

"THE OUTLAW - JOSEY WALES"

Screenplay

by

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1. EXT. YELLOW FIELD

DAY

1.

CAPTION: CASS COUNTY-MISSOURI-1858

(Prologue: desaturated color, muffled sounds, tableaux, as in a memory)

Hazed and golden in the morning light, the mule waits patiently as the four year old boy in tattered clothes and straw hat struggles to lift the large stone from its path.

2. CLOSE SHOT JOSEY WALES

2.

Young, clean shaven man from the Tennessee mountains, perspiring as he looks down at his son from behind his plow. He watches the boy struggle: let the kid do it himself.

3. THE KID

3.

Grunts and struggles with the stone, finally rolling it from the path of the plow. He looks up at Josey. No need to smile: this is man's work. But there's a faint flicker of a proud feeling in Josey's face. Then a voice, carried by the wind.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Jooosie....

4. LONG SHOT

4.

From the rise of the hill, a young woman waving.

Man and boy look at one another. The kid shakes his head. He wants to stay and help. Silently Josey motions to the kid: git goin. Lissen to your Maw. Reluctantly the kid leaves, runs up the hill. Wife and child move over the ridge and out of sight. Josey hitches himself up to the plow and the mule begins to struggle down the row. Sounds of peaceful nature.

Josey rests on his plow stock, nature sounds stop. He hears thunder. But there are no clouds in the sky. Nature sounds return. Josey plows again. Stops. Thunder again, this time nearer. Steady thunder.

5. JOSEY SEES

5.

A distant cloud of dust on the horizon.

5A. CLOSER SHOT.

5A

Inside the cloud of dust there are riders. All that can be seen clearly are the red leggings the riders wear. Some carry flaming torches.

6. TRACKING SHOT CLOSE ON JOSEY DAY 6.

Josey drops the plow and begins to run, running wildly through the briars and sumac, across rocky gullies. He reaches the ridge.

6A. JOSEY SEES 6A.

Black smoke rising on the other side of the distant trees. Gunshots and the redleg riders circling in the black smoke.

6B. From behind him, a redleg rider swoops and knocks Josey 6B.
down with a rifle butt. Josey falls to the ground and looks up, dazed. He sees his house aflame, riders circling; suddenly sounds are deafening. To the side of the house his wife is being dragged screaming across the barnyard, her clothes torn, half naked.

6C. OMITTED 6C.

6D. A small, burning figure bursts through the doorway of the 6D.
house: a tiny human torch, running toward Josey. Suddenly, the only clear sound is a shattering scream.

JOSEY'S SON
PAW! PAAAAWWW!

6E. Terror on Josey's face as he struggles to lift himself. 6E.

Redleg on horseback in wild cape turns, draws his sabre, and rides at Josey. In a brief flash we can see his face: horribly deformed on one side, strange eye glinting. This is CAPTAIN TERRILL. He slashes down at Josey.

Blood spurts from Josey's cheek; he falls into the dust.

In vain Josey struggles to rise, his face bloody... Strange howling sound on the track, a rattle, a death rattle as Josey sinks to the ground, unconscious.

FADE TO:

7. EXT. FARM DAY 7.

A tow sack is pulled through the dust. A woman's arm dangles out. Josey bends over and gently lifts the arm of his dead wife back into the sack. His face has a clotted wound across the cheek, his eyes are cold. He drags the sack to a grave under a tree. There's another grave there, a much smaller one, already covered over. In background, the shell of Josey's burnt out house.

CONTINUED

7 (Cont.)

7

Josey pats the dirt on top of his wife's grave. On his hands and knees, he stammers,

JOSEY

Ashes to ashes...dust to dust...
The Lord gives and the Lord takes
away...An eye fer an eye, a tooth
fer a tooth...

Great tears roll down the smoked face of Josey Wales. A tremble shakes his body with uncontrollable fierceness; his teeth chatter, his head jerks. It is the last time Josey Wales will cry.

FADE TO:

8. CLOSE SHOT

8.

Josey's hand lifts a holster out of the charred ashes of the house. Josey pulls a gun out of the holster, looks at it.

9. A FENCEPOST

9.

Josey in far background aims the gun. He fires in deliberate, steady beats. The first two shots miss the post. But the third shot hits it. Josey continues to fire.

Shots echo over brief cuts of:

BANG! The charred remains of his house.
BANG! The grave of his wife and son.
BANG! The mule waiting patiently in
the field.
BANG! Weeds growing all around.
BANG! Josey still firing in the sunset.
BANG! And firing as the sun rises.

The post again. Now Josey is hitting it every time. (Poss. suggestion: One of John Brown's men reportedly could drive nails into a post from 200 yards). Suddenly it's silent.

10. THE GRAVESITE

10.

Josey sits on the ground, gazes into space. Stubble growing on his face, his eyes cold and vacant. A wind is blowing, the weather turned harsh. He hears a strange flapping sound behind him.

CONTINUED

A group of men on horseback are staring down at him. A dozen men, wearing black, wild-eyed and fierce, armed to the hilt with guns, bandoleros strapped across their chests, long hair, and even human scalps dangling from saddles: guerrillas.

One of the men carries a long, black silk flag that flaps impatiently in the wind. The leader has taken off his hat as a mark of respect, now putting it on again.

BLOODY BILL

M'name's Anderson. Bloody Bill's
what they call me.

Josey just looks closely up at these men, takes a chaw of tobacco.

BLOODY BILL

We are lookin fer Redlegs.

JOSEY

I am lookin fer Redlegs too.

BLOODY BILL

You will find them up in Kansas. They
are with the Union. We are goin up
there to set things aright.

Josey spits.

JOSEY

I am comin with ye.

CUT TO:

11. MONTAGE SEQUENCE (TO BE WORKED OUT) DAY 11.

A drumbeat begins, ominous at first, then rising, fervent. Under the rolling black flag Josey rides side-by-side with Bloody Bill. From the side a dozen riders, fierce as they, ride in to join them, led by a huge wildman, later identified as FLETCHER. Music swells (something like "Dixie") as the ranks of the guerrillas expand.

This sequence will take us through the war. It includes

- 1) the charging feet of guerrilla horses,
- 2) houses being set afire as the riders circle in the black smoke,
- 3) fires burning,
- 4) Josey riding, superimposed over fire. And as he rides, the years pass. Josey undergoes a transformation in a series of dissolves, changing from the innocent farm boy into the hardened warrior we will come to know, reins in teeth, both guns blazing, wild, blood-curdling Rebel yells.

CONTINUED

11 (Cont.)

11

- 4) (Cont.) We see that he is now armed to the teeth: tied down Navy Colts, bootknife, gun under the arm, a couple more draped across the saddle: a fortress on horseback. Josey shoots his first man: change on face.
- 5) The horses swirling past, dust revealing Redlegs hanging,
- 6) series of still photos of Redlegs being shot,
- 7) still of Bloody Bill dying in Josey's arms: a pieta,
- 8) Josey now the leader of the riders,
- 9) other staged battle stills arriving at:
- 10) stills from campfire - after the War.

12. EXT. CAMP

DAY

11

The series of sepia stills comes to life in the guerrilla camp in an Ozark mountain hollow. Defeated, depressed, Josey and his band sit silently around a campfire. One man weeps as another solemnly rolls up the black flag for the last time. Some just sit smoking pipes. Fletcher rides into camp and jumps off his horse.

FLETCHER

All that a feller has to do is ride into that Union camp down there, raise his right hand and swear as sich as he'll be loyal to the United States. Then, he kin take up his hoss...and go home.

ANOTHER GUERRILLA

...They say they goin to give us full amnesty then?

FLETCHER

Yup. Everyone else done it but us. We are the last holdouts.

All the men look down at the campfire, saying nothing, thinking. Josey sits in background, hat pulled down over his eyes. He takes a long Indian knife from his boot, cuts a chaw of tobacco. Fletcher kicks a pine knot into the fire.

FLETCHER

Guess I'll be ridin in, boys.

CONTINUED

12 (Cont.)

12

Fletcher moves to his horse. Others nod and almost as one, they rise and move to their horses. Mounted, they turn and look back.

Only Josey remains by the campfire.

FLETCHER

Air ye comin in with us, Josey?

Silence. Josey Wales does not lift his eyes from the fire. He spits into the fire.

JOSEY

I reckon not.

FLETCHER

They'll be comin after ye, Josey.

JOSEY

Yup.

FLETCHER

Ain't nowheres you can go to git away from them.

JOSEY

Nope, I reckon not.

FLETCHER

Well, good luck, Josey.

Fletcher lifts his hand in half salute. Others murmur calls of "luck". They ride off. Josey is alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

13. EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE

DAY

13.

Josey stands with his horse looking down at the scene below through an old spy glass.

13A. EXT. UNION CAMP

DAY

13A

Fifty white military tents, some of which are in the meadow, others moving into the nearby woods. Not many soldiers in sight. Some pickets sitting leisurely playing mumble-de-peg. There is a table, and guerrillas are lined up in front of it, turning in their weapons. Then they move to a table piled high with food. Two fiddlers move among them slowly swaying on horseback playing "Beulah Land" or some soothing Southern song.

14. JOSEY HILLTOP

14.

Josey, alone; it seems sad he's not part of the happy scene below.

15. AT TABLE

15

A young boy, eighteen, maybe, rail-thin, with hollowed cheeks and blond hair in a bowl cut beneath a slouch hat stands before the three Union soldiers at the desk. He's taking off his arsenal of weapons: the knife at his belt, the gun in the shoulder holster, the two at his hip, the derringer in his boot, but keeps the rifle over his shoulder.

UNION OFFICER

Put that rifle down here too, son.

KID

I'll be needin this fer squirrels n sich.

UNION OFFICER

Put it down, son.

The Kid reluctantly puts the rifle down.

UNION OFFICER

Kinda young, aincha son, to be ridin with this rabble?

KID

Who you callin rabble, you blue scumbelly?

Another guerrilla restrains the Kid. The Union soldiers look cynically up at him.

KID

Hell, we showed these boys anyway. Lee mighta had to surrender, but we sure as hell didn't, did we?

The other guerrillas nearby feel awkward with this kid babbling out at the wrong time.

GUERRILLA

Shet up, kid.

OFFICER

Yessir, you sure showed us. Now get over there before I kick you so hard you're going to be wearing your ass for a hat.

16. INT. TENT

DAY

16

Two men inside a tent on the far edge of the encampment. SENATOR JIM LANE, leader of Kansas Redlegs for years, now a U.S. Senator. The other is a man we've seen before, half hidden in shadows, wearing a military cape, sabre, and red leather gaiters. (Half his face is badly scarred, his eye wild). The man who killed Josey's wife and child - Captain Terrill. A soldier enters.

CONTINUED

16 (Cont.)

16

SOLDIER

Here's the man you asked for, sir.

Fletcher enters. On seeing Terrill, he looks upset.

FLETCHER

What the hell's Terrill doing here?
You said regular Federal authorities
would be here, Senator.

Terrill just gazes into the shadows, lights a pipe.

SENATOR LANE

Captain Terrill is the regular
Federal authority now.

FLETCHER

Captain Terrill is a bloodthirsty
looter and pillager...He is the worst
enemy those men have got.

SENATOR LANE

Our side won the war. Now we must busy
ourselves winning the peace. Fletcher,
there's an old saying, "To the victors
belong the spoils."

Captain Terrill stares at Fletcher, smiles. The leer of a
vicious madman.

FLETCHER

There's another old saying, Senator:
"Don't shit me." (Get old saying.)

Terrill speaks for the first time.

TERRILL

Which side is this man on Senator?

SENATOR

Easy, Terrill. He brought them
all in, didn't he?

FLETCHER

All but one.

TERRILL

Who's that?

FLETCHER

Josey Wales.

TERRILL

Josey Wales!?

A look of concern and surprise on the faces of Terrill
and the Senator.

17. HILLSIDE JOSEY 1

He scans the field below.

17A. JOSEY'S P.O.V. 1

The guerrillas are lined up in a straight line in the meadow. Josey pans to two covered wagons facing the men. Holds on quiet wagons.

17B. THE LINE OF GUERRILLAS 1

A soldier stands in front of them.

SOLDIER

Allright, now I want you men to raise your right hands.

KID

What fer?

SOLDIER

So's you can pledge loyalty to the Union.

KID

Hell, to pledge loyalty to the Union you ought to have us turn around and bend over.

Some laughter from guerrillas in line.

SOLDIER

Put up your hands so I can take your oath.

18. INT. AND EXT. TENT

DAY

1

Senator Lane and Terrill are both standing now.

SENATOR LANE

Captain Terrill, I want you to currycomb the countryside, beat the brush and root out everything disloyal from a Shanghai rooster to a Durham cow. We've got to cleanse this country. Take five men and go up there and get Josey Wales.

Fletcher scoffs.

FLETCHER

Terrill and five men against Josey Wales? That's like pissin into the wind. (Get old saying).

CONTINUED

18 (Cont.)

18

Terrill's leering face.

TERRILL

We stopped those bushwhackers pretty good during the war.

Fletcher sneers (scoffs), then moves outside angrily, followed by Senator and Terrill. Senator puts his hand on Fletcher's shoulder.

SENATOR LANE

Fletcher, you go with Captain Terrill. Bring in this damned insurrectionist rebel. Here's the money for bringing down the others, and there'll be more for Josey Wales.

FLETCHER

I had enough of your money. Let Wales be. Let me be! I am finished, Senator!

18A. JOSEY'S P.O.V.

18

The iris scans the tents, comes to rest on the drama being played out below: Senator Lane with one hand on Fletcher's shoulder, handing him some money. And emerging from the tent, wearing his red leather gaiters, Terrill!

18B. HILLSIDE JOSEY

18

Josey puts down the spy glass. Spits. Sound of the death rattle. He leaps onto his horse.

19. THE GUERRILLA LINE UP

19

The two fiddlers stop playing, ride back through the tent area. The soldier in front of the line with right hand raised.

CONTINUED

19 (Cont.)

19

SOLDIER
I pledge that I will be loyal to the
United States of America...

GUERRILLAS
(Repeat after him)

19A. QUICK CUTS

19A

Build up tension. A small flap is lifted on a wagon facing the men. The tip of a gatling gun peeks out. But guerrillas watch the soldier as he walks in opposite direction.

SOLDIER
...that I will abide by its law,
that I will never bear arms
against it...

CUTS of movement inside the nearby tents. Hints of rifles. The few pickets that had been lounging nearby, assume more threatening positions, as

GUERRILLAS
(Repeat after him)

19B. INT. WAGON

DAY

19B

Group of soldiers sit quietly behind a gatling gun waiting for a signal.

20. EXT. CAMP

DAY

20.

SOLDIER
...and recognize that it is one nation...

GUERRILLAS
(Repeat after him)

KID
I ain't doin it.

There's some confusion as Kid walks off to side. Soldier falters. Tension in wagon.

ANOTHER GUERRILLA
Come on, Kid. Git it over with, damn ye.

KID
I been thinkin. It's them who owe
us an apology...

The soldier attempts to restore order.

CONTINUED

20

(Cont.)

20

SOLDIER

And I further swear...that though I
be murderous...

GUERRILLAS

(Most of them repeat it,
though some sense confusion)

Suddenly there's an ear piercing rebel yell.

KID

Look, it's Josey.

Josey, reins in his teeth, both guns drawn, is charging
toward the men.

The Soldier drops his right hand - the signal!

SOLDIER

...Verminous, lying, treacherous
Missouri scum...

And all hell breaks loose. Firing from all sides hits the
guerrillas, immediately decimating them. Some run for it,
but soldiers running out of the nearby tents shoot them down

21

INT. WAGON

DAY

21

Men are firing the gatling gun. A man opens the side flap,
sees Josey charging down on him.

MAN

Lookout, over...

BLAM. And is knocked back on top of the others by a bullet.
Two men move to flap to defend against Josey, but Josey
charges past, suddenly leaps from his horse and swings in
other side of wagon. Surprised, a man rises, and Josey kick
him all the way across the wagon so that he knocks the other
two men off the wagon.

In a flash Josey draws his guns, cleans up the remaining
men in the wagon who were trying to swing the gatling gun
around to get him.

Josey grabs the gatling gun and begins to strafe the other
wagon. Bullets rip canvas, fire starts, a gatling gun and
some bodies come tumbling out.

Josey rakes nearby tents with fire. Redleg soldiers
scatter in all directions.

22.

EXT. CAMP

DAY

22.

Fletcher, Terrill, and Senator Lane move through maze of
tents toward the action.

CONTINUED

Dialogue & effects

22 (Cont.)

22

SENATOR LANE

(shouting at Fletcher)

You said you brought them all in but one.
Now there's a damn all out attack on us.
How many of them are there?

Terrill moves next to them quickly.

TERRILL

There's at least...one.

SENATOR LANE

One?

FLETCHER

(nodding)

Josey Wales.

Fletcher grabs the Senator in anger.

FLETCHER

Damn you, Senator, sonofabitch, you
said those men would be decently
treated.

SENATOR LANE

They were decently treated. They were
decently fed. Then they were decently shot.
These men are common outlaws, nothing more.

FLETCHER

No more than you...or me...or that
murderer Terrill.

Terrill in background is stopping fleeing men, trying to
rally troops. Suddenly the Kid is seen running through
the tent area. He finds a horse, jumps on. Then he
sees Fletcher.

KID

(shouting)

Run fer it Fletcher. It's a trap.

He turns, begins to ride away quickly. Terrill draws a gun
quickly and shoots at the Kid's back.

22A. JOSEY FIRES GATLING until ammunition is gone. Then fires 22A
until his pistols are empty. Looks around wagon. Rips
into box for more gatling ammunition.

22B. Behind Josey a man is climbing on the wagon, faint movement 22
behind canvas. Josey pulls knife out from his boot. Throws.
Knife sticks, rips down through canvas, a man skewered on
the other end.

22C. Josey returns to gun. All's quiet. Guerrillas and 22C.
soldiers lie strewn across meadows, moaning. He sees
rider moving quickly toward him, loads gatling, aims.
It's the Kid, waving hat so Josey will know it's him.

23. BEHIND A TENT 23.

Terrill and his men are now moving up for a counter
attack, moving from tent to tent, approaching the mea-
dow and Josey's stronghold. Senator Lane is still close
to Fletcher. Sound of gatling fire far ahead.

SENATOR LANE

You're going after him after all.
Fletcher, I'm giving you a commission.
Hound this Wales to Kingdom Come.

FLETCHER

Hound him? Senator, cause of what you
done here today, I got to kill that man.
He'll come lookin for me. Man like Wales
lives by the feud. I get him or he
gets me. Just as well, I guess.

SENATOR LANE

Well, he'll have to run for it now.

FLETCHER

(cynical)

Run for it? Man like Wale's'd charge
Hell with a bucket of water.

Some wounded men come running back from the front.

SENATOR LANE

Hell is where he's headed.

FLETCHER

He'll be waiting there for us, Senator.

Fletcher moves quickly off.

24. WAGON 24.

The Kid, mounted on his horse, appears at the end of
the wagon, looks in.

KID

We'd best be on our way, Josey.

CONTINUED

30

(Cont.)

30

He seizes the Kid's horse's nose with his left hand and throwing his right arm over its head, he grabs the horse's ear. He twists it viciously. The horse's knees tremble and buckle, and it rolls to the ground. Josey pulls the boy to the horse's head.

JOSEY

Lay crost his neck, Kid, and
hold his nose.

Josey leaps on his own horse and struggles wildly to throw it down.

KID

They's comin, Josey.

Desperately, Josey swings his feet off the ground and locks his legs around the horse's neck and pulls her down to the ground. He lies there, his legs wrapped around its neck, holding the horse's head tightly against his chest.

A rumble is growing louder, horses approaching like thunder.

JOSEY

Can ye hear me, boy?

The Kid, whitefaced, nods in terror as the thunder increases.

JOSEY

Listen now...listen. If ye see me
jump up, ye stay down...til ye hear
shootin and runnin back North. Then
ye lay back on that horse. He'll git
up with ye. Then ye ride South. Hear
me boy?

The Kid just squeezes the horse and stares back at him.

Now the riders pass a dozen feet from the flattened horses. Dust covers them. The passing riders are huge, dark and ominous, silhouetted, some with flapping capes.

(Note: The Second Colorado was composed of wild mountain men - try to duplicate pictures)

Josey has his pistols drawn, laid out on his horse's head. He sees the Kid's horse trying to struggle up. The Kid is biting into his horse's neck, blood is dripping from his nose.

CONTINUED

24 (Cont.)

2.

But Josey is busy re-loading the gatling gun, taking up the rifles of the fallen soldiers, loading them and stacking them next to him. He checks the .36 Navy Colt under his arm, checks the Colts on his hip.

KID

Josey, they'll be comin after us. We got to take to the brush, Josey.

JOSEY

You git outta here, boy.

Silence for a moment as it begins to dawn on the Kid that Josey means to stay...and to die. He's preparing himself for a last stand in the face of unbeatable odds (like "Bataan"). The Kid doesn't move.

JOSEY

(harshly)

You git goin, boy!

Josey cuts a chaw of tobacco. Ready for action, he sits back, calmly to await his fate.

KID

Ye can't git em all, Josey.

JOSEY

That's a fact.

KID

(weakly)

How come you're doin this?

JOSEY

Got nothing better to do.

KID

These boys was all I had me in the world, too, Josey...Josey, Fletcher was in with them. It was a trap.

Through the woods the soldiers are moving toward them. Josey looks carefully at the Kid to see if he might be lying. He spits.

JOSEY

(saddened)

Fletcher. Never'd a figured it. Kid, either you git fast...or you git in here and take yourself up a gun.

KID

(weakly)

I'm fightin from on my horse.

CONTINUED

24 (Cont.1)

24

Josey has been talking without looking at the Kid. Now as he observes him closely, he sees blood seeping through the Kid's shirt. The Kid's been hit...badly.

JOSEY

Git outta here, you dumb Kid.

Josey is weakening. This Kid is causing his resolve to falter. Josey is prepared to die, and now this dumb Kid comes along.

SHOT. Terrill, Fletcher and soldiers move up through tent area. Men follow them, leading horses.

KID

Josey, I got to tell you somethin...

The Kid's sobbing softly, in great pain.

KID

...I'm ascaird o dyin...Josey.

The Kid slumps over in his saddle.

25. EXT. TREES

DAY

25.

Soldiers are at the edge of the tent area, moving into position to attack the wagon. They all raise rifles and, on command, blast the covered wagon Josey is in. The canvas catches on fire. Fletcher and Captain Terrill lead the charge on horseback. It's clear that anyone in the wagon is done for.

26. WAGON

26.

Leaping into the wagon, Fletcher sees the wagon is empty. Josey and the Kid are gone. Terrill looks through from the other end, billowing smoke and fire swirling around his burnt face. They just look at each other, wild and hateful.

27. EXT. FOREST STREAM

DAY

27.

In the dappled light, Josey leads the Kid's horse through a deep wash. The Kid is trying not to show his pain.

KID

Don't hold back, count of me,
Josey. I kin ride.

CONTINUED

27 (Cont.)

27

JOSEY

I ain't holdin back count of you,
 ye thickheaded grasshopper. Fust
 place, if we run these hosses out
 in the open they's probably enough
 posses in south Missouri after us by
 now to start another war and in the
 third place, ye try runnin stead of
 thinkin and they'll swing us on a
 rope by dark. We got to wolf our
 way through.

They move up out of the gully and onto a dry prairie.
 Josey takes a bush and retraces their steps back to
 the gully, covering their tracks.

28. SERIES OF LONG DISSOLVES ON TWO RIDERS MOVING ACROSS
 VARIED LANDSCAPES

28

KID

Where we headed?

JOSEY

The Nations. Only place we got a
 chance is in the Indian Nations.
 Get you healed up there.

KID

Then we kin go back and git Fletcher.

JOSEY

Right, Kid. Then we kin get Fletcher...

29. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

29.

JOSEY

Riders, comin from behind us.

KID

Where?

Josey points from their P.O.V., a cloud of dust rises
 far in the distance.

They ride toward a distant clump of woods.

30. EXT. CLUMP OF WOODS

DAY

30.

(Note: try to find field of sunflowers)

Carefully, with unhurried calm, Josey lifts the Kid from
 the saddle and sits him, spraddle legged on the ground.

CONTINUED

30 (Cont.1)

30

JOSEY

(whisper)

Turn loose. Turn loose, damn ye,
or you'll die.

The last of the horses thunder by. Through the dust Josey can see the Kid still quivering. Josey reaches over and strikes a brutal blow against the Kid's head. The boy rolls on his side and his chest expands with air. He's unconscious.

31. LATER

31

Josey is watering the Kid's face. Looking down at the makeshift bandage he has made from shirt, bandanas, etc. The Kid opens both eyes and grins tightly up at Josey from behind set teeth.

KID

Whapped em again, didn't we, Josey?

JOSEY

Yeah, Kid. We whapped em again.

CUT TO:

32. EXT. FERRY LANDING

DAY

32

Mist rises off the wide Missouri as two men stand at the landing, waiting for the hand ferry to return. Old SIM CARSTAIRS owns the ferry and the store and the house behind it, bought with his own scrimped up savings, by God. CARPETBAGGER is wearing a white linen suit, making every effort to keep it clean in this rustic clime; he's fastidious, constantly brushing off his sleeves.

CARSTAIRS

...Ten years I been ferrying Kansas Redlegs, Missouri Guerrillas, Union Cavalry, you name it. Mad dogs, them guerrillas. You look sideways at em, they'd kill you.

CARPETBAGGER

Sound like hard men to do business with.

CARSTAIRS

You bet. In my line of work you got to be able to whistle either the Battle Hymn of the Republic or Dixie with equal enthusiasm, depending upon present company.

CONTINUED

32 (Cont.)

32

CARPETBAGGER

Can't blame you. Only good business
to play it safe.

CARSTAIRS

Thank God they all been disarmed now,
except for a few of the nastiest ones
they are busy runnin down.

The ferry has arrived, pulled by Carstairs' idiot son,
LEMUEL. Helping pull it in, Carstairs has touched the
white suit. Carpetbagger nervously wipes his sleeve.

CARPETBAGGER

Well, where I'm going, they know
how to deal with that kind.

CARATAIRS

Where ye headed?

They both stop for a moment as along the shore, two
strange riders approach.

CARPETBAGGER

I'm going to ply my wares down in
Texas...

Carpetbagger pulls out a bottle of his wares, but
Carstairs is suspiciously eyeing the approaching
riders.

CARSTAIRS

Texas, huh?

CARPETBAGGER

How much is the ferry ride?

CARSTAIRS

Ten cent.

CARPETBAGGER

By coincidence I could give you a
small bottle of this elixer for
exactly that.

CONTINUED

In b. g. two riders have been approaching along the river bank: Josey mounted on his huge roan stallion leading the Kid, slumped over his horse. Carstairs looks scared as he notices them. He begins to whistle a soft, shaky version of Dixie.

JOSEY

Howdy.

CARSTAIRS

Howdy there. Sim Carstairs is the name, Mister....?

JOSEY

Figgered we might give ye a mite of ferryin business.

CARSTAIRS

Pleasure. Bill Quantrill used this ferry all the time. Good friend of mine.

Josey's been surveying the area.

JOSEY

What you got over there?

CARSTAIRS

Just the store with Granny Hawkins up there.

JOSEY

Tell ye what. We'll all amble on up to that store there. We got a tech of cramp so we'll ride....

Carpethbagger follows along.

CARPETBAGGER

I got something right here, stranger, that's just the thing for cramp....

He holds up the bottle - Josey ignores him, but notices that Carpethbagger is annoyed when the Kid gets a little dust on his white suit.

JOSEY

We're goin to need half a side of bacon, ten pound of beef jerky and twenty pound of horse grain.

CONTINUED

32 (Cont. 3)

32

JOSEY (Cont.)

And when we git there, ye don't go inside...but ye step to the door and tell the old granny that we got to have clean bandages....lots of 'em. We got to have a boiled up poultice fer a bullet wound, and hurry....

(to the Kid)

You keep the corners of them buildings under your eyes.

33. EXT. STORE

DAY

33.

Carstairs is loading the grain on the back of Josey's horse when a tiny white haired woman steps out onto the porch. She has a pipe in her mouth and a pillow case stuffed with bandages. She looks coldly up at Josey.

GRANNY HAWKINS

Ye'll be Josey Wales, I reckon.

Josey looks around, cautiously.

JOSEY

How might ye know that, granny?

GRANNY

Soldiers was here lookin fer ye two hour ago.

CARSTAIRS

(nervously)

I was goin to mention that to ye when I got the chance.

GRANNY

They say ye killed your own men...

THE KID

Lyin bluebelly bastards...

GRANNY

They say ye killed a slew of defenseless soldiers too. They say ye are hard put and a desperate man, Josey Wales. They say they are goin to heel and hide ye to a barn door. You know what I say...?

JOSEY

What's that granny?

CONTINUED

33 (Cont.)

33

GRANNY

I say that big talk is worth
doodlysquat. Now them poultices
be laced with feather moss and
mustard root. Mind ye, drap water
on 'em occasional to keep 'em damp.

JOSEY

Much oblige, granny.

He holds out some gold pieces. but Granny turns to
go into the house, then sits in an old rocker and
blankly rocks back and forth.

GRANNY

Ye can pay me if we meet again,
Josey Wales.

JOSEY

I reckon so.

34. FERRY

DAY

34.

Carstairs and his idiot son are walking the cable as the
ferry crosses the river. Carstairs is whistling "Dixie".

CARSTAIRS

Sure is sweet tune to the ears,
wouldn't you say, Mr. Wales?.....

Josey is holding the reins of both horses. The Kid is
still atop his horse. Josey scans the far shore, not
answering Carstairs. Carpetbagger approaches Josey.

CARPETBAGGER

You know, I got just what this
young fellow here needs.

(holds up same bottle)

Only a dollar a bottle. Works
wonders on wounds.

Josey cuts a fresh chaw of tobacco.

JOSEY

That stuff sure works all sorts of
wonders, don't it?

CARPETBAGGER

Can do most anything.

JOSEY

Does it take up a stain?

CONTINUED

34 (Cont.)

34

CARPETBAGGER

Why sure...It...

SPLAT. Josey lets one go right on the front of the guy's white suit, a hugh brown, dripping gob of tobacco. Lemuel, the idiot, can't help but roar with maniacal laughte The Kid chuckles too.

DISSOLVE TO:

34A. EXT. RIVER

DAY

34A.

Mid-river, the current is fast, but the ferry is pulled confidently across.

DISSOLVE TO:

34B. FAR SHORE

34B.

Josey leads horses off the ferry. Suddenly, distant shots are heard. Back at the ferry landing on the other shore there is a large body of Union Cavalry in blue uniforms shouting, waving frantically.

THE KID

Whupped em agin, Josey.

CARSTAIRS

They're hollerin fer me to come over...I got to go...I can't hold up.

(gleam in eye)

But I'll hold up till ya'll are out of sight...even longer. I'll make do somethin's wrong. You fellers git goin, quick. C'mon, Lemuel. Wish ya all lots of luck.

They pull the ferry quickly away, leaving Josey, the Kid, and the Carpetbagger on the far shore.

KID

He ain't goin to hold up no ferry. He's goin to bring that cavalry over fast as he can.

JOSEY

Must be quite a reward for us by now.

KID

We'd best hurry on, Josey.

CONTINUED

34B (Cont.)

3

JOSEY

Kid, they'd catch us before the day's out. Besides, from the tracks I'd calculate forty, fifty horses ahead of us from this mornin, reckon we need to space a little time 'twixt them and us.

KID

What're we goin to do?

JOSEY

Set right here.

Josey begins to remove nose bags for horses and starts to feed them. Carpetbagger, sitting on a rock, has his coat off and is using his elixer to remove the stain. He turns away angrily from Josey. From the middle of the river, Carstairs can be heard whistling "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".

34C. EXT. FERRY LANDING

3

Clamor of horses boarding ferry. Yelling, struggling to get them on. Terrill and Fletcher at pier staring across the river.

TERRILL

We got him now! Get these two first, then we'll get the others.

FLETCHER

What others? Wales and the Kid are the last ones.

TERRILL

Texas is full of rebels. Lots of work to do down in Texas.

FLETCHER

We get Josey Wales, then it ends.

TERRILL

...Doin' right ain't got no end!

DISSOLVE TO:

35. EXT. CAMP

DAY

35.

Josey sleeping under a tree.

KID

They're comin.

The ferry is returning rapidly. Soldiers are working the cable. Other soldiers are lining up on the front of the ferry, loading their rifles, getting ready to fire when they get into range. The ferry is jam packed with men in blue and horses. Josey gets slowly up from the ground, lazily takes his .56 Sharps from his saddle boot and walks to the Carpetbagger.

The Kid is nervously waiting to move out.

CONTINUED

35 (Cont.)

35

Josey lifts his rifle to his shoulder and sights down the barrel.

36. ON FERRY

36.

Captain Terrill and Fletcher are there with as many men and horses as the ferry will hold. Carstairs and Lemuel, assisted by soldiers, are pulling the rope, moving swiftly.

TERRILL

He's still there.

CARSTAIRS

Still there? What the hell's he think he's doing?

TERRILL

Don't know. Some of you men get down there. Prepare to fire.

Men kneel on front of ferry in firing position.

FLETCHER

If I was you, Captain Terrill, I'd turn back. We can catch him later.

TERRILL

Turn back? Are you crazy? He's going to try to pick us all off one by one. He'll never do it. At most he might get two or three up front there...

Some of the men who are kneeling glance nervously back.

FLETCHER

Captain, I'd advise turning back.

36A. EXT. RIVER BANK

DAY

36A

Josey steadies his rifle, aiming carefully.

CARPETBAGGER

You think you can shoot them all down before they shoot you?

Josey opens his squint eye, his aim disturbed.

CARPETBAGGER

You don't have a chance, Mr. Wales.

CONTINUED

36A (Cont.)

36

CARPETBAGGER (Cont.)

We have got something in this country
called Justice.

Josey is still aiming, talking very slowly.

JOSEY

Well sir...Mr. Carpetbagger...we got
something here...in Missouri...

BOOM. The heavy rifle reverberates in echo across the river. All activity stops on the ferry. The men stand motionless, frozen in motion. The cable parts from the pilings with a telegraphic zing of sound. For a moment, the ferry in the middle of the river floats motionless, suspended. Slowly it begins to swing downstream. Faster and faster, as the current picks up its load of men and horses.

JOSEY

...we call a Missouri boat ride.

There is shouting from the ferry. Men dash first to one end and then to the other in confusion. Two horses jump over the side and swim about in a circle.

KID

Godalmighty!

The confused tangle of shouting men and pitching horses is carried by the current at locomotive speed...farther and farther...until they disappear around the trees of the river bend.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. RAVINE

NIGHT

37

Not far from the river in a tangled ravine choked with brush and scuppernong vines, under a clump of thick cedar and hickory, Josey has set out blankets and dug an "outlaw's oven", a foot deep hole in the ground with flat stones edged over the top. Little light is shed as Josey applies the poultices to the Kid's wounds.

KID

It ain't bad is it, Josey?

JOSEY

It's bad.

There's a big hole in the Kid's chest, blotched with blue flesh turning black. "Proud" flesh speckles the wound in puffy whiteness.

CONTINUED

37 (Cont.)

37

The Kid tries to look down at the wound.

JOSEY

Look at me, Kid. If you look down at it, it might get a feelin.

KID

Iff'n I don't make it, Josey, I want ye to know I'm prouder'n a game rooster to have rid with ye.

JOSEY

Ye are a game rooster, Kid.
Now shut up.

There's the screech of an owl. Like a woman's wail of anguish. CLOSE SHOT of owl, nervously peering into the night.

KID

Ye could make it without me, Josey.
I always been somethin extra fer folks.
Paw said I was no good, Paw did.

JOSEY

Hell Kid, sometimes the meanin of good or bad depends mostly on who is sayin it.
Now drink this.

The Kid's getting feverish, delirious.

KID

This here linsey woolsey shirt I got that all you boys wore, well we didn't have no Maw, so Paw did all the fancy needlework for me, my own Paw. Tole me not to tell no one.

(the Kid's crying)

Imagine a growed man doin that fer his kid...

Josey hears the squealing of rats, looks into the blackness.

KID

He'd sing hisself a little song while he sewed it. You know Rose of Alabamy, Josey?
(singing, weak and delirious)

CONTINUED

37 (Cont.1)

37

KID

"The river rolled, the crickets sing,
The lightnin bug he flashed his wing,
And like a rope my arms I fling
Round Rose of Alabamy.
Oh round Rosey, the Rose of Alabamy.
A sweet tobacco posey is the Rose
of Alabamy."

While the Kid is singing, the rats stop squealing, though the Kid doesn't notice. Josey is about to reach for his gun, but finds himself staring down the rifles of two bearded men. Hunched, nervous, and slimy, they move exactly like river rats back and forth, voices squealing as they talk.

ABE

Now you jest do that cousin. You
bring that ole pistol right out.
We got em, Lige.

Josey looks at them steadily, but doesn't move. The river rats twitch and move constantly through the flickering light.

LIGE

(squealing)

It's him, Abe, it's him. Abe, we got
the Josey Wales, Abe. I seen him ride
side by side with Bloody Bill, Abe. We
got re-ward money comin. Watch it, Abe,
he's meaner than a rattler'n twicet as
fast with them pistols.

ABE

You're a real bush hawg, ain't ye
Mr. Josey Wales. Tell you what.
You put yore hands top of yore
head and stand up facin me...

Josey does this slowly.

LIGE

Watch him, Abe. I seen him do
some things...

ABE

Shet up, Lige. Now Mr. Josey Wales,
I'd as soon shoot ye now, ceptin it'll
be harder to drag ye through the brush
to where's we can git our pound price
fer ye.

LIGE

Shoot him now, Abe....

CONTINUED

37 (Cont. 2)

37

ABE

Shet up, Lige. Now move your left hand down and unbuckle that pistol belt. Make it slow 'nough I kin count the hairs on yer hand.

Josey drops the belt slowly.

ABE

There, ye see, Lige, when ye pull his teeth, he's tame as a heel hound. I always wanted to face out one of these big pistol fighters they raise all the fuss about. It's all in the way ye handle em.

LIGE

Abe, watch out, he's probably got another...

ABE

Shet up, Lige. Now ye call Benny back there on the horse.

LIGE

Bennnnnnnnny! Come up. We got us Josey Wales.

Distant whoop and sound of horse crashing through the brush.

KID

(singing weakly)

Oh round Rosey, the Rose of Alabamy
A sweet tobacco posey....

ABE

Who's thet?

JOSEY

Just a kid. He got a fever.

ABE

Tell him to shet up.

KID

.....is the Rose of Alabamy...

Abe kicks the Kid.

38. CLOSE SHOT JOSEY

38

He twitches. Sound of the death rattle. His left shoulder moves imperceptibly beneath his buckskin jacket. His .36 Navy Colt tilts forward beneath his arm.

CONTINUED

KID

Paw? Paw? Is that ye, Paw?

ABE

It ain't yer Paw. Now shet up.

KID

Paw, I got the gold here.

ABE

What gold's he talkin about?

JOSEY

He's just a fool kid. Ain't no gold.

KID

The gold me 'n Josey got from
robbin the bank, Paw.

ABE

Lige, you look under that there blanket.

KID

I got it right here, Paw.

The Kid throws off the blanket.

Josey, with the quickness of a cat snakes out the Navy
from under his arm and flips over down the bank. Abe's
rifle shot digs the ground where Josey had been. The
glade is filled with the roar of sound.

Blood splurts like a fountain from Abe's chest. He
staggers backward into a tree and sits down.

Lige, bending over to pick up the blanket, has the top
of his head blown off.

Sudden silence. Benney's horse can be heard running
off through the brush.

The Kid looks up at Josey, smiling.

KID

I thought you could use some
help, Josey.

Josey looks down at him, smiling slightly.

JOSEY

If you've started them holes in ye
leakin agin, I'm goin to whup ye with
a knotted plow line.

CONTINUED

38 (Cont. 1)

38

KID

They ain't Josey, honest. I feel
pert as a ruttin' buck.

JOSEY

Well, good, cause I ain't totin ye
all over hell's creation and ye
dribblin blood over half Missouri.

KID

(smiling)

No need to worry 'bout me. I tote
my end of the log.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. SAME LOCATION

NIGHT

39

Josey and the Kid are mounted, riding out of their
camp area.

KID

Wish't we had time to bury them fellers.

JOSEY

To hell with them fellers...

Josey spits a stream of tobacco juice into Abe's
upturned face.

JOSEY

Buzzards got to eat, same as worms.

Sound of thunder.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

40

Continuous roar of thunder, slate gray rain in torrents
laced with blue white lightning as the two riders, now
wearing slickers, move through the blinding downpour.

JOSEY

A real frog strangler.

The Kid doesn't say anything.

JOSEY

Fifteen, maybe twenty miles, Kid, and
we'll bed down in a warm lodge in the
Indian Nations. We'll have help....

CONTINUED

40 (Cont.)

40

Josey sees through the rain and rising mist: reddish glow of fires inside tents, dimly perceived forms moving in the distance.

41. A GULLY. UNDER LEAN-TO MADE OF SLICKERS

41

Protected from the rain Josey and the Kid lie side by side. It's cold. Breath can be seen rising; damp chilling rain all around.

JOSEY

Got some cavalry between us and the Nations, Kid. When it gets dark and they quiet down, we'll walk our way through. Chew on some of this jerky, but don't swaller nothin but juice. I'm goin to have a look-see. How're you feelin Kid?

The Kid looks better: cheeks of rosy red, flushed, eyes shining.

KID

I feel real good, Josey. We got em whupped.

(coughs)

...Josey, I want to thank you.

JOSEY

Fer what?

KID

(coughing)

Fer saving my life.

JOSEY

Hell, Kid, don't say that. You...

KID

(interrupting)

You know somethin, Josey?

JOSEY

What's that, Kid?

KID

I ain't ascaird no more.

Josey and the Kid smile warmly at each other. Josey moves forward into the rain.

CONTINUED

41A. EXT. TOP OF HILL

DAY

41

Josey looks down at the Cavalry camp. A large camp, but men are keeping out of the rain, trying to warm themselves. Most are inside tents, seen through the warm glow of fires.

42. BACK AT THE GULLY

DAY

42

Josey slides under the lean-to.

JOSEY

Kid, we'll walk our horses through now. This rain is workin' for us. It's givin' us the edge...

Josey stops. The Kid is just staring back at him. There's no breath coming from his mouth.

JOSEY

What the hell ye doin, ye damn fool Kid? Talk to me...

He grabs the Kid and begins to shake him. The Kid doesn't respond. He's dead. Josey rips down the protective slicker.

He shakes the Kid in the pouring rain, then pulls the Kid in and hugs him closely, as if to bring him to life with the warmth from his body.

Josey takes the Kid's gunbelt and all the guns the Kid carried with him, then lifts the Kid's body onto his horse. He ties the Kid securely into his saddle, loops the reins back over the head of the horse and ties them tightly around the dead hands of the Kid on the saddle horn. Josey looks up into the pouring rain.

JOSEY

This here boy was brung up in time of blood and dyin. He never looked to question a bit of it. Never turned his back on his folks nor his kind. He has rode with me...and I got no complaints. Amen.

Josey lays a big Colt across the rump of the Kid's horse so that when he fires the powder burn will send her off. He takes a deep breath, pulls his hat low...

CONTINUED

42 (Cont.)

4

JOSEY

Bluebellies will give ye a better
funeral than I can...

42A. EXT. CAMP

DAY

4

He fires the pistol.

The horse bolts forward and charges through the camp.
The reaction is instantaneous. Men roll out from
tents, shouting, shooting, chasing the horse and the
rider.

SHOUTS

Here they come...It's Josey Wales...
shoot the bastard...I see him...etc.

The entire camp chases the wild horse and rider. Some
mount horses and follow. As the turmoil subsides, Josey
walks calmly through camp, listening to the distant
gunfire and triumphant shouts.

43. EXT. WOODS IN THE INDIAN NATIONS

DAY

4.

The cold air has brought thick fog to the bottoms.
Through the heavy mist Josey moves slowly, a gray ghost,
a dark shadow. Only the exaggerated sounds of his horse's
muffled hoofbeats are heard. Strange bird cries (wild
turkeys) create a feeling of apprehension.

As he rides, ominous shapes confront him through the fog:
the black shells of burnt out mountain lodge pole cabins
(Indian artifacts of a dying, ravaged civilization to be
worked out); the ruins of war float in the mist.

44. EXT. CABIN

DAY

4.

LONE WATIE is an Indian, but he doesn't dress like one.
He wears a brightly colored calico shirt and a crushed
stove-pipe hat (Lincoln-style, with a large plume stuck
in it). He holds up a black frock coat with tails,
looks at it with a sceptical eye. Behind him a huge fire
is raging, with a stuffed armchair aflame in it.

Suddenly he hears a strange sound. He drops the frock coat
and grabs a rifle. Instantly he seems to revert to an
Indian as he slinks along the side of the cabin and glides
silently into the forest.

45. EXT. FOREST

DAY

45

Lone Watie rises silently from a clump of bushes. He can hear horse's hoofbeats growing louder. Through the thick growth he can only see the hooves at first. He carefully lifts his rifle to his shoulder and quietly clicks back the hammer. As Lone Watie pans up, he sees the horse coming toward him has no rider! Suddenly behind him he hears a click and feels the cold barrel of a pistol being pressed behind his ear.

JOSEY'S VOICE

Howdy.

LONE WATIE

(not turning around, meekly)

Howdy.

JOSEY

Name's Josey Wales.

LONE WATIE

I have heard your name. Some said you would be headed this way. They said a man could become rich on reward money if he could kill you.

JOSEY

Seems like you was lookin to gain some money here.

LONE WATIE

Actually, I was lookin to gain an edge here. I thought you might be someone who would sneak up behind me with a gun.

JOSEY

Now how'd you get an idea like that? Sides, it ain't sposed to be easy to sneak up on an Indian.

LONE WATIE

I'm an Indian allright, but here in the Nations we're known as the Civilized Tribes. They call us "Civilized" because that means we're easier to sneak up on. White man's been sneakin up on us for years.

JOSEY

Cherokee, ain't ye?

LONE WATIE

You bet. When I was young we lived in Alabama. They snuck up on us and told

CONTINUED

45 (Cont.)

45

LONE WATIE (Cont.)

us we weren't happy there. They told us we'd be happier in the Nations so they took our land away, and sent us here. I had a fine woman and two sons. They all died on the Trail of Tears...

The camera moves around so that Josey can no longer be seen. Lone continues talking, staring straight ahead, but trying to turn slowly to see the man holding the gun on him.

LONE WATIE (Cont.)

Now I hear the white man sneakin up again.

Lone Watie turns and to his surprise Josey is not behind him. He looks around confused. Through the trees he can see Josey over by his lodge pole cabin taking the saddle off his horse. Lone stares at this strange man, smiles to himself.

46. EXT. LODGE POLE CABIN

DAY

46.

Lone approaches warily. Josey's put away his gun; Lone sees this man trusts him.

JOSEY

Sounds to me like we can't trust the white man.

LONE WATIE

You bet we can't.

Josey puts the nose bag on his horse and moves onto the porch. Lone picks up his frock coat.

LONE

Wore this frock coat to Washington before the war. We all wore em 'cause we were the Five Civilized Tribes: Chickasaw, Chocktaw, Creek, Seminole and us. We dressed ourselves up just like Abraham Lincoln...

Josey lies on a bed on the porch, puts his hat over his head. A fly buzzes around him. He waves a hand at it, but it continues.

LONE (Cont.)

We got to see the Secretary of the Interior. He said "You boys sure look civilized." He congratulated us and give us medals for looking so civilized.

CONTINUED

46

(Cont.)

46

LONE (Cont.)

We told him about how our land was being stole and our people dying. When we finished he shook our hands and said "Endeavor to persevere." Then he left. They stood us in a line - John Jumper, Chilly McIntosh, Old Buffalo Hump, Jim Pock Mark and me and they took our pictures and the newspapers said, "Indians vow to endeavor to persevere."

Lone throws the frock coat and the stove pipe hat into the fire. Josey seems asleep. The fly has stopped buzzing for a moment. The fly walks on the railing. Josey spits without lifting his hat. A wad of juice squelches the fly. (Josey spits like a Zen Master).

LONE

We thought about that for a long time, "endeavor to persevere." When we had thought about it enough, we declared war on the Union...

Josey is sound asleep.

47.

EXT. UNION CAMP ON EDGE OF NATIONS

DAY

47

A grave is being dug for the body of the Kid who lies in foreground. Terrill, Fletcher and their troop of men, finally dried off, wait on horseback. Make Yoke and Al wearing shaggy buffalo coats, to be seen later, especially prominent in Terrill's group. (NOTE: Terrill's men, a mixture of men in uniform and freebooters with only parts of uniforms, red gaiters, etc.)

A young officer talks to Terrill.

TERRILL

They say this Kid tried to get through their lines and they got him.

FLETCHER

They got him? They tie him to his horse like that first?

TERRILL

They've had men on guard night and day. They say Wales couldn't have got through to the Nations.

Fletcher sneers. He turns his horse and begins to ride along into the Nations.

CONTINUED

47 (Cont.)

47

TERRILL

Where the hell are you going, Fletcher?

FLETCHER

I am goin into the Indian Nations.
You can wait here. Wales may be back
this way...in a year or two.

Terrill hesitates, leers after Fletcher: he likes
a man he can hate.

TERRILL

When we get into the Nations, I
want you men to fan out. It's five
thousand dollars to the man who gets
him.

Followed by Yoke, Al, and the rest of his rough, ragtag
troop, he moves after Fletcher.

48. EXT. LONE'S CABIN

DAY

48

Josey opens his eyes, sees a changed Lone Watie. The
Indian is wearing a broad-brimmed Confederate hat with
the large plume. He's got tied down Colts at his side.
A blanket is rolled over his shoulder. He's squatting,
watching a toad. The toad hops away. Lone grabs the
toad, puts it down. It hops in the same direction
again. Lone speaks, knowing Josey is watching his back.

LONE

A toad can tell you which way to go.
A cricket can too, but crickets are
not as good. I used to know all these
things when I was young. When I got
civilized I forgot these things. I
didn't know which way to go. This toad
says we should go to Mexico.

JOSEY

Well, Mr. Lone Watie, you take your
toad on down to Mexico way. I got
to go back to Missouri. Got unfinished
business.

Lone nods. He understands.

LONE

Well, I heard that General Jo Shelby
and some men refused to surrender and
they went down to Mexico. Some kind of
fight down there. I believe I'll join
up with em.

CONTINUED

JOSEY

Didn't know there was other'n
that didn't surrender.

LONE

I didn't surrender neither. They
took my horse, made him surrender.
Got him pulling a wagon up in
Kansas I bet.

JOSEY

Got no horse? Ye planning to walk
to Mexico?

LONE

There's a trading post, over by
the Creek Nation. They got horses
there to trade.

JOSEY

You got any food?

LONE

All I got is a piece of hard rock
candy.

He holds up a hunk of red candy, looks through it.

LONE (Cont.)

But it ain't fer eatin, it's fer
lookin through.

JOSEY

Wait here. I'll git ye a horse.

Both men smile at each other. Josey mounts and rides
off. As he looks back he sees Lone Watie running after
him on foot.

49. EXT. ZUKIE LIMMER'S TRADING POST

DAY

49

Trading post: a place where people trade, piled high
with goods, articles of civilization alongside items
taken in barter, fur, pelts. Nothing stacked; just strewn
haphazardly over the landscape. A junkheap in the wilder-
ness. Some horses, pigs, even buffalo hides nailed to
the door. ZUKIE LIMMER sidles sideways, crablike, to
move forward. Cunning is his nature. He uses booze
to grease the deal with two stonefaced blanket Indians
off in a corner of the corral.

ZUKIE LIMMER

(possible German accent)

What the hell you got there?

CONTINUED

FIRST INDIAN

Muksrack.

He holds up a fine looking fur, displays bolts of red cloth.

ZUKIE

Muksrack? What the hell's that?
Muskrat? Muskrat. Want cloth for
muskrat? Nosir. Nosir. Got to
come up with somethin more.

SECOND INDIAN

Beaver.

ZUKIE

Beaver ain't worth nothin no more.
Give me ten muksrack and thirty beaver
pelts, I'll give you red cloth. That's
a real good deal for you. Have a drink
and think about it.

Zukie gestures and an Indian girl moves from the shadows
of a shed carrying two bottles. She slips. The bottle
breaks. Zukie gets another bottle quickly, hands it to
the Indians. He picks up a barrel stave, pushes her face
into the mud with one hand and begins to beat her. The
Indians watch for a while, then move off.

ZUKIE

It is like spilling gold. Now you
bring some drink inside right now.

He turns, stops. He sees a man watching him, standing
in the sunlight. Shielding his eyes he sees Josey Wales
watching him. A shiteating smile crosses Zukie's face.

Zukie goes inside. The Indian girl looks up, still on
her hands and knees. Nearby are some grizzly hogs and a
bony, mangy, whining cur. Clothes are rags, but what is
most noticeable is the scar running the length of one
nostril. She and Josey lock cold stares.

50. INT. TRADING POST

DAY

50.

YOKE and AL, the huge men in shaggy buffalo coats, seen
riding with the Redleg posse, move like burly bears
through the piles of goods. Drunk, with leering smiles,
they totally intimidate Zukie.

YOKE

I'll tell you, this jerky - you
put that on our bill.

CONTINUED

50 (Cont.)

50

Yoke puts his arm around Zukie, breathes vile breath from rotted teeth into his face. Al laughs.

AL

And some of these here buffalo skins.
You'll put them on our bill, too,
won't ya?

Yoke laughs into Zukie's face. Zukie flashes his winning shiteater's grin. The Indian girl enters. Al grabs the bottle from her hand, drinks.

AL

(Spits out)

This here's what you give the
Indians. Where's the real stuff?

Zukie quickly pulls out another bottle from under the counter. Al grabs the girl, puts his hand on her stomach.

AL

How much you take for this squaw?

ZUKIE

She ain't for sale. That is...
she ain't mine...I mean, she
works here.

Yoke walks over to the girl, grabs her face. Girl stares coldly at him.

YOKE

You see this here nose scar? Know
what that means to the Cheyenne?
One too many bucks.

Al and Yoke snicker together.

YOKE

Little squaw likes the bucks, huh?
Tell you what...put her on the
bill, too.

Yoke throws her down into a pile of buffalo skins. Stops suddenly as sunlight bursts into the dark room. Josey Wales stands in the doorway. Zukie puts his hands on the plank...in plain sight...as Josey moves with a practiced quickness out of the door's silhouette to the end of the counter. Josey appears not to notice the Indian woman and her tormentors...and they, looking at him and at each other, go back to their tormenting.

JOSEY

I'm lookin to buy a hoss.

CONTINUED

50

(Cont. 1)

50

ZUKIE

A hoss? A horse, oh, a horse...
Well the horses belong to these
gentlemen. They'll more than
likely, that is, I'm sure they'll
sell you one.

In the background a rape of sorts is in progress as Yoke has grabbed the girl's hair, slobbered a kiss on her mouth, and moved his hand under her ragged dress. Al holds her hands. She struggles, but is helpless. Buried in buffalo skins, not everything can be seen. The girl and Josey lock eyes again.

AL AND YOKE

Where you spose she keeps them
scalps? Grunt, ooof, etc...

ZUKIE

Got some beer, some good brewed
up Choc. It's on the house.

JOSEY

You spose them pilgrims will be
available to discuss business afore
long?

Al lets go the girl's hands. He walks toward Josey. In background the girl punches Yoke, bites his ear. He yells, jumps up, and slugs her, then tries to get back to work. Al staggers to the bar.

AL

Gimme a bucket of that Choc.

Al takes a deep swig and as he turns to face Josey, holding the bucket of beer waist high, Josey can see the pistol already cocked staring him in the face.

In an instant Yoke is at his side, gun drawn.

AL

(chortling)

Got im. Got Josey Wales. Five
thousand gold simoleons walkin right
in...He come to us.

ZUKIE

This man is in my place. I recognized
him too. I'm due an even split...

CONTINUED

50

(Cont.2)

50

YOKE

Mr. Chain-blue Lightnin hisself, that
ever'body's so scairt of. Well now,
Mr. Lightnin, you move a hair, twitch a
finger...and I'll splatter your guts
against the wall.

AL

Mr. Lightnin, when I tell you to move,
you move slow, like 'lasses in winter
time, or I drop the hammer. You ease
yore hands down, take them guns out, butt
first, and hold em out so's Yoke can git
em. You understand? Nod, damn you.

Josey nods his head.

AL

Now ease them pistols out.

With painful slowness, Josey pulls the colts and extends
them butt first toward Yoke. A finger of each hand is in
the trigger guard. As Yoke steps forward to reach for the
proffered handles, Josey spins the guns with the slightest
flick of the wrists. Both forty-fours explode with ear-
splitting roars. Al is lifted from the floor and arched
backward. Yoke's guts are splattered against the wall.

Zukie stands there, shiteating grin verging on hysterical
tears.

JOSEY

Now let's see. Ye say them hosses
belong to these here pilgrims...

He designates the pilgrims by hitting Al's upturned
face with a stream of tobacco juice.

50A. INT. TRADING POST

DAY

50

Zukie shakes; the Indian woman peers out from the buffalo
skins. She and Josey lock cold gazes.

51. EXT. LANDSCAPE

DAY

51

Six men in blue thunder wildly by. We see only the silhou-
ettes, the wild commotion, the glimpses of redleg gaiters.

CONTINUED

DIALOGUE & SOUND & MUSIC

51 (Cont.)

51

As they pass, Josey is revealed in the woods, his coloring blending like camouflage. Close on Josey watching. Suddenly a gun appears behind his ear, the clicking sound of a hammer. Pause.

LONE'S VOICE

Howdy.

JOSEY

Howdy.

Angle widens to reveal Lone holding gun on Josey, who doesn't turn.

LONE

I'm gettin better, bein able to sneak up on you like this. Only an Indian could do something like this.

CLOSE ON LONE. Smiling with satisfaction, cynicism.

JOSEY

That's what I figured.

LONE

You figured?

JOSEY

Yep. Figured only an Indian could do something like that...

A pistol appears behind Lone's ear, the clicking sound of a hammer. Lone wilts. He turns to see the Indian woman holding a gun on him. He looks at Josey who shrugs, gestures for her to lower gun. Behind the Indian woman, three horses and her mangy red cur dog.

Lone is dejected, sits down.

LONE

It ain't right, a damn woman doin somethin like that to me. I used to have some power. Now everything is sneakin up on me. But I think it is old age sneakin up on me more than anything.

Josey and the girl look down at the depressed Indian.

JOSEY

Don't look like old age to me. Just looks like old habits.

CONTINUED

51 (Cont.1)

51

LONE

(angrily)

Who the hell is this woman anyway?

JOSEY

Run into her at the trading post.
Got into some trouble back there.

LONE

Well she ain't goin down to Mexico
with us!

JOSEY

With us? I got you a horse. You're
on your own now.

LONE

I seen a lot today. I seen patrols
of men in blue all day. Creek patrols
move through the Nations. Everyone
seeks you. She ain't goin with us.Both men stare at the Indian woman. She stares back at
them silently and coldly. There's a moment's silence.
Then the Indian woman begins to talk and gesticulates
a blue streak.

INDIAN WOMAN

(to be worked out)

LONE

(interpreting)

She says she is Cheyenne. That sign
she gave of cuttin the wrist, that's
the sign of the Cheyenne, says she
was violated by a buck of the Arrapahoes,
their sign is the dirty nose sign, and
that the Cheyenne chief Moke-to-ve-to,
or Black Kettle, believed she did not
resist enough...

JOSEY

Hell man, can't ye shet her up?...

DISSOLVE TO:

52. EXT. FOREST CAMPFIRE

NIGHT

53

LITTLE MOONLIGHT is talking again, but as she works set-
ting up a camp. She's got a fire going, cooking food.

CONTINUED

52

(Cont.)

52

LITTLE MOONLIGHT
(to be worked out)

LONE

Anyway, she says she come to that trading post and didn't know that man, named Zukie Limmer, was selling liquor... that's the sign for liquor or firewater... and she wants you to know that though he beat her a lot that nothing happened between them...

Josey is almost asleep.

LONE (Cont.)

She says that ye are a great warrior and that she sort of belongs to you for what you done for her...

JOSEY

She don't belong to me. I don't want no one to belong to me.

LONE

(eating food)

This is damn good. I'm gonna take up teepee living if it's like this. She thinks I'm some kind of Cherokee Chief...

JOSEY

(wryly)

Wonder where she got that idea?

Moonlight talks on and on by the firelight.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. EXT. CAMPFIRE

MORNING

53.

Lone is still asleep.

JOSEY'S VOICE

Git up, Chief. Chief.

Lone opens his eyes to see Josey and Little Moonlight already mounted, looking down at him.

JOSEY

You know, Chief, I was just wonderin. I reckon that mangy redbone hound ain't got nowhere to go either...

Josey spits on the dog, the dog snarls at him.

CONTINUED

53 (Cont.)

53

JOSEY

So he might as well ride with us
fer a bit. Hell, everyone else is.

Lone is smiling, hurrying onto his horse.

54. EXT. WOODS

DAY

54

Josey and his troop move through the woods. A strange
smile comes to Josey's face.

JOSEY

There's somethin dangerous up ahead.

LONE

(apprehensive)

What's that?

JOSEY

Texas.

And the CAMERA PANS from them at the edge of the dense
woodlands to reveal the huge emptiness in front of them.
Fenceless as far as the eye can see, distant herds grazing,
music sweeping as they ride quickly into the new land.

DISSOLVE TO:

55. EXT. TEXAS LANDSCAPE

DAY

55

Music dies, suddenly all is silent as Josey and his troop
move across the vast emptiness of Texas. PAN WITH THEM as
they see the buildings of Towash far in the distance,
isolated in the prairie. COVERED WAGONS moving in and out:
Towash is the entrance to the new land, the jumping off
place on the edge of the unknown. Faint sound of organ
grinder's music.

56. EXT. TOWASH

DAY

56

SUDDEN CUT of riders chargin toward the CAMERA, gunshots
all around, whooping, holering. Riders out of a Remington
painting, hats blown back on their heads -- a wild horserace
down the center of Towash. Organ grinder music louder.

57. TRACKING JOSEY ON TOWASH STREET

DAY

57.

Josey walks through the restless throng, passing frontiersmen, cowboys, Indians (blanket and "Civilized"), settlers on covered wagons getting supplies before heading west. There are Black soldiers in Union uniforms, many men with remnants of Confederate uniforms (NOTE: Many who lost limbs, wear eyepatches, etc.) Faces look at him suspiciously -- tension of being recognized.

57A. JOSEY MOVES PAST ORGAN GRINDER

57A

who has a monkey, walking on stilts, carrying a tin cup begging for money from the small crowd of onlookers. Music gives street carnival atmosphere. There's also a man with a trained bear, also begging for money.

Signs everywhere. One small shack has three large signs on it, three different hustlers operating out of the same shed: LAND, GUNS, AND LIQUOR.

There are businesses in tents. Businesses inside buildings just being put up. Businesses being run from crates along the boardwalk, displays of pots and pans. Alongside one crate the sign says, LAND FOR SALE. EXPERT LEGAL ADVICE.

Josey sees HOOKERS peeking out from behind lace curtains, pointing at him, suspicious, or just luring him in? SUDDEN FLASH of light startles Josey -- a photographer posing people for a nearby picture.

BUTCHER hangs his raw meat out on the street.

VOICE

Hey, you.

Josey turns quickly. Voice belongs to CON MAN in shadows of Trade Goods Store.

CON MAN

Need some real Injun scalps?

Josey stares blankly at him, looks away quickly to see:

CONTINUED

57A (Cont.)

57

Across the street, moving even with Josey, Lone and Little Moonlight, followed by the redbone hound. Lone is wary. In front of him he sees four men with tied down Colts angling across the street. He looks at Josey.

Josey is stopped in the shadows of a storefront, a sign partly shielding him as he watches the four men cross the street. PAN DOWN from his P.O.V. to reveal two of the men wearing red gaiters. CLOSE ON Josey (sound of death rattle).

Lone slowly moves a hand to his gun, watching Josey. Josey just stares at the men. They don't see him. He spits. An old woman (GRANDMA) confronts Josey from nowhere.

GRANDMA

Nasty habit, young fella. Where you born in a barn?

Josey tips his hat in apology. Grandma moves into the store behind Josey, DYER & JENKINS, Trade Goods.

As Josey moves off the street, we see off to one side a familiar face: Carpetbagger, in his white suit, has set up shop on the street.

CARPETBAGGER

Yessir, folks, you need pep, got dropsy, moles, corns, you need cures for neuralgia, vertigo, mental shocks, nervous prostration caused by excessive strain, overwork...

58. INT. TRADE GOODS

DAY

58.

Josey moves to one side of the store to inspect food, supplies, etc. He sees Grandma going to the counter to join the others of her group, two old men and a plain young woman dressed in baggy, ill-fitting clothes, hat down over her eyes. She turns and looks slowly over toward Josey. Their eyes lock; then the young woman glances away. Grandma is talking to the shopkeeper.

SHOPKEEPER

The wheat is from Kansas, the molasses comes from Missouri.

CONTINUED

58

(Cont.)

58

GRANDMA

Wellsir, we'll do without molasses.
Anything from Missouri has a taint
about it...

An old man at her side looks around nervously.

GRANDPA

Now, Grandma, you got to tread lightly
now that we're here in Texas. Lots
of nicer elements from Missouri comin
West...

GRANDMA

I never heard of a nicer element
from Missouri, and treading lightly
is not my way. We're from Kansas.
Jayhawkers, and proud of it.

SHOPKEEPER

Know how you feel. I'm a Hoosier
myself.

GRANDMA

Personally, I don't think much of
Hoosiers neither.

Josey and the young woman look at each other.

59.

EXT. TRADE GOODS STORE

DAY

59

Lone has crossed the street and is standing near the
Carpetbagger. He looks in the window at Josey, who
moves to buy some goods.

CARPETBAGGER

Yessir folks, got a positive remedy
for weariness, turgidity of bowels,
lumbago...Hey you, you're an Indian,
aren't you?

Lone nods, moves closer, still keeping a lookout.

CARPETBAGGER

You speak any English?

Lone nods.

CONTINUED

59 (Cont.)

59

CARPETBAGGER

Wellsir, this's just the thing for
those who can't handle their liquor.

Lone gets right up close to Carpetbagger.

LONE

What's in it?

CARPETBAGGER

Why various things. How would I know?
I'm only the salesman.

Lone puts a dollar in Carpetbagger's hand, moves up
very close.

LONE

You drink it.

CARPETBAGGER

What's that?

LONE

You drink it.

Carpetbagger looks angrily at Lone, then wilts in Lone's
"means business" gaze. Very reluctantly he takes a
swig...a horrible look on his face.

CARPETBAGGER

That's...real...real...good...

LONE

Drink more.

In background, Grandma and her entourage exit store
and begin to load drygoods into wagon.

Down the boardwalk, the Regulators watch the monkey on
stilts. The monkey comes over to them for some money
with tin cup. One of the Regulators trips the monkey.
Regulators roar with laughter. Some begin to walk back
in Josey's direction.

Little Moonlight sees them. She moves to her horse.

60. INT. TRADE GOODS STORE

60.

Josey is buying supplies from Shopkeeper. Josey's stocking up on chewing tobacco, putting some in pockets, some in mouth.

SHOPKEEPER

Lot of chawin tobacco, Mister.

JOSEY

I reckon.

SHOPKEEPER

That old lady don't know what kind of trouble she could get into talking like that.

SHOPKEEPER

Too many folks around here with thin skin. Lots of Southern boys been gettin into trouble here in Texas. Cullen Baker, for one, and Captain Bob Lee been fightin over in Fannin County...Bill Longely, Creed Taylor and all them other Taylors down in Gonzalez. Killed Simp Dixon over in Cotton Gin, weighted him down with lead. I got a picture postcard of it. Have a look.

He flashes a picture of a pourous dead man.

SHOPKEEPER

Josey Wales.

Josey looks up from the picture.

JOSEY

What say?

SHOPKEEPER

Josey Wales. They say he's comin into Texas. Won't come through here, though. Killed fifty, sixty men. Regulators are all over the place lookin for him.

CONTINUED

*with effects
and music*

60

(Cont.)

60

Josey moves to the window. He sees the Carpetbagger drinking, getting weaker. Lone watching him. Grandma's family loading up. The plain looking girl looks back to Josey. Across the street, Little Moonlight. She sees him, jerks her head. He sees: the Regulators moving his way.

SHOPKEEPER

Josey Wales. You ever seen him?

Josey nods, turns, throws some money on the table, picks up his goods in his arms.

SHOPKEEPER

Now that's worth something.

JOSEY

How's that?

SHOPKEEPER

Not many people have seen Josey Wales' face, and lived. I'm sure those Regulators would pay something to the man who could identify Josey Wales.

JOSEY

I reckon so.

61.

ON STREET

DAY

61.

Carpetbagger slouches on a bench, stoned senseless from his wonder potion. Lone has moved to the side as Josey exits from the store, arms full of supplies.

Josey sees the Redlegs approaching him, moves the packages up closer to his face. Carpetbagger. Out of the blur, he focuses on Josey.

CARPETBAGGER

(screaming)

Ohmigod!...

Josey turns and sees him for the first time.

CARPETBAGGER

(pointing, screaming)

It's Josey Wales!

CONTINUED

61

(Cont.)

61

Fifteen paces away the four Regulators freeze in their tracks. People on the street don't know what to do; they begin to rush in every direction, making the street more crowded. Josey drops his supplies, stands facing the Regulators.

JOSEY

(snarling an insult)

Ye gonna pull them pistols, 'er
whistle Dixie?

The Regulator to Josey's left moves first, but with the fluid motion of rolled lightning, Josey pulls a big forty-four and fans it three times.

First man flips backwards into the street. The one next to him spins sideways and makes a little circle, like a dog chasing its tail, and falls, half his head blown off. The third, hit low, flops on his face.

The fourth falls sideways hit by Lone Watie. Josey and Lone look at one another for an instant, then run across the street and leap onto their horses.

Bedlam breaks loose in the town. More Regulators and soldiers are running to the scene of the shooting. The bear and its trainer run across the street in front of the two onrushing riders.

Grandma and her horrified clan are nearly run over as the riders charge by their wagon on the way out of town.

Regulators dash to their hitchracked horses. As they are mounting, Moonlight on horseback comes charging among them, scattering men to the right and left and stampeding horses.

REGULATOR

Damn drunk Indian squaw.

He takes a swing with his rifle butt and Little Moonlight is knocked crashing to the ground, her head bleeding. The gaunt redbone hound sniffs her face. Nearby, four Regulators lay strewn across the boardwalk.

62. EXT. LANDSCAPE

DAY

62.

Josey and Lone charge out of Towash, tracking in series of dissolves as they slow to trot in sundown, finally.

CONTINUED

62 (Cont.)

JOSEY

Well, welcome to Texas, Mr. Lone Watie. Man once said, "If I owned Texas and Hell, I'd rent out Texas and live in Hell."

LONE

I can see that. Guess we ain't gonna see that little Cheyenne girl agin.

JOSEY

Guess not. Kinda liked her.

Lone nods. Silence.

JOSEY

Wonder if it's always been like that?

LONE

Like what?

JOSEY

Seems like ever time you get to likin someone, they ain't around fer long.

LONE

I notice when you get to dislikin someone they ain't around fer long neither. How'd you know which one of them would go fer it first?

JOSEY

Well, the one, third from my left, had a flap holster and wa'ant of no itchin hurry...one second from my left, he had scared eyes, knowed he couldn't make up his mind 'til somebody else done somethin. One on my left, had the crazy eyes, could tell he'd make the move first.

LONE

How 'bout the one nearest to me?

JOSEY

Never paid him no mind. I seen ye on that side.

LONE

I could've missed...

Josey doesn't speak. They're partners; they ride on in silence.

63. EXT. TOWASH

DAY

6

The sound of the organ grinder's music. The monkey is back up on his stilts, hustling away. Only now the Organ Grinder is over near the dry goods store where the bodies of the four dead Regulators are laid out on the boardwalk. A photographer flashes a picture of the dead men. (Photographer's sign: LANDSCAPE VIEWS, VISTAS, LOVED ONES CAPTURED FOREVER).

Bustling crowd moves in and out of the store, hardly noticing the dead men. Only a few curious remain: a kid with a runny nose, a curious hooker -- and Terrill and his men looking down at the bodies.

TERRILL

Not too hard a man to track. Dead men wherever he goes.

To one side, some new men in town: Young men with tied down guns talking to the Shopkeeper, in background.

SHOPKEEPER

Yessir, it was Josey Wales allright. Saw him head North out of town with a renegade Indian...I can identify him and I'd certainly be glad to share in any reward. Knew him quite well, actually....

Fletcher moves into frame, goes to his horse. Terrill moves to him to confer.

TERRILL

He's riding with a renegade Indian. Heading North now. I'll tell the men.

FLETCHER

Heading North now. But he'll turn Southwest. Head for Mexico.

TERRILL

You think so?...I'll tell the men to head Southwest, then.

FLETCHER

Tell them to head North.

TERRILL

I thought you just said...

CONTINUED

63 (Cont.)

63

FLETCHER

You see those boys over there,
tied down guns? Come swarmin'
in from all over at the smell
of blood. Boys who don't know
how to do nothin but shoot a
gun. Bounty hunters. Come out
of a war and got no other way to
make a livin. Ever' last mothers
son of them wants that money you
got on Wales' head. You 'n me
didn't ride all this way fer that.
I don't want to hear about Wales
dead. I want to see Wales dead.

TERRILL

(aloud to men)

We're heading North. Let's get
moving, men.

Their men and bounty hunters alike move toward horses.

64. TWO SHOT

64.

Two young bounty hunters move from nearby shadows. Maybe they heard what Fletcher said. Note one of these men, later identified as BOUNTY HUNTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. EXT. CAMP

MORNING

65.

Josey and Lone eat grass, nothing else.

LONE

Someone is followin us.

Lone slides to the ground, puts his ear to the earth.

LONE

Couple horses, pretty far off.
You hear em?

JOSEY

I can't hear a thing.

LONE

(pleased)

Got to be a Indian to know those things.

They mount up, move off.

66. LATER A RIDGE

DAY

66.

They scan the vast landscape. Far off, they can see a lone rider, two horses trailing behind.

JOSEY

Just one man. Could be Indian,
can't tell.

LONE

Two horses behind, could have
supplies. But if he's Indian, watch
out...Could be Commanche.

67. OVERHANGING ROCKS

DAY

67.

Lone crouches on rocks. Pan down to see the rider below him, moving through a narrow passage. Indian blanket around shoulders, hat down over eyes. Lone leaps, knocks rider off horse.

In the ensuing fight, Lone has the upper hand for only a moment. The rider is small and swift, squirms out from under Lone, pulls a knife, jumps on top of him with knife raised.

CONTINUED

67 (Cont.)

67

Josey grabs hand with knife, lifts up, revealing Little Moonlight, her eyes breathing fire, her forehead raw and scabbed. The redbone dog, appearing from nowhere, snarls at Josey.

LONE

I be damned. Glad you stopped it when you did. I mighta killed that little girl.

JOSEY

So I noticed.

They look at one another. Moonlight smiles warmly at both men. Josey almost smiles.

68. EXT. FIRE IN THE NIGHT

NIGHT

68.

In the darkness, we hear Little Moonlight's incessant monologue (to be worked out), followed by Lone's interpretation.

LONE

...Then she run down a bunch of regulators, scattered em around, one of em hit her over the head....

69. CLOSER SHOT

69.

Moonlight talking, cooking, the men sitting back, being waited on.

LONE

Then she come to, they thought she was some kind of drunken squaw, paid her no attention; she got supplies, stole some horses, followed us around... Says we're the only kin she got.

JOSEY

Yep. Guess we are kin at that.

Moonlight smiles at Josey, a sexy smile.

70. LATER

NIGHT

70.

Moonlight is down by a nearby creek, washing herself. Josey and Lone lie, preparing to sleep, loading ball and capguns, talking. Lone has his back to the girl, Josey occasionally looks over Lone's shoulder at the girl.

CONTINUED

LONE

Y'know every man I ever knew who was good with a gun and lived always looked for an edge. Some of em would always get the sun at their backs.

JOSEY

Yep. That's a good idea.

LONE

Some of em moved sideways real quick, another fella would start talkin and then draw a gun right while he was talkin...O'course some Indians had a different kind of edge, you know, magic powers. Knew a Cheyenne named Wolf Belly who wore a magic panther skin and it gave him such a strong medicine that not a single white man's bullet could ever touch him. I seen it work.

Moonlight is getting very provocative down there in the water.

JOSEY

I'd like to see that feller.

LONE

Only problem was the panther skin didn't help him when he fell off his horse and got killed.

Both men nod for a moment in silence. Moonlight is singing by the water. Redbone howls accompaniment.

JOSEY

Yep. Always pays to have an edge though.

Lone looks over his shoulder at Moonlight.

LONE

Yep. All kindsä edges.

Both men stare dumbly at her. Her soft lullaby carries into the warm night air.

CONTINUED

70 (Cont.1)

70

BOTH

Yep.

71 LATER

NIGHT

71.

The fire is glowing embers. Josey is asleep. He hears a woman's sigh. Opens his eyes. He sees the figure of Moonlight moving in the darkness, lying on the other side of a log (mound, etc.). Josey lies awake for a moment. He takes his hat slowly off his face, straightens his shirt, rubs some grass over his teeth, and rises slowly, silently. And makes his way to where Moonlight sleeps.

Josey looks down at her. He can barely discern the naked back of Moonlight, sleeping on her stomach. He reaches down and gently touches her. She turns. But it's not her at all. It's Lone. Moonlight is under him.

LONE.

Howdy.

They look at each other.

JOSEY

Howdy.

LONE

Somethin wrong?

JOSEY

Nope.

LONE

You was right. I ain't all that old after all.

Moonlight pulls him back. Josey stands, a black shadow in the night.

72. EXT. ALKALAI DESERT

DAY

72.

Horses' hooves raise puffs of soft powder. Screen is bleached almost white, only Josey and his small band have any color. Hot, godforsaken land; their faces, sweating, caked with alkalai dust into unreal white masks.

LONE

Not many men West of here. Gettin into Comanche country.

Lizards gasp in the heat, rays lift off the baked ground, making the distant land ahead liquid. Lone points to wagon tracks.

CONTINUED

72 (Cont.)

72

LONE

Wagon tracks or something. But I never seen tracks like these. Big, two-wheeled carts or something. Never heard of Comanches travelin in two-wheeled carts.

MOONLIGHT

Koh-mahn-chey-rohs!

She begins to rattle off in Cheyenne, Lone interpreting.

LONE

Comancheros. Trade liquor and guns to Comanches for horses. Trade women too. But not one with a nose scar like that. Comanche don't want a...used woman. She's afraid to go on. Says she'd kill herself before she'll be taken.

JOSEY

How many?

LONE

Eight, maybe nine horses, three carts.

Moonlight points. Off in the distance is a thin trail of smoke, lifting undisturbed into the air. Some buzzards circling.

73. EXT. ROCKS

DAY

73.

Josey climbs to the summit of rocks, followed by Lone and Moonlight. They peek over the top.

They see a horrifying sight below. Three huge wooden carts (filled with guns and liquor) with giant solid wheels, each pulled by yokes of oxen, block the arroyo. Behind the carts, two covered wagons--contents of the wagons strewn over the landscape. Behind the wagons, two old men--we've seen them before, GRANDPA and his BROTHER, the men from Kansas in Towash--are on their backs, their legs spread-eagled on the ground. They are naked, their withered bodies smeared with dried blood. Smoke rising in the air comes from fires built between their legs, and on their stomachs. Both are dead (or near death). Grandma is nearby on her hands and knees, sobbing, retching.

Some Comancheros are examining items on the wagon. One lifts a concertina: it dangles and squeals. He throws it back into the wagon.

CONTINUED

Two others push a huge object out of the back of the wagon: a piano lands upright in the sand with a resonant percussive sound. They fire a couple bullets into it, liking the sound.

Beyond them, eight Comancheros (Anglo "border trash," some Mexicano, some half-breed Indians), wild men, some in huge sombreros, others with silver conchos flashing in the sunlight. One wears a scalp shirt. They are fanned out, surrounding the plain looking girl.

Josey turns to Lone.

JOSEY

Them pilgrims from Kansas. "Jay-hawkers, and proud of it." Pore pilgrims don't look none too proud now. Girl is in for it.

Most Comancheros move around the plain looking girl, leering. One draws a gun and shoots the hat off her head. Long blonde hair falls down. The girl's expression is blank: blank terror. Whooping, they suddenly close in.

One rips off her shirt. Modesty is out of the question; she stares at them silently, coldly. They are all silent for a moment as they salivate over her fullness. Then they engulf her, begin ripping off her pants. White alkalai dust rises.

Josey is quickly checking his guns.

JOSEY

Fought against them damn Jay-hawkers and Redlegs all my life, it seems.

Josey looks over the ridge again.

JOSEY

Well, let's git to it.

LONE

We ridin down there?

JOSEY

Have to be fools. Too many of em.

Lone is looking over the edge of the rocks.

CONTINUED

73

(Cont.1)

73

LONE

Nine of em down there.

JOSEY

More like eleven. Seen one way off there, standin guard. Nother'n must be round those rocks there. Eleven horses got saddles on em.

LONE

Didn't notice that. What're we goin to do?

JOSEY

Got to wait fer the edge.

The girl is lifted off her feet by a Comanchero who entwines his hand in her hair, and now naked she is borne up and backward by the mob. "Briefly, the large, firm mounds of her breasts arched in the air above the mob, pointing upward, like white pyramids, isolated above the melee, until hands, brutally grabbing, pulled her down again. Several held her about the waist and were attempting to throw her to the ground." They howl and fight each other.

Grandma rises from her knees, flings herself at the mob, then is knocked down. She rises to her feet, swaying for an instant, then lowers her head like a tiny, frail bull, and charges back into the mass, fists flailing. The girl has not screamed, but is fighting also; her long, naked legs thrashing the air as she kicks, white alkalai dust rising all around, a strange ethereal rape scene.

Josey points, and Lone moves off, scrambling along the edge of the rock to get another vantage point.

73A. JOSEY'S P.O.V.

73A

Just then, a huge man emerges from a covered wagon, his shoulders draped with goods he has been plundering. He's got bright red hair, beard, wears a huge sombrero, (but is not Mexican. Discuss this). He fires a pistol in the air. The rape stops.

RED

Para! Stop!

He climbs down and crashes his pistol against the head of a slobbering man who is trying to get his pants off to mount the girl.

CONTINUED

73A (Cont.)

737

Grandma rises from the dust, begins praying on her hands and knees.

RED

This girl ain't worth nothin to the Comanches all raped and bruised and gone over. Ten Bears'll want himself a fresh woman. She'll be worth maybe twenty horses. Anyone who wants can take the old woman. She is worth maybe one donkey.

A couple men move to inspect the old woman.

FIRST COMANCHERO

I'd sooner take on the donkey.

SECOND COMANCHERO

You always take the donkey. I'm gonna take me what I can get.

It looks like Grandma is in deep trouble as the Comanchero prepares to violate her.

73B. SHOT

73

Lone is moving over the ridge to a final vantage point, when suddenly his footing gives way.

Lone comes sliding down the hill in a cloud of rocks and dust.

73C. JOSEY

73

sees this and moves quickly back down the rock.

73D. BELOW

73

the Comancheros are startled. Some immediately run toward Lone, guns drawn. Others leap on horses to see if others are with Lone.

73E. JOSEY

73

and Moonlight are mounted. Josey whacks Lone's horse so that it runs wildly in an opposite direction. Then they ride quickly into the desert wilderness.

CONTINUED

73F. LONE

73F.

is dragged to Red, dazed. Red slaps him with the back of his hand.

GRANDMA covers Laura Lee with a blanket, then bends to help Lone.

COMANCHERO

Kill him?

RED

Sell him. See if there's more.
Sell whatever we can find.

73G. LONE'S HORSE

73G.

runs from behind a huge rock. Some Comancheros chase it. Others ride around the rock. Others climb up, guns drawn.

BEHIND THE ROCK, Comancheros ride wildly around, stop. They scan the vastness. Nothing moves. Something startles them - they look up the rock.

ANOTHER COMANCHERO waves that no one is atop the rock.

COMANCHEROS ride back, one stops and glances back.

73H. PANNING DESERT

DAY

73H.

Nothing moving, except maybe the redbone dog; they fire at it, but miss, as it runs across desert. As Comanchero rides away, Josey, mounted, rises suddenly up from behind a distant dune.

74. AT COMANCHERO MURDER SITE

DAY

74.

Lone, Grandma Sarah, and Laura Lee are bound by the wrists, tied behind the huge Comanchero cart. There is a loud screeching sound as the carts move off, pulling the prisoners behind on foot. Lone's horse tied behind covered wagon.

74A. SUNSET

SUNSET

74A.

Wagons move far into distance. In FOREGROUND, smoke still rises from dead bodies. Piano sits on sand and the redbone dog on haunches beside it begins to howl.

Suddenly, the dark figure of Josey moves into the foreground. A gob of spit finds the dog, howling turning to growling.

74A (Cont.)

74A

JOSEY

Shet up, ye damn Redbone hound.

75. EXT. ALKALAI DESERT

DAY

75.

The three Comanchero carts and the covered wagon move through the heat and rising white dust. Faces caked white, Lone, Grandma, and Laura Lee stagger behind. Laura Lee, covered with blanket, is almost catatonic.

Grandma Sarah staggers and falls. Lone helps her up.

LONE

You fall, they'll let you die.
Keep goin on.

GRANDMA

(sobbing)

What for? They're all dead
back there. They're going
to sell us to the Indians.
I got no hope.

LONE

Ain't a time fer hope. It's
a time fer walkin.

But Lone looks to the distance as if he were hoping.

Red rides back, pulls Laura Lee's rope so that she must climb onto wagon.

RED

Ride up here. Want you lookin
good when we get to Ten Bears.
You put on one of these pretty
dresses of yourn. It'll boost
your price.

(Leans to her)

Might even outbid him and take
you fer myself.

He leers at her. She stares back at him coldly.

76. EXT. ROCKY CANYON

DAY

76.

They pass through a rocky canyon area. The Comanchero at the front of the line shouts. They stop.

Far in the distance a lone rider is standing on a knoll carrying a white flag on the end of a stick. Sun at his back, heat rising, he can't be seen clearly.

GROUP OF COMANCHEROS.

They gather in front of the wagons squinting at this strange figure.

76A. LONE AND GRANDMA

76A

at back of wagon train feel the wagons stop. Lone is holding her up, squinting at the sun.

GRANDMA SARAH

Why have we stopped here?

LONE

If I calculate right, we're facin into that sun. These walls hem us in. Ought to give him an edge.

GRANDMA SARAH

Who you talking about?

Then she sees the distant figure, sitting atop the knoll waving the white flag.

76B. FOUR COMANCHEROS

76B

begin to move out and ride four abreast toward the rider.

FIRST COMANCHERO

What the hell's he want?

SECOND COMANCHERO

Wants to parlay about somethin.

FIRST COMANCHERO

Nice horse he's ridin. I'm goin to take him.

They ride on, leering, armed to the teeth.

76C. THE RIDER

76C.

begins to move toward them. CLOSE SHOT of Josey with the white flag.

- 76D. LONE AND GRANDMA 76D
LONE
Now cut a chaw.
GRANDMA SARAH
Who you talkin to?
- 76E. JOSEY 76E
cuts a chaw of tobacco with one hand.
- 76F. THE RIDERS 76F
move toward him.
- 76G. OTHER COMANCHEROS 76G
watch, but Red rides back.
LAURA LEE stares from the wagon. Red is next to her on horseback, opening and closing a parasol. He doesn't seem to be concerned with the one approaching rider.
RED
I may outbid Ten Bears for you, bed you myself.
- 76H. LONE 76H
and Grandma.
LONE
Git ready, little lady. Hell is fixin to hit the breakfast.
- 76J. FOUR COMANCHEROS 76J
stop, waiting for approaching rider.
JOSEY keeps moving toward them steadily. Then he hesitates for a moment.
- 76K. LONE 76K
LONE
Now spit.

76L. JOSEY

76

spits a stream of tobacco juice that lands on a scurrying lizard (or other desert animal).

Josey rises up in his stirrups, as though stretching his body. Suddenly, the flag falls and in a flash smoke seems to burst from Josey's hips as the echoing BOOMS of the heavy-throated forty-fours bounces off the canyon walls.

One Comanchero somersaults backwards off his horse.

Another is knocked off his horse, his foot caught in the stirrup.

The other two whirl, their horses rearing up as another horseman falls from his horse and another is hit in the side of the face.

76M. LAURA LEE

76

is terrified as Red is blasted in the chest and the parasol goes flying in the air. Suddenly, out of the rising dust, she sees Josey burst through, riding directly toward her.

76N. FAST CUTS

76

Josey with reins in teeth, both guns blazing, riding directly INTO CAMERA.

Oxen in panicked frenzy as horses and riders fall around them.

A dead rider is pulled through the dust by one foot.,

Others fall all around wagon.

Josey chases a rider trying to flee.

Lone grabs a pistol, holds it between his bound hands and fires, killing the last Comanchero.

All are dead. Silence. The parasol comes to a stop in the dust. As the dust settles, the swiftness of the killings is reflected on the faces of the two women.

76P. JOSEY

76P.

suddenly looms in front of them in the settling dust,
hovering over them.

GRANDMA SARAH
(totally exhausted)
Now you'll kill us, I spose.

JOSEY
Just come lookin fer my Cherokee
friend here, ma'm.

Josey takes knife from boot and cuts Lone's bonds.

JOSEY (Cont.)
Proud to struck up with ye again,
Chief....I woulda rode down to
Mexico with thet crazy squaw, but
I can't understand a word she is
sayin.

LONE
Knowed that'd bring ye.

JOSEY
Can't make her behave....

They look as

76Q. MOONLIGHT,

76Q.

in the distance, climbs from her horse and moves swiftly
toward Red.

RED is alive, moving toward his gun. He looks up at the
Indian girl as if pleading for help. She falls on him
with her knife, (or shoots him?), killing him, then
scalping him.

76R. LAURA LEE

76R.

screams and trembles with sobs.

GRANDMA SARAH
(in disgust, as Lone cuts
her bonds)
Savages ain't content to kill a man,
they got to scalp him too.

CONTINUED

76R (Cont.)

76S

GRANDMA SARAH (Cont.)

Don't you savages know you'll go
right to Hell for scalpin a man?

LONE

Well now ma'm, most Indians learned
scalpin from the White Man.

GRANDMA

(angry)

Indian, don't you try your lies on
me. How on earth could a White Man
do a thing like that?

Josey moves to Laura Lee to cut the leather that binds her.

JOSEY

Been through a whole lot there, ma'm.

Laura Lee is looking deeply at Josey.

LAURA LEE

Help...us....

JOSEY

All right now, ma'm.

LAURA LEE

No...help us....

And Josey sees she is looking past him. He turns and sees:

76S. TWO COMANCHE

76S

Indians on hill looking down at them.

76T. LITTLE MOONLIGHT

76T

is next to Josey.

MOONLIGHT

Koh-mench.

76U. TWO RIDERS

76U

Seem in no hurry to move out. They just sit atop horses,
staring calmly at scene below.

76V. JOSEY

76V.

JOSEY
No tellin how long they been
watchin.. They ain't goin to
like us killin these friends
of their'n. We'd best move
on out. Git some clothes on
these wimmin.

76W. CLOSE ON JOSEY

76W.

as he squints up at Comanches.

DISSOLVE TO:

77. EXT. LANDSCAPE MONTAGE

DAY & NIGHT 77.

Josey rides toward the setting sun, followed by his grow-
ing entourage: Lone and Moonlight, Grandma Sarah and
Laura Lee, covered wagon, Comanchero cart, followed by
the redbone hound. Across desert lands and into scrub
brush. Josey's face DISSOLVES BY: as in opening montage...
but what change is taking place within him now?

78. EXT. LANDSCAPE

DAY

78.

"Imperceptibly, the land changed. The buffalo grass
grew thinner. Here and there a tall spike of the
yucca burst a cloud of white balls at its top...Every
plant carried spike or thorn, needle or claw...necessary
for life in a harsh land. Even the buttes that rose in
the distance were swept clean of softening lines, and
their rock edged silhouettes looked like gigantic teeth
exposed for battle."

DISSOLVE TO:

79. EXT. CAMPSITE

LATE DAY (OR NIGHT)

79.

Grandma Sarah walks in front of the fire, a comical figure
dressed in Comanchero clothes many sizes too large.
Moonlight cooking sage hen, etc...all eating.

GRANDMA SARAH
Looks like a family of hogs just
moved out of the seat of these
britches...And I had such
beautiful clothes I was taking
to our ranch.

CONTINUED

79

(Cont.)

79

JOSEY

Whereabouts is this ranch?

GRANDMA SARAH

My son's ranch, he found before the war. Near a town called Santo Rio. Creek with good water, trees, cattle, blacktailed deer. It's a regular paradise we are headed to.

JOSEY

Out there? Your son tole you that sich a place was there?

Josey looks at the scrubby landscape beyond them.

GRANDMA SARAH

He told me that. Near a place called Blood Butte. My son was true-blue, Mr. Wales. Never lied. It'll be there allright.

JOSEY

Yes'm. I am sure it will.

Josey moves away from the fire to sit watch on a nearby rock. As he walks away, he hears the old woman ranting about her wilderness Utopia, a dream he doesn't want to destroy....

GRANDMA SARAH o.s.

Yessir, got cottonwood and live oaks. Wild horses and antelope, lots of quail, and he even told me about an old black bear he named after our great Senator from Kansas, Jim Lane, old bear named Redleg Lane....

79A. JOSEY AND LAURA LEE

79

He finds Laura Lee on the other side of the rock, wrapped in a blanket, gazing out at the vastness. Without turning, she knows it's Josey.

LAURA LEE

You see them?

JOSEY

Where? Comanche?

CONTINUED

79A (Cont.)

79

LAURA LEE
No. Clouds. Over there.

Clouds on the horizon.

LAURA LEE
Clouds is like fluffy dreams
floatin across a sky blue
mind.

Oh, oh, Josey figures this little lady's a bit tetchd
from too many excitements, gone a little haywire. He
squints at the clouds, trying hard.

JOSEY
Never thought of em like that
before.

79B. BACK AT FIRE LONE AND GRANDMA SARAH

79

GRANDMA SARAH
Indian, this Mr. Wales is a cold-
blooded killer. He is from
Missouri where they are all known
to be killers of innocent men,
women, and children.

LONE
You rather be ridin with Comancheros,
Granny?

GRANDMA SARAH
Nosir, I wouldn't.

LONE
Or with them wild indians out there?

GRANDMA SARAH
No.

LONE
Or across that wilderness without
him?

GRANDMA SARAH
No.

CONTINUED

79B (Cont.)

LONE

Then I guess sometimes there are worse things than enemies.

GRANDMA SARAH

I guess.

LONE

I had an enemy once named Fat Crow. It was right after my family all died on the Trail of Tears. Fat Crow was always tryin to rub me out. I hated him a lot. One day somebody else killed Fat Crow. You know what I found out? Fat Crow was the only one left who cared about me. Hatin is just a bad way o' carin.

GRANDMA SARAH

Never thought of it that way.

CONTINUED

79B (Cont.1)

79B

LONE

I still think of Fat Crow, and I still hate him. It makes me strong. It kind of gives me new life to remember my enemy. Enemies can make you strong...Enemies ain't so bad.

Grandma Sarah is nodding, feeling more at ease.

GRANDMA SARAH

I guess you're right. After all, where would we be without Mr. Wales?

LONE

I'll tell you one thing about Mr. Wales, though.

GRANDMA SARAH

What's that?

LONE

He is one man I wouldn't want to have as an enemy.

GRANDMA SARAH

Oh Lord....

Grandma Sarah is scared again as she looks toward Josey, sitting in silhouette on the rock, keeping watch (Possibly showing Laura Lee his pistol).

DISSOLVE TO:

80. EXT. APPROACH TO SANTO RIO

DAY

80.

From some distance, Santo Rio looks like the site of another Comanche massacre: empty ghost town with articles, garbage strewn around, evidences of being evacuated in a great rush.

Josey nods to one side and Lone takes off to cover the flank as they ride in. Moonlight moves off to another side, as Josey leads Grandma and Laura Lee into the deserted town. The wind swirls, blows the dust and tumbleweed around, the feeling is ominous.

Moving past abandoned buildings, assayers' office, Majestic Hotel, Merchandise Store, etc. Then a faint singing sound is heard.

CONTINUED

80 (Cont.)

80

VOICES

(to be worked out)

"...In the days of old, In the
days of gold, How oft times I
repine..." etc.

As they walk it gets louder, more raucous. Finally
they confront the Lost Lady, a small saloon on a knoll
at the far end of town.

80A. JOSEY ON STEPS OF LOST LADY

80

Sees the two young bounty hunters from Towash out behind
Saloon. They stare at him, nod slightly. Josey enters.

81. INT. LOST LADY

DAY

81

Josey enters and the singing falters as they see
the huge backlit figure move through the doorway. These
are the names of the denizens of the Lost Lady:

ROSE: "Rose was like Santo Rio, drying in the sun;
used only by desperate men or lost pilgrims
stumbling quickly through; refugees from
places they couldn't go back to...watching
the clock tick away the time." She's the
town's one and only hooker, orange hair
streaked with gray, huge breasts precariously
hung in a mammoth halter.

KELLY: Stands behind the bar, sweat dripping,
face pocked marked.

TEN SPOT: Deals cards at corner table, frayed cuffs
and pencil thin moustache.

CHATO

OLIVARES: An older seedy Mexican vaquero, gold front
tooth, white hair.

TRAVIS

COBB: Run down cowboy and fiddler extraordinaire.

Josey moves quickly out of the door's sunlight and
scans the room.

KELLY

What'll you have.

JOSEY

Whiskey.

Some of the men laugh.

81 (Cont.)

81

ROSE

How bout somethin else?

She gives Josey her sexiest smile, the one with the missing teeth. Josey puts a dollar on the table.

JOSEY

Beer then. Reckin ye can give the boys at the table a couple bottles of pizen, and somethin fer you too, ma'am.

Nobody moves. Kelly moves over to Josey.

KELLY

Mighty decent of you, mister. Been a long time since anyone bought a drink around here.

Ten Spot does a fancy shuffle of a frayed deck.

TEN SPOT

Been a long time since we had any whiskey.

KELLY

Yep. First the silver run out of Santo Rio. Then the people run out. Then the whiskey. Then the beer run out.

TRAVIS COBB

The whiskey run out first, then the people, then the beer.

KELLY

Might be right, no matter, it's good to see a high roller wander through.

Nods, agreement all around.

Josey spits across the room, ringing the spittoon, then moves quickly outside without saying a word.

KELLY

Didn't mean to offend him.

ROSE

Guess some fellas don't like to be called high rollers. I know a fella once didn't like to be called "high handed" and another didn't like "high pockets."

CONTINUED

81 (Cont.1)

81

Josey re-enters, followed by his troop, all carrying bottles of Comanchero whiskey, placing the bottles on the bar.

JOSEY

Like I said, drinks all around.
Finest Comanchero brand.

The denizens of the Lost Lady are dumbstruck for a moment. Someone manages an "I be damn."

KELLY

...Angels of Mercy come to Santo Rio.

GRANDMA SARAH

This ain't Santo Rio. My son Tom
Turner said it was a thrivin place.

TEN SPOT

Was. When the silver stopped,
the thrivin stopped.

ROSE

Why, might you be the mother of
Tom Turner whose Crooked River
Ranch is over the Blood Butte?

GRANDMA SARAH

That I might, Miss.

ROSE

Well, I am Rose of Santo Rio. Most
likely he wrote you about me.

GRANDMA SARAH

I don't recollect that. After his
Lucy passed on, he did not take much
fancy to women. My sonny boy kept his
nose to the grindstone to provide a
future for me and his daughter here.

ROSE

He did say somethin about a daughter
who was a little odd...

Laura Lee lowers her head sadly, glances at Josey.
Josey doesn't seem to be paying too much attention.
He's having a drink, gazing out the window.

CONTINUED

81 (Cont.2)

81

GRANDMA SARAH

He was killed in the Border War by Missouri Ruffians. He died a proud member of Senator Jim Lane's Redlegs, fighting for the Just Cause.

CLOSE ON Josey as he registers these words, has another drink, looks over at Laura Lee who is staring at him. Then at Lone who averts his glance, knowingly.

ROSE

I am sorry to hear that. He was of the finest sort.

There are nods from the others as Chato Olivares steps up to Grandma Sarah, bows deeply.

CHATO OLIVARES

I am deeply sorrowed to hear this. In past years my friend and I
(Travis Cobb bows awkwardly)
...were of service to your Tom Turner. And now we are at your service.

GRANDMA SARAH

Why, I 'preciate your concern. I am only glad to find manners at last here in the wilderness. We have endured hardship of the worst sort on the way out here.
(tears welling)
Grandpa Samuel and Uncle Enoch fell prey to Comancheros...

CHATO OLIVARES

Senora, I am glad to meet at last a woman who appreciates manners, and who has endured so much suffering. You have...how shall I say?...in my country what we call cojones.

Kelly makes a gesture to Josey that signifies the word means "Balls". Grandma stands proud. She has no idea what the word means, but coming from a man with manners, it sounds right. A romance could be developing between her and Chato Olivares here.

CONTINUED

81 (Cont.3)

81

GRANDMA SARAH

I am proud to have co-ho-nees.

ROSE

Let's have a drink to cojones.

Everyone bottoms up. Laughter.

Josey hears dog sounds, looks away, out the window.

82. JOSEY SEES:

82.

The young Bounty Hunter we saw in Towash stands outside the Lost Lady. He makes sure his guns are tied down. Redbone dog growls at him. Meanwhile the v.o. conversation inside goes something like this:

KELLY v.o.

Let's have a drink to the silver
runnin out. Gave us peace and quiet.

LONE v.o.

Sounds like bad luck when silver
runs out.

TEN SPOT v.o.

Bad Luck? Wouldn't have any other
kind. Had nothin but Bad Luck all my
life. Bad Luck brought us all here in
the first place.

The Bounty Hunter stands there seemingly uncertain
whether to enter.

TEN SPOT v.o.

Remember the bad luck of them fellas
who dug for the silver for about a
year and then got only that black ooze
come squirtin out of the earth...

CONTINUED

82 (Cont.)

82

KELLY v.o.

Black ooze is all around here.
Worthless slime. Oil ain't good fer
nothin cept maybe dropsy and arthritis,
so they say.

83. INT. SALOON

DAY

83.

Josey turns, looks at the people in the saloon, then
out again.

ROSE v.o.

Ought to just call it "Lost Lady"
after this saloon.

KELLY v.o.

You mean after you, Rose.

TRAVIS COBB v.o.

I kinda like that. Best thing can
happen to a man is that he loses
hissself.

84. SALOON

DAY

84.

The Bounty Hunter walks through the swinging doors.

CHATO OLIVARES

We have a saying, "look for what you
have lost before it looks for you."

LONE

That is a good saying. It is
something that I...

Bounty Hunter interrupts Lone. His garb is dandy
leather; he's tall and leanhipped, his holster tied
low on his right leg.

BOUNTY HUNTER

I'm lookin for Josey Wales.

Everyone freezes. The old Seth Thomas clock, pride
of Santo Rio, ticks loud in the room. Wind whirls
under batwing doors.

JOSEY

Over here, son.

The Bounty Hunter turns, sees Josey standing against
the window light, huge and ominous.

CONTINUED

BOUNTY HUNTER

You're wanted, Wales.

JOSEY

Reckin I'm right popular.

Josey's mouth twists with sardonic humor. The buzzing of a fly sounds huge in the room.

JOSEY

You a bounty hunter, son?

BOUNTY HUNTER

Man's got to do somethin to earn a livin these days.

JOSEY

Dyin ain't much of a livin, son.

The Bounty Hunter's eyes meet Josey's eyes. Bounty Hunter's eyes waver.

JOSEY

(almost a whisper)

It ain't necessary son. Ye can leave...and ride.

Bounty Hunter's eyes waver more wildly, and suddenly he whirls and bolts through the batwings and into the swirling dust outside.

Everyone in the room comes to life at once. Rose plumps down in a chair and wipes her face with her skirts. But Josey stands in the same position...waiting.

In a moment the Bounty Hunter steps back into the room. His face is ashen, his eyes are bitter.

BOUNTY HUNTER

I had to come back.

JOSEY

I know.

There's a brief pause. The Bounty Hunter sweeps for his pistol, barely clearing leather as a slug from Josey's forty-four catches him low in the chest. His body caves in, like a flower closing for the night, and he hammers two shots into the floor. Then slides slowly to the floor.

Outside horses' hoofbeats can be heard riding away quickly. Lone looks from the window.

CONTINUED

DIALOGUE + EFFECTS + MUSIC if any.

84 (Cont. 1) 84

LONE

Another'n's gettin away.

Josey just stares blankly. Laura Lee stares back at him, then lowers her eyes.

85. EXT. SANTO RIO DAY 85

The Second Bounty Hunter rides quickly over the hill.

85A. CLOSER SHOT 85

He rides hard over the scrubby landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

85B. Another shot of him riding, fast as hell. 85

86. EXT. LANDSCAPE DAY 86

Panning down from bleached sky to a row of Indians on horseback, ten riders with three pack horses.

87. JOSEY'S TROOP 87

The Indians are riding parallel to them, but not looking at them. Chato Olivares and Travis Cobb are now riding with them. Grandma Sarah is wearing a huge hat, Comanchero clothes much too large. Laura Lee drives wagon like regular muleskinner.

JOSEY

Comanche?

LONE

Comanche, all right.

JOSEY

Any more?

LONE

That's all there is. But they got three pack horses packing antelope. They ain't got paint on, so I figure they ain't a raidin party. Dog soldiers is what they are, bringing food back to the others. But you never know. Comanche might have a little fun anytime. Might have their eyes on these horses.

CONTINUED

87 (Cont.)

87

Josey spits, knocking a bloom from a cactus.

JOSEY

Ye stay close to the wagons.

Josey straps four holstered forty-fours to his saddle, moves at an angle toward the Indians.

87A. EXT. INDIANS

87A.

The Indians appear not to notice.

87B. EXT. JOSEY'S GROUP

87B.

Reactions of Josey's followers show tenseness of situation as Josey edges closer.

87C. EXT. INDIANS

87C

The Indian leader now turns and looks directly at Josey, observing him closely. He sees Josey moving slowly toward him, a man who means business. The Indian sneers, then lifts his rifle high in the air with one hand, gives an ear-splitting whoop, and rides over the ridge, followed by the other Indians.

88. EXT. JOSEY'S GROUP

88.

Josey returns to his troop.

JOSEY

Just checkin us out, I reckon.

LONE

They're packin heavy...means
they're a ways from the main body.
But they might return.

They stop, look at ridge. Chato Olivares is with them.

CHAT OLIVARES

If they ride with Ten Bears they
will come back. Ten Bears is the
greatest Comanche war chief, but he
is angry. Each year he has met with
one of your blue coat generals...

JOSEY

Ain't my generals...

CONTINUED

88 (Cont.)

8

CHATO OLIVARES

...and each year he has moved further
across the plains...

LONE

White man is always sneakin up...

CHATO OLIVARES

The General Sherman has come with more
promises, but Ten Bears will move no
more.

A nasty looking lizard scurries up onto a nearby rock and
hisses at them.

CHATO OLIVARES (Cont.)

If Ten Bears is on the warpath, the General
Sherman will be happy. General Sherman is
a lover of the warpath.

JOSEY

Seems everywhere that General Sherman
goes there is a warpath. This here's
Comanche's country. Sure as hell ain't
General Sherman's. Though he is surely
a man...

Josey spits, bullseye on the hissing lizard.

JOSEY (Cont.)

...I would like to meet up with out here.

From the distance, Grandma Sarah is shouting. Laura Lee
whacks the oxen with the whip. Josey turns, startled...

CHATO OLIVARES

She sees it. The Blood Butte. There
it is, her ranch.

89. P.O.V.

8

There is the Blood Butte between two mountains jumbled
ridges and buttes that rise out of the desert and stumble
across the land.

89A. EXT. SITE OF COMANCHEROS' DEATH

DAY

8

Buzzards circle over the bizarre scene below, contorted
bodies of Comancheros strewn over landscape. Buzzard
on dead body. Reveal Terrill examining scene. In back-
ground Fletcher sits on his horse. Fletcher looks to
horizon. A rider is coming, raising dust. CLOSER SHOT:
it's SECOND BOUNTY HUNTER. Fletcher looks over at Terrill.

90. EXT. CROOKED RIVER RANCH

DAY

90.

"They turned into a valley, a contrasting oasis in a desert. Gamma grass was knee high to the horses; cottonwoods and live oak lined the creek banks. Spring flowers dappled the grass and carried their colors all the way to the naked buttes of the mountains that loomed on either side." A Paradise, with sudden widenings into small parks, a crooked creek running through. Antelope, quail...longhorn cattle, big and fat graze in the deep grass.

CHATO OLIVARES

Senor Tom Turner had cattle here.
For years they just roam wild. Now
there are many here.

Rock partridge, a herd of black tailed deer, whatever can be found to grace this landscape, all eyeing the curious newcomers.

91. EXT. THE HOUSE

DAY

91.

At the end of the valley, the house is low and long, adobe color, almost invisible with the buttes rising behind it. A barn, a bunkhouse, an adobe cook shack... Behind the barn, a rail corral that backgates into a horse pasture, circling back, enclosing a clear pool of water into which the creek caterfalls from a narrow arroyo.

92. INT. CABIN

DAY

92.

The door bursts open and Josey and sunlight come pouring in. Dust motes rise in the light. Grandma Sarah is right behind him.

GRANDMA SARAH

Allright, we can get to work dusting first...got a nice Dutch oven over there in the fireplace...Mr. Wales, you men chop some wood...let's get to work now...

Josey is standing there, just looking at the room. It's been a long time since he's been inside a real home. He sees the beds made of timber poles, stripped with springy rawhide and long couches swung low against the walls... Grandma Sarah is pulling down the boards from the windows, light hitting Josey in the face.

GRANDMA SARAH

...Mr. Wales, you come all this way to gawk? You don't work, you don't eat around here. Didn't figure you for a loafer.

Josey blinks.

93. EXT. RANCH

DAY

93.

A wild steer comes running near the house and Chato Olivares and Travis Cobb rope him and bring him down. Josey brings down his axe, splits wood, looks to see Lone walking toward him with a line of glistening golden bass. He holds them up, smiles at Josey.

94. INT. CABIN

NIGHT

94.

Moonlight is singing in the haunting wandering of melody of the Cheyenne.

MOONLIGHT

Aiyaayaaa...etc.

There's a blazing fire in the fireplace, casting warm shadows on those sitting in front of it. Grandma and Laura Lee are clearing away the dishes. Chato Olivares is asleep. Travis Cobb (maybe) plays a soft accompaniment to the humming Moonlight. (Poss. Laura Lee plays concertina). Lone sits next to Josey, who is transfixed by the firelight. He nods toward Moonlight.

LONE

She told me it's the first time she had a lodge of her own. Grandma says this is our place, all of ours. I never thought, old as I am...this place is like when I was a boy...a young man...back there...

Lone's voice trails off. He looks at Josey, staring into the fire.

JOSEY

I'm glad there's a man to leave here to watch over this place...Ye ain't knowed by name...Besides, I'll be trailin back up this way from time to time and more'n likely need a place to hole up.

LONE

Stay with us. We are partners...Who would find you here? Maybe they'd never find this place...Maybe they'd forget about you...

Josey stares into the fire

JOSEY

You know there'll be no forgittin.

Moonlight's hum carries into the night.

95. EXT. RANCH

DAY

95.

Travis Cobb and Chato Olivares are pounding in a corral post with steady, rhythmic beats.

Josey sits on a rise, looking down at the ranch below, the busy activity of his new-found friends. CLOSE on Josey. (This sequence should be shot with the same sense of bleakness and sadness as the opening sequence where Josey learned to shoot.)

Thud. Thud. The two men alternate pounding in the fencepost.

Thud. Grandma Sarah whaps the dust out of a rug.

Thud. Little Moonlight carries a tree by herself, drops it into a hole to replant it.

Thud. Lone and a mule plow the field.

Thud. A lonely mule in a field.

Thud. (Sudden FLASHBACK) The burnt house.

Thud. The graves of wife and child.

Thud. Josey rides with Anderson, fires.

Thud. The face of a man he shot. (in MONTAGE)

Thud. Closer on face of man. Could it be Laura Lee's father?

Thud. CLOSE on Josey's face.

96. EXT. RANCH

DAY

96

Then silence. The wind blows. Josey is holding his knees, lost in reverie. Behind him he hears a flapping sound (just as he heard Anderson's Black Flag). He turns. It's Laura Lee, silhouetted against a raw sky, her dress flapping in the wind.

96A. CLOSE ON LAURA LEE

96.

Maybe it's the way her stony gaze opens into a warm smile, or the way her long hair is blowing in the breeze, or because it's the first time we've seen her in a snow white dress...but, now, for the first time, we notice that Laura Lee is beautiful. But Laura Lee says nothing, just turns and runs down the hill.

Below Travis Cobb and Chato Olivares are herding some cattle. Lone is with them, riding point. Chato waves his arm and shouts up to Josey.

CONTINUED

96A (Cont.)

96.

CHATO OLIVARES

Hola! We go to Santo Rio...

CLOSER SHOT. As the small bunch of cattle moves off, we hear singing.

GRANDMA & LAURA LEE

(sing, for example)

In the sweet bye and bye
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet bye and bye
We shall meet on that beautiful shore...

97. EXT. RANCH

DAY

97

Sun is setting as Grandma and Laura Lee are singing, Josey and Little Moonlight standing nearby. Little Moonlight begins a slow shuffle of her feet that picks up tempo as she dances around in a circle and hums harmony with an alto moan.

Josey hesitantly joins in.

Behind Josey the redbone hound flops on his haunches and begins a gathering howl. Josey lets a gob of tobacco go from the corner of his mouth. Direct hit on dog. The hound snarls.

Grandma Sarah begins to speak in rich stentorian tones.

GRANDMA SARAH

Lord. Thank you a lot for bringing us to this place. Pa and Dan'l died at the hands of that low-down murderin trash out of hell that done them in, but they put up a good fight and died best they could. Thank you a lot too Lord for givin us such fine friends here in the wilderness. And thank you a lot for Josey Wales...

Josey's looking past Grandma.

GRANDMA (Cont.)

...who you changed from a murderin bushwhacker on the side of Satan to a better man in time to deliver us from the Philistines. And thank you a lot for bringing us together in Texas...

Josey runs off. Through the high grass they see Lone on horseback moving quickly toward them.

CONTINUED

97 (Cont.)

97

Josey arrives at Lone. Blood on Lone's shoulder, slight wound.

LONE

(breathless)

Ten Bears! Got Travis and Chato.
He'll be ridin in here in the mornin.

MOONLIGHT

(shouting in Cheyenne,
pointing to a ridge)

And there is the great chief TEN BEARS off in the distance, and at his side the sneering Comanche DOG SOLDIER, looking down at Josey and his friends.

Josey squints up at them. Ten Bears turns and rides off.

98. INT. THE RANCHHOUSE

NIGHT

98.

Josey carries an armful of the rifles they had taken from the Comancheros, drops them against the wall, begins to move through the house talking. NOTE: Constant movement by Josey, suddenly come to life, speaking in the cold, flat tone of the guerrilla chieftain.

JOSEY

Iff'n I was lookin fer a place fer a hole up fight, I'd pick this un. Walls and roof is over two foot thick, all mud and nothin to burn. Jest two doors, front and back, and in sight of each other. These narrow crosses we call winders is for rifle fire, up and down, and side to side, and can't nobody come through em. This Tom Turner of yours knew what he was doin. No blind spots.

GRANDMA SARAH

You bet he did. I'm shooting out of this window.

Josey takes her, almost carrying her across the room to the rifles.

JOSEY

Granny, you are settin right here with the buckets of powder, ball and caps, and doin the loadin. Can ye handle that, granny?

GRANDMA

I can handle it.

CONTINUED

Moonlight with a rifle in one hand and a knife in the other. Josey walks to her, points to the heavy door at the front of the house.

JOSEY

Moonlight, fire from over there,
Laura Lee, here by the back door.
Can ye shoot a gun?

Laura Lee looks at him deeply, and for a brief moment their eyes lock. She looks tough, ready for anything.

LAURA LEE

I am a good shot.

Josey moves away, pacing down the hall.

JOSEY

Lone, you fill in firin where at the
rush is, and on towards the end, you'll
be facin down thet hallway runs down
by the bedrooms and keepin fire directed
thataways...

Lone is watching him closely, but as Lone turns, we see that half his face is painted with warpaint, and as Josey talks, he completes the job.

JOSEY (Cont.)

...Because the only blind spot is
the roof. They'll finally get
around to it. We can't fire through
the roof. Too thick. They'll dig
holes to drop through back there in
the bedrooms. That's why we're goin
to stack logs here at the door to the
hall. All we're defendin is these
here two doors and space twixt em...
When we git to that part, the fight
will be over one way or t'othern.

Josey turns and faces them all.

JOSEY (Cont.)

Remember this...when things git plumb
worse...where it's liken to be ye can't
make it...that means it's goin to be
decided right quick...can't last long.

CONTINUED

98

(Cont. 1)

98

JOSEY (Cont.)

Then ye got to git mean...
dirty mean...ye got to git plumb
mad-dog mean. If you lose your
head and give up...you're finished,
and you'll neither win nor live.
That's the way it is.

He turns to Lone who is now almost fully painted.

JOSEY (Cont.)

Use pistols short range...less
reloadin, more firepower. We'll get
this fire goin high and put iron on
it. Keep the iron red hot. Anybody
gits hit, sing out. Lone'll slap the
iron to it...ain't got time to stop
the blood no other way.

Josey walks out the door. Grandma Sarah moves next
to Lone.

GRANDMA SARAH

What is all that paint about?

LONE

It is my death face.

GRANDMA SARAH

You should come over to the True
Religion before it is too late.

Lone is frightening in the firelight.

LONE (Cont.)

Granny, I don't know what you call
it, but somethin tells me we got to
take more care to end life well than
live long.

CONTINUED

98 (Cont. 2)

98

Granny and Lone half smile at one another.

GRANDMA SARAH

That's true enough. You know...we are sure as hell going to show them redskins something tomorrow, no offense meant.

LONE

None taken.

99. INT. RANCHHOUSE

DAWN

99

Grandma Sarah has been sleeping near the fire, her head on Laura Lee's lap. Laura Lee is awake, absently combing the old woman's hair. Suddenly the old woman wakes up.

Lone is by the window with a rifle in his hand as Grandma and Laura Lee move up next to him.

Through the crossed windows they see Josey riding off, his horse with pistols hanging over the sides, guerrilla style, more pistols strapped around him: an armoured knight setting forth to do battle.

GRANDMA SARAH

Wher's he goin?

LONE

He knows he can do the best for us on the back of a horse. He's a guerrilla fighter...they always figger to carry the fight to the enemy. He is goin into the valley to kill Ten Bears and as many of his men as he can get.

GRANDMA SARAH

How's he going to do that and get back here?

LONE

He won't be comin back.

- 99A. EXT. RANCHHOUSE DAWN 99A
- Laura Lee runs out the door, begins to chase after Josey. Josey sees her, turns and looks at her teary face as she stops. He nods and then rides on.
- Laura Watches, tears running down her face.
100. EXT. TRAIL DAY 100
- Nearing the high grass he passes Little Moonlight. As he rides by Little Moonlight touches his booted foot with the scalping knife...the tribute of the Cheyenne squaw, paid only to the mightiest warriors who go to their death.
- And Josey rides slowly down the valley, by the creek and finally disappears around the cleft of a protruding butte.
101. EXT. CANYON DAY 101
- Josey moves along at a brisk pace. A thin hint of light touches the rim of the canyon and silhouetted Comanche warriors slumped on their horses.
102. OMITTED 102
103. EXT. TEN BEARS' TEEPEE DAY 103
- Ten Bears bursts from Teepee, his face glowing, luminous gray-green. Ten Bears reaches for a pot of blue paint, dips in with two fingers and streaks the blue downward across his cheeks and across his forehead.
104. PAN DOWN 104
- as he puts the pot down. He places it right next to the heads of Chato Olivares and Travis Cobb, buried to their necks in the earth, but still alive. Ants are exploring them in the morning sun. Tears run down Chato's face.

104A. EXT. VALLEY DAY 104A.

Ten Bears is looking across the valley. In the distance, emerging from the canyon comes Josey Wales. Far to his side, scouts ride slowly.

104B. EXT. TEEPEE DAY 104B.

Ten Bears runs to his horse and leaps on.

104C. EXT. VALLEY DAY 104C.

Josey moves slowly and Ten Bears moves to meet him. Behind Ten Bears come the chiefs with their war bonnets, over two hundred warriors with hideously painted faces follow. Ten Bears wears no bonnet, only a single feather. He's naked from the waist up, his rifle balanced across his big white horse.

TEN BEARS

(Subtitled)

This one does not carry a white flag like the ones who killed my son.

105. TALL GRASS 105.

The many horses of the Comanche make an ominous hissing sound as they pass through the grass.

105A. INDIAN CAMP DAY 105A.

Drummers begin to pound out a low ominous song of death.

106. EXT. VALLEY DAY 106.

Josey and Ten Bears approach each other slowly, unfalteringly. They stop a few paces apart from one another. They gaze coldly at each other.

Josey reaches into his boot, pulls out his long knife.

Chiefs behind Ten Bears move forward with a threatening rumble.

Josey appears not to notice as he meticulously cuts a big chunk of tobacco from a twist and shoves it into his mouth. Ten Bears does not flick an eyelash.

CONTINUED

JOSEY

Ye'll be Ten Bears.

Josey drawls and spits tobacco juice between the legs of the white horse.

TEN BEARS

(in English)

I am Ten Bears.

JOSEY

I'm Josey Wales.

There is a pause.

TEN BEARS

I have heard. You are one of the Gray Riders. You will not make peace with the Blue Coats.

Ten Bears half turns on his horse and waves his arm. The chiefs and braves behind him part, leaving an open corridor.

TEN BEARS

You may go in peace.

JOSEY

I reckon not. I wa'ant aimin to leave nohow. Got nowheres to go.

TEN BEARS

(voice shakes with anger)

Then you will die.

JOSEY

I reckon. I come here to die with ye, or live with ye. Dyin ain't hard fer sich as ye and me, it's the livin thet's hard.

Josey pauses to let his words carry weight with Ten Bears.

JOSEY

What ye and me cares about has been butchered.....raped.

CONTINUED

JOSEY (Cont.)

Guv'mints don't live together...
men live together. From guv'mints
ye can't git a fair word...ner a
fair fight. I come to give ye
either one...'er to get either one
from ye.

Ten Bears straightens on his horse.

JOSEY

I come here this way so's ye'll
know that my word of death is true
and that my word of life...then,
is true.

Josey slowly waves his hand across the valley.

JOSEY

The bear lives here...with the
Comanche. The wolf, the birds, the
antelope...the coyote. So will we
live. The iron stick won't dig the
ground...thet is my word. Animals
will not be killed for sport...only
what we eat...as the Comanche does.
Every Spring, when the grass comes
and the Comanche rides North, he can
rest here in peace, and butcher cattle
and jerk beef fer his travel North...
and when the grass turns brown he can
do the same thing. The sign of the
Comanche...

Josey moves his hand through the air in the sign of
the wiggling snake.

JOSEY

...will be placed on all the cattle.
It'll be placed on my lodge and marked
on trees and on horses. Thet's my
word of life.

TEN BEARS

(low and threatening)

And your word of death?

JOSEY

In my pistols, and in yer rifles.
I'm here fer one or t'other.

CONTINUED

106 (Cont. 2)

106

TEN BEARS

These things you say we will have,
we already have.

JOSEY

Thet's right. I ain't promisin
nothin extry...ceptin givin ye life
and ye givin me life. I'm sayin men
can live without butcherin one nother
and takin more 'n what's needin fer
livin...

Ten Bears and Josey exchange burning gazes. The
horses stomp impatiently. Chiefs and braves anticipate
battle.

Josey slowly raises the reins of his horse and places
them in his teeth.

TEN BEARS

It is sad that governments are
chiefed by the double-tongues. There
is iron in your words of death for all
Comanche to see...and so there is iron
in your word of life. No signed paper
can hold the iron. It must come from men.
The word of Ten Bears carries the same
iron of death...and of life. It is good
that warriors such as we meet in the
struggle of death...or of life...

Ten Bears pulls a scalping knife from his belt and
holds it high. Warriors stir behind him. The drumming
stops.

TEN BEARS

It shall be life.

106A. CLOSE SHOT

106A.

And he slashes the palm of his right hand. He holds the
hand high for all to see as the blood courses down his
naked arm.

Josey slides his knife from his boot and slashes his
own hand.

They come close and place their hands, flat and palms to-
gether, and hold them high.

TEN BEARS

So it will be.

JOSEY

I reckon.

107. INT. RANCHHOUSE DAY 107.

Lone and the others stand inside the house, rifles ready, peering out in silence.

LONE

They are comin...

108. LONE'S P.O.V. 108.

They steady their rifles, ready to fire. Then, Lone lowers his gun.

LONE

I be damn...Look at that, will ye?

It's Josey, leading, badly shaken Travis and Chato back.

109. EXT. TIGHT PAN SHOT DAY 109.

Laura Lee bursts through the door, running and running full speed until she collides, arms wide open with Josey, her mouth finding his, her tears running down his cheek. Her body presses his in great relief...

110. EXT. SANTO RIO DAY 110.

A grim troop of rough, tired men rides slowly into the deserted town led by Terrill and Fletcher and the Second Bounty Hunter. Wind blows sagebrush across the street, howls around the somber riders.

111. INT. LOST LADY DAY 111.

Fletcher enters through squeaking batwing doors. The Lost Lady is empty.

Fletcher pours a drink from a bottle on the bar, then moves to the window.

Outside the Second Bounty Hunter is talking to Terrill.

SECOND BOUNTY HUNTER

He was standin right over there by the window...when he shot my partner...

CONTINUED

111 (Cont.)

11

Bounty Hunter falters as he points to the window, sees Fletcher staring out. Terrill leers suspiciously at Fletcher. Fletcher turns away. He's lost in thought as he hears Second Bounty Hunter.

SECOND BOUNTY HUNTER v.o.

...Travellin with an old Indian and a squaw, and an old lady, and a scrawny girl...Had to be him...scar on his face... I wasn't about to face him down alone.

TERRILL v.o.

Take them horses out of sight. If it is Josey Wales and he comes back here, we don't want him to know we're here....

FADE TO:

112. CLOSE ON FLETCHER

11

As voice and picture FADE TO LATER, Fletcher is still standing by the window, lost in thought. He hears a shout from outside.

MAN ON PORCH

Two riders comin.

Fletcher sees the man on the porch above, sees two riders coming into town.

TERRILL

Get ready. May be Wales.

113. P.O.V.

11

Two riders approach. They wear white hats and look like they know how to use the big guns they carry. They ride confidently into town. They are TEXAS RANGERS.

114. SHOOT OVER FLETCHER, HIS P.O.V.

11

Terrill and three rough men move into the street to meet them.

FIRST RANGER

We're lookin for an outlaw called Josey Wales. Seen him?

CONTINUED

114 (Cont.)

114

Terrill leers up at them.

TERRILL

Well now, you can stop looking and ride back to where you come from. We are looking for him too. Josey Wales belongs to us. Forget that reward.

FIRST RANGER

We ain't after him for reward. We are Texas Rangers. We are goin to bring him to justice.

TERRILL

Texas Rangers? Well sir, I am Captain Terrill of the Second Kansas. As you may know I have the authority to hunt down certain degenerate and undesirable elements you might be harboring down here.

The Rangers dismount.

SECOND RANGER

We ain't harborin no one! And you look like a bunch of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags come lookin to cause trouble down here. Why don't you just crawl back where you come from?

FIRST RANGER

We are the authority down here in Texas.

TERRILL

Look around you, Mr. Texas Ranger...

115. VARIOUS PANS FROM RANGERS P.O.V.

115

Redlegs move out of the shadows.

The Rangers realize they are in over their heads.

TERRILL

...And you can see who is the authority here.

CONTINUED

115 (Cont.)

115

FIRST RANGER

We'll be leavin....

TERRILL

I don't think so....

One of the TOUGHS behind Terrill steps out.

TOUGH

You know what Texas Rangers
are...?

FIRST RANGER

No son, I don't.

The Tough slams him in the stomach. The Ranger falls to his knees. The Tough takes his head and pushes his face down into some horse droppings in the street.

TOUGH

That's what Texas Rangers are.

The Second Ranger tries to slug the Tough, but others jump him, and they begin to stomp him brutally, when suddenly:

FLETCHER

Hold it!

Everyone turns to see Fletcher standing outside the Lost Lady, looking menacing.

FLETCHER

Let em up, boys. Let em ride
out of town.

TOUGH

Now what the hell is this?

TERRILL

Fletcher here never can quite
figure out which side he is on.
You never know who he is spying
on.

FLETCHER

We come down here to kill Josey
Wales.

CONTINUED

115 (Cont.1)

11

TERRILL

Seems to me they don't know who
won the war around here.

Four Redlegs move toward Fletcher, led by Tough.

In a flash, Fletcher draws his guns. The toughs back down.

In the silence that follows, Terrill leers up at Fletcher.

The Rangers rise to their feet and move toward Fletcher.

Fletcher holds his guns at ready for a moment.

FLETCHER

We come here to kill Josey
Wales.

Then he puts them into his holsters and goes back into
the Lost Lady.

116. EXT. RANCH

DAY

11

117. CLOSE SHOT JOSEY

11

He is looking down the valley. A sixth sense tells
him something is out there. But then he bends down.

118. CLOSE SHOT

11

He sears the Comanche sign of the wriggling snake into
a steer.

119. GROUP SHOT

11

Travis, Ten Spot, Kelly and the others are playing
instruments and dancing (Songs like "Dinah had a Wooden
Leg", "A Bird in a Gilded Cage", etc.)

Rose is dancing, lifting her legs high.

Laura Lee on the concertina?

120. ON JOSEY

12

Josey watches his friends dance, then is about to brand
the last steer when he hears:

CONTINUED

120 (Cont.)

120

LAURA LEE

Mr. Wales....

Laura Lee is standing nearby.

LAURA LEE

Could you come over here? I
got something to show to you.

Josey moves toward her. TRACK with him and Laura Lee
as she draws Josey back into the circle of his friends.
Music ends as they approach.

LAURA LEE

I...I made you this chain, Mr.
Wales...braided it from my own
hair.

Josey looks at the puny little chain, doesn't know what
it is.

JOSEY

It's nice, sure is.

LAURA LEE

It's a watch chain.

JOSEY

Real nice. It'll come in
handy. Thank ye.

LAURA LEE

You put a watch on the end of it.

JOSEY

Yep. Real nice.

Laura Lee blushes with embarrassment.

LAURA LEE

You got a watch, don't you?

JOSEY

I been meanin to get one.

They both stand nodding at each other, then smiling.

LAURA LEE

Is there a song we can play for you?

CONTINUED

120 (Cont.1)

121

JOSEY

Well now,...I don't really know
any songs offhand.

CHATO OLIVARES

Say a song and we will dance for
days to it. We will have a
fandango, Texas style.

JOSEY

Only one song I can think of.
Anyone know "Rose of Alabamy"?

TRAVIS COBB

Sure do. It's a might sad, but I
think we can pepper it up.

He starts to play it, the sad song the dying Kid sang to
Josey, and at first, as Travis improvises it for the
musicians, it's deeply moving played on the fiddle.

121. CUTS

122

of Josey looking around, seeing his new-found friends,
but apprehensive, knowing he should be moving on. And
then, when they've got the gist, Travis plays it faster,
Rose begins a rollicking dance, and everybody gets it
on. (Get Dance Expert for 19th Cent. dance -- "Methodist
feet", Irish Jig, etc.)

LAURA LEE

Can you dance?

JOSEY

Nope.

LAURA LEE

Me neither.

Josey is reluctant, but they begin to dance, awkwardly
at first, then swirling through the frame to reveal
the others dancing.

122. CLOSE

123

On Lone in doorway of barn, looking down canyon.

123. CLOSE

124

On Travis Cobb fiddling away.

DISSOLVE TO:

124. EXT. RANCH NIGHT 124

The dance goes on through the night, figures dancing in the light of a bonfire...

DISSOLVE TO

125. EXT. RANCH DAY 125

...And into the next day, Travis still playing, but now slower, his hands almost too tired to pull the bow. "Rose of Alabamy" sounds slow and languid as the CAMERA glides past Grandma Sarah dancing elegantly in the tired arms of Chato Olivares, glides past the redbone hound eating the meat that has been strewn around, glides past Rose of Santo Rio, asleep in a wagon filled with hay with both Kelly and Ten Spot in her arms, protecting them from the chill winds that are beginning to blow.

The CAMERA moves past Lone Watie and Little Moonlight, both wrapped in blankets like blanket Indians, as Moonlight sleeps soundly and Lone gazes ahead, as if keeping watch, but his eyes are blinking into sleep.

126. INT. RANCHHOUSE NIGHT 126

The fiddle music still heard faintly, as the CAMERA glides past Josey and Laura Lee, sitting in front of the yellow glow of the fire. (Emphasize Josey's guns hanging on peg).

LAURA LEE

...Kansas was all yellow, smelled like sunshine...

Josey, half-drowsy, as she lies in his arms.

JOSEY

I always heard there was three kinds of sun in Kansas...

LAURA LEE

Three kinds?

JOSEY

Yeah. Well, there's sunshine... sunflowers...and sons of bitches.

CONTINUED

126 (Cont.)

126

Josey laughs; Laura Lee seems a little cool.

LAURA LEE

Well, at least we are known for something.
I heard a joke about Missouri once...
but I don't know how it goes...Something
about how people from Missouri are always
saying, "Show me." You know it?

JOSEY

Never heard it.

LAURA LEE

I think it was...What does a man
from Missouri say when someone wants
to see a Missouri mule? They say,
"Show me."

Josey doesn't think it's funny at all. Laura Lee is
giggling.

LAURA LEE

You get it? Show me...

JOSEY

Is that all they teach pretty
girls in Kansas is dumb jokes?

LAURA LEE

They teach something else...

Josey and Laura Lee have both stopped smiling. They
look deeply at one another. Josey speaks softly.

JOSEY

Show me...

They kiss gently and slide down OUT OF FRAME. The
CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY to the cross windows where Travis
is just nodding off after a few weak, wavering notes.
Josey's voice is more intimate.

JOSEY o.s.

Show me.

LAURA LEE o.s.

(deeply passionate)

Don't look...Oh, Lord...

CONTINUED

126 (Cont.1)

1

Outside the wagon rolls past, driven by Kelly, with Rose and Ten Spot snoozing in the hay, and heads down the canyon toward Santo Rio.

LAURA LEE o.s.

Now you show me...
Oh my, bullet scars all
over you...

Pause. Then Laura Lee begins to giggle.

JOSEY

What're ye laughin at?

LAURA LEE o.s.

...Missouri mule...Oh, Lord...

And she laughs until her soft giggle is muffled by a kiss.

126A. EXT. SANTO RIO

NIGHT

1

The wagon with Rose, Kelly and Ten Spot rolls into Santo Rio. Kelly looks up, sees light in Lost Lady.

KELLY

Now who the hell's in the Lost Lady.

126B. MOVING SHOT IN DARKNESS

1

into Terrill's face, barely discernable in darkness, as he watches the wagon move toward him.

127. INT. AND EXT. THE RANCH

NIGHT

1

Everyone asleep.

128. SHOT

1

CAMERA MOVING INTO JOSEY. He sleeps with Laura Lee in his arms. He breathes deeply. As if in a dream, he hears thunder. Suddenly:

Josey sits bolt upright. Absolute silence outside.

129. SHOT

1

Lone has nodded off to sleep. Suddenly his eyes open wide.

130. SHOT

1

Something powerful is moving through the night (horses in vast darkness).

131. SHOT

1

Josey is strapping on his guns. Laura Lee is still asleep.

132. INT. BARN

NIGHT

132

Josey is saddling up his horse, all his possessions strapped on. Lone Watie appears silently behind him. Without turning, Josey speaks:

JOSEY

Been nice ridin with ye, Chief.

LONE

Same here.

JOSEY

When ye git to town, git some nice dresses fer the ladies.

LONE

You bet.

JOSEY

Somethin nice fer Laura Lee to be in when I come ridin back here next Spring.

Lone's eyes are beginning to water up.

LONE

Yep.

JOSEY

Or maybe Spring after that.

LONE

Yep.

JOSEY

Or soon's I can.

133. CLOSE ON JOSEY

13.

He's feeling real bad going off like this.

JOSEY

Sometime's trouble follows ye.
I been here too long, Chief.

But as Josey turns -- Lone is gone. The barn door is open, and Josey realizes he has been talking to himself.

CONTINUED

133 (Cont.)

13

JOSEY
(to himself)
I reckon so.

Josey leads his horse out of the barn.

133A. EXT. BARN

NIGHT

13

Quiet and dark outside. Suddenly Josey hears whining. Makes out Redbone hound acting strangely, wagging tail in front of him. As though dog knows Josey is leaving for good.

Josey squints at dog, pats him.

JOSEY
Shet up, ye damn Redbone, ye'll
wake folks....

Suddenly Josey sees a flaming torch, as Redbone whines loudly as though he had been trying to warn Josey all along.

134. EXT. BARN

NIGHT

13

Absolute quiet outside. Not even insects. Josey has been moving, preoccupied, taking a last look at the only home he's known in years. Now he sees the flaming torch.

135. THE FLAMING TORCH

13

moves to the right -- and now another torch is lit. And that torch in turn ignites another. Swiftly the entire line of Redleg riders are illuminated by the weird lighting of the torches they carry.

Terrill's face glows in the torchglow.

TERRILL
(shouting)
Give yourself up, Wales! You're
all alone against us.

136. SCENE

13

For an instant Josey stands in silence.

Then a shout comes from the house behind him.

CONTINUED

136 (Cont.)

13

LONE

Like hell he is!

And the windows fly open and rifles are pushed out.

137. INT. RANCHHOUSE

NIGHT

13

Josey's friends are scrambling, arming themselves to the hilt, at the ready. Lone, Laura Lee, Moonlight, Travis, and Chato all moving quickly into fighting position. Granny is loading rifles.

with all
effects & music

138. TO BE WORKED OUT

138

Without hesitation, Josey launches into the attack. He pulls out all the guns he carries, knocks Redlegs to the ground before they can fire a shot.

139. SHOT

139

Terrill is wounded (?), or grazed. Redlegs in total disarray.

140. SHOT

140

At a certain point, Josey will leap on his horse.

141. MANY CUTS

141

of guns blazing in the black night. Scene is wild and disoriented -- total chaos and confusion of bloody night battle.

142. TERRILL,

142

surrounded by swirling horses and flaming torches, shouts.

TERRILL

Burn the house down.

Redlegs charge the house, firing inside, throwing torches onto the roof.

143. INT. HOUSE

NIGHT

143

The scenario Josey wrote earlier now is brought into reality:

Lone stands firing where the first rush is. Granny hands Lone another rifle.

LONE

We are sure as hell goin to show these palefaces somethin, no offense meant.

GRANNY

None taken. These freebooters are a slander to Kansas, attacking...

CONTINUED

- 143 (Cont.) 143
- BLAM. Laura Lee knocks a rider from his horse.
- GRANNY (Cont.)
innocent women like this....
144. EXT. HOUSE NIGHT 144
- The Redlegs swing around and ride in for another charge, firing right into the windows.
145. INT. HOUSE NIGHT 145
- Chato Olivares is hit in the shoulder; he sings out in pain. Granny rushes over to the fire, grabs the iron and slaps it onto the wound. Smoke rises from seared flesh.
146. EXT. HOUSE NIGHT 146
- Two Redlegs jump onto the roof.
147. JOSEY 147
- turns and charges back at the five Redlegs following him. He's now pulling the guns from holsters strapped to his horse. The charge has the impact of knights jousting: One giant horse hurtles into the crush of oncoming horses.
- Dust almost obscures the action as a horse and rider fall to the ground from impact.
- Too close to fire, Josey takes a large Colt and slams it into the head of a rider he is grappling with, knocking him to the ground. Terrill turns on his horse, seeing the battle turning against him, seeing Josey burst from the group of riders as most of them lie in the clearing dust.
148. AT HOUSE NIGHT 148
- Two Redlegs have dug through roof.
149. INSIDE HOUSE NIGHT 149
- Travis Cobb is hit. Granny runs over with the smoking iron, sears the wound.

CONTINUED

149 (Cont.)

149

Through logs at end of hall, two Redlegs can be seen dropping down from the roof. Granny can't load the rifles fast enough.

LONE

Use pistols...

Redlegs are pouring fire into the house and through the logs. (Possibly Granny is wounded?). Things look black inside. Everyone crouches down on the floor.

150. OUTSIDE

NIGHT

150

Terrill gets a beat on Josey. He fires. Josey is hit. He falls off his horse into the dust. Terrill screams in maniacal triumph.

151. INSIDE

NIGHT

151

Lone has seen Josey fall near house.

LONE

(shouting)

Now git plumb mad-dog mean!

He rushes to logs and begins firing through. Both Redlegs inside the house are hit.

152. OUTSIDE

NIGHT

152

Josey's been hit in the left shoulder. He rolls behind cover, but a Redleg is charging down on him from behind. Josey pulls his knife from his boot, but doesn't see rider behind him.

Suddenly a small figure leaps (from roof?), knocking the horseman off his horse. There is the shrill yell of the Cheyenne warrior, now from the throat of Little Moonlight, as she plunges her knife into the rider. She looks up, glaring at the relieved Josey.

153. TERRILL

NIGHT

153

Terrill makes a break for it, riding for dear life down the canyon.

Josey runs to his horse, leaps on and chases after Terrill.

154. THE CHASE NIGHT 154

Terrill's cape flies in the wind as he rides through the tall grasses.

Josey pursues behind, one arm dangling, but his huge stallion begins to close ground.

155. EXT. CHASE NIGHT 155

Each passes identifiable landmarks.

155A. EXT. RANCHHOUSE 155

Laura Lee, Grandma and Lone come out shooting, killing the final redlegs.

156. CLOSER NIGHT 156

Both seen in the same frame as they head toward Santo Rio across sage country.

A chase to restore mankind's faith in Saturday afternoon.

157. SANTO RIO (TO BE WORKED OUT) NIGHT 157

Josey catches Terrill in heart of deserted town. Leaps and knocks him from horse.

Terrill gets up first, begins to run to Lost Lady.

TERRILL

(screaming)

Help me!

Josey catches him (Poss. throwing his knife). The two men struggle. Terrill draws his sabre.

The sabre hovers over both men as Josey holds Terrill's arm. Terrill's terrifying face flashes back and forth in front of Josey.

In a FLASH CUT, Josey sees the small burning figure of his son rushing toward him screaming: PAAAWWW.

The sword is in Josey's hand.

CONTINUED

157. (Cont.)

15

Terrill's back is to CAMERA. Suddenly, the point of the sword bursts through his back. Blood spurts as Terrill falls slowly backwards.

Josey looks down. He's had his revenge. He looks around town.

158. JOSEY'S P.O.V.

16

A figure, indistinguishable, moves from the window of the Lost Lady. Someone has been watching. Josey cuts a wad of tobacco and moves to the Saloon.

159. INT. LOST LADY

NIGHT

17

Josey moves into darkened room, apprehensive, but weak from loss of blood. His eyes slowly focus.

160. JOSEY SEES

18

Kelly behind bar, Rose (drunk), and Ten Spot sitting staring at him. There are three other men, sitting at the back table, three big men, one with back to him.

Kelly hands Josey a drink.

KELLY

Afternoon, Mr. Wilson.

TEN SPOT

Hidy, Mr. Wilson. We was just tellin these fellas here a little story bout an outlaw, passed through to here not so long ago. Don't know if you'd remember him or not...

KELLY

Yessir, these fellas here is Texas Rangers, been on his trail, along with this other fella here. What'd you say your name was?

Man with back to Josey turns. It's Fletcher. Josey and he lock eyes.

FLETCHER

Name's Fletcher.

KELLY

Yessir, Fletcher. Anyways they all been lookin fer this outlaw and just so happens that Ten Spot here

160 (Cont.)

160

TEN SPOT

Yessir, was down in Monterey not so long ago, me and Rose was down there takin a little paseo...

ROSE

It was more like a honeymoon, Ten Spot...

TEN SPOT

Yessir, was. Anyways we seen this outlaw feller go up against five pistoleros. He got three of em before they cut him down. Right Rose?

ROSE

Yep...His name was Josey Wales.

TEN SPOT

That's it. Josey Wales.

Fletcher and Josey still glaring at each other, ready to draw.

161. CLOSE

161

on Josey. Fletcher can see he's bleeding.

FIRST RANGER

Well, if it was Josey Wales, then Josey Wales is dead.

162. BACK TO SCENE

162

ROSE

He's dead, sure is. Dead. Allright.

SECOND RANGER

Will you folks sign an affidavit to that?

He moves to them with a piece of paper

TEN SPOT

I'll sign, sure will.

SECOND RANGER

And you, Miss? Will you sign the affidavit?

ROSE

Well...now...I...ah.

CONTINUED

162 (Cont.)

1

TEN SPOT

The...ah...lady broke her reading glasses while we were down in Monterey. If you will accept a simple mark.

SECOND RANGER

We'll accept it.

Rose slips a big X on the paper and the Ranger folds the paper. Rangers begin to move out, and Fletcher walks out with them, passing close to Josey, staring him in the eye.

SECOND RANGER

Guess that's it. Nice seeing ye, Mr. Wilson.

163. MOVING FROM INT. TO EXT. (SUNRISE ON THE MORNING STREET) 1

FIRST RANGER

Must be about five thousand wanted men in Texas right now. Can't git em all.

Rangers look down street. They ignore body of Terrill. They mount horses.

KELLY

If you're comin back this way, stop in.

FIRST RANGER

Reckin we won't be comin back.

They ride off. Fletcher stands near his horse, watches Rangers go, then looks back at Josey and group behind him.

FLETCHER

(ominously)

I don't believe that story about Josey Wales.

TEN SPOT

(gulping)

You don't?

CONTINUED

163 (Cont.)

16

Josey moves out into the street to face Fletcher.. This looks like the final showdown.

FLETCHER

No sir, I don't. I don't believe five of them pistoleros could do in Josey Wales.

Silence as the two men face each other. As Josey looks up, the sun is in his eyes. He can't see too well. Blood drips from his sleeve.

ROSE

No? Maybe it was six of them... or ten?

FLETCHER

I think he's still alive....

Fletcher moves to the center of the street, ready to fight.

TEN SPOT

Alive? Unh...unh...Nosir....

Pause. Josey stares at him hard, chewing his tobacco.

FLETCHER

Guess I'll head down into Mexico, try to find him.

Josey blinks; others are relieved.

FLETCHER (Cont.)

First move is up to him. I owe him that. Think I'll try to tell him that the war is over. What do you say, Mr. Wilson?

Pause. Josey just stares hard at him, chewing his tobacco.

CONTINUED

163 (Cont.1)

JOSEY

I guess we all died a little in
that damn war.

Pause.

164. TIGHT SHOT

on Josey as he stares long and hard at Fletcher. Then
he spits.

165. JOSEY

turns his back on Fletcher and moves to his horse. He
swings up into the saddle and begins to ride back toward
the ranch.

Fletcher stands there for a minute. Then he nods his
head slightly, turns, and mounts his horse. He begins
to ride out of town in the opposite direction.

166. JOSEY

rides toward an identifiable landmark, toward the ranch.
And he never looks back.

END