

THIS MAN IS MINE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- JEFF HOWARD.....In his mid-thirties, he is tough, self-reliant and worldly-wise, an understanding man. He is, however, unintegrated and cut adrift from the rest of society - lost and looking for an anchor. He is a big man and virile, outwardly confident. He is lonely and unhappy despite his facade. Actually, he is a doomed man and carries his tragedy with him.
- LOUISE MERRITT..This is a girl with a hard core of toughness, of forthright honesty and a will to work and fight. She is an attractive and dramatic woman with an earthy stability. She is a happy woman she has escaped from the city jungle to a home and security and everything about her - movement, manner, carriage and drive, indicates the authority, final and complete, that belongs only to women who find it the hard way. If she has married with economic security in mind we don't know it until the crisis.
- WES MERRITT.....He is an ambitious, young (about 28) man, sometimes naive and ingenuous but shrewd about many things. His approach to life is immature and, perhaps, even adolescent. He has periodic enthusiasms and a violent temper. He is lithe, slender and well-coordinated. He is completely self-assured and, late in the story, even over-confident. Wes possesses an avid hunger for all of the experiences which his insular life on the ranch has kept from him. This includes much liquor, many women, and the more refined forms of gambling.
- BOOKER DAVIS....He is forty-five or more, cadaverous and beaten up. At one time he was a pretty good rodeo cowboy but now he is a has-been, a living symbol of defeat. He is now a wrangler for the Al Dawson stock. Booker's tragedy is that he didn't know when to quit. In our story he is a forerunner of what will happen to Jeff, who knew when to quit but couldn't.
(Plays in almost all rodeo sequences)
- AL DAWSON.....A big attractive man in his early forties. He knows what he wants and is willing to wait for it. He is a stock contractor who makes a great deal of money. He is hard-headed and tough.
(Plays in several rodeo sequences)

(CONTINUED)

- JEREMIAH WATRUS...An old man of sixty or sixty-five, his hair sparse and stringy. This man is a picture of desolation, dry rot and failure.
(Plays in eight-page first ranch sequence only)
- ROSEMARY MADDOX...She is older than Louise by four or five years, a handsome woman. Her husband, now dead, was a rodeo rider on whose insurance she now lives. She has a poignant, albeit worldly quality, and is as much without roots as Jeff.
(In rodeo sequences)
- RIG FERRIS.....He is a hefty man, around fifty, with a leathery face. He radiates authority. He is manager of the Jackhammer Ranch.
(Plays only in ranch sequence)
- MARK HANCOCK.....Twenty-five and, despite his costume, obviously a stranger to the West. Very likely the heir apparent of the Jackhammer Ranch.
(Plays only in ranch sequence)
- EVERETT VAUGHN....The kind of nasty fellow who makes jokes at others' expense. A cowboy about the same age and size as Jeff.
(Only on the ranch)
- RODEO ANNOUNCER...An offstage voice, but with a lot of dialogue
- JIM BARNEY.....A rodeo cowboy and a nice fellow.
- BUSTER BURGESS....Another rodeo cowboy.
- JOE, NIKO, EJ,
LOU, PAUL, etc....Ranch cowboys:

THIS MAN IS MINE

BEFORE MAIN TITLE

EXT. RODEO ARENA - DAY

- 1 CLOSE SHOT - head of fierce Brahma bull in rodeo chute. We see the wild, frightened eye - the dangerous horns. CAMERA HOLDS ON bull for about five feet. Bull then tosses his head (out of focus) and we hear o.s. a wild kicking, straining NOISE as he tries to break out of chute. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY WITH movement of bull's head to:
- 2 CLOSEUP (LOW ANGLE) - Jeff McCloud. He is astraddle the rodeo chute, holding himself a safe distance above the animal, but ready to drop down on the bull's back. The expression on Jeff's face shows that he is not afraid but that he has a healthy respect for the bull. He reaches up and clamps his Stetson tight on his head.
- 3 FULL SHOT - bull in chute, Jeff on top. The brute is acting up, trying to break out of his confinement. It hammers its massive body against the heavy wooden planks, shaking the whole chute with each blow. Gingerly, Jeff takes hold of the bucking rein, drops down on the beast.

JEFF (1)

(yelling)

Let 'im go!

- 4 CLOSEUP - cowboy's hand on chute gate. The gate is swung open. CAMERA PANS WITH bull as it charges by, Jeff on its back. O.s. is heard the ROAR of the crowd and the AD LIBS from the other cowboys.

AD LIBS (2)

Ride 'im, Jeff!

Go on, Jeff!

Stay with 'im! etc. etc.

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

Jeff rakes the beast's shoulders with his spurs, fanning the air at the same time with his free arm. The bull bucks and twists. Jeff's head snaps back with each jarring, groin-punishing buck.

- 5 CLOSER ANGLE - (STOCK UNIV. NEWS #375 OR RKO CAN 312, SC. 5) - the bull goes into a spin. Jeff loses his balance and flies off bull's back.
- 6 CLOSEUP - Jeff. He falls to ground, rolls over, looking apprehensively o.s. for bull.
- 7 MED. CLOSEUP - bull. He is still bucking and spinning, tormented by the bell strung under his belly. He spots Jeff o.s. and charges by camera.
- 8 FULL SHOT - section of crowd, rising to feet, tense with excitement. (STOCK)
- 9 MED. SHOT - arena. Jeff attempts to scramble to his feet and runs for the fence.
- 10 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, as he stumbles dazed, on ground. O.s. scream from the crowd.
- 11 MED. SHOT - the angry bull charges at Jeff as he tries to get up.
- 12 FULL SHOT - as the bull rips into McCloud. As one of the clowns steers him away.
- 13 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff as he painfully hobbles out of the arena.

DISSOLVE TO

MAIN TITLES

14- Behind MAIN TITLES AND CREDITS - CAMERA CAR SHOT.
16 A blacktop road, running through ranching country; flat front country immediately along the road, planted to cotton, alfalfa, an occasional orchard; in some places black Angus and white-face cattle are grazing off the alfalfa; back from the road a mile or so the foothills start, and in the far b.g. is real mountainous back country, possibly with a peak or so snowcapped. This shot INTERCUTS with an occasional RUNBY of a gasoline tanker, to establish.

DISSOLVE TO

17 LONG SHOT - gasoline truck.

18 LOW SHOT as it pulls up in front of the camera.

19 thru
25 OMITTED.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BLACK-TOP ROAD - DAWN

26 MED. FULL SHOT. The truck rolls in and stops and Jeff gets out. He has a growth of beard, and when he walks, he does so with a slight limp. Jeff thanks the driver with a gesture and the truck rolls out of scene. Jeff crosses the road.

27 MED. FULL SHOT. This is where, years ago, the dirt road into the back country bisected the state highway, but now the contrast is striking. The state highway is covered with fresh black-top and the dirt road, no longer used, has very nearly been washed out. The roads no longer bisect. A deep drain ditch off the shoulder of the highway has severed them. Jeff observes this, but without too much significance continues on.

28 MED. SHOT - as Jeff continues up the road, towards the back country.

29 LONG SHOT - what he sees: The cabin of Jeremiah Watrous. This is a dilapidated shack of two or three rooms, situated in a clearing and surrounded by symbols of decay and defeat; an ancient and motionless windmill, broken-down fences, a barn that seems about to collapse. Even from here we can see that whoever belongs to this has long ago given up the struggle. (Note: this will be shot from the angle that will emphasize the bleakness and despair of the locale; ugly and violent. This is, of course, how Jeff sees it.)

30 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He nods slowly, moves out of scene towards the shack.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. JEREMIAH'S SHACK - DAY

31 MED. FULL SHOT. Jeff comes in and pauses, looking slowly around.

The cabin is built on posts two feet off the ground. It is patched and two boards are missing from the front porch. There is no indication anybody but gophers inhabits this place. The water trough is dry and apparently abandoned.

32 CLOSE ON Jeff as there is something he remembers. He moves out of shot.

33 MED. SHOT - rear of cabin as Jeff enters, gets down on his hands and knees and crawls under the house.

34 LOW SET-UP SHOOTING UNDER house as Jeff, jammed in between the floor boards and the dirt, reaches up under the joists somewhere and takes down an old Prince Albert can. He opens it to whiff the tobacco and two nickels fall out of the can. He stares at them: the nickels once represented a child's idea of a fortune; and he remembers possibly too all the thousands and thousands of nickels which were not hidden away in a can of tobacco; and then while memory and regret are on him, a pair of legs in old worn trousers interpose themselves between him and the camera. The gun barrel of a rifle accompanies the legs. Now the rifle barrel is lifted out of scene as the man holding it cradles it.

MAN'S VOICE (3)

(with hostility)

Alright, you under there. Back
out nice and slow...

Jeff begins to back out feet first. CAMERA ANGLES WITH him.

35- FROM JEFF'S ANGLE. An old man, his hair sparse and
41 stringy, his eyes narrow and suspicious, is holding the gun on Jeff.

THE OLD MAN (4)

What are you doing crawling
around under my house?

JEFF (5)

(still squatted down)
Didn't think nobody lived here.

(CONTINUED)

35- (CONTINUED)

41

THE OLD MAN (6)
Somebody lives here. What were
you doing crawling around under
there?

(a pause)

JEFF (7)

(slowly)
I was looking for something I
thought I lost.
(he shows the can
of tobacco and
the two nickels)
I used to save my money in this
old can when I was a kid and my
folks lived here.
(he shakes the
can gently)
- With my two nickels in it -
after twenty years...
(he looks up)
Two nickels was a load of money
to me then.

He starts to get up, brushes his knees.

42 MED. SHOT - the old man. Some of the hostility leaves
his face. The gun barrel comes slowly down.

THE OLD MAN (8)
You Connie McCloud's boy?

JEFF (9)
(nodding)
I'm Jeff McCloud.

THE OLD MAN (10)
I'm Jeremiah Watrous.

JEFF (11)
Did you know my old man?

They shake hands.

JEREMIAH (12)
Not personal. There's some
coffee in the house. Come on
in and set.

He turns and goes into the shack. Jeff looks at the can
of tobacco once more, the two nickels which he juggles
in the palm of his hand, then at the barren farm, and
slowly follows Jeremiah into the house.

43 MED. FULL SHOT - ACROSS front porch on Jeremiah and Jeff.

JEFF (13)

Place ain't changed much --

JEREMIAH (14)

I bought it at a tax action.
Got it at my own price. Now
I know why --

Jeff smiles and they go inside.

INT. JEREMIAH WATROUS' CABIN - FRONT ROOM - DAY - STUDIO

44 MED. FULL SHOT - The dried-out and scarred furniture, some chairs, a table, and an old Victorian sofa, are in keeping with the character of the house. Jeremiah and Jeff move through, with Jeff looking around.

JEFF (15)

Ain't changed much in here,
either --

JEREMIAH (16)

Coulda had more fun throwing
my money out the window.

They pass on into another room.

INT. JEREMIAH WATROUS' CABIN-KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM-DAY

45 MED. FULL SHOT - This is a combination room. The dining space is in a sort of alcove near the window, contains a bare table on which there are big tin salt and pepper shakers and the inevitable ketchup bottle. There are only two chairs in the room: one at the table and the other nearby. Plainly, Jeremiah does not have many visitors. Opposite this, against the wall, is a small wood stove on which there are several pans and a big coffee pot. There is a bench that serves as a drainboard and several buckets of water. Beside this is a dish cabinet whose doors are hanging half open.

JEREMIAH (17)

Wash up, if you've a mind to.

JEFF (18)

Washed this morning.

Jeremiah puts the rifle against the wall and picks up a paper sack of coffee from the drainboard, crossing to the stove. Jeff crosses to another door and is looking into the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
(turning back)
Was born in that room.

JEREMIAH (19)
(taking coffee
pot to table)
Ain't much to brag about.

Jeff smiles, continues back into the room.

JEREMIAH (cont'd)
Where you from?

JEFF (20)
(shrugging)
I move around a lot...

46- MED. SHOT - Jeff pauses, looks around again and there is
48 in his face a kind of small-boy wonderment.

JEFF (21)
Can't get over it. In twenty-
five years you'd figger there'd
be some changes.

JEREMIAH (22)
(pouring coffee)
There's been changes. The sun's
got a little hotter, a little
more earth's blowed away...there's
a little less water - that's
about all that's changed. What
made you come back?

JEFF (23)
I always thought some day I'd
make enough money and settle
down in the old place and run
a few head.

JEREMIAH (24)
You got the money?

JEFF (25)
(tight smile)
I had it - once.

JEREMIAH (26)
What happened?

JEFF (27)
I got kine of sidetracked.

(CONTINUED)

46- (CONTINUED)

48

JEREMIAH (28)

Women?

JEFF (29)

No. Women don't sidetrack me.
Something else.

JEREMIAH (30)

I'll be sixty-two come March.
Maybe if I was married I'd fix
the place over. Or if I had kids.

JEFF (31)

Kind of lonely ain't it?

JEREMIAH (32)

I like a place that's lonely
and private. You been married?

JEFF (33)

No.

JEREMIAH (34)

I figure it this way: marriage,
it's lonely but it ain't private.
(looking
quizzically
at Jeff)
Got anything you own?

JEFF (35)

(shaking his head)
What I started out with - a
strong back and a weak mind.

JEREMIAH (36)

(indicating
the farm
beyond the
window)
A shack, some rocky ground, a
spavined horse and a busted
windmill - that's all I got.

JEFF (37)

That's still more'n me.

JEREMIAH (38)

You ain't sixty-two yet.

NOISES come over, the SOUND of a jeep. Jeremiah leans
back in his chair and looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

46-
48 (CONTINUED)

Jeff looks at him, frowning.

JEREMIAH (39)

You a thinking man?

JEFF (40)

I can get in out of the rain.
That's about all.

JEREMIAH (41)

(coming back with
the coffeepot)

Me, I'm a thinking man. This
is what I think.

(pours coffee)

One of the things that's wrong
is that all the books and rules
on success is written by men
who're successful.

(sits down)

That's wrong. Fellers like you
and me'd be helped a lot more if
the books and rules on success
was written by failures. Now,
that'd make sense --

NOISES come over, the SOUND of a jeep. Jeremiah
leans back in his chair and looks out the window.

49 LONG SHOT FROM his ANGLE on Wes and Louise. They are
approaching the cabin, a hundred yards away.

50 MED. SHOT ACROSS Jeff on Jeremiah. Jeremiah leans back
from the window, getting up. He seems to be a trifle
annoyed.

JEREMIAH (42)

That cowpoke from the Jackhammer ranch.
Him and his wife play games.

Jeff leans over, looking out the window.

JEFF (43)

Is that bad?

JEREMIAH (44)

Reckon today they'll remodel the
kitchen. 'Bout the only thing
around here they ain't fixed over.

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

Jeff looks at him frowning, not understanding.

JEREMIAH (cont'd)

Do it reg'lar every Sunday, prowl
around with calf-eyes saying how
much they'd like to buy the place.

JEFF (45)

You don't need no urging to sell,
do you?

JEREMIAH (46)

Just moon-talk. Where's a
cowpoke like him gonna get five
thousand dollars?

Jeremiah gets up to go outside to meet them, and Jeff
rises also.

JEFF (47)

(finishing coffee)
Well, I'll be getting on. Figger
to make Abilene by sundown.

JEREMIAH (48)

Set still. Sometimes they're
right amusin'.

JEFF (49)

(picking up
gear bag)
Better hit the road...

JEREMIAH (50)

Kind of disappointing at that, I
guess. Man coming back to his
home place and finding it like
this. Like visiting a graveyard --

JEFF (51)

(slowly; going out)
Yeah. Something like that --

EXT. FRONT PORCH - JEREMIAH'S CABIN - DAY

51

MED. SHOT - Jeff and Jeremiah. The SOUNDS of the
approaching jeep is heard. Jeff puts out his hand.

JEREMIAH (52)

(shaking hands)
Good luck --

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (53)
(moving off porch)
Yeah...

52 MED. FULL SHOT. This is the front of the cabin, thirty or forty yards away. Wes and Louise drive up in a jeep that has been fitted as a portable blacksmith shop. The Jackhammer Ranch brand, a jackhammer, is stenciled on the side. Wes is twenty-two or three, slender, and his face is frank and pleasant. He is a man of periodic emotional enthusiasm, sometimes almost boyishly.

Louise is slightly older than Wes; twenty-five or six. She is an attractive and dramatic woman, with an earthy stability that acts as a check-rein on Wes. She also is a happy woman: She has escaped a thousand miles from the jungle to a home and security, and everything about her - movement, manner, carriage and drive, indicate that she is now sure of herself with the authority, final and complete, that belongs only to women who find it the hard way.

WES (54)
-- Mornin' --

JEFF (55)
-- Mornin' --

53 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Wes. Something about Jeff seems familiar to him. He looks off after him, brow furrowed, trying to recall. He can't...

54 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM front door. This is across the porch and Jeremiah on Jeff moving away in the b.g. Wes and Louise come to the porch.

LOUISE (56)
Hope we didn't interrupt nothing --
Wes looks off at the figure of Jeff.

JEREMIAH (57)
Naw. He was born here. Wanted to see how the place looked after twenty-odd years.

LOUISE (58)
(relieved)
Scared us for a minute. Thought maybe he was a buyer.

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

JEREMIAH (59)

Him?

(laughs)

Them McClouds was the most shiftless family ever to hit these parts. He couldn't buy nothing.

WES (60)

McCloud?

(suddenly)

Of course. That's who that is -
Jeff McCloud.

(to Jeremiah)

Ain't that Jeff McCloud?

JEREMIAH (61)

You know him?

Wes takes off his hat and indicates the sweat band.

WES (62)

Look!

55 CLOSE SHOT - sweat band. It is stamped JEFF McCLOUD
PERSONAL MODEL.

56 MED. SHOT across Wes and Jeremiah on Louise. Wes turns
and calls, offscene:

WES (63)

Hey, Mister McCloud!

Now there is a tug at Louise's instinct. She knows
that Wes is a rodeo aficionado, and that therefore
there might be in this casual meeting a kind of threat.

LOUISE (64)

(almost
a growl)

Let him alone, Wes -

WES (65)

He was world's saddle bronc champ,
Honey. First man ever to ride
Zombie. Just wanna say hello to
him -

He moves out, calling loudly:

WES' VOICE (66)

Hey, there! MISTER McCLOUD!

The CAMERA MOVES INTO a CLOSE SHOT of Louise. Her eyes
narrow. She senses trouble.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NEAR JACKHAMMER RANCH - DAY- (PROCESS)

56A LONG SHOT - jeep, as it rolls through countryside.

57- MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING - Jeep (PROCESS). Jeff, Wes
61 and Louise.

WES
(enthusiastically)
I was up at the Cheyenne rodeo
three years when you won the
all-around.

JEFF
How big is that ranch you ride for?

WES
Big enough. That's the year you
rode Zombie, didn't you?

JEFF
Think they can use another hand?

WES
I'm sure Rig'll take you on.

LOUISE
I wouldn't get my hopes up too
high, Mr. McCloud.

JEFF
(turns and
looks at her)
Why not?

LOUISE
Lots of bosses on the big spreads
won't give a rodeo cowboy a job.
Figure they're all saddle tramps.

JEFF
Don't they have rodeos around here?

WES
Sure. Ride in one every year down
in San Angelo. Won forty dollars
last Fourth of July.

JEFF
(kidding)
Forty dollars? Must be a big show.

WES
(seriously)
Every rider in the county enters.

(CONTINUED)

57- (CONTINUED)

61

JEFF

Year I was champ, I cleaned up
over twenty-five thousand.

LOUISE

Dollars?

JEFF

They don't pay off in corncocks,
ma'am.

62 LONG SHOT - jeep, as it travels across Jackhammer Ranch.

EXT. WES' COTTAGE - DAY

63 MED. SHOT. Wes drives the jeep up in front of his
cottage and Louise gets out.

WES

I'll take Jeff over to see Rig.
Think you can roust up another
lamb chop, honey?

LOUISE

I think so.

(to Jeff)

We eat early on Sunday. Can you
hold out 'till four o'clock?

JEFF

For lamb chops, I can.

64 WIDER ANGLE - Wes drives away.

EXT. MAIN BUILDINGS - JACKHAMMER RANCH - DAY

64A MED. FULL SHOT. These are the offices and residence of
Rig Ferris, general manager; and they are impressive.
There is a cowboy sitting on the steps of one of the
buildings. His name is Niko. Wes and Jeff get out.

64B MED. SHOT - they come in to Niko.

WES

Hi, Niko. Boss in?

NIKO

At the barn. All of 'em are
in the barn.

Wes waves, and he and Jeff move out.

65 MED. FULL SHOT - they drive towards barn.

63 (CONTINUED)

WES (79)

I'll take Jeff over to see Rig,
honey. You roust up another
lamb chop.

(to Jeff)

Always for Sunday dinner - lamb.
Working around all this beef -
I get lamb.

Jeff laughs.

LOUISE (80)

Four o'clock now -

WES (81)

(to Jeff)

Can you hold out till four o'clock?

JEFF (82)

(looking
at Louise)

For lamb, I can -

Wes turns away, followed by Jeff.

64 WIDER ANGLE - Wes and Jeff get in the jeep and Wes
drives away.

EXT. MAIN BUILDINGS - JACKHAMMER RANCH - DAY

64A MED. FULL SHOT - These are the offices and residence of
Rig Ferris, general manager; and they are impressive.
There is a cowboy sitting on the steps of one of the
buildings. His name is Niko. Wes and Jciff get out.

64B MED. SHOT - They come in to Niko.

WES (83)

Hi, Niko. Boss in?

NIKO (84)

In the barn. All of 'em are in
the barn.

Wes waves, and he and Jeff move out.

65 MED. FULL SHOT - they drive towards barn.

EXT. BARN - JACKHAMMER - DAY

65A MED. SHOT - Barn. It is a big building. Wes and Jeff got out and go inside.

INT. BARN - JACKHAMMER - DAY

66 MED. FULL SHOT - Group. This includes Rig Ferris, about fifty, the foreman, Mark Hancock, holding a clipboard, a veterinarian, cattle inspector and two cowboys. They are around a calf which is being held down. The vets have just finished their specimens.

VET (85)

We'll have a lab report on this sometime tomorrow, Rig.

RIG (86)

Keep the calf quarantined till we find out about this -

Wes and Jeff come in.

WES (87)

Picked this fella up at Jeremiah's place. He's huntin' for a job.

JEFF (88)

Name's Jeff McCloud.

RIG (89)

(businesslike)

Where'd you work last and why'd you quit?

JEFF (90)

Been workin' the rodeos the last few years. Quit 'cause I ran out of bones to break.

RIG (91)

(standing up)

Sorry. Can't use you.

JEFF (92)

(surprised but surmising the reason for Rig's answer)

If you're thinking I'm a rodeo tramp, you got me wrong.

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

RIG (93)

I've hired rodeo cowboys before.
They're always practicing their
tricks and roughing up the stock.
An' jus' when you need 'em most,
they're taking off for Fort Worth
or Cheyenne or somewhere.

JEFF (94)

If you want any recommendations
'bout my work, I can get 'em for
you.

RIG (95)

(pausing to
reconsider)

What ranches you work for?

WES (96)

Lazy W and Vern Jackson's place
up in the Panhandle. Managers
o' both places'll vouch for me.

RIG (97)

How're you with horses? You
know how to break colts without
making bronses outa 'em?

JEFF (98)

(beaming)

I got a special calling for
handling horses -- like some
fella got a calling for bein'
a preacher. I can make 'em do
everything but talk Meskin.

RIG (99)

(softening)

One o' my best cowboy's sick
with arthritis. What'll you
work for?

JEFF (100)

Hundred and forty.

RIG (101)

Hundred and twenty's the best
I can do.

JEFF (102)

(considering)

Okay. You got a cowboy.

Wes walks in, hears Jeff's last line and winks his
congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

RIG (103)

(offering hand
to Jeff)

Might as well tell you right off
that we got some strict rules
'round this place. We don't run
the stock like wild Indians
'cause that takes the fat offa
'em. An' we don't rope the stock
'less we have to 'cause we got
pure bred stuff on this ranch
and we can't sell 'em with broken
legs.

JEFF (104)

I got you.

RIG (105)

Wes'll show you the bunkhouse.
Meet you at the corral in about
fifteen minutes and help you pick
out a string o' ponies.

Wes and Jeff turn and leave the barn.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

67

FULL SHOT - bunkhouse in f.g. - main building in b.g.
Bunkhouse is a long, narrow, barracks-like building of
timber and adobe, about 100 yards from the main ranch
house. A gaunt-looking hound is lying on the steps, its
tongue hanging out four or five inches, panting as
hounds always seem to be panting. Wes and Jeff approach
the bunkhouse. Wes is carrying Jeff's suitcase, Jeff
has the saddle slung over his back. Hound doesn't budge
at their approach, and Wes has to push him off the stoop
with his boot. Wes opens the door and starts into the
bunkhouse.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

68

FULL SHOT - Interior is arranged like a barracks, plain
iron cots on both sides of the room, an aisle down the
middle. Unlike an Army barracks, however, the impression
one gets is neither of cleanliness nor of order. On the
walls are several small shaving mirrors, a large calendar,
pictures of pin-up girls, three or four rifles, some
coyote traps. The floor is littered with odds and ends.
The light is dim.

CHANGES
THIS MAN IS MINE
(New Bunkhouse Scene)

1-26-52
19

68A MED. SHOT. Wes and Jeff as they enter the bunkhouse. PAN WITH them as they walk up to Travis Waite, a grizzled old man lying in his bunk, his head propped up by a pillow, his right leg bare and plunged into a bucket of hot water. Travis is reading a Western Story magazine. His sight is apparently bad and he has the magazine right up against his nose. At a table, Everett Smith is dealing himself a hand of solitaire. Travis and Everett look up as Wes and Jeff enter.

WES
(introducing him)
This is Jeff McCloud. Rig just
hired him.
(to Jeff)
Travis Waite and Everett Smith.
(they nod at
each other)
Where'll he bunk?

TRAVIS
(nodding toward
a cot with a
sheetless mattress)
Nobody's usin' that 'un.

Jeff dumps his gear by the cot.

WES
(to Jeff, as
he starts
for door)
The boys'll tell you all you
need to know about the Jackhammer.

Wes exits. Jeff sits down on the cot. Travis goes back to his reading. Everett continues to deal the cards. The only SOUND comes from outside, the lonely, haunting creaking of a windmill turning slowly in a light breeze. Jeff rolls and lights a cigarette. He looks around the bunkhouse.

69 CLOSEUP - PAN SHOT - what Jeff sees: the calendar. Pin-up girls. Guns on the wall, etc.

70 MED. CLOSEUP - Jeff. He looks out window across from him.

70A MED. SHOT - what Jeff sees out window: the windmill turning slowly. There is a CLICK as the wheel turns for the downstroke, another CLICK for the upstroke. The silence is deadly.

70B MED. SHOT. Jeff looks back at Travis.
thru
70G

TRAVIS

Pretty country, ain't it?

JEFF

Pretty dry.

TRAVIS

Nothin' wrong with it a little rain won't cure.

JEFF

(as he crosses
to Travis)

Yeah, but it ain't rainin'.

Trevis looks at Jeff's gold belt buckle.

TRAVIS

Get that buckle rodeoin'?

JEFF

(nods)

Pendleton.

TRAVIS

If I was a young buck, I'd sure be workin' the rodeos.

EVERETT

(breaking
his silence)

Why? I wouldn't pay no money to see a man fall off a horse.

JEFF

(looking across
at him)

Lots of fools do.

EVERETT

(a mild sneer)

Met a cowhand once wearin' one of them buckles - turned out he bought it in a pawn shop.

(looks at cards)

Talked a great line, too. Could out-fight, out-ride, and out-poker any man I ever met.

(CONTINUED)

70-B-G (CONTINUED)

He shuffles the deck of cards. A pause.

JEFF

I ain't so good on the talkin' -
(starts to cross
to the table)
- but I'll try you on the poker.

EVERETT

(glancing up)
For how much?

Jeff fishes in his boot, takes out a five dollar bill,
puts it on the table.

JEFF

There she is.

EVERETT

(glancing
at money)
Kinda chicken feed, ain't it?

JEFF

I dropped the rest in a blind
man's cup.

EVERETT

High card?

JEFF

High card.

They cut. Jeff draws. Everett draws. Jeff turns up
a jack. Everett turns up a queen. Jeff turns and
exits from the bunkhouse.

EVERETT

(with a grin,
to Travis)
That takes care of the out-pokerin'.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RANCH YARD - DAY

70H MED. SHOT - (DOLLY). Jeff walks up to corral and is

(CONTINUED)

70H (CONTINUED)

suddenly stopped by a horse and rider galloping towards him.

70I FOLLOW SHOT - Wes on horse as he practices roping. He reins the horse and then goes into a fast run.

70J WIDER ANGLE - as Wes rides up to Jeff, hops off and starts to unsaddle his horse.

JEFF

(as he examines
Wes' horse
admiringly)

That pony o' yours sure's got
a fast take off!

WES

Savvies spooky cows better'n
any horses I ever rode;

JEFF

Where'd you get 'em?

WES

King Ranch. Outa some o' their
best quarter horse stock. Name's
Chico. Raised him from a colt.

JEFF

Ever think of going into the big-
time rodeos?

WES

Lotsa times. But every time I
bring up the subject my wife
goes into tantrums. She saw a
cowboy killed in the rodeo at
Pearsall 'bout two years ago
and she ain't forgotten it.

JEFF

With that horse o' yours and
the way you handle a rope, you
sure could pick up a lotta easy
dough quick in New York or
Cheyenne.

(CONTINUED)

70J (CONTINUED)

WES
(as he finishes
wiping down Chico)
Yeah, but I'd have to divorce
my wife to do it.
(changing
the subject)
Guess it's 'bout time for grub.
How about washing up and

JEFF
Just show me the way....

As Wes leads Chico towards the barn, Jeff looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO

70K OMITTED

70L OMITTED

70M OMITTED

INT. WES' COTTAGE - KITCHEN - JACKHAMMER - NIGHT (SHOT)

71- MED. SHOT - Wes and Louise at the drainboard doing the
72 dishes. Jeff is at the table smoking a cigarette.
Supper is over.

JEFF
This is a nice layout here. What
do you have to do to get it?

LOUISE
Get married.

WES
Louise and me waited six months
until a married cowboy quit,
old Harry Mitchell...
(pause)
It's kinda small - but we got
eleven hundred dollars saved up,
me and Louise - and we're going
to buy Jeremiah's place and
stock it. Call it the W-L,
won't we, honey?

LOUISE
(drily)
That's the general idea. When
we get the money.

(CONTINUED)

71- (CONTINUED)
72

WES

(appealing to Jeff)
Eleven hundred dollars is pretty good, ain't it? For the two years we been married?

JEFF

(lazy)
Who does the saving?

WES

(a grin)
She's the banker. I just hand her my pay.

LOUISE

It's a joint account...

JEFF

(mildly)
It's always surpriz'n how romantic women are about money.

LOUISE

(stung)
Wes says you once made three thousand dollars in one day's rodeoing.

JEFF

Uh-huh...

WES

(eagerly)
At Madison Square Garden. In New York.

LOUISE

-- and threw it all away.

JEFF

I didn't exactly throw it. It sort of floated.

LOUISE

Wasn't that stupid? Breaking your bones. And then lettin' all that money go?

JEFF

(looks at her)
You don't do everything you do just for how much cash there is in it.

(then)
Some things you do for the buzz they give you.

(CONTINUED)

71-(CONTINUED)
72

LOUISE

One minute on a crazy horse!

JEFF

A minute? Ten seconds is enough
to make it feel like a lifetime.

LOUISE

-- and wind up with a snapped neck!

JEFF

Or a dislocated collarbone. Or get
your brains shook loose by a bronc!
Sure - I know...

(he pauses)

I've come out of the chutes - hearin'
the crowd yell - with a bull or a
horse twisting under me - and I've
always felt the same things.

Wes is listening intently.

WES

What did you feel?

JEFF

(hesitates for
the words)

A kinda pattern...man and animal...
blood and strength and being scared -
all of it together...so that for ten
seconds you're a little bit more
than you are walking a street or
eatin' or sleepin' --

(breaks off)

Maybe it's something you can't
explain to a woman --

LOUISE

(simply)

Why?

JEFF

(a brief pause)

Cause it's a different kind of love.

(he gets up)

Much obliged for the supper. Been
a long time since I had grub as good.

WES

(going close
to Louise)

That's one of the reasons they were
standing in line to marry her.

(CONTINUED)

71-(CONTINUED)
72

WES (cont'd)
(puts his arms
around Louise)
That coffee pot ain't been the
same since she left...

He kisses her and then follows Jeff out of the cabin.

73 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. Her face darkens a little.

EXT. WES' COTTAGE - FRONT PORCH - JACKHAMMER - NIGHT
(SHOT)

74- MED. SHOT - Wes and Jeff. They come out, move
76 down the walkway.

WES
I guess a lot of people ask
you what was the best horse
you ever rode.

JEFF
A lot of people ask.

WES
Was it Zombie?

JEFF
I drew Two-Step once and got
bucked off. She was good, but
I mark Zombie better.

Wes pauses at the knee-high fence along the yard and
offers Jeff a cigarette.

WES
Was you ever scared?

JEFF
Rodeoing?

WES
Of gettin' hurt?

JEFF
I've been scared and I've been
not scared.

WES
Why did you quit?

(CONTINUED)

74- (CONTINUED)
76

JEFF (163)

Busted the last three ribs I had.

WES (164)

Where?

JEFF (165)

Pendleton. Pendleton always was
a jinx for me. Never won a dime
in Pendleton since I first rodeoed.

(looks off
at the dark
countryside)

I wouldn't have quit, even at
Pendleton, if I hadn't caved in.

WES (166)

You rodeoed a long time...

JEFF (167)

Eighteen years. I won the national
when I was seventeen.

WES (168)

A fellow's bankroll could get
fat fast, rodeoing...

JEFF (169)

(a shrug)

Chicken today; feathers tomorrow...

WES (170)

(eagerly)

Not if he played it smart when he
had the chicken...

JEFF (171)

Stick to your lamb chops, boy;
she cooks 'em good.

Louise appears behind them.

LOUISE (172)

(to Wes)

Hate to mention this, but
you're a working man.

(to Jeff)

You are too, now. About time
to hit the sack.

WES (173)

We just et.

(CONTINUED)

74- (CONTINUED)

76

LOUISE (174)

We et late. And four-thirty
comes early in this country.

JEFF (175)

I forgot people get up at
four-thirty.

(thoughtfully;
looking at
Louise)

Good night. And thanks again
for the supper.

He watches them walk away.

77 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is still thoughtful, watching
Louise, o.s. He is thinking that she is not a bad-
looking dish.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. JACKHAMMER RANCH - DAWN

77A WIDE ANGLE. This is in the first light of dawn; the
buildings are just silhouettes. There are the NOISES
of the world waking up.

INT. WES' COTTAGE - JACKHAMMER - DAWN

77B CLOSE SHOT - alarm clock. It reads 4:30. It is
RINGING. CAMERA PANS to bed. Wes sleepily rolls out,
grimacing. He hates this. He shuts off alarm.

LOUISE'S VOICE (176)

Don't go back to sleep now -

WES (177)

No such luck -

He gets up. CAMERA PANS to open door. We see Louise
in the kitchen.

INT. WES' COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAWN

77C CLOSE SHOT - Louise. She goes about fixing breakfast
and there is a happy smile on her face. She likes this.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

77D CLOSEUP - hammer striking angular piece of iron hung
from bunkhouse ceiling by rope. CAMERA DRAWS BACK,
reveals Shorty, the Jackhammer's Mexican cook, wielding
the hammer. Shorty is sweating, has a white apron tied
around his waist.

77D (CONTINUED)

SHORTY

(yelling)

Come and geet it or I throw eet
away!

CAMERA DRAWS BACK still farther, revealing sleeping section of bunkhouse, ten cowboys lying prone on their beds, covered with blankets. Boots and big hats litter floor alongside beds. Several figures are stirring but others are still stiff as logs. Shorty strikes the iron again.

EVERETT

(yelling from
other end of
room)

Aw shut up, you know you oan do
with it!

DISSOLVE TO

77E Omitted.

77F Omitted.

EXT. A. CORRAL - JACKHAMMER - DAY

78 FULL SHOT. A squeeze made of two inch iron pipes is built into one side of the corral. It leads out into the open field. The full crew - Jeff, Wes, Everett Vaughn, Joe Beaumont, Lou Handel, Shorty Ennis, Niko Contreras, Paul Shemanski are all working. Wes is on a horse, the other men are on foot. The corral is full of yearling steers. They work a steer into the chute, Everett doing most of the hazing; then the others swarm over the squeeze, holding the animal in; they brand him doctor him, give him his black leg shots. Everett tails up on another steer, which evades him.

79 MED. SHOT - Jeff, on foot, filthy dirty - the sweat cutting furrows through the dust on his face - is dodging around, trying to head the steer.

JEFF

(shouting
at Everett)

If you can't handle that hoss,
give him to somebody else.

(CONTINUED)

79 (CONTINUED)

EVERETT

(snotty)

Why, Champ, you know nobody knows
how to handle a horse but you -

Everett turns the pony fast. Jeff has to jump out of his way. Everett twists his pony again. This time he is too fast for Jeff, who is hit by the pony's rump, and falls into the dust. The men, led by Everett, ROAR with laughter.

80 CLOSEUP - Jeff, on his hands and knees in the dust. He is mad.

81 OMITTED.

82 CLOSEUP - Jeff. He is boiling. Decisively, he moves out.

83 MED. SHOT - Everett. He reacts grimly as Jeff comes in.

JEFF

(coldly)

Get down.

Everett hesitates for a second and Jeff grabs him by the belt and yanks him out of the saddle. Everett kicks at Jeff. Jeff ducks and is about to hit him when:

RIG'S VOICE

(with authority)

Hold it!

84 WIDER ANGLE. Rig comes in. The other cowboys are looking. Jeff releases Everett, shoving him a little back against his horse. The face of Rig is set in firmness.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

RIG
What's the matter here?
(to Jeff
and Everett)
What is it this time?

JEFF
(not too
pleasantly)
Nothing the front office has
to settle.

He glares at Everett. Evidently this is getting to be
an old story.

RIG
Need a man up at North Meadow.
(calls to
cowboy)
Eddie show McCloud the way to
the North Meadow.

From the reactions, this evidently is some kind of a
dirty job that is being assigned to Jeff for
disciplinary reasons. Jeff starts out.

RIG (cont'd)
(to Everett)
Looks like you've made up your
mind to tangle with him. I got
some good advice for you. Unmake it.

He walks out. Everett gets back on his horse.

DISSOLVE TO

84A LONG SHOT - Meadow. Jeff rounding up some loose
cattle. (STOCK)

DISSOLVE TO

84B MONTAGE - cowboys at work in snow (STOCK)
INTERCUT CLOSE UPS of Jeff and Wes.

EXT. MEADOW - JACKHAMMER - DAY

85 MED. FULL SHOT. Jeff is on his horse among a herd of
cattle, inspecting the animals, seeing which needs
attention. He finally ropes one, gets down.

86 MED. SHOT. Jeff takes a kit bag from his saddle, opens
it and gives the animal first aid treatment for a cut,
and a shot of some kind. He replaces the bag, gets
back on the horse. The SOUND of hoofbeats comes over.
He looks off.

87 LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. Wes is riding through the draw.

88 MED. SHOT - Wes rides in.

WES
Brought some grub.

JEFF
Good...This herd broke through
the fence at the foot of the mesa.
Some of 'em got out bad.

WES
Yeah.

Wes sees a calf that needs attention. He builds a loop with his lasso, makes a toss, misses. The calf, frightened, starts running, with Wes following. Wes finally ropes the calf, dismounts.

WES (cont'd)
(loudly-
to horse)
Hold!

89 MED. FULL SHOT - Chico. This is Wes' horse. He holds perfectly. He eases back gingerly, taking the slack out of the rope, but not pulling it too tight, just keeping it firm.

90 MED. SHOT - Wes. He paints the calf's wound and releases it. Jeff rides in.

JEFF
You gotta a lotta horse in Chico.
Where'd you get 'em?

WES
King Ranch. Outa some o' their
best quarter horse stock. Raised
him from a colt. Know any better?

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Once had a matched pair with a station wagon and trailer all painted to match their hides, sorrel with flax manes. Long time ago.

(looks at Chico)

You got no problem. A roping horse like him's worth four, five thousand dollars. Sell him and buy that ranch you want.

WES

Aim to have both. Show you something else, too.

He takes a folded slip out of his pocket and hands it to Jeff.

91 MED. SHOT - Jeff and Wes. Looking at the paper, which is an entry blank for the San Angelo Rodeo, Jeff is surprised.

JEFF

(slowly)

...calf roping, fifty dollars;
bareback, twenty-five dollars;
saddle-bronc, twenty-five dollars.

(to Wes)

Your wife know about your spending all your money to enter a rodeo?

WES

I'll tell her - if I come out all right next month in San Angelo.

JEFF

Rodeoing in them tank towns is one thing - rodeoing with top professionals is something else. You couldn't even win hamburger money.

WES

Not right away. I know that. But I learn fast.

He looks at Jeff, hopefully. Jeff looks at him as the inference gets through.

92 CLOSEUP - Jeff. He smiles slowly, turning down the corners of his mouth a little.

JEFF

You're a pretty cute article.
All the time you had just one
thing in the back of your mind -

There is a subtle moral issue involved here that Jeff senses but cannot explain.

93 MED. SHOT - Jeff and Wes.

WES

(rapidly; with
some spirit)

I don't figger I done nothing
wrong. Sure - I thought if I
could get you on here you might
be able to help me some. At the
rate Louise and I are going it'll
take fifteen more years to save
enough to buy Jeremiah's place.
My wife's got more patience than
I got. Don't figure we'll ever
get our place 'less we find some
short cuts. I know what I want -
and it won't wait no fifteen
years...

Jeff looks at him thoughtfully.

JEFF

Maybe you're right...
(thinks a
moment)

I could help you and maybe I could
help myself too.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RANCH - MEADOW - DAY

93A- Jeff is standing by an improvised steer shoot leading
95 into a long corral. Two or three dogging steers are in
the shoot. Wes is on Chico near Jeff.

JEFF

You're sure you want to learn
this bull dogging business?

WES

How else am I ever gonna win
the all-around?

JEFF

Here's a few things to remember.
Don't jump for a steer. Always
ride up and slide off easy. Let
your horse take your feet out in
front of the steer so you can
get your footing again. This
will make sure you slow him up.
Work close to the steer and try
to stay on your feet.

WES

How's a man going to throw one
of them?

JEFF

When a steer starts acting up,
you gotta know your business.
If you don't, you'll either pop
your gizzard or eat dirt.

Jeff loops a rope around the steer's horns in the chute
and hands the other end of the rope to Wes.

JEFF (cont'd)

Take a good dally. I'm letting
the steer out.

One of the hands straddling the shoot releases the
steer. Once the steer hits the end of Wes' rope, he
turns around and stops. Jeff races down the rope and
applies a front hold on the steer. Wes rides over,
releases the rope from Chico's saddle and dismounts.
Jeff by now has an excellent hold on the steer.

JEFF (cont'd)

Put him in a turn by shoving down
on the left horn and pulling up
on his right. By doing that you
get the steer's nose in the air.
Once his neck's twisted, you've
slowed him up and he's in a
position to throw like this.

(CONTINUED)

93A- (CONTINUED)

95

Jeff throws the steer with ease.

JEFF (cont'd)

(on the ground
with the steer)

He's got to have all four feet
straight out.

Jeff releases the steer.

WES

(grinning)

That don't look too easy. Let
me have a try at the next one.
You line him out and I'll catch.

JEFF

Jerk the slack out of your reins,
Wes. You need lots of practice
before doggin off Chico.

WES

Got to start sometime, don't I?

Jeff, pausing, looking at Wes thoughtfully, walks over
to Chico and fixes Wes' stirrup.

JEFF

Always lower my right stirrup
a notch. Easier to slide out.

Wes is about to mount when Jeff stops him. Jeff starts
to unbuckle Wes' spurs.

JEFF (cont'd)

If you learn nothing else, never
bulldog with your spurs on. A lot
of good men have forgot this and
have been hung up bad.

Wes and Jeff are on their respective sides of the
barrier. A ranchhand straddling the shoot waits for
signal to release the steer.

JEFF

You tell 'em when you're ready.
I'll be there.

WES

Let him out.

(CONTINUED)

93A- (CONTINUED)
95

The steer comes out with Wes and Jeff at its heels. Wes jumps off his horse instead of sliding off easily and grabs ineptly at the horns. The steer keeps on going and after a few ineffective attempts to slow the steer down, Wes hits the dirt. Jeff rides over to a very dishevelled and disgusted Wes who is sitting down in the middle of the meadow.

JEFF

Like I said - it's going to take weeks of practice.

WES

There can't be nobody much better'n' you.

JEFF

You gonna talk or work?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

WES

Sure beats me. Guys as good as you are - satisfied to hang around a gopher hole like this, . doing the same chores day after day.

JEFF

(suddenly) .
Rodeoing cost dough. You'll need a horse trailer, something to pull it...

WES

We got over a thousand dollars in the bank. Guess you gotta spend money to get money...

JEFF

Guess so...

Wes moves away.

96 CLOSEUP - Jeff. His face is thoughtful, thinking of the graveyard that is the Jackhammer and doing the same chores day after day.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' COTTAGE - JACKHAMMER - NIGHT - STUDIO (SHOT)

97 MED. FULL SHOT - Wes. He is moving around the room with his lasso, practicing his calf-roping, tossing the loop at some objects on the floor. The door opens and Louise comes in. She wears a coat and a hat and has been to town. Wes starts to speak but there is sudden tension in her manner that checks him.

LOUISE

You took a hundred and twenty-five dollars from the bank last week.

WES

(slowly) .
Yeah, that's right.

LOUISE

You forgot to mention it.

WES

(guiltily)
I been sort of trying to get around to it.

LOUISE

(after a pause)
What was it for?

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED)

WES
I sent it to San Angelo.

LOUISE
Why?

WES
(finally)
Entry fees in the rodeo.

Louise stares at him, incredulous.

LOUISE
That's something else you didn't mention.

98 MED.- SHOT - Wes and Louise. .

WES
(rising)
I was going to, when it was over. I wanted to surprise you. .

LOUISE
Surprise me with what? A broken arm? A broken neck?

WES
I'm good. Jeff says so. He's been teaching me.

LOUISE
Jeff McCloud, the great has-boon. What'll Rig think about one of his hands up and going on a three-day vacation.

WES
He knows I'm going to San Angelo. .

LOUISE
If Rig finds out you been in a rodeo, he'll fire you off the job --

99 CLOSE SHOT - Wes. He boils a little. .

WES
Job, job! Minute it looks like a guy's gonna lose a job his wife gets panicky.

100 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. Her eyes narrow. She is now the hard-boiled Louise of three years ago.

LOUISE

Look, buster. Stop kidding yourself. You ain't the only guy that tried to take me out from behind the counter of that hashhouse and set me up in business. You ain't the biggest - you ain't the strongest; you ain't the richest and you ain't the prettiest. But you're the only one wanted what I wanted - a little place a thousand miles from nowhere, a few kids and a few cows, and that's why I married you.

101 OMITTED.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS Wes and Louise. Her face is dark with slow anger and unhappiness. Looking at her, Wes softens some. He takes her in his arms.

WES

Look, honey. I love you. I love you more than anything in the world. I want a place of my own. I want to throw a line over my own cow - just once.

LOUISE

(not relenting)

You're a grown man, Wes. You do what you like.

Wes glares at her, now angrily, releases her.

WES

I aim to. I'm going to San Angelo...

He goes out. Louise watches him go, worried.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SAN ANGELO RODEO GROUNDS - DAY - (STOCK)

- 103 ESTABLISHING SHOT. (Note: This does not have to be San Angelo. Any fairly good-sized rodeo will do but it must not be too big.) This rodeo will be identified by a sign on the stands or the arena. There will be considerable activity.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. ARENA - DAY - (LOC)

- 104 CLOSE SHOT - Bulletin Board. There is nothing obligatory about this, either. Those merely are the typewritten sheets that list the drawings for the day and if not on a bulletin board would be posted in a conspicuous place. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and reveals Jeff and Wes looking at the drawings.

JEFF

- Jack Nemo's here...and
Red Logan -- good line-up...

- 105 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM drawings. This is MED. CLOSE ON Jeff and Wes. Jeff has his gear bag with him. Now,

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

suddenly, he reacts to something in the drawings.

JEFF (247)
High Voltage. You drew High
Voltage in the bareback. I
know this horse -

His face somewhat excited now, he sticks his finger
out and goes down the line, his surprise increasing.

JEFF (cont'd)
(reading)
Bald Eagle. Blackout, Raw Deal,
Billy the Kid -

During this a couple of other contestants have come up
and are looking at the drawings. Their names are
Lansing and Omak.

JEFF (cont'd)
- this is Al Dawson's stock.
(turns to two
contestants)
Ain't that Al Dawson's stock?

LANSING (248)
That's right, Jeff.

The cowboy knows him. Jeff reacts to this with some
pleasure.

WES (249)
Something wrong with this stock?

JEFF (250)
(shrugging)
Just never knowed him to work
this far south, that's all.

They turn and walk away.

106 MED. FULL SHOT. Wes and Jeff move away towards the
corral. A lot of the early customers are around,
with the staff of vendors, ushers, etc.

JEFF (251)
I know your horse good. Win
day money on him at Saint Joe
and Denver.

He sees someone in the crowd, smiles and yells:

JEFF (cont'd)
Hey, Barney! Who's the dude?

107 MED. SHOT - Red Logan and Jack Nemo. They stop. Jack is in his working rodeo clothes, but Red is dressed in a street-suit with embroidered pockets, and is smoking an over-sized cigar. They look around, behind them, o.s. They finally spot Jeff, o.s. They grin.

JACK NEMO

Well, whaddya know -

Jeff and Wes come in, and the four of them resume walking, in a MOVING SHOT. Jeff reacts broadly to Red's costume.

JEFF

(to Red)

What are you - a lightning rod salesman?

RED

Hi, Sodbuster -

They shake hands warmly. Jeff now shakes with Jack, also warmly.

NEMO

Hear you been dirt farming -

JEFF

(smiling)

Pretty near....Meet Wes Merritt.
Red Logan, Jack Nemo.

They shake hands.

NEMO

(to Jeff)

Didn't see your name in the entry list.

JEFF

I come with Wes. He's gettin' his feet wet today.

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

Wes smiles and they move away together, towards the corrals.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUCKING CHUTES - SAN ANGELO - DAY - (LOC)

108 MED. SHOT - DOWN ON chute. Wes and Jeff are straddling
ALREADY the chute above High Voltage and on the ground in front
SHOT of the gate is a group of cowboys looking on. Jeff is wearing a pair of old chaps and on it is the monogram: JMcC. He is measuring the bucking rein, is showing Wes where to hold it.

COWBOY

That's too much rein.

Wes, who is nervous anyway, looks at Jeff with some doubt in his face.

JEFF

(irritated)

Shut up, will you?

(to someone o.s.)

Hey, Jack!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Next out of chute Four, Wes

Merritt on High Voltage -

Now High Voltage rears and paws, fighting the chute. Jack Nemo climbs up on the corral and from the other side, the arena side, the arena judge comes in.

ARENA JUDGE

What're we hung on here?

JEFF

Pass us -

The arena judge motions with his program to the announcer offscene that chute Five will be next.

JEFF

(to Jack)

You know this horse?

JACK

Bucked me off in Colorado Springs.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Having a little trouble with High Voltage. Coming out in Chute Five - George Barrett of Palm Springs, California on Frivolous Sal.

JEFF

(indicating rein)

This right?

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED)

ALREADY

SHOT During this the announcer's voice has been heard in the background, as an undertone. We see the gate open on Chute Five and the horse and rider come out.

109 CLOSER SHOT - above chute. Neither Jeff nor Jack have paid the slightest attention to this but Wes is staring at it, off-scene, nervously.

JACK

I'd say so. He's one of them horses that likes to throw his head way back

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- there he goes!

(There are crowd noises, offscene)

JEFF

(to Wes)

Pay attention!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

He's giving him a ride, folks. Headed for the open spaces...

WES

Yeah. Yeah.

(a loud BUZZER sounds)

He made it!

JEFF

Like I told you. Right here -

(hands Wes the bucking rein)

(There is APPLAUSE from the crowd).

Jeff signals to the arena judge that they are ready. He hands the bucking rein to Wes.

JEFF

Forget the crowd now. Relax. Don't fight him. Work with him.

Wes nods grimly, easing down on the horse. He nods, saying nothing.

JEFF (cont'd)

(mixing his metaphors)

Just like dancing with a girl. Let him lead.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Coming out of Chute Four - Wes Merritt on High Voltage. You might call Wes a local cowboy. Comes from up in the Panhandle -

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)
ALREADY
SHOT

JEFF

(to Wes)

Okay?

WES

Okay.

Jeff signals, off-scene and the chute is opened.

110 WIDER ANGLE. As the horse vaults out, Jeff yells:

JEFF

Rake him!

High Voltage is a good horse, and Wes sticks to him with great determination.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

I'd say he's giving him a good
ride --

There is some APPLAUSE. Wes continues to ride. Now some of his nervousness seems to have gone and he starts raking the horse good.

JACK

Kid's got nerve -

RED

Lookit 'im spur 'im.

Now there is more APPLAUSE. The horn SOUNDS, indicating the finish of the ride and the pick-up men gallop to get him off.

111 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff is pleased, but conceals it.

JACK

Looks pretty good.

JEFF

Wait'll you see him calf-rope -

112 MED. FULL SHOT - arena. The pick-up men have taken Wes off the horse and now he is running towards Jeff.

WES

(out of breath,
excited)

I rode him!

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
You sure did. You might've rode
him right into some day-money,
too.

113 CLOSE SHOT - Wes. He grins.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Coming out of Chute Six....

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' COTTAGE - KITCHEN - JACKHAMMER - NIGHT

114- MED. FULL SHOT. Louise is dressed in old clothes and
119 is mopping the kitchen. She pauses to wring out the
mop, and the front door opens suddenly and Wes comes
running in.

WES
(flashing the
check)
Look at it, honey, and sing
hallelujah.

She looks at the check.

LOUISE
Four hundred and ten dollars!

WES
Two daymoneys I win! I had a
chance for the average too --
but got bucked off.

LOUISE
(sharply)
Did you get hurt?

WES
Nah. I bounced.

He waves the check under her nose.

WES (cont'd)
Smell it, honey. Don't it smell
sweeter than roses?

LOUISE
(slowly)
Four hundred dollars is a lot of
money. It's two month's wages.

(CONTINUED)

114- (CONTINUED)
119

WES

And I made it in less than
two minutes and there's more
where that come from.

He sits and pulls her down on his knee.

LOUISE

(still looking
at the check)
I'm glad you didn't get hurt!

WES

Not even scratched. I told
you -- I bounce!
(holds check
up to the
light; grins
at her)
I told Rig we're moving out
tomorrow.

LOUISE

Moving out where?

WES

I'm gonna rodeo.

Louise gets off his knees.

LOUISE

Let me get this straight...
You quit - we're leaving here....

WES

(riding high)
Jeff and me figured it out on the
way back. Everything he knows
about rodeoing he's gonna teach
me. We'll split all the money we
win.

(CONTINUED)

114- (CONTINUED)
119

LOUISE

Split what you win, you mean.

WES

You got him all wrong, honey. He's doing me a big favor.

LOUISE

Until a steer kicks you.

WES

I want that ranch. I'll never get it working for wages all my life.

LOUISE

What good will it be if you get crippled?

WES

I'll take care of myself.

LOUISE

Big hearted McCloud! If he could still ride, think he'd offer to share with you?

WES

That ain't the point.

LOUISE

What is the point?

WES

Four hundred and ten dollars for ten minutes work -- that's the point!

LOUISE

If it was that easy, every cowpoke would be rich.

WES

They pay you for the chances you take.

LOUISE

Oh, Wes! Do it the slow way. Let it take longer! Then the money will be real.

WES

Rodco money's real.

(CONTINUED)

114- (CONTINUED)

119

INT. WES' BEDROOM

CLOSE SHOT - Wes and Louise.

LOUISE

No it ain't. It's a short cut...
and short cuts never work.

WES

(angry)

How much can we save on what
we make? I'll be bent over
double before we put together
four thousand dollars.

(holding Louise)

My old man spent his whole life
workin' for what somebody else
paid him. All he left behind
was a big grocery bill and a worn
out saddle. That ain't for me or
you. I know where I'm going and
how to get there. And Jeff McCloud
is my chance to do it.

Louise turns and walks angrily out of the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM

119A CLOSE SHOT - Louise - as her lips tighten. Suddenly,
with determination she leaves the house.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BARN - JACKHAMMER - NIGHT (SHOT)

120 MED. FULL SHOT. Jeff is putting fresh feed over the
railing into the trough for the horses as Louise comes
in behind him. (SHOT)

121 MED. SHOT across Jeff on Louise. He turns and sees her.
The SOUND of the horses in the corral can be heard.
(SHOT)

LOUISE

(cold, brisk)

I want you to do something for me.

JEFF

If I can.

(CONTINUED)

1/25/52
53A

121 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE
I want you to make Wes give up
the idea of rodcoing.

JEFF
That's a pretty big order.

LOUISE
You put the idea into his head.
You can get it out.

JEFF
(casually)
Can I?

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

That four hundred dollars he won -- he thinks he can make that much money every day. You know he can't. You know he was lucky.

JEFF

(away
from her)

He's got his mind made up.

LOUISE

(urgently)

We've been doing good here. Don't let him throw it all away. Besides why should you want to teach Wes? Why not back some other puncher?

JEFF

(carefully)

I think Wes will make a real good rider.

LOUISE

It's a good deal for you, ain't it -- latching onto Wes...

JEFF

(slowly)

Latching on?

(turns and
looks at her)

I hear Wes found you in a tamale joint.

LOUISE

(tight)

That's right.

JEFF

(casually)

I hear anything's better than working in a tamale joint. Even marriage.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(angrily)

Maybe it's none of your business, but I'm gonna explain one thing. My folks were fruit pickers -- we kept moving from state to state. I grew up in tents and camps -- and I never knew what a pair of silk stockings was like until I was nineteen. We never had a house -- and I got so I was always jealous of people who lived in houses -- and stayed in one place...and it didn't matter to me how small the house was, all I ever thought of was how nice it must be having a house of your own and staying in one place. I picked Wes out to marry. And I picked real careful and real slow. And I didn't pick him for the wild horses he could ride or the gold belt buckles he might win. Remember that.

As Louise exits from the barn, Jeff looks after her.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CABIN - JACKHAMMER - EARLY MORNING

122 A gray light penetrates the room. Louise and Wes are finishing packing two cheap suitcases.

WES

(goes over
to Louise --
puts his arm
around her)

Like I said, as soon as we get the ranch money together, I'll quit. A deal?

LOUISE

It's a deal.

EXT. PORCH

- 123 As Louise looks the door and hangs the key on a nail.
She turns and looks down the walk.
- 124 MED. LONG SHOT - Louise in f.g. In the b.g., Jeff can
be seen at the wheel of the coupe, smoking a cigarette.
He lazily watches Louise approach.
- 125- CLOSE SHOT - Louise, as she turns, looking at the house
129 again for what she instinctively feels may be the last
time.

LOUISE

Well, what are we waiting for?

Jeff puts the car in gear - and as they pull out -

DISSOLVE TO

FADE IN

EXT. TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

- 130 MED. FULL SHOT. These are the few moments between the break of dawn and the actual light, what we see now is just luminosity. This is a section of the highway near the vehicular entrance to the grounds. The coupe and trailer roll in and slow down.
- 131 MED. SHOT - coupe. Jeff is driving. Louise is sleeping with her head on Wes' shoulder, and Wes himself is dozing. Jeff drives in.
- 132 FULL SHOT as coupe and trailer roll through the entrance. The CAMERA PANS to a wooden arch over the gate that reads: TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS. There is a big-sign beside the fence that reads:

ONE DAY ONLY
RODEO
5 - EVENTS - 5
\$5000.00
PRIZE MONEY

The outlines of part of the grandstand are seen in the corner; and in the b.g., center and right, we see the outlines of the stables and other objects which are trailers, but which, from here, in this light, probably could not specifically be identified.

- 132A Three trailers for tie-up shot.
- 133 MED. FULL SHOT - Trailer Camp. There are a dozen or more trailers of various sizes clustered near the stables. One in particular is noticeable because it is bigger and more expensive-looking than the others. A couple of men are stirring around. The coupe and the trailer roll through the scene.
- EXT. STABLES - TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS - EARLY MORNING
(STAGE)
- 134 MED. SHOT - PAST coupe. Louise is sleeping in the coupe. Wes and Jeff are at the tail gate of the trailer.
- 135 MED. SHOT - Wes and Jeff. They are preparing to take Chico out of the trailer. Jeff makes a little NOISE getting Chico out, and Wes looks o.s. towards Louise. Wes signals him not to make so much noise. They walk toward the barns with Chico.

EXT. STABLES

- 136 As Wes and Jeff come in with Chico. Jeff looks around for an empty stall. In the distance he hears the mumbling of VOICES. He starts in the direct of the voices.

INT. STABLES - TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

- 137 FULL SHOT. A crap game is in progress, four cowboys squatting and rolling the dice on a stretched out saddle blanket. The game has evidently been going on all night. Burgess, a cowboy with a face distorted by a terrible face scar not yet entirely healed, has the dice; an almost empty whiskey bottle is sitting on the ground near him.

BURGESS

(after a swig
at the bottle)

I'm shootin' ten dollars.

SLIM

(holding a
fistful of money)

Faded.

Burgess rolls the dice.

- 138 GROUP SHOT - the game.

BURGESS

(looking at
the dice)

That cleans me out.

(Slim rakes in
the money)

How about loanin' me fifty bucks?

SLIM

Sorry. Not today, Burgess.

CAMERA ANGLES to show Jeff and Wes, leading Chico, coming into the stables. They stop, watching the scene, just inside the big doors.

(CONTINUED)

138 (CONTINUED)

BURGESS

(ugly now,
touching the
great scar on
his face)
What'sa matter? 'Fraid I won't
pay you back?

SLIM

(standing,
dusting his
knees, then
folding his
winnings)
Gracie said nobody should loan
you no more money.

BURGESS

(furious)
Gracie said! Who you shootin'
craps with - me or my wife?

SLIM

(quietly)
I gotta get some shut-eye. I
gotta rope this afternoon.

BURGESS

(stepping close
to him)
One thing I hate is a tightwad.

SLIM

(turning away)
I'm quittin'...

The money has been carefully folded now and Slim is about to shove the roll of bills into his levis when Burgess, contemptuously, slaps at his hand. The money scatters. Slim, white-faced, spins and hits Burgess.

139 CLOSE SHOT - Burgess. He is knocked down and close to the heels of a stabled horse. The animal rears, whinnies and kicks. Burgess rolls away just in time to avoid being kicked.

BURGESS

(getting up,
crouching)
That's the last thing you're
about to do.

He reaches backward: in his hand a long-bladed, wicked knife appears.

139A MED. SHOT - Slim. Backing up toward a pile of hay, with a pitchfork in it. He yanks pitchfork out of the hay.

139B FULL SHOT - Stables, as Burgess moves forward, the knife in his hand, and Slim stands, the pitchfork ready.

BURGESS

I'll cut that money loose...

From the door, Jeff steps lightly forward, pinions Burgess' arm, and twists the knife out.

JEFF

(as he releases
him, and picks
up the knife,
closing the big
blade)

You're raisin' a lot of dust,
cowboy. Today just ain't your
lucky day. Try the dice tomorrow.

BURGESS

(as he pulls
loose)

It ain't the dice.

Furious, Burgess glares at them. Then exits.

SLIM

(lowering
pitchfork, to Jeff)

Thanks.

(then excusing
Burgess)

...He's been hittin' the bottle
pretty hard...

JEFF

Fella shouldn't play craps who
can't stand losin'...

SLIM

Ain't that. He got gored by a
Brayma up in Cheyenne...

JEFF

Bad?

SLIM

A horn caught him in the cheek,
just below the left eye...

(he looks at
the pitchfork)

I'd a used it only if I had to..

(CONTINUED)

139B (CONTINUED)

He plants the fork again in the hay, stoops, collects his money.

SLIM

Well, I'm gonna lay down awhile before the show.

He exits. The other cowboys follow him.

JEFF

(to Wes)

You better stall Chico and grain him.

Wes leads Chico into the stable.

139C MED. FULL SHOT. A single overhead light is on. Wes and Jeff are putting Chico into a stall.

JEFF

Hungry?

WES

Naw.

(thinking of
Burgess)

That was an awful scar....

JEFF

Brahmas is spooky. A bronc will shake you loose and then walk away. But not a bull. He'll keep after you. They're mean and they get meaner. But a bull that fights is the kind that people pay money to see.

There is a ROAR, off scene.

BOOKER'S VOICE

Gimme a cup o' coffee an' a half pound o' raw hamburger meat! I'm the King of the Cowboys - and if the coffee don't float a hammer I ain't drinkin' it!

Wes looks off scene, startled. But Jeff, recognizing the voice, turns slowly.

139D MED. SHOT at stable door. Booker and Rusty. She is twelve years old.

RUSTY

Jeff!

She runs towards him.

139E MED. SHOT - at stall.

JEFF
 (catching her
 in his arms)
 Hi, Rusty!
 (lifts her
 in his arms)
 Either you're gettin' heavier
 or I'm gettin' weaker.

Rusty hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

JEFF (cont'd)
 (turning the other)
 An' one here - like it says in
 the Good Book...

Booker comes into shot.

BOOKER
 Man, I thought they ground you
 up for dogfood a long time ago!

JEFF
 Dogs took one bite and turned
 up their toes.

BOOKER
 Knowed you couldn't stay away.
 (to Wes)
 Says to me in Pendleton: 'That's
 all, brother. I'm washed-up.'
 Know when this ol' crowbait's
 gonna be washed up? When's he's
 holdin' flowers on his fancy
 shirt and the rodeo band is
 playin' soft and sweet. Booker
 Davis is my name...and this colt
 here is my daughter, Rusty.

Shoves his hand out, and Wes takes it.

WES
 Wes Merritt. I'm Jeff's partner.

BOOKER
 Partner? Man, sew your pockets up!

RUSTY
 Got two bits?

WES
 (surprised)
 Two bits? Sure..

(CONTINUED)

RUSTY

Gimme.

She holds her hand out. Wes looks at her, then at Jeff and at Booker who is grinning. Puzzled, he hands out two-bits, gives it to the little girl.

RUSTY (cont'd)

(to Booker)

Okay. Let him have a look.

Booker pulls up his levis and shows his right leg.

139F CLOSE SHOT - Wes. He gulps once or twice.

139G MED. SHOT - group.

BOOKER

(proud of the
mangled limb)

Ever seen anything like it?

WES

Sure is the worse leg I've ever
seen.

BOOKER

Twenty years rodeoing done that.
Busted nine times, knee-cap five,
ankle four.

JEFF

(dead pan)

Booker's got the most busted leg
in the world.

BOOKER

(nodding)

Nobody'll ever beat it 'less they
jump off one of them N.Y. skyscrapers.
((drops his levis))

RUSTY

(proud of her father)

Last time Booker broke it doctors
wanted to cut it off.

BOOKER

(nodding)

That was up in Denver.

RUSTY

(helping out)

Booker got right off the operatin'
table, got some crutches and headed
for New Mexico in our pick-up truck.

(CONTINUED)

139G (CONTINUED)

BOOKER

(picking up
the tale)

Big blizzard blew up that night
and had to pull up at one of them
motels. No sooner I got in bed,
that leg really started to hurtin'.
Pain got pretty bad, so finally
I got up and pushed my bed over
against one o' the windows,
opened it an' stuck my leg out.
Pretty soon that leg froze up
and stopped hurtin'. Nex' morning
I thawed it out in front of a
stove and drove on to Santa Fe...
won four firsts that day.

(without pausing
he whacks Rusty
on the behind)

Get th' griddle hot. Put on
the coffee - and let's feed these
hungry men...

Joff and Wes grin.

WES

After I water Chico.

JEFF

Not too much ... he's working
today.

He turns and limps out. Grinning, Wes and Jeff follow.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STABLES - TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

140 CLOSEUP - Louise, as she opens her eyes, puzzled as to
where she is. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she gets out of
the car. Complete disgust, perhaps some horror is in
her face at the sight of this sordidness, of which from
now on she will be a part.

141 Louise's shoes are off. She stretches wearily, reaches
inside the coupe, gets a shoe, puts it on. To do this,
she braces herself against the coupe and stands cross-
legged. Some of her leg above the knee is thus
revealed.

142 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fritz and Hoak. These are a couple of cowboys. One of them has a towel around his neck, the other has a toothbrush. They are on their way to the water tap. They react to the sight of this beautiful log.

143 MED. SHOT - Fritz and Hoak. They slow down as they pass Louise. Their manner is right neighborly.

FRITZ
(looking at
her log)
Good lookin' filly.

HOAK
(observing too)
Well quartered up. Looks fast.)

FRITZ
Depends on the track.

HOAK
The jockey, too.

LOUISE
Saddle up boys. Get lost!

They grin and walk off. Louise looks around again, goes to the trailer, climbs in.

144 MED. SHOT - Louise - at horse trailer. The luggage is tied with string to one of the posts. She unties the luggage, opens a suitcase, gets a towel and a bar of soap.

LOUISE
(to woman in
bathrobe
passing by)
Excuse me - is there a ladies'
room around...

GRACE
(glancing at her)
If you want to wash up -
(points to a
water tap and
pipe)
- that's about all there is.

LOUISE
Thanks.

She walks with Grace towards the water pipe.

145

MED. SHOT at water pipe. Grace begins to draw water. Louise watches her, trying to tidy her hair. Burgess comes into shot. He is still obviously drunk. Grace sees him, turns off the water in the water pipe.

GRACE

(bitterly)

How much did you lose?

BURGESS

Ain't none of your business.

GRACE

(in a dead voice)

Last time out you won forty-five
dollars day money and lost fifty-
two that same night playin' poker.

(Burgess doesn't
answer)

And now look at you: drunk,
dirty, scared...

The word, scared, infuriates Burgess.

BURGESS

Scared? Scared of what?

He goes closer to her.

GRACE

(biting her lip)

Nothin'....

BURGESS

(brutally gripping
her arm)

Don't you ever tell me I'm
scared! You understand...

GRACE

(submissive)

All right, Burgess.

BURGESS

Fill up that pail and come on
back to the trailer and make me
some coffee...

He weaves off. Silence. Grace puts the bucket again
under the pipe and turns on the water.

145A CLOSE on Grace, as she speaks over the SOUND of the water going into the bucket.

GRACE

Your husband gonna rodeo?

LOUISE'S VOICE

Yes.

GRACE

Bull ridin'?

LOUISE'S VOICE

I don't know.

GRACE

Don't let him. Don't let him ever start. If he rides one, he'll keep ridin', and the day'll come when a bull'll stomp him and gore him, and then he'll have to show everybody he ain't scared of the bulls. But he is scared. He'll start drinkin' to hide it... A pint of whiskey, two pints... He'll play cards, craps, anythin' to hide how scared he is. And every time you hear that loud-speaker announcin' they're comin' out on the bulls and you know he's gonna be out there, drunk and scared, your heart will stop inside you. Every time you hear that loudspeaker it'll happen. So don't let him. Don't let him ride no bulls ever. Because if he rides one, he ain't never gonna stop.

The bucket is full. She picks it up and exits.

145B MED. CLOSE SHOT on Louise as she begins to wash her face and hands and tries to adjust her hair with the help of a purse mirror.

PART III

TO FOLLOW

146 WIDER ANGLE - as Rosemary enters shot carrying a coffee percolator. She is wearing levis, boots, a shirt and a chamois windbreaker.

ROSEMARY

(as she fills
coffee pot
at spigot)
Our drinking water tank went dry.
Some joker shot a hole in it --
(glances at
Louise)
You just get in?

LOUISE

(nodding)
We drove all night. My husband's
stabling his horse. That spigot's
the first water I've been close to
for twenty-four hours.

ROSEMARY

Why don't you come over to my
trailer and have a hot cup of
coffee? I'm Rosemary Maddox.
I do trick riding.

LOUISE

Louise Merritt.

Rosemary smiles at her. They move away together,
CAMERA WITH them.

147 FOLLOW SHOT - Rosemary, Louise.

ROSEMARY

Merritt? Don't think I know
any rider named Merritt...

LOUISE

This is our first time up.

ROSEMARY

Oh?
(glancing
at her)
Know any rodeo people?

LOUISE

Jeff McCloud.

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY
(stopping abruptly)
McCloud!
(now examining
Louise closer)
You don't look like somebody
who'd know Jeff McCloud.

LOUISE
He's my husband's partner.
We're traveling together.

ROSEMARY
Really? That must be real cozy -
the three of you...

LOUISE
You know McCloud well?

Brief pause.

ROSEMARY
(the smile is
a trifle hard)
Honey, when I have bad dreams,
one of them is always Jeff
McCloud.

They have arrived at Rosemary's trailer. It is big
and luxurious. CAMERA STOPS.

148 MED. SHOT - Louise, Rosemary. Louise is very impressed
by the trailer.

LOUISE
Is this yours?

ROSEMARY
That's what the man said when
he signed the receipt. Like it?

LOUISE
It's - like a hotel...

ROSEMARY
Honey, it is a hotel.

She leads Louise inside.

INT. ROSEMARY'S TRAILER - DAY

149 FULL SHOT. The trailer is, as Rosemary said, almost
a hotel. Rosemary carries the percolator to a breakfast
nook on which there is an electric coffee maker.

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY
(as she sets
the coffee up)
Where did you pick up Jeff?

LOUISE
He was working with my husband
on a ranch in Texas.

ROSEMARY
Married long?

LOUISE
Two years.

ROSEMARY
Recommend it?

LOUISE
It's what I always wanted.

ROSEMARY
Don't you get bored stiff --
keeping house?

LOUISE
(a slight smile)
I like keeping house.

ROSEMARY
Not me. Cookin's all right
when you got a cook. I like
fried shrimp somebody else
fried.
(indicates the
rear of trailer)
There's a shower in there.
Real hot water. Why don't you
take one while the coffee boils?

LOUISE
I could use one. Thanks.

She moves into the rear of the trailer and starts to
undress.

150 CLOSE SHOT on Rosemary slicing bread.

ROSEMARY
There's a robe hanging up there
somewhere.

She looks off toward the invisible Louise:

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
 You're kind of small boned,
 ain't you?
 (busy again)
 You like Jeff?

LOUISE
 Not particularly.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 (offscene)
 Anybody up?

The door opens and Ginny Logan enters. She is about nineteen, blonde, and she is wearing a plastic apron over her dungarees. She has a sugar bowl in her hand. She looks off toward Louise.

GINNY
 Oh! Didn't know you had company.

ROSEMARY
 (introducing them)
 Louise Merritt. Ginny Logan.

LOUISE
 Hi.

GINNY
 (nodding brightly)
 Hi.
 (then)
 You drove in with Jeff McCloud,
 didn't you? He's darling,
 isn't he, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY
 Uh-huh.

GINNY
 Red thinks the sun just rises
 and sets in Jeff McCloud.
 (to Louise)
 Red's my husband.
 (giggles)
 He's crazy. He's the craziest
 man I know.

LOUISE'S VOICE
 Who?

GINNY
 My husband. Ain't he the craziest
 man you ever met, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY
 Uh-huh -

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

GINNY

He's real crazy. Last night we went to a club. Red got so plastered. He wanted to saw one of the musicians in half with a musical saw, but he couldn't find the saw. He's really crazy, my husband.

(her hand goes
up to her mouth)

Oh. I wanted something. But what?

ROSEMARY

(flat)

Sugar.

GINNY

Sugar.

(looks brightly
at the bowl
in her hand)

Ain't it crazy the way I forget things?

ROSEMARY

Uh-huh.

She takes the bowl from Ginny's hand and goes to fill it.

GINNY

(loud, to
Louise)

Are you gonna sit with us in the grandstand? They got all the wives sittin' together.

LOUISE

I guess so.

GINNY

When Red's on a bull, I get so excited I scream. I just scream!

Rosemary returns with the sugar bowl full.

GINNY (cont'd)

(taking it)

Thanks, Rosemary.

(to Louise)

I'm three trailers down - toward the stables. Just follow the horses.

(going)

See you kids later.

(and she's gone)

(CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY

(to Louise)

She saw Red dressed in a white suit with a white Stetson sittin' on a white horse when she was seventeen years old -- and she ain't over it yet.

(pause; casually)

Jeff ever make a pass at you?

LOUISE

(cold)

No!

ROSEMARY

Don't get mad, honey. I only asked. You're pretty -- that's enough to make him try.

(pause)

For three years, all Jeff McCloud had to do was whistle and I'd come runnin'...

She has crossed to a cupboard and takes out a towel.

LOUISE

What happened?

ROSEMARY

(dropping the towel on the couch)

He stop whistlin', and I stopped runnin'. Make yourself at home. I'll be back.

She exits from the trailer.

151- OMITTED
152

153 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Louise. She is slipping into Rosemary's bathrobe now. Now she tries the shower. It is complicated and she is having difficulty making the water run. Her clothes are scattered on a chair.

154 WIDER ANGLE - as Jeff enters. His eyebrows go up quizzically as he sees Louise. Then he glances at the trailer and whistles appreciatively.

JEFF

All this thing needs is a diesel engine and you could go to Europe in it.

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

If you're looking for Rosemary,
she's gone out.

JEFF

I wasn't lookin' for Rosemary.
I was lookin' for Al Dawson.
He's the stock contractor for
this show. Booker said he
takes his mornin' coffee here...
(glancing about)
Must be an expensive brand.

Louise is still trying to make the shower work.
Jeff watches her a moment and then crosses to her.

JEFF (cont'd)

How you want it? Hot, cold or
tepid?

LOUISE

Hot.

JEFF

All right. Hot, this way.
Cold, this.
(demonstrates)
If you're plumbin' don't work,
just call McCloud.

LOUISE

Is Wes all right?

JEFF

He's down at Booker's gettin' some
shut-eye. He's got a big day
comin' up.
(pause)
You lock real little with your
shoes off.

LOUISE

Rosemary's tall. That's your
type.

JEFF

Rosemary.
(a grin)
Used to be. Now I like 'em
little.

LOUISE

(moving toward
shower)
Mind?

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

Jeff grins and pulls the dividing curtain across the trailer, separating it into two rooms.

JEFF

Hasta luego. That's Spanish for,
call me in case the shower don't
work.

He crosses to the breakfast nook, picks up the percolator and pours himself a cup of coffee.. He picks up the rodeo route sheet and starts to study it.

155 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. She is reluctant to get into the shower. She peers out of the curtain.

156 MED. SHOT - Jeff. Unconcerned, he reads and drinks coffee. He hasn't moved his position, and as if he has eyes on the side of his head.

JEFF

Need any help?

157 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. She shoots back embarrassed.

LOUISE

Nope.

JEFF'S VOICE

I'm here if you need me.

158 MED. SHOT - Jeff. He pours himself another cup of coffee. Suddenly he hears the SHOWER running. He grins.

159 MED. SHOT - Louise, as she finally gets into the shower.

160 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He pours himself another cup of coffee. Suddenly he hears the SHOWER running. He grins.

161 CLOSE SHOT - Louise's head and shoulders. The warm water is having its effect.

162 MED. SHOT - Jeff. A SOUND o.s. He glances up toward the door.

163 FULL SHOT as Al Dawson enters the trailer. He is big and heavy set, in his late forties.

JEFF
(casually)
Howdy, Al.

DAWSON
(stopped short
by the sight of
Jeff very much
at home)
McCloud. What're you doin' here?

JEFF
(gesturing with
his cup)
Downin' a little java.

Dawson's eyes are all over the trailer. He can hear the SOUND of the shower and obviously thinks Rosemary is in it.

DAWSON
I thought you quit rodeoin' up
in Pendleton?

JEFF
Changed my mind. Coffee, Al?

DAWSON
Had mine.

JEFF
(as he drinks)
I hear Rosemary's trick ridin'
for you.

DAWSON
That's right.

JEFF
I'm gonna follow your circuit
this season. I'm hazing for
Wes Merrit.

DAWSON
Heard about him. He's the ball
of fire you dug out of the sticks.

Jeff nods.

(CONTINUED)

163 (CONTINUED)
ALREADY
SHOT

DAWSON (cont'd)

(not being able
to stand it any
more)

Who's in the shower?

JEFF

Lady.

(thinking about it)

Twenty-five extra? That ain't
much - for doggin' a bull...

The shower stops.

LOUISE'S VOICE

(calling)

McCloud!

JEFF

(lazy)

Yeah?

LOUISE'S VOICE

Will you throw me the towel?

DAWSON

(fast)

I'll get it..

He picks the towel up from the couch and carries it
behind the curtain. Deadpan, Jeff finishes his coffee.
Abruptly Dawson re-emerges, red-faced, but without the
towel.

DAWSON (cont'd)

That ain't Rosemary.

JEFF

(getting up,
grinning)

No, it ain't, Al.
(exits)

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. ROSEMARY'S TRAILER

163A As Jeff comes out. In the background Dawson stands
waiting for Rosemary to come back.

163B FOLLOW SHOT - Jeff, as he makes his way over to the
stationwagon to get the canvas bag containing some of
his belongings. As he reaches the stationwagon,
Rosemary comes into scene.

(CONTINUED)

163B (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY
(looking at Jeff)
I thought you quit rodeoing for
good, McCloud.

JEFF
(looking up at
her; slowly)
I ain't exactly rodeoing. How
are you, Rosemary?
(as he comes
closer to her)
You're still kinda pretty.

ROSEMARY
For a beat up bronc rider, you
look pretty too.

She nods in the direction of her trailer.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
I met Mrs. Merritt. I like her.

JEFF
Louise?
(shrugs)
A firecracker.

ROSEMARY
I remember you liked firecrackers.

JEFF
(a grin)
I got older.

ROSEMARY
Not that old.

JEFF
Just met Dawson.

ROSEMARY
(quietly)
What about him?

JEFF
Smart girl. You never had a
trailer that big when I knew you.

ROSEMARY
(sharply)
Know what, cowboy? I was just
thinking how much in love I was (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

163B (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
with you -- and now it's all
gone. Ain't that funny? I look
at you -- and there you are...
another man in pants, that's all.

JEFF
Love affairs are all alike. It's
just the people who are different.
(he sighs)

ROSEMARY
And time heals all wounds.

JEFF
Yeah...and wounds all heels.
Be seeing you.

As he walks away with his canvas bag, Rosemary looks
at him for a moment and then goes towards the trailer
where she sees Dawson. As she goes into trailer

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TUCSON RODEO ARENA - DAY

164 MED. SHOT - Jeff and Wes. In the b.g. on one side are
the pens of Brahma bulls and steers, about three or

(CONTINUED)

164 (CONTINUED)

four bulls to a steer in each pen; on the other side is the corral of bucking stock, as distinguished from the saddle ponies who are in the barn. A couple of cowboys come out, leading horses to water.

WES
(pointing at the
bucking stock)
Not a good hoss in the bunch.

JEFF
They wouldn't do to cut a steer,
no. Bunch of hammerheads an'
stifflegs. But they sure pay off
in front of a crowd.

Wes nods. They start strolling. They are TRUCKED PAST the bull pen, where the men are cutting out the bulls for the day's show. They do this by getting the steer to go into the ready pen, then letting one bull out at a time; two men on horses stand back, hoping the bulls won't notice them.

JEFF (cont'd)
You seen Braymas before?

WES
Not as big as these. These is
monsters. They sure look mean.

JEFF
(dryly)
That ain't no disguise they're
wearing, I can tell you that.

They move on, past the corrals of calves and steers.
The CAMERA MOVES WITH them.

WES
Dawson's got a lot of stock,
all right.

JEFF
This is only part of it. Four
thousand head.

WES
(surprised)
Four thousand head!

(CONTINUED)

164 (CONTINUED)

WES

Dawson must be a pretty rich guy.

JEFF

More or less. How about some grub?

WES

I ain't hungry.

JEFF

I know. I wasn't my first big-time rodeo.

WES

I ain't scared ... there's nothing a horse can do that will ever set me back.

JEFF

I dunno what it is ... you've seen people and you've seen a horse, and you've seen a calf ... but I guess you're just plain scared of making a fool of yourself before the crowd ... even if you know you'll never see any of them again.

Now the side of the grandstand comes into the scene. Stretched across an open door is a canvas sign that reads: RODEO CONTESTANTS SIGN-UP HERE. Jeff and Wes start to go in, but are stopped by a voice:

Booker comes limping into the scene:

BOOKER

What you signing up for?

WES

Brone riding, calf ropin', bulldoggin' and the wild horse races.

(CONTINUED)

164 (CONTINUED)

BOOKER

That's a big order!

JEFF

Wes didn't come all the way
up here jus' to roll punkins.

BOOKER

(shaking his
head)

Cowboys sure ain't as tough
as they usta be. Remember 'bout
two years ago in Phoenix I was
flankin' a steer when one o'
'em kicked me right in the eye.
Covered up my face with my hands,
so ol' John Anderson came up and
asked me if I was hurt. Said,
"Believe I am, John." Then I
took my hands off my face. Ol'
John jus' took one look and
fainted plumb away. Another
cowboy came runnin' up. "Can't
see much," I said, "but I feel
somethin' danglin'. Believe it's
my eye." Shure is," the other
fella said, and he run off and
got me a doctor. Doctor put 17
stiches around that eye but
nex' day I went right out and
got first prize money ridin' the
bronses.

Wes and Jeff laugh.

JEFF

That's a real windy. Hoot-Martin
tol' me the same story.

BOOKER

Guess maybe that's where I heard
it. Kin I talk to you private?

Wes and Jeff exchange looks. Wes moves away.

165 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Booker.

BOOKER
You ain't got a couple extra
bucks I could borrow?
(hastily)
I know I ain't paid back that
dough I got in Cheyenne ...

JEFF
Don't worry about it.
(slips him a bill)
Just so you're keeping books.

BOOKER
Sure, Jeff. Keep 'em right to
the penny. I'll settle up one
of these days - Much obliged -
(to Wes)
Like that hoss of yours.

WES
(coming into
the scene)
Chico's fast!

BOOKER
(nodding)
Judgin' a horse is like judgin'
a woman. You can't always tell
by their heads and manes. Once
knew a girl that had a right
pretty face but she was so bow-
legged that a hawg could run
right between her legs and never
graze 'em.

As Jeff and Wes laugh, Booker hobbles away. Wes and
Jeff turn and move out.

INT. ENTRY ROOM - UNDER GRANDSTAND - DAY (SHOT)

166 MED. FULL SHOT. This is a small office with a board
counter and a desk on which there is a pasteboard box
containing the contestants' numbers. A member of the
local committee is taking the entries from a couple of
cowboys. Also standing behind the counter, but not in
a working capacity, is a big man of about thirty,
dressed in work clothes and chaps. This is JIM-BOB
TYLER, one of the R.C.A. directors. (Note: All the
R.C.A. directors are competitors in the events.)

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)

JIM-BOB

Well, if it ain't my wandering cowboy. How you been, Jeff?

He comes over to the counter, and shakes hands with Jeff. The other cowboys, hearing the name, react.

JEFF

Can't complain. - Meet Wes Merritt, my partner. Jim-Bob Tyler. Don't pay your R.C.A. dues, he headlocks you. He's a director -

JIM-BOB

(shaking hands)

Hi, Wes. Hear you cooled off High Voltage in San Angelo -

Wes is pleased that his feat has been talked about, of course, but he tries to be very modest.

WES

Well...

Jeff hands Wes an entry blank to fill out.

JEFF

He'll cool off a lot of 'em before he's through -

Jim-Bob now notices that Jeff is not signing the entry blank.

JIM-BOB

Ain't you doing no ridin'?

JEFF

Me? I'm just along to see Wes don't get on the horse backwards. - Maybe do a little hazing now and then.

WES

Saddle-bronc, bareback and calf-roping?

JEFF

I'd call that a fair day's work.

JIM-BOB

No bull-riding?

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)
ALREADY
SHOT

JEFF
Bull-riding? Him hardly dry
behind the ears.

WES
(flaring)
I can ride anything anybody
else can.

JEFF
(laughing,
to Jim-Bob)
Like all rookies. Too big for
his britches.

167 CLOSE SHOT - Wes. His eyes narrow.
ALREADY
SHOT

DISSOLVE TO

168-
171 OMITTED.

172 LONG SHOT - TUCSON RODEO - DAY - (STOCK)

EXT. TUCSON RODEO ARENA - DAY

173 FULL SHOT - wives' grandstand. This is a small grand-
stand with no more than fifty seats where the wives
and employees sit. It is nearly full; several young
children are playing near the wire fence. Irene is
pregnant. Her two kids are playing with a boxer dog
along as big as they are.

IRENE
Pete! Larry! Leave the dog
alone!

She snatches the leash away from them and pulls the
dog beside her.

IRENE (cont'd)
And me about to have another
kid. I must be out of my head!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- and that ends the first section
of the saddle bronc riding, folks.
Next is the calf-roping.

174 MED. SHOT - Louise and wives. . They are all staring
off scene.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

First out, Number Fourteen, will
be Buster Burgess of Palm Springs,
California - There they go -

175 MED. FULL SHOT - Arena. Burgess bulldogs his steer.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- Time for Buster Burgess -

There is APPLAUSE coming over.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Coming out next - Wes Merritt,
of Texas.

175A CLOSE SHOT - Louise, as she reacts with great interest.

EXT. RODEO ARENA - TUCSON

(Note: Tucson's bulldogging score is as tough as any in the country. Because the score is 30 feet, the contestants are travelling at a terrific speed, therefore altering normal technique.)

176 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Wes, on their horses by the steer chute, waiting to be called. Slim, a cowboy, is straddling the fence nearby.

WES

Thirty feet's a pretty long score, ain't it?

JEFF

(nodding)

The steer's got a big head start and when Chico overtakes him, you'll know what it feels like, going thirty miles an hour.

SLIM

Hey, Jeff, thought you might like to know this steer set up on me last go around.

JEFF

Thanks, Slim.

(turning back to Wes)

Better get down a little early or you might override him and miss.

WES

(hearing their names being announced; nervous and excited)

Let's get the job done.

The steer is let loose and Wes starts after him, with Jeff riding on the other flank. Wes makes his jump - but fails to flop the steer. (STOCK SHOTS and CLOSEUPS of Wes)

177 MED. SHOT - Wives! Grandstand. (SHOT) Several of
them are looking at Louise.

GINNY

Cheer up, Louise. Happens to
everybody..

Louise tries to smile.

178 TWO SHOT - Wes and Jeff.. Jeff is leaning on the
barrior..

JEFF

Tough luck.. There'll be other
steers.

WES

I nearly used up a whole day
snakin' one measly steer.

JEFF

Forget it.. What they call stage
fright.. And that long haul
didn't help Chico none.

(CONTINUED)

178 (CONTINUED)

WES

You don't have to feel sorry
for me.

JEFF

Don't get foisty.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TUCSON ARENA - DAY

179 LONG SHOT - saddling chute, as the hands work on a bull. This is a lot tougher than saddling the worst bronc. The bulls get worse the longer they're with a show; they hate the riders with a personal hatred. Jeff is on the rail this time, watching them put the hackamore on.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Now comes the Brayma bull riding,
and we're starting with a good
man, folks...

Buster Burgess climbs on the bull and gets a firm grip on the surcingle. He nods to the hands, who stand by the gate; the bull cannot pitch much in the chute.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Buster Burgess - who won the
average money in this event
last year -

179A MED. SHOT - near Chutes - Booker comes in to Wes. Eddie is near-by.

BOOKER

You're sure smart not to
sign-up for them Braymas.

WES

I did sign up.

BOOKER

You did? You ever ride a Brayma?

WES

Lotta horses, but no bulls.

BOOKER

Who'd you draw?

(CONTINUED)

179A (CONTINUED)

WES

Yo-yo.

BOOKER

(to cowboys)

Hey, this fellow's got
Yo-yo and he never rode
a bull before -

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Burgess's having a little
trouble settling down his
Brayma. Bull's named
Roughhouse, no wonder.

Eddie shakes his head sadly.

WES

(puzzled)

Bad bull?

BOOKER

He's only been ridden once in
his life. Killed two cowboys
already.

(to Eddie)

Tell him what Yo-yo did to
Stubby Johnson over in Santa Fe.

EDDIE -

He threw Stubby halfway across
the State of New Mexico, then
run 'im down 'n darn near gored
and stomped him to death. He's
sure a mean un.

BOOKER

The minute you get throwed off
you better start tailing it for
that fence. Otherwise, the bull
is liable to make hamburger meat
out of you.

WES

(determined)

Maybe I won't get throwed.

BOOKER

That's one thing you don't have
to worry about. You'll get
throwed all right.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

All right, folks - here comes
Buster Burgess on Roughhouse...

- 180 FULL SHOT - Arena. Burgess comes out on the Brayma. It is a runaway - the bull goes straight away. In the middle of the arena he is kicked off. The bull wheels and comes after him; Burgess rolls over prone, face down, in the basic defense position. The bull gets his horns under him and rolls him over.
- 181 MED. SHOT - Burgess realizes his danger and gets up and starts running. Evidently, he thinks he can beat the bull to the fence.
- 182 FULL SHOT - a ROAR goes up from the stands. The danger is sensed. Burgess is caught by the bull and tossed.
- 183 MED.- CLOSE SHOT - Gracie Burgess, Louise and others. They freeze with horror.
- 184- FLASH CUTS - cowboys starting into the ring to rescue.
190
- 191 FULL SHOT - Arena. The bull stabs at Burgess with his horns. Jeff reaches the bull first, slaps him on the rump, distracts him; the hazers come in, rope him, drag him away.
- ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Don't touch him. Don't touch
him.
- Two stretcher-bearers run out.
- 192 MED. SHOT - Wives' Grandstand. Gracie is on her feet. Ginny and Irene also get up.
- GINNY
We'll go with you -
- Louise just sits there.
- 192A CLOSE SHOT - Louise. Her fear for Wes' safety heightens.
- 193 FULL SHOT - FROM Louise's ANGLE - the women go out of the small stand. The stretcher-bearers take Burgess out of the arena.

194 MED. SHOT - Louisc. Near her is Martha. Her face is expressionless. She and Louise look at each other, but say nothing. Martha's look is: "You'll get used to that."

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Those things happen, folks.
Burgess will be all right, I'm sure.

195 MED. SHOT - near Chutes. Jeff and Wes.

JEFF

That was a bad one. Bull wet his horn. Just as well you ain't bull-riding.

WES

I am.

JEFF

How's that?

WES

I went back and signed up.

JEFF

(blankly)
Why?

WES

I ain't wearing diapers.

JEFF

You take things the wrong way.

WES

I'm in this business to make money. More events I enter, more money I make. If I'm gonna let an accident scare me, I might as well find out right now -

JEFF

You're substituting guts for good judgment.

WES

Am I?

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Next out - Wes Merritt, of Tulsa, Oklahoma - on Yo-Yo.

(CONTINUED)

195 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(turning away)

This time I'll be ready to take
the bull away -

196 MED. SHOT - on the saddling chute. The boys are working with full caution, getting the surcingle on Yo-Yo, who gets his name because he has a Running Double Ford brand on his flank. The BELL on the bottom of the surcingle jangles violently as Yo-Yo evades it.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Folks, Yo-Yo is a very famous bull - probably the only Brayma in captivity that's never been rode to the limit - And here's a flash, folks - Wes Merritt is riding the very first bull of his career.

197 MED. SHOT - Wives' Grandstand. Louise jumps to her feet in fright. This is almost a reflex action.

LOUISE

Wes! Wes!

Martha looks at her. Louise sits down.

198 CLOSEUP - Louise. She is terrified. Her face is grim, helpless.

199 MED. SHOT - near Chute. Wes come into f.g., watching the men finally get the surcingle on Yo-Yo, and jump out of the way. The bull is still crazily lunging at the barrier, making horrible NOISES with his horns and his bulk. The crowd NOISE is deafening. Wes is now moving towards the chute and climbing the rail.

200 TWO SHOT - Booker and Wes.

BOOKER

Don't forget what I told you -

WES

Yeah.

BOOKER

Better'n that - get on him and get off. Take a dive.

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

WES
(in sarcasm)
You kidding?

Wes starts to lower himself onto Yo-Yo's back, gingerly.

JEFF
Wes, just let go and fall --
grab the surcingle, an' the
first time he's near the
barrier, take a dive. No
disgrace to that -

Wes goes all the way down on Yo-Yo's back. The bull
comes up to meet him.

201 WIDE ANGLE SHOT - the Arena. Jeff is standing tensely
near the mouth of the chute; inside of which Wes and
Yo-Yo can be seen. In the b.g., the chute opens, and
Yo-Yo comes tearing out.

202 LONG SHOT - Wes sticking tight as a bug to Yo-Yo's back
while the bull does everything a bull knows how.

203 CLOSEUP - Jeff, yelling:

JEFF
Take a dive, kid, go off, Wes -
forfeit.

The crowd is YELLING.

204 FULL SHOT - the Arena, with the bull humping himself,
Jeff and Booker standing by, the crowd YELLING, the
pick-up men circling on their horses.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
(wildly)
You're seeing history made, folks!
Yo-Yo's being ridden to a finish!
You're seeing the start of the
greatest bull-riding man in the
world! Wes Merritt -
(breaks off)

205 MED. LONG SHOT - Yo-Yo stops bucking and stands, head
down, momentarily exhausted.

Changes
THIS MAN IS MINE

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95

- 206 CLOSE SHOT - Wives' Grandstand. Louise is tense, still frightened. The SOUND of the ball ringing comes over.
- 207 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM Louise's ANGLE. Wes slowly slumps to the ground. The hazers are on top of Yo-Yo, getting him away. Jeff and Booker and the others run in to Wes.
- 208 MED. SHOT. Wes is out like a light as they help him from the arena. The crowd CHEERS.

WES

You were right, Jeff. Shoulda listened to you and Booker.

By now Wes' eyes are open, he can walk by himself. But he staggers a little.

WES (cont'd)

How'd I get out here? I thought I got bucked off in the chute.

JEFF

You rode him! You rode him!

WES

(laughs)
I did?

BOOKER

That's the way to make the money - while you're asleep.

JEFF

You just rode Yo-Yo to a standstill, is all. First day in the circuit and you're a big man already.

WES

Who - me?

The P.A. system lets out a riotous BLARE. Louise comes running in and grabs him.

LOUISE

Oh, Wes -

WES

I rode him, honey, I rode him.

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

He puts his arms around Louise.

208A CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Wes.

WES
(in surprise)
Honey, you're shaking like a leaf.

LOUISE
Oh, Wes - I don't want to live
through anything like that
again -
(she hugs him)

Her face is a mixture of happiness and anguish. She
doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

DISSOLVE TO

PART IV

TO FOLLOW

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - TUCSON -- NIGHT

209 The beginnings of a roaring party are in progress. A crap game is going on. The bar and the cocktail lounge are crowded.

BOB

(addressing
anybody who'll
listen)

How'd you like the way that Wes
Merritt handled Yo-Yo today?

(with pride)

Yes, sir. Reminds me what I did
with that ol' bull, Cyclone, when
he wouldn't buck hard enough for
me.

COWGIRL

What'd you do to that ol' Cyclone,
Bob?

BOB

Leaned over and bit the end of
his ear right off.

There is a SHRIEK o.s. CAMERA ANGLES. A girl (BABS)
bolts across the lobby. Chasing her is a tall, lanky
cowboy, obviously loaded, swinging a lariat. He throws
and snares her. She trips and falls, laughing.

TALL COWBOY

Ten seconds! New world's record!

BABS

(shrieking
with laughter)

You busted me! That's against
the rules.

210 Wes comes into scene, followed by Louise and Jeff.
Wes helps Babs up.

BABS

(dialogue to be written)

The townspeople swarm about Wes.

AD LIBS

Here's Wes Merritt now!
How you, Champ!
Attaboy, Wes!
King of the bull riders!
You sure stuck to that ol' Yo-Yo, Wes!
You and Yo-Yo kin folks, Wes?

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONTINUED)

Babs has crowded in too. Wes takes them all in good-naturedly until one of the pretending idolaters yanks his hat down over his ears.

WES

(annoyed)

Hey, take it easy!

BABS

Come on, cowboy. Show us how you rode Yo-Yo.

WES

I'm pretty beat up right now.

WISE GUY

Don't be that way, Wes --

This is the same gent who pulled Wes' hat down. His voice is affable but actually he is spoiling for a fight. He yanks Wes' hat down again, and this gets a big laugh from the crowd. Wes doesn't quite know how to handle the situation. Jeff recognizes his dilemma and smiles tightly.

JEFF

(lazily)

In such cases -- what you do is this.

He pops the guy on the side of the jaw. The youth staggers backward, catches himself and pushes forward again. Jeff reaches over and yanks his hat down over his eyes.

JEFF (cont'd)

Go get a can of beer and cool off that loud mouth.

211 He turns Louise and Wes to steer them through the crowd, but Babs grabs Wes' arm.

BABS

One little ride, Wes --

Louise is irritated and taking her cue from Jeff, she pulls Babs' hands off Wes' arm,

LOUISE

Get lost, sister. He's got a horse.

Jeff leads them across the lobby.

INT. SMALL ROOM - TUCSON HOTEL - NIGHT

212 MED. FULL SHOT. There are eight or nine persons in this room. The local committee members, 2 or 3, are behind a desk that is covered with reports and blank checks, and a tin box full of money, and another committee member is sitting at a typewriter stand to fill out the checks. Jeff signals Wes to go ask for his money. Wes goes to the desk. Booker is holding forth to a group at a couch. There is a crap game in progress in a corner. The juke box plays.

WES

Wes Merritt -

COMMITTEE MAN

Sure. Nice going today, Wes.

ANOTHER COMMITTEE MAN

(checking list)

Wes Merritt. Eight hundred seventy-nine dollars and fourteen cents.

213 CLOSE SHOT - Wes. We see him almost blossom under this official pronouncement. He grins, looks at Louise, o.s.

214 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Louis and Jeff. Louise is surprised too, looks at Jeff, whose face is bland.

215 MED. SHOT - at desk.

COMMITTEE MAN

You want a check or cash?

WES

Cash -

He hands a receipt for Wes to sign while the other committee man counts out the money. Karl Inman comes in.

KARL

Hi, everybody.

And Wes turns and Karl sees the fistful of money he has.

KARL (cont'd)

Hey, Wes. Hope you left a little for me. I got gasoline money coming -

(CONTINUED)

215 (CONTINUED)

Wes smiles and moves to Jeff and Louise. Karl moves to the desk.

COMMITTEE MAN

Hello, Karl -

216 ANOTHER ANGLE - Wes, Jeff and Louise. Wes is so pleased he is beaming. The loud NOISES in the bar come over.

WES

Man! Where's this rodeoing been all my life?

JEFF

Don't get cocky. Plenty of days you'll come up empty -

Wes just looks at him with great tolerance. Can a child on Christmas morning realize that Christmas doesn't go on forever?

JEFF (cont'd)

I got four thirty-nine fifty-seven coming.

Louise gives him a quick truculent look, but Jeff is completely undisturbed.

JEFF (cont'd)

Ain't much at readin' and writin', but got kind of an aptness for figgers.

Wes looks at Louise, dubiously.

LOUISE

(with bite)
Give it to him. He gets half. Remember?

JEFF

I won't be letting him forget. Four thirty-nine fifty-seven -

Jeff spreads his hand and Wes counts into it four hundred and thirty-five dollars.

WES

I owe you the change -

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
(taking another
bill from him)
I owe you.

From the way he glances at Louise during this, we have the feeling that he is doing it only to needle her.

216A Red Logan and Ginny Logan enter with a couple of cowboys. Jeff makes the introductions and Ginny grabs Wes.

GINNY
Come on, Champ. Winner has to stand for drinks.

Red turns to Louise.

RED
We'll bring him back in great shape.

JEFF
(to Wes)
You a good drinker?

WES
(flaring)
How's that?

JEFF
(quietly)
Never seen you drink. Can you hold your likker?
(to Louise)
He hold his likker good? He's working tomorrow -

LOUISE
(to Wes)
If you feel like a drink, you go ahead and drink, honey?
(to Jeff)
Mr. McCloud - there are still a few things he can do by himself.

JEFF
If he can't, just ring the bell!

WES
Cut it out. You'll have people thinking you don't like each other.

Ginny and Red drag Wes out into the bar.

217

ANOTHER ANGLE. The increased activity and flow of the crowd pushes Louise and Jeff over to the couch where Booker is entertaining some girls with one of his yarns.

BOOKER

Anybody ever rode in a wild-horse stampede? Anybody here ever worked a herd of fifteen thousand cows?

There is laughter, but nobody answers the questions. During the speeches we catch reactions from Jeff and Louise. Jeff is amused, not only at Booker but at the whole merry-go-round. Louise is concerned, looking for Wes. When she finally spots him, he is in the bar with Babs and a bottle of liquor and is indulging freely of both. Also, we see Rusty asleep on a couch in one corner.

BOOKER (cont'd)

(with fine contempt,
to girls)

See what I mean? These boys are
just stockyards cowboys.

COWGIRL

Tell 'em how many wild-horse stampedes you been in, Booker.

BOOKER

Couldn't count 'em. Part wild-horse myself. Ain't never been curried below the knees.

COWBOY

You ain't never been curried above the neck, either.

BOOKER

You said it. But came by my wildness natural. One day my maw was loping along the High Plains on a paint horse and some Kiowas was after her. Like Irene here, she was about ready to foal. All of a sudden a pain hits her in the stummick. She got offen that pony and right there I was borned. While I was being borned my maw's paint horse had a colt. Them Kiowas was sure close by then. Maw and me had to get outta there. She jumped back on the horse and I jumped on the colt - and we just made it. Been riding horses ever since.

(CONTINUED)

217 (CONTINUED)

2ND COWBOY

You been riding a lot of bulls
too -

There is general laughter. During all this the dice game has continued, the drinking has gone on.. By the end of Booker's speech, Wes has wandered back into the small room with Babs and the bottle.

BABS

How about a little drop for me,
sugar?

WES

Sure -

He offers her the bottle but Babs refuses. She tilts her head back and opens her mouth, pointing to her cheek.

BABS

You just pour till it runs over.

Wes laughs, thinking this is pretty cute and starts pouring the whiskey into Babs' mouth. The whiskey runs out and Wes stops pouring. Louise is doing a slow burn.

BABS (cont'd)

I'm gonna put my brand on you,
you cute lil' ol' sugar, you -

She takes Wes' arm and starts to bite it above the elbow, but without warning Louise kicks her hard in the pratt. Babs is astounded. Jeff takes a cigar from a loud laughing townsman and hands it to Louise. Louise throws it at Jeff as she grabs Babs by the shoulder, spins her around, kicks her again. Some of the rage that she feels for Jeff probably is taken out on Babs.

LOUISE

That's my brand, sugar!

Everybody is surprised, even Wes. He had no idea this kind of instinct was latent in Louise. But Jeff is amused. He is not surprised. This dame speaks his language.

JEFF

You're ketching on fast -

Louise just glares at him; then suddenly reacts to something o.s.

218-
222

SERIES OF FLASH CLOSE SHOTS - Jeff, Wes, Booker, Irene, others. They are staring off-scene, reacting with varying degrees of compassion to what they see.

223

MED. SHOT - Grace Burgess. Forlorn and desolate, she is staring fixedly past camera. She is an awesome creature full of bitter indignation; and when she speaks it is with what is almost a sepulchral, Biblical intonation.

GRACE

You pore dumb fools! Kidding
yourselves.

She walks into the room.

Changes
THIS MAN IS MINE

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224 WIDER ANGLE. There is not a sound or movement.
Every eye is on her.

BOOKER

Hiya, Grace. Is Burgess all
right?

GRACE

Yeah, he's all right. He's sure
all right. You poor dumb fools.
Kiddin' yourselves. Calling this
a sport. A bunch of crazy men
paying for the privilege of gettin'
yourselves killed. And my husband
did it with twenty-five dollars
borrowed money.

She exits through a rear door, past a crap game in
progress.

225 MED. SHOT - Group. For a moment they look at each
other in silence. Then the rattle of DICE is heard
o.s.

MAN'S VOICE

Coming, out, men. Take some,
leave some.

This is the cue for life to go on as usual. Louise,
though, is still staring at the door. o.s.

IRENE

Gracia!

She runs out of the room. Louise is still looking at
the door, o.s. Wes offers the bottle to Jeff.

JEFF

Not me. I'm driving.

Wes takes a drink.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STABLES - HILLSBORO RODEO ARENA - NIGHT

226 MED. SHOT. The coupe drives in. Many of the trailers
are breaking camp. Jeff drives the coupe down near the
end of the stables, by the corral.

227 MED. SHOT. Louise and Jeff get out. Wes, who is slightly drunk, also starts to get out. Jeff tries to make him comfortable.

JEFF

Relax, baby - we'll handle the hitching-up.

WES

(moaning,
holding head)

Oh, my aching head -

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(opening door)

We can handle that, too -

She helps him out of coupe, starts walking with him,

228

MED. SHOT. They come in to water tap. Louise turns on the water.

LOUISE

There -

Wes makes a wry face, sticks his hand under the flow of water, tentatively.

LOUISE (cont'd)

This way -

She bends him over and douses his head. Wes groans and pretends that this is agony. Louise laughs and walks away.

229

MED. SHOT - MOVING - Jeff and Louise. They start walking toward the stables.

JEFF

He don't drink so good.

Louise says nothing.

JEFF (cont'd)

With a balloon head tomorrow,
maybe he can't rodeo.

LOUISE

(short)

I don't care if he never rodeos
again.

JEFF

(idly)

You still want that ranch, don't
you?

She doesn't answer. Jeff grins at her.

JEFF (cont'd)

- Or maybe you never did.

LOUISE

Maybe it does a fellow a lot of
good to knock around. But knocking
around isn't good for a girl. I
had what I wanted.

(CONTINUED)

229 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

That 2 by 4 cabin?

LOUISE

Happiness.

JEFF

For yourself. What about him?
Maybe he wasn't happy.

LOUISE

If Wes had stuck to The Jackhammer
job, he could have become riding
boss.

Jeff stops and holds out a package of cigarettes.
Louise takes a cigarette.

JEFF

The world's full of prizes -
a fella likes a shot at 'em.
If he misses, all right - but
at least he tried.

LOUISE

You tried. What did you win?

There is a pause. He lights her cigarette. CAMERA
STOPS with them by the corral.

230 MED. SHOT - Louise, Jeff.

JEFF

In my time, I made a thousand
bartenders rich, and let a dozen
down payments on a spread of my
own go over a crap table. If
I'da had somebody like you though --

LOUISE

What would it have changed?

JEFF

Maybe nothing. Maybe everything.
(looks at her)
You don't believe me one bit,
do you?

LOUISE

(a shrug)
I never met a man who didn't do
some lying.

(CONTINUED)

230 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Well, you believe what you like about me. You're keeping the books - they ain't lying. Wes is doing good.

LOUISE

Bulls and broncs shaking his brains loose - that's how good he's doing.

JEFF

He's trying to get in one season what it'd take another man on another job ten years.

(pause)

The big ones's coming up now -- Phoenix, Salinas, Livermore, Cheyenne, Pendleton. We oughta try to pull together on this. We could sort of be friends, can't we? ~

LOUISE

I haven't got so many friends. I could do with one more.

JEFF

Great. And let me give you one small piece of advice: When you sit down to a big dinner always loosen your belt. You have more fun that way.

Pause.

LOUISE

We'd better get Chico loaded.

They move into the stable.

231 OMITTED.

INT. STABLES - HILLSBORO RODEO - NIGHT

232 MED. FULL SHOT. Some of the horses are being moved. Jeff and Louise go to Chico's stall near the door. Jeff throws a hackamore around Chico. Louise picks up a bag of gear, and they come out.

EXT. STABLES - HILLSBORO RODEO - NIGHT

233 MED. SHOT as Jeff and Louise walk along, Booker stumbles by being supported by Red and Rusty. Booker is narrating. They stop. .

BOOKER

Tell yuh how I met Rusty's Ma. .
Aw was chawin' on a piece of
barbecue, when a cowboy steps up
to me and says, "Book, Ah'd (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

233 (CONTINUED)

BOOKER (cont'd)
like to make yuh acquainted with
Miss Annie Simmons. She's a
razorback from Arkansas." Miss
Simmons was shore a purty brown-
haired filly. Ah went for her
like a sick cat for a hot brick.
Ah always said if Ah found a
lady Ah couldn't kiss, I was goin'
marry her. A month later Ah did.
That's when Ah quit being boss of
my outfit. When a married man tells
yuh he's boss yuh'd better watch him.
He's liable to lie to you about
something else.

RUSTY
See you in Phoenix -

JEFF
(to Rusty)
He's in no shape to drive.

RED
I'm driving him. Ginny's gone
on with my rig -

RUSTY
(to Booker)
Come on, Booker -

They move on.

JEFF
(to Louise)
Was great, that guy. Still
holds a few records.

LOUISE
A kid like Rusty oughta have a
home. She oughta be part of a
family.

JEFF
Everybody should!

They move on to the trailer.

234 MED. SHOT - Wes' trailer. Jeff and Louise lash down the luggage and then put Chico in the trailer. We hear the NOISE of Booker's trailer being driven out.

235 MED. SHOT - Wes' trailer. Jeff puts Chico in the trailer while Louise lashes down the luggage. She notices that Chico obeys Jeff very well.

LOUISE

He minds you well --

JEFF

Horse is like a woman. They mind you a little for love, but a heap more from fear.

LOUISE

It's easier to get a horse afraid of you than a woman --

Jeff looks at her as they move to the front.

236 MED. SHOT - across Jeff and Louise - on coupe. They discover that Wes is missing.

LOUISE

(in some surprise)

Where'd Wes go.....

JEFF

No telling --

237 MED. FULL SHOT - FROM their ANGLE. The Trailer Camp is deserted but for one small trailer. Jeff and Louise walk in from behind camera towards it.

238 MED. SHOT - small trailer. Jeff and Louise come in.

JEFF

(through door)

Hey! Anybody here?

WES' VOICE

Come on in -

Somewhat surprised, Jeff and Louise go in.

INT: SMALL TRAILER - NIGHT

239 MED. SHOT - Wes and Grace are sitting at the small table in the rear. Wes is drinking coffee and Grace is staring at a few trinkets on the table, belt buckles, RCA pin, knife, cheap watch, key-ring; these were Buster's. Jeff and Louise come in. Louise, touched by the plight of the woman, puts her arm around her sympathetically.

WES

Mrs. Burgess gave me some coffee.
Sure needed it.

GRACE

(slowly)

Sorry about the way I acted at the hotel.

(shakes her head)

All these years waiting for something to happen to Buster. Telling myself I wouldn't blow my top, training myself not to - and then it does happen and it's like I never told myself nothing or never practiced at all. Couldn't help it...

(gestures to table)

This is all I got to show for fifteen years of married life.

LOUISE

(thoughtfully)

It's not much.

Louise looks sharply at Jeff. He is thinking that this could be she; future events casting their shadows.

GRACE

(to Louise)

You want some good advice?
Get out while the getting's good. This'll make an old woman out of you before your time.

240 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. This is what she is thinking, too.

GRACE'S VOICE

Lemme get my things together
and you can have the trailer.

Louise reacts.

241 MED. SHOT - group. Grace moves out of scene. Louise and Jeff look at Wes.

WES
I bought this rig.

LOUISE
You what?

WES
We have to have a place to sleep,
honey. Besides, Grace needed
the money.

Louise all of a sudden feels helpless. She looks o.s. and surveys her new home.

242 MED. SHOT - Grace. She is packing a few clothes.

DISSOLVE TO

243 MONTAGE - (STOCK). This is of various rodeos identifying the towns: Phoenix, Salinas, Livermore, Cheyenne, Colorado Springs, etc.; and probably with a few newspaper inserts designed to progress Wes as a money-winner and something of a sensation on the circuit. These shots will contain crowds and excitement in different locales for the feeling of traveling the circuit with the cowboys.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' AND LOUISE'S TRAILER - DAY

243A CLOSE SHOT on Wes, who has a hangover. PULL BACK to a FULL SHOT of the interior trailer as a venetian blind is pulled up by Louise. The sunlight hits him - he opens one bloodshot eye and groans.

WES
What's a matter?

LOUISE
Time to get up.

WES
What time's it?

LOUISE
Nine-thirty.

(CONTINUED)

243A (CONTINUED)

WES

What's the hurry? Show doesn't
start till two.

(groans)

Come on back to bed, honey.

LOUISE

(ignoring him)

Thought you might go over to the
grounds and look over the stock.

WES

Same stock they had last week.
That's Jeff's job.

LOUISE

(stumped)

Might amble 'round a bit and
see the city, do some shopping.

WES

We're gonna be here five days.
You'll be sick o' the city by
then.

LOUISE

What's got into you anyway?

WES

Nothing. But might as well
take it easy while I got the
chance. Been getting up 'fore
sunup for twenty-five years
and I still got a lotta lost
sleep to catch up on. Come on
back to bed, Honey.

LOUISE

Okay, go back to sleep if you
want to. I'm gonna get some
breakfast.

WES

What happened last night?

LOUISE

You danced!

WES

I can't dance.

LOUISE

You danced. Now how about climbing
out of that crib?

(CONTINUED)

243A (CONTINUED)

WES

Where were we?

LOUISE

The Frontier Club!

WES

(contrite)

I got drunk, didn't I, Honey?

LOUISE

Sober, you were not.

WES

Honey, shut the blinds and come on back to bed. It ain't healthy getting up this early.

LOUISE

Early. It's 9:30. Half the day's gone.

Wes, feeling something in bed. He slowly takes out his lariat. He looks at it sheepishly.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Took me twenty minutes to convince you to leave Chico outside.

WES

I don't wanna see another drink as long as I live.

(groans)

Why don't someone shut those blinds.

Louise crosses over, pulls the blind down.

LOUISE

Go back to sleep. When you feel human, there's some coffee on the stove. I'm going shopping.

As she goes to the door of the trailer, Wes is already fast asleep.

DISSOLVE TO

243B

MONTAGE of Rodeos - in the snow, rain, the sun. (STOCK)
CLOSE SHOTS of Wes, Jeff and Louise.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TRAILER CAMP - NIGHT

243C LONG SHOT - In the foreground we see a sign reading:
(NAME OF TOWN) RODEO - ONE NIGHT ONLY - \$3500.00 IN
PRIZES.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' TRAILER - NIGHT

243D Wes is dressed for the night performance; he is pulling his boots on now. Louise enters shot from rear of trailer.

WES
 (looking at her)
 Ain't you getting dressed?
 It's almost show time.

LOUISE
 (crossing
 to sink)
 I'm tired, Wes. I'll stay here.

WES
 What's the matter, honey?

LOUISE
 Nothing's the matter. It's
 just that after Cheyenne --

WES
 Cheyenne was bad luck. That
 bull was spooky, that's all.

LOUISE
 I can't sit in the grandstand
 and watch it any more, Wes.
 I'll be here when you come back.

WES
 Look at Ginny. Look how excited
 she gets when Red's coming out
 of the chutes. She don't worry
 him.

LOUISE
 Ginny's nineteen.

(CONTINUED)

243D (CONTINUED)

WES

(crossing to her)

Now, honey. Nothing's gonna happen to me. I'm dumb and I'm lucky.

(circles her
with his arms)

Tell you what let's do. You come out to the show and afterwards we'll go out and celebrate.

LOUISE

We've been spending a lot of money, Wes.

WES

Well, we got it to spend now, ain't we? First time in our lives.

LOUISE

Don't make me sound like a nag, Wes.

WES

Then stop worrying about me. It gets me all riled up - having to think about the show, and you worrying. I'm all in one piece, ain't I?

LOUISE

That's how I want you to stay.

(trying to
lighten
her mood)

You go ahead, Wes. You'll be late.

(pushes him
toward the
door)

I'll stay here and fix some supper. And if you want to go out afterwards, all right, we'll go.

WES

(mollified)

That's more like it. Now how about a fast peck on the whiskers before I go out and win us a hatfull of money tonight?

(CONTINUED)

243D (CONTINUED)

She kisses him. He looks at her admiringly.

WES (cont'd)
Know what a fella said?

LOUISE
What?

WES
I gotta pretty wife.

LOUISE
You tell the fella he's crazy.

She pushes him out the door.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RODEO ARENA - NIGHT (STOCK)

244 FULL SHOT - There is a big crowd. The saddle bronc event is on. A rider comes out of the chute.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Red Logan on Choctaw, ladies
and gentlemen -

The crowd ROARS.

245 MED. SHOT - in chutes. Wes is easing himself down on back of a bucking horse. Jeff, Booker and others are there. The NOISE of the crowd comes over.

246 MED. FULL SHOT - Arena. Red is bucked off. The pickup men ride to get the horse. One of the pickup men is Dawson. Red scrambles to his feet.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- I think Red blew a stirrup -
looked like he had Choctaw there
for a second or two --

247 MED. SHOT in chute. Wes is down on his horse. The Arena Judge signals to the Announcer o.s. that Wes is next out.

(CONTINUED)

247 (CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Next out of Chute Four - Wes
Morrith of Tulsa, Oklahoma on
Bright Eyes. Wes is the
newcomer who's been burning up
the circuit this season -

EXT. WES'S TRAILER - NIGHT

248 MED. FULL SHOT - Louise, listening to the announcer's
voice o.s. which can be plainly heard.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

This young man has already won
more prize money in the first
year of competition than any
other rookie who ever came
along...There he goes!

249 MED. SHOT - Louise. She tenses as she listens.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Good horse, Bright Eyes! This
is the bronc that gave Red Logan
day-money yesterday - Wes is
giving him a pretty good ride...
Look out!

Louise jumps to her feet in terror. The crowd ROARS.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Get out of the arena there,
cowboy!

This is not at all what Louise thought it was. Over
scene comes the sound of a LOUD BUZZER or the TIMER'S
PISTOL SHOTS, which means the time is up.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Nice going, Wes Merritt.
Give him a hand, folks.

There is LOUD APPLAUSE o.s.

(CONTINUED)

219 (CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Well, folks, that concludes the show - and on behalf of Al Dawson, the stock contractor, all the cowboys and myself, I want to say thank you and we hope to see you next year for more excitement -

The BAND begins to play the good-night number. Louise gets up slowly and goes into the trailer.

DISSOLVE TO

PART V

TO FOLLOW

EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

249A Booker is seated outside the stable doors, trying to pull his boot back on a swollen foot. Jeff emerges from stable, closing door behind him. He looks at the sky, takes a deep breath, reaches for a cigarette.

JEFF

Pretty sky.

(looks at Booker)

Leg actin' up?

BOOKER

Don't know if my boot's too small or my leg's too big. Wes done good today, huh?

JEFF

(nodding)

Two firsts.

He extends a cigarette to Booker.

BOOKER

(taking the cigarette)

How long you figure he'll last?

JEFF

Who?

BOOKER

Wes.

JEFF

Long enough to buy a couple of cows.

BOOKER

Cows? Wind-puddin' and air-sauce. He ain't never gonna buy no cows.

JEFF

(non-committal)

Ain't he?

BOOKER

Pair of low-cut town shoes - a fancy car - a case of scotch - that's what he'll buy.

(CONTINUED)

249A (CONTINUED)

JEFF
Quit grandstandin'. Something
you wanta say?

BOOKER
(looking at Jeff
speculatively)
Boys have been sayin' you've
changed.

JEFF
Sure. My whiskers are longer.

BOOKER
I got a feelin' you're waitin'
for something to happen.

JEFF
You're readin' the tea-leaves.
What?

BOOKER
Don't know.
(stomping into
his boot)
But I'll tell you. Only two
things used to keep you in one
place long: a floatin' crap
game, or a woman. An' I ain't
seen you with a pair of dice
in your hand for weeks.

He stomps away. Jeff looks thoughtfully after him.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' TRAILER - NIGHT

250

Three places have been set at the table. We hear the SOUND of a door opening, and Louise turns hopefully thinking it is Wes. But Jeff comes in.

LOUISE

Thought it was Wes -

JEFF

(surprised)

Ain't he here?

LOUISE

No.

JEFF

Maybe he stopped at the stable to see about Chico.

LOUISE

Anything wrong with Chico?

JEFF

Touch of colic. Kind of raw coming down from Onak. What's on the bill-of-fare?

LOUISE

What'll you have?

JEFF

What've you got to offer?

LOUISE

Let's clean up the conversation. Pot-roast.

JEFF

Love pot-roast.

LOUISE

And potato-pancakes.

JEFF

Love potato-pancakes. You sure brought a new standard of cooking to trailer camps.

LOUISE

Be all right with me to take it out of these trailer camps, too. You say anything to Wes?

(CONTINUED)

250 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Nover had no chance.

LOUISE

We got enough money now for the ranch.

She takes a small account book off the shelf and opens it.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Forty-one hundred.

JEFF

(laughing)

You're still nine hundred short.
You need five thousand. You
don't know Jeremiah.

LOUISE

You're the one who don't know
Jeremiah.

She takes telegram from shelf and hands it to him.

INSERT TELEGRAM: Mrs. Wes Morritt
Rodeo
Ellensburg, Ore.

Okay. Send check for \$4100.
Will put property in escrow.

Jeremiah Watrus.

BACK TO SCENE: Jeff is pleasantly surprised.

JEFF

You do wanna get him off the
circuit ---

LOUISE

Don't you?

JEFF

Whatever you want, that's what
I want...

O.s., there is the HONKING of an automobile horn.
Louise and Jeff go out.

EXT. WES' TRAILER - NIGHT

251 MED. FULL SHOT. There is a Cadillac convertible in front. Babs is driving and a highly enthusiastic Wes is in the front seat. Louise and Jeff come out. Wes gets out of the car.

WES
Hey, look who's in Ellensburg ---

252 CLOSE SHOT - Babs. She reacts to something o.s.

253 MED. SHOT - FROM Babs' ANGLE - ON Louise. Her face a little grim, Louise moves toward camera.

WES
She's having a big party
tonight and we're all invited --

LOUISE
(with heavy
sarcasm)
Whaddya want, doll? Some more
branding?

254 MED. FULL SHOT . Babs steps on the gas and the Cadillac shoots away.

WES
(yelling)
Hey! Babs! Hey!

But Babs is gone. Wes seems to take this good-naturedly.

WES (cont'd)
Well, I'll square it with her
later.

Louise and Jeff look at each other. They say nothing. They go inside.

INT. WES' TRAILER - NIGHT

255 MED. FULL SHOT. Jeff sits at the table and Louise goes to the small stove.

LOUISE
I got a surprise for you, Wes.

(CONTINUED)

255 (CONTINUED)

She hands him the telegram. Wes reads it, but he is not pleased. His face is grim and dark.

WES
Whose idea was this?
(to Jeff)
Yours?

JEFF
Louise sent it.

LOUISE
I thought you'd be pleased.

WES
With what? I ain't in no hurry
to go back diggin' post holes.
Or scratchin' a livin' dirt
farmin'.

LOUISE
I am. I've been ready for weeks.
I told you: I don't like this
life.

WES
What's wrong with this life?
Steak for dinner -- money in the
bank -- what's wrong with it?

JEFF
Louise is right. You got what
you set out to get.

WES
(turning on him)
Somebody ask you to stick your
nose in this?

JEFF
(touching his
nose gently)
Fella always said I had a big
one.

LOUISE
(pleading)
Why don't we go home, Wes? Let's
clear out and go back where I
can breathe some clean air.

WES
There's nothin' wrong with the
air here.

(CONTINUED)

HM

255 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(passionately)
Take a deep breath and you can
smell all the dirt in it.

WES

All I smell is the money I win
out there in the arena.

LOUISE

And you like the way it smells!

WES

And you don't.

LOUISE

It stinks!

WES

When I found you, you couldn't
put four quarters together and
make a dollar. Who had the
ambition - me or you?

LOUISE

(tight)

You.

WES

That's right - me! Now, anytime
I want I can order me the best
steak in town. Why? Because I
got a spare buck. Because I got
something else in my pocket -
besides an old pair of ridin'
gloves! I'm tired of bein' nobody
and doin' nothin'. The world likes
a winner. That's what counts --
first prize!

(moves toward
the door)

And I'm tired of people yappin' --
yappin' at me I'm wrong --

LOUISE

Where you going?

WES

(at the door)

I got a date with a bottle of
whiskey and a coupla laughs!

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

255 (CONTINUED)

WES (cont'd)

(turning to Jeff)

And one thing more; I'm gettin'
fed up with you free-loadin' on
the money I win.

He slams out of the trailer.

256 MED. SHOT - Jeff, Louise alone.

JEFF

Sounds like a declaration of war.

(crosses to
the stove)

Well, we get to eat more of the
pot roast.

LOUISE

He'll go to that party, won't he,
and get drunk?

JEFF

He ain't goin' just to count the
bottles.

(crosses to the
table with the
pot)

Sit down, lady. Show you how
I wait on table.

LOUISE

(ignoring
the food)

And I'm supposed to sit here -
waiting until he staggers home -
then I'll put my arms around him -
boil some coffee - stick an ice-
bag on his head - pull his boots
off and wrap him up warm for the
night!

JEFF

(ladling out
the food)

Pot roast smells fine.

LOUISE

(walking abruptly
away)

I'm no fun! That blonde snake,
with her dress cut down to her
kneecap, she's fun!

(CONTINUED)

256 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(sitting down)

Well, she's something.

LOUISE

I drag around in some old dress because I don't want to spend the money to buy a new one. Well, I'm sick of it. Sick of saving pennies! Sick of washing and cleaning and worrying! He ain't two years old. And I ain't his mother!

JEFF

(casually)

Ever think you might fall in love with somebody else?

LOUISE

(sharply)

Why?

JEFF

Just asked. Happens. Every day in the week.

LOUISE

Men! I'd like to fry 'em all - in deep fat!

She crosses violently to the rear of the trailer and starts to pull the drawers out of the dresser.

JEFF

What're you lookin' for?

LOUISE

The one pair of silk stockings I got!

JEFF

Don't own any black lingerie, do you?

LOUISE

No!

She pulls the curtain across the rear of the trailer. There are violent indications of the fury with which she is dressing.

(CONTINUED)

256 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(eating)
By the way - where are we going?

LOUISE'S VOICE

To the party!

JEFF

Wes's feelin' kinda mean;

LOUISE'S VOICE

So am I!

JEFF

Why don't you just sit down and
eat this good supper and wait
it out?

LOUISE'S VOICE

(she's still
behind curtain)
Because I'm tired of being the
good little wife who waits things
out!

JEFF

He'll be back. Maybe he'll be
drunk, but he'll be back.

LOUISE

I booted that blonde once, didn't
I? This time she'll need a doctor
to get my shoe out!

JEFF

Must be kinda nice to have a wife
who can get that mad about you.
(starts to eat again)
Lady, you make real good pot roast.

Louise pulls the curtain back. She is really dressed.

JEFF (cont'd)

(looking at her)
I ain't so sure you need the black
lingerie.

DISSOLVE TO

257- OMITTED.
261

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

261A We are at Babs' party. Suitcases have been piled up to improvise a bar. In a corner a cowboy is playing a guitar and singing. Neither Wes nor Babs are visible. A girl is watching Booker put away half a bottle of whiskey. Rosemary and Dawson are getting together. Dawson's arm is around her. Rosemary is wearing a dress and a corsage of white flowers.

GIRL

(wonderingly)
How come you don't ever get drunk and pass out?

BOOKER

(laughing)
Liquor don't bother me. I can drink more whiskey than a horse can drink water.

GUITAR PLAYER

(singing)
Let cattle rub my tombstone down
And coyotes mourn their kin.
Let horses paw and tramp the mound
But don't fence me in.

A girl is leaning all over the guitar player.

GIRL

(looking across at them)
He's gonna teach her how to sing.

BOOKER

Yes sir. And she looks like she could learn real good.

The door of the suite opens and Jeff and Louise enter.

RED

(O.S.)
Well, look who's here. The King of the Cowboys!

Jeff and Louise pause near the door. Louise is anxiously scanning the room for a sign of Wes. Rosemary comes into shot.

ROSEMARY

(greeting them)
Jeff!
(to Louise)
Hi, honey. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

261A (CONTINUED)

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

(taking
Jeff's arm)
Ain't you goin' to kiss the bride?

JEFF

It's been years since I kissed
a bride.

LOUISE

Who's the lucky girl?

ROSEMARY

Me!

Ginny comes into shot.

GINNY

Rosemary and Al Dawson - they
got hitched about an hour ago.

Jeff looks across the room to where Al Dawson is
sitting.

JEFF

(calling)
That right, Al?

DAWSON

(awkward,
flushed, happy)
That's right, Jeff. Papers and
all.

LOUISE

Congratulations.

ROSEMARY

Thanks.

(to Jeff)
How about a real kiss now?

JEFF

Why not.

He kisses her.

GINNY

It's about time Jeff got married
too. Ain't it, Rosemary? One
of these days some woman is really
gonna rope and hog-tie him.

(CONTINUED)

261A (CONTINUED)

RED

(coming into shot)

I know seven different ways a
guy could spend two bucks
better.

GINNY

(giggling,
to Red)

You're crazy. Ain't he, Rosemary?
Sayin' a thing like that.

261B ANOTHER ANGLE as the bedroom opens. First Babs emerges,
then Wes. He is pretty thoroughly covered with lipstick.

261C FROM Louise's POINT OF VIEW. She sees the lipstick,
her lips tighten. Wes, seeing her.

WES

Hey, Louise!

He is evidently unaware of the lipstick. He crosses to
the improvised bar.

WES (cont'd)

Any gin left?

COWBOY

(behind bar)

Sure, Wes.

WES

Well, don't save it, man -
pour it!

He turns to Babs who is following him.

WES (cont'd)

Who's goin' to be the champion
bullrider this year?

BABS

(in her glory)

You are, honey.

WES

Right. Who can bronc longer,
bulldog better, and calf-rope
quicker than any man in this
room?

(CONTINUED)

261C (CONTINUED)

BABS

Why you, honey.

WES

Right!

Louise crosses into shot. The cowboy bartender is about to hand Wes his glass of gin. Louise reaches and takes it.

WES (cont'd)

(surprised)

Hey, you drinking?

LOUISE

Why not, it's a party, isn't it?

(taking a
handkerchief
out)

Here, wipe it off.

WES

(unaware of the
lipstick)

What?

LOUISE

You got something on your face.
And it ain't farina.

WES

(a silly grin)

Oh.

(he starts to wipe
the lipstick off)

BABS

Let me, honey.

She takes the handkerchief and begins lovingly to wipe the lipstick off Wes' face. Louise burns.

WES

(admiringly
of Babs)

That's some dress she's wearing,
ain't it, Louise?

LOUISE

(sweetly)

Is it a dress?

(she takes the
handkerchief away)

I'll finish the repair work.

Will you hold this, dear? (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

261C (CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)

(she hands Babs
the drink as
she works on
the lipstick)

I'll bet Babs thinks you're
just cute.

(over her shoulder)

Don't you, honey?

BABS

(feeling safe)

Well, he is!

LOUISE

(scrubbing at the
lipstick a bit
viciously)

That's what he is all right -
cute. I got a real cute husband.

(casually)

I'll bet Babs is just crazy
about other people's husbands.

WES

Who, Babs? She's been married.
Twice.

LOUISE

Legally, you mean.

BABS

(stung)

Wes says he met you in a--
what was it, sugar?

WES

A tamale joint.

(boasting)

She had those farmers standing
in line for an enchilada.

BABS

(sweetly)

Does she have an enchilada?

Louise is finished with the lipstick.

LOUISE

There. Now you almost look
like the man I married. Not
quite - but almost. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

261C (CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)
(she takes drink
from Babs)
Thank you, sugar.
(friendly and
poisonous)
You know - I always wondered
what I'd do if I ever found Wes
playing around with another
woman.

WES
(placatingly)
Aw, honey, it was just -

LOUISE
(to Babs,
ignoring Wes)
What would you suggest I do,
sugar?

BABS
(nervous)
Well -

LOUISE
I can't let every blond witch
that comes along kiss him
because he's cute, can I?

BABS
Why don't you lock him up?

LOUISE
(reasonably)
Can't. Wish I could. But he's
grown up. He's making a lot of
money. He's a man - or he thinks
he is. But I ought to do
something, sugar.

BABS
(backing away)
That's your problem.

LOUISE
(following her)
Well, natch. My problem. Of
course it is. Do you think this
is a good idea?
(she pours the glass
of gin over Babs'
head)

(CONTINUED)

261C (CONTINUED)

BABS

(a scream)
Why you little - !
(dripping)
Look at me!

LOUISE

(looking at her)
Why sugar you look just like a
faucet. Doesn't she, Wes?

WES

(mad)
What did you do - come up here
just to start a fight?

LOUISE

(evenly)
I came up here to see if I could
stop you from making a bigger fool
of yourself than you naturally are!

WES

Thanks for telling me!

BABS

(furious)
Get going! Go on - get out.
This is my party - I'll call the
manager - I'll ...
(she sputters out)

LOUISE

Save your steam, honey. It's
been a lovely party and I had
a lovely time: Jeff -

JEFF

(coming into shot)
Yeah?

LOUISE

The lady's kicking us out.
(to Babs)
Send me the dry cleaning bill.
You can always let the dress
out. It might fit then.
(she exits)

JEFF

(waits a moment;
to Wes)
You goin' or stayin'?

WES

I told you once tonight - stop
putting your nose in my business.

Jeff looks at him, then exits.

Changes

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THIS MAN IS MINE

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

261D MED. SHOT. Jeff emerges into corridor, CAMERA FOLLOWING him as he comes up to Louise.

LOUISE

(angrily)

I married for a home - Well I got a home, didn't I? I wanted to get away from working in a hash house - well, I got away, didn't I? I thought I was fixed. I thought I was pretty smart.

JEFF

(trying to
calm her down)

All he was doin' was kissin' a blonde. That's what blondes are for. It don't mean anything. It won't look so terrible tomorrow morning.

LOUISE

(furiously)

I don't want to see him tomorrow morning - or any morning!

JEFF

When he's sober, he'll go down on all four knees and say - Honey, I'm sorry - and you'll forgive him.

LOUISE

I won't!

JEFF

Sure you will. That's a wife's profession - forgivin' her husband.

LOUISE

(sharply)

He can rot! He can kiss all the stupid blondes he wants to.

Suddenly she turns appealingly to Jeff.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Jeff, please help me.

JEFF

How?

(CONTINUED)

261D (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

Get Wes away from here. It's his only chance! It's my only chance!

JEFF

He puts on his own pants and knows how to button his own shirt. If he knows that, he ought to know how to run his own life.

LOUISE

But he doesn't.

JEFF

Either you beat the money or the money beats you.

LOUISE

You're older, you're stronger, you've been through it.

JEFF

Money ain't good and it ain't bad - it just brings out the good and the bad in you.

LOUISE

(angrily)

You don't want him to quit rodeoing. He's your investment. Next year, the year after next. Phoenix, Dallas, Pendleton - back to Phoenix. So that he'll never quit. And every pay day, there's Jeff McCloud - his hand out for his half!

JEFF

You know me real well, don't you?

LOUISE

I know you well enough to know that when you're finished with Wes, you'll get yourself another cowhand. You said yourself, you're in it only for the money.

JEFF

(his eyes narrow)

Not quite, lady. I'll trade it all in for something else.

LOUISE

What?

(CONTINUED)

261D (CONTINUED)

JEFF

You.

LOUISE

(drawing back)

I don't change husbands that
easy or fall out of love that
fast.

JEFF

The champ inside with the war-
paint on - you really love him?

LOUISE

I'm his wife.

JEFF

That ain't exactly the same thing.

LOUISE

It's near enough for me.

JEFF

I've stolen a couple of things in
my time - but never another guy's
wife. When Wes said - why don't
we go in together - maybe I told
myself it was the money that was
makin' up my mind. But it wasn't.
I was lyin' a little. To myself.
What kept me stringin' along was
you. Hope's a funny thing - you
can have it when there ain't no
cause. You can tell me to shut up
and move on, like anybody comin'
to your door to sell you something
you don't want. All I'm waitin'
to hear is what the lady of the
house has to say.

LOUISE

Don't let Wes end up the way you did.

JEFF

(hurt)

Washed up?

LOUISE

I didn't mean that.

JEFF

Is that how I look to you - a
beat up bronc rider?

LOUISE

(trying to
soften it)

-<acura>

261D (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Like Booker?

LOUISE

All I meant was, I don't want
Wes to end up crippled or ...

JEFF

That's all you're worried about
is Wes, isn't it?

LOUISE

(softly)

Yes!

JEFF

Funny. How the people you figure
never ought to be together are the
ones who are.

(a pause)

All right, Mrs. Merritt, I'll go
back in and talk to him. -
I made my pitch. The lady didn't
buy.

He starts toward the party again, stops, looks at her
speculatively.

JEFF (cont'd)

I ought to kiss you once. For
all the times I won't.

Louise comes toward Jeff, puts her arms around him and
kisses him as --

261E ANOTHER ANGLE as the hotel room door opens and Wes comes
out into the corridor. He sees Jeff kissing Louise.

WES

Let's all go dancing.

(stops)

Ain't that pretty. Out in the
corridor, playin' post-office!

JEFF

(turning on him)

Somebody's gonna get real fed up
with you and beat your head in
with a rake handle.

WES

Who? You?

(CONTINUED)

261E (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Could be.

WES

Be the first thing you ever done
on your own since I know you.
All you been doin' is draggin'
your foot in my stirrup.

JEFF

(restraining himself)

You got somethin' to say to me,
say it down at the stables.

WES

(exploding)

Playin' me for a sucker! Takin' half
my dough -- Why? Because you ain't got
guts enough to do your own ridin'!
That fancy double-talk about bein' through
with rodeoin'. You'll never be through
with rodeoin' long's you got somebody's
shoulders to ride. You're yellow. You
ain't got guts enough to ride a dead mule!

Jeff hits him. Wes goes back against the opposite wall.

JEFF

You bounce real good.

There is a short fight in which Wes is briefly but
effectively clouted. Louise tries to stop it. Wes
pushes her away. He exits down the corridor. Ginny,
Booker, Red, Rosemary, Dawson, etc. are all crowded
into the hall.

JEFF (cont'd)

Never seen a bronc rider who wasn't
a wild man. But then, if he wasn't
a wild man he wouldn't be a bronc
rider.

(quietly, to Louise)

You still sure?

She doesn't answer.

JEFF (cont'd)

(to Ginny)

Take care of her. She's gonna
need a place to sleep.

He exits. Ginny crosses and puts her arms around Louise.

BOOKER

Reminds me of a party once in Butte,
Montana -- big hotel -- fella's wife
was kissin' another fella in the hotel
elevator when this fella --

But nobody is listening.

EXT. PENDLETON ROUND-UP ARENA - DAY - (STOCK)

262 MED. FULL SHOT - Stands - FROM FRONT. The activity of the first morning.

263 MED. SHOT - Committee Room. This is where the rodeo cowboys sign up for the events. There is a sign: ENTRIES HERE. Jeff comes into scene and goes in.

INT. COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

264 MED. FULL SHOT. This is a bare room with a counter and a desk, some entry blanks and contestants' numbers. A couple of committee members are there. Al Dawson is there. A few cowboys are present. Jim-Bob Tyler is there. Jeff comes in and starts filling out an entry blank. Nobody pays any attention at first. Then they see him.

DAWSON

What're you doing?

JEFF

What's it look like I'm doing?

Dawson and Jim-Bob come over and look.

265 MED. SHOT - group. They are surprised.

DAWSON

You ain't really singing up?

JEFF

Calf-roping, steer-tying, bulldogging, bareback and saddle-bronc. Everything except ladies' trick-riding -

He pushes entry list across desk, takes out some money.

JEFF (cont'd)

Owe three hundred and fifty dollars entry fees -

JIM-BOB

Hold on a minute, Jeff -

DAWSON

You're letting that ruckus with Wes get under your skin. S'prised at you -

(CONTINUED)

Changes
THIS MAN IS MINE

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265 (CONTINUED) - (SHOT)

JEFF

(crisply)
My business, gents.

JIM-BOB

Let's go get a beer and talk
this over -

JEFF

All you got to do is take the
money and hand me one of them
numbers.

Dawson and Jim-Bob look at each other. The Committee
Man checks the entry list and hands Jeff a number.
It is Number 11. Jeff grins and walks out. Dawson
follows.

EXT. PENDLETON ROUND-UP ARENA - DAY - (SHOT)

266 MED. SHOT - outside Committee Room. Jeff comes out
and Dawson overtakes him by the bulletin-board.

DAWSON

Hey, Jeff!

Jeff stops.

267 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Dawson, - (SHOT)

DAWSON

- You ain't rodeoed all season -
are you outta your head or
something? You're not in shape
to do no competing.

JEFF

All you got to worry about,
Dawson, is keeping the chutes
loaded -

Jeff walks away.

DISSOLVE TO

2/1/52
138A

EXT. CHUTES

- 268 As Jeff comes in and makes his way to a corral. As he starts to saddle the horse.
- 269 Booker comes into shot carrying a big can. Rusty tails behind him.
- 270 MED. SHOT - Jeff and Booker. The can Booker has is a rope can. He opens it and we see two ropes.

BOOKER

My good luck ropes. Wouldn't let nobody use 'em but you. Win the average four years in a row at Calgary with 'em. Set a record the boys have been shootin' at for twenty years. Seven seconds flat.

JEFF

I'll settle for fourteen flat.

Booker is cinching Jeff's horse.

RUSTY

I hear you've gone and signed up for four events.

BOOKER

(to Rusty)

Quit yapping.

(to Jeff)

Nobody's in the same class with you, Jeff. Now we're gonna see some records broken.

RUSTY

But he ain't compcted all year.

JEFF

(taking the horse's bridle)

I got told two things yesterday. One of 'em was to keep my big nose out of other people's business. That's pretty good advice all around.

He leads the horse off. Booker limps after him.

- 271 CLOSE SHOT - Rusty. She watches them go, tearfully. Then she suddenly gets up and runs out of scene.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WES' TRAILER - DAY

271A. Louise is packing. Rusty runs into trailer, excited and breathless. Seeing Louise packing startles her.

RUSTY

You goin' away?

Louise doesn't answer.

RUSTY (cont'd)

Because of Wes?

LOUISE

No, honey. Because of me.

RUSTY

You hear about Jeff?

LOUISE

(her back to camera and Rusty as she continues putting clothes into suitcase)

No. Did he leave?

RUSTY

Wish he had. He's gone and signed up for four events.

Louise doesn't turn. For a couple of seconds she stands erect, then bends forward and continues her packing.

RUSTY (cont'd)

He can't handle it. Everybody knows it but him.

Louise stops packing. She trembles almost imperceptibly as she struggles to control her emotions.

RUSTY (cont'd)

They say he's only doin' it to show Wes -

Louise turns. Her eyes are shining but she is holding back her tears.

LOUISE

No - he's not.

RUSTY

It's because he wants the day-money, Booker says.

(CONTINUED)

1/31/52
140-141

271A (CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(softly, mainly
to herself)

No - that isn't it, either.

(cries out)

Where's Jeff?

RUSTY

Over at the chutes!

Realizing the urgency of the moment, Louise frantically runs out, followed by Rusty.

DISSOLVE TO

1/29/52

141A

272- OMITTED
281

EXT. PENDLETON ROUND-UP ARENA - DAY

282 FULL SHOT. The stands are packed and jammed. The calf-roping event is going on.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- that's Wes Merrit, folks -

283- CUTS OF ACTION: Wes catches the calf, makes a quick
286 tie.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- Very neat.

287 CLOSE SHOT - Louise. She is watching from the Wives' Stand.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Here's the time for Wes Merritt -
thirteen and four -

288 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is on his horse waiting beside the calf chute.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Very good time, folks - good enough to win the day-money last year - Next out is an old friend of yours - Jeff McCloud - back in action after a whole season's lay-off --

289 CLOSE SHOT - calf. The barrier is dropped, the calf shoots up the runway.

290 MED. FULL SHOT - the Flag Judge gives the signal; Jeff takes after him. During the action in which Jeff misses the first throw and completes the second, the announcer's voice is heard:

(CONTINUED)

290 (CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

He missed - but he gets two
throws. He got him! Now, watch!
Well, it looks like ol' Jeff
ain't out of shape as much as we
thought -

The tie is completed. There is a LOUD BURST of APPLAUSE
and NOISE.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Time on that - fifteen-two - and
that's the fastest time I ever
heard of to miss the first throw.
All right, folks - are you glad
to have Jeff McCloud back?

There is LOUD APPLAUSE; Jeff comes off the field.

291 MED. SHOT - the cowboys and Booker beat Jeff on the back.

292 CLOSE SHOT - Wes. He sees this, and his lips curl a
little.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PENDLETON ROUND-UP ARENA - DAY

293 MED. FULL SHOT - the saddle-bronc riding is in progress.
An unidentified cowboy is riding a bucking horse, is
thrown off. The pick-up men dash after the horse.

294 MED. SHOT - near Bucking Chute. Booker comes in.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Next out - Red Logan - on Size
Twelve -

Now Booker sees what he is after, moves out.

295 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is helping saddle a bucking
horse. Booker comes in.

(CONTINUED)

295 (CONTINUED)

BOOKER
I hear you're in the
bull-riding.

JEFF
You hear right.

BOOKER
You can't handle Yoyo.

JEFF
I remember saying same
thing to the kid. He
handled 'im. I can
handle anything he can.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- He's giving ol' Size Twelve
a pretty good ride - but looks
like Red's outriding his
horse. Rowel 'im, Red! Rowel
'im!

We hear the BUZZER sound, o.s.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
He rode 'im -

BOOKER
Got any brains, use 'em - There is a scattering of
Everybody knows Wes APPLAUSE....
ain't in a class with
you.

JEFF
Everybody but me.

Booker starts to say something, but the announcer's
voice cuts in.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Next out of Chute three -
Jeff McCloud on Butterfly -

Jeff gets up on the chute.

296 MED. SHOT - Wes and Booker. Booker glares at him - as
he passes by. Wes turns his eyes away from him.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Jeff is the one-time saddle-bronc
champion of the world -

297 MED. SHOT - DOWN on Chute - Jeff gets on Butterfly.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- and he's drew a pretty good
horse in Butterfly.

JEFF
(to wrangler)
Lemme have 'im -

The Chute springs open and Jeff goes out on Butterfly.

298 MED. FULL SHOT - Arena. It is suddenly obvious that the spectators are in for a treat.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Looks like Butterfly feels
like working.

Jeff rides the horse like the champion he is.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
Jeff's giving her a fine ride,
folks. He's making it look
easy. It's as fine a ride as
I ever saw anywhere --

299- FLASH CUTS - Booker, Wes and Louise as they react to
307 the brilliance of the ride.

308 MED. FULL SHOT - Arena. Jeff indeed is giving a brilliant ride. This long will be remembered by all who see it as the greatest ride they ever saw, the touchstone of the art of rodeoing.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Great! Absolutely great!
Now you see why Jeff McCloud is
known as one of the greatest
saddle bronc men who ever lived.

The BUZZER sounds. There now is a great roar of APPLAUSE that drowns out anything the Announcer is trying to say. The pick-up men go to get Jeff off.

309 MED. SHOT - Jeff. As the pick-up man reaches him and Jeff grabs him to get off Butterfly, his spur gets caught in the stirrup and he falls to the ground. There is a ROAR of apprehension.

310 CLOSE SHOT - Louise - horror-stricken.

311- OMITTED
315

316 MED. SHOT - DOWN on Jeff. He is still being dragged by what is called the "runaway" horse and in trying to free himself, he twists under the rear hoofs of the frightened horse. (Note: This is for audience impact; we use what we can.)

317 MED. FULL SHOT - Arena.. There is instant movement toward the arena. (Note: No ambulance is stationed for service inside the Pendleton arena. Stretcher-bearers are used. We might take the license here for purposes of excitement.)

318 MED. SHOT - Jeff. He has disentangled himself now, but is unconscious on the ground, mortally wounded.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TACK ROOM - PENDLETON - DAY

319- Louise rushes in and enters the Tack Room.
320

INT. TACK ROOM

321 Louise is at Jeff's side. He is lying on the stretcher. A white coated doctor is in the background. His lack of activity, the resignation on his face, alarms Louise.

LOUISE
(straight forward)
What were you trying to prove?

JEFF
I used to make my own money.
Buy my own whiskey. Take my
own falls. Fella likes to
know he can still do it.
(he breathes deeply
and with difficulty)
Ain't one man enough for you to
worry about?

Spasm of pain. Booker comes hobbling in.

BOOKER
He ain't hurt bad. Just
likes to show how tough
he is.

JEFF
Busted rib - that's nothing!
Why once Booker --

DOCTOR
I told you to lay still.

BOOKER
(he, too, knows this
is the end for Jeff)
He's tough.

(CONTINUED)

321 (CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

That rib's sticking through
his lung.

LOUISE

Maybe now you'll quit - for
good!

She is desperately trying to tell Jeff that she knows
why he did it. She conceals her anxiety with anger.

LOUISE (cont'd)

You're nothin' but a no good, washed
out, beat up, crippled bronc rider -
all you know is how to bust a gut -
and that's all you'll ever know!

Jeff looks up at her and smiles. His face suggests:
"Thanks, Louise - I got your message." Booker
realizes he's not wanted, walks off, joining Doctor
in the background.

LOUISE (cont'd)

The more bones you break the
bigger man you are --

JEFF

That's right, Lady - broken
bones, broken bottles - broken
everything - but remember, never
was a horse that couldn't be
rode. And there never was a
cowboy that couldn't be throwed,

Spasm of pain crosses what's left of Jeff's face.
He grabs her hand in a last effort. It says again,
"I love you."

JEFF (cont'd)

Guys like me last forever.

He closes his eyes. He's dying. Louise slowly rises,
turns to Booker and the Doctor. The doctor nods to
her. Louise walks out.

(CONTINUED)

321 (CONTINUED)

DOCTOR
I told you to lay still.

BOOKER
He's tough.

DOCTOR
That rib's sticking through
his lung.

JEFF
Guys like me last forever.
(looks at
Louise;
a grin)
I tried to beat Wes's time,
but I guess I didn't.

He closes his eyes. Louise gets up slowly.

EXT. TACK ROOM - PENDLETON ARENA - DAY

322 The door opens and Louise emerges. O.s. there is the
ROAR of the crowd and an announcement from the loud-
speaker describing the end of some event. Louise
listens numbly for a moment to the crowd and the
announcer's voice, and then starts slowly away.

323 ANOTHER ANGLE as Wes appears near the chutes, flushed
and excited. He has evidently finished some ride.
He sees Louise and crosses quickly to her.

324 MED. SHOT - Louise and Wes.

WES
How's Jeff?

LOUISE
(looking at him
with the same
numb expression)
Fine.

WES
That was a bad throw. I figured
he was hurt bad when the bull
got at him...
(hesitant)
Honey, about last night, I guess
I kinda blew my top...and...

(CONTINUED)

324 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE
It's all right.

WES
(eager to be
reconciled)
I got one more event. Wait for
me, huh? We'll go see Jeff
together.

LOUISE
Where?

WES
(surprised)
The hospital. Didn't they
take him?

LOUISE
I don't know. Where do they
take dead rodeo riders?

WES
Dead...

LOUISE
With his gold buckle.
And his number on his
back. And his entry
blank in his pocket.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
First out in the bull-
dogging event will be
Wes Merritt from the
great state of Texas.

She glances up at the voice.

LOUISE
Go on. What are you waiting
for? You got one more event,
(laughs a little
hysterically)
One more event! That's all
it is, isn't it? One more
event -- a bull that stomps
you, or a horse that throws
you -- just one more event!
Go on, Wes. They're waiting --
the crowd, the judges, the
band!

She starts away.

WES
(after her)
Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

324 (CONTINUED)

LOUISE
(gesturing
toward a sign)
It says exit, doesn't it?
An exit means out. Out
to wherever a bus can take
me, or a train, or a truck.
I don't care which.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
The Merritt boy is a
newcomer to rodeoing.
He's been cleaning up
wherever he goes.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Pass Wes Merritt. Next out,
Jimmy Katlo from Pigeon Gap,
Tennessee!

The struggle to decide has been going on in Wes's face.
He makes his decision now and runs after Louise.

WES
(calling)
Louise!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Number twenty-one - Jimmy Katlo
coming out of barrier number
three! Here he comes, folks!

As the crowd ROARS, Wes catches up with Louise and puts
his arm around her waist. They go out the exit gate
together.

FADE OUT

THE END