendly)

Well, looks like we can make you
a better deal.

BOONE (788)

Have to make a deal with us first,
won't you?

STREAK (789)

How's that?

DEAKINS (790)

We figure we oughta get somethin'
for fetchin' her in.

JOURDONNAIS (791)

(excitedly - all
alive again)

Oui! C'est ca! I give! What
you want?

(CONTINUED)

483 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (792)
(sarcastically - not
forgetting his feud
with Jourdonnais)
From you, nothin'. You're sellin'
out. We're talkin' to him.

Indicates Streak who brightens up, feeling himself in a good trading position now, with unexpected allies.

STREAK (793)
Fair enough! I'll do you
better'n he will. How much
you want?

BOONE (794)
Nothin' much.

DEAKINS (795)
Just a few things we need.

BOONE (796)
First, we're out of lead. Can
you spare some bullets?

Streak relaxes, sensing a cheap bargain as he motions them with a friendly smile -

STREAK (797)
Come over to the fire.

He exits confidently and they follow him. Zeb grins sarcastically at the crestfallen Jourdonnais and steps after them.

484 WIDE ANGLE ON CAMP as they follow Streak to the bright fire and we see a curious maneuver going on around them - as if by instinct. Streak's men move in together on one side of the fire watchfully while Zeb makes covert signs to the boatmen gathered around in background and they move in casually around Zeb on the other side of the fire, rifles in hand - all watching the boys and Streak. Poordevil slides in near Zeb as the three central figures stop beside the fire and Deakins reaches down and gets a big firebrand to light his pipe.

485 NEAR SHOT - STREAK AND THE BOYS at the fire as Deakins lights his pipe, Streak watching them as he takes out his bullet pouch, fingering it, pleased with the bargain he's getting.

(CONTINUED)

485 (CONTINUED)

STREAK (798)

We're a mite short ourselves,
but I guess I got a couple
extry pounds of these in my
pack. That do you?

DEAKINS (799)

(hands
firebrand
to Boone)

Let's see one. See if they fit
our guns.

Streak pours a few from the pouch into Deakins' left
hand. Deakins takes one and drops it into his right
hand where he has the bullet taken from his leg. He
holds his hand to Boone who holds the firebrand close
as a torch. Streak watches them a little impatiently,
not wanting his bargain to cool -

STREAK (800)

What else you want?

DEAKINS (801)

(mutters to Boone)

Like two peas in a pod.

BOONE (802)

Ain't a doubt of it.

Streak watches them closely, suddenly suspicious,
sensing something wrong -

STREAK (803)

Satisfied?

BOONE (804)

We sure are.

He shoves the firebrand hard into Streak's face, and
the fight is on!

486 FULL SHOT - CAMP as everything happens at once - and
very fast. Streak springs fiercely at Boone and they
both go down into the fire, rolling out of it, coals
flying - and at the same moment guns start exploding
from Jourdonnais' side, while Zeb and Deakins kill two
of Streak's men who jump at them. Powder smoke rolls
over the scene and obscures it in three seconds as
guns still bang away within it.

- 487 LOW CAMERA - SHOOTING UNDER THE PALL OF ROLLING WHITE SMOKE we see Boone and Streak rolling in a savage deadly fight while around them are legs of the other combatants, sprawled dead bodies, and a couple more of Streak's men fall out of the smoke as guns explode. Coals scatter as Streak and Boone grapple and roll through the fire again.
- 488 CLOSE SHOT - LOW CAMERA AT EDGE OF FIRE as Boone and Streak roll CLOSE INTO CAMERA and we see Streak's knife glitter as he tries to drive it into Boone's side. Boone grabs his wrist and forces Streak's arm back into the hot coals - and the fingers open convulsively as the knife drops.
- 489 FULL SHOT OF THE CAMP - the shooting all over - and the smoke drifting away as Boone gets groggily to his feet from the dead Streak by the fire. We see Streak's men sprawled around on the ground. It has all happened so fast - much faster than the telling - and now there is an uncanny silence over the scene - broken suddenly by the gallop of a horse coming down toward the camp. The next instant Teal Eye gallops in past the edge of the fire and vanishes into the darkness up river as Deakins and Boone let out a yell after her -

BOYS (805)

Teal Eye!

But the galloping dies away in the darkness up river and everyone stands looking after it in consternation as we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

- 490 DAY - LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN being rowed up the narrowing and more shallow river, the banks very wild now, the big snow-capped mountains much nearer, the country more rugged and virginal than any we have seen.

DEAKINS' VOICE (806)

That took the heart out of Jourdonnais again - Teal Eye runnin' out on us when we'd almost got her home. But nothin' could stop old Zeb. He got the boat patched up and they pushed on up the river -

491 BANK ABOVE THE RIVER - DEAKINS AND BOONE riding two horses along a high bank, each leading a couple of other horses - the same horses we saw when Streak and his men passed the boys and Teal Eye.

DEAKINS' VOICE (807)

While me and Boone followed 'em
with Streak's horses. Wasn't
no use wastin' good horses.

492 NEAR SHOT - BOYS as they ride in TOWARD CAMERA. They look gloomy and down-hearted.

DEAKINS' VOICE (808)

I just couldn't understand
about Teal Eye. Boone kept
cussin' her out - sayin' Injuns
was all alike and a man couldn't
trust 'em.

As they come IN CLOSE they rein in sharply and stare down PAST CAMERA, seeing -

493 LONG SHOT DOWN at a horde of Indians cantering down along the river and then their leader turns into the shallow water and the others follow, horses splashing up water. They are tiny black figures against the sheen of the water. As CAMERA PANS WITH THEM DOWN RIVER we see the Mandan being rowed up toward them.

494 CLOSE TWO SHOT - THE BOYS as they react, staring paralyzed.

DEAKINS' VOICE (809)

This was the end of everything I
guess. Now we knowed why Teal
Eye had run away - and we couldn't
do a thing to help the boat!

495 THE MANDAN IN MID-RIVER - SHOOTING UP PAST HER we see the horde of Indians cantering down along shallow edge, horses kicking water - but no yells, everything terribly silent as they come on. The crew stops rowing and everyone stands paralyzed.

496 ON THE MANDAN - WIDE ANGLE FROM SIDE. We see Jourdonnais standing paralyzed on the cargo-box gripping the steering oar, a cigar in his teeth. Poordevil and Zeb are climbing up beside him frantically as Romaine runs along passe avant, grabs Jourdonnais' glowing cigar and runs forward toward the swivel gun again.

- 497 ON CARGO-BOX - CLOSE ON JOURDONNAIS staring wildly as Zeb and Poordevil jump in on either side of him, looking PAST CAMERA -
- 498 SHOOTING UP RIVER we see the oncoming Indians, more and more of them.
- 499 CLOSE SHOT - ROMAINE at bow as he trains the swivel gun ahead. Only Zeb's shout keeps him from touching it off with cigar -

ZEB'S YELL (810)

Hold it, Romaine!

- 500 ON CARGO-BOX - CLOSE ON ZEB, JOURDONNAIS AND POORDEVIL. Jourdonnais stares crazily as Zeb grins at him and almost yells -

ZEB (811)

There's your Blackfeet,
Jourdonnais!

(Poordevil says
something
excitedly in
Blackfoot)

Look, they're makin' the peace
sign!

- 501 SHOOTING UP RIVER we see the oncoming leader point his rifle at the sky and fire, and he holds up his pipe.

LAP

- 502 FULL SHOT FROM BANK - FIFTY BLACKFEET on their horses riding along in shallow water, spray flying as they canter, and we see that they are strung along on the cordelle. CAMERA MOVES ALONG the cordelle till we reach THE MANDAN and we see her almost flying through the water on the last lap of the trip. Over this -

DEAKINS' VOICE (812)

Now we knowed why Teal Eye had
lit out in the night, thinkin'
we were in trouble. She'd gone
to get help! Those Blackfeet
towed the Mandan right up to
their camp.

LAP

503 FULL SHOT OF THE BLACKFOOT ENCAMPMENT in a lovely glade beside the river. Ahead we glimpse big waterfalls that block further progress up the Missouri. We don't see all of the Indian camp, only a dozen or so wigwams. Trees obscure the rest of the big village, though we see smoke rising from their fires in the woods for a half mile beyond. The Mandan is tied up at the bank and many Indians are crowded around the crew where Jourdonnais has set up his trading post. We see more Indians streaming out of the woods towards the boat, carrying loads of furs, a few of them with horsepulled travois filled with heavy bundles of skins.

DEAKINS' VOICE (813)

It didn't take Jourdonnais long
to start trading.

504 GROUP SHOT on the trading managed by Jourdonnais and Zeb. More trade goods being brought off the Mandan in background by the men - beads and vermillion and mirrors and powder and lead and whiskey. The Indians stand round with their loads of furs as a fine-looking old man steps in and throws down his skins at Jourdonnais feet, speaking in Blackfoot as he points at the trade goods he wants. Zeb interprets.

DEAKINS' VOICE (814)

Him and Zeb had been right about
the Blackfeet. They were loaded
with furs. Prime beaver. Worth
five dollars a pound in St. Louis.
No wonder the company had tried to
keep us out.

LAP

505 CLOSE GROUP SHOT OF THE TRADING. The pile of furs beside Jourdonnais has grown immensely and the men are carrying rawhided packs on to the boat and stowing them in the cargo-box as the pile of trade goods diminishes. Indians are crowded around, others still arriving. Two Indians step in and drop their furs on the pile, saying something to Zeb.

DEAKINS' VOICE (815)

They'd just throw down their furs
and tell Jourdonnais to give 'em
what they was worth. He was fair
enough. He wanted to come back
next year. He'd put up a fort of
his own and get to be rich like
he'd dreamed.

(CONTINUED)

505 (CONTINUED)

Boone and Deakins, who have sauntered in to watch the trading, come NEAR CAMERA and look off and around searchingly as more Indians throw down their furs and the boatmen take another load to the Mandan.

DEAKINS' VOICE (816)

But where was Teal Eye? Couldn't find her nowhere.

LAP

506 NIGHT CAMP NEAR THE MANDAN. IN FULL SHOT we see the men circled gaily around a big fire. Labadie is playing his concertina. Men drinking, smoking, dancing. A couple of Indians get into the dance, shouting their hi-yi chant.

DEAKINS' VOICE (817)

Went on like this for two-three days. But I wasn't havin' fun, 'cause I couldn't find Teal Eye.

507 WITHIN THE CIRCLE AROUND FIRE. There is a burst of laughter and Labadie finishes his wild dance tune, shifting to his haunting lonely melody which we've heard before, the song of "the man who longs for his woman." CAMERA ROVES CLOSE PAST a jubilant Jourdannais puffing his cigar, past a beaming big Romaine lighting his pipe, past Zeb nursing a jug as usual, and CAMERA COMES TO REST CLOSE ON DEAKINS who listens to the music, thinking.

DEAKINS' VOICE (818)

Then it all came clear as daylight.
It was Boone she was hidin' from,
not me. I hadn't done anything to
make her mad.

He raises his head, brightening, then reacts as he sees something. He nudges to his left and CAMERA PANS TO TAKE IN ZEB. They look off speechlessly at -

508 CLOSE SHOT - POORDEVIL holding over the fire a scalp which he has stretched on a willow hoop so he can cure it in the smoke. The scalp has long black hair with a white plume like a feather in it!

509 CLOSE ON ZEB AND DEAKINS for reaction. Why describe it? Zeb mutters ironically -

(CONTINUED)

509 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (819)

Looks like everyone's gittin'
what he had his heart set on.

DEAKINS (820)

I ain't. Not yet.

Something catches his eye and he looks frowningly
across fire at -

510 BOONE FROM HIS ANGLE as he slides back, gets up and
saunters into darkness towards the wigwams, caught in
the spell of the music.

511 CLOSE ON ZEB AND DEAKINS watching. Deakins gets up
with a jealous look in his eye and moves out into
darkness to circle on Boone. Zeb looks after him a bit
grimly, hands the jug to Romaine, gets up and follows
Deakins.

512 BIG TREE IN DIM LIGHT some distance from campfire,
whence we hear the lonely music more faintly. Deakins
stalks in from darkness and stands beside tree, peering
around PAST CAMERA for Boone, his eyes jealous. Zeb
steps in from around tree behind him and catches his
arm. Deakins whirls.

ZEB (821)

Who you lookin' for?

DEAKINS (822)

(growls - annoyed
at being followed)

That's my business.

ZEB (823)

Mebbe it's mine too.

Deakins tries to walk away from him, but Zeb holds to
his arm and walks beside him, CAMERA TRUCKING BEFORE
THEM IN SLOW CLOSE TWO SHOT. Zeb looks straight ahead,
as into his past, his voice low and tired, the music
faint and sad in the distance.

DEAKINS (824)

(growls)
Where is she?

ZEB (825)

Been talkin' with her father.

(CONTINUED)

512 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (826)

Where?

ZEB (827)

(ignores his
question)

She wants to marry a white man.

DEAKINS (828)

(face lights
up eagerly)

Yeah?

ZEB (829)

He don't want her to.

DEAKINS (830)

(anxiously)

Why not?

ZEB (831)

(ignores question)

You the man she means?

DEAKINS (832)

(simply - with
deep feeling)I want her, Zeb, if she'll have
me. Will you ask her for me?

ZEB (833)

(nods, relieved)

I was afeard it might be Boone.
She wouldn't tell me which one
of you. That'd be bad, 'cause
he's too much like me.(mutters angrily
to himself)Crazy fool, carryin' that
Blackfoot scalp!

DEAKINS (834)

(mutters jealously)

Don't let that fool you. He
likes her too. I seen him
watchin' her.

ZEB (835)

(a bit grimly)

Likin' ain't enough.

Deakins glances at him curiously. Their faces are shadowed now as they walk slowly, the music growing fainter. Neither man is hiding anything now, their voices low and sincere.

(CONTINUED)

512 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (836)

Once they was a man. 'Bout your age. Come trappin' up the river and found this country. Never seen nothin' like it before. Figgered he never wanted to leave it again, 'cause here he could live free and wonderful - like a natural man. So he hitched up with a Blackfoot girl. She looked like Teal Eye. (he falls silent)

DEAKINS (837)

Yeah?

ZEB (838)

(rouses)

Well... he'd heard trappers' talk. Nothin' easier to find than a squaw. Pick one up and drop her. Find a new one at the next camp. Mighty convenient to a lonely man.

(looks at Deakins)

What he didn't know was she meant it for keeps. She was a one-man woman. Blackfoot girl. Proud. Finest that ever cooked her man a meal.

(his voice gruff

with an old sorrow)

But he didn't have no more sense than you or Boone. Got to itchin' for the white man's world after a few months, and figgered he'd go back and have a fling. Oh, he meant to come back to her. Fact is, he did - but he was too late.

DEAKINS (839)

(understanding whom
he's talking about)

What happened?

ZEB (840)

She'd killed herself.

Deakins stops and Zeb halts by him, looking off at the darkness, eyes full of bitter memories, music faint in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

512 (CONTINUED)

DEAKINS (841)

Look, Zeb. I ain't gonna leave her.

ZEB (842)

(looks him straight
in the eye)

Think you're man enough to stand it? I know Boone ain't. Gits lonely. A man hankers for his own kind.

DEAKINS (843)

Don't worry about me. I ain't never gonna leave her - if she'll have me. Will you ask her for me, Zeb?

Zeb looks at him with immense relief, even affection now. Claps him on the back.

ZEB (844)

I shore will. Come on.

He heads off another way into darkness and Deakins follows him eagerly -

513

LITTLE GLADE NEAR A WIGWAM. THE SIX HORSES are hobbled here grazing, dimly seen. We see Boone as he strolls in and adjusts the hobble of the nearest horse (which was Streak's, distinctively marked). From another direction two figures walk in briskly. As they COME IN CLOSE we recognize Zeb and Deakins, on their way to the wigwam. They stop as Boone straightens up.

BOONE (845)

Where you goin'?

ZEB (846)

(brusquely - points)

That wigwam.

BOONE (847)

Who's there?

(sternly) ZEB (848)

Teal Eye.

BOONE (849)

(grins)

Well why didn't you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

513 (CONTINUED)

He starts for the wigwam but Zeb grabs his arm sternly.
In distance we still hear Labadie's faint lonely music.

ZEB (850)

No you don't, hoss!

BOONE (851)

(his eyes
grow cold)

I wouldn't butt in if I was you.
This is my business.

ZEB (852)

Tain't nothin' of the kind.
It's --

He breaks off, for at that instant Teal Eye steps around Streak's horse into view, confronting the three of them. She has something in her hands. Boone looks at her and his anger goes. Teal Eye moves straight to Deakins and presents her gift - a buckskin hunting shirt decorated with beads and quills. She embraces him, steps back and says something tenderly in Blackfoot. Deakins stammers with happiness - unable to take his gaze from her face.

DEAKINS (853)

What'd she say to me, Zeb?

ZEB (854)

(gruffly - his
face dismayed)

Says she loves you -
(Deakins glows)
She loves you like a brother.

DEAKINS (855)

Brother?

ZEB (856)

Ain't no use, Deakins. From now
on you're her adopted brother.

DEAKINS (857)

Brother?

He stares blankly at Teal Eye but she has turned and is looking strangely at Boone. Then swiftly she turns away and vanishes towards the wigwam. Boone watches after her, his eyes shining - and then he swiftly goes after her. CAMERA HOLDS ON ZEB AND DEAKINS watching after them. The music plays faintly.

(CONTINUED)

513 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (858)

Like you said, you can't never
tell what a woman's gonna do
next.

(then his voice
low and harsh)

Jest what I been afeared of!
Come on. If you don't need a
drink, I do!

He turns away and Deakins follows him.

514 EXT. WIGWAM as Teal Eye enters from the darkness.
There is a fire within, the warm light outlining her
figure as she enters the door, the skin flap of which
is held back by thongs tied inside. We hear the tender
music from the campfire. The next moment Boone steps
in quickly from behind CAMERA and enters the wigwam.

515 INT. WIGWAM - CLOSE TWO SHOT as Boone looks at Teal Eye,
the firelight on their faces. The skin flap of the
entrance is tied back just behind him. Boone takes out
his knife. He holds it out to her, haft first, and she
takes it. She holds the glinting blade towards him,
then swiftly reaches out behind him and cuts the thongs
that hold the entrance open -

516 EXT. WIGWAM - WE GLIMPSE THEM inside outlined against
the fire as the skin flap falls and blots everything
into darkness for a natural

FADE OUT

FADE IN

517 DAY - FULL SHOT OF THE MANDAN and bank in foreground.
The trading is finished. Men are stowing bales of furs
into the cargo-box under supervision of Jourdonnais and
Romaine. The decks are piled with furs. Young squaws
watch the men and giggle. From the Indian encampment
out of scene we hear the thudding drums and the solemn
chant of some tribal ceremony.

518 THE GRAZING HORSES NEAR WIGWAM. We continue to hear
the tomtoms and chanting ceremony as a very hung-over
Deakins wanders in to look at the horses forlornly.

(CONTINUED)

518 (CONTINUED)

He rubs his eyes. There are only five horses now, not six. Then he hears a thudding of hoofs and turns to see Boone and Teal Eye come galloping in - Teal Eye on the red horse Boone stole from the Crows, Boone on Streak's handsome horse. They rein in and Boone springs off near Deakins, tries to help Teal Eye, but she is off like a bird before he can reach her. Both are laughing over the dead-heat race, laughing for the sheer joy of life at its warmest and most thrilling. Boone laughs to the morose Deakins -

BOONE (859)

She sure can ride!

(looks off)

Hey, what's that noise?

DEAKINS (860)

(puts hand to
his aching head)

What noise?

BOONE (861)

Tomtoms. Singin'.

DEAKINS (862)

Oh, that. They're celebratin'
your weddin'.

BOONE (863)

(stares at him)

Weddin'?

DEAKINS (864)

(suddenly realizes
Boone's ignorance of
what he's got into)

Didn't you know you got married?

BOONE (865)

(blankly)

Married?

DEAKINS (866)

(feeling a hundred
per cent better)That's right. You deaf or
something? They was beatin'
them drums all night.(Teal Eye happily
motions to some
one coming, and
Deakins looks round)'Bout time you met your wife's
father.

519 ANOTHER ANGLE taking in Zeb who enters with a fine-looking, proud old Indian. Boone's jaw is dropping, Teal Eye is smiling at her father as he enters, and Deakins presents him with relish -

DEAKINS (867)

Chief Red Horse.

Boone is speechless as Zeb says a few words in Blackfoot and the chief gives his hand to Boone with a few simple grave words. Boone's hand is limp as he shakes. Zeb looks at Boone sarcastically -

ZEB (868)

Seems like he's a little put out on account of you forgot to pay for his daughter.

BOONE (869)

Pay?

DEAKINS (870)

(happily)

That's right. Old tribal custom. Zeb and me had a little talk with the chief - it lasted about two hours. He wants to know what he's gonna get.

BOONE (871)

Thank you, brother.

Deakins gives him a look but takes it like a man.

DEAKINS (872)

Guess I better leave you with him so's you can figure out how you're going to pay.

BOONE (873)

Thank you, brother.

Deakins stalks off - he's had enough. Zeb starts talking to the chief in Blackfoot. The chief talks back and indicates Boone's rifle slung to the saddle of his horse - that rifle he values as his own life!

ZEB (874)

He says he'd like that rifle.

BOONE (875)

(swallows)

Won't he take nothin' else?

(CONTINUED)

519 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (876)

Oh, sure. He'll take the rifle
jest as a starter.

As the chant and tomtoms continue out of scene Boone
slides his rifle from the saddle and hands it over,
while Teal Eye looks on happily.

LAP

520 THE MANDAN. DEAKINS sits on the cargo-box cleaning a
new rifle while around him the men are finishing stowing
furs away and battenning things down for the homeward
voyage. Deakins looks up as he sees Boone coming on
board by the gangplank followed by Zeb.

DEAKINS (877)

Well, did you settle up?

Boone points off at the bank and Deakins looks -

521 MED. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE - THE CHIEF leading the
string of horses they took from Streak and his men.

522 BOONE AND DEAKINS as Deakins looks at horses indignantly.

DEAKINS (878)

Hey, those were half mine!

BOONE (879)

They were, brother.

He enters the cargo-box as Deakins winces.

523 INT. CARGO-BOX as Boone steps in, seeing Jourdonnais
supervising the stowing of furs. One of the crew lowers
a bale of skins into the hold and exits. Some rifles
are stacked at one side and Boone points at them -

BOONE (880)

Like to buy me a rifle, Jourdonnais.

JOURDONNAIS (881)

(grins - his feud
forgotten in the
flush of success)

You take. No buy. What you want.

(CONTINUED)

523 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (882)

Thanks.

(as he selects
a rifle)

We leavin' tonight?

JOURDONNAIS (883)

Tomorrow. When the sun rise.

Tonight we have fun.

Boone is thinking as he exits with his rifle, something weighing on him.

LAP

524 NIGHT - FULL SHOT OF THE MANDAN'S LAST CAMP with the Blackfeet. Work is over. Lots of fun tonight around the fire. Labadie's concertina. Plenty of laughing young squaws to dance with. We see Boone, Deakins and Poordevil looking on as Zeb enters from the darkness, touches Boone's arm and motions him to accompany him. We can't hear any talk for the music and gaiety. Deakins looks after Boone broodingly as he disappears with Zeb.

525 TEAL EYE waiting some distance from the merry camp, whence we hear the gay music. Zeb enters with Boone. She takes Boone's hand and Zeb dourly turns to go back, but she asks him in Blackfoot to come along. Frowning, he goes with them towards -

526 NEW WIGWAM, larger than the others, made of fine new skins, ornamented with fringes. A fire blazing inside. We hear the happy music as Teal Eye enters to the door with Boone, Zeb following. She faces Boone and, eyes glowing, makes a little speech in Blackfoot.

BOONE (884)

What she sayin'?

ZEB (885)

(gruffly)

That's your new home.

BOONE (886)

Home?

Teal Eye smiles happily as she misreads his reaction. She adds a couple of words proudly to Zeb. Zeb looks at Boone, hoping to God he's wrong about this wild nephew.

(CONTINUED)

526 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (887)

She says it's her weddin' gift.
Brand-new lodge for you an' her
to live in.

BOONE (888)

(stammers)

But - but I'm leavin'.

Zeb glowers at him with disgust and anger, and old
bitterness.

ZEB (889)

I wish she'd a stuck that knife
a lot deeper in your ribs.

BOONE (890)

(thinks Zeb's crazy -
being unfair)

Boat's going, ain't it?

ZEB (891)

(grimly)

That's right.

BOONE (892)

(confused)

You stayin'?

ZEB (893)

(harshly)

I got nothin' to stay for. I
played the fool a long time ago.

He turns to go, afraid he'll lash out at Boone, but
Boone tries to stop him.

BOONE (894)

Wait. I can't talk to her.
Tell her I've got to go with
the rest of you.

ZEB (895)

(turns grimly)

You tell her yourself!

And he goes, full of contempt. Boone just hasn't got
the stuff in him to make a mountain man! Must belong to
the white man's world that is doing its damndest to
despoil this virgin world of the red man! Boone watches
him vanish into darkness with a troubled face.

(CONTINUED)

526 (CONTINUED)

Teal Eye, watching him anxiously, catches his hand and draws him into the wigwam where the fire is bright and warm for life and love. She lets the flap fall across the door - and darkness of night closes them in together.

LAP

- 527 DAY - FULL SHOT OF THE MANDAN ready to sail. An auspicious wind is coming down river, fluttering the water. All the business of departure, the men going on board. Romaine stands at the hawser, ready to cast off. A few of the young squaws are getting last small gifts from the laughing boatmen. Zeb, Jourdonnais and Deakins stand on the bank a little off from the others on the bank, shaking hands with the fine-looking chief. Jourdonnais goes aboard and climbs the cargo-box to take the steering oar.
- 528 NEAR SHOT OF CROWDED SCENE AT GANGPLANK as Zeb and Deakins walk in from where they have said good-bye to the chief. They stop and look off -
- 529 NEAR SHOT - THE NEW WIGWAM as the skin door is pulled back and Boone steps out followed by Teal Eye who watches him startledly, frightenedly. This is the first time we have ever seen the little Stoic scared. She looks off down where he is looking -
- 530 LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN. Zeb and Deakins are going on board.
- 531 BOONE AND TEAL EYE in front of the wigwam. We can see how he has been fighting with himself. His eyes are tormented as he looks from the boat to her. Then the Mandan's trumpet sounds, and Boone starts for the boat. Teal Eye's arms move after him, as if against her will, and she says a word in Blackfoot, trying to call him back. But she does not go after him.
- 532 BOONE FROM HER ANGLE as he runs toward the boat. He scrambles on board and the gangplank is pulled in and the line cast off.

- 533 TEAL EYE standing in front of her wigwam - her home - Boone's home. She doesn't move, no tears, just nothing. There is death in her eyes as the trumpet sounds again.
- 534 WIDE ANGLE ON MANDAN as she pulls off. The Indians on the bank are waving and the Frenchmen are waving from the boat. Among those on the bank is Poordevil, grinning and proudly waving his rifle.
- 535 TEAL EYE standing in front of the empty wigwam, empty forever now, just standing without tears or movement, her expression dead - invoking death.
- 536 LONG SHOT OF THE MANDAN as she heads down the river, half obscured by trees.
- 537 ON THE MANDAN - NEAR SHOT - ZEB, DEAKINS AND BOONE standing on top of the cargo-box, Jourdonnais cheerful at the steering oar. Boone's face is set and hard, trying not to betray what is tearing at him inside. Deakins glances at him bitterly -

DEAKINS' VOICE (896)

If it was me I'd have stayed.
I'd have stayed with her till
hell froze over.

He turns away bitterly as Zeb, who has been watching off at the wigwam too, looks at Boone, curtly -

ZEB (897)

Did you tell her?

Boone is watching off at the wigwam, his eyes hard.

BOONE (898)

I never told her I was going
to stay, did I?

Zeb looks at him with mixed pity and contempt and turns away to join Deakins. Boone remains watching, a lonely figure himself now -

LAP

- 538 NIGHT CAMP OF THE MANDAN - the first camp down the river. We see the familiar campfire, the men lounging around it in a big circle, little Labadie playing his concertina. The meal is over and the men are relaxed. The boat tied up in background. There is a mood of that gladness that comes to strong men when danger has been faced and victory won out of defeat. Boone sits across the fire from Zeb and Deakins, listening to the music as he stares in the fire. Labadie isn't making it any easier for Boone. He is playing that haunting old song full of longing and loneliness which "tells how the lonely man longs for his woman."
- 539 CLOSE ON ZEB AND DEAKINS sitting smoking silently as they listen to music. They look up across the fire at -
- 540 BOONE FROM THEIR ANGLE, seen across the flames as he stares broodingly into the fire. Abruptly he gets up and turns away to the dark river.
- 541 ZEB AND DEAKINS watching off as Boone vanishes. Deakins growls under his breath -

DEAKINS (899)

Him and me has got a fight comin',
Zeb. Just one thing - Don't stop
it. It's gonna be good this time.

ZEB (900)

(growls)
He's in a good fight already.

DEAKINS (901)

(stares)
With who?

ZEB (902)

Hissself!
(spits in fire
angrily)
He's jest like his brother Ben
was. Gnaw his own leg off like
a beaver ketched in a trap!

- 542 ANOTHER ANGLE PAST THEM TOWARDS BOAT to take in Jourdonnais as he comes from boat jovially swinging a jug of whiskey. His eyes glint merrily as he hands it to Zeb -

JOURDONNAIS (903)

We save you leetle whiskey.

(CONTINUED)

542 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (904)

(sarcastically)

You didn't save it, Iron Pants.
This child kept you from throwin'
it all overboard.

JOURDONNAIS (905)

(chuckles)

C'est vrai.

(then with some
emotion)

Thanks, mon vieux. Merci beaucoup -
for many things.

ZEB (906)

You're all right, pardner.
Mebbe you git excited over
little things, but when hell's
poppin' you're worth a regiment.
(grins to hide
his feelings)
Old son-of-a-gun, you're rich now.
Got plenty of beaver.

JOURDONNAIS (907)

(his teeth flash)

I got. You got. We all got.
We all be rich, no?

ZEB (908)

(spits)

If we git past McMasters.

JOURDONNAIS (909)

(snaps his fingers
scornfully)

Je m'en fiche! McMasters!

(laughs with
contempt)

No danger. Il n'est pas un fou.
He know if he make trouble for us,
we make more trouble for him.
Government don't like white man
stirring up Injuns.

(grins)

We have him - how you say it? -
over the barrel!

ZEB (910)

(nods)

Guess you're right at that.

(CONTINUED)

542 (CONTINUED)

He tips up the jug as Jourdonnais stoops, gets a firebrand and lights one of his Spanish cigars. A new pride and confidence in his attitude now. Already he pictures himself in St. Louis smoking good cigars and wearing expensive clothes, perhaps a ruffled shirt like McMasters', and hearing people say with respect, "Bonjour, M'sieu Jourdonnais. Comment allez-vous?" He laughs to himself with delight.

ZEB (cont'd)

What you laughin' about?

JOURDONNAIS (911)

Ma femme! My Jeanette!

(puffs his cigar
proudly)

Now I am bourgeois. En verite!
You know what I do? I buy for
her the house. Big! You never
see ma femme. Tres jolie!
McMasters, he is rich, maybe,
but he has not such a woman.
Pas du tout!

Spits in the fire contemptuously, putting McMasters in his place. Sits down and clasps his hands around his knees, to stare at the fire and dream great dreams, while the music continues to weave its spell.

543 EDGE OF RIVER - Boone steps IN CLOSE and looks up the river. A whippoorwill commences its lonely calling to its mate far off in the woods. Boone turns back restlessly toward the fire -

544 GROUP AROUND FIRE as Boone comes back and sits down across the fire from Zeb and Deakins again. Labadie is lost in his music. Jourdonnais puffs his cigar. Zeb offers the jug to Deakins who shakes his head, watching Boone.

545 CLOSE SHOT - BOONE as, preoccupied with his thoughts, he reaches into his shirt and pulls out the tattered scorched old Blackfoot scalp he has carried through thick and thin. He is seeking within his own heart justification for what he has had to do. He's a white man, ain't he? He belongs to the white man's world, don't he? His mouth tightens. Where's a man's pride, anyway? Ben wouldn't have married no Blackfoot squaw and turned Injun. Ben hated Injuns. By God, they murdered Ben. Blackfeet too!

546 CLOSE SHOT - ZEB AND DEAKINS as Zeb lowers the jug.
Deakins nudges him and Zeb peers across the fire.

547 BOONE FROM THEIR ANGLE as he starts to put the old scalp
back into his shirt.

ZEB'S VOICE (912)

Let's see that thing.

Boone looks up, jerked out of his vindicating thoughts,
and pitches the scalp across the fire.

548 ZEB AND DEAKINS as Deakins catches the scalp and passes
it over to Zeb without a word. Zeb sets down the jug
and examines the scalp close to the firelight.

ZEB (913)

Be dogged if it ain't so old
and mangy a man kin hardly
tell what it is.

549 CLOSE GROUP SHOT as Boone eyes him sullenly.

BOONE (914)

Guess you ain't forgot. You
took it off the Injun killed Ben.

ZEB (915)

(sarcastically)
That's what I told you.

BOONE (916)

What you mean?

ZEB (917)

This Injun shot Ben sure 'nough.
Shot him in the beefbones with
an old fusee so rusty it wouldn't
kill a rabbit fifty feet away.
Me and One-Eyed Parker dug the
ball out of Ben's behind with a
porkypine quill. Ben shore
hollered.

Boone stares at him angrily as Zeb smiles reminiscently.

BOONE (918)

You're lyin'.

(CONTINUED)

549 (CONTINUED)

ZEB (919)

(suddenly grave)

I lied to your Ma, Boone. And lyin' to her, I had to lie to you too. When I see her cryin' her heart out I jest couldn't tell her what happened. She wouldn't of understood me and Ben bein' so drunk.

BOONE (920)

(angrily)

You know that ain't so.

ZEB (921)

(piously)

I knowed I'd have to tell you some day, but I hope you won't never tell your Ma.

BOONE (922)

(glowers at him)

Get on with what you're sayin' 'bout Ben.

ZEB (923)

(reminiscently)

Well, we was camped jest a mile or so up river from where we're settin' now. Bunch of us trappers. Drinkin' an' havin' fun. We got to bettin' on who was best shot, and be dogged if Ben and One-Eyed Parker didn't start shootin' apples off each other's heads. Neither one of 'em could hit a bull's hind end with a lodge-pole after five-six drinks.

BOONE (924)

(sarcastic)

What happened?

ZEB (925)

(sadly)

Parker shot a little low, that's all. Nobody held it agin' him. Only had one eye.

Casually he tosses the scalp back across the fire and Boone catches it angrily. He doesn't believe a word but it confuses his whole mind, just when he'd had it all worked out, justifying himself.

(CONTINUED)

549 (CONTINUED)

BOONE (926)

You can lie faster'n a hoss
can trot.

Zeb lowers the jug with pious reproach.

ZEB (927)

Mebbe some day you'll have bad
news to tell a woman. Mebbe
it'll be your own loved sister,
like it was with me. Mebbe
you'll do some lyin' yourself
and then you'll git down on
your knees and say, "Oh Lord,
forgive me for ever doubtin'
my Uncle Zeb."

He tips up the jug as Boone glares at him. Boone knows
he is being taken and it makes him all the more
confused and mad, for Zeb's voice and manner have been
so piously sincere that all the listeners are solemn
and impressed. Finally Boone tosses the dry old scalp
into the glowing mass of coals.

550 CLOSE SHOT - FIRE as the hair sputters up into flame
and the trophy dissolves as if it were an old prejudice
being burnt out of Boone's mind.

551 CLOSE UP - BOONE watching it, the sputtering blaze
flickering on his angry face.

552 CLOSE SHOT GROUP as Boone gets to his feet and picks up
his rifle. He turns and starts towards the darkness of
the woods up river. Zeb and Deakins scramble up.

ZEB (928)

Wait a minute!

553 BOONE at the edge of the outer circle, the fire behind
him as he stops and we see Zeb and Deakins blackly
outlined as they come to him.

ZEB (929)

You got plenty of lead and
powder?

BOONE (930)

(gruffly)

Guess I could use some more.

554 CLOSE THREE SHOT as Zeb unloops his powder horn and gives him his shot-bag too. Deakins slips off his powder horn and offers it along with his rifle.

DEAKINS (931)

Maybe you can use another rifle.
You might still owe something.

Boone just can't say anything. He takes the rifle and Deakins comes up with his shot-bag.

DEAKINS (cont'd)

I was going to give you this
another way.

BOONE (932)

(defiantly)
Still time.

*Deakins grins and pushes it into his hand.

DEAKINS (933)

I'll fight you next year - when
we come back on the Mandan.

BOONE (934)

Thanks, brother.
(turns to Zeb)
What'd you say Ben and this man
was shootin' off each other's
heads?

ZEB (935)

(very pleased
with himself)
Apples!

BOONE (936)

Where'd they get 'em?
(Zeb can't think)
We been up this river for two
thousand miles and ain't seen
an apple -- and don't try to
tell me different, you old liar!

He is smiling in spite of himself as he turns to go, but Zeb stops him, thunderstruck -

ZEB (937)

Wait a minute. I ain't admittin'
nothin', mind ye, but how come
you burnt that old scalp if you
thought I was lyin'...

(CONTINUED)

554 (CONTINUED)

Boone looks at them soberly for a moment, wondering how he can say it -

BOONE (938)

I don't know how to say it, but -
it's funny what a man can learn
on a trip up this old river.
So long.

And he goes fast into the darkness to hide his feelings.

555 SHOOTING FROM THEIR ANGLE we see his back as he strides off along the river, going back to Teal Eye. Darkness swallows him up.

556 CLOSE ON ZEB AND DEAKINS watching after him. Deakins makes a little gesture of farewell. Zeb's eyes glow as he speaks softly, proudly -

ZEB (939)

There goes a better man than I
was, Deakins.

DEAKINS (940)

(growls - looks at
him with affection)
He had a good man helpin' him,
Zeb.

ZEB (941)

Nope, he done it all hisself.
Wouldn't be no good otherwise.
This way, he'll stick.

557 FULL SHOT - CAMP. Zeb and Deakins turn back to circle where the men have been watching off curiously. Labadie continues to play his haunting music -

FADE OUT

THE END