



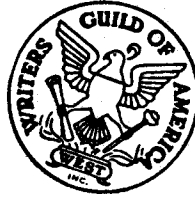
EXTERMINATING ANGEL

BY: ALEX COX

ADDRESS: 127 HAMILTON DR.
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211

TITLE: RAID ON JOHNSON
COUNTY

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8955 BEVERLY BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048
PHONE 550-1000

BY: [Signature]

Alex Cox
127 Hamilton Drive
Beverly Hills
Ca 90211
213 655-0195

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CROWNING INFAMY...

The Invasion of Johnson County, and the events that led up to it, occurred exactly as depicted in this narrative. The real names of its victims are used throughout, as are those of its principal agents, Frank M. Canton and Tom Smith.

The instigators themselves appear under pseudonyms, but they are drawn from the life.

The avenger is a fabrication; the object of his revenge a fact.

In 1894 the first and only comprehensive account of these events was published: A.S. Mercer's The Banditti of the Plains, or, the Crowning Infamy of the Ages. Hardly had it appeared when a court ordered the plates and all traceable copies to be destroyed.

Even the copy in the Library of Congress disappeared - as, by that time, had all the vital witnesses in the case.

Alex Cox



The OPENING TITLE fades in on a black screen.

THE WINTER OF 1886 WAS THE WORST WYOMING
HAD EVER KNOWN. LOSSES OF EIGHTY
PERCENT WERE COMMON ON THE OVER-STOCKED
RANGE.

THE LEAN YEARS THAT FOLLOWED DROVE
MANY SURVIVING RANCHERS INTO ORGANISATIONS
THAT WOULD PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS -
AND INTO ORGANISED ACTS OF VIOLENCE.

THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOW ARE TRUE.

Behind the TITLE a distant babble of voices grows up, louder
and increasingly distinct. When one voice is audible above
the rest a flame sweeps the screen and we are in the city of

CHEYENNE NIGHT. A torchlit demonstration in the Main Street.
Some thirty men are present, while others watch from windows
and the boardwalks. The crowd mingles and murmurs around a
SPEAKER, who addresses them from the back of a wagon.
His whiskered face is livid in the fire glow.

SPEAKER:

... For too long! Beyond this county line,
outside Cheyenne, men who till now have called
themselves farmers, or sooners, are openly
engaged in rustling without pretense -
rejoicing in the name of "mavericker!"

Their neighbors... Their neighbors are for the most part perfectly aware, and not only wink at, but applaud their action!

When the Company... When a company has succeeded in bringing one of these offenders to justice, juries composed of homesteaders have refused to indict or convict them -

We probe the faces of the crowd. Grim expressions are everywhere, though many strain to hear exactly what he says. Throughout his tirade run constant streams of supporting invective: constant, but localised - from two or three angry sources...

SPEAKER:

- Or brought in verdicts of not guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence of guilt including that... Including that...

He must shout now for the anger has begun to infect the crowd.

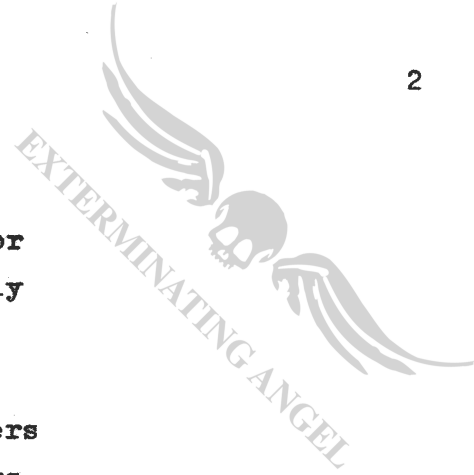
SPEAKER:

- Of stock detectives from the city of Cheyenne, employed to protect this city's interests! Men who have produced evidence as conclusive... As conclusive as any ever submitted to a court of justice!

At the edge of one pocket of voluble outrage stands FRANK M. CANTON - tall, heavy-browed, in clean anonymous cowboy gear. He has not spoken, but now he shouts directly at the SPEAKER.

CANTON:

What are we gonna do, then?



The SPEAKER whirls to answer, arm outstretched and finger ready pointing.

SPEAKER:


Do, my friend? What do you think the men of Cheyenne will do when their livelihood is threatened? Their livelihood, aye, and their honour - and the honour of our great State? There are only two horns to our dilemma; either the thieves or the cattlemen... must pay the price!

The whole gathering is shouting now, its noise swelled by shouts from the boardwalks, its numbers by men hurrying into the Street. We see, but can no longer hear, the SPEAKER. In the thick of the excitement, CANTON turns and looks away from the crowd. In a large, upper storey window, a single figure stands.

THE CHEYENNE CLUB, NIGHT. Described in its charter as "a pleasure resort and place of amusement", the Cheyenne Club is a grafting of European affluence onto a moneyed but uncultured West. Chandeliers and fine glassware, thick-framed landscapes and extravagant dressings adorn plain, unpanelled walls and bare ceilings. Sometime brothel, gambling den and saloon, its many purposes exist for us only in the background. For the Cheyenne Club is the headquarters of the Wyoming Board of Livestock Growers, and in a committee room facing the Street we find three Board members...

MAJOR GREAVES, a former army officer from Kentucky, paces the floor. His bearing is military, his neck - strained years ago - will not permit him to turn or raise his head.

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GREAVES:

Mr Everett! If you don't mind, we still have matters to discuss.

WALTER EVERETT stands at the window, holding the curtains apart. He dresses well, and somberly: like GREAVES he is the manager of a large ranch, and in addition a director of the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad.

EVERETT:

(deliberately taking his time)
Going well... I'm sorry, Major.
You were saying.

HEPPLER:

The Major was talking about rustlers.

EVERETT:

So, it seems, is everyone.

EVERETT and HEPPLER exchange smiles, enjoying a private joke. JOHN HEPPLER is younger than the others, but rapidly running to fat - which his tightly-cut fashionable suit does nothing to conceal.

GREAVES:

When you gentlemen are ready to proceed...

HEPPLER:

Very well. As we were about to discuss yeild in any case, I would like to raise the subject of the poor returns on our northern stock investments.

GREAVES:

(grunting)

Maverickers -

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HEPPLER:

Maverickers and rustlers, whatever you want to call them, are only part of the problem, Major Greaves. The range in Ford County has been plagued by insects. A lot of our grassland is over-grazed.

GREAVES:

What are you -

EVERETT:

You're right up to a point, Heppler, but where does it get you? In six months' time we are due for auditing, and we have stockholders' reports to prepare before that. We can't -

HEPPLER:

Which is precisely why we should be looking for a serious solution to our problems and not -

GREAVES:

That's fine talk coming from a -


EVERETT:

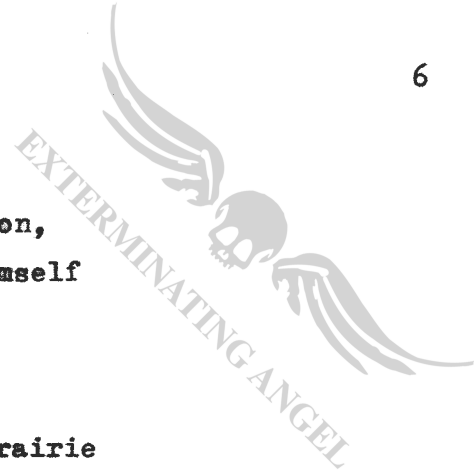
John if you find a solution let me know. I've managed cattle enterprises in Wyoming for fifteen years, first on my own account and then on behalf of Eastern investors like yourself, and I don't think there is a "solution" - serious or otherwise.

GREAVES:

You'd see the solution soon enough if you stepped into the saddle once in a while.

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Realising he is no longer a party to the discussion, GREAVES marches to an inlaid cabinet and pours himself a drink.

EVERETT:

There's no preventative medicine for a prairie fire, now way to stop a cow dying of the cold. And there's no cure for the plain bad management that's crammed those ranges so full the grass'll never grow back.-

HEPPLER:

All right. I know. But you can't go on forever laying the blame on Acts of God, and I can't tell two hundred investors in New York and Washington they've been too greedy.

GREAVES:

(laughing harshly)

I'd like to see that!

EVERETT:

That's why, John... That's the reason for what's going on outside. Rustlers are a menace. Homesteaders may not be our main problem, but they certainly don't make open-range ranching any easier. Maybe they aren't what's wrong, but they're our explanation when the accounting's due.

It's the only explanation that isn't going to be a slap in the face for us. If the right people can be convinced that Buffalo is Robbers' Roost - and there's truth enough in that - the Board of Stock Growers stays solvent for another year.



HEPPLER:

And what if -

EVERETT:

A lot can happen in a year.
With good weather and better judgement -

HEPPLER:

You know, don't you, that if the Buffalo
business is believed, we'll have to take
action. We'll be under an obligation.

GREAVES:

(unable to resist a rejoinder)
"Under an obligation"? You talk like a
woman! Mr Heppler, Everett here takes a
damned roundabout route to get at the plain
truth. Any man that's a cattleman would
be honored -

He breaks off as there is a knock at the door.

EVERETT:

Come in.

The door opens and FRANK CANTON enters the room.
He acknowledges EVERETT, surveys the others with easy indolence.

CANTON:

Mr Everett. Party's going okay now,
so I figured I'd come up.

EVERETT:

That's fine, Frank. Major Greaves, you probably

know Frank Canton, or of him.
John Heppler, Frank Canton.

GREAVES nods curtly, HEPPLER rises and extends a hand.

EVERETT:

Mr Canton's going to supply some of
your... action, John.

JOHNSON COUNTY, DAY. An enormous expanse of prairie, with hills in the distance. If the range is overstocked, there is little evidence - grazing cattle thinly speckle the land. Along a trail in the foreground, marked by a row of telegraph poles and a wire fence, come two riders.

JOHN TISDALE drives a buckboard, loaded with supplies. He is middle-aged, with a round weatherbeaten face under a straw hat. Turning, he makes some remark to RANGER JONES, who rides a horse alongside. JONES is younger, and shares TISDALE's tanned, hard looks. His jeans and boots are old, but the check shirt he wears has a fresh, store-bought air. JONES wears a holstered revolver at his hip, TISDALE is unarmed.

The first shot catches TISDALE just below the throat. He jerks and gasps, trying in vain to breathe. Then his grip on the reins slackens and he starts to slide out of his seat.

JONES stares astonished for a moment, then hauls his horse to a stop, wheeling round and reaching for his gun. There is another shot and he winces as a bullet enters his side, craning wildly about, looking for the source of the shooting. His horse stamps sideways, caught between

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wagon and fence. JONES's gun is in his hand.

A third shot, and he falls from the saddle.
Dust rises in a low cloud. The horses separate, and
plod on; leaving their riders dead on the trail.

THE JONES HOUSE, DAY. A low wooden ranch in Johnson
County, with corrals and half-completed outbuildings.
Within, JONES' wife BRENDA, her two young sons, and JONES'
cousin LEW are finishing a meal.

BRENDA:

Some more? There's plenty.

Though she is in her early thirties she looks older,
with hair swept severely back from wrinkled brow and eyes.
When she rises to go to the stove, it is still plain that
she has kept her figure.

LEW:

Not for me.


LEW has RANGER's look about him - fine, dark features and
eyes that reveal little. He starts to collect the plates.
The boys take this as a signal to head for the door.

BRENDA:

You boys wait until you're told you can get up.

They dodge noisily past her. LEW makes a belated grab for
one of them. BRENDA looks at him apologetically.

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BRENDA:

They only listen to their father.

LEW helps her load the washbowl.

LEW:

Tough?

BRENDA:

Not when he's around. But you know the Ranger as well as I do, Lew. Some ways you know him better. He's always off somewhere - riding the line, checking fences, going into Buffalo for "supplies."

LEW:

It's a lot of work, running a farm.

BRENDA:

You think I don't know that? I'm the one spends all her time here. Ranger started building me that turkey house a month ago, and it's still only got two walls.

LEW shrugs noncommittally and watches the boys play outside.

BRENDA scrubs viciously at a pan.

BRENDA:

I should have known better. You're the same as he is. Litting out for California the way you did -

LEW:

I came back, didn't I?

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BRENDA:

Sure, when the gold ran out.
You won't stay long. I wish...
But you won't stay.

LEW:

Don't be too sure. You say you've got too
much work. And Ranger's not going to manage
a round-up by himself.

BRENDA:

I know. You'll stick around for a while,
all right, because you're kin.

LEW puts his hands on her shoulders, in the manner of one
who is more than an in-law. She stiffens.

LEW:

That's not the only reason, Brenda -

BRENDA:

Don't.

She breaks away, carrying some item needlessly to a shelf.
LEW returns to the window and starts to roll a cigarette.
The cries of the boys attract his attention.

LEW:

We got company coming.

BRENDA:

(indifferent)

Ranger.

LEW:

No, there's more than one.

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BRENDA:

That'll be John Tisdale. He said he was going to pick him up on the way into town. And they'll want to eat, of course.

She starts to lay the table again, methodically.

BRENDA:

I just get tired, Lew. I can, can't I?

LEW does not take his eyes from the window.

LEW:

There's more than two of them.
And they're coming fast.

BRENDA joins him. The riders are close at hand, four of them, thrashing lathered horses towards the ranch.

LEW crosses to the door and takes his gunbelt down from a nail.

BRENDA:

(afraid)

Company men, do you think?

LEW does not reply.

BRENDA:

The boys, Lew!

Quickly he opens the door. JONES' two sons are standing gawping at the approaching men.

LEW:

You kids - get in here, fast!

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They turn and stare at him.

LEW:

On the double!

Then they move, but not towards the ranch. Scooting sideways, they disappear behind a pile of lumber. Small faces peer out through the gaps. Before LEW can move, the riders are in the yard. They halt abruptly beside a tie rail, dust-encrusted men on steaming ponies.

Only one dismounts. The others sit, uncomfortably still and silent. Their leader walks towards the doorway, where LEW stands.

LEW:

No further, mister.

The man halts uncertainly, squinting into the sunlight.

BASCH:

Mrs Jones at home?

LEW:

Who wants to know?

The stranger fumbles with his jacket, pulling down the lapel to reveal a dull copper star. BRENDA steps into the doorway beside LEW.

BASCH:

I'm Charles Basch. I work for Sheriff Angus
in Buffalo.

BRENDA:

Come inside.

BASCH comes out of the light and up the steps. LEW makes way for him. He stands awkwardly just inside the door.

BRENDA:

Do your frien - do the other gentlemen want to come inside as well?

BASCH:

No, we got to head on. Another call to make, then back to town.
Hell of a thing.

BRENDA stares at his open vest, at his badge.
LEW looks from her to BASCH, and back again.

BASCH:

Your husband's shot, Ma'am. Him and John Tisdale.
They're dead.

She nods slowly, not moving her eyes.

BRENDA:

(no more than a breath)
Where?

BASCH:

On the road out of town.
We took them back to Buffalo.

LEW:

Who did it?

BASCH:

You're the Ranger's cousin, that right? Lew?

LEW:

Who shot him?

BASCH:

Sheriff's arrested a Gattle Company detective named Canton. But there's a lot of Cheyenne men in town.

BASCH shifts his feet. Neither LEW nor BRENDA seems to notice he is there.

BASCH:

I'd better go. The sooner we get back...
There may be trouble.

He turns and walks out, leaving the door open.

BRENDA:

Thank you.

LEW watches BRENDA, who still has not moved. BASCH rejoins the other deputies and mounts up. We hear the boys' voices again.

BRENDA:

Will you call the children in, Lew?

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BUFFALO, DAY. In the main bar of the Clarion Saloon - low and thick-walled, the biggest building in Buffalo - a crowded court is in session. People sit in rows on chairs, benches, tables and along the bar as Justice of the Peace PARMALEE addresses the assembly from his rostrum. FRANK CANTON sits below him, flanked by BASCH and another deputy. SHERIFF ANGUS, barrel-chested with a thick growth of black beard, stands nearby.

LEW is among the spectators. BRENDA is not.

PARMALEE:

In the past two days I have heard a variety of testimonies from local citizens and from residents of Cheyenne concerning the assassination of Orley E. Jones, ah, familiarly known as Ranger Jones, and John Adams Tisdale, both of Johnson County, on the Ucross Road. I have also heard from several sources evidence as to the whereabouts and, ah, expressed intentions of Frank M. Canton, resident of Cheyenne, on the day of the murders.

Conversation grows in the courtroom as PARMALEE proceeds.

PARMALEE:

The purpose of this preliminary hearing is to establish whether there is sufficient grounds for the accused Frank M. Canton or any other person or persons to be committed for trial by the State of Wyoming. I have studied the depositions of Sheriff W.E. Angus, and given lengthy consideration to the other testimonies heard. It is my conclusion that the evidence against Frank Canton would if submitted to a regular court of justice be regarded as hearsay,

and hence would be inadmissible. A prosecution would be unavoidably hampered by the absence of witnesses to the crime itself.

Angry noises are breaking out here and there, while smiles and the odd whoop erupt from the large Cheyenne faction. LEW watches without a word; ANGUS tries to pinpoint a ringleader.

PARMALEE

(ignoring the disturbance)

The case against Canton is simply not strong enough to warrant his being brought to trial, and the Sheriff's Office -

A SHOUT:

How much they paying you, Parmalee?

PARMALEE:

(hurrying to finish)

- the Sheriff's Office had better continue its investigations. Mr Canton, you are free to leave.

PARMALEE sits back, spent, and darts nervous glances as pandemonium breaks out around him. Half the room rises to its feet, and a squad of Cheyenne cowboys surrounds CANTON. ANGUS wades into the fray shouting for order; BASCH wavers and then plunges after his boss. LEW sees CANTON's supporters hurry him out through a side door. Two men clear a path for PARMALEE. Glass breaks nearby. Men are fighting in a corner of the room.

BUFFALO, DAY. Late afternoon in the street, a few hours later. Most of the buildings are crude and heavily-built, dark in the shadow of the hills.

LEW comes out of the Livery Stable, leading his horse. As he is saddling up, SHERIFF ANGUS appears.

ANGUS:

Hello, Lew.

LEW:

Sheriff.

LEW goes on with his work. ANGUS lights a cigar.

ANGUS:

I was worried for a while back there. Worried it would get to shooting. Just as well they got Canton out of town quick like they did. (disgustedly) Those boys knew what they were doing.

LEW puts his foot in the stirrup, but ANGUS catches hold of the reins.

ANGUS:

You're going after him.

LEW:

(feigning faint surprise)

No.

ANGUS:

Don't be a liar, Lew.

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LEW:

Suppose I was? Once he's out of Johnson County, what's it to you?

ANGUS:

Because I can see further than the county line, even if you can't. The cattlemen in Cheyenne are just waiting for something like that - for someone from Buffalo to take a pot shot at one of their employees. It'd be all the excuse they need.

LEW:

They don't seem to need excuses, Angus.
And I'm not from Buffalo any more.

LEW mounts, but ANGUS tightens his grip. The horse whinnies nervously.

ANGUS:

Maybe you're not, and maybe the town can go to hell for all you care. And maybe Judge Parmalee was bought off - though more likely he was just scared - but what he said was true. There isn't enough evidence for a conviction.


LEW:

You think he's guilty?

ANGUS:

I did when I arrested him. He's a big talker and a troublemaker - paid by the Stock Growers to make trouble for us. But whether he murdered them... I don't know for sure.

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LEW:

(not in the least convinced)

Maybe that's what I'm going to find out.

ANGUS takes a deep breath and lets go the reins.

ANGUS:

All right. But you think about this:
before you reckon up after the dead, you've
live kin that needs consideration.
Brenda Jones has lost her man, and she's
two young sons and a farm to run.
From what I hear, you and her was pretty
close before she -

LEW:

(coldly)

You don't tell me how to take care
of my own.

He turns the horse and sets it at a fast walk out of town.
He does not look back, but exchanges a long, hostile glance
with a loafer who has been observing them. The man is
small, with a battered derby and incongruously trim moustache.

His name is GILLESPIE.

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THE JONES HOUSE, NIGHT. LEW enters softly by the back door. BRENDA sits in a chair beside the low-burning lamp, apparently asleep. He takes off his coat and looks for a place to hang it. She stirs and opens her eyes.

BRENDA:

I waited up for you. (starting to rise)
Can I get you anything?

LEW:

No.

BRENDA:

Mrs Dawson came over and took the kids to their place. She wants me to stay there as well.

LEW:

You should have gone.
Did you hear what happened in town?

BRENDA:

They told me, yes. That's why I waited.
I wanted to see you before -

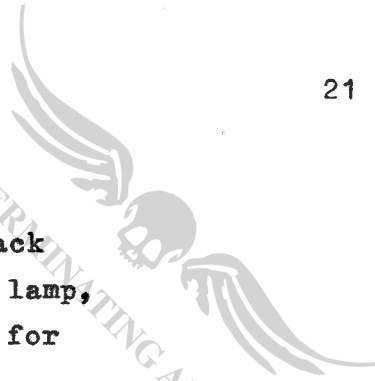
She breaks off, her breast heaving, suddenly on the verge of breaking down.

BRENDA:

Don't leave, Lew. I don't want to see
you killed. You're all -

LEW lifts her out of the chair and holds her.
Tears flow, but she does not make a sound.

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LEW:

I've got to know what happened, Brenda.
I'm the only man that seems to care.

BRENDA:

And when you know? What then?

He holds her tighter, strokes her hair, but her tears
do not stop.

THE UPPER ROOM, NIGHT. An empty, two-tier cot, a small
dresser, and a large brass bedstead are the only furniture.
At first BRENDA seems to be alone, sitting upright with the
moonlight spilling over her bare shoulders - but when she
speaks we realise that LEW lies beside her.
Each of them is still and separate as a pale statue.

BRENDA:

I thought of you a lot after you'd gone, Lew.
I thought about you so much it got to be like
a sin - the thinking of you and the wishing.
Pa said I was well off, that you wouldn't come
back, or if you did you were still no good and
wouldn't marry me.
And when Pa died and Ranger was so kind...
He wasn't always like you saw him - running off
and finding work that took him away from home.
I think it was having the children that turned
him against me. That's why we only had the two.
I had five sisters and four brothers, and eight
of them survived.
He just didn't realise what it would mean, I think.

THE JONES HOUSE, DAY. At first light, LEW emerges with his belongings and saddles his horse in the corral. Faintly we here the sounds of early morning, but BRENDA's monologue continues, voice-over, as LEW prepares to leave.

BRENDA:

You're more alike than anyone allowed.
People said Ranger's feet was on the ground,
that he wouldn't run off on any gold rush.
But I think he was fooling himself, or else
he let them fool him. He didn't really want
a farm and a family, any more than you did.

Is it wrong to wish it hadn't happened?
To wish I hadn't borne his sons, and didn't
have to carry on with what he's left behind?
It's not right to be expected to be strong, Lew.

Will you come back when it's done?

LEW:

(voice-over also)

Of course I will.

BRENDA:

(not believing)

It would be nice if you did.

The empty windows of the house are the only witnesses
of LEW's departure...

CHEYENNE, NIGHT. A wide street in an unsalubrious part of town. Saloons and dance halls cast pools of yellow light into the road. Music and loud aggressive voices fill the evening air, and figures ride, run, walk and stagger into and out of the light.

In one bar we find CANTON and his cronies, listening avidly to the story one of them is telling.

JEB:

So this Sheriff sees us to the edge of town and says, "Now look here, Canton, I don't want to see the likes of you in these here parts again." And Frank just stares him down - isn't that right, Frank? - and says, "Sheriff, the only thing that'd bring me back to Buffalo would be you telling me I couldn't come here no more!"

Guffaws and back-slapping from the company; CANTON smiles at the recent recollection. As the laughter subsides -

CANTON:

(with perfect timing)

You boys lost your appetites or are you still drinking with me?

More merriment as a round is ordered. JEB's narrative continues. A young cowboy, flashily dressed, grabs CANTON's arm.

KID:

We taught those nesters a lesson, huh, Frank?

CANTON:

It's gonna take more than one lesson before they learn anything.

ANOTHER:

Damn right - and next time those rustling
sons-of-bitches ain't getting off half so
lightly!

In the midst of vociferous agreement, another voice is heard.

SMITH:

Still causing trouble, Canton?

CANTON peers through the throng and picks out a tall
newcomer, wide-stetsoned, swaying on impossibly high-heeled
boots. The pleasure that comes into the gunman's eyes
is genuine.

CANTON:

Tom Smith! You big -

SMITH:

Mind your language in front of these ladies, Frank.

TOM SMITH pushes forward and grasps CANTON's hand.
A new babble breaks out at SMITH and CANTON embrace...

MEN:

Tom Smith the Texan -
Why they say he -
What's he doin' here?

THE CHEYENNE CLUB, NIGHT. The long table in the Stock
Growers' boardroom bears the debris of dinner. Several
black waiters are clearing the decks; cigar boxes circulate.

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GREAVES sits at the head of the table, EVERETT a couple of places down. HEPPLER is near the far end. The other men we do not know.

At a nod from GREAVES, EVERETT calls a waiter over.

EVERETT:

Samuels, you can finish clearing up later.

SAMUELS nods and silently ushers the other waiters away. He closes the double doors behind him. GREAVES rises dramatically, locks them with a stern flourish.

GREAVES:

(addressing the board members)

Gentlemen.

He waits for silence, studying their faces. EVERETT begins to spread papers on the table.

GREAVES:

It is important that we see this attempt to brand one of our employees a murderer, in its wider context. For several years now, servants of the Board - in particular our cattle detectives - have been subject to harrassment in the northern reaches of the State. It has never been a secret that the focal point of this campaign of intimidation has been the rustler capital at Buffalo. This latest incident is another in a series of attempts to discredit the Company in the eyes of honest ranchers, so as to facilitate the crippling thefts we have been forced to suffer.

Grunts of agreement, severe looks, narrowed eyes.



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GREAVES:

There can be no going back now, gentlemen. The decision we took in January of this year has been more than justified by these events.

He motions to EVERETT to take over. There is sporadic clapping. One of HEPPLER's neighbors interrupts.

CATTLEMAN:

A point of information, Mr Chairman. I and certain other board members were not present when the vote you refer to was taken. I wonder if Mr Everett could enlighten us as to the source of his evidence... that such strong measures are required.

EVERETT:

(businesslike)

Aside from Mr Canton, who as you know has been forced at gunpoint out of Johnson County, the Company employs three full time agents in Buffalo and a dozen in the County. For their own safety, they are not officially known as Company representatives, and they operate under aliases. In addition, of course, there are the friendly ranchers in and around the County. In overall charge of our staff is Mr Gillespie of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. It is he who gathered the affidavits warning of retaliatory rustling on a large scale, and -

GREAVES:

I hope that answers your question.

EVERETT:

(anxious to convince)
- other activity prejudicial to our
interests. I shall be happy for you
to examine this summary dossier.

A file is passed down the table, ignored by almost everyone.

GREAVES:

(impatiently)
The train.

EVERETT:

Two nights ago our chartered train arrived from Denver. At present it is in the Cheyenne and Northern switching yard behind Gray's Packing Warehouse, fully loaded and equipped. There is no foreseeable reason why the cost of the enterprise, included the salaries due to hired men from outside the State, and...bounty money, should exceed our original estimate of one hundred thousand dollars. This includes a contingency reserve of ten per -

GREAVES:

The train will leave tomorrow at noon. I shall be aboard, as will Mr Everett, Mr Heppler, and Dr Kinross. The responsibility of command will rest with me. We shall follow the northern line as far as the spur at Caspar.

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Indicating their route on EVERETT's map, GREAVES is prepared and decisive - the general on the eve of battle. The private conversations which has started while EVERETT spoke soon die away.

GREAVES:

We shall not take the train into Johnson County due to the risk of discovery. Instead we shall discharge our cargo south of the County line, where forty mounts and a supply team will be waiting.

CATTLEMAN:

They're not all rustlers in Johnson County, then.

GREAVES:

We shall proceed on horseback through the foothills of the Little Big Horn - an inauspicious starting point perhaps, but from there Buffalo is only a day's ride along the back roads...

A MAN:

(uneasily, to his neighbor)

If we've gone this far, I guess we can't turn back...

CHEYENNE, NIGHT. Down one of the rowdy, bustling streets comes a dusty, trail-worn rider. He slows as he passes a saloon, peers through the bright windows, and rides on.

It is LEW.

In the bar of the Paris House, CANTON and his pals are good and drunk. The focus of their attention is a burly trapper called MOUNTAIN SPRING DAN - dextrously exercising a variant on the pea-and-shell game, to the cost and amusement of the cowboys.

SHAD, one of CANTON's associates, bids for his turn.

SHAD:

Gimme a shot at that, Dan you fox.
I got the hang of it now.

DAN:

Surely.

DAN extracts five dollars from a grubby pile and lays them on the bar. SHAD puts his money on top.

DAN:

Watch closely, now.

He discloses a hard, dry pea and gives SHAD a long look at it, then replaces the cover and swivels all three identical shells about on the polished bar surface, distracting the other's attention with feints and garbled nonsense.

DAN:

Iggery Jiggery Pokery Dokery
Cow jumped over the moon.
The farmer's daughters took to the waters
And so the poor dog had none - which one, Shad?

SHAD scowls accusingly. Laughter wells up around them. He tries to focus on the shells, reaches slowly for one,

glances slyly at DAN and snatches up another.

There is nothing there.

Hoots of derision and loud calls for whiskey. Someone nudges CANTON, who has been silent on the sidelines all this time. When CANTON steps forward the noise dies. MOUNTAIN SPRING DAN grins and puts five dollars on the bar. CANTON takes a ten dollar bill from his vest pocket and lays it over DAN's. No longer smiling, DAN sees CANTON five dollars but goes no further.

A MAN:

He won't raise you, Frank.

DAN, recovering his smile, lifts one of the shells...

And CANTON slams the hinged bar-door down on DAN's right hand, holding it tight will DAN screams. The room is still, DAN's face white and deadly. At last CANTON nods, almost affectionately, and raises the trap.

As DAN extracts his bruised and throbbing fingers, we see the pea through the shattered shell.

CANTON:

That one.

He picks up the twenty dollars, and life flows back into the room. DAN moves off, glowering and nursing his wound.

CANTON:

I'll buy a drink.

MOUNTAIN SPRING DAN is only a few feet away, lumbering slowly. CANTON counts out bills to the barman...

With a speed suggested in his earlier sleights, DAN whirls around, facing CANTON in a crouch, a thin throwing-knife already gleaming in his hand.

And now we know how drunk CANTON is, because he is slow and looks surprised.

But help comes from another quarter, from a young man snatching a bottle from the bar and swinging it at DAN's head.

The bottle connects and DAN goes down, struggling against the mass of cowboys who descend on him, pounding him and dragging him away.

For a moment CANTON's eyes meet those of his rescuer, a dusty young drifter just in from the trail. He starts to speak, but is surrounded and swept away by his mates in a flurry of back-slapping laughter.

LEW stands isolated in the center of the room, the bottle still in his hand.

CHEYENNE, DAY. LEW comes down the side-stairs of his boarding-house into the bright, busy street. He takes the boardwalk to the end of the block, crosses the road - weaving in between the horses and laden wagons - and passes a row of storefronts under construction. He ambles, but is alert. At the end of the row he pauses and strikes a match. Two shining silver rails cross the street before him. He lights his cigarette and looks up the tracks.

CANTON:

Hey, Kid!

The cigarette that slips through LEW's fingers is the only indication that he has heard. Slowly he turns and looks back.

CANTON and a couple of pals - SHAD and JEB - are coming along the tracks from the opposite direction.

CANTON:

I was hoping I'd run into you.

LEW:

(unsure how to take this)

Me too.

CANTON:

What's your name, Kid?

LEW:

Lew. Lew ... Brevett.

CANTON:

Never heard of you. You sure of that?

LEW:

Yeah.

CANTON:

That'll do for now. I'm Frank Canton.

These are Shad and Jebediah.

You walking our way?

LEW shrugs and CANTON takes his arm, leading him across the street towards the trainyard.

CANTON:

I don't like being in anyone's debt, so I won't thank you for last night. If you hadn't got that bastard somebody else would. What'd you do it fer?

LEW:

I don't know. Wanted you in my debt I guess.

SHAD laughs and CANTON does not seem displeased by LEW's reply.

CANTON:

What'll it take to get me out?

You got work? Hmm? You want work?

LEW:

I'm not bothered.

CANTON:

Not bothered, he says. No wonder
the State's in the state it's in!

SHAD:

(out of the blue)

You got a headache, Jeb? I sure have.

JEB:

(darkly mocking)

Must have hit your head on something
while you was drunk.

CANTON smiles, then notices a smart figure beside a freight car is waving him over. Others, railwaymen and cowboys, mill about the nearby tracks.

CANTON:

(darting a final word at LEW)

Stick around these guys, Junior.

And he is gone. SHAD and JEB stroll on with LEW between them. SHAD scowls at his companion.

SHAD:

"Hit my head." How'd you make
out then, partner?

JEB:

You should have seen me.

They find a rail fence and hoist themselves up on it.

SHAD:

Coming or going, Lew Brevett?

LEW:

What kind of work is it?

SHAD makes a don't-mess-with-me face and slaps his holster.

JEB snorts.

SHAD:

This kind.

(breaking into a smile, as if the whole
thing is a great joke)

Legal, though. We're all getting
sworn in before we go.

LEW:

Where?

SHAD jerks his thumb at the train. Another freighter
is drawing up alongside it.

SHAD:

Wherever that takes us.

JEB:

Don't worry about that. Frank Canton's
a straight shooter. Tom Smith too.
Not to mention me and Doc Holliday here.

Across the stockyards, the new arrival is attracting much attention. Several railroad men are running a ramp up to the first of the wagons.

LEW:

Canton's coming, then?

JEB nods, and SHAD produces tobacco.

SHAD:

Pays five dollars a day. Plus fifty
bucks for every -

He trails off as a dozen hands slide doors apart and the car disgorges its contents - a crowd of rowdy, gaudy cowboys, twenty or more, armed to the teeth.

SHAD:

(almost in awe)

Tom Smith's Texans. They came after all.

Suspicious and confused, LEW joins his companions on the rail.

CHEYENNE STOCKYARDS, DAY. In spite of MAJOR GREAVES' estimated time of departure, the shadows are long across the marshalling yard when the train begins to roll. A powerful loco and a Pullman coach bearing the Cheyenne and Northern insignia have been hitched to the freight cars. The cattle pens are empty, but in their immediate vicinity a curious crowd has gathered. Though the train leaves without ceremony, most of the spectators seem to know its

destination. There is an occasional shout of encouragement, the odd waving hat. HEPPLER is among those who watch it go: he is anonymous as possible, in an old overcoat and tilted cap.

GREAVES, more the military man than ever in kakhi and puttees, draws EVERETT out onto the rear balcony of their coach. GREAVES rests his hands on the ballustrade and surveys the crowd; EVERETT clutches his briefcase to his chest and makes some comment, lost under the thunder of the train, about brass bands. It would be lost on GREAVES in any case.

The cowboys, native Cheyenne and Texan imports, throng the doors of the freighters. They wave and gesticulate at the onlookers, and the air of their being off on a lark is strong. There is no sign of LEW or CANTON, but there are many faces we cannot see or do not recognise.

Smoke drifts across the rear of the train. When it disperses, the yard is deserted and the crowd is breaking up.

THE TRAIN, NIGHT. On board, the social divisions of Cheyenne have reestablished themselves. EVERETT and DOCTOR KINROSS, an unhealthy-looking Easterner with a sallow face and sidewhiskers, are ensconced in the Pullman, trying to read. The Texans have congregated in the first of the box cars, and crouch among crates or on the floor, playing cards and swapping stories. The Cheyenne men are spread among the remaining freighters, and their activities are much the same.

Only one man deliberately occupies all three camps - and it is GREAVES, patrolling the length of the train, cavalry switch in hand. He issues terse instructions as he passes, paying

particular attention to the men quartered with the livestock in the last wagon.

GREAVES:

Take care not to alarm these horses.

SHAD, LEW and others are crouched upwind of the animals.

SHAD:

(saluting on his haunches)

Yes, sir!

PLAYER:

Who was that?

SECOND PLAYER:

Roll the dice.

SHAD:

Your boss.

PLAYER:

I work for Frank Canton, not General -

The heavy rumble of the wheels makes it difficult for LEW to hear the rest of his sentence. But the mention of CANTON's name draws further into the circle. No more is said for a while. The train tunnels on through the night.

THE TRACKSIDE, NIGHT. Two hand-held kerosene lamps provide illumination for a shadowy form clinging to the top of a trackside telegraph pole. His long duster is an encumbrance,



and he has decided he can climb no higher.

Freeing a hand, the man fumbles in a deep pocket and produces pliers.

A distant whistle blends with the wind.

He applies his clippers to the first terminal, working his wrist back and forth... The wind tugs at his coat.

With a steel searing, the wire snaps and recoils into the night. We hear it whip the ground. The whistle comes again, closer now. His partners peer anxiously up, faces bright in their lamplight.

His pliers snap the other strand, and it too curls off into darkness. Immediately he pockets the tool and starts his descent. The chug of the train is audible.

When he hits the earth, we see the saboteur's face for the first time. He is small-featured, his moustache incongruously trim. It is the loafer from Buffalo, GILLESPIE.

MAN:

Let's hope it's them.

Very close now, but showing no lights, the train whistles a third time.

GILLESPIE:

It's them.

He and a companion take the lanterns to the tracks. The other man steps back into the dark and we hear the sound of horses.

As he returns leading three mounts, the others begin to signal with the lamps. Chinks of light are visible, through cracks and curtains, above the rails. The train slows, and the three men draw back to avoid a rush of steam from the locomotive.

The train halts and MAJOR GREAVES appears at the door of the

Pullman, EVERETT close behind him. Other doors open, spilling their light, and men peer out.

EVERETT:

This is Mr Gillespie from Chicago, Major.

The saboteur extends a hand, and climbs onto the platform.

GILLESPIE:

Major Greaves, a pleasure.

GREAVES:

Sir. Get your men aboard and we'll be off.

A lantern-bearer addresses GILLESPIE.

MAN:

What about the horses, Bob?

GREAVES:

There isn't time to load them.
You will be given mounts at Casper.

GILLESPIE:

Turn 'em loose, Jack.

Further down the train the cowboys are growing noisy.
Some have climbed out of the wagons.

VOICES:

Are we there yet?
We missed it - gotta turn the train around!

GILLESPIE's man starts to unfasten the horses' bridles.

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GREAVES:

(shouting down the line)

You men! Get back inside immediately!
Those doors are to be kept shut!

TOM SMITH is one of many stretching his legs beside the train. He looks up at CANTON, in the doorway.

SMITH:

I don't warm to your boss, Frank.

CANTON:

You ever had one you liked?

GREAVES watches icily as the cowboys cavort. LEW appears at the door of the last wagon. No one makes a move to get aboard. EVERETT ushers GILLESPIE into the coach.

GREAVES:

Driver. Proceed.

The ENGINEER's face appears. He looks at the men beside the tracks.

ENGINEER:

What did you say?

GREAVES:

I said proceed!

The ENGINEER vanishes and for a moment nothing happens. Then smoke and steam flood the trackside, and the wheels turn, skid and find their purchase. JACK flails at the horses' rumps and hurries for the coach steps. Some of the cowboys, further away, are less quick to notice.

SMITH is aboard at the start of the scramble, and he and

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CANTON help haul the stragglers aboard. As the train gathers speed, SHAD is heaved inside the last car by the Cheyenne cowboys.

For a while, the freed horses run after the train.

THE TRAIN, NIGHT. In the last box car, the men have bedded down. One swaying lamp burns low above them. LEW watches the others, sleeping or trying to sleep under blankets and overcoats. When he is sure no one is paying attention, he gets up and goes to the door.

Most of the Texans have retired, though some are still awake - talking and drinking. TOM SMITH is one of them, deep in conversation with FRANK CANTON.

SMITH:

I think something should be done, Frank. We've started off on the wrong foot - badly wrong. My boys have come a long way, and they didn't make the trip just to be railed at and treated like a bunch of privates. You know what I'm talking about.

CANTON:

Of course I do. But to him that's what they are. You and me probably get a couple of stripes.

He's still fighting the war, Tom.

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SMITH:

Hell - most of my boys are too young to remember a war. If they'd wanted to go for a soldier, they could be off killing Indians right now. It won't work this way, Frank. Twenty-four hours from now we could be risking our necks -

CANTON:

Not from what I've seen of Johnson County.

SMITH:

But if we go into this thing we ought to do it united, not split apart by bad feeling.

He pauses, waiting for an impetus from CANTON.

CANTON:

I'll talk to Everett. He's no rancher, but he is what you'd call a diplomat. And a few other things besides...
(rising) Don't go to sleep just yet.

CANTON leaves the car. SMITH lights a cigarette. The opposite door opens and LEW slips in.

THE PULLMAN, NIGHT. Gas-lamps burn dimly as GREAVES, EVERETT and GILLESPIE talk tactics round a desk. KINROSS and GILLESPIE's men are hunched in armchairs, doing their best to sleep.

EVERETT:

So how long would you say we have?

GILLESPIE:

One day easily, possibly two or three.
Their problem isn't fixing a break in
the wire, it's finding it. The spot
we picked is more than a day's ride from
Casper. And that's assuming they start -

He looks up as CANTON enters the coach.

CANTON:

Mr Everett, could I have a word?

GREAVES:

We are in conference, Canton.
Come back later, please.

CANTON waits, unmoving by the door. Detective JACK stirs
in his armchair and looks dully at him.

CANTON:

(deliberately)

I was speaking to Everett.

GREAVES:

Mr Everett is busy now, and will be
for some time.

CANTON stares at GREAVES, the muscles in his neck tightening.
He seems to be measuring the gap - a coach length - between
them. Then he changes his mind and turns to go.



GREAVES:

I am not accustomed, Canton, to my employees disobeying my instructions. Nor to having them intrude unannounced upon my private conversations. Perhaps you will bear that in mind, and convey it to your men.

GREAVES is cold and matter of fact; GILLESPIE's face betrays nothing; EVERETT's is visibly alarmed. But CANTON does not turn around. Still facing the door, he takes his hand from his belt and lets it hang loose a few inches from his holster. JACK watches through half-closed eyes, and slips his hand under the blankets.

CANTON reaches for the doorknob and goes out, momentarily admitting wind and engine roar. EVERETT rises as if to follow him.

GREAVES:

Sit down.

Go on with your report, Mr Gillespie.

THE TRAIN, NIGHT. As if from a distance, we witness CANTON's return to TOM SMITH's wagon. He storms in blindly, swearing and upsetting a stack of rifles. But his words and the clatter of metal on wood are lost beneath the noise of the train and the howling of the wind through the open door. The Texans abandon their talk, and struggle out of sleep. SMITH watches much perturbed, yet determined to let the storm blow itself out.

LEW is discovering another unexpected facet of CANTON's character amid another crowd of spectators...

Gradually, CANTON's rage abates, and he stands, limp and livid, swearing in a methodical monotone. Now SMITH intervenes, closing the banging door.

SMITH:

Frank. Frank. Okay.

CANTON:

There'll be no more of that, Tom. I swear to God I'll not be spoken to like that. Not again.

SMITH:

(as if consoling the bereaved)

Don't let it get to you.

CANTON:

Why did I take it, Tom? Can you tell me why I took it? I'd kill a man for less.

SMITH:

You took it because Greaves is the boss. Because he's got his own secret service in there and you couldn't match them all... Whatever.

CANTON looks at him with contempt for himself and for SMITH's justifications.

SMITH:

You took it because he's in charge, Frank. Because we depend on him - for our work and our pay. For now. But I'll tell you this. If he tries that again, with any of us, I'll go no further. And I speak for those I brought with me.

JEB's VOICE:

And for us, Frank.

LEW looks round, startled. JEB and a group of Cheyenne cowboys fill the doorway behind him.

The growing murmur of agreement is stilled by the appearance of GILLESPIE at the far end of the car. He wears his slicker buttoned against the night air. Ignoring the Texans' hostile eyes, he approaches CANTON.

GILLESPIE:

(confidentially)

Everett says he'll see you in the
baggage car in five minutes.

CANTON smiles, the smile he gave the Trapper as he crushed his hand.

CANTON:

Everett can go to hell.

After one look at GILLESPIE, LEW ducks back into the Cheyenne car. He has recognised GILLESPIE, and he is scared.

CASPER, MORNING. It is still dark when the train pulls into the Casper spur - two sidings, a deserted shack, and several pens where a score of horses huddle together for warmth. Men's voices can be heard through the wagon sides.

EVERETT appears on the balcony, with a lantern. GREAVES follows him out. They are heavily-dressed, and their breath

crystalises on the air.

EVERETT:

(sotto voce)

Just watch it, this morning.

He jumps down and goes to talk to the ENGINEER.

Double doors open and a ramp is lowered from one of the cars. Lamps are lit within. GREAVES leaves the Pullman and stalks towards the source of light.

The disembarkation is under weigh. Ammunition crates and rations are loaded onto a light wagon provided by Company sympathisers. Several cowboys saddle sullen horses in the corral. LEW and his company have the thankless task of extracting unwilling livestock from the warmth of the cattle car. GREAVES superintends the work, his cavalry baton tucked into an armpit.

The heavy clouds on the eastern horizon glow with a dull light.

Progress is not fast, and GREAVES is unhappy. Some trivial thing - most likely, LEW and JEB's abortive attempt to disembark two horses at the same time - sets him stamping off in search of CANTON. To this end he accosts one of the cowboys unloading ammunition.

GREAVES:

Where's your foreman Ca -

Suddenly he realises the man is smoking. For a moment GREAVES can only gape, then he dashes the cigarette from the man's lips and explodes.

GREAVES:

What the devil do you think you're playing at? That's powder you're carrying!

The cowboy looks at GREAVES, quizzical and bored; puts down his crate and sits on it. He takes out his tobacco.

GREAVES:

Get back aboard the train and gather your stuff. Your engagement is terminated.

The cowboy rolls his cigarette, glances once at GREAVES with old eyes in a young, brown face, and feels for his matches. All work around them has stopped. Daylight creeps across the sky.

FRANK CANTON approaches the vortex, sees MAJOR GREAVES and increases his pace. But TOM SMITH is there before him. Ignoring the military man, SMITH parks himself lazily on the damp ground beside the seated cowboy.

COWBOY:

Got'a light, Tom?

SMITH:

Sure thing.

He proffers a match and addresses the others.

SMITH:

Take a break, boys.



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GREAVES:

(ignoring him)

This is your last -

A MAN:

Give it a rest, General!

GREAVES:

What was that?

SMITH:

I think someone's telling you to shut up.

Stick in hand, GREAVES makes as if to wade into the crowd. Jeering starts and CANTON comes out to meet him, but EVERETT steps between them like a preacher.

EVERETT:

Stop it! Stop it!

Now someone tell me what's going on here.

SMITH:

Basically, Mr Everett, we're not taking any more orders from the Major.

Shouts of agreement, angry and amused. GREAVES tries to shout back what they do to deserters in the Army...

EVERETT:

(quick and vicious)

Major, please be quiet!

Don't make things any worse than you have.

GREAVES is confounded. Mocking cheers from the cowboys.

EVERETT:

Now, Mr Smith. You and Frank Canton are under contract to this Company. You agreed to hire men to perform a job of work, and most of them have received cash advances. If you won't -

During this speech, GILLESPIE and the detectives have begun to sift through the ranks of the cowboys, seruptitiously shoving and attempting to split them into smaller groups. They glance idly at the men's faces.

SMITH:

We'll do the Company's trouble-shooting, all right. No one's welshing on his deal. But we'll do it for the Company and not for him.

LEW catches sight of GILLESPIE's derby, bobbing between the stetsons. The detective's motives do not concern him - he knows if GILLESPIE gets a look at him he is in big trouble. As the Pinkertons advance, LEW slips to the edge of the crowd.

Smoke from the still-burning engine drifts low overhead.

EVERETT:

So you're prepared to go ahead and do your job with someone other than the Major in command?

Several voices join in noisy assent as a violent clatter comes from the cattle car. The horses still inside, nervous at the

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activity and then the sudden inattention, are kicking against the walls and have upset the ramp.

CANTON:

(instinctively, in spite of himself)

Shad! Take some men and calm those animals.

SHAD and some others head for the cattle car: LEW seizes his chance to join them. GILLESPIE reaches the edge of the gathering.

EVERETT:

As a representative of the Board of Stock Growers, I would say that the work in hand is too important to be jeopardized by individual quarrels and differences.

GREAVES is cold and uncomprehending, and EVERETT takes care not to look at him. GILLESPIE scents a change in the air, and turns back into the crowd.

EVERETT:

If you would care to nominate someone you consider capable of leading the expedition to Buffalo, I am sure the Company would abide by your decision.

There is a healthy buzz among those who understand what EVERETT has just said.

A TEXAN:

How about it, Tom?

Approving voices are heard, but SMITH looks dubious. He nods to CANTON.

SMITH:

I can help out, sure. But I don't know
the lie of the land. Frank Canton does.

MAJOR GREAVES pushes out of the company and walks alone and
rigid towards the Pullman. CANTON steps into his place.
He radiates the same cool control as he did when managing
the demonstration in Cheyenne.

A MAN:

What do you say, Frank?

We do not wait to hear what CANTON says - but LEW and the
rest, mud-splattered and struggling with the fallen ramp,
hear cheers rising from the crowd.

LEW:

What do you think's going on?

SHAD:

Something the General won't like,
that's for certain.

THE PULLMAN, DAY. MAJOR GREAVES stands at his desk,
packing a saddlebag. A slim pocketbook, a journal bound
in black leather, a much-used gazeteer. He pauses over
one item, weighs it in his hand. It is a framed oval
photograph, aged and yellow, of a woman and a little girl.

EVERETT comes in and hovers at the far end of the carriage.

EVERETT:

Major - about what happened out there -

GREAVES:

(putting the photograph away)

We have nothing to discuss, Mr Everett.

He continues to pack in silence.

EVERETT:

The mission is what counts, Major.

We can't risk -

GREAVES buckles the flaps on the bag. EVERETT frowns.

EVERETT:

You're leaving?

GREAVES turns at this, unconcerned about containing his anger.

GREAVES:

Is that what you think?

No, Mr Everett, I'm not leaving.

I am part of this enterprise, even if it is commanded by a criminal.

I would ride to Buffalo even if you were in charge.

EVERETT:

Unless we compromise, we'll never -

GREAVES:

Don't give me any of that. Compromise didn't make me what I am - though I can well believe it mothered you. What I am has cost me a lot, and I may still make mistakes. But none of them

is as serious as the mistake you made.
What you did will buy you time, but it's
sown a seed which could destroy this
mission. And the Company with it.

EVERETT:

Major don't be absurd.
I can't talk to you when you're like -

GREAVES:

Then don't try.

JOHNSON COUNTY, DAY. It is now fully light, but rain-laden clouds crowd across the sky. Towards us, at a sluggish pace, ride fifty men or more - and for the first time we see the full strength of the party. Most are mounted: the delay is caused by the flimsy wagon, which carries not only supplies but five men who have not found horses. Hooves drag in the wet turf, and the mules that pull the wagon are loath to move at the same speed as the other animals.

At the head of the column rides CANTON, with EVERETT at his side. Some distance behind come GREAVES, GILLESPIE, and DOCTOR KINROSS, shunned by the other riders. The Texans travel together, bunched around TOM SMITH. To a man they dress less warmly than the Wyoming cowboys, though none will admit to feeling the cold. LEW rides apart, hunched under a short overcoat and low-drawn hat. JACK rides up and down the line.

JEB comes alongside LEW.

JEB:

Got any drinkables, Lew?

LEW shakes his head. Watching CANTON up front, trying at the same time to keep a constant, inconspicuous distance from GILLESPIE, LEW has quite enough on his mind already.

JEB:

Hmm. What about you, Shad?

SHAD:

Not me.

SHAD produces a flask, takes a swig, and puts it away. JEB crosses the ranks after him.

Detective JACK reaches the front of the plodding procession and slips in between CANTON and EVERETT.

JACK:

How's our time, Mr Canton?

CANTON:

(not looking round)

The Major keeps looking at his watch. Ask him.

JACK rides off without a word. EVERETT studies CANTON before he speaks.

EVERETT:

You might unbend a little, Frank.
The detectives are our employees too.
We're all on the same side.

CANTON:

Those birds aren't on my side,
Mr Everett. I took the rap for -

The approach of a rider ahead permits EVERETT to change
the subject.

EVERETT:

What's this? Is he with us?

CANTON:

Outrider. One of Tom's men.

CANTON raises an arm to halt the company as the outrider
gallops toward them. TOM SMITH joins CANTON; GREAVES
and GILLESPIE stop within earshot.

SMITH:

Something's put a sting in his tail.
(shouting) What is it, Fred?

The man reins up and dismounts before them - his horse paces
about, its flanks steaming.

RIDER:

Two men on horseback, Tom - Mr Canton.
Maybe five miles up the trail, heading this way.

CANTON:

Armed?

RIDER:

Rifles. In no great hurry, though.

CANTON reflects. All eyes are upon him, for this is the first test of his leadership.

SMITH:

Did they see you?

RIDER:

I don't reckon so.

CANTON:

How much cover is there between them and us?

RIDER:

Some timber. Couple of bluffs.

CANTON:

Could we get close enough to pick 'em off?

Before he can reply, GREAVES interrupts angrily, spurring his horse into their little circle.

GREAVES:

What the devil are you suggesting, Canton?
That we assassinate these men, not
knowing who they are?

CANTON:

(with emphasis)

It wouldn't be the first time it's happened.

LEW rides in as close as he dares, dividing his attention between CANTON and GILLESPIE. He listens keenly.

GREAVES:

Not with my knowledge, sir. And
certainly not with my connivance.

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CANTON:

You want us to reach Buffalo unannounced or not? And what the hell are we here for, anyway?

GREAVES:

Our task, Canton, is to restore order to Johnson County, not to engage in indiscriminate acts of violence -

CANTON:

Oh, sure!

EVERETT:

Please, I think... I think the Major is justified. I don't believe we can open fire on men we don't know are rustlers.

CANTON:

I thought everybody here was a rustler in your book.

EVERETT tenses and stares at him, impotent and appealing. A curious, impatient crowd has formed, and other voices are heard.

A MAN:

We better make some kind of move

EVERETT:

Reaching Buffalo has still got to be our priority -

RIDER:

What do you say, Tom?

TOM SMITH decides he has given CANTON long enough.

SMITH:

Let's just go around them. Take a different route, and stay off the trail till nightfall.

Shouts of agreement are several, as are principled objections.

GREAVES:

Impossible, That would be reneging on our -

SHAD:

Let's get 'em, Frank.

EVERETT:

How late would that make us?
We're already behind time -

But CANTON takes TOM SMITH's way out.

CANTON:

Back on the wagon, boys. We're gonna head east for a spell.

The riders remount, with the inevitable questions and complaints. GREAVES glowers, and EVERETT seems only half-happy with this particular compromise.

SHAD:

We coulda stopped them, at least.

CANTON:

You'll get your action soon enough.
Lew, ride on ahead this time: keep your eyes open.

LEW sets off ahead of them, jarringly involved. As the rest begin to move, EVERETT seeks out SMITH among the Texans.

EVERETT:

I don't want to sound like an old woman
- but these delays worry me a lot.

SMITH:

Frank will find the best route he can.
If its secrecy you want you'll have to
accept delays.

IRVINE:

(closer and in lower tones)
Tom... you're an intelligent man.
Do you consider that we made the right
decision - back at the train?

SMITH

(thinking before speaking)
Yes, I do. But if Frank's to make a
go of leading this party, you'll have to
give him his head. He's no committee
member, and he's wrong trying to be.

EVERETT:

Thank you.

A boistrous outburst occurs nearby. CANTON looks round in
the saddle.

CANTON:

Less noise back there!

The procession plods on. A light drizzle begins to fall.

JOHNSON COUNTY, NIGHT. The party is camped in a shallow gully, the horses tethered by a spring. Fires are forbidden, but the waning moonlight illuminates the range. Men lie under dark bedrolls, their sleep at last undisturbed. We hear an owl hoot, and it could be a real one - it is answered by another, unconvincing and close at hand. There is a gentle scrape of feet against a rocky slope, the clatter of dislodged pebbles. GILLESPIE comes into view leading another man: in a long slicker and narrow-brimmed hat, it could almost be his double. CANTON is waiting for them at the stream. They talk in whispers.

GILLESPIE:

Mr Canton, this is Ted Highland, foreman for the T.A. spread. He's done some work for me in the past.

HIGHLAND:

I was told to speak to Major Greaves.

CANTON:

I'm in charge now. What's your news?

HIGHLAND gets the okay from GILLESPIE before he speaks.

HIGHLAND:

Well...

Three days ago some of my men was out looking for strays east of the Powder River, when they saw smoke where they didn't expect it. The only settlement out that way's the old KC Ranch, that's been deserted since spring of, let's see, '87. When they told me, I lit on out there to take a look. It might just be

trappers, I thought, but we been losing more stock than we ought. So I lit out, like I say, and was I right to do so! There was no smoke this time, but there was sure as dammit cattle in the pens. I set there a while -

CANTON:

(quiet and urgent)

Could you see the brands?

HIGHLAND:

Sure could. Some was unbranded, mavericks. But there was two I recognised - Circle H, and the T.A.

CANTON:

They couldn't have bought them?

HIGHLAND:

Nobody's selling steers this time of year. And listen to this. As I was coming away I did meet two trappers, that had stayed the night at the ranch, and they told me that the men inside was Nick Ray and... Nate Champion.

This does not impress CANTON as much as HIGHLAND would like.

HIGHLAND:

Nate Champion - that was run out of Buffalo last fall.

CANTON:

He's got a record?

GILLESPIE:

Several counts; nothing we could
make stick. (significantly) He's one
of the names on Major Greaves' list.

CANTON:

(suddenly suspicious)

How come you knew to find us?

HIGHLAND:

The T.A. is a Company ranch. My boss
put up a thousand dollars to finance you.

GILLESPIE:

I can vouch for this man, Canton.
The KC's only fifteen miles northwest.
We could be there before dawn.

CANTON looks about him, weighing his options.

HIGHLAND:

Well?

CANTON:

Wake the men.

THE RAVINE, SUNRISE. The KC Ranch is a T-shaped cabin
of interlocking logs, on the floor of a deep ravine with
heavily wooded sides. The morning is cold and clear,
and bright sunlight has already clipped the western rim as

CANTON's men go for position among the trees.

CANTON:

Where the hell is Highland?

He stares furiously into the cleft. On the far side we glimpse men moving among the trees. GILLESPIE and HIGHLAND come up the narrow path after CANTON.

He directs their attention to the corrals between Ranch and river. It is their first unobstructed view of them, and they are empty.

HIGHLAND:

As I'm a Christian, there was cattle in there yesterday. Fourteen head.

HIGHLAND chews his lip unhappily. JEB, a few trees along and lower down the slope, attracts CANTON's attention.

JEB:

Frank - I think there's horses in the lean-to.

GILLESPIE:

Then there's somebody there, at least.

CANTON:

I don't want to hear another word from either of you.

Lower still, behind a rough bank of earth, LEW and SHAD are loading rifles.

SHAD:

Seen anything move?

LEW:

Not yet.

SHAD:

I tell you, Lew - soon as that door opens,
I'm a-gonna let fly. Ain't gonna risk any
of the crap we had yesterday. Soon as she
opens, Eeeee-Pow!

LEW takes aim at the front door, lowers his sights and looks
around in desperation. With CANTON nowhere in sight, the
attack on Johnson County about to begin, LEW crouches with
an unbroken sightline to the Ranch and no way out.

Smoke starts to drift from the cabin's thick chimney.
On the opposite slope, the Texans see it too.

SMITH:

Won't be long now.

From the top of the ravine, MAJOR GREAVES watches through
field-glasses: taking stock of the seige positions, the
lie of the land. Thirty feet below him, EVERETT starts
a quick conference with CANTON. We come in at the tail end.

EVERETT:

I don't know this man Highland any better
than you do. He's one of Gillespie's contacts.

CANTON:

(eyes on the Ranch)

So what?

EVERETT:

So I think we play this carefully.
If Highland's right, fine. If he's not,
if there are ten or fifteen men in there
- just suppose - then we're in trouble.
A dozen men could stand us off for -

CANTON:

Is that you or the Major talking?

EVERETT:

(embarrassed)

Frank, does it matter? When Greaves talks
tactics I'm prepared to listen. The one thing
that mustn't happen is for us to get locked into
a confrontation that loses us another day.

Once again CANTON wrestles with himself and comes off the loser.

CANTON:

We'll give them a chance.
Pete, pass the word along. No shooting.

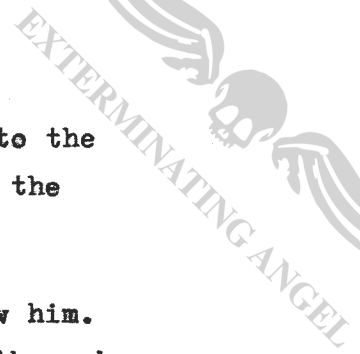
SHAD grimaces when the message reaches him.
For a moment, LEW relaxes.

The back door of the cabin opens, inward.

SMITH sees CANTON signalling with his hands.

SMITH:

Not yet, boys. Let's see what
they're up to first.



A short, heavily-bearded man in furs comes out into the ravine, carrying a bucket. He meanders past the corrals and down towards the creek.

CANTON motions the nearest sharpshooters to follow him. Laying down their rifles, they parallel his path through the trees.

The bearded man reaches the water, kneels and begins to wash. His hat falls off dislodging a shock of shaggy, grey-streaked hair. He wrings it out and puts it back in place. He fills the bucket. When he looks up, two armed men are facing him across the stream. One of them puts his finger to his lips.

THE RAVINE, MORNING. The old timer is telling his story to CANTON and EVERETT. Guns are still trained on the cabin.

TRAPPER:

Honest, Misters. Champeen's in the ranch all right. And his pard Ray. But me and my wife didn't know they was desperadoes. Why, you don't think we'd sleep under the same roof as hoss thieves, do you?

HIGHLAND:

Cattle rustlers.

TRAPPER:

Cattle rustlers, that's what I say. Honest, her and me's just on our way to start a silver fox farm, and we run into these young outlaws by a freak of -

CANTON:

What happened to the stock they had?

TRAPPER:

Took 'em away. Musta sold 'em.
Day ago or more.

HIGHLAND:

(to any who will listen)

See? Like I said.

TRAPPER:

Listen, Mist'ers, afore you git to shooting,
will you let the missus out of there?
She ain't no mavericker.

CANTON:

I don't see how we'd go about it.

GREAVES comes down the path their feet have beaten, and
instantly the air freezes over.

GREAVES:

We shall simply give them five minutes
to allow the woman to leave and throw
out their arms.

TRAPPER:

(alarmed)

Oh, I wouldn' do that. No, no, wouldn' do that.

GREAVES:

Surely they wouldn't shoot a woman?

TRAPPER:

Mebbe not, but Champeen wouldn't let her out neither. And then one of your gang might shoot her, by chance, in the fury o' battle. You let me go down the crick and I'll git her loose.

GREAVES shakes his head, so CANTON lets him go. All watch as the little man threads his way back to the stream.

GREAVES:

That was a bad move, Canton. They must know something's up by now.

At the creek, the TRAPPER rattles his bucket and stamps up the track to the Ranch, calling out.

TRAPPER:

Hey! Hey! Look see what I got!

Shrill and distant through the layers of logs, a woman's voice can be heard. Her words echo off the ravine walls.

WIFE:

Where you been, you idiot?

The TRAPPER halts by a clump of bushes.

TRAPPER:

Pertelote! Come an' see what I ketched!

WIFE:

You didn't ketch nothing!

The watchers watch, bored, tense, fascinated...

SHAD:

Soon as that door opens, Eeee-Pow!

GREAVES:

Canton, this is a mockery...

A TEXAN:

Reckon she's a looker, Tom?

WIFE:

Nate says there ain't nothing to ketch!

And all is deadly still.

The TRAPPER puts down the bucket and rubs his arm.

TRAPPER:

(pathetically)

I can't carry it no further, dear.

For a long moment, nothing in the whole canyon seems to move.

Life only returns with the opening of the door.

Onto the path steps a tiny woman, clad identically to her husband. One of the cowboys has to suppress a laugh.

She starts to walk towards her husband.

On her sixth step, a tall man bursts out behind her,

brandishing two six-guns, sprinting for the lean-to.

And the trees burst into flashes of flame, and thunder rolls across the canyon.

The woman drops and the TRAPPER disappears. The tall man fires one shot and he drops too, jerking as he falls, as another bullet hits him, and another.

Shots pepper the wall above his head as he rolls onto his side and fires indiscriminately at the trees.

He is hit again...

CANTON has to call several times for a cease-fire.

As the echoes of gunfire die away, slow movement returns to the canyon floor.

The old woman raises her head and begins to crawl on all fours to the bushes, where the TRAPPER beckons her.

The tall man, his guns empty, starts to drag himself back towards the cabin door.

SHAD and LEW follow him with their rifles. SHAD's smokes in the crisp air. LEW's has not fired a shot.

CANTON:

Hold your fire...

At the moment the TRAPPER's wife reaches the shrubbery, another figure fills the doorway. Broader and a head shorter than the wounded man, he brandishes a long-barreled colt and has another stuffed into his belt.

As the fusilade erupts again we hear HIGHLAND's exonerated cry:

HIGHLAND:

It's Champion!

Bullets gouge the earth around him as NATE CHAMPION strides sure-footed to where NICK RAY lies wounded. He fires back occasionally and with precision, casting away his pistol when it is spent and dragging RAY back by the shoulders to the Ranch. The TRAPPERS watch breathlessly as CHAMPION passes within feet of them and heaves his friend indoors.

The door slams. CANTON calls another halt.

VOICES:

Anybody hit him?

I hit one of them...

Maybe...

Think I saw him fall...

The claims fade away.

THE RAVINE, AFTER NOON. Some hours have passed, and the whole of the Texans' slope is now sunlit. Random rifle shots crack across the ravine.

CANTON and EVERETT are in conference, and MAJOR GREAVES has been allowed a say.

EVERETT:

I had no idea it could last this long.

I thought...a morning at the outside.

Do you think they're both alive?

CANTON:

(listening to the gunfire)

Only one of them's shooting.

I think we ought to cut our losses.

EVERETT:

Meaning what?

CANTON:

Leave now and ride for Buffalo. You say yourself we can't go on wasting time like this.



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GREAVES:

Nor can we leave our job half done.
Hostile territory cannot be left
unconquered.

CANTON:

We can spare some men to keep him
pinned down.

GREAVES:

With respect, Mr Canton, we cannot.
We shall need every man we have when we ride
on Buffalo. We have wasted time and resources
here - we cannot afford to split our most
valuable resource: our men.

CANTON:

That's fine talk coming from the feller
who was going to sack the lot of us not so -

EVERETT:

(intervening quickly)

What's your solution, Major?

GREAVES:

To burn them out.

CANTON:

You're crazy. They'll see the smoke
for twenty miles.

GREAVES:

No great distance. By the time anyone
gets here we shall be gone.

The argument continues.

Behind their earthwork, LEW and SHAD await developments.

SHAD takes desultory aim and squeezes the trigger.

The bullet whines away in the general direction of the ranch.

SHAD:

Goddangit! Why don't you come out again?
How many you killed to date, Jebediah?

JEB'S VOICE:

(drifting through the trees)
Twenty-seven.

SHAD:

Pretty good for one afternoon.
(to LEW, more serious) Is your gun still
jammed?

LEW:

Yeah.

SHAD:

Want me to take a look at it?

LEW:

What's the use?
(off-handedly) You were telling me about Canton.

SHAD:

Not much more to tell.
Where'd I leave off?

LEW:

Buffalo.

SHAD:

Yes, right - Well, we got the word
Frank was in trouble with the law,
so we took the train - a bunch of us,
and Jeb and me - to Buffalo, and sat
the trial out. That was quite something -

LEW:

When did you get the word?

SHAD:

Christ, I don't know. (joking)
Champion's sneaking out the back, Jeb!

JEB'S VOICE:

I got him covered. Asshole.

LEW:

I mean, before or after he was arrested?

SHAD:

Huh? Why, after, I guess. How could
we get it before?

LEW:

(ultra-casual)

Did he do it?

SHAD:

Kill those guys? Frank's not the -
Now what do you make of that?

SHAD stares across the canyon, and LEW does likewise.

Along the far rim, black against the western sky, comes a tiny buckboard drawn by two ponies. LEW squints across the distance, a plan forming behind his eyes. He raises his rifle.

SHAD:

Not a chance at this distance, Lew.

Unheeding, LEW opens fire across the chasm, pumping a withering stream of... near misses... at the wagon.

His shots tear up the path ahead of the ponies and the driver swerves. It is some of the most accurate shooting we have seen all day. SHAD doesn't follow LEW's reasoning, but a fight is a fight, and delightedly he too pours wild lead across the canyon.

Below the buckboard, unaware of its presence, the Texans make for cover.

A TEXAN:

Tom - they're shooting at us!

The tiny target has almost vanished and GREAVES is hopping mad.

GREAVES:

Cease fire! Who fired at that wagon!
Cease fire, I said! Gillespie, do something
useful - get down there and stop that shooting!

GILLESPIE looks about him for someone to delegate to, finds nobody, and hurries down the steep path - to escape from GREAVES if nothing else. GREAVES' voice echoes after him.

GREAVES:

GREAVES:

(roaring at the Texans)

Get up there! After them!

CANTON:

(through the trees)

Do it, Tom! Wagon on the rim!

GILLESPIE picks his way among the branches.

And LEW, unable to see the buckboard any more, leaves his post in search of a new vantage point.

SHAD:

Where you off, Lew?

LEW:

Higher ground.

SHAD:

It's not worth... Lew?

But LEW is gone, heading up the path.

SHAD picks out a couple of the Texans moving up the opposite bank. Most of the shooting across the valley has stopped. No sound comes from the Ranch.

JEB'S VOICE:

I suppose you got him, right?

SHAD:

Damned to hell right, Annie Oakley.

LEW hurries through the trees, up the narrow, slippery path - looking for a break in the branches. As the shots across the valley peter out, he hears the sound of someone coming down the slope. He freezes, and moments later a man appears, stumbling and sliding towards him. GILLESPIE, Winchester under his arm, city man slipping much too fast down the slimy embankment...

In a single action, LEW raises his rifle and fires. But at the same instant his oncoming target trips and falls headlong, landing on hands and knees.

LEW's first shot echoes away. The leaves rustle around them. Uncomprehending and frightened, still on his knees, GILLESPIE raises his hands. His rifle is a mile away.

GILLESPIE:

Don't -

The dead cartridge ejects with a click-clack, and the rifle bucks again in LEW's hands. The sound of the shot surrounds them.

GILLESPIE falls back, off the path, and rolls away into shadow.

Green calm descends around LEW and his smoking rifle, shaking slightly. Far off, another gun is fired.

The first Texan to reach the rim falls also, cut down by CHAMPION.

TOM SMITH's voice echoes angry over the ravine.

SMITH:

Frank!

MAJOR GREAVES stands over CANTON, who still watches the Ranch.

GREAVES:

If the driver of that buckboard was not killed by a stray bullet, he'll be on his way to Buffalo by now.
What are your orders, Mr Canton?

CANTON:

(bitterly)

Burn him out.

THE RAVINE, LATE AFTERNOON. The western slope is in darkness, the sun low in the sky beyond. A swirling funnel of gray smoke fills the canyon. Loose bundles of burning brush and timber have been rolled down under the cabin's eaves: by now the ranch is well ablaze.

CANTON and the others watch through the smoke.

EVERETT:

It shouldn't be long, now?

MAJOR GREAVES draws his fellow businessman to one side.

GREAVES:

Take some men and be ready to bring up the horses. I want to move the moment we're finished here.

EVERETT looks as if this won't be an easy job.

GREAVES:

(with a half-smile)

Tell them Canton sent you.

LEW is back behind the bank, with SHAD.

SHAD:

(anticipating CHAMPION's exit)

Eeee - Pow! Eeee - Pow!

LEW watches the flames spread across the roof.

The Texans watch, too - stony-faced and silent at the loss of one of their own. It is the first casualty the invaders have knowingly suffered.

We hear other voices.

MEN:

Ain't he never coming out?

I reckon the cuss has shot himself.

The front door flies open and smoke billows out.

A score of safety-catches click! as one...

The men wait, guns trained on the doorway.

NATE CHAMPION leaps through a rear window, hits the ground amid smoke and broken glass, and is up and running.

Shots land nowhere near him.

He makes for the timber, covering the ground fast.

But now the marksmen have his range, and bullets land around his feet. He stumbles, lurches on with shoulders hunched like a football player...

He has almost reached the woods when he realises there are Texans there, too.

A burst of fire at close range stops him in his tracks, and he tugs at the gun in his belt.

Another burst tips him over.

Bullets hit him where he lies.

It is a long time before the shooting stops.

Slowly men gather around the body, cautiously at first for fear that NICK RAY is still around somewhere, then more openly. Their voices, too, are cautious.

MEN:

So that's him.

He looked taller...

His pal's burned, you figure?

Bladed to death, more likely

CANTON appears, GREAVES at his side. DR KENROSS, out of cover for the first time, accompanies them. CANTON tips his hat to TOM SMITH.

CANTON:

How's your man, Tom?

SMITH shakes his head and looks for the makings.

SMITH:

I was sorry to lose him.

GREAVES indicates CHAMPION's body to KINROSS, who seems irritated at being dragged down into the ravine.

KINROSS:

Yes, Major, he's definitely dead.

GREAVES:

I want a report on the circumstances.
I want it official. Let's move, the
rest of you.

A TEXAN:

We got a man dead, too.

GREAVES:

(softly)

I regret that.
One report on both, Doctor.
See that it's witnessed.

KINROSS bends stiffly to feel for a pulse. Others,
morbidly curious, crouch alongside him.

KINROSS:

Get away, please.

COWBOY:

Just looking, Doc.
What d'you reckon he died of?

Part of the cabin collapses, sending up a shower of sparks
and increasing the flow of smoke. Several men attempt to
salvage livestock from the lean-to, but are driven back by
the heat. No one considers extinguishing the fire as a
whole. ~~EVERETT~~, JACK and the others arrive with the horses.

GREAVES:

Fast as you can, now! We've
still three ours of daylight.

Some of the cowboys, mostly Texans, make for their animals.
Others wait for an order from CANTON. The latter throws
away his cigarette, and with his eyes fixed on GREAVES
prepares to speak.

JEB:

(rising by CHAMPION's body)

Boys! Git an earful of this!

KINROSS:

Give me that...

DOCTOR KINROSS makes a grab for the small notebook JEB brandishes.
JEB parries and beckons SHAD and the rest over.

JEB:

No sir! This is good reading!

SHAD:

What you got there?

JEB:

Champion's diary. Listen -

He rummages through the pages till the writing stops.
There is blood on the book.

JEB:

(reading)

"April ninth. It is now about two hours since

the first shot. Nick is still alive.
They are still shooting and all around
the house."

SHAD:

He wrote that today? I don't believe you.

JEB:

See for yourself.

SHAD:

If I could read I damn well would.

JEB:

(thoroughly immersed)

"Boys, there is bullets coming in like hail.
Them fellows is in such shape I can't get
at them. Nick is dead. He died about
nine o'clock. It is now about noon.
I don't think they intend to let me...
to let me get away this time."

A man approaches CANTON, as JEB's account continues.

MAN:

Gillespie's dead, Frank.
I think you ought to take a look.

JEB:

"I don't know what they have done with them
two that staid here last night.
Boys, I feel pretty lonesome just now..."

Unwillingly, CANTON walks away - past the waiting horses.

GREAVES looks briefly back at CANTON, then joins the Texans who are saddling up. He engages two of them in conversation.

JEB:

"It is about three o'clock now.
There was a man in a buckboard just passed.
They fired on him as he went by.
They are coming back. I've got to look out."

SMITH is with the horses now; CANTON is nowhere to be seen.

JEB:

"They are shelling the house like hail.
I heard them splitting wood. I guess they
are going to fire the house. I will make
a break when night comes, if alive.
Shooting again. It's not night yet.
The house is all fired.
Goodbye, boys, if I never see you again.

Nathan D. Champion."

GREAVES and the Texans are mounted. The Wyoming contingent breaks up, the men drifting away from JEB and the DOCTOR. GREAVES starts to turn his horse; others do likewise. CANTON rejoins the group.

CANTON:

(belatedly, and he knows it)
Let's go.

His men hurry to find horses. CANTON mounts up and sets off after SMITH. DOCTOR KINROSS sees he has lost his pony.

KINROSS:

Will someone give me a ride back to the wagon?

They leave the Ranch a shell still burning.

Someone has pinned a card to CHAMPION's breast. It reads,

"Cattle Thieves, Beware!"

JOHNSON COUNTY, NIGHT. The sun has gone, but the western sky still glows. Tonight no moon will shine. The caravan, more spread out than ever, crawls to a halt.

CANTON:

We'll take fifteen minutes to let stragglers catch up.

The message is bourne back along the line. CANTON climbs down and stretches.

MAN:

We gonna light fires tonight, Frank?

CANTON:

I don't see how we can, so close to Buffalo.

MAN:

(grumbling)

We're not that close...

GREAVES, JACK and EVERETT gather nearby. They do not dismount.

GREAVES:

(evenly)

How close, Mr Canton?

CANTON ignores the question and asks one of his own.

CANTON:

Who's seen Tom Smith?

SMITH:

Here, Frank.

SMITH rides out of the gloom and gets down beside him.

CANTON:

Will you take a walk with me?

I'd like a word.

They step out of earshot onto the range.

CANTON:

Tom, I'm worried.

SMITH:

You're kidding. What worries
you in particular?

CANTON:

It's not the fight. I can handle that.
It's the Major. I think he's going
to try and take charge again -

SMITH:

Frank, for God's sake. What if he does?

CANTON:

Right now I'm not sure how I stand.
I don't think I've got the support.

SMITH:

I don't think you have either.

CANTON:

Maybe I haven't made a good enough showing
so far, but we've had some tough breaks.
I don't want Greaves taking over with
Buffalo so near.

SMITH:

Frank, what's it matter if he does? You get
paid whether you ride in front or at the back.
What difference does it make?

CANTON:

I want - I'm going to suggest we ride
through the night. We'll get to Buffalo
in the early hours, strike before daybreak.
I want you to back me up, Tom.

SMITH:

I don't seem to know you these days, Frank.
I remember you before you ever gave an order
- when you took pride in what you did, not
in how many people did it for you...

CANTON:

Don't lecture me, Tom. Support me.

SMITH:

I won't.

From the north a rider arrives, galloping.

FRANK CANTON turns and hurries back, SMITH at his heels.

SHAD reins up in the light of a lantern.

SHAD:

Big band coming our way, Frank.

Three, four miles ahead.

He quietens his horse and jumps down. Men gather quickly, clutching bridles.

CANTON:

Showing lights?

SHAD:

Not a one.

CANTON:

But men, not cattle?

SHAD:

(deliberating)

Herd of cows makes a noise. These was silent.

CANTON:

You're sure of that?

GREAVES:

Of course he's sure, Canton. That waggoner got word to Buffalo, and the vigilantes are out.

CANTON:

We don't know that!

SMITH:

Steady, Frank.

EVERETT:

(seizing his moment)

I'd like to hear some concrete proposals.

CANTON:

(snapping)

We ride to Buffalo!

EVERETT:

(not waiting for a reaction)

Major?

GREAVES:

We ride to the nearest Company ranch and

go to ground for twenty-four hours.

That'll be the T.A. ranch, Highland.

CANTON realises he has been railroaded.

So do most of the cowboys, but few are shedding tears.

EVERETT:

Any more proposals? Shall we take a vote?

GREAVES:

Who rides with me?

JACK, holding the lamp, rakes a sea of raised hands.

EVERETT:

Against?

A few Wyoming hands are raised. Several men, TOM SMITH among them, have not voted.

EVERETT:

We ride to the T.A. Ranch. Major.

GREAVES:

(with his old clipped economy)

Mount up; form two columns.

Wagon at the rear. The distance, Highland?

HIGHLAND:

If we leave the road and head southwest,
a couple hours' ride.

GREAVES:

Very goo. Proceed.

In silence, please.

The MAJOR's troop, barely mounted, moves off.

SMITH hands CANTON his reins and rides on.

CANTON stares blankly into the northern night,
then climbs up and follows them.

THE TA RANCH, NIGHT. The dark interior of a bunkhouse.
Snores and sighing breaths, the occasional cough.
Men sleep in two- and three-tier bunks, often more than one
to a cot. Those who have not found a bed sleep on the
floor.

LEW picks his way among the bodies, pausing and trying to recognise faces or clothing in the half-light. At length, he comes upon an empty bunk and an abandoned bedroll; examines it, and lets it fall. He opens the door gently and steps outside.

A match flares at his elbow.

CANTON lights his cigarette and draws deeply on it. He looks briefly at LEW, then away into the gloaming. Smoke curls slowly around his nostrils...

LEW:

(very quietly)

I've been looking for you, for a while.

CANTON:

You took your time.

LEW:

I wanted to catch you alone.

CANTON:

That's the burden of command, Lew Brevett. The boss is never on his own.

LEW:

You're not the boss now.

CANTON:

No. Which is lucky for you.

(before LEW can speak CANTON asks him a question)

See that? How many do you think there are?

In spite of himself, LEW follows CANTON's gaze. The surrounding hills are black and heavy, with grey dawn a suggestion beyond. At first he sees only the hills, then all at once the glint of moving metal shafts, the dull glow of a shielded lantern.

CANTON:

I counted twenty before I stopped.

LEW:

The vigilantes?

CANTON:

Can't see who else. When they missed us on the road they must've come straight here. Been here since three, I'd guess. Setting up, going for position... The way you do when you're going to attack at sunup.

He laughs softly to himself and finishes the cigarette.

CANTON:

Which still gives you and me time.

LEW:

(misunderstanding)

Yeah.

CANTON:

Time to slip through their lines and get to a telegraph. And pray it's working.

LEW:

Why?

CANTON:

So I can send a wire, funnily enough.
It was something Everett suggested once.
In the event of...

He laughs again.

CANTON:

We'd best be off.

LEW:

We?

CANTON:

I need someone to look out for me, Lew.
I'm gonna be a hero; you can be one as well.

LEW:

Why are you asking me?

CANTON:

Oh - cause you voted for me yesterday.

LEW:

I didn't vote for you.

CANTON:

Cause you interest me. Cause I haven't quite
got you figured out. Cause I'd like to know
why you killed Gillespie. Champion didn't
shoot him. He was shot at close quarters,
on his way to see you. Shall we go?

LEW:

You don't want me along.

CANTON:

I still owe you one - remember?

LEW:

(hoarsely)

Are we going to ride?

CANTON grins and steps off the porch.

CANTON:

Not just yet.

THE T.A. RANCH, DAY. A couple of hours after dawn, the hills swarm with men and several campfires have been lit. None of the inhabitants of the Ranch shows himself; but within all is turmoil. The doors are being barricaded, the windows blocked and gunports established. MAJOR GREAVES engages in tactical discussions and issues terse orders; EVERETT has cornered TOM SMITH, who would rather be with his men. DOBSON, HIGHLAND's employer and franchise owner of the Ranch, frets and tries to attract attention.

Ranch hands included, there must be nearly sixty men inside, and every one of them is on the move.

GREAVES:

I want a man in every upper window, and someone standing by to reload. Its not too late to throw up some kind of breastwork between here and the creek - that's our weakest spot.

Mr Dobson! How much loose timber -

EVERETT:

(grilling SMITH)

That's why I'm asking you.

SECRET

SMITH:

He didn't tell me anything.
Frank wouldn't run away. If he's -

EVERETT:

The Major says he did.

SMITH:

Come on, Everett, you know him better
than that. If Frank's gone it's because...
Well, there's a good reason. I hope he
got past them.

EVERETT:

Then why didn't he tell you?

SMITH:

We didn't part the best of friends.

DOBSON:

(to GREAVES)

... not enough for fortifications.

GREAVES:

What if we took down the barn?

A MAN:

Major Greaves - Buffalo Sheriff's down
by the creek. He wants to talk.

GREAVES:

I'll speak to -

The prospect of a parlay disintegrates with a burst of firing outside. The Texans return the fire enthusiastically.

THE SURROUNDING HILLS, DAY. Surprisingly fast for one so bulky, SHERIFF ANGUS stalks up the slope from the stream. Bursts of flame flash from the bushes around him, and the air is thick with smoke and sound. Two or three men keep pace with him.

DEPUTY BASCH comes hot foot down the hill, joins the group, and they seek cover.

ANGUS:

Who started shooting? I wanted to talk to them.

BASCH:

(distracted)

I don't know, Sheriff. Two of the horses have been taken. Stolen.

ANGUS:

What do you mean? When? Just now?

BASCH:

About an hour ago, just after dawn.
Stan McCafferty saw 'em go.

ANGUS:

Why the hell -

A bullet hits a rock nearby and ricochets away.
It is gone before they can even duck.

ANGUS:

Why didn't he raise the alarm?

BASCH:

He thought they was our men.

One of them was that cousin of Ranger Jones.

ANGUS:

(letting this digest)

Now he's positive about the identification?

BASCH:

He was with me when we told Jones' missus.

ANGUS:

And the other man?

BASCH:

Couldn't see his face.

ANGUS:

They must be trying to get a message
through. You ride to -

Below them a gun misfires and its owner drops it shouting.

Men scabble towards him through the bushes.

ANGUS:

Ride to Ucross. The telegraph office
at the railhead. Cut the wires,
first chance you get.

BASCH:

Right. What'll you do, Sheriff?

ANGUS:

I'm going back to Buffalo and take a bath.
(to a companion) Arapahoe's in charge
till I get back. Don't move on the Ranch
till then.

THE T.A. RANCH, DAY. The invaders work as a team to defend the blockhouse. For the first time, divisive differences have been set aside. GREAVES walks the line of defense. EVERETT is loading at a gunport; KINROSS bandages a flesh wound in a Texan's arm. Glass and splinters fly, the atmosphere is choked with cordite, and the noise is intolerable - yet spirits are high and there is no lack of resolution.

In the corral a dozen yards distant, one of the horses stumbles.

JEB:

Hey! They're shooting the horses!

GREAVES finds a vantage point. Another animal falls.

GREAVES:

Mr. Smith! Take as many men as you need
and get those animals inside the barn.

SMITH moves without a word, but EVERETT, horrified, tries to intercept him.

EVERETT:

You can't ask them that, Major.
Mr Smith, you're not ob -

SMITH pushes past, selecting his men as he goes.
A rear door is opened...

GREAVES:

Full covering fire!

EVERETT watches helpless as they barge out, smoky light
flooding in behind them - cut off as the door is slammed.

THE CORRAL, DAY. The Texans break from cover in single file,
running low for the wooden rail. Shots kick up the dirt,
but as yet no one has found their range.

SMITH vaults the corral fence and lands among the frightened
horses, making nimbly for his own animal. One man makes
ready to open the gate, while others mount bareback...
SMITH is already aboard, shouting for the rest to follow.
Another animal falls.

SMITH:

Move it! Tony, the gate!

He spurs through the herd, giving the uncertain animals
a direction, and they start to follow. The gate swings
wide, and the rush for thick-walled shelter is on.
As SMITH leaves the corral, his own horse falls, pitching
him forward. He tries to land on his feet, stumbles,
and disappears in a swirl of dust and stamping hooves...



Most of the horses reach the barn.
Incessant fire flies in all directions.
Almost unaware of the screaming bullets, two of SMITH's
men carry him back to the blockhouse, his arms draped
limp across their shoulders.

JOHNSON COUNTY, DAY. FRANK CANTON pulls up out of a
canter and dismounts. LEW reins in ahead and rides back.

CANTON:

Damn it!

He examines the animal's foreleg.

CANTON:

She's going lame on me. Farmers horse!

LEW watches him warily from the saddle.
They are alone in open country.

CANTON:

We'll have to double up.

LEW:

(his gun already drawn)

I don't think so.

CANTON straightens and stands, not saying a word.

LEW:

(in a monotone)

Those men you killed on the Buffalo road,
Canton. Do you remember their names?

CANTON:

(angry and at a loss)

Course I don't, son - I'm always killing
people. You expect me to keep some kind
of record?

LEW:

(long-rehearsed)

John Tisdale and Ranger Jones.
Does that mean anything -

CANTON:

Not a thing, not one damn thing.
Cut it out, Lew, we got a job on our hands.

LEW:

- mean anything to you?
My name's Jones, too.

CANTON:

Well it's a common enough name! But it's
a lovely name and I like it very much.
Quite a coincidence, wouldn't you say?

LEW raises the gun, aiming at CANTON's chest.

CANTON is shouting now.

CANTON:

For Christ's sake, Lew!

There's fifty men in that ranch.
We're the only ones who can get them out.

The hand holding the gun does not waver.

CANTON:

If you think you've got a score to settle,
I'm not afraid to settle it with you.
But let's get that job done first.

LEW:

Why?

CANTON:

What do you mean, Why?
Cause a lot of good men are going to
be killed if we don't. Because -
Christ, Lew!

LEW:

(very deliberately)

So what? They were going to burn Buffalo.

CANTON:

You sound like the Major! Nothing's that
simple, Lew. Black and white - you can't
break everything down to black and white!

They stare at each other in silence.
CANTON's horse starts to wander away.

CANTON:

Let me send the telegram.
Then you can finish this the way you want.

LEW:

Telegram won't do no good.
Cheyenne's two days away.

CANTON:

But Fort McKinney isn't. Your people win
either way, Lew. Whether our boys get
shot by them or jailed by the Army.

I don't give a damn what happens to Greaves
and Everett. But I don't want Tom Smith
and good men like him massacred.

Do you?

LEW:

Give me your gun.

As CANTON reaches for it, LEW corrects himself.

LEW:

Left handed.

CANTON does as he is told. He holds the pistol out,
by the barrel. LEW moves to take it, then draws back.
His aim never falters.

LEW:

Just throw it away.

CANTON does so. It lands in the damp grass.

LEW:

Now climb up in front of me.
I'll give you till we send the wire.

CANTON:

That's all I ask.

THE T.A. RANCH, DAY. The battle continues, more fiercely than ever. Wood and glass splinters erupt across smoke-filled rooms; the debris of fortification is everywhere.

KINROSS works under great pressure, with little practical assistance. There are few bullet wounds, but many powder burns and shrapnel injuries. The most serious casualty is SMITH, lying on a pallet with makeshift splints on both his legs. JACK tries to make himself useful: the other detective has produced a notebook and is scribbling furiously.

A MAN:

They're raising another breastwork!

GREAVES:

We should have done the same!

EVERETT:

Perhaps it's not too late, Ma -

GREAVES:

(ignoring him)

How many in the barn?

MAN:

Four.

GREAVES:

I want a runner there with a message.

Volunteers are few. The Pinkerton man seeks out DOCTOR KINROSS, at work on a smashed wrist.

PINKERTON:

What's Tom Smith's condition?

PENROSE:

(wiping the sweat from his eyes)

Bad.

THE SURROUNDING HILLS, DAY. While a phalanx of Buffalo men maintain a steady fire, the rest work behind the lines: binding logs into moveable fortifications.

A ginger-bearded rowdy called ARAPAHOE RED directs the construction.

RED:

Leave more of a gap than that, Ambrose.
You got to poke a rifle 'txixt those logs.
Cain't you speed it up? We never had
this much time at Heenan's Ridge!

RED, like certain others, needs no encouragement to re-fight the Civil War.

MAN:

Where's this one going, Red?

RED:

The gap in the trees by the Ice House.

DEPUTY:

That's awful close to the Ranch, Red.

RED:

That it is.

Don't use a slip knot there!

DEPUTY:

You ain't planning to storm the
Ranch, is you? Angus said to -

RED:

And where is he, I'd like to know?

DEPUTY:

- wait till he got back before we moved.

RED:

Larry, Angus is a wet rag. Cain't understand
how he got to be Sheriff in the first place.

A MAN:

Cause you was the only alternative.

Someone laughs. RED's beard bristles.

RED:

Work, you bastards!

UCROSS RAILHEAD, DAY. In the glow of late afternoon,
LEW and CANTON reach the railroad spur. It is very similar
to the one at Casper - a single track ending in sidings;
empty pens on one side, a rough office on the other.
A row of telegraph poles stretches south with the rails.

LEW makes CANTON dismount first. Then he climbs down and tethers the horse. CANTON enters the office.

Inside it is unexpectedly light, due to gaping holes in the roof and the absence of a back door.

A thin, sour-faced CLERK crouches beside a small stove breaking twigs. He scowls at CANTON.

CLERK:

No trains.

CANTON:

I want to send a telegram.

CANTON rests his right hand on his holster, so the CLERK cannot see it is empty. The CLERK makes heavy weather of the walk to his desk. He fishes out some dog-eared scraps of paper and a pencil.

CLERK:

Who to?

CANTON:

Colonel Van Horn, Commander, Fort McKinney.

The CLERK stops writing, his face a sudden blank. LEW comes into the office.

CLERK:

I can't... send it today, of course.

The lines are down.

CANTON doesn't take his eyes off the CLERK. The man stays quite impassive.

CANTON:

I don't believe you.

The CLERK shrugs and puts his hands in his pockets.

CLERK:

'S true.

CANTON:

Send it.

CANTON glances to LEW for support. He finds none.

CANTON:

(stepping towards the desk)

Send it or I'll kill you.

The CLERK puts a hand to one of the desk draws.
LEW draws his gun.

LEW:

Do as he says.

The CLERK puts his hands on the desk.

CLERK:

What's the message?

CANTON nods to LEW, a brief unspoken thanks. Then he picks up the paper and scribbles a brief message. The CLERK sits and starts to tap it out on the key. LEW and FRANK watch silently. Outside the horse neighs. Neither pays any attention.

Suddenly the clatter of the keys changes its tone.
The CLERK stops, tries a short set of four, another...

CLERK:

It's died on me.

CANTON:

Don't waste my time.

CLERK:

(a desperate whisper)

It just cut off.

CANTON looks at LEW in disbelief.

CLERK:

Please... I got most of it...

LEW lifts the gun till it is inches from his head.

A VOICE:

He's telling the truth.

All three stare startled at the door.

BASCH stands in the doorway, with a levelled rifle.

BASCH:

Put down your guns, please. Boys!

An armed man appears in the rear doorway, another at the window. Like BASCH they wear deputy's badges and carry rifles. LEW puts his pistol on the desk.

CLERK:

This one hasn't got a gun, Sheriff.

BASCH:

(stepping inside)

What were they trying to send?

CLERK:

A wire to Fort McKinney. To get the military.

BASCH:

How much of it went?

CLERK:

(unwillingly)

A bit. Not the sender.

The other deputies enter the cabin. One of them frisks CANTON. BASCH stands opposite LEW, cradling his rifle. LEW says nothing.

BASCH:

McCafferty was right. It is you.
Him I can understand. But you -
after what they did to your kin...

BASCH runs out of things to say, and shakes his head.
With sullen speed he smashes the rifle butt in LEW's face.

THE T.A. RANCH, NIGHT. After a day of endless gunfire, the interior of the Ranch is wholly derelict. The furniture has been broken up for firewood and fortifications, and the walls are scarred and pockmarked. The men's litter is

strewn about the floor, and hanging gunsmoke mingles with the smoke and smell of cooking. Sporadic fire keeps up outside.

GREAVES finds EVERETT, sitting listless amid the rubble.

GREAVES:

Have you seen Mr Dobson?

EVERETT:

(distantly)

What?

GREAVES:

We're low on ammunition.

I want to know if he's got any stored -

EVERETT:

Dobson's gone to bed.

GREAVES doesn't seem to understand. EVERETT rubs a grubby hand through his hair.

EVERETT:

He says he's not coming down until we've all cleared out of his house. Highland's the only person he'll talk to. He says he's sorry he ever opened his doors to us.

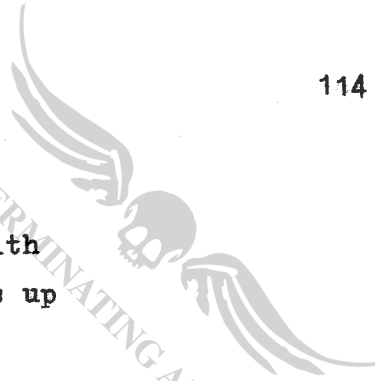
GREAVES:

We'll soon see about that! We'll soon see what the Board has to say -

EVERETT:

He's also sorry he ever joined the Board.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



GREAVES:

The devil he is!

He rises, all set to stamp upstairs, but EVERETT restrains him.

EVERETT:

Let him be, will you? There's no point -
The only ammunition is still in the wagon.
Along with food and medical supplies, if
they interest you.

He lets GREAVES go.

GREAVES finds a small group next door in the kitchen:
gaunt men with dirt-streaked faces and red-rimmed eyes.

MAN:

Get a move on, will you?

COOK:

You don't like the service, take
your custom elsewhere.

GREAVES:

Follow me, men. There are
supplies to salvage.

With communal slowness, the cowboys start filing out.
Then they stop, realising one man has not moved.

GREAVES:

Come on!

The loiterer parks himself firmly on the floor.
Only when he speaks do we recognise him as SHAD.

SHAD:

I ain't going. Not until I've ate.

GREAVES:

(almost conciliatory)

I know you're hungry, soldier. I haven't -

SHAD:

Soldier?! You bastard - do it yourself!

In a moment GREAVES is erect and glaring, his hand on the
revolver holstered crossways on his chest.

GREAVES:

Up and out, right now!

One of the cowboys disappears. No one else moves.
The food burns on the stove.

GREAVES:

I will give you till the count of three.

SHAD ignores him, but his hand is not far from his pistol.
Shots crack outside.

GREAVES:

One.

TOM smith appears behind GREAVES, supported by a young cowboy.
His legs are useless and his pale face streams with sweat.
But his voice is level as he addresses SHAD.

SMITH:

Do as the bastard tells you.

One look at SMITH and SHAD is not prepared to argue. He gets up and joins the others. GREAVES follows them, pausing to acknowledge SMITH - but SMITH will have none of it.

SMITH:

(with great effort)

You are a bastard, Greaves. When this is over, I'll be looking for you...

As GREAVES walks out, SMITH's face contorts with the agony of an internal wound...

GREAVES meets his men at a side door. One of them holds it slightly ajar, peering out.

MAN:

I wouldn't go just yet, Major - there's a couple of men moving around close by.

GREAVES peers through a gunport. Rifles flash in the distance, but in the nearer darkness nothing stirs.

GREAVES:

Ours?

A dynamite explosion sears the night, igniting and uprooting the corral rails. Thunder rolls about the hills.

BUFFALO JAIL, NIGHT. LEW, his face bruised and caked with black blood, lies on a rough bunk - eyes closed. Sounds filter through to him, and he stirs and opens one eye. He is in an iron-barred cell, one of two. Plain wooden walls around the cages, a desk and some chairs and an empty rifle rack.

In the next cell three deputies are working over FRANK CANTON: each one holding him in turn as the others lay into him. CANTON has long since ceased to resist. There is blood all over him and the floor. LEW rolls onto his side and tries to sit up, but his weakness and the heavy manacles on his ankles defeat him.

ANGUS:

That'll do for now.

SHERIFF ANGUS stands just inside CANTON's cell, watching with detachment. One of the deputies goes on pounding.

ANGUS:

They're waiting for us, Ivan.

IVAN leaves off and motions through the bars at LEW.

IVAN:

What about that one?

ANGUS ushers them out and locks the door. CANTON lies where they have dropped him.

ANGUS:

There'll be time.

The four men leave the office. Through the door, we see many torches burning in the street. Someone shouts as ANGUS appears. The last man blows out the lamp.

THE HILLS, DAY. By daylight the Ranch can be seen to have survived the night. Dynamite has gouged craters and charred the ground; and several outbuildings have been demolished. But the blockhouse and barn are still intact. On a hill overlooking the siegeworks, ANGUS and ARAPAHOE RED are in conference. Some thirty men who have arrived with the Sheriff are being deployed among the breastworks...

In the presence of ANGUS, RED is uncommonly obsequious.

RED:

We didn't charge 'em, Sheriff. A lot of the boys wanted to, but I said not until you got back. I knew you'd want to be in at the kill.

ANGUS:

How much dynamite you wasted?

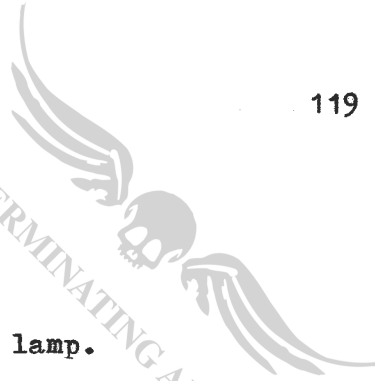
RED:

We didn't open but one box, Sheriff. But the stuff's no use - we can't get close enough to throw it. We going to charge them now, right?

ANGUS:

Red, have they tried to surrender?

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



RED:

No, they haven't. Why don't you
get the men together and -

ANGUS:

Red, be still and listen to me.
I want you to bring that wagon up here
and have it filled with kindling, rags,
anything that'll burn. And see if
Ben Fox has got any long fuses.

RED:

Gotcha! But don't you think -

ANGUS:

Chop, chop, Arapahoe!

ARAPAHOE RED stumps off, leaving ANGUS alone for a moment.
ANGUS watches the Ranch and rubs his beard.

THE T.A. RANCH, DAY. In the blockhouse, a ragged queue
is forming for breakfast. No one seems to have slept.
Alone in a corner, MAJOR GREAVES attempts to shave with a palmful
of water from his canteen. EVERETT sits nearby, haggard and
filthy in his shirtsleeves. Making his first round, DOCTOR
KINROSS comes into the alcove where TOM SMITH lies. KINROSS
takes one look and walks quickly away, ignoring the questioning
glances of the Texans at SMITH's side.
He finds GREAVES packing his shaving gear.

KINROSS:

Major.

GREAVES:

Morning, doctor. How are your patients?

KINROSS:

The only one whose condition worries me is Smith. I don't see... But I suppose it's not my place to comment on morale.

GREAVES:

Correct.

KINROSS:

Have you thought about negotiating?

GREAVES:

Yes, doctor, I have. But now is not the time. We can hold out for at least three days by my calculations - quite possibly longer. When they realise that we aren't -

KINROSS:

What you really mean is that you're not prepared to make the first move.

GREAVES:

If you want to put it that way.

A shout from one of the lookouts draws GREAVES to a window.

LOOKOUT:

Major - something's up!

KINROSS puts his medical bag on the table and opens it.

GREAVES:

What do you make of it?

LOOKOUT:

It's a wagon, but where's the team?

Sure enough, a heavy farmer's cart is topping the nearest rise, without horses or driver. Some of the Texans start to fire.

When it reaches the crest, a crowd of men is visible pushing from behind. A heavy tarpaulin has been spread over the load, and trails at the sides. Suddenly a man with a lighted torch appears.

TEXAN:

They're going to fire the Ranch!

GREAVES:

Every man to his station!

ANOTHER:

They're too far -

Volleys erupt in earnest around them. Bullets land at random on the slope, and responding gunfire erupts from the bushes and the Buffalo siegeworks. With the wagon as cover, the men on the hill continue to push it forward...

Mindless of the noise and flying debris, KINROSS reaches into his bag and produces a Derringer revolver, somewhat smaller than his hand. EVERETT is the only one to notice.

Slowly and with quiet certainty, KINROSS lifts the gun and aims it at the back of GREAVES's head...

And, fantastically, above the noise of battle, shouted orders and booming guns, we hear a bugle call.

THE HILLS, DAY. The men behind the wagon have heard the bugle, too - and several of them stop pushing and stare in the direction of the sound.

The wagon slows and stops, its dancing fuses hissing. ANGUS grabs one of the defaulters and hurls him back into line.

ANGUS:

Push! Keep it moving!

The bugle sounds again, as the shooting subsides. ANGUS spurs his men on, with anxious glances at the western hills.

ANGUS:

Harder! Get it rolling again!

Shoulders press on wheel and axle and the wagon lurches forward. There is still flat ground to cover before it will gather its own momentum, and the fuses are shortening. RED leaves off shoving.

RED:

Shouldn't we wait for them?
They can give us a hand -

ANGUS:

You push!!

He hurls himself against the cart, knocking one of his own men for six and painfully hitting a hinge. The shooting has almost stopped.

The wagon covers a couple more feet and slows again. Suddenly galloping hooves are loud in the air, and the banners of the Sixth and Thirteenth Cavalries wave over the nearest ridge.

ANGUS:

Hold it! Hold it hold it.

He steps away, holding his shoulder and watching the approaching colours.

ANGUS:

Douse those fuses.

THE T.A. RANCH, DAY. The last shots are fired, and men desert their posts, crowding to the western windows. KINROSS slips the gun back into his bag. GREAVES trains his binoculars on the colours.

GREAVES:

The Thirteenth - from Fort McKinney.
And the Sixth, by God!

Not everyone shares the gathering elation.
SMITH lies deserted on his pallet, coughing blood.
And SHAD clutches at a passing Texan in alarm.

SHAD:

Jesus, tell me the truth!
Have we got to fight the troopers now?

BUFFALO JAIL, DAY. LEW and CANTON sit in silence in their cells. CANTON, bruised and moody, gets up and paces; then returns to his bunk. He glances coldly at LEW, who looks away. A deputy watches them from the desk, shotgun across his knees.

Noises drift in from the street. The deputy goes to the door and looks out.

DEPUTY:

(in amazement)

Will you look at that!

He disappears disappears onto the boardwalk.
Others run past the doorway in the same direction.
LEW and CANTON stare.

BUFFALO MAIN STREET, DAY. A strange procession rides into town. At its head, SHERIFF ANGUS, ARAPAHOE RED and the bulk of the Buffalo men, stern and upright in the saddle for the eyes of the town are upon them. Next, the invaders, on horseback and aboard their wagon, flanked by ranks of Cavalry three abreast - Negro Cavalry. Then another body from Buffalo, eyeing the backs of the captives. And finally more troops, also Black, bearing the colours.

Townspeople spill into the road - there are shouts, tentative cheers, and the men nod grimly, tip hats, and rest hands on gun-belts. It is an occasion. Wives anxiously identify their menfolk, children point out the villains and gape at the Blacks, old timers slap thighs and cackle, saloon keepers rub their hands...

The cavalcade halts with the first of the prisoners beside the jail. ANGUS doubles back down the street and meets BRIGGS, the Captain of Cavalry - a pale young man with cropped hair and a Custer moustache.

ANGUS:

Captain, if you'll help us get 'em inside -

BRIGGS dismounts and peers into the jail. The deputy watches him, ill-at-ease.

BRIGGS:

All of them, Sheriff Angus?

Do you want to put all these men in there?

ANGUS:

(without humour)

Only till the extension's built on the hotel.

BRIGGS:

Sergeant Bradley, clear this porch and have the prisoners escorted inside.

BRADLEY, highest-ranking of the Blacks, reels off loud orders to the troops.

The soldiers form a cordon leading into the jail, between the prisoners and the gathering crowd. Their movements are practised and precise. It is the first time we have seen orders given without a hot debate ensuing...

ANGUS nods to the officer.

ANGUS:

Now, gentlemen, if you'd care to step this way your accommodation is prepared.

There is no lightness in his manner, nor in the prisoners' reactions as they file in, preceded by armed and edgy deputies. Within the jail, the mood changes dramatically - JEB, nursing a wounded arm, is one of the first inside, and his eyes ignite with pleasure...

JEB:

Shad! See what we got here!

While he and the other cowboys wait for the cell doors to be unlocked, SHAD joins them.

SHAD:

Well, I'll be damned! Here's a man whose hand I'll shake.

And when CANTON's cell is opened, he does just that. The men flock almost eagerly into the two enclosures, greeting and grabbing CANTON and - much to his astonishment - LEW.

VOICES:

My favorite deserter -
Mister Western Union himself -
How was the vacation, hero?

MAJOR GREAVES, needless to say, is the last to enter. When all his men are inside, he turns to BRIGGS on the goardwalk.

GREAVES:

Thank you, Captain Briggs.
Your handling of the cease-fire and
our escort has been... exemplary.

ANGUS:

(shoving him)
Get - Inside.

GREAVES sniffs and stands his ground: and out of the blue, gives BRIGGS a smart salute. Taken aback, BRIGGS returns it. MAJOR GREAVES marches into the jail.

In the cells, now so tightly packed that it is impossible for the inmates even to sit, pandemonium reigns.

Everybody talks, the bars are rattled, and excited men sway in clusters around LEW and CANTON.

LEW, ignoring the questions that are being fired at him, strains to hear what CANTON is saying next door.

He looks afraid.

JEB:

What did you say in the wire, Frank?

CANTON:

Not a lot. Some stuff about an armed rebellion.

Laughter and sarcastic offerings.

LEW resists the jostling barrage.

SHAD:

Did you have to make em send it, Frank?

FRANK CANTON pauses, and briefly catches LEW's eye through the press. Then, though he is lost to sight, his reply is clear.

CANTON:

Nope. Lew did the persuading for me.

THE STREET, DAY. From the door of his office, conscious of and embarrassed by the noise from within, ANGUS looks with little affection at the troopers lining the street.

The posse has begun to disperse, but some of its members hang around wanting to speak to him.

Close by, BRIGGS confers with the SERGEANT.

ANGUS:

Ah - Captain Briggs. I'd like to thank you for your help. There'll be no more trouble.

BRIGGS:

(smiling, for he too is a diplomat)
I wish I could rely on that, Sheriff.

ANGUS:

Take my word.

BRIGGS smiles again, and goes back to his conversation with BRADLEY.

BRIGGS:

Sergeant, I want you to patrol -

ANGUS:

Captain, would you tell your men to get out of my office?

BRIGGS stiffens.

BRIGGS:

(with quiet authority)
Perhaps I didn't make my position clear, Sheriff. My orders from Colonel Van Horn were to separate the two warring factions in Johnson County, and see that no further -

ANGUS:

There are no "two warring factions", Captain! There was one bunch of bandits that came to loot the -

BRIGGS:

Sheriff Angus, the politics of it don't interest me. I'm just carrying out my orders, which are to keep these men and the townspeople apart - with your cooperation, I hope - until I receive further instructions from Fort McKinney or the Governor.

ANGUS:

In Cheyenne?

BRIGGS:

That is the State Capital, I believe.

THE JAIL, DAY. Deputy IVAN enters by a rear door, bringing with him a drab little man in untidy black. He shouts through the bars, and the din quiets unnaturally at his words.

IVAN:

Prentiss here wants to know the details of the man who died.

PRENTISS:

(fussily)

His name and address. The cause of death. That sort of thing.

DOCTOR KINROSS squeezes through till he faces the undertaker.

CANTON frowns, unenlightened. No one looks at him.



KINROSS:

The man's name was Tom Smith, from Texas.
Fractured ribs that pierced his lungs.
Internal haemorrhages...
He died in the wagon.

BUFFALO MAIN STREET, NIGHT. Troopers stand guard on the Sheriff's porch, and others patrol the alleys, in pairs.

A small knot of men straggles down the street, talking low. A stone flies out of the darkness and lands on the boardwalk with a clatter. None of the soldiers moves.

The door opens, releasing lamplight and men's voices, and SERGEANT BRADLEY appears. He looks to his men, sees all there is to see, and shuts the door.

Not far away a shout, unintelligible and obscene, is heard.

On the opposite side of the street a woman stands, heavy purse in hand, watching the jail. Laughter wafts through a bright, barred window. The woman stares.

It is BRENDA.

CLARION SALOON, NIGHT. In a tobacco haze, a score of tables are packed with men whose twenty conversations vary the same theme. ARAPAHOE RED holds forth at the bar. ANGUS is at the center of the largest discussion-group.

A MAN:

- still outnumber them. So why don't we
just go in there and do what we've always meant to?

ANOTHER:

If it means tangling with the troopers -

ANOTHER:

There's still more of us than there is them.

ANOTHER:

What do you think, Will?

ANGUS:

You want to know what I think?

I think we're all behaving like a bunch of boozers that's going to pass out at 2 a.m. and have a bad head all tomorrow.

MAN:

So you reckon we ought to act, right?

ANGUS:

Like hell.

They'd really go for that in Cheyenne. The rustlers and murderers that shot at the Cavalry!

ANOTHER:

What do you mean, in Cheyenne?

We got Cheyenne right here!

ANGUS:

No we haven't. I've a list in my office of exactly who "we got" - and it's not very exciting reading. Out of more than fifty men, we got just two board members, a doctor, two Pinkerton detectives one of whom claims he's a reporter and wants letting out so he can wire his paper - and a lot of range scum and drifters.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



MAN:

And Frank Canton.

ANGUS:

Canton's just scum in my book.

ANOTHER:

Someone said there was kin of Ranger
Jones in with 'em.

ANGUS takes a drink.

ANGUS:

Who said so?

His informant shrugs and pours more whiskey.

ANGUS:

Well, I don't know about that.

MAN:

So you figure we do nothing. Even if it means
another phoney trial with Justice Parmalee -

ANOTHER:

We fought them for two days, Goddamit!

ANOTHER:

After what they done at the KC ranch -

ANGUS:

I know it all!

You haven't got to tell me. This morning
there wasn't nothing I wouldn't give to see
that ranch go up in flames. I hate them.
And I hate them more than ever now, because
they're going to get away with what they done.

The group is silent, letting him speak.

ANGUS:

But if we open fire at the U.S.
Cavalry, that's it.

MAN:

Damn it all, Will - they're niggers!

ANGUS:

You think that doesn't gall me?
To have them in my office right now,
and nothing I can do about it?

He stares at his whiskey, and suddenly tosses it back.

ANGUS:

Which reminds me...

ANGUS gets up and walks straight to the bar, where ARAPAHOE
RED is holding forth. The others follow him.

RED:

So there I am, all ready to storm the
Ranch like we did at Heenan's Ridge,
when Angus -

He becomes aware of the SHERIFF's presence.

ANGUS:

Red. If you don't mind, I've come
to pound the shit out of you.

RED:

(genuinely alarmed, for all his size)

Why, Sheriff?

ANGUS:

I couldn't begin to explain.

They tangle, fists flying, and collapse in a flailing bundle on the nearest table. In seconds, as expected, the saloon is abrawl.

THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, NIGHT. In a long, high-ceilinged corridor hung with crystal, a dapper man is waiting. A stately clock ticks, and a woman's voice drifts faintly from another floor.

Double doors part, opened by a footman in livery. The flunky bows as a frock-coated SECRETARY backs out with a sheaf of papers under his arm.

SECRETARY:

I'll see you Wednesday.

Have a nice evening.

(to the one who waits)

The Governor will see you now, Mr Heppler.

HEPPLER:

Thank you, Mr Secretary.

SECRETARY:

(aside)

Try not to keep him too long.

Is that a bad to speak? Wild at the 19th.



EXTERMINATING ANGEL

He has a box for Mr Wilde's show
at the Apollo.

HEPPLER nods in willing acquiescence and is ushered
into the Presence. We hear the GOVERNOR's voice.

GOVERNOR:

Heppler, is it? Why the devil wasn't
I kept up to date on this bus -

The footman shuts the doors.

BUFFALO MAIN STREET, DAY. A new troop of Cavalry,
whites of the Sixth, line the street as SHERIFF ANGUS,
tired, bruised, and disinterested, reads a telegram to
the gathering crowd.

ANGUS:

"Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 15th.
W.E. Angus, Sheriff of Johnson County -
You are hereby instructed, by special order
of President McKinley, to deliver at once
to Colonel Van Horn the men who are now
confined in the County Jail at Buffalo.
These men cannot be left in the hands of
the civil authorities due to the excitement
and hostile atmosphere of the vicinity.
For its own safety the party is to be
escorted with all possible haste and
without harrassment, to the railway spur

at Ucross, where they will board a
special train.

Amos W. Barber
Acting Governor."

ANGUS folds the paper and puts it carefully away.
The angry noises of the crowd almost drown the cheers
coming from the jailhouse...

THE JAIL, DAY. A line of cowboys stretches from the
cells to ANGUS' desk, where they must sign their release
papers and retrieve belongings. BASCH presents each man
with two copies for signature.

LEW's turn comes. BASCH sees his name, looks briefly up,
and ignores him as he signs the other copy. A Black
Trooper leads him into the street.

TROOPER:

If you see your horse, pick it out.

The street has been cordoned off, and the barriers are
patrolled by troops. A fast-diminishing herd is ground-
reined in the road, and wagons wait for those who will not
find a horse. The crowd beyond the fence watches and
jeers. LEW avoids eye contact with any of them.
He chooses a mount and joins the others. SHAD and JEB
regale him. CANTON stands by the tie rail, tightening
a cinch.

When MAJOR GREAVES emerges, it is time to go.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

The ropes are lowered, a path is cleared through the crowd. The caravan begins to move. The invaders, in excellent spirits for the most part, are flanked and preceded by the augmented troops in strict formation, followed by their wagon and a body of determined townsmen.

There are catcalls, angry gestures, thrown stones and mud, but the anger is directed against the troops more than the cowboys - safely insulated by a layer of Black in blues...

Or almost insulated.

LEW, riding with eyes downcast, hears someone call his name. He looks up, and there is BRENDA - staring fiercely, anxiously at him from the edge of the crowd. Confused for a moment, he reins up, and other horses pause and edge past him. He tries to squeeze between his guards...

TROOPER:

Back in line, Mister.

LEW draws almost level with BRENDA, stops again. He starts to speak, and she steps out of the crowd pulling the RANGER's gun from her heavy handbag, aiming it at arm's length.

FRANK CANTON rides past.

LEW does not move. The TROOPER grabs his bridle and pulls it hard, as the gun explodes and a bullet almost knocks LEW from the saddle.

A dismounting soldier dives for BRENDA before she can fire again, and the crowd wells out and swallows them... Fists fly and some of the horses panic.

BRIGGS:

Keep moving! Keep 'em moving out!

A BACK ROOM IN BUFFALO, DAY. PRENTISS, the Undertaker, sits beside LEW dressing his arm. His severed shirtsleeve is drenched in blood, but he is pale and alive.

ANGUS and SERGEANT BRADLEY stand nearby.

BRADLEY:

How soon can he travel, Doctor?

PRENTISS:

I wouldn't put him on a horse this minute. It's quite a shock to the system, being shot...

ANGUS:

If you want to get back to your Company, Sergeant, I'll see him safely out of town.

BRADLEY:

(unconvinced)

I'll wait.

PRENTISS ^{bandages} ~~bandages~~ ponderously.

LEW:

I want to see her, Sheriff.

ANGUS:

Sorry, son.

LEW:

It's important.

ANGUS shakes his head.

ANGUS:

The woman that shot you - whoever she was -
got away in the crowd.

LEW:

I've got to explain to her...

ANGUS:

And nobody knows who she was -
because if they did, these gentlemen
would make me arrest her. For attempted
murder of a Cattle Company employee.

LEW looks at ANGUS, and understands.

LEW:

I'd like to leave a letter with you.

ANGUS:

I wouldn't know what to do with it.
(to BRADLEY) I think he's ready to
travel, Sergeant. Right, Doc?

PRENTISS:

Oh, right.

BRADLEY nods and goes to the door. He calls a waiting Trooper.

BRADLEY:

Bring the horses round back.

PRENTISS:

(to LEW)

That'll be a dollar, Mister.

LEW fishes in his vest pocket for money, with his good right hand. BRADLEY crosses to the back door and opens it - he stands waiting half inside.

LEW:

(low-voiced)

Sheriff, I've got to leave Brenda a message. To tell her I -

PRENTISS engages BRADLEY in ~~some meaningless~~ conversation.

ANGUS:

(hard and level)

Now you listen to me. You had your chance with Brenda and you passed it up. Not so long ago I understood you were out to get the man who killed your cousin. I believed you. But somewhere along the way you must have forgotten because that man's still alive.

LEW:

It's not that simple.

ANGUS:

I dont expect it is.
But killing's gone unpunished.-
a lot more of it since those fine words
of yours. I think maybe you're still
sincere, though Brenda doesn't.
Well if you are, you prove it.

We hear horses in the back yard.

ANGUS looks bitterly at his tin badge of office.

ANGUS:

I can't do nothing with this.
If anyone's gonna set things straight,
it's a free agent like you.
I only wish -

BRADLEY:

Get your hat.

ANGUS never finishes.

UCROSS RAILHEAD, DAY. BRADLEY and the TROOPER escort
LEW up the last rise before the spur.

BRADLEY:

Looks like your friends didn't wait.

The dead-end tracks are deserted, scattered with the litter
of a hasty departure. The wagon, its axle broken, empty
supply boxes, discarded items of all kinds.

Far away over the railroad line hangs a dissipating cloud
of smoke...

The Troopers wheel about, heading north.

BRADLEY:

Maybe you'll catch 'em up at Casper.

TROOPER:

Some chance.

LEW ignores them and starts down the hill.
He rides slowly, his shoulder paining him.
The soldiers recede.

When he reaches the railhead, a man steps out from the shade
of the telegraph office.
It is FRANK CANTON.

CANTON:

(pleasantly)

Hi.

LEW stops on the other side of the tracks.

CANTON:

How's the arm?

LEW dismounts in silence.

CANTON:

I figured you'd come after me anyway.
So I thought - What the hell...

CANTON is finally resigned.

CANTON:

Well, let's get to it.

He stands like a gunfighter, feet apart, right hand a few inches from his holster - which, this time, holds a gun.

LEW doesn't respond.

CANTON:

Lew?

LEW:

(taking his time)

Was it you or not?

CANTON:

That what?

LEW:

Killed the Ranger.

It wasn't, was it?

CANTON:

No. It wasn't.

That's never been my style -
though I came close to it on this trip.

LEW:

(angrily)

You could have told me before!

CANTON:

(shaken with silent laughter
and release)

You... didn't ask me.

LEW:

It's not the sort of thing you ask!

Who was it, then?

Now it is CANTON's turn to pause.

CANTON:

That's not for me to say.

LEW stiffens.

CANTON:

I'd hate to shoot you.
Specially now there's no need.

LEW:

Tell me who did it.

CANTON:

Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you.
You'll have to ask Everett.

LEW:

Everett - not Greaves?

CANTON:

I don't believe Greaves even knew about it.
The Major fires, but Everett does the hiring.

LEW stares at him a moment longer, then breathes out, believing.

LEW:

Want to come along?

CANTON:

Me? What for?

LEW shakes his head and turns away.

CANTON:

(defensively)

I'm not fool enough to fight the Company.

The Cavalry are out of sight.

The train is just a distant trail of smoke among the hills.

LEW swings into the saddle, painfully, and starts to follow that trail.

FRANK CANTON watches him go.

EPILOGUE.

THE INVADERS WERE TO BE TRIED IN JANUARY OF THE FOLLOWING YEAR, IN CHEYENNE.

MEANWHILE, THE DEFENDANTS WERE RELEASED WITHOUT BOND, TWO IMPORTANT WITNESSES DISAPPEARED, AND THE JOHNSON COUNTY TREASURY WENT BANKRUPT.

THE CASE WAS NEVER BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

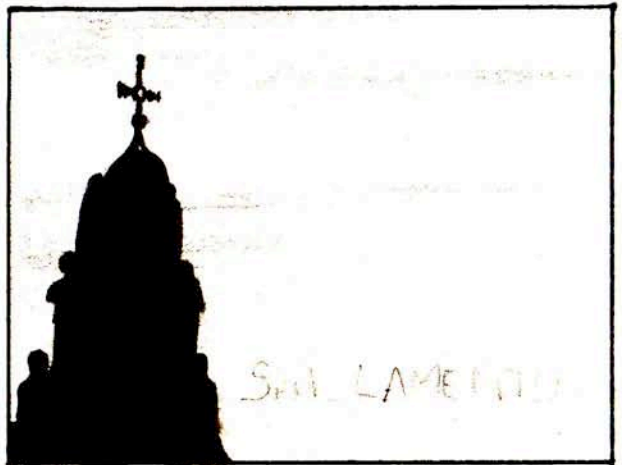
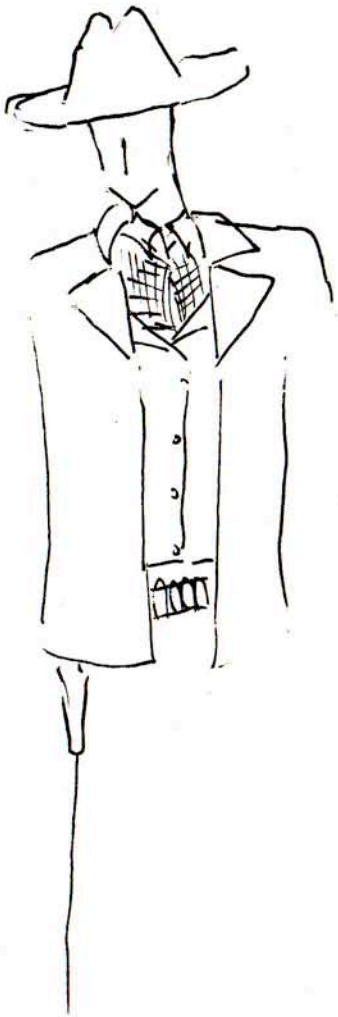
MAJOR GREAVES DIED OF A HEART ATTACK ON THE EVE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

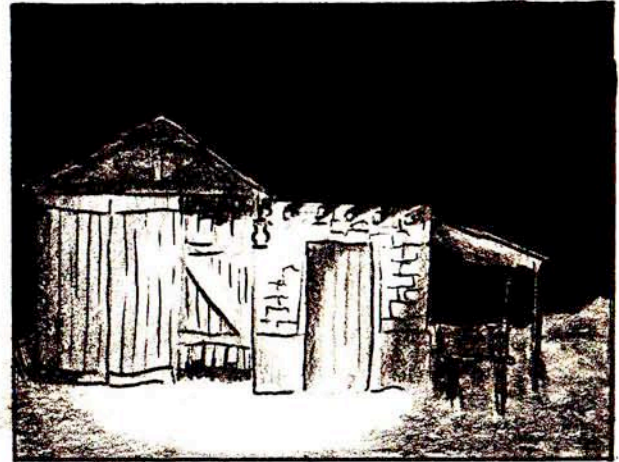
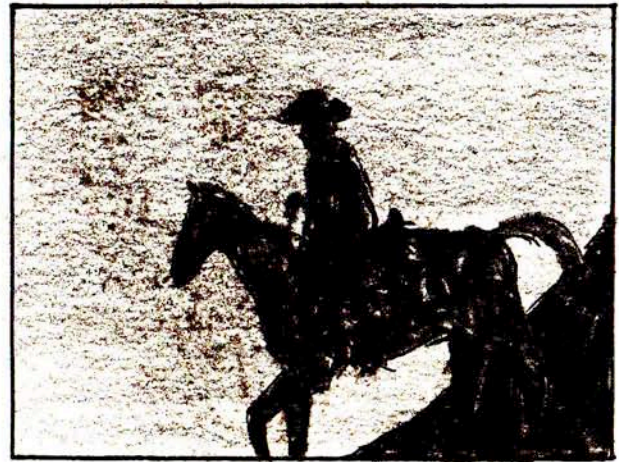
WALTER EVERETT WAS ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF STOCK COMMISSIONERS IN 1896. HE DIED PEACEFULLY IN 1921.

DOCTOR T.P. KINROSS RETURNED TO THE EAST AND WAS BRIEFLY INVOLVED IN A SCHEME FOR SOCIALISED MEDICINE. HE RETURNED TO PRIVATE PRACTISE.

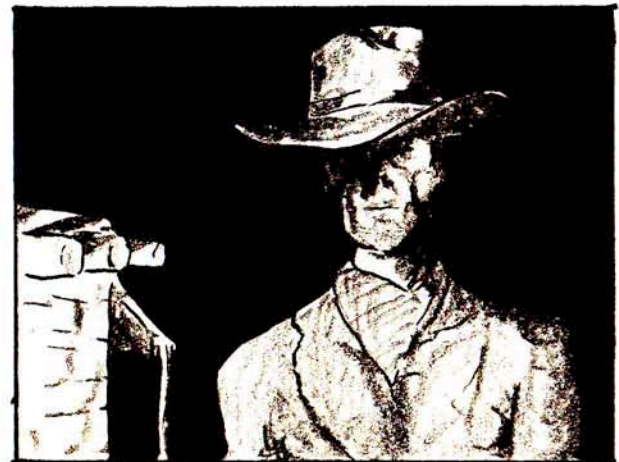
FRANK CANTON FOUGHT THE DOOLINS IN OKLAHOMA, AND WAS A DEPUTY U.S. MARSHALL IN ALASKA FOR SEVERAL YEARS. IN A DEATH BED CONFESSION HE DENIED COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATIONS OF RANGER JONES & JOHN TISDALE.

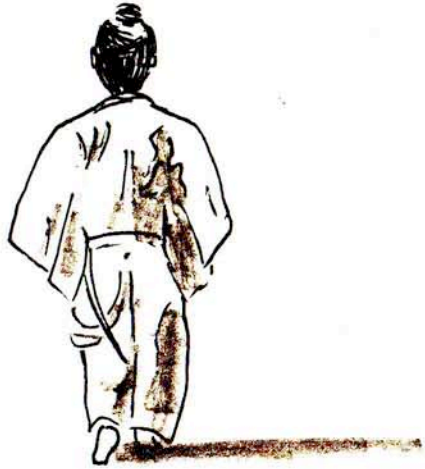
LEW JONES DISAPPEARED AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WYOMING.



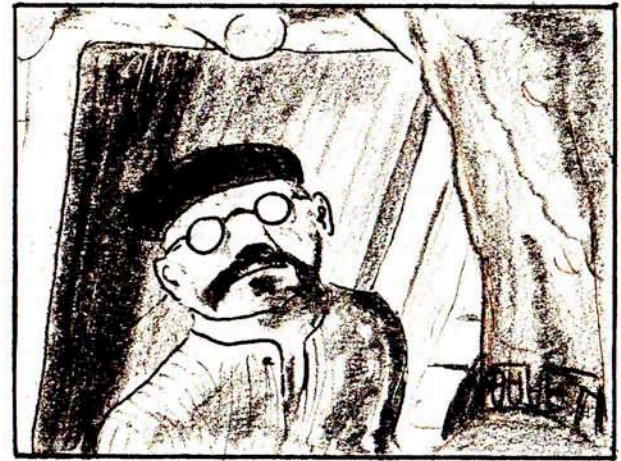


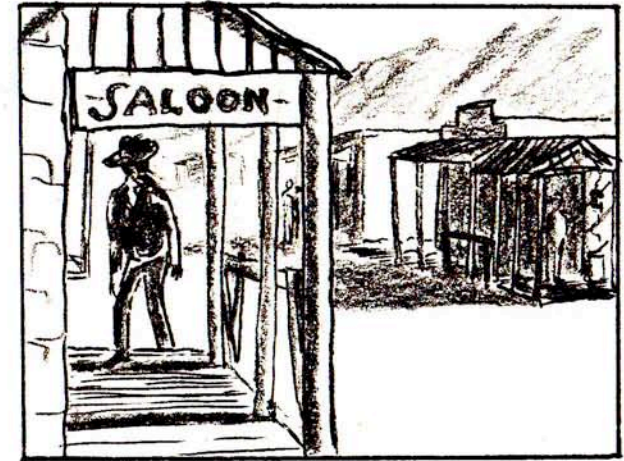
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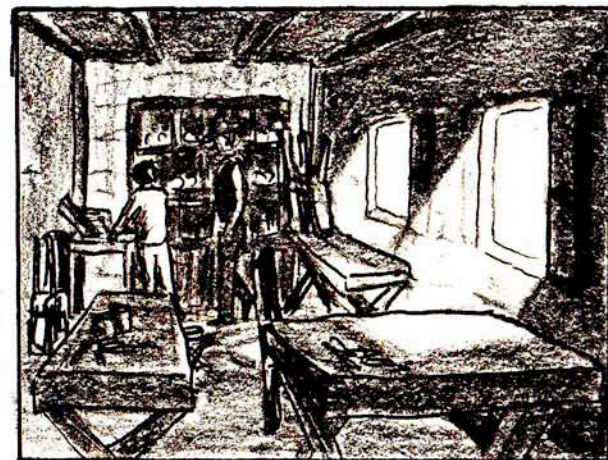
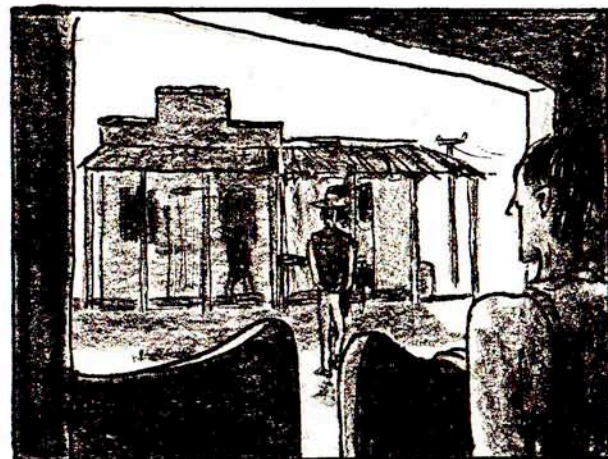
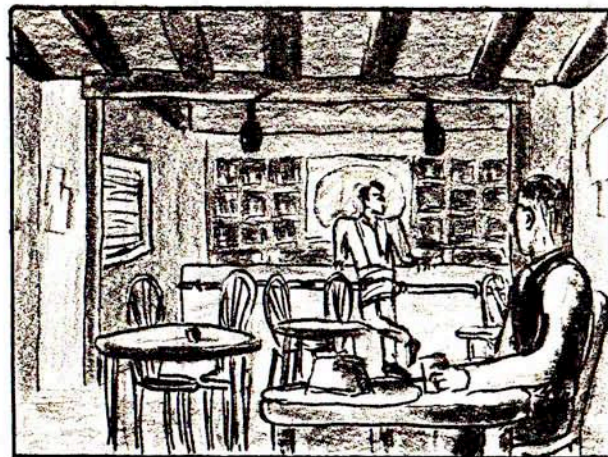


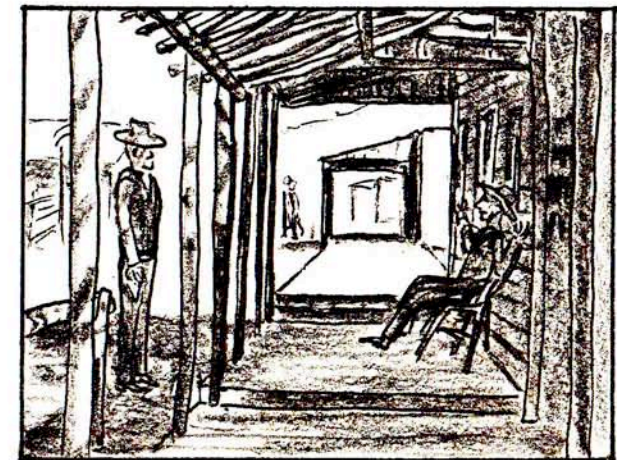
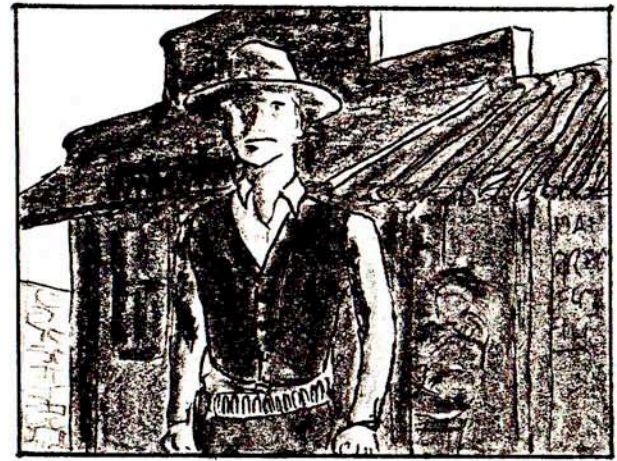


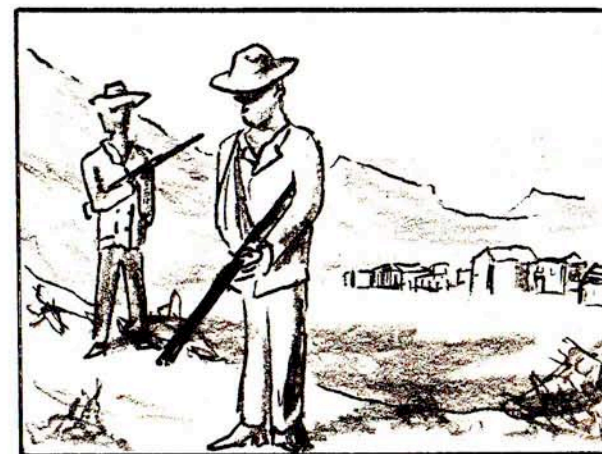
LONG TRIPPING
SNOO

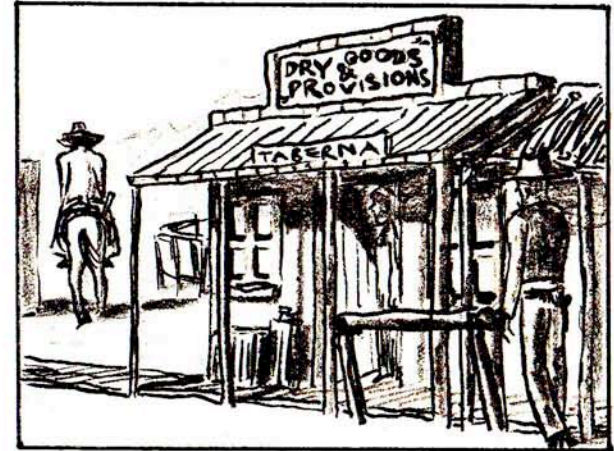




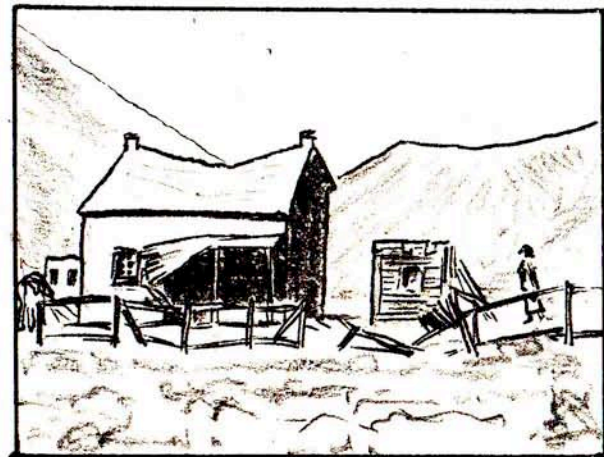


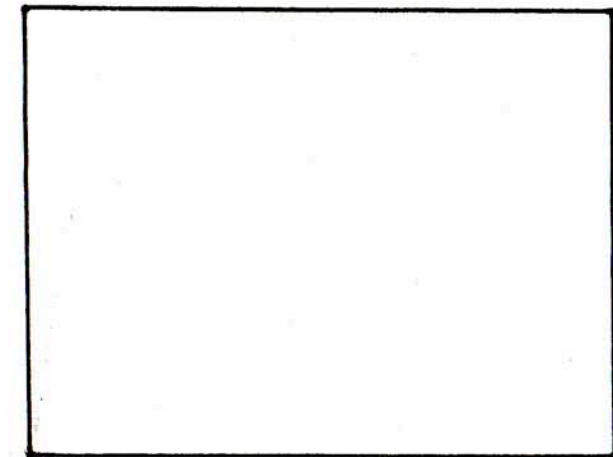
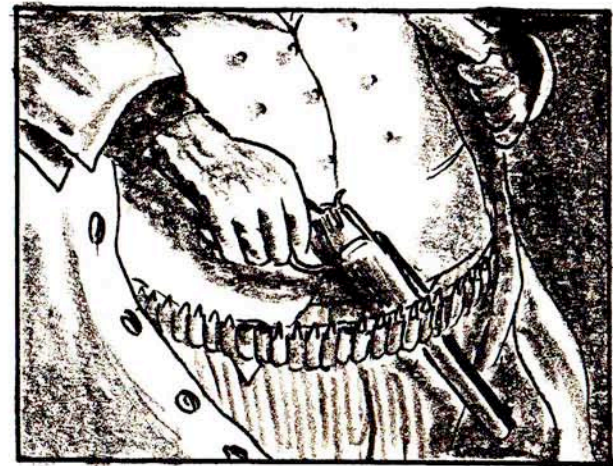






Full
face





These storyboards
- the first ones I drew - were
done for a cowboy film which I and some
Oxford friends (Bill Wood, Willi Gaminara, Cathy
Greg Hersov, and Nick Hunt) planned or idly desired to film in Almer
Spain, in the summer of 1976 or 1977.

Together we wrote a script for it, now lost, lamentably titled "San Lamento."
"San Lamento" was never made; but my enthusiasm for the location - El Llano del Duque
remained, and I shot there in my student film BLACK HILLS, and in the sequel, STRAIGHT TO HELL.
The cowboy's walk down the main street, from the livery stable to the saloon, is that of Courtney Love,
a.k.a. Velma, eight years down the line. Instead of a bartender, Courtney met Sara Sugarman.

SOME Suits
HAVE COLLARS,
OTHERS NOT.



SMART
HAT

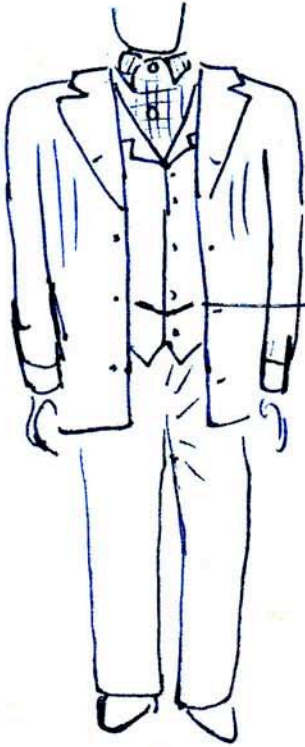
WYATT
ERRI,
DOC HOLIDAY



SMART
COLLARS



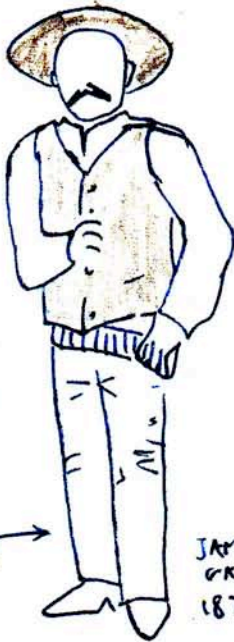
VIOL
GRAM



WAIST COATS -
COLLARED OR NOT;
NECK AS HIGH AS
POSS.; MAY BE WORN
UNBOWED.

WAISTBAND OF
TROUSERS

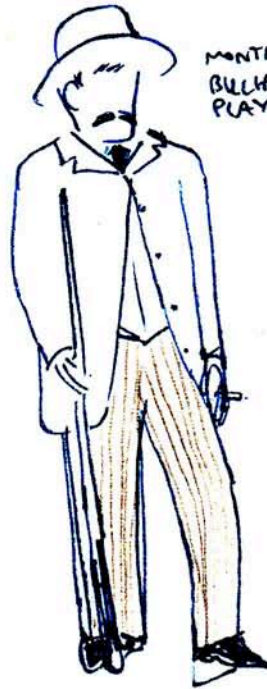
1901 - BUCH CASSIDY
DERBY v.
POPULAR.
CREASES APPEAR IN
TROUSERS.
D-B WAIST COATS,
WITHOUT LAPELS.
NARROWER TIES,
WING COLLARS!



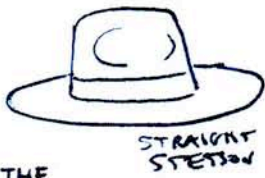
Boots
BENEATH
TROUSERS

JAMES
GRAC
1870s

MONTANA
BILLIARDS
PLAYER



VERY
SMART
(1700)



STRAIGHT STEVEDOR

NOT-SMART
COLLARS
& TIES



THE
BOY
SCOUT
HAT.



- A BOATER
("SKINNER")



A PITH
HELMET



AN
ARIZONA
LAWMAN

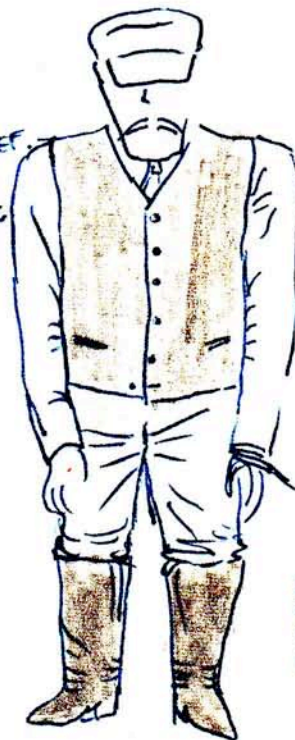
- LEGGINGS!



A
ROBBER
1884

NECKERCHIEF.

NOTE
BUTTONING
OF
JACKET



HIS
ACCOMPLICE

NOTE HIS
CAP.

- TIGHTER
TROUSERS

HE TUCKS
HIS JEANS
IN HIS
BOOTS.