

" W A G O N M A S T E R "

BY

BEN MILLER & THOMAS BRINSON

From the original screenplay by:
Frank Nugent and Patrick Ford

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First Draft

" W A G O N M A S T E R "

Cast of Characters

TRAVIS HOUSTON BLUE

A calm-eyed, easy going, competent young cowboy whose philosophy may be summed up in one line: "I mind my own business and keep a sharp eye out for snakes." He is clearly the senior member of the firm.

SANDY OWENS

Good natured yet hot tempered. His clothing, although as dusty and travel stained as Travis's, is a bit more dashing and colorful. Sandy is an innocent, constantly trying to be mistaken for a gay caballero.

DENVER

In her twenties - and most of her years have been rough ones.

ELDER JOHNATHAN WIGGS

Elder Wiggs is a wiry, grizzled, Mormon man of God, with twinkling eyes, a dry sense of humor and a lamentable habit of semi-profanity which he repents a dozen times a day. God and Elder Wiggs know each other mighty well. He has given God more hearty laughs than any Saint (Latter Day or otherwise) in the register: we can be sure He has a very special halo reserved for Elder Wiggs - one that will be worn with a slight tilt over one eye.

UNCLE SHILOH CLEGGs

The head of the clan, a man about 55, with a stubble of grey whiskers and a drying trickle of tobacco juice down the corner of his mouth. Shiloh is a slippery-tongued, thoroughly evil old man with a strong clan feeling.

DR. A. LOCKSLEY HALL

The eternal ham, a charlatan, a poseur, but withal a Man of Distinction. His age is a few years on either side of 50. His frock coat and beaver hat are scarcely younger.

JESSE CLEGG

Jesse is a butcher, a fighter whose weapon is the double barreled shotgun. Unlike Floyd, Jesse doesn't believe in challenge or any of the refinements of the frontier's code duello: He kills from cover or from behind.

FLOYD CLEGG

Floyd, oldest of the boys, is a two-gun man, the pistol fighter - a lean panther of a man with a panther's taste for blood and its unconscious grace in his every movement. His eyes are watchful.

REESE CLEGG

He is the muscle man, the gouger and the kicker. He has two weaknesses: one is woman, the other his mind.

ADAM PERKINS

Father of Prudence. Brother Perkins is a good man but dull. It is no secret that he is bucking for Bishop.

PRUDENCE PERKINS

Prudence is a lissome, bright eyed, spirited gal, with a mind of her own - qualities obviously inherited from her late mother.

SAM JACKSON

A big, burly, Mormon farmer from Ohio. Unmarried but hoping to persuade Prudence to be his wife, Jackson has no love for Gentiles. He is personally brave, pugnacious, and jealous. His job is to ride guard on the grain wagon, which Sister Ledyard drives.

FLOREY

Professionally - Mlle. Fleurette Phylfe - she is a flouncy woman, still handsome and obviously once a stunner.

THE MARSHAL

Just a little bit lazy. He hates to have to work. He'd rather play cards and trade horses, though he's not very good at either one.

SISTER LEDYARD

A stout woman with twinkling eyes and a zest for life that neither age nor lack of beauty can blunt. She has outworn several husbands and is currently ectively seeking another. She is an expert teamster, adept with the bullwhip and is the expedition "Bugler", her bugle being the bullhorn.

MR. PEACHTREE

He is the grizzled handyman for Dr. Hall, and valet, wears a makeshift bandsman uniform with a drummer-boy cap. He presides over a bass drum.

BROTHER BOLTON

A tiny little bantam rooster of a man with two buxom wives and an alarmingly large family.

BROTHER SCHULTZ

A burly German blacksmith.

THE JAMISONS

He is a typical homesteader with a sweet-faced pregnant wife. They have a small daughter and a son, Billy, eight to ten years old. Billy in turn, has a mongrel dog named Teddy.

THE POSSE

The posse consists of six men, typical of the period.

THE INDIANS

The Indians are real Indians from the reservation.

THE MORMONS

A conglomeration of 40 to 50 men, women and children, typical of any wagon train moving west during this period of time.

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" WAGONMASTER "

BY

Ben Miller & Tom Brinson

FADE IN

1 EXT. BACK YARD - APPLE TREE DAY 1

Camera focuses on a bright red apple. Apple goes out of focus and we see an old lady washing clothes on a scrub board on the back porch of her house.

2 EXT. TALL GRASS - NEAR APPLE TREE DAY 2

Camera sees three boys 10-12 years old crawling up through the tall grass toward apple tree. They are carrying home-made toy guns.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE - APPLE TREE DAY 3

Camera is tight on the apple as we see a small hand slowly pluck the apple from the tree.

4 ANGLE ON BACK PORCH DAY

The old woman sees the kids stealing apples.

OLD WOMAN

Hey! You kids get out of there.
I'll have the law on you!

5 ANOTHER ANGLE - APPLE TREE DAY 5

The kids jump up and run, shooting back over their shoulder with their toy guns. One of the kids draws two wooden pistols and empties them at her. He then runs like hell too.

6 EXTERIOR - CRYSTAL CITY OUTSKIRTS DAY 6

Four riders come at an easy trot along the trail at the outskirts of Crystal City, Utah Territory. They are the Cleggs - Uncle Shiloh and his nephews, Jesse, Reese and Floyd. As they pass the camera it pans slightly to pick up a sign on the outskirts of town. It hangs tipsily by one broken link and the lettering is already faded and weathered. It reads:

WATCH
CRYSTAL CITY
GROW

7 EXTERIOR - CRYSTAL CITY STREET - KIDS DAY 7

These are the same kids that we saw previously. They are playing as the come up the street towards camera, shooting at each other as they hide behind wagons or whatever is available. They are enjoying their stolen apples and playing make believe gunfighters.

8 EXT. CRYSTAL CITY MAIN STREET - CLEGGs DAY 8

The four horsemen slow their pace slightly as they proceed down the broad dusty main street of town.

9 EXT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE - CLEGGs DAY 9

The Cleggs dismount and, leaving Reese with the horses, Shiloh and Jesse take rifle and shotgun respectively from their saddle holsters and follow Floyd up the steps and into the Wells Fargo Office.

10 EXT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE DAY 10

A young lady is walking up the boardwalk approaching the Wells Fargo Office. As she nears the doorway, Reese sees her and steps up on the boardwalk to block her path. She is terrified of the leering animal-like Reese.

11 WELLS FARGO DOORWAY DAY 11

Shiloh looks back over his shoulder and sees Reese. He slaps his leg with his quirt.

SHILOH

Reese!!

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOARDWALK DAY 12

With a frightened look on her face, the lady takes a couple of steps backward then turns and hurries back down the boardwalk the way she came.

13 INT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE DAY 13

Shooting over the heads of the Cleggs as they enter the office. Two clerks are behind the counter, two or three other men in front of it. An open express box is being filled with packets of greenbacks. Suddenly one of the clerks looks up to see the newcomers. His eyes widen and his hands start reaching. The other men - stage drivers, etc., turn and they too reach. The Cleggs advance and Uncle Shiloh starts scooping the money packets into a cloth bag. Not a word has been said. The Cleggs start backing out. Just as they reach the door, one of the clerks whips up a gun and snaps a shot that hits Uncle Shiloh in the left shoulder. Uncle Shiloh staggers. The clerk,

his eyes widening in terror at what he has done, lets the gun drop from his hand as he begins to back away.

CLERK

No...no...please....

SHILOH

Sure wish you hadn't done that,
son. Jesse....

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE DAY 14

As the other men draw away from him, accentuating his loneliness. The clerk takes a hopeless step backward toward the wall - and then the shotgun blasts. BOTH BARRELS!!

15 EXT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE DAY 15

As the Cleggs exit the Wells Fargo doorway, Floyd is the last to exit. As Floyd backs out, he comes face to face with the kid gunfighter that we saw previously. The kid has both guns holstered and has his hands extended as if to draw. Floyd turns and is face to face with the kid. He pauses a beat and smiles.

16 ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 16

There is a look of total terror on the kids face.

17 (OMIT) 17

18 ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 18

Floyd slowly methodically pulls his gun and kills the kid, the force of the bullet scooting the kid back down the boardwalk, ala the killing of Stonewall Torrey in Shane.

19 WIDER ANGLE DAY 19

The Cleggs mount, turn and trot their horses out of town. Uncle Shiloh is favoring his wounded arm. Two of the boys support and shield him as they leave. They throw quick nervous glances to both sides of the street as they hurry out of town.

20 EXTERIOR - OPEN COUNTRY

DAY 20

A mile or so outside Crystal City, two young horse traders are leading their string of horses toward the town. They are Travis Houston Blue of Texas and Sandy Owens of Abilene, Kansas. Sandy is driving a horse trader's cart - a stout buckboard with bedrolls and a water keg lashed down tight - in effect, a small chuckwagon. Travis rides alongside, handling his mount with the effortless grace of the born horseman, and keeping his eye on a well bunched string of Navajo ponies. Sandy is whistling or singing some cowboy ballad, but he breaks off in the middle of a bar as Travis rides in close.

21 MOVING SHOT ON TRAVIS & SANDY

DAY 21

SANDY

Way I figger, Travis...these ponies
ought to bring thirty dollars a head.

Travis merely gives him an amused glance but says nothing.

SANDY

And twelve head at thirty dollars a
head comes to three hundred and twenty!

TRAVIS

Three sixty.

SANDY

It does??...Better yet...And divided by
two, why, that makes....

He bogs down

SANDY

Um...why, that makes a right tidy sum!

TRAVIS

And now if you'll subtract the twenty
you owe me from that tidy sum, you'll
have a hundred and sixty left.

SANDY

I will? Why, that's not bad for four
months work...not bad at all....

He resumes his singing or whistling with new enthusiasm, but breaks off at the sound of distant shots and the approaching drum of hooves. The horses in the string begin acting up and Travis has his hands full controlling them.

22 EXTERIOR - OPEN COUNTRY DAY 22

With Travis and Sandy in the foreground the Cleggs appear in the distance riding at a gallop and looking back at an unseen posse. The Cleggs course is toward the horse traders wagon, but when they see it they veer slightly. The posse comes into view behind them - clearly outdistanced and obviously in a vain pursuit.

23 ANGLE ON BUCKBOARD DAY 23

Sandy reaches back into the wagon and half pulls out a rifle. Travis spurs his horse between Sandy and the Cleggs.

TRAVIS

Never mind that!

He swings his horse away and back toward the plunging animals in the string, forcing them back into their former compact bunch. Once again Travis's splendid horsemanship is featured.

24 EXT. - OPEN COUNTRY - LONG SHOT DAY 24

The Cleggs vanish over a dip in the hills.

25 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ON POSSE DAY 25

As the posse reins in at an arm signal from the marshal, clearly abandoning the pursuit. Then at a lope, the posse approaches the horse traders. The marshal is an angry man and only waits until he is in hailing distance to let the boys know it.

MARSHAL

What's the matter with you fellers??

26 ANGLE ON WAGON DAY 26

As the marshal and one or two of his posse ride close. Travis dismounts.

MARSHAL (fuming)

Chase 'em right into your laps and you set here and let 'em go!...Coulda taken a shot at 'em anyways...Them was the Cleggs!

Travis seems not to have heard the marshal's tirade, but has been standing studying the marshal's horse with a shrewd trader's eye. Now he comes closer to the animal, checking the hocks, knees, etc. The marshal doesn't submit patiently to this scrutiny, but reins his horse from side to side.

TRAVIS (casually)

Wasn't our fight.

MARSHAL

Yeah? Well, maybe you don't know I got a right to arrest you for aidin' and abbetin'...Law says it's the duty of every...GIT AWAY FROM MY HORSE!... duty of every male citizen to...to....

He breaks off, peering, interested in spite of himself, as Travis goes to his horses head and opens his mouth to study his teeth.

TRAVIS (casually)

Pretty fair....Tell you what, marshal... I'll trade you that bay gelding there and five dollars for your horse.

MARSHAL (testily)

I didn't come out here to swap horses!

The marshal starts to ride off, moving past Sandy.

SANDY

I thought the Cleags were operatin' back in Kansas.

MARSHAL

Well, they're operatin' in Utah territory right now...But they won't be for long.

The marshal continues away, but Travis calls after him.

TRAVIS

I'll make that ten dollars...CASH!

The marshal is tempted. He pulls to a stop, hesitates, then his sense of outrage returns.

MARSHAL

Ten eh?...Well, that's a...(then angrily)
No!...Come on, boys.

He and the posse start away.

TRAVIS (calling)

See you again, Marshal.

MARSHAL

Not likely!

As the posse rides off, Travis stands looking after it with a faint grin.

27 EXTERIOR - MAIN STREET - CRYSTAL CITY DAY 27

It is a day or two later. Down the street come two men, Johnathan Wiggs and Adam Perkins, followed at a respectful distance by Perkins daughter, Prudence.

The little party proceeds down the dusty street at a good pace, purposful and preoccupied and apparently oblivious of the small covey of children following them at a cautious distance with wide eyes and a fearful - but wholly fascinated - curiosity. For these people are Mormons, of whom they have heard some awesome things.

WIGGS AND Perkins stop and turn off at the place where the horse traders have made their camp. It is either a corral or an improvised enclosure (depending on availability) where Sandy and Travis are offering their horses for sale.

28 EXT. CORRAL DAY 28

Sandy is sitting on the corral fence. Travis is sitting on the horse he previously offered to sell the marshal, with one leg cocked over the saddle horn. The marshal and one of his deputies walk over to Travis.

TRAVIS

Howdy, Marshal.

MARSHAL

Howdy.

The marshal walks back and forth looking at the horse that Travis is sitting on. He squats down beside the horse and takes out his pocket knife and begins to whittle.

TRAVIS

This here's a good horse...mighty gentle. You fellers lookin' fer a horse trade? If you are, I'll sell you this little horse here pretty cheap. He's sound...straight eye, wind and limb....

29 EXTERIOR - MAIN STREET - CRYSTAL CITY DAY 29

The Mormon trio is continuing their approach toward the corral. They walk very erect and as if they had a purpose in mind. Prudence follows at a respectful distance.

30 EXTERIOR - CORRAL DAY 30

As the Mormons approach in the background, Travis is closing the horse trade with the marshal, who is already mounted on the horse he has just acquired. A small knot of townspeople are standing around watching the transaction. Travis counts silver dollars into the marshal's palm.

TRAVIS

Ten, eleven, twelve...Got yourself a good horse there, Marshal. Course he has his own little peculiarities. His own little failin's, so to speak... Ain't he, Sandy.

Travis walks to the corral near Sandy, leans against the corral, looks up at Sandy and winks. Sandy smiles, puts his fingers to his teeth and whistles a shrill whistle. The horse begins to buck, bucking through the corral fence and into the street. He bucks around in a circle, with the marshal riding for his life. Finally the marshal can stay on no longer and is thrown down along the end of the boardwalk. All the townspeople have a big laugh. The marshal gets up, dusts himself off, and with a disgusted look, stomps away.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRAL DAY 31

Favoring the onlookers as Wiggs and Perkins push through the group to approach Travis and Sandy. The hearty laughter of the onlookers dwindles and dies at the sight of the Mormons. The men move aside grudgingly making room for them. Travis and Sandy cannot help but be

conscious of the slight chill in the air. Prudence stays with the Mormons but somewhat behind them, not intruding on men's affairs. Wiggs turns to Travis as the top man of the partnership. Travis is whittling and Wiggs takes out his knife and begins to whittle.

TRAVIS

Howdy, Elder.

WIGGS

These here your horses?

TRAVIS

Yeah, they belong to me and Sandy here.

WIGGS

Are they gentle?

TRAVIS (grinning)

Ask the marshal...he can tell you.

WIGGS

What are you fellers figger'n on askin' fer 'em, mister?

TRAVIS

All of 'em?

WIGGS

Yup.

TRAVIS

Fifty dollars a head.

WIGGS (outraged)

Fifty?!!...Why, I be go to...!

Perkins winces and plucks at the elder's coatsleeve.

PERKINS (scolding)

Elder Wiggs!

Wiggs turns on him sourly.

WIGGS

Fifty dollars!...That's enough to
make the Lord himself be.....

Again the threatened profanity shocks Perkins.

PERKINS

Elder!!

WIGGS (grudgingly)

All right. I repent my words of wrath.

With renewed anger as he turns back to Travis

WIGGS

BUT I BE GOL-DARNED IF I PAY ANY
FIFTY...(more quietly) Where'd you
get these horses, mister?

SANDY (taking offense)

Meanin' exactly what?

WIGGS

Now, keep your shirt on, son. Your
face looks honest to me, even if it
is homely.

TRAVIS

Caught some...traded for some...Navajo
country mostly, southwest of here.

Wiggs looks at him with sudden new interest.

WIGGS

Navajo, huh?

TRAVIS

Yep.

WIGGS

Wouldn't happen to know the San Juan
River country, would ya?

SANDY

Yeah, we know it. What about it,
Grampaw?

WIGGS (flaring)

Don't you grampaw me, you young
whippersnapper. I'll pull you off
that fence and fan your britches for
you.

PERKINS

Now, Elder...

WIGGS (gaining control)

Folks around here tell me there's no
trail through to the San Juan.

TRAVIS

Folks is right.

SANDY

But we been there!

WIGGS

With your wagon?

TRAVIS (grinning)

Yeah, that little ole buckboard's part
burro...goes anywhere.

Wiggs and Perkins exchange glances, Perkins seeming doubtful, but Wiggs is hot on the scent.

WIGGS

You boys mind tellin' me if you're
Drinkin' men?

SANDY (proudly)

No, sir. Got a brother that's a
drunkard though.

WIGGS

Do ya chaw?

Both men shake their heads no.

TRAVIS

Tried it once.....

PERKINS (like a D.A.)

Use the words of wrath?

The boys look vague so Wiggs translates.

WIGGS

He means do you cuss.

TRAVIS

Only tolerable well...

WIGGS

You family men?

BOYS (in unison)

No, sir.

Wiggs looks at Perkins, who now seems satisfied - although not completely.

WIGGS

How'd you like to sell us all these gentle horses of yours here for fifty a head - and maybe pick yourselves up an extra hundred or so on the side?

TRAVIS

Doin' what?

WIGGS

Wagonmaster, that's what...Leadin' our wagons to the San Juan....to a valley the Lord's been reservin' for His people....so we can plow it and seed it and make it fruitful in His sight!

Sandy and Travis look at the Mormons with sudden comprehension.

SANDY

You people Mormons?

WIGGS

That's right, son...that's why I keep my hat on all the time - so my horns don't show! Why, I got more wives than Solomon himself...least that's what folks say around here...and if they don't say it, they think it.....We ain't a big party, son...just a handful sent out to mark the trail and prepare the ground for the ones comin' after us...next summer there's going to be a hundred families on the move...and they're countin' on us to have a crop ready for 'em...If we don't, they'll starve...sure as....shootin'. So that's why we gotta reach that valley before the winter rains. We been prayin' that we'd be showed the way...might just be that you boys are the answer to our prayers.

SANDY (with an eye on Prudence)

Makes you feel kinda NOBLE, bein' an answer to a prayer, Travis.

TRAVIS

Yeah, it does...and the Elder here has offered us a fair price for our horses...

WIGGS

FAIR! Why, I'll be go to...I never saw such a....

PERKINS

Elder....

TRAVIS

But that's a big stretch of country between here and the San Juan, Elder. My guess is you can't make it with wagons...No, sir, you better count us out...Besides, my partner and me was figgerin' on settin a spell and playin' a little high, low, jack, jenny and the bean gun.

WIGGS

Hold low or claim it?

TRAVIS

Claim it.

Wiggs

Gamblin' with cards...and a hundred
families gamblin' their lives on us!
...Come on, Adam. We been wastin'
our time.

32 INTERIOR - MARSHAL'S OFFICE

DAWN 32

Sandy, Travis, the marshal and three members of his posse
have spent the night "claiming low".

TRAVIS (raking in pot)

High, low, jack, jenny and the bean gun.

MARSHAL

What'd you have for low?

TRAVIS

Had the trey.

MARSHAL

I didn't see it.

One of the players gets up and crosses to the door.

CARD PLAYER

Mormons are stirrin' early...looks
like they're gettin' ready to move
out.

MARSHAL

Well, long as they're out of town by
seven thirty. That's their deadline.
Mormons...Cleggs...Showfolks...horse
traders...DEAL...an' if you claim low
again you better start runnin'....

As Travis gathers up the cards the Mormon bullhorn sounds.
Sandy and Travis exchange uncomfortable glances. Travis

throws a silver dollar into an empty whiskey glass sitting in the middle of the table.

TRAVIS

I'm in.

33. EXT. MORMON CAMP - FULL SHOT

DAWN

The Mormon wagons are drawn up, ready to move out. In front of them, standing in a rough semi-circle, are the members of the expedition. In addition to Wiggs and Perkins, there are about eight or ten men fourteen women and numerous children.

PERKINS

Brethren, it looks likd we got a trial ahead of us, but it ain't the first time...We've gone it alone before... we're tough. We've had to be...ever since Brother Brigham led our people across the plains...They survived and so will we...Now get to your wagons!

The Mormons move to their wagons. Sister Ledyard pauses beside Elder Wiggs.

SISTER LEDYARD

We'll get there, Elder...with the Lord's help.

WIGGS

That's right, sister Ledyard...but I was kinda hopin' those horse traders would lend Him a hand....

He indicates the bullhorn.

WIGGS

Sound it once more, Sister!

And she blows her horn.

34. INTERIOR - MARSHAL~~L~~'S OFFICE - THR PITCH PLAYERS DAY 34

The quavering blast of the Mormon horn touches Travis and Sandy again.

TRAVIS

I had low.

MARSHAL (flinging in his hand)

That does it...C'mon...time we was gettin'
after them Cleggs again anyway!

35 EXTERIOR - MORMON CAMP DAY 35

The Mormons are getting ready to load up and pull out.

WIGGS

Well, folks, we're gonna have to leave
this hospitable community at exactly
seven thirty.

Riding into the shot is the marshal and his posse.

DEPUTY

It's seven o'clock. Better get movin'.

36 EXTERIOR - CORRAL DAY 36

Travis is mounted and holding three or four horses necked
together. Sandy is tying several others together similar
to what we saw when we first saw these two.

SANDY

Gosh - all those women and children...

TRAVIS

Yeah, and that pretty liggie gal...

SANDY

What happens when they hit that desert?

TRAVIS

We warned 'em, didn't we?

37 LONG SHOT - WAGON TRAIN DAY 37

The wagon train is starting up and moving steadily into
the semi-arid country outside town.

38 EXTERIOR - CORRAL DAY 38

Sandy hands Travis another couple of horses and as he is
about to mount -

SANDY

And fifty a head's a good price, ain't it?

TRAVIS

There's easier ways to make a livin'.

Sandy looks off again at the wagon train.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRAL - TRAIN IN B.G. DAY 39

SANDY (apprehensively)

Hey! They're not even goin' in the
right direction.

Travis gives him a look of exasperation. He knows there
is no alternative.

TRAVIS

All right...you bring the horses.
I'll head 'em in the right direction.

He hands Sandy his string of horses and lopes off screen.

40 ANGLE ON HEAD OF COLUMN DAY 40

Elder Wiggs is still leading the wagons as Travis spurs
up alongside.

TRAVIS

Swing 'em west, Elder!

WIGGS

West?...Why?

TRAVIS

'cause the Lord forgot to provide any
water where you're headin'...

WIGGS

I knowed you'd lend Him a hand, son!

Wiggs turns the train in the new direction. Travis takes
up his position at the head of the column, alongside Wiggs.

TRAVIS

An' you owe me four hundred and
fifty dollars.

WIGGS

Payable at the San Juan!

41. WIDER ANGLE

DAY 41

Showing the wagon train bending as it follows Wiggs lead and takes up the new course. Travis rides in the lead and Sandy has turned his horses loose with the other loose horses of the remuda and is helping herd them along.

42. LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

DAY 42

The wagon train is moving steadily across open country. (Note: It is suggested that each successive shot of the wagons on the march should be of the train covering progressively more difficult terrain. The progression will be from rolling plains to desert to broken country torn by ravines to foothills and finally mountains) Sandy is riding well out in front, acting as point.

43. ANOTHER ANGLE -

DAY 43

As Sandy comes galloping back to the lead wagon, driven by Perkins. Prudence sits beside her father.

SANDY

Keep to the right of that mound.
You folks doin' all right?

PERKINS (sourly)

We're all right.

Sam Jackson, who alone of the mormons carries a rifle in his saddle holster, spurs jealously between the wagons and Sandy.

JACKSON

Anything I can do to make you more comfortable, Miss Prudence?

PRUDENCE

No, thank you kindly, Mr. Jackson.

JACKSON (w/hostile glance at Sandy)

Well, if there is anything.....

Sandy senses his antagonism and jealousy and with an easy wave to the Perkins spurs out ahead again.

PERKINS (staring ahead)

Just you remember, they're Gentiles!

Prudence flushes and looks swiftly at her father, then looks ahead again - making no answer. Sam Jackson nods his approval of this paternal warning.

JACKSON

Strikes me Elder Wiggs is risking the Lord's wrath...hiring Gentiles to lead us.

PRUDENCE

And strikes me Elder Wiggs knows more about such things than you do, Sam Jackson!

JACKSON

No call to get riled, Miss Prudence
....if you think it's seemly to be laughing and talking with Gentiles.

He spurs back down the line angrily, leaving an equally angry girl.

PERKINS

Some girls would think twice before turning Brother Jackson away.

PRUDENCE

Hum!

PERKINS

The Johnson sisters now....

PRUDENCE (angrily)

And no doubt he'll marry them both!

PERKINS

Now, daughter...sometimes a man gets a revelation....

PRUDENCE

Any man of mine brought home a revelation I'd get a revelation of my own....the biggest stick I could lay my hand to!!

PERKINS

You sound just like your mother.

44. WAGON TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON - OPEN COUNTRY AFT. 44

The wagon train is nearing a creek, the stopping place for the night. The wagon drivers try to ease their teams down a slight incline bordering the creek (Or as the terrain dictates)

45. ANOTHER ANGLE 45

Sandy gallops back to assist Sister Ledyard with the grain wagon. The bouncing of the wagon has forced her hat down over one eye and she struggles to push it back while handling her team.

46. ANOTHER ANGLE - WIGGS WAGON DAY 46

Elder Wiggs is sawing on the lines of his team.

WIGGS

Easy, goldang ya! Easy, you cussed, tarnation...iron jawed...Lord, why'nt you put some sense into these foul critters?

Travis rides alongside.

TRAVIS

Hang on, Elder.

He rides close to one of the lead horses and guides it down the slope to more level ground along the stream. As the wagon moves along more easily, Travis drops back to ride alongside Wiggs.

47. MOVING SHOT - ON WIGGS AND TRAVIS DAY 47

TRAVIS

Could be I'm wrong, Elder...But it sure sounded like you were usin' the words of wrath back there!

WIGGS

But I repented! Yes, sir, I tell you, son, there ain't a man in Utah Territory quicker to lose his temper or quicker to

repent than I am...Lord and I, we
got an understanding about that.

Travis laughs and spurs out front again.

48. ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE TRAIN DUSK 48

As the wagons slowly move along the bank of the stream
toward a camping ground. They stop at Travis' signal.

49. STREAMS EDGE TWILIGHT 49

Horses are being led to water. Mormons carrying firewood
and buckets back to the camp. Prudence raises a
brimming bucket from the stream and starts away with
it, only to be intercepted by Sandy. He reaches for
the bucket.

PRUDENCE

I can tote it.

Sandy takes the bucket.

SANDY

Sure you can, but there's no need to.

They turn and start up the slope when Sam Jackson plants
himself squarely in Sandy's path and reaches aggressively
for the bucket, snatching it away, jostling Sandy in the
process.

JACKSON

I'll carry it.

Sandy recovers his balance and angrily takes a step
forward. Jackson is obviously waiting for him to start
swinging, but Travis' voice checks him.

TRAVIS

Sandy!

Travis walks into the scene, seemingly unconscious of its
tension. He plants a hand firmly on Sandy's shoulder.

TRAVIS

We need a hand on the picket lines.

Sandy grudgingly turns away. Jackson shows his satisfaction
and Prudence seems a little disappointed.

50. MOVING SHOT ON TRAVIS & SANDY

DUSK 50

TRAVIS

We got enough trouble without you stirring up more.

SANDY

Wasn't lookin' for trouble...But I ain't backin' down from it neither!

TRAVIS

You wouldn't be much use with a busted arm...besides.....

With a backward glance.

TRAVIS

Looks to me like Miss Prudence can make up her own mind.

Sandy looks backward too.

51. ANGLE ON PRUDENCE

DUSK 51

She is toting her own bucket and Sam Jackson is disconsolately staring after her.

52. ANGLE ON SANDY & TRAVIS

DUSK 52

Sandy grins and sets to work with a will driving the picket pins.

53. MORMON CAMP NEAR STREAM

NIGHT 53

The Mormons are gathered around several small campfires, their wagons forming a backdrop behind them. Men are repairing broken harness, women are mending clothing or cradling their weary children in their arms.

54. STREAMS EDGE

DAY 54

It is early the next morning and the wagons are drawn up along the edge, ready to make the crossing. Horses are drinking and men and women are filling kegs and utensils with water. Sandy gallops down the line of wagons to pause at the Perkins wagon. Perkins and Prudence are dipping buckets into the stream.

SANDY

Better fill up some kettles too,
Miss Prudence --- Fifty miles to
next water.

Sandy continues down the line of wagons, camera panning
with him.

55. WIDER ANGLE ON STREAM CROSSING DAY 55

As the grain wagon lurches out into the stream, to be
followed in succession by the remaining wagons. Travis
and Sandy are in the thick of the crossing, helping any
rig that threatens to bog down...taking hold of some of
the leaders, whipping some of the horses with their quirts
to keep the wagons in motion.

56. ANGLE ON PERKINS WAGON DAY 56

As Sandy rides in, takes the bridle of the lead horse and
helps it ascend the far bank. He tips his hat jauntily
to Prudence.

PRUDENCE (smiling)

Thank you, Mr. Owens.

57. ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 57

As Sandy spurs up beside Travis to help him and two Mormon
boys drive the remuda through the stream. As the last
wagon passes, Travis looks off, grins and the camera pans
him to young Billy Jamison, standing knee deep in the
stream, hauling on a huge bucket and vainly trying to
overtake his parents wagon. Near the boy is a happy mongrel
dog, Teddy. In the boys pants is stuck a huge old fashioned
.44 revolver. Travis rides closer.

TRAVIS

Catch up, bub!

He swings down and plucks the bucket from the youngster's
hand and swings it almost in the same motion on the
dropped tailgate of the Jamison wagon. Billy grabs hold
of the tailgate and swings himself aboard, wet to the
hips. He pulls the revolver out and carefully wipes
the barrel on his sleeve.

TRAVIS

Don't shoot me now.

Billy aims at the sky and snaps the trigger.

BILLY

Can't...no bullets.

Travis laughs and rides on ahead, crossing the stream, racing to regain his place at the head of the column.

58. FULL SHOT - THE WAGON TRAIN DAY 58

The stream behind it, it moves at a steady pace toward an arid wasteland stretching far ahead.

59. FULL SHOT - THE WAGON TRAIN - DESERT DAY 59

It is later. The wagons move at a slow crawl across an arid wasteland. A brassy sun beats with unrelenting intensity upon the trudging caravan. Mormon men and women walk beside their laboring teams. Only the smallest of the children are permitted to ride. Travis, who is leading his horse, comes to a stop and looks off concernedly as the grain wagon comes into sight, its team being led by Sister Ledyard. She is dusty, disheveled, and at first glimpse seems near the point of exhaustion.

60. CLOSER ANGLE - MOVING DAY 60

As Travis joins Sister Ledyard.

TRAVIS

Maybe you ought to ride a bit, ma'am.

SISTER LEDYARD

Young man, I'll have you know I pushed a cart from Troy, New York, to Salt Lake thirty years ago - following Brigham Young.

Travis doffs his hat in a polite bow.

TRAVIS

I hope you caught him, ma'am!

Sister Ledyard is taken aback, and then she sees the humor.

SISTER LEDYARD (chuckling)

I tried...I tried!

61 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 61

Travis moves ahead. Billy Jamison picks up his foot weary dog and places him on the tailgate of the wagon. The boy signals Travis to keep his secret, placing his forefinger to his lips. Travis returns the signal and plods up front beside Elder Wiggs.

62 ANGLE AT FRONT OF WAGON TRAIN

DAY 62

The elder is moving ahead doggedly with his eyes fixed on the horizon. He neither turns nor slackens his pace as Travis comes alongside. After a moment he speaks.

WIGGS

How far would you say we've come?

TRAVIS

Ten - twelve miles.

WIGGS

Then we got forty more miles of desert.

TRAVIS

Yes, sir, and after that we come to....

WIGGS

Don't want to hear about it...the Lord and I got enough on our minds just gettin' across this desert...we'll worry about the next part when we come to it.

Travis grins and continues on out front.

63 EXTERIOR - DESERT - ON SANDY & TRAVIS

DAY 63

Sandy and Travis are riding out a couple hundred yards in front of the wagon train. They pass a canteen, taking cautious swallows.

SANDY

How they doing?

Travis merely shrugs.

SANDY

Folks like them ain't made for this kind of country.

TRAVIS

There isn't anybody made for this
kind of country...not even the Navajos.

SANDY

It's...say, do I hear music?

Travis listens intently. A fresh gust of wind brings the
sound to them more clearly.

TRAVIS (puzzled)

If I'm not loco, so do I.

SANDY

You suppose it's Navajos?

TRAVIS

Never heard of a Navajo playing a
guitar.

They ride off in the direction of the strange sounds.

64 ANOTHER ANGLE - DESERT RAVINE DAY 64

As Sandy and Travis complete their ride, pull up their
horses and gape at what they see. Now a recitative song
is clearly heard to the accompaniment of a ragged beat of
a bass drum and an occasional chord plucked on a guitar.
Still staring, the boys swing off their horses and lead
them slowly forward.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE - RAVINE DAY 65

The sight presented amply accounts for the boys
bewilderment. There is, preeminently, a gaudy medicine
wagon stranded in the ravine. Across its sides are the
words:

DR. A. LOCKSLEY HALL
KICKAPOO SNAKE OIL

&

LIGHTENING ELIXIR

(and in smaller letters)

Teeth	Hair
Pulled	Restored

Gathered around the wagon are four people: Hall, the
medicine man; Mr. Peachtree, his roustabout and drum
beater; Florey, his long-time fiancée'; and the gal
called Denver. Hall reclines on a platform formed

by the dropped tailgate of the wagon. He holds a bottle of his elixir in one hand, using it as a baton as he conducts his musicians. Mr. Peachtree also sits on the platform, presiding over a bass drum - a fixed smile on his face, his eyes glazed. Florey occupies a droopy seated wicker armchair. She holds a torn but dainty parasol over her head. Denver is perched on a wardrobe trunk on the ground near the platform. She holds a guitar which she plunks in a rough accompaniment. She sits with one leg negligently crossed high above the knee. The foursome at first pays no attention to the approaching boys. Without water for three days and forced to drink their supply of patent medicine (86 proof), they have reached that stage of intoxication where nothing would strike them as being out of the ordinary.

DENVER

We've got an audience....

The professor turns and peers off in a direction several yards to the boy's right.

FLOREY (pointing)

Out front, Gus....

Hall swivels and tries to focus his eyes on the indicated point. He smiles vacantly, welcoming Travis and Sandy as they approach.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 66

As the boys reach the foot of the improvised stage. Denver has eyes only for Travis.

SANDY

Howdy.

WIGGS VOICE (off screen)

Well, I'll be go to....

67 REVERSE ANGLE

DAY 67

Wiggs has come to a shocked standstill.

WIGGS

By thunder! It's a hootchy-kootchy show!

68 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 68

Featuring Denver as she rises, letting the guitar fall to the ground unnoticed. She takes a cigarette from the front

of her dress and walks unsteadily but purposefully toward Travis, looking to neither right nor left. When she is a yard away, she pauses, swaying on her feet.

DENVER

Got a match?

She puts the cigarette between her lips and waits expectantly, her eyes never leaving Travis. He takes a wooden match, strikes it and the girl puffs. She chokes and flings the cigarette away.

DENVER (unsteadily)

You might...offer...a lady...a drink.

Travis looks at Sandy and the bottle of elixir. Travis hesitates and then offers it to the girl. Denver, with a loose, uncontrolled motion of her arm, knocks the bottle aside.

DENVER

Not that stuff...that's all we've had for three days...water...just a drink of water...

With that her knees suddenly let go and she slumps to the ground at Travis's feet. Travis drops to one knee beside her and cradles her head. Sandy looks from the girl to the bottle in his hand.

SANDY

Golly! No wonder! Three days with nothin' to drink but...(he winces)
Dr. Hall's Lightening Elixir!

At this point Hall, who has only caught the last words spoken by Sandy, takes a theatrical stance and begins his spiel.

HALL

Yes, Friends! Guaranteed to cure every ailment known to man or beast... from female complaints to horse colic...

He suddenly gasps and reels back against the side of the wagon. He is in danger of falling, but Wiggs jumps to his side and supports him.

WIGGS

Easy, brother.....

In tones of sharp command.

WIGGS

SANDY...You goldarned fool...Go get the lady some water...fast....

69 DESERT RAVINE

DAY 69

A knot of Mormons is standing some distance from the medicine wagon as Wiggs makes his report. Sandy and Travis stand near him, as does Peachtree - from whom (we may assume) Wiggs has obtained most of his information. Peachtree nods or shakes his head, rather proud of it all, as Wiggs explains.

WIGGS

...so with their water gone, Mister Peachtree here poured two quarts of Lightening Elixir into a bucket and gave it to the mule.....

Peachtree practically takes a bow.

WIGGS

Last they seen of her, she was goin' over the hill like a Kansas twister ...and here they been ever since... Now, these people have what I used to call, in my sinnin'days, a hootchy-kootchy show. The question is, what are we goin' to do?

PERKINS

Give 'em a team, I guess, 'n enough water to get 'em to Crystal City.

Peachtree seems alarmed and taps the Elder's arm.

WIGGS

Well, now, from what Mr. Peachtree says - the professor wasn't exactly popular in Crystal City...that's where they came from.

PERKINS

You mean they were run out?

WIGGS

Invited out...So they started out
for California.

SISTER LEDYARD

Poor man! Bein' driven out like
that with his wife and daughter!

Peachtree shakes his head negatively.

WIGGS

Ain't quite that way, Sister Ledyard.
Miss Denver...that's the young one...
ain't his daughter, and Miss Fleurette
...fine figure of a woman too...she
ain't exactly.....

PERKINS

That cuts it! We give 'em what they
need and get along.

Travis straightens and takes a step forward.

TRAVIS

I don't believe these people are up
to travelin' alone, Mister Perkins.

PERKINS

They will be...when they're sober.

TRAVIS

We'll pick up the California trail
in two of three days.

PERKINS

Don't think we ought to take up with
their kind of people, Elder.

Travis grows a trifle angry.

TRAVIS

I'm not leavin' 'em...an' that's flat.

JACKSON

You hired out to us.....

Wiggs, to prevent trouble, interrupts.

WIGGS

Hold on there. Calm down. Now, I ain't so sure the Lord didn't put them in our path for a reason.

The Mormons listen attentively. Wiggs continues in a quietly persuasive voice.

WIGGS

As I see it, He ain't one to waste His energy...an' He sure went to a lot of troble gettin' these people into this fix.

Now his manner becomes stern, almost Jehovah-like.

WIGGS

And if I was HIM, I wouldn't want anybody messin' up MY plans.

His words have their effect. The Mormons shift uncomfortably. Sandy and Travis exchange glances - amused at the Elder's ability to get his own way.

PERKINS

Well...when you put it that way!

BROTHER BOLTON

Ezra, hitch up a team here.

One of the stripling boys runs to do his bidding and Wiggs again faces the assembly.

PERKINS

Who'll volunteer to drive a ways for 'em?

No one advances, fearful of their neighbor's opinion, unwilling to risk contamination

WIGGS

Brother Schultz, how about that oldest boy of yours?

Schultz shakes his head, but from behind the men. Prudence pushes forward and steps into the vacant area between her father, Wiggs and the Mormons. They look at her in shocked silence.

PRUDENCE

I'll drive the wagon, Father.

Perkins gives her a stare that would melt an iceberg. She slowly steps back into the crowd, realizing that she has overstepped the bounds of propriety.

PERKINS

All right, folks. Tom here'll drive 'em for a ways. Back to your wagons. We've wasted enough time.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 70

Sandy comes forward to Prudence. Travis stands near.

SANDY

That was right Christian of you, ma'am.

WIGGS

Let's get movin', boys.

Travis looks at Wiggs with a twinkle in his eye.

TRAVIS

You and the Lord think a lot alike, don't you, Elder?

WIGGS (hiding a smile)

Not always, son...Sometimes He takes a little persuadin'.

71 LONG SHOT - WAGON TRAIN - DESERT

SUNSET 71

The train moves slowly into the setting sun, with the medicine wagon now a strange part of the caravan. As the wagons continue, the sky seems to darken - suggesting the coming of night.

72 CLOSE SHOT - SISTER LEDYARD - DESERT

DAY 72

As she sounds reveille on the Mormon bullhorn. The ear-splitting blast is enough to wake the dead. As Sister

Ledyard takes the bullhorn from her lips, someone starts beating on a tin wash tub, and in the background we see Mormon families tumbling sleepily from their wagons.

73 ANGLE ON PICKET LINES

DAWN 73

Under the watchful supervision of Sandy and Travis, water is being poured from kegs into a row of buckets which the Mormons are setting forth in front of the horses. The water is carefully doled out with not a drop being spilled. The men look on thirstily as the horses lower their muzzles into the water. Wiggs walks up alongside Travis.

WIGGS

Stock all watered?

TRAVIS

All watered.

WIGGS

How far you reckon it is?

TRAVIS

To next water?

WIGGS

Uh-huh.

TRAVIS

Oh, forty miles.

WIGGS

Well, the Lord will provide.

TRAVIS

I hope so.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE

MORN 74

Favoring Jackson who is saddling a horse tied to the picket line. Sandy approaches.

SANDY

'Mornin'. How are ya?

Sandy starts to saddle the horse next to Jackson. He squints aloft at the brassy sky, his eyes crinkling at the glare. He eases his hat back to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

SANDY

I bet it's gonna be hotter'n.....

JACKSON

Mind your language!

SANDY

I wasn't cussin'.

JACKSON

You were gonna say hell....

SANDY

I was gonna say hades...but "hell"
ain't cussin'...it's...it's...geography
...a name of a place, like you might
say Abilene, or Salt Lake City.

JACKSON (angrier)

Don't you go makin' any remarks about
Salt Lake City.

Sandy is exasperated. They turn back to back and continue to saddle their horses. Sandy bends over and bumps Jackson with his butt. Jackson returns it. So does Sandy. All of a sudden they go together like two young bulls. They lock together, swinging at each other, neither one doing any damage, and fall to the ground. Wiggs runs up and attempts to separate them, not having much luck. In the process he gets his pants tore from the waist to the cuff.

WIGGS

Sandy...Jackson...Dadblast you...stop
that....

He finally gets them both by the hair, holding them at arms length. Sandy continues to fight, swinging at thin air. Jackson tries to kick Sandy and only succeeds in falling to the ground.

WIGGS

You two aint got the sense God gave a

goose. Sister Ledyard...Sister Ledyard
...Blow your horn!

She blows - loud and clear. Wiggs throws both men in different directions. Sister Ledyard continues to blow. Wiggs tries to hold his pants together.

WIGGS

Consarned idiots...aint' got a lick of sense....(to the observers) come on...get back to your wagons. Let's get hitched up and get out of here.

75 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

MORN 75

Hall dips his shaving brush in the water bucket and starts to work up a lather with a piece of soap as Florey climbs down from the wagon with his shirt in her hands, biting off a piece of thread close to one of the buttons.

FLOREY

Here's your shirt, Gus.

HALL

The name is not Gus!...I am known, have been known, as A. Locksley Hall. I have even won some fame under that cognomen!...Please remember that, Miss Phyffe!

FLOREY

Yes, Gus...Here's your shirt...I got the buttons from Mrs. Schultz...She took them off her husband's pants. My, they're nice.

Hall, who has been on the verge of dipping the soapy brush into the bucket freezes and gapes at her.

HALL

Her husbands pants?

FLOREY

No, Gus...The Schultzes...and the Jamisons...all of them...real nice folks.

HALL

Nice? Did you ever play Salt Lake City?...A theatrical Siberia...They would stone Shakespeare himself.

FLOREY

It's only a few days, Gus...Please try to get along....

Hall is about to dip his lathered brush into the bucket when Travis's voice arrests him. He comes from behind the professor and checks the brushes descent.

TRAVIS

Excuse me, Professor...but shavin' ain't permitted...we're kinda low on water.

HALL

Young man, I have never in all my years of trouping appeared before my public unshaven...I have no intention of doing so now.

He extends the brush again, but Travis deftly takes the bucket and passes it to Sandy, who has joined them.

TRAVIS

I'm real sorry....

He turns to go and is almost deluged by a basin of water. His horse wheels and begins to buck with a vengeance, totally wrecking campfires, etc., very similar to the Charles Russell painting "Bronc To Breakfast". Denver (bare shouldered) leans over the wagon tailgate. She is extremely amused at the bucking scene. The horse spins and bucks, wrecking everything in sight. A crowd has gathered. Travis is eventually thrown. Jackson and Sandy run up to Travis as he lays on the ground. Sandy laughs at him. Travis rises and approaches the wagon.

TRAVIS

You shouldn't have done that, ma'am.

DENVER (laughing)

I'm sorry you fell off your horse.

TRAVIS

I mean about taking a wash out here in the desert. We need that water for our horses.

DENVER

I won't take another bath 'till you tell me.

Denver swings over the tailgate and holds out her arms to Travis. He helps her down and holds her in his arms for a lingering moment, looking into her eyes before he turns and exits. Denver follows him a step or two and then leans against the wagon wheel. Florey approaches.

FLOREY

Looks like you got yourself an admirer, Denver...

DENVER

That rube...?

She watches him go as a slight smile comes on her face.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT WAGON

DAY 76

Jackson comes up leading their team of horses.

JACKSON (sourly)

Time to go!

HALL

Young man, I don't suppose you'd undertake to harness the beasts for me.....

JACKSON

You'll do your share of the work, Mister...and that goes for your womenfolk too.....

Jackson stalks off and Hall glares after him.

HALL

Nice folks!

77 DESERT - TRAVIS & SANDY

DAY 77

They sit their horses at the head of the assembling wagon train.

TRAVIS

Pull in tight there! Lead out!

He and Sandy walk their horses out into the reaching desert.

78 WAGON TRAIN - DESERT

DAY 78

Sandy's prediction about the heat is borne out. The sun beats down unmercifully on the weary Mormons. The wagons crawl along in line - with men and women leading the exhausted teams.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 79

As Travis stands, watching his charges, we see that the Mormons are having a rough time. Men and women pass him without a side glance, their eyes focused on the distant objective, all their efforts devoted to the task of setting one foot in front of the other. The Jamisons pass with Mr. Jamison steadying his wife with an arm about her waist. Young Billy trails along, one hand grasping a dangling chain from the rear of the wagon. The Bolton wagon rocks along. A group of children huddle on the tailgate, not speaking, numbed by the heat and the monotony of the trek. One of the mothers cradles a baby in her arms. One of the horses in the medicine wagon hitch flounders and stumbles. Travis rides up.

TRAVIS

Hold up there, Professor. You've got one that's about done in here.

He steps down and begins to take the horse from harness.

Sandy, bring me a fresh horse from the remuda to replace this one...give him a little water. You know, a man knows when he's given all he can, but a horse don't. He'll keep tryin' 'till his heart busts if you keep askin. He'll be allright soon as we reach water.

Sandy leads up a fresh horse and takes the exhausted one.

80 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON - DESERT

DAY 80

Denver has been having a tough time. Her disordered hair and streaked face attest to it. But she isn't complaining. She leans against the wagon wheel and, indifferent to a show of leg, slips off one high-heeled slipper and dumps a cupful of sand from it. Travis notes this with some concern, crosses to her and takes the slipper.

TRAVIS

You've been walking in these? Haven't you got anything more...more...?

DENVER

No.

Without a word, Travis starts off, still holding the slipper. Denver takes a limping step after him.

DENVER

Hey!!

But Travis ignores her, mounts and rides off toward the Perkins wagon.

81 ANGLE FROM DENVER'S POV

DAY 81

As Travis rides in to the Perkins wagon and conducts a brief pantomime with Prudence, showing her the slipper, pointing back to Denver, clearly explaining the girl's predicament. Prudence leans into the wagon and produces a pair of shoes. Travis tips his hat and comes back.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 82

Travis dismounts and offers her a pair of stout shoes, sensible walking shoes.

TRAVIS

Here...try these on.

He up-ends one of the empty water buckets for her to sit on. She slips on one shoe, then the other. During this:

TRAVIS

Hope they ain't too big.

DENVER

She your wife?

TRAVIS

Miss Prudence?...No, ma'am...How they feel?

Denver stands, a little surprised and possibly a little annoyed, to find that Prudence has as dainty a foot as she.

DENVER

Fine...A little large, maybe, but... thanks. (grudgingly) And thank your lady friend too.

TRAVIS

She ain't that either.

He mounts his horse and rides out. Denver looks after him, a little reflectively, touched by his kindness.

83

DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

DAY

83

The train moves so slowly as to seem almost at a standstill. Behind it, stretching for miles, are the marks of its progress. Then, over a hill of sand and scrub, ride Sandy and Travis. They wave their hats in encouragement.

SANDY-TRAVIS (calling)

Water!!...Water!!

84

SERIES OF SHOTS - STAMPEDE

DAY

84

1. Men and women come to a stumbling stop at Travis's cry. They look up with disbelief, then with wild hope. Through dry and dust-caked lips they mouth the one word "water", croaking it out.
2. Horses plunge with rolling eyes and flaring nostrils, as they catch the water scent and drivers run close and try to pull the frantic beasts to a halt.
3. Travis and Sandy ride among the plunging teams, calling to their drivers.

SANDY & TRAVIS

Hang onto 'em! Hold 'em! Don't let 'em run!

4. Angle on wagons as Mormon men clamber aboard and haul back on the lines as some of the teams break into a lunging gallop toward the distant water.
5. Close on one wagon with a cargo of terrified children as the team starts to run away. Its driver is caught off balance as it starts and is hurled to the ground. He gets to his feet and starts running helplessly after it as the wagon goes careening off. But Travis has seen the runaway, spurs after it and in a daring exhibition of horsemanship, pulls the team to a walk.
6. Reverse angle from across the stream as the wagons breast the rise and plunge down the gentle slope towards the water's edge. The horses do not stop until the wagons are hub deep in the stream. Then, men, women and children fling themselves headlong, lapping the water a few inches from the muzzles of the horses.

85 ANGLE AT RIVER'S EDGE DAY 85

Professor hall is lathering up for a long awaited shave. We can see that he is enjoying it immensely.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE AT RIVER DAY 86

Travis rides to the edge of the water, dismounts and begins to unsaddle his horse. Denver approaches from the background. She is carrying a bucket and has a towel thrown over her shoulder.

DENVER

Do I have your permission to take
a bath now?

TRAVIS

Why...yes, ma'am, I....

DENVER

Thank you!

She continues on past and struts off downstream. Travis pulls the saddle from his horse.

TRAVIS

Hey...Ma'am...I think I'll join you!

DENVER (without looking back)

Fine!

Travis swings up on his horse bareback. As his horse lowers his head to drink, Travis looks after Denver and a huge grin comes over his face.

87 MORMON ENCAMPMENT - RIVER EDGE NIGHT 87

The scene is one of total relaxation and contentment. The evening meal is over and the women are putting the children to bed, etc. One old man is playing a fiddle, a lovely relaxing enjoyable melody. The people from the medicine wagon are a little off to one side by themselves.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON NIGHT 88

They are totally relaxed, as Travis approaches.

TRAVIS

Evenin', folks.

OTHERS

Evening, (etc)

TRAVIS

Well, looks like you all will be leavin' us 'fore long. The California cutoff is just down the trail a ways.

DENVER

You ever been to california, cowboy?

TRAVIS

No, ma'am. (looking up at her) Been thinking about it some lately though.

89 WIDER SHOT - ENCAMPMENT NIGHT 89

The mood of the celestial evening is suddenly broken by utter silence. No fiddle, no babies crying, no dishes rattling...nothing. All heads turn as one and we see:

90 ANOTHER ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE NIGHT

From the outer darkness into the circle of light step four men - the Clegs. Jesse holds his shotgun, Reese his rifle at ready. Uncle Shiloh is a little in the lead, his left arm in an improvised sling. The four men look spent and exhausted - and because of that are more deadly than usual. The unspoken menace of the Cleggs is so evident that the Mormons back away, the men putting the women a little behind them, and they

form a defensive semi-circle as the Cleggs slowly come into the full light of the area. Sandy quietly takes a stand near Travis.

SHILOH

Evenin'....

No one replies or makes a move. Shiloh's eyes rove left and right; then he singles out Wiggs as the head of the group and he speaks almost directly to him.

SHILOH

Me and the boys seen your fires.
Scared at first you might be Navajo.
Then we heard your music. Said to
Floyd here, wherever there's singin'
and dancin' you can be sure there's
Christian folks. Never did know a
bad man had any music in him....
Thought maybe you'd help out some
strangers down on their luck, maybe
stake us to a feed?

He pauses and waits for an answer. For all his wheedling, whining words, there is a deadly threat behind them. Wiggs takes a step closer to Shiloh.

WIGGS

You're welcome to share what little
we've got.

The Cleggs relax a little. Shiloh smiles crookedly as he turns to his boys.

SHILOH

That's neighborly, Mister...real
neighborly...Hear that, boys? These
good God-fearin' folks is biddin' us
welcome.

WIGGS

Brother Bolton, help Brother Jackson
with their stock.

91 ANOTHER ANGLE MOVING

DAY 91

Wiggs turns and leads the way towards the stew pots near the wagons. Shiloh, thumb hooked in his gunbelt, follows him, tailed and flanked by Reese, then Floyd and Jesse. Shiloh resumes his glib lying explanation.

SHILOH

We-uns been out huntin'...but had
nothin' but hard scrabble...pack
horses stampeded with all our grub,
an' I fell an' busted my shoulder.

WIGGS

Sister Ledyard, fix these folks some
food.

The boys help Uncle Shiloh as he sits on a log near the
fire.

SHILOH

Thank you, Floyd...Thank you, Jesse.
...shoulder's been hurtin' bad. Can't
hardly sit my horse.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE ON SANDY & TRAVIS NIGHT 92

As Sandy hands Travis his gun belt and they strap them on.

SANDY

You know who they are, don't you?

TRAVIS

Yep...Reckon I do.

93 ANGLE AROUND CAMPFIRE NIGHT 93

Wiggs has led the way to the stew pot. The Cleggs crowd
around, but keep their guns handy and their eyes on the
Mormons. It is clear they have not been eating regularly.

WIGGS

We was just relaxin' a little after
crossin' the desert and gettin' to the
water...Just fixin' to turn in...So
when you folks finish eatin'...if you'd
just stack your plates up there we'll
be seein' ya.

SHILOH

Bless you brother. Don't worry none
about us...We'll just sit here and
enjoy your fire for a spell.

Jesse points toward Sandy and Travis.

JESSE

Hall. Shiloh. Uncle Shiloh...They're the only ones
totin' guns.

WIGGS

They're our wagonmasters.

SHILOH (to Travis)

Ever draw on a man?

TRAVIS

No, sir.....just snakes.

Sister Ledyard thinks this is funny. She laughs as she
begins to break some eggs in a huge skillet.

SHILOH

Turn my eggs over, sister...and
put some hot sauce and chili peppers
in 'em....please...smells good...
don't pig it, Reese...

94 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

NIGHT 94

Reese walks up beside Denver and looks her up and down
lustfully. He turns to Hall.

REESE

You her paw?

HALL (with dignity)

To the best of my knowledge, no!

REESE

Husband?

HALL

I have no conjugal ties.

REESE

What's them?

HALL

Reduced to monosyllables, it means...NO!

95 ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE SHILOH, DENVER & TRAVIS NIGHT 95

Reese has paused at the sight of Denver, standing near Travis. Suddenly he pulls her to him and tries to kiss her. Travis moves to intervene, but Shiloh is quicker. As though he had eyes in the back of his head, he turns and brings his quirt across Reese's neck. He releases the girl. Shiloh grins an apology to Denver.

SHILOH

Don't mind Reese...He just ain't seen a pretty gal in quite a spell...Let's eat, Reese!

96 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON NIGHT 96

Jesse looks up at the sign painted on the side of the wagon.

JESSE

You a preacher?

Hall has grown weary of this. Looking down his nose, he gestures grandly toward the lettering on the medicine wagon.

HALL

There I am, sir...Read it at your leisure...And now, may I bid you good night.

He starts to turn away, but Jesse catches his arm in a grip that leaves bruises.

JESSE

I don't read so good...what's it say?

HALL (spelling it out)

Doctor A. Locksley Hall...Kickapoo Snake Oil and Lightening Elixir...and in the small letters, Teeth Pulled, Hair Restored.

He is unprepared for Jesse's reaction. With an amazed and exultant expression, the oaf grabs his arm still tighter and starts pulling him - as he would a rag doll - away from the wagon and toward the Clegg group, at the same time yelling the news.

JESSE

Uncle Shiloh...look yere what I
found....A Doctor!!

97

ANGLE AT MEDICINE WAGON

NIGHT 97

Shiloh, Wiggs and Travis step into frame as Shiloh sits
on a brass bed that Hall has been lounging on.

SHILOH

A doctor...now, that's real providential
....Be obliged if you'd take a look at
my shoulder, Doc.

HALL

Well...I'm not certain, sir...I'm...

Floyd comes aggressively closer.

FLOYD

Said you was a doctor....

HALL

A doctor...yes...but I'm not
exactly qualified.

FLOYD

You a liar?...I hate liars....

SHILOH

My boys'd just as soon shoot a
liar as look at him...if you're a
doc...fix my shoulder...if you're
lyin'....

HALL (hastily)

I'll get my bag.

He leaves, almost on the run. Sandy and Travis rejoin
the group. Shiloh looks up with a disarming smile.

SHILOH

One thing I taught my boys was never
to lie...Steal if you has to, an' kill
if you must...but don't never lie...
that's a rule among the Cleggs....

WIGGS

Did you say Cleggs...The Cleggs who murdered that Wells Fargo clerk back in Crystal City?

FLOYD (proudly)

Yeah...that's who we are.

Shiloh silences Floyd with a ave of the hand.

SHILOH

Murder's a hard word...seein' as he shot first.

98 CLOSER ON SHILOH - WAGON - BED

NIGHT 98

Shiloh leans back on the bed, gets very comfortable, and reaches for a bottle of Hall's Magic Elixir. He holds it up to the light of the flame and peers through it.

SHILOH

Yes, sir, real providential...They got grub, ain't they...an' water... an' a doc to tend my arm...an'a golden bed for me to rest up in.

REESE

Supposin' that marshal catches up with us an' then what?

SHILOH

Ain't likely any posse will look for us in a Mormon wagon train, now, is it?

The Cleggs sxchange crooked grins of satisfaction as Uncle Shiloh takes a big drink of the Magic Elixir. He makes it bubble.

SHILOH

...aahh...good drinkin' likker!

99 WAGON TRAIN ENCAMPMENT

DAWN 99

The camera shows Wiggs, followed by Sandy and Travis as they trot down the length of the assembling wagon train.

100 ANGLE AT RIVER

DAWN 100

All the Mormon group are making last minute preparations,

filling water kegs, etc., even some last minute laundry. This is the last time they will have water for - God knows how long. Sandy rides out into the river with a bucket in his hand. He leans over and fills the bucket from the river and rides out on the bank. He heads back toward the wagon train.

101 ANGLE ON PERKINS WAGON DAWN 101

Sandy rides up as Prudence is preparing breakfast and hands her the bucket of water.

SANDY

I brought you some water, Miss...

Prudence takes the water bucket and sits it down.

PRUDENCE

Thank you. Won't you step down and have a bite of breakfast with us.

SANDY (dismounting)

Yes, ma'am...don't mind if I do!

Sandy's excitement is quickly dampened as Wiggs and Travis trot by.

TRAVIS (almost O.S.)

Sandy...come on!

Sandy remounts, bows extremely gracefully, wheels and rides out after Travis and Wiggs.

102 ANGLE ON CLEGG WAGON MORN 102

As Wiggs, Travis and Sandy pull to a stop. Shiloh is propped up on the "Golden Bed". The boys are standing around him.

WIGGS

You ready, Mister Clegg?

SHILOH

Yes, sir...now, don't you fret about me, brother wiggs.

WIGGS

I don't intend do!

His eyes take in all of them

WIGGS

I expect you people to go easy on our food, obey orders, watch your language, and keep your distance...

REESE (angrily)

Us Cleggs ain't used to bein' talked to that way!

SHILOH

You shut up, Reese...Elder here's been right kind to us-uns...so you mind your manners! (to Wiggs) He ain't quite right.

WIGGS

Soon as you get your strength back, you'll go on your own...now is that understood?

SHILOH

Lord'll bless you for this, brother ...He marks the sparrow's fall.

Wiggs merely grunts, wheels his horse and starts off, accompanied by Travis and Sandy, leaving the Cleggs glaring after them.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE - WAGON ENCAMPMENT DAY 103

Camera pans with Wiggs, Travis and Sandy as they ride toward the rivers edge.

WIGGS

Hitch up, Brother Brimley. We're movin', Brother Fitzsimmons.

104 ANGLE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE DAY 104

As Wiggs, Sandy and Travis pull up and water their horses at the river's edge, Travis shoots Wiggs a glance.

TRAVIS

That wasn't healthy, Elder.

Wiggs looks Travis straight in the eye.

WIGGS

You scared of 'em?

TRAVIS (without hesitation)

Yeah, I am.

Wiggs grunts and shifts his gaze to Sandy.

WIGGS

How about you, son?

Sandy gulps and speaks out of a dry mouth.

SANDY

Who?...Me?

WIGGS

That makes three of us...but I'm
not letting the Cleggs know it...
and I'm not letting my people know
it either...we're still headed for
the San Juan...I want us all to get
there...Your haul, Wagonmaster!

Travis and Sandy turn and gallop towards the front of the
forming column.

TRAVIS

Lead out!!!...Wagons West!!

Travis rides out across the river.

105 ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN FOLLOWING RIVER DAY 105

Camera pans as Wiggs and Travis gallop out from the front
of the wagon train and up alongside the river.

106 CLOSER ANGLE ON TRAVIS AND WIGGS DAY 106

Travis is in the lead and Wiggs follows. Wiggs horse
stumbles and falls in the mud.

WIGGS

You dadblasted idiot!...Can't you
stand up?...What's the matter with
you? You tarnation...consarned no
good idiot....

TRAVIS

Elder...watch your language.

WIGGS

Watch...my foot...I never saw such a...

TRAVIS (pointing)

Quicksand!...he couldn't help it.

WIGGS

Quicksand?...oh...

TRAVIS

Well, I guess we're gonna have to
find another trail out of here

WIGGS (calling back to train)

Hold your train! Hold your train!

Wiggs mounts his horse.

WIGGS

Sorry, horse.

107 ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN W/RIVER IN BACKGROUND DAY 107

The train has been slowed by a high bank leading from the river that they have to go over and can only be navigated one at a time, and with some difficulty. Sandy and Travis are assisting Sister Ledyard and the grain wagon as it negotiates the barrier. They finally make it to the top.

108 ANGLE ON TRAVIS & SANDY OPEN COUNTRY DAY 108

They stop their horses and peer off in the distance.

TRAVIS

Tell you the truth, Sandy...I'm lost.

SANDY

We passed through here once...remember?
You said that tower over there looked
like a cathedral in Santa Fe...

TRAVIS

Yeah...could be. You bring up the wagon train. I'll look it over a little closer.

Travis gallops off.

SANDY

All right, Travis.

109 WIDE ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN DAY 109

The wagon train is winding its way over terrain which should convey the suggestion of pathless country, of a maze of almost identical canyons and gullies in which any man not used to the country could wander for months. It is a plateau region with no sharp accents to negotiate.

110 ANGLE ON TRAVIS - SEMI-OPEN COUNTRY DAY 110

As he scouts the terrain far ahead of the column. He rides at an easy lope, looking steadily from left to right as he seeks landmarks. He guides his horse down into a wash and is slowly picking his way through the rocks when his horse stops, shooting his ears forward. Travis quickly dismounts and leads the animal behind a boulder or rock outcropping, cautiously peering down the ravine.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 111

Travis, in foreground, sees a file of about 12 Indians appear at the top of the ravine, ride down into it and up the other side. They do not see Travis but as the last Indian reaches the top of the ravine he looks back over his shoulder and spies Travis. He points with his bow and the Indians turn and head for Travis. Travis mounts, wheels and spurs his horse out of the ravine in the direction from which he came. The Indians let out a yell and follow in pursuit.

112 WIDER ANGLE ON TRAVIS & INDIANS DAY 112

Travis rides in a wide circle toward the unseen wagon train. Another small party of Indians emerges from behind a ravine or rock outcropping and joins in a converging pursuit, with Travis in the middle of two hard riding columns of Navajo warriors. There is no firing as the chase moves across the country. One group of Indians moves ahead of the other and forces Travis to alter his course toward the edge of a steep cliff or side of a mesa.

113 ANOTHER ANGLE ON TRAVIS DAY 113

He reins in at the top of the steep drop and turns to look at his pursuers, who are almost upon him. Without hesitating he puts his horse over the side and rides down the steep shelving slope of the mesa at breakneck speed. The Indians rein in at the top and slowly pick their way down the side. Travis reaches the floor of the valley far ahead of the Indians and gallops across the level terrain toward the wagon column in the distance.

114 ANGLE ON SANDY & WIGGS DAY 114

They ride at the head of the wagon train and rein in sharply at the sound of the approaching Indians. Travis races toward them. He yells as he gallops up.

TRAVIS

Navajos, Elder!...Better hold 'em up!

WIGGS

Whoa!...Hold up!

Sandy wheels his horse and rides down the column. The Cleggs and others gallop up, rifles ready.

WIGGS

Hold on! Put those rifles away. We got trouble enough....

REESE (laughing)

Never did kill myself a Navajo!

115 ANOTHER ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN DAY 115

Sandy gallops up alongside the Perkins wagon and stops.

SANDY

Hold up, Mr. Perkins...Injuns up ahead!

116 ANGLE ON THE INDIANS DAY 116

The Indians have come to a halt about 100 feet in front of the wagon train defenders. They mill about and talk excitedly in Navajo.

117 ANGLE ON WIGGS & OTHERS DAY 117

WIGGS

Travis...you talk their language?

TRAVIS

Just enough to swap horses with 'em.
...Sandy there...he speaks it real
good.

Wiggs dismounts, throws his reins to one of the Cleggs
and looks out over the plain. Sandy dismounts and he
and Travis join the Elder. Together the three men start
to walk toward the Indians.

118 MOVING ON TRAVIS, SANDY & WIGGS DAY 118

They walk toward the Indians steadily.

WIGGS

Shuck your pistols, boys. What's
the Indian word for howdy?

TRAVIS

Yah-tah-hay...

They stop and throw up their right hands in the traditional
gesture of friendship.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE ON SANDY, TRAVIS & WIGGS DAY 119

WIGGS

Yah-tah-hay!

The Indians look at the white men arrogantly.

CHIEF (grunting)

Yah-tah-hay.

The three lower their arms. The Indians talk excitedly
among themselves. Wiggs speaks to Sandy but keeps his
eyes on the Indian leader.

WIGGS

Tell them we're friends. Tell them
we come in peace.

Sandy translates the words into Navajo. The chief makes
an angry reply.

WIGGS

What'd he say?

TRAVIS

Near as I can make out, he don't
much like white men.

SANDY (grinning)

Says they're all thieves.

WIGGS

Smarter'n he looks...

Sandy speaks again to the Indian but Wiggs interrupts.

WIGGS

Don't tell him that. Tell him we're
Mormons and that we.....

The word Mormons has a magic effect on the chief and his
face brightens.

CHIEF

Mormons?

He turns to the warriors and shouts.

CHIEF

Mormonee!...Mormonee!

The others echo the word and suddenly the tension vanishes.
Looks of hostility and suspicion give way. Turning to
Sandy, the Chief with a broad smile says something that
brings a grin to the young man's face.

WIGGS

What'd he say...?

SANDY

Says the Mormons are his brothers...
Says they're not big thieves like most
white men...just little thieves.

WIGGS

Huh! Real complimentary, ain't he.

The chief, who has been staring thoughtfully at Travis,
speaks again. Travis' expression grows a trifle sheepish
and Wiggs notes it. The Indian finishes his short speech

and Travis makes an even briefer reply that seems to satisfy the Navajo.

TRAVIS

Me Mormonee...Me Mormonee...He
says a feller cheated him in a
horse trade about a year ago

SANDY

Yeah...He says Travis here looks
like him.

WIGGS

What'd you tell him?

TRAVIS

I told him that me bein' a Mormon
and all...I wouldn't do a thing like
that...seein' as how we're brothers
an' all.

The chief turns to wiggs and says something in Navajo.
Sandy translates.

SANDY

He's invitin' us to their village
tonight.

Both he and Wiggs shoot a look toward the band of warriors
who sit their ponies in silence, their faces once again
expressionless.

WIGGS

Tell him we'll be there.

120

EXTERIOR INDIAN CAMP

NIGHT 120

A Squaw dance is in progress in honor of the Mormon visitors.

SUGGESTED SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Close shot - drumsticks beating rhythmically on drums.
2. Wider angle. Squaws and bucks stomp and shuffle around a large central fire to the rhythm of the drums and the chant of the singers.

3. Wiggs and the Navajo chief sit cross legged on the edge of the dancing area watching the show. Behind them - some sitting, some standing - are some of the Mormon men and women. They wear half-frightened smiles, women protectively holding their husband's arms; others are wholeheartedly enjoying the savage spectacle.

4. Closer shot of a small Mormon boy and his sister peeping wide-eyed from beneath the canvas bows of a wagon at their first sight of real Indians.

121 ANGLE NIGHT 121

On a stoic line of bucks - the equivalent of a stag line - standing with folded arms. Only their eyes are bright with Indian amusement. One starts to smile, but quickly wipes it off.

122 FULL ON THE DANCE NIGHT 122

Firelight gleams from the silver ornaments of squaws and bucks. Faces are flushed with sweat and excitement. The drums beat louder and the chanting swells.

123 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON NIGHT 123

The four medicine show people stand apart, watching the dance. Two grave faced Navajos come up and peer at the strange wagon - clearly unlike those of the Mormons. Hall sees their interest. He comes forward affably.

HALL

Good evening, my friends! Anything I can do for you?

One Indian points to the lettering on the wagon.

FIRST INDIAN

What he say?

HALL (hoping to make an impression)

It says, my friend, Kickapoo Snake Oil.

SECOND INDIAN

Kickapoo no good!

With a grunt, the two Indians turn their backs and walk away. The professor looks after them with obvious chagrin.

HALL

Professional jealousy!

Reese strolls by on his way to the dance. He pauses before Denver, eyeing her up and down.

REESE

How 'bout a dance?

DENVER

Not my kind of music.

Reese takes her wrist somewhat roughly.

REESE

Sounds good to me.

Travis appears behind Reese.

TRAVIS

The rule at squaw dances is that the lady asks the gentleman.

REESE

Suppose I was to change the rules....

124 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON "GOLDEN BED"

NIGHT 124

Uncle Shiloh reclines contentedly, surrounded by his other boys.

SHILOH

Now, Reese! We don't want to make trouble with the wagonmaster, now, do we?...

Floyd, who has risen at the potential confrontation, sits down on the foot of the bed. Shiloh kicks him roughly to the ground.

SHILOH

Git off my bed!!!

125 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

NIGHT 125

Reese releases Denver's wrist and continues on, jostling Travis as he passes him.

REESE

Don't crowd your luck, Mister...

Travis regains his balance and turns to Denver. The girl is grateful, but once again she has seen him take it from the Cleggs. She masks her concern by assuming a hard attitude.

DENVER

Look...you don't have to protect me. I can take care of myself... I'm used to it.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, ma'am.....

DENVER

And I don't need any sympathy either! I've done nothing I need to be ashamed of, no matter what you and your friends may think!...We didn't ask to be picked up by these mealy-mouthed bible-shouters! ...And we'll be just as glad to get rid of them as....

TRAVIS

No call to get mad at me, ma'am.

DENVER

And don't call me ma'am!

TRAVIS (awkwardly)

No, ma'am....

Bewildered by the tirade, Travis beats a retreat toward the dance. Florey moves closer to Denver and eyes her shrewdly.

FLOREY

Like him, don't you?

DENVER

I don't want to see him full of bullet holes, if that's what you mean.

She wheels on the professor.

DENVER

When do we clear out of all this?

HALL

Tomorrow. From then on these people
will have to shift for themselves!

DENVER

Good.

But there is little conviction in her tone as she stares
unhappily after Travis.

126 ANGLE ON DANCE - PRUDENCE & SANDY ON SIDELINES NIGHT 126

The dancers are responding to the throbbing beat of the
drums. One Indian girl snatches up a blanket and holds
it like a canopy over the head of her partner. His arm
goes around her waist and they leave the line of dancers
and run out into the darkness. Another Indian girl makes
the same gesture to her partner. He hesitates, then pulls
away and unclasps some silver ornament which he gives to
the girl. Then he backs out of the dance. The girl
laughs and turns to find a new partner.

127 ANGLE ON PRUDENCE AND SANDY NIGHT 127

Prudence watches this byplay. Now she puts her hand on
Sandy's arm and gives him a look of frowning inquiry.

PRUDENCE

Why did he give her the silver?

SANDY (somewhat embarrassed)

Well, when she put her blanket
around him she was sorta suggestin'
they get engaged-like.

PRUDENCE

Oh...And when he gave her the silver
pin it was like giving her an engagement
ring.

SANDY

Oh, no! Just the opposite...He didn't

care to...so he bought hisself off.

Prudence nods thoughtfully, but has no chance to pursue the inquiries.

128 FULL ANGLE ON THE DANCE

NIGHT 128

Suddenly a commotion off scene attracts the dancer's attention. There is the sound of scuffling and angry voices. The drums falter, then stop as into the firelit area comes a tall young Indian holding the struggling Reese Clegg with an armlock. An Indian girl with a torn blouse follows them. With an easy gesture the young Indian spills Reese to the ground in front of the Chief and Wiggs, and, in angry tones, points from Reese to the girl, clearly accusing him of attack. The mood of the dance is shattered. There is an angry murmur from the Navajos. The women step back and all the forefront is filled by the men crowding menacingly in upon Reese and regarding the other whites with hostile eyes.

REESE (whining)

I was only jokin'...didn't mean no harm.

For answer the angry young Indian pulls her forward and shows her torn blouse, the finger bruises on her shoulder. At this further proof, the Indians take a menacing step closer. Reese comes to a half-sitting position, looking from side to side like a cornered rat.

REESE

You keep away from me...you hear...
(screams) Uncle Shiloh!!

Wiggs looks at the Mormon men standing near. He takes command.

WIGGS

Brother Jamison...Brown...Sam...
Take him!

The Mormons purposefully stride forward. For a moment Reese thinks he has been given a personal bodyguard and he gets to his feet. But Wiggs dispels the idea. With a swift motion, he grabs both sides of Reese's shirt and peels it down, stripping him to the waist.

WIGGS

Tie him to that wheel, Brother Schultz.

REESE (screaming)

Uncle Shiloh!!!...

As the burly blacksmith Schultz steps forward, Wiggs unbuckles his belt and hands it to him. The other Mormons have grasped Reese's arms and pull him struggling toward a wagon where they lash his outstretched wrists to a wheel. Uncle Shiloh has risen from his "Golden Bed" and steps forward with Jesse and Floyd at his side.

TRAVIS

I wouldn't interfere if I were you.

SHILOH

You ain't whippin' no Cleggses!

The Indians stand watchfully, conscious of this conflict within the white man's group, waiting to see which side will prevail. Travis moves quickly in front of Shiloh.

TRAVIS (quietly)

A whippin's better than a scalpin'.

SHILOH

Ain't gonna be no scalpin' neither!

SANDY (still quietly)

How you gonna stop 'em?

Shiloh looks slowly around the semi-circle of Indians.

TRAVIS

It's his hide...or ours!

129 ANGLE ON THE INDIANS

NIGHT 129

About 20 of them stand with rifles ready, pointing towards the group.

130 ANGLE

TIGHT ON WIGGS

NIGHT 130

Shiloh hesitates and Wiggs, who has not even looked at him, but has stood waiting for the tying up to be completed, speaks with cold authority.

WIGGS

Lay on, Brother Schultz.

131 ANGLE ON WAGON - REESE NIGHT 131

Schultz swings back the elder's stout belt and lays on.

132 ANGLE ON INDIANS AND MORMONS NIGHT 132

As the sound of the whipping continues, the Navajos relax and turn to stare with approval at the sight of the white mans punishment.

133 CLOSE ON SHILOH - JESSE & FLOYD NIGHT 133

Shiloh's mouth jerks with every stroke of the belt, as though he himself were being whipped. Jesse and Floyd exchange glances of concern and, as though moved by a common impulse, take Shiloh's arms and try to lead him away. But Shiloh angrily shrugs their hands off - resolved to see it through.

134 ANGLE ON WAGON NIGHT 134

Schultz hauls back for another stroke, but suddenly Reese's body goes limp and he sags, his weight hanging on his wrists. Schultz leans in and pulls his face around.

SCHULTZ

He is out , Elder.

135 ANGLE ON WIGGS AND NAVAJO CHIEF NIGHT 135

WIGGS

Thank you, Brother Schultz.

He turns and faces the Navajo Chief, as if to be sure the Indians are satisfied with the punishment. The Chief solemnly says a few words in Navajo, obviously expressing satisfaction with white mans justice.

136 WIDER SHOT NIGHT 136

The Mormons start away to their wagons and the Indians silently move off in the opposite direction. Wiggs takes a few steps, having to hike his trousers as he goes. The Cleggs cut across toward the wagon where Reese is tied. Schultz hands Wiggs his belt and they exit.

137 ANGLE ON WAGON NIGHT 137

Shiloh and Jesse cut Reese down. He is still unconscious.

Floyd comes up with a bucket of water and sashes it over him. Reese groans and stirs. Shiloh looks vengefully after the parting Mormons.

SHILOH

They goin' to wish they never done this!

He turns as Floyd helps the groggy Reese to his feet. Shiloh stares at him a moment and then all his pent-up rage has to find an outlet. He whips an openhanded slap against the side of Reese's jaw, knocking him back against the wagon. Reese's face is a study in bewilderment.

SHILOH

Doggone, boy!...I told you to mind your manners!

138 ANGLE ON CLEGG WAGON MORN 138

As the train passes camera we see Shiloh and Reese sitting on the tailgate.

Reese has been reloading Uncle Shiloh's pistol. Now he spins the cylinder and hands it back to him. Shiloh takes it as a wolfish grin comes over his face. He looks at Reese. We need no words to convey the fact that the Cleggs are ready to strike.

139 ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN - MOVING DAY 139

Travis and Wiggs are riding in the lead.

TRAVIS

Well, there's the California Cutoff, Elder...right up there by that big mesa...

WIGGS

Well, I guess I better send them showfolks on their way then...you know, I'm kinda gonna miss them....

Camera pans with Wiggs as he turns and gallops back down the wagon train.

140 CLOSER ON TRAVIS DAY 140

Camera holds on Travis as he frowns and looks back over his shoulder.

141 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

DAY 141

Wiggs pulls up beside the moving medicine wagon.

WIGGS

Straight ahead, Mr. Peachtree. Here's where you leave us.

Peachtree pulls in the team and looks off in the indicated direction. Florey pokes her head out of the wagon.

WIGGS

Now, about this team...I'm not asking for any payment, but we got a colony out in San Bernadino... You might make a little contribution when you're passin' through.

FLOREY

We'll do that, Elder.

WIGGS

I know you will, ma'am.

142 CLOSER ANGLE ON DENVER

DAY 142

She has been walking behind the wagon and has come closer during the conversation. She turns slowly and looks longingly at the disappearing wagon train.

143 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

DAY 143

Wiggs turns his horse, but Hall isn't one to let an opportunity pass. He removes his hat and strikes an attitude.

HALL

On behalf of Miss Phyffe, Miss Denver, myself and the entire company...I would like to take this opportunity, sir, to express to you.....

WIGGS

That's all right, professor. Good luck to ya.

HALL

Thank you, sir.

Wiggs turns and rides out.

WIGGS

Miss Florey...Miss Denver...

HALL

Mr. Peachtree...carry on.

The team starts off at a line tangent to the train.

144 ANGLE ON WAGON TRAIN DAY 144

Travis gallops down the line of wagons. Sandy is riding alongside the Perkins wagon near Miss Prudence. Travis gallops past and turns off toward the medicine wagon.

TRAVIS

Sandy...come here!

They both gallop off a ways and stop.

145 CLOSER ON SANDY & TRAVIS DAY 145

Travis looks off toward the medicine wagon.

TRAVIS

Sandy...I think I'll go a'courtin'.

He exits scene and leaves Sandy scratching his head.

146 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON DAY 146

As it moves along, small and lonely in the vast country. Denver walks some distance behind. Travis gallops up beside her, dismounts and removes his hat.

147 CLOSER ON TRAVIS & DENVER - MOVING DAY 147

As they walk along.

TRAVIS

Sure hope I'll see you again, Miss Denver...

DENVER

Thanks, but don't bank on it...We move around....With a medicine show you have to to keep healthy.

TRAVIS

You move a lot tradin' horses too.

He studies her hopefully.

TRAVIS

Good thing about it though...you
get to see a lot of country...like
a valley I got in mind...

Now he is poker-faced, staring straight ahead.

TRAVIS

A man could put together an awful
nice wittle cattle ranch in that
valley...if he didn't mind bein'
lonesome...and if he had someone
to kinda help him with the cookin'
and such.....

They stop. She looks at him a long moment as though she
was considering what he just said.

DENVER

Good-bye fella.....

She turns and runs after the medicine wagon. She falls
and gets up and runs again, almost as if she were trying
to get away from a situation that would force her to
make a wrong decision.

148 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON DAY 148

From Travis's POV.

149 MED. SHOT ON TRAVIS DAY 149

He looks after the medicine wagon for a moment, puts his
hat back on, mounts his horse, turns and gallops off after
the wagon train.

150 ANGLE ON BACK OF MEDICINE WAGON DAY 150

Denver sits smoking on the tailgate of the medicine
wagon. She looks longingly after Travis. We can see
that she is wondering if she may have made the biggest
mistake of her life. She unconsciously throws her
cigarette away, never taking her eyes off the disappearing
Travis.

151 ANOTHER ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON DAY 151

As the wagon moves past camera we see Floyd come galloping

up. He has his gun drawn. He rides to the lead team and pulls up in front of them.

FLOYD

Whoah!...Uncle Shiloh wants you
folks back in camp. Come on...
let's get goin'...

152 ANGLE ON MORMON GROUP

DAY 152

Sam Jackson lies unconscious on the ground. Over him stands Reese Clegg, pistol in hand, looking down at the man he has just pistol-whipped. As he steps back he wipes a bloody trickle from his mouth. The camera pulls back to reveal that the Cleggs are taking over the wagon train. The Mormons stand huddled, men, women and children. In front of them, guns ready, are Shiloh Clegg and Jesse. Jesse's shotgun is trained on Travis, Sandy and Wiggs. Reese looks challengingly at the defensive group.

REESE

Anyone else want to try it?

No one moves. Reese crosses to Sam Jackson's horse, which stands nearby, and angrily jerks Jackson's carbine from its saddle holster. Holding it by the barrel, he swings it high over his head and brings it crashing down on a rock outcropping, splintering the stock and firing mechanism. He then tosses it contemptuously into a small pile of other similarly broken weapons.

REESE

That's the last of 'em, Uncle Shiloh.

Sam Jackson groans and stirs a little on the ground. Prudence runs out from the Mormon group and goes to his side.

SHILOH

You're a good boy, Reese...we can
all rest easy now.

He turns and the Mormons look off at the sound of the returning medicine wagon.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 153

Past the Mormons and the Cleggs to the approaching medicine wagon. Floyd rides beside it. As the wagon pulls up,

Uncle Shiloh moves toward it.

SHILOH

Welcome back! How was Californy?

He chuckles at his own wit and Reese giggles. The Professor clambers down from the wagon. Shiloh resumes, enjoying the role of comic and playing to an appreciative audience of Gleggs.

SHILOH

Pains me to spoil your trip, Doc, but I just couldn't rest easy thinkin' of you folks traipsin' around the country...No tellin' what you'd run into...Injuns...varmits...maybe even a posse!...An' that'd be bad, real bad!

Hall doesn't like the situation and speaks with a sincerety born of fear.

HALL

I assure you, Mr. Clegg, I had no intention of

Shiloh's answer is to slap him viciously and without warning across the mouth. Hall reels back, hand going to his face.

SHILOH

Git over there with the rest of 'em!

As Hall does his bidding, Shiloh regains his bland and unctuous manner and crosses toward Wiggs, Sandy and Travis.

SHILOH

So, like I was sayin', Elder, we'll stay together 'till we reach the San Juan River...one big happy family... with your old Uncle Shiloh at the head of it.

TRAVIS

If you're headin' for the Arizona border, there's an easier trail than the one we're takin'.

SHILOH

Likely there is...if a man knew
the country...But we don't!...No,
we'll just string along with you
folks so's we can keep an eye on
you...Won't be any trouble, will
there, Elder?

Wiggs shrugs resignedly.

WIGGS

No, I reckon there won't.

Shiloh smiles his satisfaction and turns toward Jesse and
Floyd. Floyd indicates Sandy and Travis with a jerk of
the head.

FLOYD

How 'bout their guns?

SHILOH

Get 'em!

154 ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 154

Floyd pushes past Jesse and confronts the boys, hands
hooked in his belt near his guns. Everything about him
suggests a challenge. Wiggs, sensing this, steps unob-
trusively to one side to be clear of any shooting.

FLOYD

Let 'em drop!

They hesitate and Sandy darts a sidelong glance at Travis,
ready to take his cue from the Texan.

FLOYD

Or maybe you want to draw?....

Floyd almost succeeds in goading Sandy into action and
Travis, sensing it, quickly loosens his belt and lets his
gun drop. Sandy averts his eyes and slowly follows suit.
Floyd and the other Cleggs laugh contemptuously.

155 ANGLE ON PRUDENCE DAY 155

As she supports the still stunned Sam Jackson in a half-
sitting position. She is looking with puzzled hurt eyes
at Sandy.

156 ANGLE ON WIGGS AND MORMON GROUP DAY 156

Wiggs seems suddenly old and weary. He turns to his people.

WIGGS

All right, brethren, get back to your wagons....

The Mormons, cowed and disappointed, hesitate, then shuffle away. But Shiloh momentarily halts them.

SHILOH

Hold on!...And if you got any ideas about makin' trouble, forget 'em...

He drapes an arm affectionately around Wiggs shoulder.

SHILOH

'Cause it'd sorely grieve me to have to kill my good friend the Elder!

He lets it sink in. Wiggs pulls away.

SHILOH (harshly)

Get 'em rollin'!

157 FULL SHOT ON MOVING WAGON TRAIN DAY 157

Sandy and Travis ride well in front of the column with Floyd Clegg following them watchfully at a discreet distance.

158 MEDIUM CLOSE ANGLE - MOVING DAY 158

On Sandy and Travis. Sandy looks at Travis as though about to speak, but changes his mind and continues on uncomfortably, nursing his troubled thoughts. Travis, aware of this, finally speaks.

TRAVIS

All right...get her said. Get it off your chest.

Sandy opens his mouth as if to speak his piece and then thinks better of it.

SANDY

I got nothin' to say.

TRAVIS

We hired on as wagonmasters, not
gunfighters.

SANDY

Never claimed to be a gunfighter,
but I'd a-taken my chances if you'd
backed my play.

TRAVIS

Sure, I know you would...but I'm not
stakin' sixty lives on a fool play
like that.

SANDY

Sixty?

TRAVIS

What'd happen to those folks if we
got ourselves killed?...They'd starve
to death tryin' to get over these
mountains...or die of thirst tryin'
to make it back to Crystal City...
Without us, they haven't got a chance.

SANDY

But what happens when we reach the
San Juan?...You think the Cleggs are
just goin' to tip their hats and ride
away?

TRAVIS

Like the Elder says, we'll take care
of that when we come to it.

Sandy looks thoughtful, digesting Travis's words.

159

WIDE ANGLE

DAY

159

The wagon train moves on, winding through foothills at
the base of a forbidding range of mountains.

160

FULL SHOT

DAY

160

On a distant hill the six-man posse seen earlier leaving
Crystal City is drawn up, staring off and down. The
Marshal, mounted on the skittish horse sold him by Travis,

raises a pair of binoculars and attempts to focus them. The pony twists and squirms, making it impossible for the marshal to keep his glasses trained.

MARSHAL

Whoah!...You darned jughead!

DEPUTY

Why don't you get off of him and look?

MARSHAL

'Cause it's too much trouble gettin' back on....

He passes the glasses over to the deputy.

MARSHAL

Here...see if you can make 'em out.

The deputy peers through the glasses.

DEPUTY

Looks like that Mormon train that left Crystal City.

MARSHAL

Not likely they've seen the Cleggs, but it won't hurt to ask. We can fill up our canteens anyway.

161 ANGLE AT FRONT OF MORMON WAGON TRAIN DAY 161

Travis and Sandy are being herded back to the wagons by Floyd. They pull up at the first wagon, which is driven by Wiggs with Shiloh sitting beside him. In a moment Reese and Jesse ride in from the flanks. They are all looking curiously at Floyd.

FLOYD (riding in)

Think it's the posse!

162 CLOSER ANGLE - WAGON BOX DAY 162

WIGGS

Wagons whoah!

Uncle Shiloh reacts like an experienced field general.

SHILOH

I'm givin' the orders here, Elder...

WIGGS

You gonna give orders to that posse too?

SHILOH

Jesse, get in here with me...Reese, you take the Perkins wagon...Floyd, you ride with the Doc and them showfolks....

Floyd picks up Denver who has been standing nearby, and heads for the back of the medicine wagon.

SHILOH

And one wrong move from anyone, we start shootin'...You boys understand that?

Travis and Sandy nod.

SHILOH

Then ride out front where we can see you!....

Floyd and Reese spur off, taking Jesse's horse. Jesse swings into the wagon and follows Shiloh back into the body.

163 ANGLE ON APPROACHING POSSE DAY 163

The posse is fast approaching.

164 ANGLE INSIDE PERKINS WAGON DAY 164

Reese has squatted down inside the wagon and has his gun trained on the Perkins family.

REESE

You folks don't say nothin' now.

165 ANGLE ON REAR OF MEDICINE WAGON DAY 165

Dallas stands at the rear of the wagon with her hands raised holding to the wagon bows, blocking the view of

the wagon's interior.

166 ANGLE - INTERIOR MEDICINE WAGON DAY 166

Floyd is laying on the floor of the wagon at Denver's feet. He has his gun in his hand and is peering up at her.

167 ANGLE FROM INTERIOR WIGGS WAGON DAY 167

Shiloh is crouched on the floor of the wagon and has his gun trained on the elder's back. Sandy and Travis are framed in the wagon bows, moving in front of his wagon. The marshal and the posse ride up, the marshal surprised to see the boys traveling with the Mormons.

MARSHAL

Oh, it's you two!...What happened...
you get religion?

The boys make no answer and the marshal continues to Wiggs.

MARSHAL

Howdy!...Didn't think you'd make it
this far.

WIGGS

We been movin' along.

MARSHAL

We're still huntin' them Cleggs...
Don't suppose you've seen 'em?

Wiggs hesitates, but Shiloh rams a gun barrel in the samll of his back.

168 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WIGGS & MARSHAL DAY 168

WIGGS

Well, doesn't seem likely now,
does it?

MARSHAL

Nope...had to ask though...Happen
you see 'em, I'd appreciate you
gettin' word to me. We're camped
down by the old California cut-off
...them Cleggs ain't gettin' by us!

One of the deputies works his horse over close to the marshal's.

DEPUTY

How about the bacon?

MARSHAL

Oh, yeah...(to Wiggs)...We're
runnin' low on grub... don't s'pose
you'd have an extra side of bacon
in there?

He jerks his thumb towards the wagon.

WIGGS

Why...yes...reckon so. Help yourself.

DEPUTY

Thank you, Elder.

The deputy starts to dismount as though to board the wagon. Wiggs shoots Travis a look of warning. Travis at once spurs close and dismounts.

TRAVIS

I'll get it for you. I know right
where it is.

As Travis climbs into the wsgon.

MARSHAL (friendlier)

Still say it, Mister...you'll never
get your wagons through those mountains
...some traders tried it two years ago...

169 INTERIOR WIGGS WAGON

DAY 169

Travis is crawling past the watchful figure of Jesse in his search for the bacon as the marshal's voice drones on faintly. The marshal's words probably need not be heard, but this is what~~ne~~ is saying:

MARSHAL'S VOICE

We couldn't even reach the place
where they'd gone over...then there
was another time. Some government
surveyors started through... they

quit after two months...near dead.

169 ANGLE INSIDE WIGGS WAGON

DAY 169

Travis is stepping back and forth over Jesse in his search for the bacon.

TRAVIS

Bacon's in the second barrel, ain't it, Elder?...

WIGGS

That's right, son.

Travis gets his hands on a canvas-sewn side of bacon and is brushing the salt off of it when he accidentally (on purpose) slaps Jesse along-side the head with it. Travis continues to the back of the wagon.

170 WIDER ANGLE ON REAR OF WIGGS WAGON

DAY 170

As Travis steps out of the back of the wagon he hands the bacon to the deputy.

TRAVIS

Here you are, pardner.

DEPUTY

Thank you.

TRAVIS

Think nothin' of it.

171 EXTERIOR - FRONT OF WIGGS WAGON

DAY 171

MARSHAL

So if you take my advice...

TRAVIS

Think we'd better get rollin, Elder.

WIGGS

Yeah....

He turns to the marshal .

WIGGS

We'll be all right, marshal, 'cause
we ain't travelin' alone....

Sandy and Travis stiffen and Wiggs's body jerks, and we must know that Shiloh has shoved the gun barrel against his spine. But Wiggs, after a brief pause, resumes levelly.

WIGGS

The Lord's ridin' along with us.

He speaks to his team and the wagon moves on. The camera holds on the marshal and his posse. The marshal pushes his hat back from his forehead and scratches his head bewilderedly, staring after the wagon.

MARSHAL

I swear, I'll never understand
them folks.

As the next wagon passes, the marshal turns and looks down the line. He stares at what he sees.

172 ANOTHER ANGLE DAY 172

Shooting from behind the medicine wagon and toward the marshal and posse. The marshal rides in.

MARSHAL (surprised)

What are you people doing here?

173 CLOSER ANGLE - MEDICINE WAGON BOX AND MARSHAL DAY 173

With the posse trailing. Hall is driving, with Peachtree alongside.

MARSHAL

Thought I'd seen the last of you!

Peachtree politely spits.

MARSHAL

Thought you were going to California!
Don't you know the cut-off's back there?

174 INTERIOR WAGON DAY 174

Floyd, shielded by Denver, has a gun at Hall's back. He

prods Hall into speech.

HALL

We changed our minds.

175 ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING WAGON TRAIN DAY 175

As the posse spurs up front. The marshal slows as he notes a saddled buckskin horse tied to the tail of the Perkins wagon. It is Reese's mount. The marshal studies it with interest, then resumes his course toward the front.

176 ANOTHER ANGLE - HEAD OF TRAIN DAY 176

Sandy and Travis, and Wiggs on his wagon. As the marshal rides in:

MARSHAL

Whose buckskin horse is that tied to the next wagon...?

As Travis looks back...

MARSHAL

Seems like I've seen him somewhere before...

TRAVIS

Sure have!...Tried to sell him to you once...you can still have him pretty cheap!

The marshal is suddenly reminded of Travis's other horse deal.

MARSHAL

Mister, you've taken your last dime off me.

Turning to Wiggs.

MARSHAL

Elder, you wouldn't be lyin' to me, would you?

WIGGS (haltingly)

Well, marshal, I tell you...I don't

rightly...think that I have told
a lie to a man...for an awful long
time...

177 ANGLE INSIDE WIGGS WAGON DAY 177

We see the reason for Wiggs trouble. Shiloh has his gun
stuck in Wiggs back.

178 BACK TO PREVIOUS ANGLE DAY 178

WIGGS

And if the circumstances...were
such...that a man...had a gun in
my back...I don't think that I
could...rightfully tell you....

179 ANGLE ON TRAVIS AND SANDY DAY 179

TRAVIS

I guess now's about as good a time
as any, Sandy.

Sandy places his fingers to his lips and whistles the whistle
that we previously heard that causes the marshal's horse
to buck.

180 WIDER ANGLE DAY 180

The marshal's horse begins to buck with a viciousness that
we have never seen before. He bucks all around the wagon
and it's obvious that he isn't about to quit until he rids
himself of his load. In spite of a commendable job, the
marshal is eventually thrown to the ground. He gets up
brushing himself off and turns to Wiggs.

181 CLOSER ON WIGGS AND MARSHAL DAY 181

MARSHAL (angrily)

If I was you, Elder, I'd be more
careful who I took up with! There's
some mighty unsavory characters
travelin' with this wagontrain!

WIGGS

Ain't that the Lord's truth, Marshal!

182 WIDER ANGLE - POSSE & WIGGS WAGON DAY 182

The marshal turns and mounts his horse that has been brought

to him by one of the posse members. They ride away.

WIGGS

Get up! Wagons west!

183 WIDE ANGLE SHOT - MINUTES LATER DAY 183

Showing the posse as it climbs a ridge in the broad afternoon sunlight, veering off from the moving wagon train just as it enters the long shadow cast by the mountain. The posse pulls up and looks back at the wagon train until the last wagon in the caravan disappears into the shadow, which is, in a sense, symbolical of the loneliness and isolation to which the wagon train is committed.

184 FULL SHOT - WAGON TRAIN DAY 184

As it winds its way up a narrow ravine whose sheer walls tower high above. Again the effect to be sought is one of man's puniness in the face of a monstrous and threatening nature.

185 MEDIUM CLOSE - WAGON BOX - WIGGS & SHILOH DAY 185

Shiloh scans the towering walls and overhanging rocks with fear filled eyes and almost superstitious awe. Wiggs, on the other hand, guides his wagon with serene confidence in the Lord. Shiloh suddenly looks ahead fearfully as the sound of sliding, falling stones comes over scene.

186 FULL SHOT - COLUMN - DUSK 186

As the column emerges from the head of the ravine and pulls up onto a small plateau at the base of the mountain. Sandy and Travis sit their horses and wait for Wiggs wagon to come up.

TRAVIS

This is about as good a stopping place as we're going to find before dark.

WIGGS

All right, son.

He clambers stiffly down from the wagon, followed by Shiloh. Sandy and Travis dismount. The other Mormon wagons come up in the background. All four men stand and slowly raise their eyes - up and up and up - toward the reaching mountains they must surmount.

SHILOH

You mean to say we got to cross them?

TRAVIS

Yeah, we sure do.

SHILOH

Ain't there some kind of pass?

Travis shakes his head and grins faintly, seeing Shiloh's alarm.

TRAVIS

Might be safer facin' that posse, Mister Clegg.

SHILOH

You keep talkin' that way, son, an' you won't be any safer than the Elder here!

Shiloh gives Wiggs a shove toward the assembling Mormons in the background. Wiggs stumbles as Shiloh follows him. Travis and Sandy look after them, then turn to face each other. If they had any doubt about Shiloh's intention to kill the elder, it has been settled now.

187 FULL SHOT - MORMON ENCAMPMENT

NIGHT 187

The Mormons sit about their campfires under the watchful eyes of the Cleggs. Their attitude is in marked contrast to their former demeanor. There is no singing, no conversation. A fretful child is quickly quieted by its mother. One of the Mormon men stands - Floyd Clegg gets quickly to his feet, watchful. The man merely goes to his wagon, gets a drink from the water barrel. Floyd watches warily. The man returns to his former place and only then does Floyd relax and sit down. A few Mormons mend harness or do other minor tasks, but they work listlessly, dejectedly.

188 ANOTHER ANGLE

NIGHT 188

Sandy, Travis and the professor are playing a desultory game of poker - playing obviously to kill time, not with any interest in it. Not far away sits Reese Clegg.

SANDY (whispers)

Maybe I could sneak off...get the posse.

TRAVIS

Not much chance...anyway, you'd
be missed...they'd kill the Elder
right off!

SANDY (Loudly)

Well, ain't they anyway?

Reese looks sharply at them, stands as though to start
over, then hesitates.

HALL (loudly)

I'll bet three.

TRAVIS

Stayin'. (quietly) That depends
on us.

Reese re-settles himself and barely turns his head as
young Billy Jamison climbs down out of his parents wagon
and, followed by his dog, walks with an air of almost too
elaborate casualness toward the card players. Travis
absently reaches a hand to pat the dog.

189 CLOSER ANGLE

NIGHT 189

The boy kneels beside Travis and, with a swift look, to
make sure he is not observed, opens his coat to show Travis
the old pistol stuck into the waistband of his trousers.

BILLY (whispering)

They didn't find it!

Travis moves as though to take it, but the boy's next
words stop him.

BILLY

It isn't loaded...Pa wouldn't let
me have any bullets.

190 ANOTHER ANGLE

NIGHT 190

On the card players, with Reese in the background. The
men exchange glances of stunned disappointment. At that
moment, Reese starts toward them. Travis quickly closes
Billy's coat over the gun.

TRAVIS

All right, Billy...you get on
back to your wagon.

Billy quickly gets to his feet and with a guilty air starts
away. Reese looks after him, frowning.

REESE

Whoa there, you!

The youngster freezes - clearly tempted to run, but he
realizes it would be in vain. Slowly he turns as Reese
stalks over to him. The group at the card game stares
in dismay.

REESE

Watcha call yer dawg?

BILLY (stammering)

T...T...Teddy.

Reese reaches down and pats the dog's head roughly.

REESE

Nice Dawg.

Boy and men relax.

191 ANOTHER ANGLE

NIGHT 191

Favoring Hall as he plucks three ~~walnut~~ shells from a pocket
and starts intoning the usual spiel as he starts practicing
a shell game.

HALL

The hand is quicker than the eye...
Now you see it, now you don't...
Find the pea...That's all there is
to it.

Reese turns curiously and the professor repeats the per-
formance - somewhat to the mystification of Sandy and
Travis.

HALL

A game of skill...so simple a
child can play...Where is the pea?

Reese has hunkered down beside the professor and stares fascinated. When the shells come to rest, he places a finger on one of them.

REESE

Here!

HALL

I am sorry, sir....

He turns the indicated shell over.

HALL

Yes, I know a pea is a small thing...something larger perhaps, say, one of these.

And Hall neatly plucks a cartridge from Reese's gun belt and places it on the playing surface. He covers it with a walnut shell and begins to shuffle it. Sandy and Travis suddenly have realized what the professor's game is - and exchange quick glances.

HALL

Now you see it...Now you don't....

Reese's finger pounces on one of the shells.

REESE

There she is!

HALL

Too bad, my friend! Shall we try again?

192 WIDER ANGLE

NIGHT 192

Reese stands in disgust.

REESE

Nah!

He starts away, but then remembers.

REESE (outstretched hand)

Gimme back my bullet!

Hall grasps Reese's hand and uses it to pull himself erect and then, very politely, he replaces the bullet in Reese's gun belt.

HALL

Of course! How forgetful of me!

Reese merely grunts an acknowledgment and walks away. Sandy and Travis get dejectedly to their feet.

SANDY

Well, it almost worked.

HALL (calmly)

Quite right!

193 CLOSER ANGLE

NIGHT 193

And he shows them his other hand. It contains a bullet filched from the back of Reese's belt.

HALL

Tomorrow's another day....

And he turns to head for the medicine wagon - and a night's sleep.

194 WIDE ANGLE

DAY 194

The wagon train is zig-zagging up the side of a mountain, the wagons canted at a dangerous angle as they negotiate the steep ascent. Perhaps one or two men on horseback have their ropes made fast to a wagon, bracing their weight against it to keep the wagon from tumbling downhill.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 195

Accentuating the dizzy height which the wagon train has attained. Wagon after wagon reaches a small plateau. Horses and men tremble with exhaustion as they come to a halt.

196 FULL SHOT

DAY 196

The grain wagon, last in the column, is still toiling up the slope. Sam Jackson, his head bandaged, is on the driver's box. Sandy and three of the young mormon wranglers have made their ropes fast to the sides of the wagon and to the horns of their saddles. Their horses strain upward, assisting the almost spent team. The men are shouting encouragingly to one another and Jackson is urging his

team onward. With a final lunge, the wagon crests the plateau and pulls up beside Elder Wiggs wagon. Wiggs is on the seat with Shiloh. They are both looking up and off.

197 FULL SHOT - FROM WIGGS ANGLE DAY 197

Down a precipitous slope rides Travis, who has been ahead scouting out the terrain. He works his horse down through sliding rubble and lopes across the intervening space to the Wiggs Wagon where Floyd sits his horse.

FLOYD

Wouldn't ride wagon if I was you,
Uncle Shiloh...Horse be a lot safer

SHILOH

Thank ye, Floyd.

WIGGS

Fightin' man like you wouldn't be
scared, would he?

Shiloh Clegg glares at him, but settles back into the wagon seat.

SHILOH (softly)

Talk while you can, Elder.

198 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON DAY 198

Travis and Sandy assist Peachtree in shortening the trace chains to the medicine wagon. Hall sidles up to Travis and carefully shields his palm.

199 CLOSE ON HALL DAY 199

Revealing that he now has a bullet in the palm of his hand.

HALL

Mr. Floyd Clegg has made a small
contribution.

200 WIDE ANGLE - PLATEAU DAY 200

Four of the wagons stand ready - Wiggs, Jamison's, Perkins, and the medicine wagon. The women and children belonging to the wagons about to make the ascent leave the main group and toil up ahead; the others group about their wagons, watching.

DRIVERS (ad-lib, calling)

Ready...All ready...

TRAVIS

Lead out, Elder Wiggs....

Now begins the most grueling part of the ascent. Outriders with their ropes made fast to the tops of the wagons, ride above them, on the upslope, trying to preserve the wagon's balance. Men and horses strain to make the almost impossible climb, drivers exerting every ounce of strength and skill to get the most out of their teams.

201 SERIES OF SUGGESTED SHOTS DAY 201

1. Close on a wagon wheel - as it bites into the loose shale and barely turns.
2. Three or four men, throwing their weight against the back of one wagon, pushing it forward.
3. Angle - on middle aged Mormon driver - lines grasped in his hands, as he skillfully drives his team, calling his horses by name.
4. Angle - from above the wagon, accentuating the grade, showing the figures of the watching Mormons below as they peer up.
5. Angle on Wiggs wagon - Wiggs is working his horses with an expression of confidence, almost eagerness. Shiloh on the other hand, is hanging desperately to a support, his terror manifest.
6. Sandy, afoot, walks on the uphill side of Wiggs off-lead horse, leading the column and guiding Wiggs's team. Far up ahead of him may be seen a level stretch of shelf that is their immediate objective.
7. Shot from far below - where the abandoned wagons stand, toward the tiny wagons inching their way up the mountain. Trailing the wagons, on foot, are the women and children.
8. The women and children toil uphill, while Jesse Clegg - his shotgun across his saddle - follows them on horseback. A woman stumbles and falls. Jesse reins in but merely waits - not offering her any assistance - until she gets to her feet again and resumes her climb.
9. On the stretch of level ground, Floyd Clegg stands - dismounted - watching the approach of Wiggs wagon. His expression is impatient.

10. Sandy and the lead team reach the shelf and pass Floyd Clegg, who reluctantly moves aside to make way for them. As the wagon comes to a halt, Floyd helps the shaky Shiloh down to the ground. Shiloh's legs almost buckle.

FLOYD

What kept you?

Shiloh cackles nervously, one fist wiping his mouth.

SHILOH

Heh!...Heard what that marshal said?
....Said she couldn't be clumb...
But Shiloh Clegg clumb her!

202 FULL SHOT - PLATEAU DAY 202

As the grain wagon pulls up the slope, passing Wiggs, Shiloh, and Reese. Sam Jackson is on the Driver's seat and Sandy and Travis are helping the horses hold their footing.

203 CLOSER ANGLE ON SHILOH & WIGGS DAY 203

As the grain wagon passes with the bulging grain sacks visible through the tailgate.

SHILOH

You'd think there was pure gold in them sacks.

WIGGS

Means more than gold to us....

He pauses and looks at Shiloh.

WIGGS

...But your kind wouldn't understand that.

Shiloh looks sharply at Wiggs and then back at the grain wagon with new interest in his eye. He has found the weapon that will defeat Wiggs and the Mormons - the grain.

SHILOH (thoughtfully)

Mebbe not....

204 WIDE ANGLE ON MOUNTAIN CAMP NIGHT 204

A cold wind beats at the figures huddled around sheltered

campfires. The day's climb has turned them into a bone-weary group. Not even the Cleggs are immune. Uncle Shiloh, enshrouded in a blanket, sits slumped, his head nodding. Reese is fully asleep. Only Jesse and Floyd maintain a vigil, but Floyd has to pull himself awake by sheer force of will. Wiggs, Sandy, and Travis sit at a nearby fire. Jesse gets stiffly to his feet and starts for the medicine wagon. Denver, Peachtree, Florey, and the professor lean against it, bundled against the cold and somewhat apart from the Mormons.

205 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON GROUP

NIGHT 205

As Jesse walks up to them, Florey looks at him with open dislike.

FLOREY

What do you want?

JESSE

Some of that pain killer.

Denver rises suddenly. Her manner is surprisingly cordial.

DENVER

I'll get it.

She gives Jesse a sidelong glance as she steps onto the wagon. Jesse enjoys a passing leg show.

206 MEDIUM CLOSE ON SANDY, TRAVIS AND WIGGS

NIGHT 206

As they stare frowningly off at the medicine wagon. Travis doesn't look too happy. Sandy looks at his friend sympathetically, but says nothing.

207 ANGLE ON MEDICINE WAGON

NIGHT 207

As Denver descends with a bottle of Lightning Elixir. Jesse reaches to take it but Denver, her eyes holding Jesse's, takes the first drink before passing him the bottle. As he tilts it up to his lips, Denver darts a look at the professor. Florey frowns at her but Hall is clever enough to understand her game. She takes the bottle from Jesse's hand and holds it up to the light. It is only about half full. With a provocative look she reaches back into the wagon and takes out another bottle of elixir, which she offers to Jesse.

JESSE

What's the idea?

DENVER

It's a cold night.

JESSE

Maybe it don't have to be.

He puts a tentative arm around her. She yields slightly. He kisses her, then releases her - with a triumphant laugh he turns toward Travis. Denver puts her arm through his as though to accompany him back to the Cleggs fire. Jesse pulls away and merely takes the bottle.

JESSE

I had you pegged from the beginning.

He turns on his heel and starts away.

208 ANGLE ON TRAVIS, SANDY & WIGGS NIGHT 208

Travis watches Jesse as he rejoins Floyd at the fire. Sandy and Wiggs eye him apprehensively.

209 MEDIUM CLOSE ON MEDICINE WAGON NIGHT 209

Denver stands looking after Jesse. Florey is studying her bewilderedly - unable to understand her behaviour. Denver hunches her shoulders, pulls her clothing tighter as though at a sudden chill in the air. Her expression is enigmatic. Slowly she starts for the Travis group.

210 ANGLE ON TRAVIS, WIGGS & SANDY NIGHT 210

Travis sees Denver approach, but after one quick glance deliberately stares into the fire, ignoring her. Wiggs and Sandy give her a hostile look. She comes to a stop in front of Travis, waiting for him to look up at her. When he refuses, she smiles a little bitterly.

DENVER (quietly)

I thought you might need these.

One by one, she tosses two bullets onto the ground before him and then, without waiting for an answer, hurries away.

211 CLOSE ON TRAVIS NIGHT 211

As his hand quickly covers the two bullets and as he looks up after her with full realization of what she has done.

212 FULL SHOT - NEXT DAY DAY 212

On the last two wagons of the train, with Jesse Clegg, mounted with shotgun over his saddle, riding behind them. The wagons have been moving up a fairly steep grade in single file. The next to last wagon comes to a sudden halt and the driver of the last wagon has to haul back on his lines to stop his team. Off-screen is a chorus of excited calls - ad libs. Whoa - what's wrong, etc. As the drivers lean out, looking ahead, Jesse Clegg rides past them suriously.

213 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD HEAD OF TRAIN DAY 213

The men are jumping from their wagons and moving forward to see what obstacle has stopped the movement of the column. Jesse rides through them.

214 ANOTHER ANGLE AT HEAD OF TRAIN DAY 214

As the Mormons make way for Jesse, the open ground ahead is revealed. The trail has suddenly come to an end. Ahead lies merely a narrow ledge on the side of the mountain, a ledge barely wide enough to accommodate a single horseman. On one side of the ledge, the mountain rises almost sheer; on the other is a drop into a yawning chasm. Sandy, Travis, Wiggs, Shiloh and the other Cleggs, the latter mounted, stare off at the seemingly impassable barrier. The Mormon men come up behind them, their faces showing their dismay and despair at sight of what lies ahead.

215 ANGLE FAVORING SANDY, TRAVIS, WIGGS & SHILOH DAY 215

SANDY

Must have been a landslide.
That ledge was plenty wide before.

WIGGS

You certain it's the same trail?

TRAVIS

Yes, sir...it's gotta be. There
isn't another one.

Shiloh looks at Wiggs with some satisfaction.

SHILOH

Well, Elder, looks like your
wagons have got as far as they're

gonna get.

Sandy tries to offer Wiggs some consolation.

SANDY

Horses could pack some of the load.

WIGGS

But they can't pack plows...
and without those....

He shakes his head, then his voice takes on a note of determination.

WIGGS

No, sir...we've got to get those
wagons over somehow!

SHILOH

Can't be did! Your luck's run
out, Elder.

He winks slyly at Floyd.

SHILOH

Or maybe the Lord never meant you
to settle in that valley.

Wiggs barely shoots him a look and then advances to the
very edge of the chasm.

216 TIGHT ON WIGGS

DAY 216

WIGGS

Lord, this is me again...Johnathan
Wiggs of Utah....

He pauses, thinking of his next words.

217 WIDE ANGLE - MORMON GROUP

DAY 217

The Mormons who have heard this salutation before, know
what it signals. Almost as one, the men remove their hats
and men, women and children drop to their knees. Sandy
and Travis exchange somewhat sheepish glances and then,
as Wiggs prayer continues, remove their hats.

WIGGS (off screen)

Lord, I've heard it said that faith
can move mountains...Bein' a weak an'
sinful man, I reckon I just don't
have that kind of faith. But the
brethren here....

218 STUDY OF MORMON FACES

DAY 218

WIGGS (O.S.)

had faith enough to cross mountains
when folks said they couldn't!....

219 TIGHT ON WIGGS

DAY 219

WIGGS

Now, I'm not one to question Your
reasons, Lord, but I can't believe
You'd let us come this far if You
didn't mean for us to go all the
way....

He turns back to the Mormons.

WIGGS

Brethren, pray along with me.

220 ANGLE ON MEDICINE GROUP

DAY 220

Standing apart from the main Mormon party, the self-
conscious medicine show people are impressed by Wiggs
simple prayer. Florey drops to her knees and Peachtree,
very sheepishly, follows suit. Hall hesitates, then gets
to one knee. Only Denver remains standing, but her eyes
are suspiciously bright and her gaze, like the Elder's,
is heavenward.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIGGS

DAY 221

With Travis, Sandy and Shiloh in the background. Travis
is staring reflectively at the ledge.

WIGGS

Amen!

Only the Cleggs remain unimpressed. Shiloh deliberately
turns and stares at the ledge. He spits a jet of tobacco
juice and turns back to Wiggs.

SHILOH (laughing)

...it ain't a foot wider'n it
was before...too bad your wagons
don't run on a single track!

He smacks Reese on the back, enjoying his own wit. But Travis suddenly spins excitedly from the contemplation of the ledge, stares at Shiloh with a glinting eye.

TRAVIS

That's a good idea, Mister Clegg!

They all gape at him. Travis turns to Wiggs.

TRAVIS

You carryin' picks and shovels?

Wiggs nods.

TRAVIS

Get 'em.

He turns to Shiloh with a slow grin.

TRAVIS

If this dugway works, Mister Shiloh,
you can consider yourself an angel
of the Lord!

Shiloh looks around uncomfortably as his nephews regard him with a touch of superstitious awe and Reese shifts a few inches from him.

222

FULL SHOT - LEDGE

DAY

222

Travis, backed by Jackson, Schultz, and other Mormons carrying picks and shovels, stands on the ledge. He indicates an imaginary line with his hand across the middle of the ledge.

TRAVIS

Start here...I want a trench just
wide enough for a wheel...and at
that angle...understand?

The men nod and the picks start swinging. Travis passes the Cleggs, who look on curiously, still unconvinced.

223 FULL SHOT - HEAD OF COLUMN

DAY 223

As Travis rejoins Wiggs.

TRAVIS

We'll have to lighten the wagons
...Maybe you can send back for
whatever we have to leave.

Wiggs smiles faintly.

WIGGS

What makes you think I'll be
around to send back for anything?

Then, covering up quickly.

WIGGS

I'll see what can be spared.

As he moves off, Travis stares after him, knowing that Wiggs is fully aware of his impending death at the hands of the Cleggs. As he stands, the professor joins him and covertly hands him the bullet he has filched from the Cleggs. Travis holds it in his palm, his expression thoughtful.

TRAVIS

That makes four...four bullets...
four Cleggs.

He looks off toward Denver, off-screen.

224 ANGLE ON PERKINS WAGON FROM TRAVIS'S POV

DAY 224

Including the professor and Travis in the foreground and showing Denver sitting near Prudence and putting on the dusty pair of stout shoes she had surrendered to Travis once before. Prudence, in her turn, is admiring the fragile slipper Denver has just removed. Denver suddenly catches Travis's eye on her, blushes and ducks her head to fasten her shoe.

225 MOVING ON WIGGS

DAY 225

As he threads his way down the line of wagons. Mormons are stripping their wagons of all but the most essential items. As he passes Mrs. Ledyard, she is surrounded by a welter of discarded household articles. Among them is a dressmaker's dummy at least eight sizes smaller than she

is. Mr. Peachtree, obviously in love with the dummy's figure, stares at it wistfully. It is apparent that Mrs. Ledyard has been telling Peachtree of her former beauty.

MRS. LEDYARD

...and I had the smallest waist!
Why, my first husband could put
his two hands all the way....

Suiting the action to her words, Mrs. Ledyard thoughtlessly starts to girdle her ample waist with both hands. They fail to meet by at least a yard. Mr. Peachtree shakes his head sadly. At the next wagon, Brother Bolton stands wistfully gazing at an accordion, obviously considering its abandonment. Wiggs pauses.

WIGGS

We'll need music, Brother Bolton...

Bolton smiles his gratitude and Wiggs continues. At the Jamison wagon, a carefully quilted mirror leans against a wheel while Jamison hauls an infant's cradle across the tailgate. He hesitates, looking at his pregnant wife.

JAMISON

I could make another, Mary.

MRS. JAMISON (smiling)

Doubt you'll have time....

She takes the quilt from the mirror and sets it down tenderly.

MRS. JAMISON

Guess I can do without that mirror,
though.

Wiggs pats her shoulder in passing and continues on.

226

ANOTHER ANGLE ON JAMISON WAGON

DAY

226

Young Billy Jamison stands wide-eyed as Travis slips the loaded gun into the waistband of his pants, out of sight under his coat. Travis turns and starts hurriedly away at the sound of Sandy calling his name.

SANDY (off-screen)

TRAVIS!

227 FULL SHOT - THE DUGWAY

DAY 227

The Mormons have completed their job. They stand aside, leaning on shovels and picks. A groove has been cut lengthwise across the ledge. As Travis approaches, Jackson faces him.

JACKSON

That the way you wanted it?

Travis nods.

JACKSON

I'll take the first wagon over.

TRAVIS

I was figgerin' on doin' that myself.

WIGGS (hurrying up)

I'll lead out....

They all turn and give way at the sound of a new authoritative voice - the professor's.

HALL (off-screen)

Stand aside, gentlemen!

228 FULL SHOT PAST TRAVIS AND GROUP - ON MED. WAGON DAY 228

As it approaches with Hall on the wagon seat, the medicine wagon moves steadily toward the ledge. Denver and Florey, both apprehensive, walk alongside. Wiggs moves out to try to stop it.

WIGGS

Now, hold on, professor!

Florey runs up beside Wiggs, as if sharing his entreaty.

HALL (with dignity)

No arguments, please! This wagon contains nothing of value...its driver included.

Florey runs up beside him.

FLOREY

I'm going with you!

229 FULL SHOT - LEDGE DAY 229

Travis takes the halter ropes from the lead team and starts guiding them out onto the ledge as Florey climbs up beside Hall. The other Mormons move around to help steady the wagon and guide its wheels into the dugway.

230 MEDIUM CLOSE - WAGON SEAT DAY 230

As Florey settles in beside Hall. The wagon starts to move.

FLOREY

You big ham!

She clings to his arm, and her expression changes to one of fear and tension as the wagon lurches, the first wheel going into the dugway.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON THE DUGWAY DAY 231

As the first wheel locks into the groove. Mormons are steadying the wagon, holding it. The second wheel drops in.

232 FULL SHOT - WAGON - MOVING DAY 232

The wheels in the groove, the wagon is canted perilously on one side.

233 MEDIUM CLOSE - WAGON SEAT DAY 233

Florey takes one look over the ledge, then closes her eyes and clings fearfully to Hall's arm. Beneath them is empty space. The wagon balances precariously, like a tight rope walker.

234 ANGLE ON MORMON GROUP DAY 234

Their faces tense as they watch the progress of the wagon.

235 ANGLE FROM WITHIN WAGON DAY 235

Shooting past Hall and Florey toward Travis as he carefully guides the horses along the ledge, steadying them, calling encouragingly.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE ON LEDGE CROSSING DAY 236

Shooting from behind Travis, past the horses, toward the rocking wagon. It sways and seems about to break out of the dugway, but Travis moves the horses faster, pulls them onto the far side, and the wagon swings safely back to four wheels as the Mormons on the far side let out a yell of triumph.

237 MEDIUM CLOSE - WAGON SEAT DAY 237

Florey and Hall can at first scarcely believe they have made the crossing successfully. She throws her arms around him. He pats her awkwardly. But he is listening to the cheers of the Mormons.

HALL

There, There, my dear...It's all over....

Travis comes up and stands at the edge of the wagon.

TRAVIS

They're giving you quite a hand, Doc.

HALL

Well, they needn't expect an encore!

Travis laughs and starts away, to recross the ledge, but has to step aside as Floyd rides past him, scouting the way ahead. Travis looks after him with concern, but has to return to go about the task of getting the other wagons across.

238 ANGLE ON PERKINS WAGON DAY 238

As it waits to cross the dugway. Wiggs stands beside Perkins. Prudence sits beside her father.

WIGGS

Still of the same mind about our Gentiles, Adam?

PERKINS

No, Elder, I was wrong. But the Lord's opened my eyes.

He turns to Prudence.

PERKINS

It's a lesson to us both, daughter.

WIGGS (smiling)

Don't read her any lessons, Adam.
Her eyes were open all along.

TRAVIS (off-screen)

Next Wagon!

PERKINS

That's us!

As the Perkins wagon moves out, the grain wagon, driven by Sam Jackson, takes its place. It's the last wagon to go.

239 ANGLE ON THE CLEGGs - NEAR LEDGE

DAY 239

Shiloh waits with Reese and Jesse as Floyd rides in and dismounts.

FLOYD

It's a clear trail from here on down...
You can see the San Juan River from
just ahead.

Shiloh looks at his boys with satisfaction and his lips curl in a wolfish smile.

SHILOH

Then it might as well be now!

He walks away from the ledge toward the grain wagon, with his boys following him.

240 WIDE ANGLE

DAY 240

As the four Cleggs walk toward the waiting grain wagon. All the Mormons are on the far side of the ledge, having safely crossed their wagons. Possible the Perkins wagon can be seen entering the dugway. Wiggs stands near the grain wagon on which Sam Jackson is sitting. Sandy and Travis are completing the final adjustmant of the teams harness.

TRAVIS

All ready, Mister Jackson!

SHILOH

Not yet!

241 CLOSER ON GRAIN WAGON

DAY 241

Wiggs and the boys turn as the Cleggs purposefully come nearer.

SHILOH

We're sayin' goodbye, Elder...
we're partin' company.

Wiggs and the others stare, knowing there is more behind Shiloh's words.

SHILOH

You been real good to us Cleggses.
...Reese now...he ain't goin' to
forget you...None of us is apt to...
So it's only fittin' we give you
somethin' to remember us by....

He looks at the grain wagon.

SHILOH

More valuable than gold itself?
You said so. Elder!....YOU!

He points at Sam Jackson.

SHILOH

Git down off'n there!

JACKSON

Why? What are you gonna do?

The sentence is barely out of Jackson's mouth when Shiloh draws and fires. Jackson stares in wonder, his hand going to his chest and coming away with bloody fingers. He starts to stand, to protest, then lurches out of the seat and topples to the ground. Sandy and Travis cannot move. Jesse's shotgun covers them both at murderous range.

SHILOH (covering Wiggs)

You, Elder...git up there....

Wiggs slowly climbs up.

SHILOH

And to save you askin' why, I'll
tell you...You're goin' to have the
privilege of takin the grain over
yourself....

Wiggs gingerly picks up the lines and looks ahead.

242 REVERSE ANGLE FROM WIGGS POV DAY 242

Over the backs of the horses toward the narrow ledge.
Shiloh stands near the wagon seat on the opposite side
from Travis.

SHILOH

Only it's gonna be at a dead run!...
and the wheels ain't gonna be set
in that groove!

243 CLOSE ON WIGGS DAY 243

Wiggs lips tighten as he hears his death sentence, and
worse, the destruction of the grain and the failure of
his mission.

244 MEDIUM CLOSE - SHILOH & FLOYD DAY 244

SHILOH

Jesse - Floyd - stand back! Give
the elder some room....

He turns and hands his quirt to Reese.

SHILOH

Reese, I'll let you whip up them
horses....

As Reese takes the quirt and steps forward with a hellish
grin....

TRAVIS (quietly)

Drop it, Reese!

245 REVERSE ANGLE

DAY 245

Favoring Travis as he stands in front of the lead horse. He has thrown open his coat and pulled the pistol from the waistband of his trousers.

TRAVIS (still quietly)

You heard me!

246 WIDER ANGLE

DAY 246

Floyd is the first of the Cleggs to recover and go into action. Stepping in front of Jesse to face Travis, his hand flases to his gun, but Travis beats him to the draw and fires. Floyd drops. Jesse raises his shotgun only to be tackled by Sandy who flings himself upon him and the two men stagger back to the side of the mountain, locked in a struggle for the shotgun. Shiloh fires at Travis, who flings himself on the ground, but snaps a shot at Reese - who was trying to draw a bead on him with his rifle. Reese is spun backward and goes down in a heap. Shiloh takes cover behind one of the wagon wheels on the side opposite Travis, but unable to get a shot at him through the legs of the horses. He turns his attention to Jesse and Sandy, still struggling for the shotgun. Jesse, with his superior weight and strength, is giving Sandy a beating. Sandy's back is to Shiloh. Jesse has the shotgun crosswise across his neck, thrusting it up and back, in spite of Sandy's efforts to hang on. Jesse brings up his knee into Sandy's groin and then with an upward jerk of the shotgun, sends him sprawling on the ground...just as Shiloh fires at what had been the clear target of Sandy's back. Jesse gets the shot in the stomach and, with a bewildered expression, pitches forward on his face. Shiloh stands and gapes and almost numbly takes a few steps forward, staring at the last of his boys. Sandy sprawls on the ground, twisted with pain, exhausted and unable to reach the shotgun on the ground near him. Travis comes from behind the horses, covering Shiloh with his pistol.

TRAVIS

Drop your gun, Mister Clegg!

247 CLOSER SHOT

DAY 247

Shiloh seems not to hear him, so lost is he in the tragedy that has befallen the Cleggs.

SHILOH (sobbing)

My boys...You killed my boys...
Good boys they was....

TRAVIS

You better drop it, Uncle Shiloh...

SHILOH (whining)

Sure...sure...I'm whipped...I know
when I'm whipped....

He starts to turn, his hands slowly coming up as if in a gesture of surrender. He presents the picture of a defeated, harmless old man. But as he completes his turn, his gun hand leaps up - but not quick enough. Travis fires - the shot fails to stop Shiloh as he tries to fire back. Travis fires again. The second shot does it. Shiloh falls - hands digging into the dust. Travis slowly turns and looks up at Wiggs.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE

DAY 248

Revealing Wiggs, still perched on the wagon seat. He is looking at the dead men, at Sandy slowly and groggily getting to his feet, at Travis with the gun at his side.

WIGGS

I thought you never drew on a man....

TRAVIS

That's right...Only on snakes!

249 REVERSE ANGLE

DAY 249

As Travis turns and starts away, followed by Sandy, the Mormons come running across the ledge. Prudence and Denver are among the first, each with fear and anxiety in their eyes. Prudence doesn't hesitate when she sees Sandy, but runs to him. Denver slows when she sees Travis, and with a shyness new and strange to her, cannot take another step. She must wait for him to come to her.

250 CLOSER ANGLE - TRAVIS & DENVER

DAY 250

As Travis joins her, he holds out one of his hands for one of hers.

251 THE ARCHES

DAY 251

It is either the same day or the next, and the Mormons stand grouped under vaulting, cathedral-like arches of stone. Five rock cairns mark the graves of the four Cleggs and of Sam Jackson. Wiggs stands bareheaded before them, his face raised in prayer or sermon.

WIGGS

He was a good man, Brother Jackson
was...maybe a mite quick to anger,
but that's a manly failing...And
now, as to these Cleggs....

He pauses, sorting his words.

WIGGS

I can't give 'em much of a recommend
and that's the truth, Lord...But it's
not for us to judge them. This I will
say...Sometimes we need the evil to
bring out the good...For a man never
knows his strength until it's put to
the test....Amen.

As he turns from the cairns.

WIGGS

Lead out, BROTHER Travis.

And the Mormons make for their wagons as Travis rides through an arch, pauses, and makes a sweeping forward gesture with his arm...And as the first of the wagons clatter through the arches behind him....

252 WIDE SWEEPING PANORAMA OF A BEAUTIFUL GREEN VALLEY - DAY 252

(It is hoped that the cinematographer may find a valley with a winding brook, lush grass, the very picture of a worthy goal for this Mormon migration.)
From behind the camera, in this scene, roll the Mormon wagons, men, women and children walking beside their teams.

253 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GRAIN WAGON

DAY 253

Mrs. Ledyard drives, while Elder Wiggs rides alongside. He comes to a stop at a point commanding a view of his valley and as the grain wagon continues past he looks happily from the bulging sacks to the fields below, seeing in his mind's eye the four-square Mormon blocks, the

lines of Mormon poplars, the communal fields, and the sturdy houses that will be built. He is so lost in his reverie that he does not at first heed the appearance of the professor and Florey who come up beside him. Florey smiles, guessing at the elder's thoughts.

FLOREY

What are you doing, Elder...laying out the streets and the town hall?

Wiggs starts at her voice, then smiles.

WIGGS

Yep, and the schoolhouse too!

He is struck by a sudden thought.

WIGGS

Doc, why don't you and Miss Florey stay with us? You've earned a piece of this valley!...Why, you could farm a piece of land, or teach school, or ... (with utter sincerity) You'd be most welcome.

Florey looks at Hall with swift hope that possibly now, at long last, she may realize her dream of a home. Hall is deeply touched, but realizes the life is not for him.

HALL

No, Elder...it's kind of you to want us, but we'd only be in the way.

He takes Florey's hand.

FLOREY

But there is one thing you can do for us!

She looks meaningfully at the professor.

HALL (sheepishly)

Ah, yes...Miss Phyffe and I feel that we have been...ah...engaged long enough.

FLOREY (nodding)

Twelve years.

HALL

I've never believed in long
engagements, so I think the
time has come.....

WIGGS (explosively)

Well, I'll be go to.....!

HALL (shocked)

Why, Elder!

254 ANOTHER ANGLE ON BILLY JAMISON & DOG

DAY 254

As they cut excited capers running back and forth through
the tall grass. As they approach camera we rise slightly
and pan with them as they run up to Travis and Denver
walking arm in arm. Travis leads his horse. We see
the wide panoramic beauty of this lush valley as our group
continues on until they are small specks in a sea of
grass.

CREDITS ROLL

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