

**STATION WEST**

Written by

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Based on a novel by

Luke Short

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**JULY 22, 1947**

**EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY**

**FADE IN**

cumulus  
the  
tranquil.  
the  
beside  
upright. It  
pulled it  
In  
legend:

The sky is pure blue, exquisitely blemished by huge clouds, floating lazily. A single bird sails past. From sky the CAMERA MOVES TO earth. Here, too, all is tranquil. The trees, bright green in the sunlight, move only to slight but constant breeze. Now the CAMERA MOVES DOWN, revealing a wagon to which is hitched a team of horses the road. The wagon is at an awkward angle, but is wedged between two rocks where the horses have as they tried to reach some forage. Its seat is empty. the bed of the wagon several sacks lie, bearing the

From: Argus Mine - Rock Pass  
To: U.S. Assay Office  
San Francisco

ropes  
the

The sacks are empty and slashed as by a knife. The that bound them are cleanly severed. The disorder in

munching  
is odd  
trail

wagon indicates haste. Two horses are hitched to it,  
grass or the high leaves of a tree overhead. All that  
or unnatural is that the reins have fallen askew and  
the ground.

wagon  
These  
empty.

Now the CAMERA MOVES AWAY and ALONG tracks made by the  
when it left the road. ON THE ROAD two horses stand.  
are saddled, but riderless. The rifle holsters are

rifle.

CAMERA MOVES TO the ground. There on the road lies the

CAMERA  
dead  
road.

The dust is slightly blowing across it, moved by the  
persistent summery little breeze. From the rifle, the

MOVES ON A LITTLE and STOPS ABRUPTLY ON the sprawled  
figure of a soldier, then another, face down in the

them.  
coating  
to  
still

CLOSE SHOT of the dead soldiers, as the CAMERA HOLDS ON  
Near the hand of one a revolver lies, the fine dust  
it. Dust blowing over the uniforms, as though seeking  
hide the shame of a murder. As it blows over their  
figures, the SOUND of BIRDS coming over:

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**ROCK PASS - NIGHT**

prospectors  
UP the  
wagon,  
bearing

This is a western mining town of the Eighties that has  
mushroomed up around a gold strike. On the streets

and miners mingle with merchants. As the CAMERA PICKS  
scene, a lumber wagon passes, bearing logs, a ten team  
its trailer filled with ore from the stamp mills and  
the legend: ARGUS MINE. A stage coach comes in as we:

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

a  
As he  
walks  
clerk  
last

On the hotel clerk, as he sits behind the desk, playing guitar and singing pensively the ballad of the story. sings, JOHN HAVEN, newly arrived on the stagecoach, in, gazes at the clerk with a slight smile, finding the clerk completely indifferent to the arrival of anybody, at last leaves the bag and saunters out.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. SALOON - NIGHT**

well-  
flares.

As Haven leaves the hotel and has reached the saloon, a well-lighted, plush-looking spot, illumined by kerosene flares. Sticking a pipe in his mouth, Haven saunters in.

**INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - EVENING**

chandeliers. A  
there  
seen  
away  
an  
people.  
he  
detail of  
picks  
the

It is a huge elaborate room, lit by overhead chandeliers. A long mahogany bar runs the length of it. To one side there is a big stove and the gambling tables. Beyond can be seen pool tables in an alcove. To another side, a man grinds away at a piano. A stairway near the end of the bar leads to an upper floor. The place is crowded and noisy with people. Haven saunters towards the dice table, pauses, watches; he is looking the crowd over carefully -- missing no detail of the place or the people in it. When his turn comes, he picks up the dice, bets all over the place -- on the line, on the

etc. His

odds, on the seven, then on the come, the hard way,  
point is eight.

**STICKMAN**

Eight the hard way! Pay the line!

Haven bets again, doubling all over the table.

**STICKMAN**

Seven a winner.

nowhere,  
slender,  
again.

a

He

bettors

man

Prince

on

next

Players glance at the newcomer. Prince appears from  
standing behind the stickman, watching. Prince is  
black-haired, handsome and impassive. Haven throws  
Stellman, an Army officer, watches curiously. There is  
a little rising murmur as Haven tosses another natural.  
He does it without enthusiasm or any lost movement. The  
bettors get down on him. Prince touches the stickman's arm; the  
man stands aside and Prince takes his place with the stick.  
Prince tosses the dice back to Haven. Haven's eyes are fixed  
on him. With a little smile, Haven throws the dice to the  
next man, picks up his winnings.

**HAVEN**

No, thanks...

Prince's

His eyes meet Prince's again and then he turns away,  
gaze following him curiously, Stellman looks at Prince.

**STELLMAN**

Know him?

**PRINCE**

No. Why?

**STELLMAN**

He just seems kind of free with that  
money.

heads  
goes.  
his  
glancing  
the  
a  
herself  
bar and  
this  
then,  
table, as  
stopped  
Marion, as  
All  
turns,  
the  
the

CAMERA FOLLOWS Haven, as still smiling slightly, he  
towards the bar, searching the faces of the crowd as he  
Two miners are squared off for a fight and Haven, going  
way, walks between them, very indifferent, not even  
back at the SOUND of scuffle behind him.

AT THE BAR - Haven alone is not watching the fight. All  
others have turned to see it; even the barman is busy  
watching. But Haven's eyes are resting on the figure of  
a woman now at the piano, singing. Softly, as if to  
and for her own enjoyment. He is near the end of the  
near the piano, and since no one else listens to her at  
moment, she sings, half smiling, directly for him, and  
self-consciously, she stops and turns to sit at a  
Haven watches her. Behind them the fight is being  
and Charlie's eyes follow the huge bouncer, Mick  
he drags the offenders out to the door and the street.  
is as usual. The bartender is back at work. As Haven  
he finds that the place beside him is now occupied by  
young Lieutenant (Phil Stellman). Haven glances at the  
uniform, then at the pleasant face of the officer, as  
barman comes up.

**HAVEN**

(to barman)

Whiskey -- like you'd pour it for  
yourself.

A girl sidles up to him, blonde, brash and pretty.

**BLONDE**

Don't you know it's no fun to drink  
alone?

**HAVEN**

Not till after the first one.

saunters  
Stellman,  
looks

He turns his back to her; she gives him a look and off. The barman produces the drinks -- a beer for the young officer. The barman folds his arms. Stellman at Haven.

**STELLMAN**

You a stranger here?

**HAVEN**

(to barman, after  
gulping it in one  
gulp)

What kind of whiskey was that?

**BARMAN**

On the bottle it says Rye -- but the way you take it, I don't see what difference it makes.

Haven smiles at him.

**HAVEN**

Another Rye.

at

The barman turns to get it. Stellman is still looking Haven.

**STELLMAN**

(easily)  
You didn't answer my question.

**HAVEN**

I'm a stranger everywhere.

**STELLMAN**

Got a job?

The barman gives Haven another Rye.

**HAVEN**

Listen, soldier. I know that one, too. Got a job, stranger? No? Why don't you join the Army? Three meals a day, a place to sleep, a nice warm uniform --

**STELLMAN**

It has a little more than that.

**HAVEN**

(deliberately)

Yeah, it has one thing more, and  
that's what I could never take --

(looking at Stellman's  
stripes)

It's got Second-Lieutenants.

his  
up  
The barman, listening, senses trouble and signals with  
eyes to a big bouncer down the bar. The bouncer moves  
quietly.

**STELLMAN**

If you want to make it a personal  
matter --

**HAVEN**

(coldly)

I don't make it anything, soldier.  
You tried to sell something and I  
didn't buy it -- so why don't you  
just beat it?

Stellman  
They stare at each other for a long second, then  
speaks icily:

**STELLMAN**

If I weren't in uniform, I might  
teach you some manners.

**HAVEN**

If you could teach me anything, you  
wouldn't be in a uniform.

abruptly.  
Stellman's jaw tightens; then he turns and exits  
The barman sighs with relief; the bouncer turns away.

**BARMAN**

You couldn't be looking for trouble,  
could you?

**HAVEN**

I could, but I'm not.

**BARMAN**

That's fine, because this is one of the best places West of the Atlantic Ocean to find it.

**HAVEN**

That was my first impression.

**BARMAN**

(as Haven looks at him)

That Lieutenant's a nice young boy.

**HAVEN**

I don't doubt it, but his mouth is too big -- like your ears.

it, He turns away from the bar, after flipping a coin on to  
angry while the barman stands there not knowing whether to be  
or philosophical.

tables CAMERA FOLLOWS Haven, as he threads his way through the  
sang towards the door. His eyes catch sight of the girl who  
Prince. at the piano, Charlie. She is sitting at a table with  
looks Prince murmurs to her and she glances at Haven, then  
the away again. Haven notes it. As he comes near the table,  
blonde who spoke to him at the bar, accosts him again.

**BLONDE**

How is it now?

**HAVEN**

What?

**BLONDE**

Drinking alone?

**HAVEN**

(flipping her a coin)  
It's all right -- try it.

coins Haven is looking at Charlie. She is checking a stack of  
the blonde has turned in to her. She glances up with a  
fleeting smile at Haven.



**CHARLIE**

It's not a good habit if it makes  
you pick fights.

**HAVEN**

Only with Second Lieutenants.

**CHARLIE**

We like Second Lieutenants here.

eyes.  
comes  
Their gazes meet and Prince notes it with narrowing  
The gaze holds like a spell, and then Charlie's smile  
back, from nowhere.

**CHARLIE**

You see -- here everybody fights,  
except the Army.

fascination  
Haven looks at her, fascinated. She can feel a  
herself. Now Haven smiles a little.

**HAVEN**

I wouldn't know --

**CHARLIE**

(still smiling)  
So anyone who doesn't like the Army --

**HAVEN**

I know what you mean, but I'm afraid  
I'll have to come back. I like the  
way you sing.

his own  
her. She  
She looks at him in a second's silence. Haven turns and  
leaves. She watches him go. Prince studies her face,  
grim. A croupier comes up and places a paper before  
hardly notices it.

**CROUPIER**

Okay, Charlie?

paper.  
Charlie snaps out of it long enough to initial the

**CHARLIE**

That's his limit.

**CROUPIER**

There's a sucker getting hot with  
the dice at Ed's table.

his  
stacking  
aloft by  
does  
at  
fascination  
presence

He turns away. Prince sits still, his eyes on Charlie,  
slim fingers at an habitual trick, that of idly  
dice in a little pillar and then picking the pillar  
holding the lowest dice pinched between the thumb and  
forefinger, NOT by the edges, but by the sides. Now he  
it as he watches Charlie's face. Her eyes glance again  
the disappearing back of Haven. The sense of  
seems to have gotten her, too. Then she realizes the  
of Prince and his shrewd gaze. She looks at him coolly.

**CHARLIE**

Well -- cool him off.

Prince flips the dice into his palm and rises...

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT**

Now  
noise,  
saloon.  
is  
up

The board sidewalk has given way to a ruddy dirt road.  
the racket of the saloon street is just a ghost of  
the road dark and silent. Haven has emerged from the  
He glances up the street. Fifty yards ahead, Stellman  
walking slowly. Stellman pauses, shoots a quick glance  
backwards, then goes on. Haven follows, going leisurely  
the street after Stellman.

waits.

ANGLE on a corner as Stellman turns it, pauses and  
When Haven reaches it, Stellman goes on in silence.

**EXT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN - NIGHT**

Then  
glancing

As Stellman reaches it, pauses and glances behind him.  
he rings a bell. Haven comes up and waits in silence,

the  
quickly

at the dark interior. A woman's face now peers through  
door window and then the door opens. Stellman enters  
and Haven follows.

**INT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN - NIGHT**

door.  
in a  
subsequent  
them and

As Stellman and Haven follow Mrs. Caslon to a rear  
Looking around, Haven notes in the shadows a desk and  
corner the big safe. (This room is described in a  
scene.) So as to emit the least light, Mrs. Caslon lets  
Stellman and Haven go through, then quickly follows  
quickly shuts the door.

**INT. MRS. CASLON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

glancing  
the  
scowling.  
into  
steps  
other.

It is remarkably neat and elegant inside. As Haven,  
around, pauses inside, he finds himself facing a burly  
uniformed cavalry officer, captain's bars gleaming on  
side of his collar. The captain is big and broad and  
He is standing by the fireplace and his eyes are boring  
Haven's with curiosity and perhaps, suspicion. Stellman  
forward as Haven and the captain are measuring each

**STELLMAN**

Captain Iles -- the Commanding Officer  
of the Post.

Haven gives a casual nod.

**STELLMAN**

Mr. Haven -- sir.

which  
Haven.

Iles looks him up and down. Haven hands him an envelope  
he slips into his tunic without removing his gaze from

**ILES**

I see you finally got here.

**HAVEN**

(pleasantly)

I seem to finally get everywhere.

They eye each other, Iles scowling, Haven thinly smiling.

The sense of conflict is already between them.

**ILES**

(introducing)

Mrs. Caslon, -- Mr. Haven.

She nods and smiles warmly.

**ILES**

You've met Mr. Stellman.

Haven nods.

**STELLMAN**

It came off beautifully. He picks a very good fight. In fact, I think I'm still a little sore at him.

**ILES**

(grunting)

Sit down, Mr. Haven.

**HAVEN**

Thank you, Captain.

He sits down. Iles is still studying Haven.

**ILES**

So you're operating under sealed orders.

Haven nods agreeably.

**ILES**

(disgruntled)

All this mumbo jumbo is characteristic of the Military Information Department.

**HAVEN**

We use it as sparingly as possible.

Iles pulls out a cigar, lights it, sizing Haven up.

**ILES**

I've been in this territory for a

number of years -- and I think it might be a little rougher here than a suburb of Washington, D.C.

**HAVEN**

Very possibly.

**ILES**

Then why is M.I.D. sending you out here?

**HAVEN**

Because two soldiers have been murdered.

**ILES**

And they think I can't handle that?

**HAVEN**

They merely know you haven't.

his

There is a tight little silence, while Iles formulates dislike for this newcomer.

**ILES**

I have only ninety-four men on the post, with Indian trouble up north. The War Department has refused to send reinforcements, or am I boring you?

**HAVEN**

(looking bored)  
I'm not the War Department.

**ILES**

(explaining)  
The two soldiers were killed while escorting one of the gold stages.

**HAVEN**

(quietly)  
Is escorting gold a function of your command?

**ILES**

Young man, the functions of my command look very pretty on paper, but they're not very practical in a territory like this. Do you have any illusions about that?

**HAVEN**

I have no illusions about anything.

Haven takes out his pipe and fills it.

**HAVEN**

What's happening to the gold?

**ILES**

I've permitted it to be stored in a warehouse on the post. Now everybody is waiting to see what I do next.

**HAVEN**

What do you do next?

**ILES**

(with sarcasm)

Aren't you here to tell me?

**HAVEN**

(lighting the pipe)

Captain, you're in a bad way.

(going over to discard  
the match)

Wells Fargo won't convoy gold. You tried and failed and two men are dead. The gold is piling up on the post and you can't move it. Your post is under-manned. You want the Quartermaster at Platte to replace seventy uniforms sent to the freight office at West Rim City --

**ILES**

The freight building burned down with the uniforms! I'm not operating a fire department -- and if I was, West Rim City is sixty miles away!

**HAVEN**

That doesn't concern me either.

**ILES**

What does?

**HAVEN**

The killing of two soldiers.

**ILES**

They were my men, Haven, and I'm

trying every way I know to find out  
who murdered them.

**HAVEN**

So will I.

though  
criticize

For the first time Iles looks amicably at him, as  
realizing that after all the man isn't there to  
him.

**ILES**

You'll find it harder than you think.  
I don't know how you operate, but  
it's a dangerous job that can get  
you killed.

smile in  
rises

He smiles slightly at Iles, who gives him a slight  
return, somehow intrigued by this nonchalance. Haven  
from the chair, lighting the dead pipe in vain.

**HAVEN**

Perhaps I can get some help from the  
Sheriff.

**ILES**

You can forget him. He's a miserable  
man that somebody is using to keep  
the law a joke.

**HAVEN**

You make it sound very difficult.  
Why don't you just wrap up your flag  
and take it back East with you?

**ILES**

(smarting)  
Tell me, how will I know what you're  
doing?

**HAVEN**

I'll let you know from time to time.

**ILES**

(coldly)  
That's very obliging of you.

**HAVEN**

But I don't want to visit the Army

post.

**ILES**

Then report to me through Mrs. Caslon here. You can be a friend of her husband's. He owned the Argus mine and died last year. If that meets your approval.

Haven glances at Mrs. Caslon, smiles back at Iles.

**HAVEN**

Only if it meets with hers.

**MRS. CASLON**

I'd be delighted to help.  
(she smiles at Haven)

**ILES**

(grim at the smile)  
Is that all?

**HAVEN**

I think so.

door Iles marches out abruptly, followed by Stellman. The  
shuts. Haven smiles after him, then at Mrs. Caslon.

**MRS. CASLON**

He really isn't that abrupt -- he --

kisses The door opens again, smartly, Iles marches back in,  
Mrs. Caslon on the cheek.

**ILES**

Goodnight, Mary.

**MRS. CASLON**

(warmly)  
Goodnight, George.

Then he marches out again, shutting the door after him.

**MRS. CASLON**

You see?

**HAVEN**

I see.

**MRS. CASLON**



I think he secretly likes you.

**HAVEN**

He's a man who can sure keep a secret.

**MRS. CASLON**

(smiles)

Would you like a little sherry?

**HAVEN**

Only if you have some too.

She goes over to a sideboard and pours a little from a decanter into two wine glasses. Haven watches her. For the first time he realizes she is a very attractive woman. She smiles as she brings him the wine.

**HAVEN**

Thank you.

**MRS. CASLON**

To your good luck.

Haven nods and they sip.

**HAVEN**

What mine did the two soldiers try to convoy the gold from?

**MRS. CASLON**

My mine -- The Argus.

**HAVEN**

(smiling a little)

That brings me to a question I decided not to ask.

**MRS. CASLON**

(smiling back at him)

Then I'll answer it first. Captain Iles has asked me to marry him.

**HAVEN**

I can understand that.

**MRS. CASLON**

(quietly)

But you can't understand why Captain Iles should be involved in the gold business.

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

I do now.

**MRS. CASLON**

It isn't just mine. You must realize there's a lot of gold from all over the territory stored at the post warehouse.

**HAVEN**

How much.

**MRS. CASLON**

Perhaps as much as half a million.

(worried now)

In fact, I have about fifty thousand in my safe now.

**HAVEN**

Who is doing all this?

**MRS. CASLON**

I don't know... that's the worst part of it... not knowing.

**HAVEN**

(puts down the glass,  
pats her shoulder  
with casual  
reassurance)

I might find out.

door He starts for the door and she follows him. At the open  
he pauses.

**MRS. CASLON**

Don't get into trouble --

**HAVEN**

That's why I'm here.

**MRS. CASLON**

I know, but --

**HAVEN**

Don't worry about it. Trouble and I are old enemies. We understand each other.

(he grins at her)

Goodnight.

**MRS. CASLON**

(smiling again)

Good luck.

and  
reenters  
Haven walks out and she closes the door thoughtfully  
turns away. In a moment the door opens and Haven  
and crosses to her much in the manner that we have seen  
Captain Iles do so. Haven stops.

**HAVEN**

You didn't tell me your husband's  
name.

**MRS. CASLON**

Ben.

**HAVEN**

(repeating it)

Ben.

smiling  
dismisses  
He turns and goes out the door. Mrs. Caslon stands  
after him. The smile fades for a moment -- then she  
it with a shrug.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

sign  
As Haven saunters along. He pauses, glances up at a  
that reads: HOTEL. Then he enters the dingy building.

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

to the  
to  
battered  
verse  
looks at  
As Haven enters the small dismal lobby, and goes over  
desk, where a little man, Orville Weekly sits, singing  
himself softly and strumming an accompaniment on a  
guitar. As Haven stands there the clerk finishes the  
about the stranger. Haven nods approval. The clerk  
him shrewdly.

**ORVILLE**

Evenin' stranger.

**HAVEN**

You must know everybody in town.

**ORVILLE**

Everybody but one. I don't know you.

**HAVEN**

What's your name? You seem to be a pretty clever fellow.

**ORVILLE**

Orville Weekly, and I can't be a total blank. I been here six years and I ain't dead yet.

**HAVEN**

Have you got a vacant room?

**ORVILLE**

Day, week, month?

**HAVEN**

I don't always know. And the way you talk a man couldn't be very sure.

**ORVILLE**

Then it's eight bucks, cash in advance.

Haven puts down the money; the clerk spins the registry to him, watches as Haven signs it. And he can read that way.

**ORVILLE**

From Arizona, huh?

**HAVEN**

No -- I always put down where I'm going next -- so I won't forget.

The clerk spits, hands him a key.

**ORVILLE**

Room ten -- end of the hall. Make your own bed. Furnish your own towels. Your bag's over there.

**HAVEN**

(picking up the key)  
Thanks a lot for the key. I'll be  
back later.

Haven crosses to exit into the street.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - NIGHT**

As Haven enters. It is crowded. Haven pauses by a  
table. He sees Charlie at the piano singing. He sees Mick cross  
to Prince and say something, then Prince gazes in his  
direction. Haven's eyes meet those of Prince suddenly turned to  
him, cold as glass. Charlie, seeing that Haven is watching  
and listening to her impromptu singing, stops and makes her  
way through the crowd towards a booth off the dance floor.  
Haven's eyes follow her.

MED. SHOT - of booth as Charlie sits down. A sandwich  
is waiting for her. She takes a bite of it, then glances  
up to see Haven standing beside the table.

**HAVEN**

How about eating alone? Is that a  
bad habit too?

**CHARLIE**

Just when you have to pay for it.

**HAVEN**

It's only money.  
(sitting down)  
I've changed my mind since I left  
here awhile ago. I don't want to  
pick a fight -- or break the bank --  
or --

**CHARLIE**

(evenly)  
What changed your mind?

**HAVEN**

(grins)

That's what I came back to find out.

Marion  
the  
Prince

Charlie glances at him, then at the crowd where Mick stands beside Prince. Both are looking coldly towards the booth. Haven's gaze follows hers towards Mick, as leaves the big man.

**CHARLIE**

Maybe it would be better if you found another girl.

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

No, it wouldn't... I looked.

Mick.  
coldly.  
thing.  
one

She smiles slightly back at him, glances away towards Haven looks too, curiously. Mick is still watching, Others glance too, as though this were an unexpected Mick takes a drink from a passing waiter; kills it in gulp. Haven looks back at Charlie's face and smiles.

**HAVEN**

That man in ape's clothing -- could he be Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

No.

**HAVEN**

His eyes follow you around like a couple of flies.

**CHARLIE**

They follow me to see that strangers don't annoy me.

**HAVEN**

Only strangers?

**CHARLIE**

No one else would be so foolish.

**HAVEN**

First, you're beautiful. Then I like the way you sing -- and now you're a woman of mystery.

(to a passing waiter)  
Champagne?

Haven

The waiter nods and leaves. Charlie is still gazing at  
with that slight provocative smile.

**HAVEN**

I don't want to be a stranger, so I'll have to be foolish.

**CHARLIE**

You like to take chances, don't you?

**HAVEN**

If I feel lucky.

**CHARLIE**

Then I'd advise you to try the dice table.

**HAVEN**

I'd rather get lucky here.

**CHARLIE**

(shrugging)  
Every man has a right to go to his own funeral.

**HAVEN**

(as the waiter sets down the champagne and glasses)  
I could be your cousin from Waxahatchio. I could be cousin John, a missionary on his way to China.

a  
just

The waiter leaves, as Charlie still regards Haven with  
curious interest. Haven is glancing again toward Mick,  
as that animal barrels down another whiskey.

**HAVEN**

He seems to be a lot of man.

**CHARLIE**

The most in town.

At this moment Prince comes into scene and sits at the  
table.  
Haven looks at him but Charlie offers no introduction.

**HAVEN**

It's a very small town.  
(he sips and gazes  
around)  
You could get it all in this saloon.

**CHARLIE**

We usually do.

**HAVEN**

So Charlie probably runs the town.

**PRINCE**

(toying with his dice)  
Why do you care?

**HAVEN**

I'm going to spend some time here. I  
want to know who winds the clock.

Mick  
menace.  
He glances up and a slow smile comes over his face as  
Marion is seen approaching deliberately and with cold  
Her eyes follow his, then back to his face.

**CHARLIE**

It's been a nice conversation. I  
hate to have it end.

stares  
Charlie.  
seems  
Blank-faced and big, Mick arrives at the booth. He  
from Charlie to Haven. Haven looks at him then at  
Charlie watches Haven's face, but the smile remains. It  
to sway her, this little test of expression.

**MICK**

Who's this?

**CHARLIE**

(after a taut pause)  
Mick -- this is -- cousin John.

**HAVEN**

(relieved)



From Waxahatchie.

Mick is not quite sure.

**MICK**

What's keeping him?

**PRINCE**

I think he's wondering if he couldn't  
do more good here.

together  
his  
it  
holds.  
goes

Haven senses now it is a little game they're playing  
on him. His smile remains. He reaches for the bottle,  
hand grasping the base of it, just as Mick reaches for  
too, clenching the top. Mick lifts at it; Haven's hand  
They look at each other as this little game of strength  
on.

**MICK**

You aren't very friendly, are you,  
mister?

**HAVEN**

(quoting)  
A friend to all is a friend to none.

**PRINCE**

You ought to learn not to pick 'em  
so easy, like you do your cousins.

**HAVEN**

(indicating Charlie)  
Ask her?

**CHARLIE**

(coolly)  
I never saw him before in my life.

does  
wine  
flings  
the

That does it. Mick wrenches at the bottle, and as he  
so, Haven releases his grip. The bottle shoots up. The  
spills over Mick's face and clothes. Infuriated, Mick  
the bottle at Haven, but Haven ducks as he comes out of

fist  
back,  
suddenly  
staring

chair. The bottle crashes against the wall, and Haven's  
crashes against Mick. The big man grunts and staggers  
but he doesn't drop. As Haven sets himself, he is  
pinned from behind by two bouncers. Mick stands still,  
at him, his cut lip bleeding.

**MICK**

(icily)

You're too little to make that big a  
mistake.

**HAVEN**

You want to correct me or just bleed  
at the mouth?

read  
scene.  
drunk  
glass)  
the

There is a dead silence. At the crap table the dice  
seven but no one looks at them, all turning toward the  
A minor rises and the girl on his lap hits the floor. A  
steals a drink and no one sees him. (Business with  
Prince looks on coldly. Mark Bristow, moving up from  
dice table, pauses and stares.

**MICK**

(coldly)

Bring him outside.

their  
playing: he

The two bouncers start with Haven toward the door, Mick  
following. A rear rises and men begin following in  
silent wake. Only the guy at the piano keeps on  
never stops.

only the

ANGLE on Charlie as she rises. Bristow and Prince have  
sauntered over to her as the place empties, leaving  
piano player.

**BRISTOW**

What happened?

**CHARLIE**

(casually)

A misunderstanding.

**PRINCE**

Did you find out what he wants?

**CHARLIE**

(starting out)

He wanted to be my cousin.

(they follow her)

Only I haven't any aunts or uncles.

(still casually)

But you never know -- and the least  
I can do is bury him.

Prince lets go with one of his rare smiles as he looks  
admiringly at Charlie. They reach the door. The crowd  
opens  
for them a little.

**EXT. SALOON - NIGHT**

As Mick and Haven come out; the crowd makes a noisy  
clearing.  
There are bets going down. As soon as the crowd has  
formed  
an open space, Haven wheels and smacks Mick across the  
face  
hitting with the heel of the hand, so that Mick rocks  
back  
almost going down. There is dead silence. Mick sets  
himself  
for the Kill, as he peels his coat.  
Bristow is shaking with excitement.

**BRISTOW**

Mick will kill him.

**CHARLIE**

That's ten to one.

**BRISTOW**

(grinning)

I don't like the other fellow's  
chances, but I'm a sucker for odds.

**CHARLIE**

You should always bet on a champion.  
Then you can only lose once.

**BRISTOW**

You give ten to one...?

(she nods)  
I'll take it.

**CHARLIE**

You're down. A thousand to a hundred.

As they stare at the fight --

toward  
ducks,  
FULL SHOT - fight scene. As Mick is slowly advancing  
Haven. He suddenly swings a haymaker which Haven easily  
another and another that Haven evades.

**HAVEN**

Don't miss so much. You'll got tired.

the  
Mick misses again, fiercely and Haven cracks him one in  
midriff. Then steps out fast and waits.

It  
with  
is  
Mick charges and Haven catches him full in the mouth.  
stops Mick, and then Haven socks him again, this time  
the butt of his hand -- open palm -- on the nose. Mick  
surprised, tasting the blood on his hurt lips.

Charlie's  
Prince  
ANGLE on Charlie, Mark and Prince, as they watch.  
eyes are fixed with a kind of admiration on Haven.  
watches without interest. Mark is tense and excited.

**BRISTOW**

He can fight a little.

**CHARLIE**

A little won't be enough.

But you feel she wishes it might...

ANGLE on the fight.

**MICK**

Stand still and fight.

time  
As Mick closes again, Haven stops quickly to one side,  
clipping him behind the ear as he goes by. But this

of a  
drives  
sensing  
in  
before  
own  
angling  
mash  
rolls  
Mick  
he  
suddenly  
the  
that he  
arms  
small of  
spine,  
brute  
strength  
something,  
stave.  
off  
pulling  
strength

Mick keeps after Haven and finally connects. It is more push than a clean hit, but even so the force of it Haven off balance and he sprawls on his back. As Mick, victory, charges, Haven knows he can't get to his feet time, so he turns his body and springs at Mick's knees shoulder first. The impact spills Mick on his face; he can recover, Haven dives on him, hands flat on his chest and palms turned out. His body crashes heavily, across Mick's head, and Haven's savagely pushing hands the other man's face into the hard ground. Then he clear and comes to his feet, breathing easily, waiting. Mick gets up, shaking his head to clear it, mad and hurt. As he closes ponderously in on Haven, his booted foot suddenly shoots out. Haven twists his knee cap away but takes the blow on the inside of his thigh, numbing the leg so that he almost goes down. And now Mick gets to him. His great arms close around Haven's waist, his hands locked in the small of Haven's back. Haven braces himself against the crushing squeeze, tensing his back muscles and stiffening his spine, but there is nothing he can do against the implacable brute power of the other man.

The sweat stands out on Haven's face as Mick's great strength bends him over farther and farther. He must do something, and soon, or his back will be cracked like a barrel stave. Suddenly he bends his knees and lifts his feet up from off the ground. Mick, suddenly finding Haven's full weight pulling him forward, crashes down on top of him. With all the strength

left in him, Haven brings his knee to the pit of Mick's stomach; as Mick's hold breaks, Haven rolls clear.

bruised  
end  
tries  
throws  
finally  
attack  
as he  
Haven  
out,  
both men  
helpless  
knock  
hurls  
miscalculates,  
over,  
weight has  
now  
he  
him.  
from  
feet,  
shoulder, but  
himself

Now they are both hurt. Haven's ribs and chest are so that it is agony to take a breath. He knows it has to quickly or he is done for, and he goes all out. As Mick to close with him again, he stands his ground and pile-driver punches to Mick's midsection; as Mick lowers his arms to cover his body, Haven shifts his to the face. This is not Mick's style of fighting, but lashes back clumsily and angrily, each time he touches it is with punishing power. Toe to toe, they slug it the belt now unwound and dangling from Mick's fist, groggy but both refusing to go down. Finally Mick is to protect himself, but Haven hasn't got power left to him off those sturdy legs. Gathering himself, Haven his body shoulder first at Mick's chest but he glances off and falls flat on his face. As he rolls dogged and slow with exhaustion, he sees that his staggered Mick; the big man has taken a step back, and he starts to walk forward. Dazed and blind with pain, passes Haven, staggers forward until the tie-rail stops him. There he stands, his hands on the rail, moving his head side to side like a wounded animal.

The crowd is silent now, waiting. Haven gets to his drunk with weariness. He puts a hand on Mick's hasn't the strength to whirl him around. He braces

motion

with one hand against the tie-rail, and almost in slow  
pulls Mick around and clips him one last time with his  
remaining strength. Mick goes down.

**MICK**

(getting up very slow)  
You can't do this.

Before he is up he goes down again, unable to make it.

**MICK**

(in the dirt)  
Nobody can do this... to me.

The crowd is transfixed. They can't even cheer. The two  
bouncers lean over the fallen Mick.

**BOUNCER**

Somebody just did.

Haven

He

aside

behind

the

eyes

Mark's

They pick up Mick as Haven stupidly watches. Then as  
turns and goes away, swaying and weak, the roar rises.  
pushes aside people who try to assist him. They move  
and watch him leave. The crowd goes back in the saloon  
the vanquished Mick...

ANGLE on Charlie, Bristow and Prince. Prince watches  
beaten Mick go by with a smile of contempt. Charlie's  
are fixed on the vanishing lonely figure of Haven.  
eyes are dancing.

**BRISTOW**

I can't believe it. Mick Marion losing  
a fight and me winning a thousand!

**CHARLIE**

(to Prince)  
Give it to him, Prince -- in chips.

remains,

a

Bristow follows Prince, wiping his forehead. Charlie  
looking down the now empty street where Haven vanished,

her  
strange soft look in her eyes, a slow smile mounting  
lips.

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

guitar,  
somewhat  
the  
pauses  
guitar  
Orville behind his desk is strumming softly on the  
his eyes following Haven as the latter slowly and  
painfully walks in and across the lobby. All the way to  
desk the clerk watches Haven, strumming softly. Haven  
and smiles very faintly at him. The clerk puts the  
aside. There is a coffee pot and cup on the desk.

**ORVILLE**

Have some coffee?

**HAVEN**

(leaning on the desk)  
Thanks.

Orville pours it quickly.

**ORVILLE**

(turning back to pick  
up a pitcher and a  
bottle)  
They told me who was fightin'. I was  
getting ready to rent your room.  
Cream or sugar?

**HAVEN**

Cream.

sips  
Orville pours the "cream" from a whiskey bottle. Haven  
gingerly.

**ORVILLE**

(looking with mild  
curiosity and  
admiration)  
Myself, I'd rather fight a forest  
fire.

**HAVEN**

(softly)  
So would I...



Orville  
goes.  
admiration

He finishes the coffee, turns and starts for his room.  
tosses two towels on Haven's shoulder as the latter  
Strumming the guitar again softly, he watches with  
the retreating form of Haven.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

the  
the  
the  
falls on  
across  
soft  
lifts  
opens  
looking  
back.  
at

Haven stands in the darkness only lighted by lights of  
saloon next door. He stands there looking vaguely out  
window, sucking his knuckles absently as he listens to  
piano playing. Then he goes wearily to the bed and  
it gratefully, shutting his eyes, the towels still  
his shoulder. There is a moment of silence and then a  
KNOCK at the door. Another KNOCK, and painfully Haven  
himself on one elbow and drags out his gun. The door  
and Charlie enters. She shuts it behind her and stands  
at him. He lets the gun fall and turns over on his  
Charlie walks across to the bed and stands looking down  
him.

**CHARLIE**

How do you feel?

**HAVEN**

Like a million dollars.

**CHARLIE**

You just cost me a thousand. You  
lost your pipe in the fight. I brought  
it to you.

follow  
soaks

She puts it on the table beside the bed. Haven's eyes  
her. She sees the towels, takes them to the washstand,  
them and brings them back and compresses them gently on

pulls  
looking at  
Haven's bruised face. When she takes the towel away, he  
himself up a little, propped against the pillow,  
her curiously. She sits down on the edge of the bed.

**HAVEN**

Do you always get sweet with the men  
who fight over you?

**CHARLIE**

Only the winners.

and  
the  
He watches her as she wets the towels again, returns  
wraps his hands in them, sitting again on the edge of  
bed.

**HAVEN**

Tell me something --

**CHARLIE**

(quietly, smiling)  
What?

**HAVEN**

(he lies back)  
That fellow might have killed me --  
(sleepily)  
Where do you bury the losers?

puts  
tucks it  
He is almost asleep. She takes the now unused towel and  
it back in the basin, soaks it, returns with it and  
against the side of his face.

**CHARLIE**

You talk too much.

**HAVEN**

(bitterly)  
What do you want -- the next dance?

**CHARLIE**

I think you'd better sit this one  
out.

rises,  
He is sound asleep the next second. She stares at him;  
puts the blanket over him and goes quietly out.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

singing  
with an  
admiring smile. The coffee pot is there.

**ORVILLE**

Have some coffee?

**HAVEN**

Thanks.

Orville strums the strings as Haven drinks, having a  
little  
trouble with his sore hands.

**HAVEN**

The way you run this dump I knew you  
must be good at something else.

**ORVILLE**

Some call me the town poet -- and  
some the village idiot. Who am I to  
question either? How you feel today?

**HAVEN**

Like I crawled here from Kansas City.

**ORVILLE**

Well, it figures to make you pretty  
famous. Fact, people been askin' for  
you already.

**HAVEN**

Who?

**ORVILLE**

That gold mine lady -- Mrs. Caslon.

**HAVEN**

That's nice.

**ORVILLE**

Couldn't do better. And Charlie.

**HAVEN**

Charlie?

**ORVILLE**

No. less.

**HAVEN**

You seem impressed.

**ORVILLE**

Why not? Charlie owns a piece of everything, includin' the undertaker and the sheriff.

**HAVEN**

The stage line too?

**ORVILLE**

Everything but the Wednesday Bible Class. Even owns a piece of me.

(grins)

Takes your money while you're here, and makes you pay to leave.

**HAVEN**

(putting down the cup)

When you get the next verse I'd like to hear it.

**ORVILLE**

Can't find no word to rhyme with Mick Marion.

**HAVEN**

(as he turns away)

Carrion.

He walks off. Orville ponders this, scowling into space.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN**

Iles is pacing the floor. Mrs. Caslon is occupied with some minor domestic chore. Stellman is standing by the door. Iles is a ball of fire.

**ILES**

Of all the stupid bonehead plays!  
What did he fight about -- don't  
tell me a woman?

**STELLMAN**

That's what they tell me.

**ILES**

Who started it?

**STELLMAN**

I don't know, but Haven finished it.

**ILES**

That probably strikes you as a very  
admirable thing.

Stellman shrugs.

**ILES**

Well, I don't think so! I have men  
who can use their fists. Why didn't  
they send a man who could use his  
brains!

then

There is a knock at the door. Iles gives her a look;  
glares at Stellman.

**ILES**

Well -- open it up!

glances

Stellman opens the door and Haven walks in. He pauses,  
around and smiles. Mrs. Caslon smiles at him.

**HAVEN**

Hello, Mrs. Caslon.

surcharged

burns

She smiles and nods. Irons. Haven can feel the  
air. Deliberately he assumes that casual manner that so  
the Captain.

**HAVEN**

Captain... Lieutenant...

**ILES**

(coldly)  
Mr. Haven, we may not have very much

around here that pleases you, but we do have a strict post regulation against brawling in the town. Now would you like to explain what happened last night?

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

I came here to return Mrs. Caslon's call.

Iles glances sharply at Mrs. Caslon, and then to Haven.

**ILES**

(indicating a chair)

Sit down.

Haven sits, wincing a little. But he beams at Iles, who picks a book off the table.

now

**ILES**

This book I have in my hand is the Army Register, 1882.

Haven inspects his knuckles.

**ILES**

I am now going to read from it.  
(finds the place;  
reads)

"Haven, John Martin, born Ohio 1852. Appointed Second Lieutenant. Promoted First Lieutenant 20th Infantry, March 1880; reduced in rank to 2nd Lieutenant January 12, 1881."

He tosses the book on the table, glaring at Haven.

**ILES**

Is that correct?

**HAVEN**

It's the Army Register.

**ILES**

Haven, you've lost your rank once. It may very well happen again.

**HAVEN**

To almost anybody.

**MRS. CASLON**

Maybe if you'd let him explain... He might have a good reason.

**ILES**

Even a bad reason would delight me.

**HAVEN**

What would you like to know?

**ILES**

Did you pick that fight?

**HAVEN**

Those things can become very vague.

Iles scowls to him.

**ILES**

(shrewdly)

And where do you expect all this to get you?

**HAVEN**

(rising wearily)

That is a question I prefer not to answer.

**ILES**

(snaps it)

I think you're trying to carry your authority too far.

Haven goes to the door, gently touching his sore jaw.

At the

door he turns.

**HAVEN**

Perhaps, but there's one thing, Captain Iles... We had an arrangement that we wouldn't meet -- you and I -- except through Mrs. Caslon... I think it's important to keep it that way...

(one more glance back)

And I like it better.

stands  
in a  
out

He smiles and leaves, closing the door as he goes. Iles stands there frozen with rage a moment. Then his face relaxes in a grim smile. He glances at Stellman as he takes a cigar out

and bites it off.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. SALOON - DAY**

table.  
a  
Haven  
playing.

Business is slack. Girls drink coffee and knit at a  
Ernie polishes glasses at the bar. A colored man cleans  
crap table. All look up with curiosity and esteem as  
enters; all but Sam, the piano player, who goes on  
Haven goes to the bar. Ernie nods at him.

**HAVEN**

Doesn't he ever stop playing?

**ERNIE**

Sam? It don't bother him. He's deaf.

**HAVEN**

Where do I find the boss?

**ERNIE**

First door top of the stairs.

**HAVEN**

Mick been around?

**ERNIE**

He's undisposed.

him.  
at  
it,

Haven goes to the stairs. The eyes of the girls follow  
Top of the stairs -- as Haven reaches the door, wincing  
the climb. He KNOCKS with the heel of his hand, hurts  
then uses his boot toe.

**PRINCE'S VOICE**

Come in.

Haven opens the door.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**



out  
roll-  
walls  
six  
Haven

This is a big corner room, the windows of which look over the main street. The chairs are big and there is a top desk in the corner, a big leather sofa, and on the some framed pictures. At a table Prince sits. He has dice stacked on top of each other and he is lifting the column. Charlie is seated behind the desk smiling. looks from one to the other.

**HAVEN**

(to Prince)

You wanted to see me?

**CHARLIE**

I did.

**HAVEN**

They said Charlie --

**CHARLIE**

Yes.

is

She seems to enjoy Haven's momentary confusion. Prince indifferent.

**HAVEN**

You're Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

That's right.

(nods toward Prince)

This is Prince. Don't ever gamble with him.

**HAVEN**

You mean with his equipment?

Prince gives him a thin smile and rises.

**PRINCE**

She means either.

(he crosses to door)

See you later, Charlie.

Prince saunters out.

pipe

Haven sits in a big chair, very gingerly; takes out his  
and tobacco.

**HAVEN**

You surround yourself with very  
affable characters.

**CHARLIE**

It makes me feel at home.

**HAVEN**

You're not that sinister. Last night  
with the wet towels you were Florence  
Nightingale in silk stockings.

(stretching his legs,  
looking at her)

Have you got a match?

She comes over with one and lights his pipe.

**HAVEN**

There's one in my pocket but I hate  
to reach for it... thanks.

She takes his hand and looks at the cut knuckle.

**CHARLIE**

Sit there.

around  
the  
little

She walks out of the room and he watches her; then  
the room. In a moment she returns, pulls up a chair in  
front of him and sits down. She has bandages and a  
jar of ointment.

**HAVEN**

(smiles)

Now you're Florence Nightingale again.

his

She takes one of his bruised hands, and as she bandages  
hands slowly, carefully and rather expertly, they talk.

**CHARLIE**

Why did you pick that fight?

**HAVEN**

I thought you did.

**CHARLIE**

(smiling)  
Really?

**HAVEN**

You could have insisted I was your  
cousin.

**CHARLIE**

Perhaps that isn't the way I felt  
about you.

**HAVEN**

(as his knuckle hurts)  
Ouch!

She smiles at him and then goes on.

**HAVEN**

Where did you get the name of Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

It was my father's. My name is  
Charlene, but --

He watches her face.

**HAVEN**

I like that better... Charlene...  
(she doesn't answer)  
This'll be the first time I ever  
worked for a woman.

**CHARLIE**

(giving him a glance)  
What makes you think you're going to  
work for me?

**HAVEN**

You sent for me.

**CHARLIE**

(finishing the bandage)  
How's that?

bandaged  
She stands up. Haven looks at her and ignores his  
hands.

**HAVEN**

Beautiful.

**CHARLIE**

(walking towards the  
window)

All right, I sent for you. I was doing a nice quiet business. That was because everybody was afraid of Mick. Now every time a man has enough drinks in him to feel rugged he'll try to do what you did.

**HAVEN**

I wouldn't.

**CHARLIE**

But they will.

**HAVEN**

That's not the job I want. I don't intend to start at the bottom. I've been there. It's too crowded.

**CHARLIE**

(coolly)

Where do you want to start?

**HAVEN**

With the money.

**CHARLIE**

And what will you do for it?

**HAVEN**

Anything -- except hang. How did you get -- all this?

**CHARLIE**

I learned one thing from my father. As long as men think they can beat the tables, all you have to do is get a table. Sometimes they run out of cash and I find myself with new responsibilities.

**HAVEN**

Such as --

**CHARLIE**

A couple of stores for one thing.

**HAVEN**

I can't see myself behind a counter.

**CHARLIE**

A sawmill, and a logging camp. The logging camp's a long way from town.

Haven gets the meaning and shakes his head.

**CHARLIE**

I own the stage line from here to West Rim City, but that's a dud.

**HAVEN**

Why?

**CHARLIE**

Outlaws. The money was in gold shipments. Now the mines won't ship it.

**HAVEN**

I'll take that job.

**CHARLIE**

You mean ride shot-gun?

**HAVEN**

I mean run the line.

**CHARLIE**

Don't force your luck. You won a fight last night. You could lose one tonight.

**HAVEN**

Today I'd hate to tangle with a butterfly.

**CHARLIE**

What do you think you'll get out of running the stage line?

**HAVEN**

A commission on all the gold I get through.

**CHARLIE**

That should buy you a small beer.

**HAVEN**

Glad to get it.

**CHARLIE**

It's pretty dangerous. Even Wells

Fargo locked up their station and  
quit trying.

**HAVEN**

(leveling)  
Who steals the gold?

**CHARLIE**

Who doesn't? All they have to do is  
put a mask on and they all look like  
Black Bart.

**HAVEN**

(rising)  
Give me a letter of authorization.

**CHARLIE**

(going to the desk)  
I can't bet against you twice, can  
**I?**

As she writes out the authorization, Haven saunters to  
the window, then over to the desk. Charlie finishes and  
hands him the paper. Haven scans it, pockets it.

**CHARLIE**

(smiling at him)  
You know I forgot to ask you one  
thing.

**HAVEN**

I'm working for you now. You can ask  
me anything.

Haven is moving to the door and she beside him. They  
pause.

**CHARLIE**

How do I know I can trust you?

**HAVEN**

You don't.

**CHARLIE**

Can I?

He looks at her face, neck and hair. She looks pretty  
good.

**HAVEN**

Only with money.

reaches Haven looks squarely at her a moment, then smiles. He  
out one bandaged hand and pats her shoulder.

**HAVEN**

(quietly)

Okay, boss?

staring He walks out, and Charlie remains standing there,  
after him, just a little hazily.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. STAGE LINE DEPOT - DAY**

There As Haven walks through the wide gate into a compound.  
two are several unhitched stages and freight wagons, one or  
boy is in partial disassembly and being serviced. A colored  
the readying a horse and buggy and beside him, overlooking  
sleeve yard activities, is a bespectacled man with rubber  
and garters. He is the manager. He has eyes like Armadillo  
agency claw-like hands; otherwise, he could be your loan  
man. Seeing Haven he crosses to him.

**HAVEN**

(looking him over)

Are you the manager?

**MANAGER**

I am.

**HAVEN**

My name's Haven.

**MANAGER**

I've heard about you. You're the  
fella who took Mick Marion apart.

(looking at him)

Almost knocked me off my feet. But  
my feet ain't been any good since I  
followed Stonewall Jackson.

(keenly)  
What business you got with me?

**HAVEN**

(handing him the note)  
I'm the new boss.

spectacles  
turns  
The manager glances at the note, after moving his  
out of the way. He gives it back without a word, and  
toward the rear office door. Haven halts him.

**HAVEN**

Wait a minute. You're not fired.

**MANAGER**

I got to be. There ain't enough work  
around here for one man, let alone  
two.

**HAVEN**

Two can loaf as easy as one.

Jerry  
aid  
Jim Goddard and Jerry enter from the rear office door.  
is the younger. Goddard walks a little stiffly with the  
of a cane.

**JERRY**

Mr. Leonard!

at  
They halt and look at Haven. The Manager jerks a thumb  
Haven.

**MANAGER**

Talk to him. He just took the reins.

(indicating the two  
lads)

This is Jim Goddard. He's a regular  
stage driver. Jerry here runs freight  
to the sawmill. Boys, your new boss.

**HAVEN**

Hello, boys.

**JERRY**

(with a grin of hero  
worship)  
I gotta start out of here for the



sawmill before daybreak. Is that all right, Mr. Haven?

Haven nods, after a glance at the manager.

**JERRY**

I seen that fight last night. It was sure a beauty.

**HAVEN**

Glad you enjoyed it.

**JERRY**

What I liked was the way you --

**HAVEN**

Let's not talk about it. Right now it hurts my hands to listen.

**JERRY**

Yes, sir.

looks  
a

He walks out, looking back with an awesome smile. Haven curiously at Goddard, who has been standing in silence, thin smile on his lips.

**HAVEN**

What happened to you?

**GODDARD**

My last run. I stopped a bullet.

**HAVEN**

Did you get a look at them?

**GODDARD**

I wish I had.

**HAVEN**

I think I'm going to need you and not on one leg. So sit down and give it a rest.

**GODDARD**

(slowly smiling)  
Yes, sir.

He obeys. Haven watches and then turns to the manager.

**HAVEN**

I'm coming back later and sit behind your desk. I'll need the keys.

**MANAGER**

(taking keys from his pocket)  
Only things here that work.

The manager, gives them to him. Then looks at him.

**MANAGER**

Son, I waste my time. I might as well waste some advice. You're full of blood and vinegar, but this whole thing has got something wrong with it. Goddard only got nicked in the shin. You might not be so lucky...

**HAVEN**

I might depend on something besides luck.

**MANAGER**

Like for instance?

**HAVEN**

Well the fact that they don't seem to shoot too straight.

**MANAGER**

They don't need to when they shoot so often.

He turns, takes a few steps -- and turns back to Haven.

**MANAGER**

Worry it over.

The manager turns to go, shaking his head.

**EXT. OFFICER COMPOUND**

is  
a  
pauses  
Haven, whistling softly, crosses to the colored boy who  
polishing the last specks of dust off the buggy. It is  
beautiful buggy attached to a beautiful horse. Haven  
and gazes at it.

**HAVEN**

What's this?

The colored boy steps back and admires his work.

**COLORED BOY**

Sumpin', ain't it?

**HAVEN**

Who's it for?

**COLORED BOY**

Miss Charlie, Mr. Haven.

**HAVEN**

Where do you drive her?

**COLORED BOY**

Same places. Around the hills, down the river, every afternoon.

**HAVEN**

I think I'll give you this afternoon off.

**COLORED BOY**

I shouldn't let you do this, suh...  
(looking Haven over,  
especially the  
bandaged hands)  
But ah am.

him  
Haven climbs in the buggy, and the Colored Boy watches  
go.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

nicer in  
She is  
dice  
except the  
Charlie is dressed to go somewhere. She looks much  
these clothes than in her show garments of the night.  
listening to Prince who sits in a chair, the inevitable  
in his fingers, two this time. There is a silence  
rattle of the cubes. Then Prince speaks coldly.

**PRINCE**

Does this Haven move me out? Is that the plan?

**CHARLIE**

Prince, you know I wouldn't part with you.

**PRINCE**

But I always come up empty.

**CHARLIE**

Not quite empty. I gave you what is probably the one honest feeling you ever had in your life.

**PRINCE**

I keep forgetting that. Pardon me.

**CHARLIE**

What's the matter, Prince?

**PRINCE**

I don't like John Haven or anything about him.

**CHARLIE**

You've said that.

**PRINCE**

What do you know about him?

**CHARLIE**

You want me to have him looked up in the Social Register?

at her

She gets up, goes to the window testily. Prince looks coldly as she gazes at the street.

**PRINCE**

A man walks in out of nowhere --

**CHARLIE**

(turning)

And went against your table. Did he play like a gambler?

**PRINCE**

He knew something.

**CHARLIE**

Yes -- and he took Mick.

**PRINCE**

So he can fight.  
(shrewdly)  
You like that part, don't you?

him He looks straight at her and she stares back, staring  
down at last. As his eyes lower, she turns again to the  
window.

**CHARLIE**

I'll tell you one thing, Prince, I  
don't like this part.

does not She is silent and Prince gets up and walks out. She  
the turn. Down in the street she can see Haven riding up in  
as buggy, and the hard look on her face softens to a smile  
stare at Haven climbs out of the buggy. Some people passing  
walks him, and whisper together. His fame has spread. He  
inside, smiling a little.

**INT. SALOON - DAY**

at the As Haven enters. There is no play at the tables. Some  
Prince bar. The deaf pianist is pounding the keys softly.  
table, has just descended the stairs and gone to the dice  
latter where he leans, his cold eyes fixed on Haven as the  
appears goes to the foot of the stairs. At this moment Charlie  
stares at and descends the stairs, adjusting her hat. Haven  
her with admiration, as she descends, smiling at him.  
step. MED. SHOT - Haven and Charlie, as she reaches the last

**HAVEN**

Stand there a second.

She looks at him.

**HAVEN**

Every time I see you, you look  
different, but you always look

beautiful. Why is that?

**CHARLIE**

I always have somebody to lie to me.

**HAVEN**

Take my hand --  
(offering it)  
But don't squeeze it.

She takes his arm instead and they walk towards the door.

MOVING SHOT - Charlie and Haven, as they go.

**CHARLIE**

Tell me what you're doing with my buggy.

**HAVEN**

My work. I'm the new transportation boss. You hired me.

watching  
MED. SHOT of Prince, as he stands at the table, them go.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S BUGGY - DAY**

As Haven helps Charlie into the carriage.

**HAVEN**

I presume you're going shopping?

**CHARLIE**

I wouldn't wear anything sold this side of Chicago. I'm going to call on a gentleman.

**HAVEN**

At this hour?

**CHARLIE**

His name is Mark Bristow -- and any hour, it would be strictly business.

He glances at her.

**HAVEN**

The way you say it -- he may need a lawyer.

**CHARLIE**

He's a lawyer himself, but it won't help him.

**HAVEN**

No?

**CHARLIE**

(with a smile)

What good is a lawyer if he never gets in a court?

**HAVEN**

Like a doctor in a graveyard. Where is this unlucky man?

**CHARLIE**

Across the street.

Bristow's As Haven shrugs and turns the carriage to front of office.

**EXT. BRISTOW'S OFFICE - DAY**

The letters on the window read:

Mark Bristow, Lawyer

As Haven pulls up in front of it with the carriage. He goes around and helps Charlie alight, making it a little slow for the sake of added intimacy and causing her to smile as though she didn't resent it.

**HAVEN**

Shall I take the horses back and rub them down?

**CHARLIE**

Do you think they've gone far enough?

**HAVEN**

I haven't.

**CHARLIE**

Then maybe you better wait and come with me.

pass.  
Charlie,  
As Charlie starts in, Mrs. Caslon comes out and they  
Mrs. Caslon pauses to smile and Haven tips his hat.  
flashing a backward look, sees this.

**EXT. BRISTOW'S OFFICE - DAY**

her  
Charlie  
MED. SHOT of Haven and Mrs. Caslon. Haven is talking to  
with apparent casualness because he realizes that  
can see him.

**HAVEN**

I wonder if you'd do me a favor?

**MRS. CASLON**

Why, surely.

**HAVEN**

It's a big favor, and I wouldn't  
blame you if you refused.

**MRS. CASLON**

What is it?

**HAVEN**

I want to haul some gold from your  
mine.

**MRS. CASLON**

That IS a big favor.

**HAVEN**

I know it seems impossible to you,  
but that's one reason why I'm here --  
to find out what makes it impossible.

**MRS. CASLON**

Isn't that very risky?

**HAVEN**

That's why I couldn't go to anyone  
but you.

**MRS. CASLON**

(hesitating)

I'm just wondering if we shouldn't  
speak to Captain Iles first.

**HAVEN**



You know what he'd say.

(she smiles grimly  
and nods)

He'd advise against it -- but if it works my way, it may clear everything up -- for all of us -- and for Iles too. The War Department doesn't like all that gold around an Army Post.

He watches her face as she thinks it over.

**HAVEN**

(softly)

We're working too much in the dark. This may be the only way to see something. It's a risk -- but someone has to take it...

**MRS. CASLON**

(firmly)

Who else will know of it?

**HAVEN**

Just us. That'll be all who know -- and that's the idea.

**MRS. CASLON**

(simply)

I'll arrange it.

**HAVEN**

(grinning)

Don't look so grim. It's only your gold and my skin. And smile when you walk away as though we'd been talking about what a dry summer it's been.

She smiles and Haven pats her shoulder.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

As Bristow is talking. Charlie, looking through the window, sees Haven and Mrs. Caslon part, Haven patting her shoulder with that familiar gesture of his, then coming into the office door.

**BRISTOW**

...You know I'll always cooperate -- as much as possible. But I haven't

the money.

Haven has entered in silence, seated himself in a chair.

Charlie does not look at him; her face, hard now, looks straight at Bristow. He pauses as he glances at Haven with a little nod Haven doesn't return.

**CHARLIE**

(rising and going to the desk with a sheaf of papers, which she places on his desk)

These are I.O.U.s for gambling. They add up to six thousand dollars. Do you want to count them?

**BRISTOW**

No.

**CHARLIE**

(returning them to her pocket)

Your credit's over, Mark.

**BRISTOW**

My luck can turn, can't it?

**CHARLIE**

Not on my tables.

**BRISTOW**

I've seen other people fall in this trap -- but I didn't think it would get me.

He is sweating a little.

**CHARLIE**

Nobody does. I'll have Prince drop in and go over your books. Maybe we can work something out.

**BRISTOW**

But I told you --

**CHARLIE**

That's the way it is, Mark. I pay off on the line and I expect to get paid. Give it some thought.

his  
parting  
alone,  
of

She whirls and walks out the door. Haven, fumbling for pipe and putting it in his teeth, follows her with a glance at Bristow. For a long minute Bristow sits there his eyes staring at nothing; then as he mops the mildew sweat from his forehead:

**WIPE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S CARRIAGE - DAY**

winds

As Charlie and Haven drive in the country. The road between hills now and a stream tumbles along beside the winding road. The horse is moving at a snail's pace and Charlie is gazing around at the scenery, relaxed and thoughtful.

**HAVEN**

You know, you remind me a little -- back there -- of a character I once read in a book.

**CHARLIE**

I had an idea you'd read a book. What was the character?

**HAVEN**

Simon Legree.

**CHARLIE**

Mark is mixed up. He's either crooked without being smart, or honest without being lucky. And that's no good.

**HAVEN**

I don't think I'd want to owe you money -- even if I was honest.

**CHARLIE**

Even?

**HAVEN**

When I was seven I robbed my own piggy bank.

**CHARLIE**

It's hard to imagine you being seven.

**HAVEN**

I was very fat and ate a lot of candy.

**CHARLIE**

Is that why you robbed your bank?

**HAVEN**

No... I robbed it to run away from home.

**CHARLIE**

Did you do it?

**HAVEN**

Yeah, but I had to go back.

**CHARLIE**

Why?

**HAVEN**

It got dark.

She laughs. They stop and get out.

**DISSOLVE**

**STREAM BANK - DAY**

of  
and  
stream

FULL SHOT as Haven helps her down the bank to the edge  
the water. She sits on the edge of a huge flat boulder  
Haven stretches out beside her.

MED. SHOT of Haven and Charlie. As she looks at the  
and then at him.

**CHARLIE**

This is my favorite place in the  
world... I always come here to think  
about it.

**HAVEN**

What?

**CHARLIE**

The rock here and the stream. The  
stream is always running away and  
the rock is always watching it go.

It's two ways to be -- and I always wonder which is the best.

**HAVEN**

They probably envy each other.

**CHARLIE**

Do you suppose any woman could envy me?

**HAVEN**

I know it.

**CHARLIE**

But not a good woman?

**HAVEN**

Nobody is any good. You mean respectable.

**CHARLIE**

Maybe.

**HAVEN**

Respectable people are very useful -- but they bore me.

**CHARLIE**

With certain exceptions.

**HAVEN**

(curiously)  
Like who?

**CHARLIE**

Like Mary Caslon...

**HAVEN**

I thought we might get to that.

**CHARLIE**

How did you happen to know her?

**HAVEN**

I knew her husband.

**CHARLIE**

That's curious, considering --

**HAVEN**

Considering what?

**CHARLIE**

Ben Caslon was a very upright citizen.

**HAVEN**

Meaning I'm not?

**CHARLIE**

(adds thoughtfully)

She's certainly not hard to look at --  
and now she has the money and is --

(looking away)

-- also very respectable.

**HAVEN**

Then why would she be interested in  
me?

**CHARLIE**

Because you're no good. And good  
women like men who are bad for them.

**HAVEN**

Flattery will get you nowhere.

**CHARLIE**

Fooling with her will get you nowhere  
too -- except in trouble.

**HAVEN**

With whom?

**CHARLIE**

The army. Why is it you're always  
getting mixed up with the army?

Haven has been idly flipping pebbles into the stream.

He

sees a leaf float by.

**HAVEN**

(idly)

What are the odds I hit the leaf?

**CHARLIE**

(absently)

Four to one.

**HAVEN**

Pass --

(he flips the pebble,  
misses)

What's the army got to do with Mrs.

Caslon?

**CHARLIE**

She's engaged to Captain Iles.

**HAVEN**

Iles?

**CHARLIE**

He's the army boss here.

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

If you're going to frighten me, the least you can do is hold my hand.

starts to  
rises  
stops

He holds out his hand and takes hers. Abruptly she rise, very piqued and unable to disguise it. Haven too. Takes her hand to help her from the boulder. Then and gazes at her, smiling.

**HAVEN**

This is where you ought to slip -- and I should catch you and kiss you.

**CHARLIE**

No chance.

slips and  
around  
holds  
we:

She starts down; Haven moves too, but it is he who she who has to catch him. Her arms go automatically him. His around her. Before he can act himself, she him tight and kisses him. It is a long kiss and on it

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING**

pauses

Orville is strumming the guitar as Haven enters. He as Haven comes near on the way to his room.

**ORVILLE**

Hey.

Haven halts, walks over.

**HAVEN**

You finish that song?

**ORVILLE**

Never do.

**HAVEN**

Why not?

**ORVILLE**

It's my fatality. I never finish nothin'.

**HAVEN**

Maybe it's just as well.

**ORVILLE**

Maybe so. I thought I'd tell you. Goin' back to your room will be a waste of time.

**HAVEN**

It will?

**ORVILLE**

I don't know what happened on that buggy ride, but somebody came and took all your truck.

He strums the strings.

**HAVEN**

And, naturally, you didn't do anything about it?

**ORVILLE**

What could I do?

**HAVEN**

You could have called the sheriff.

**ORVILLE**

Set a thief to catch a thief, eh?

**HAVEN**

I paid my rent and I think I'm entitled to know who stole my clothes.



He starts to his room.

**ORVILLE**

(calling after him)

A man couldn't ask for no prettier thief.

**INT. HAVEN'S ROOM**

He  
across the  
Haven enters, glances around, sees the bag is missing.  
goes to the window, sees Charlie at saloon window  
areaway. He leans out.

**HAVEN**

Hey!

Charlie moves the window, smiling.

**CHARLIE**

(leaning out)

Hello... I've been wondering where you were.

**HAVEN**

I lost my shirt.

**CHARLIE**

You didn't imagine that I'd let you live in that hotel, did you? I want you available -- in case of trouble.

**HAVEN**

Where did I move?

**CHARLIE**

In a very nice room upstairs.

**HAVEN**

(taking out his pipe)

When can you get my things back to the hotel, Charlie?

She stares at him, the smile fading on her face.

**CHARLIE**

Why don't you take them yourself?

**HAVEN**

(calmly)

Because that's not how they got here.

A slight pause.

**CHARLIE**

You're really hard -- aren't you?

**HAVEN**

No.

**CHARLIE**

You have to play everything alone?

**HAVEN**

This hotel is no good. The service is bad. The clerk's a poet, and the mattress is not quite as soft as a marble slab. But I'm beginning to like it... and if I open this window, and hear you singing...

**CHARLIE**

Is that the way you want it?

**HAVEN**

That's the way.

**CHARLIE**

They'll be there.

turns She turns abruptly from the window. Haven smiles and  
away.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. STAGE LINE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Goddard Haven is finishing preparations for the ride. ANGLE ON  
As he stands in shadow, watching. He carries a shotgun.  
his Goddard moves from the shadow, Haven whirls, going for  
gun -- then relaxing as he recognizes the other man.  
MED. SHOT of Haven and Goddard.

**HAVEN**

What brings you here?

**GODDARD**



**GODDARD**

(grimly)  
I'm riding.

**HAVEN**

(slowly)  
You got more than your leg hurt,  
didn't you?

**GODDARD**

Maybe I just like to ride in the  
moonlight if nothing happens.

**HAVEN**

And if it does?

**GODDARD**

Then I think I got a little better  
right than you to be there.

**HAVEN**

(gazing at him)  
I was just thinking -- a nice guy  
like you probably has a nice girl  
somewhere -- or a wife.

**GODDARD**

What are we gonna do -- have a little  
chat about women?

Haven slowly grins at him; Goddard smiles back.

**HAVEN**

Some other time -- Let's go -- out  
the back gate.

into  
back  
Goddard climbs up with his shotgun as Haven clambers up  
the driver's seat. As the coach turns and heads for the  
of the corral.

**WIPE**

**EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT - the stagecoach, travelling across open flat  
country, heading toward the distant hills.

keeping  
CLOSE SHOT - Haven and Goddard in the driver's box,

an eye about him as the teams gallop along in the moonlight.

**HAVEN**

What makes you so anxious to take this chance?

**GODDARD**

What makes you?

**HAVEN**

I'm on commission. With me it's a matter of money.

**GODDARD**

And you think it's something else with me?

**HAVEN**

I can't think of anything else -- except curiosity.

**GODDARD**

(gazing out drily)  
Some moonlight after all...

FULL SHOT as the stage rockets off into the darkness.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - NIGHT**

The stage is now heading uphill, the gentle slope at the beginning of the foothills.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - NIGHT**

The road is steeper now, and winding.

thick  
bend in  
The  
to a  
go

ANOTHER ANGLE. The road is cut out of the side of the mountain, leaving a sheer slope on one side, and high, trees and brush on the other. As the stage follows a the road, a rider leaps out and grabs the lead horse. stage lurches crazily and almost overturns as it slows stop. Before Haven can free his hands from the reins to

the  
road  
for his gun, two shadowy figures, handkerchiefs helping  
darkness mask their faces, have jumped out onto the  
ahead and have him covered.

**BANDIT**

All right -- stretch!

from the  
Haven and Goddard raise their arms. Another bandit,  
hillside, calls out:

**SECOND BANDIT**

Pile out with the hands up.

Goddard  
Two shotgun barrels cover the side of the stags.  
gets off, hands in air.

**FIRST BANDIT**

(to Haven)

Get down.

bandits  
Two  
Haven obeys, to join Goddard in the road, as the  
converge on the stage. There are five or six of them.  
come up behind Haven and Goddard.

**FIRST BANDIT**

Turn around and keep 'em high.

The sacks are being loaded on a pack horse. Haven turns  
around.

**HAVEN**

Take it easy. They hang you just the  
same.

**SECOND BANDIT**

You, Goddard, start walking.

on  
He gives Goddard a none too gentle shove. Goddard moves  
up the road in the darkness.

his  
A FEW YARDS UP THE ROAD. Mick is waiting by his horse,  
gun drawn. We hear the steps of Goddard and the bandit.

**SECOND BANDIT'S VOICE**

That's far enough.

The footsteps halt. Mick aims and fires.

Goddard.  
fells  
BY WAGON. There is a half grunt, half groan from  
Haven turns as if to protest and then crumples as a gun  
him.

CLOSE SHOT - Haven, lying face down on the ground,  
unconscious.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**EXT. SKY**

As day breaks.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN**

the  
shot. He  
up the  
as if  
As  
fingers  
wife,  
receipt,  
closely-  
top  
CLOSE SHOT - Haven. Haven comes to, gradually clearing  
cobwebs. Then suddenly he remembers Goddard and the  
makes his way to where Goddard's body lies a few feet  
road. Goddard's right hand is half in his hip pocket,  
in his last dying moment he was reaching for something.  
Haven pulls the hand out, he sees that Goddard's  
have closed around his wallet. Puzzled, Haven opens the  
wallet. There is a stiff-backed daguerreotype of his  
an expired Union Pacific Railroad pass, an express  
a souvenir bank-note of the Confederacy, and a small,  
folded piece of paper. Unfolding this, Haven sees the  
line:

"To Whom It May Concern"

**HE READS FURTHER:**

operating  
and  
"This certifies that the bearer, James Goddard, is  
as a legally deputized detective for Wells Fargo Stage  
Express Company."

carries  
the  
ground  
the  
horses  
Haven replaces the papers and lifts Goddard's body,  
it to the stage and places it on the floor. He removes  
Goddard's gun and shell belt and straps it on, closing  
stage door. Haven's face is grim as he studies the  
nearby. The sticky mud shows clearly the new tracks of  
bandits' horses. As he starts unhitching one of his  
from the wagon traces, we

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - MORNING**

remains  
scattered  
on  
evidently  
through  
behind.  
tracks  
into the  
mounts and  
rides off:  
A tiny clearing on a brush-filled knoll, where the  
of a cooking fire are still visible, the ashes  
over the tamped-down ground. CAMERA PANS OVER TO Haven,  
horseback, as he studies the scene. This is where he  
made camp for the night. He dismounts, sifts the ashes  
his fingers to feel their warmth. He cannot be far  
Then he turns his attention to the trail leading away.  
Inspection reveals that it divides, one group of fresh  
heading towards town, another smaller group further  
mountains. He decides to follow the latter. As he  
rides off:

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - MORNING**

in the  
A high spot from which Haven can get a good view. Off



distance he sees:

pack  
away  
LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. A lone rider, leading a  
horse, barely visible through the timber. He is heading  
from him.

CLOSE SHOT - Haven. He spurs his horse forward.

FULL SHOT - Haven, in pursuit of the man ahead.

**EXT. STREAM - MORNING**

the  
into  
The bandit, unaware of his pursuer, puts his horse and  
gold-laden pack horse through the stream. He comes out  
a meadow on the other side.

way  
PAN SHOT - WITH Haven, as he comes to the stream. Half  
across, his horse momentarily loses his footing on the  
slippery rocks.

he  
him,  
will  
MED. SHOT - bandit. Hearing the noise of Haven's horse,  
turns and sees his pursuer, takes a quick shot back at  
then heads for the other side of the meadow where there  
be shelter, firing back as he rides.

deliberate aim  
MED. CLOSE SHOT - Haven. He takes careful and  
and fires.

the  
tumbles  
it  
FULL SHOT - FROM Haven's ANGLE. The bandit is almost at  
edge of the woods when Haven's shot gets him. He  
from the saddle. Haven rides forward, gun ready in case  
is a trick.

**EXT. MEADOW - MORNING**

Haven  
Haven  
It is no trick. The bandit is down where he fell. When  
turns him over, the man's eyes are already glazed.  
puts his lips close to the dying man's ear.

**HAVEN**

Who sent you?

The man only glares up at him. Haven tries again.

**HAVEN**

You're a goner, brother -- you can talk.

The man holds Haven's gaze defiantly and silently as the life goes out of him. Haven lowers him back to the ground, rifles his pocket. There are no papers on him, no identification. He stands up. He has the gold back, but he is no closer to rounding up the whole gang than he was before. Unless -- he is looking at the horses, placidly grazing. He goes up to them, ties up the loose lead reins, draws his belt off, and gives them each a sharp crack on the rump with the buckle. They take off across the meadow at a gallop. Haven lets them get a good start before he mounts his own horse, and follows after them.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - DAY**

As Haven rides up to the edge of a downslope, gazes over a broad valley, and sees:  
LONG VIEW of a sawmill, nestled in the valley. It comprises several sheds and buildings, with a long rank of stacked logs beside the biggest shed, and all this is serviced by a dirt road along which the two horses canter up to the camp. Haven observes several men come out of the main office and snag the two horses.

**EXT. CAMP OFFICE - DAY**

gold  
and  
is a

As two men who have snagged the horses now take off the bags. In front of the office Pete, the camp boss, Ben Sam, two tough-looking accomplices, stand watching and glancing up the road down which the horses came. There frown on Pete's face.

**BEN**

Where's Joe?  
(as Pete doesn't answer)  
Something's gone wrong, Pete.

again

Pete looks thoughtfully at Joe's horse, pats his neck, locks up the road.

**PETE**

I know one thing. He was born on a horse and he didn't just fall off this one... go and take a look.

Two men mount and start away.

Obviously  
valley  
still  
between. He  
wagon,

CLOSE SHOT of Haven. As he moves back out of sight. he can't move into the camp now. Glancing off down the he sees in the distance a work wagon approaching. It is hidden from sight of the sawmill by high ground puts his horse down the slope towards the approaching at a tangent to the camp.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. SAWMILL ROAD - DAY**

it as  
recognize  
grin

As the work wagon lumbers along. Its markings identify belonging to the stageline Haven now manages. We Jerry the driver as Haven rides up. Jerry gives him a and a salute.

**JERRY**

Hello there, Mr. Haven!

**HAVEN**

Hello, Jerry. What's the haul?

**JERRY**

This is that load of grub for the sawmill.

**HAVEN**

Want to ride my horse back to town?

**JERRY**

What about the wagon here?

**HAVEN**

I'll finish the haul.

**JERRY**

You're the boss.

over  
He climbs down as Haven dismounts and turns the horse  
to Jerry.

**HAVEN**

(throwing it away)  
Any excitement in town?

**JERRY**

(grins)  
Don't know, Mr. Haven. I left before  
daybreak.

**HAVEN**

(relieved)  
Take him easy. He's tired.

**JERRY**

I'll give him a good rubdown.  
(mounting)

wagon.  
hands  
off.  
the  
Haven watches him ride away, then climbs aboard the  
Picking up the reins, he notices the bandages on his  
and, not wanting to be identified by them, rips them  
Blowing on his still sore knuckles, he drives toward  
the  
sawmill.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. SAWMILL CAMP SITE - DAY**

As Haven's wagon lumbers in. He looks curiously at the  
main office. No one is in sight, but as he draws nearer, the  
porch. swarthy hard-faced man, Pete, comes out on to the

**PETE**

Hey, you!

Haven looks at him.

**PETE**

You see a rider comin' up?

**HAVEN**

Nope.

**PETE**

You sure?

**HAVEN**

Haven't even seen a lizard. Where do I put this stuff?

**PETE**

Where did you put it before?

**HAVEN**

I never did. I'm a new driver. I think it's grub.

**PETE**

Take it to the cook shack.

Haven flicks the reins, moves on. Pete watches  
suspiciously. Haven moves on to the cook shack outside of which the  
cook is busy dumping a pail of slop.

**HAVEN**

(pulling up)

You the cook?

**COOK**

Nah. I just wear this hat to keep

the flies out of my hair.

**HAVEN**

It don't matter to me, brother. I just haul this grub. I'd just as soon haul it back.

**COOK**

Take it next door.

down.  
Haven pulls up by the warehouse next door and gets  
food  
There is nobody around, so he starts wrestling with the  
warehouse.  
crates himself, taking the first one into the

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

equipment.  
It is big, barnlike, piled with provisions and  
similar  
Haven stares around; carries the crate to where a  
a  
stack of crates are piled. Lowering the crate he notes  
by two  
shiny object, picks it up. It is a button from an army  
uniform. He pockets it as his attention is distracted  
horsemen passing outside. Haven goes out to continue  
unloading.

**EXT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY**

and  
As the two horsemen ride up to Pete and dismount. Ben  
Sam are standing there.

**PETE**

(to the horsemen)  
Any luck?

**BEN**

No sign of Joe. But there's the tracks  
of another horse, circling the mill  
and coming back on the road just  
north.

(he points)

**PETE**

That's bad.

He glances toward the wagon where Haven is working.

**PETE**

Let's go and look at this guy again.

The five men move down to Haven's wagon.

ANGLE ON wagon and Haven, as he sees them come. His lip tightens; then he relaxes and goes on lifting a crate.

He  
fixed

pauses as they come up and stand around him, their eyes on:

**PETE**

You --

Haven looks at him.

**PETE**

You sure you didn't see no rider?

**HAVEN**

Look -- you want me to say I saw a rider? I'll say it. I'll say I saw a ghost. It don't make any difference to me.

**PETE**

When did you get this job?

**HAVEN**

Yesterday.

**PETE**

What for?

**HAVEN**

It's the system. If I don't work I don't eat. I never been able to find any way to beat it.

**PETE**

Who hired you?

**HAVEN**

(blandly)  
Mr. Haven.

**PETE**

The guy that had the fight?

**HAVEN**

Same fellow.

hands  
It is a risky little moment; Haven eases both bruised  
into his coat pockets.

**PETE**

Friend of yours?

**HAVEN**

(innocently)

Who?

**PETE**

This Haven.

**HAVEN**

Any man who gives me a job is my friend. Look, I'm working, I haul this stuff out here. Nobody wants to tell me where to dump it. Everybody wants to know what I'm doin' and what I haven't seen. I don't know. I get thirty cents an hour. How smart does that have to make me?

**PETE**

Don't get hot.

others.  
Pete's face relaxes; as do the grim faces of the

**HAVEN**

(grinning)

I ain't hot. I'm just mixed up.

**PETE**

Forget it. I got a load for you to take back when you're done here.

**HAVEN**

Sure.

**PETE**

How soon?

**HAVEN**

Well, I haven't eaten anything but dust since sun-up.

**PETE**

All right -- grab it quick.



(to the others)  
Work on this stuff.

Pete They start unloading and Haven goes to the cook house.  
watches him go. Ben notes it.

**BEN**  
What do you think?

**PETE**  
We risk him, that's all.

**BEN**  
He don't look right to me.

**PETE**  
He don't look any worse than the  
rest of it looks right now.  
(turning)  
Come on, get this junk out.

He lends a hand with Ben and Sam.

**INT. COOKHOUSE - DAY**

busy A big pot of stew is simmering on the fire. The cook is  
slicing french fries. Haven enters.

**HAVEN**  
How about a handout?

**COOK**  
Help yourself.

it. Haven begins ladling out some stew into a bowl, tastes

**HAVEN**  
You cook pretty good.

**COOK**  
I ought to. I used to cook for six  
hundred men a day.

**HAVEN**  
Where was that?

**COOK**  
Leavenworth.

cutting

Haven shrugs and takes more stew; the cook goes on  
the potatoes.

**HAVEN**

This used to be my mother's special  
dish. She made it right out of the  
world.

**COOK**

My old woman couldn't boil a potato.

Then

Haven takes another gulp in the silence that follows.  
he says carelessly:

**HAVEN**

Who's boss around here?

**COOK**

I am.

**HAVEN**

I mean the whole works.

**COOK**

You talked to the man when you came  
in.

**HAVEN**

Real tough-looking fellah.

**COOK**

(spits)  
They're all tough till they get to  
Mick Marion.

**HAVEN**

Mick come out here?

**COOK**

Last night -- and he looked like  
somebody got to him.

**HAVEN**

How's that?

**COOK**

Face all beat up --  
(casually)  
Like your knuckles.

**HAVEN**

I had bad luck with a crate of cauliflower.

**COOK**

That's what he brought down here -- a cauliflower face.

(casually)

You fight him?

**HAVEN**

(smiling blandly)

Mick? Do I look like I would?

**COOK**

(looking at him)

Just the knuckles.

Ben's head appears in the doorway.

**BEN**

Hurry it up, driver!

**HAVEN**

Comin'.

Haven takes a last mouthful, turns toward the door.

**HAVEN**

Not many of the hands here, are there?

**COOK**

All up at the logging camp.

**HAVEN**

Much obliged. That was real fine mulligan.

The cook isn't interested; he spits as he slices a potato.

**EXT. SAWMILL OFFICE - DAY**

see Pete, Sam and Ben are waiting beside the gear box as we

Haven bringing the wagon up.

**BEN**

Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

**PETE**

Who said it was? I just want that

gold outa here the easiest and  
quickest way.

hard  
looking

They watch Haven as he pulls up the wagon. Pete looks  
at his face. Haven has the pipe in his mouth again,  
very blandly at them.

**PETE**

You see this box?

**HAVEN**

Sure.

**PETE**

It goes to Prince. Know who Prince  
is?

**HAVEN**

Nope.

**PETE**

He runs things for Charlie. Know who  
Charlie is?

**HAVEN**

Sure.

stuck his  
the

Haven climbs aboard. They look hard at him. He has  
pipe in his mouth. He smiles at them and he picks up  
reins.

**PETE**

One thing...

Haven pauses.

**PETE**

That's a gear box you're hauling  
back and it's got to be repaired.  
And you tell Charlie that if it ain't  
repaired we might have to shut down  
quick. You got that?

**HAVEN**

I got it.

**PETE**

All right -- then get out of here!

Ben is Haven flicks the reins, grins at them and drives off.  
still worried and stares after the departing wagon.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY**

land This is deserted country on the way to town. When the  
Haven slopes steeply from the road down into a kind of wash,  
takes halts the wagon. He glances around. No sign of life. He  
seat, a hammer and chisel out of the tool box beside the  
gold. crawls to the crate and prys it open. His cargo is  
crate Satisfied, he replaces the pried board, then pushes the  
the over the side. It topples down the bank, vanishes in  
around, brush at the bottom of the wash. With one more glance  
his Haven resumes his seat in the wagon, puts a match to  
pipe, and sends the horses forward at a faster clip.

**DISSOLVE**

**LONG SHOT OF POST - DAY**

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CAPTAIN ILES' OFFICE - POST**

Iles is pacing up and down as Stellman enters quietly.  
Iles promptly faces him.

**ILES**

Well -- what have you found out?

**STELLMAN**

Goddard's body -- shot in the back.

**ILES**

And no sign of Haven?

**STELLMAN**

One horse was missing. They might have taken him away on that. They wouldn't kidnap him if they'd killed him.

**ILES**

Why would they kill Goddard?

**STELLMAN**

He was a Wells Fargo Detective.

**ILES**

I see... he was a man they couldn't handle, so they shot him. But Haven wasn't killed.

**STELLMAN**

He may have followed them on the missing horse.

**ILES**

And he may be fishing for trout in the Verde River. Why do I always learn everything last? Why must everything be common gossip by the time it reaches me?

**STELLMAN**

I don't know, sir.

**ILES**

Neither do I, but I'll find out. The Army didn't banish me out here to set up a listening post. Bring the man in, dead or alive. If he's alive, arrest him.

**STELLMAN**

But can you arrest him?

**ILES**

No, but I can take any living human being into custody -- or am I mistaken in this too?

**STELLMAN**

No, sir.

**ILES**

Then go and do it!

**STELLMAN**

Yes, sir.

Stellman turns and leaves obediently.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING**

Mark  
SHOT FROM Haven's ANGLE to include street activity. As  
approaches, opens the door and enters.

**INT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING**

with  
gun in  
As Mark enters in the semi-darkness and pauses, stiff  
fright at the sight of Haven sitting in the chair, a  
his hand. Mark opens his mouth but can't speak.

**HAVEN**

Draw those blinds, Bristow.

Numbly, Mark obeys; then turns.

**HAVEN**

All right -- light it up.

Mark lights the lamp. His voice is small and quavering.

**BRISTOW**

(indicating gun)  
Can't you put that firearm away.

**HAVEN**

I can -- but it quiets my nerves.

library.  
Mark pours a drink shakily from a decanter by his law

**BRISTOW**

Drink?

**HAVEN**

(flatly)  
No.

Mark gulps his in an ominous silence.

**BRISTOW**

We'd given you up for dead -- we --

**HAVEN**

(idly rotating the  
cylinders of the gun)

Who?

**BRISTOW**

Who?

**HAVEN**

Yeh.

**BRISTOW**

Why, everybody. They found Goddard's  
boy -- didn't you know that? What  
happened? Tell me about it.

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

I'm glad you got your voice back.

**BRISTOW**

If you're trying to imply that you  
frightened me, coming here like this,  
you're right. I'm neither a hero nor  
a fool.

(he sits down)

(shrewdly)

They killed Goddard -- Why didn't  
they kill you?

**HAVEN**

Somebody must have wanted me saved.

**BRISTOW**

What for?

**HAVEN**

I don't know. Maybe a rainy day.

(dryly)

Only it might never rain.

pours a  
Haven puts the gun away; rises, walks to the desk,  
drink for himself. Mark watches him shrewdly.

**BRISTOW**

(himself again)

And what do you want from me?



**HAVEN**

I'm going to make a statement, which you will write and notarize.

**BRISTOW**

Is that all?

**HAVEN**

Yes -- except that you put it away where it can't be stolen or tampered with.

**BRISTOW**

I have a safe --

**HAVEN**

I can see you have.

**BRISTOW**

Meaning you don't trust me.

**HAVEN**

I do -- but I don't think you trust yourself.

**BRISTOW**

Where do you want it?

**HAVEN**

Mrs. Caslon has a safe -- a nice fat one.

**BRISTOW**

I think I can arrange it.

**HAVEN**

All right -- here's the statement.

of  
and  
He saunters to the window -- glances through the crack  
the shades. When he turns, he notes that Mark has paper  
pencil ready.

**HAVEN**

I solemnly swear that on Thursday last, about eleven p.m. the stagecoach in which I was riding was held up by five armed bandits. The gold I was hauling was stolen and James Goddard, the guard, was murdered in cold blood.

staring He pauses, looks stonily at the face of Mark, who is at him curiously and waiting.

**HAVEN**

I trailed the bandits, caught up with one and -- killed him.

Mark stares in amazement.

**HAVEN**

Put it down.

(as Mark obeys)

I then followed the horses bearing the gold to a sawmill --

**EXT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - EVENING**

he Ben. Mick is standing outside, holding the arm of Jerry as talks to the kid. Beside him stands Pete Yore's man,

**MICK**

You sure it was Haven you met?

**JERRY**

Don't I know my own boss?

**MICK**

(giving him a shove)

Go in and get a beer.

**INT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING**

window, Mick and As Haven finishes his statement. He is again at the glancing out. Perhaps he has seen the incident with Jerry across the crowded street.

**HAVEN**

...After I left there, I opened the crate. The gold was in it.

with He turns back into the room. Mark is looking at him puzzled wonder, his face drawn and tense.

**HAVEN**

That's all.

Urbane

He smiles slightly. The wonder leaves Mark's face.  
cunning replaces it.

**BRISTOW**

Not quite.

**HAVEN**

No.

**BRISTOW**

What did you do about the gold?

**HAVEN**

I came to the conclusion that I  
finally had enough money to need a  
lawyer.

Mark smiles thinly, licking his lips.

**BRISTOW**

(needing a drink again)  
Have you seen the sheriff?

**HAVEN**

I've heard about him, and I still  
came to you.

**BRISTOW**

I see. Well, as a lawyer, my advice  
would be --

**HAVEN**

I didn't come here for advice.

**BRISTOW**

I'm wondering what you get out of  
this.

**HAVEN**

It makes me more valuable to somebody  
alive than dead.

**BRISTOW**

Who?

**HAVEN**

I don't know... yet.

**BRISTOW**

(levelly)  
Now I'm wondering what I get out of

it.

**ORVILLE**

They been here lookin' for you, the men.

**HAVEN**

I thought they might.

**ORVILLE**

I told them you was out.

**HAVEN**

I was. I just came in the back way.

Haven lights the pipe.

**HAVEN**

You finish that song?

**ORVILLE**

I had her finished, but what good is it? It was about your death.

**HAVEN**

Keep it a couple of days -- may be you can still use it.

him, the

He strolls back towards his room and CAMERA FOLLOWS strumming of the guitar again SOUNDING in the b.g.

**INT. HAVEN'S ROOM - EVENING**

lies

and he

Charlie's

asleep...

Haven shuts the door, pulls off his boots and gun belt, on the bed and stares at the ceiling. His face is sad looks tired. The MUSIC from the saloon comes over, song... he closes his eyes and in a moment falls

**WIPE**

**EXT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN - EVENING**

Mark

As iles rides up. He is just about to enter, after dismounting, when Mark Bristow comes out of the office. smiles and nods at the officer.

**BRISTOW**

Good evening, Captain.

**ILES**

(grimly)

Any news about Haven in town?

**BRISTOW**

I just saw Haven.

**ILES**

(abruptly)

Alive?

**BRISTOW**

(smiling)

Very much.

Mark mounts his horse, drives away.

**INT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE CABIN - EVENING**

usual  
and  
hand.

As Iles opens the door and enters. Mrs. Caslon is her cool self as she sits at her desk. Iles crosses to her gives her a peck on the cheek as she fondly pats his

**ILES**

Good evening, Mary.

**MRS. CASLON**

Good evening, George.

**ILES**

I just passed Bristow.

**MRS. CASLON**

(ignoring this)

Why don't you sit down. You look tired.

**ILES**

I should.

that

He sits in a comfortable chair, conscious of the fact she had ignored his reference to Bristow.

**MRS. CASLON**

I suppose you've heard the news. The holdup and poor Jim Goddard.

**ILES**

I heard it -- last, as usual.

**MRS. CASLON**

(delaying)

Why don't you smoke?

Iles gives her a surly look, takes a cheroot out of his tunic.

**MRS. CASLON**

(taking a match and

crossing to light

his cigar)

I'm afraid you're going to be angry with me.

**ILES**

(puffing)

Why?

**MRS. CASLON**

The gold Haven tried to run was from the Argus, darling

**ILES**

It was?

(then reacting)

Yours!

Iles is about to yell something at her, then holds himself in check, while she wipes the spilled ashes from his uniform. In this interlude he changes to an icy man.

**MRS. CASLON**

Now don't excite yourself.

**ILES**

I am very calm, and I calmly ask you how you could allow that scoundrel to transport gold from your mine when --

**MRS. CASLON**

The man you call a scoundrel may be dead at this moment.

**ILES**

And he may be in town at this moment --  
where, in fact, he is.

(looks at her)

How you could do this without telling  
me --

**MRS. CASLON**

I only did it for your sake.

**ILES**

MY sake?

**MRS. CASLON**

After all, Mr. Haven represents the  
U.S. Government.

**ILES**

Who do you think I represent?

**MRS. CASLON**

I told you, George, I was only trying  
to help you.

**ILES**

(containing his fury)

And while we're on the subject, who  
does Mark Bristow represent?

**MRS. CASLON**

You know perfectly well that he's my  
lawyer.

**ILES**

I know perfectly well he's a scoundrel  
too.

(rises)

Is he also trying to help me?

He walks to the door. She stands there frigidly.

**ILES**

(at the door, a ball  
of cold fire)

Thank you, Mary.

He turns and fumbles with the knob, but he can't do it.

He

turns at last and walks meekly back to her.

**ILES**

I'm sorry. I'd say that I lost my

head if I believed that I had one.

**MRS. CASLON**

(kissing him fondly)

It's my fault George.

(turning)

Mark left me something.

She turns to the desk and hands him the long legal envelope.

Iles takes it and stares at it. He starts to open it.

**MRS. CASLON**

You're not going to open it?

**ILES**

To whom it may concern. That's what it says here.

(going on)

Well, it may concern me.

He opens it, looks.

**ILES**

It does.

He hands it to her. She reads.

**ILES**

(grimly)

My business isn't jammed up enough -- so they send this harebrained demoted lieutenant pry around in it... They want to help me too.

He takes back the paper from her, thrusts a blank sheet in the envelope, tosses the envelope back on the desk.

**MRS. CASLON**

George -- you're getting to be a hard man to deal with.

**ILES**

I'm getting to deal with some hard men.

Iron-faced, he starts out, remembers again, softens against his will, comes back from the door and kisses her cheek and



him  
and  
dusting

then leaves. CAMERA stays on Mrs. Caslon as she watches  
go. She smiles slightly, puts the envelope in the safe,  
then from it takes a six-gun, looks at it and begins  
it with her handkerchief as we

**DISSOLVE**

**BRISTOW**

You certainly are a careful man.

**HAVEN**

I have to be. I live a careless life.

Haven begins washing his face in the washbowl, and then  
combing his hair and readjusting his somewhat ruffled  
shirt.

Mark watches him.

**HAVEN**

What about the deposition?

**BRISTOW**

She has it. It's in her safe.

**HAVEN**

Good.

**BRISTOW**

What do we do now?

**HAVEN**

We call on Charlie.

There is a little nervous sweat on Mark's hands; he  
wipes them on his coat.

**BRISTOW**

It's a dangerous play, Haven.

**HAVEN**

Is it?

**BRISTOW**

What if she doesn't believe you?

**HAVEN**

Then she'll have to believe you.

**BRISTOW**

That deposition could be a lie. It might not stand up in a court.

**HAVEN**

You're sure of that?

**BRISTOW**

Well -- not exactly.

**HAVEN**

That's it. You're a lawyer and you're not sure. Then how can she gamble on it, either?

**BRISTOW**

Because she's a gambler.

**HAVEN**

No, she isn't.

(ready to go)

We're the gamblers, Mark. Lot's go.

A little shaken and uncertain, Mark obeys.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. HOTEL - EVENING**

As Haven and Mark come out. They walk towards the saloon. People look at them curiously. Suddenly, down the street, the sheriff appears, approaching Haven slowly and ominously. Sensing a gun fight, people vanish. Purely from instinct, Mark deserts Haven's side in a hurried walk towards the saloon, eyeing both. Haven comes on leisurely. The sheriff has stopped in his tracks and has his gun out. A woman clutches her child to her skirt. Men stand stockstill, watching. A crowd forms at the entrance to Charlie's. Haven walks slowly forward until he reaches the waiting sheriff. He looks him over with a smile of contempt.

**SHERIFF**

You're under arrest!

**HAVEN**

(pausing)  
For what?

**SHERIFF**

For the murder of James Goddard --  
and robbery under arms!

**HAVEN**

(casually)  
I've heard about you. You don't appear  
to understand the functions of your  
office.

(taking sheriff's gun  
and breaking it open)  
You've missed the whole point of  
your profession.

(showing him)  
Even your gun isn't loaded.  
(Haven loads it as it  
goes on)

I suggest that you start all over  
again, with this point in mind: the  
duty of a peace officer is to arrest  
the culprit of a crime -- not the  
victim.

towards  
completely

Haven hands him back the now loaded gun and walks away  
the saloon, leaving the sheriff standing there, a  
dumbfounded and bewildered man.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - NIGHT**

The  
go  
softens  
sticks

The place is roaring. Haven enters, followed by Mark.  
guy at the piano is playing as always. Haven and Mark  
slowly to the bar, eyes following them. The noise  
almost to silence, except the piano, Cowering, Mark  
close to Haven.

man

At the dice table, Prince stares coldly, hands another

seeking  
to

the stick and walks away to the stairway, his eyes  
Mick Marion who is also staring at Haven. Prince nods  
Mick as he goes.

Ernie  
doesn't

MED. SHOT at bar -- as Haven and Mark lean against it.  
is looking at him curiously; then towards Mick. Haven  
follow the glance, but Mark does.

**ERNIE**

Rye?

**HAVEN**

Two.

had  
arrive.

Ernie gets them. Haven glances at the piano. Mick who  
stood there has now vanished. Haven smiles. The drinks

**BRISTOW**

(gulping his drink)  
This is no good.

**HAVEN**

The bourbon is just as bad.

**BRISTOW**

I don't mean that.

**HAVEN**

You want to leave?

**BRISTOW**

I just don't like it.  
(taking another drink)  
I'm a nervous man. Something's going  
to happen. I can feel it.

**HAVEN**

That's right.

**BRISTOW**

Then why don't we do something.

**HAVEN**

We're doing something.

**BRISTOW**

What?

**HAVEN**

Waiting for something to happen.  
(smiling at Mark)

Nudges

Mark finishes off his second. A stickman comes up.  
Haven.

**STICKMAN**

Charlie wants to see you. Upstairs.

**HAVEN**

(to Mark)  
See?

The stickman moves away. Mark looks at Haven.

**BRISTOW**

Do I go with you?

**HAVEN**

Can you make it?

bites  
follows.

Haven turns away towards the stairs. Mark hesitates,  
his lip, swallows another drink and then grimly

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

him,  
the  
Prince  
wall.

Charlie is behind her desk, as Haven walks in. Behind  
sweating now, comes Mark. As the two are in the room  
door behind them slams shut. Mick is there with a gun.

Mick moves slightly out of a shadow. Mark backs against a

Charlie looks up from her fingernails. Haven smiles and  
glances around. His eyes fix on Mick and the gun.

**HAVEN**

I see you found the difference.

down

Mick says nothing, his face a blank hatred. Haven sits  
in a big chair.

**HAVEN**

Looks like a board meeting.

enters,  
who  
Another door opens and Pete, the sawmill foreman,  
stands silently. Haven glances at him, then at Charlie  
smiles thinly back.

**CHARLIE**

(indicating Mark)  
What's he doing with you?

**HAVEN**

I thought I might need a lawyer.

**CHARLIE**

I doubt it.

**HAVEN**

I can realize how seldom legal  
technicalities annoy you -- but I  
have one that might.

(taking out his pipe)  
Besides, he knows all about it.

**PRINCE**

About what?

**HAVEN**

About a gear box I failed to deliver.

**BRISTOW**

I don't know anything! I merely --

**PRINCE**

Shut up!

Mark relapses into a perspiring silence.

**HAVEN**

(quietly)  
Mark is right. He doesn't know  
anything. He just knows what I  
dictated to him in a deposition.

**CHARLIE**

And what was that?

**HAVEN**

It was just a story. About a man who  
got murdered, a thief who got shot,  
and a gear box that got lost. Probably  
nobody would believe it --

(glancing up)  
...unless I got killed for it.

Charlie stares at him a moment. Then she glances at  
Pete.

**CHARLIE**

Go downstairs, Pete. Watch the  
stairway.

Pete walks out.

**CHARLIE**

(to Haven)  
Who else have you told?

**HAVEN**

No one. Mark I had to have. He's a  
witness and a notary. He makes it  
stick. He stands it up in court.

**CHARLIE**

(always watching his  
face)  
What keeps it from getting to a court?

**HAVEN**

A cut.

**MICK**

He's running a bluff!

**HAVEN**

I ran one on you.

Mick burns in silence. Charlie smiles.

**CHARLIE**

You brought your lawyer. Ask him if  
this doesn't sound like blackmail.

**HAVEN**

He can't think very clearly in the  
presence of a gun.

**PRINCE**

But it doesn't bother you?

**HAVEN**

(coldly)  
No, it doesn't.

**PRINCE**

What you want is money.

Haven nods.

**CHARLIE**

I don't see how going to the law  
will get it for you.

**HAVEN**

If you did see how, I'd never get  
there, would I?

**CHARLIE**

I'm afraid not.

**HAVEN**

So it boils down to this: we can  
make a deal, and all be happy  
together.

**PRINCE**

Not as long as you always have  
something on us.

**HAVEN**

Unless you also have something on  
me.

**CHARLIE**

And how would that be?

**HAVEN**

When I deliver the gold to you.

**CHARLIE**

You mean the gear box?

**HAVEN**

I can even forget I looked inside.  
So I stole a gear box... I'm still a  
thief.

Charlie is silent a moment. Haven lights his pipe.  
Charlie  
looks at Mark, pale by the wall.

**PRINCE**

(indicating Mark)  
What does he get?

**HAVEN**



He gets even with you.

**PRINCE**

Have you lost your mind!

**HAVEN**

It was all right when he lost his money.

**CHARLIE**

All right... I'll give him the IOU's... when the gear box is delivered.

**PRINCE**

(smiling)

You don't realize how important it is when a piece of machinery breaks down. It could close the entire sawmill.

**HAVEN**

I guess I didn't realize it.

She looks coolly at Mick and Mark.

**CHARLIE**

I think that's all.

wake  
Mark glances at Haven who nods and Mark leaves in the of the grimly departing Mick. Prince lingers.

**CHARLIE**

(to Haven)

You can stay.

**HAVEN**

(to Prince)

I think she was talking to me.

hard in  
Prince gets up grimly, his lips tight, the dice held his fingers. He stares at Haven.

**PRINCE**

You roll nice dice and you bet them jamb up, but some day you'll slip. And when you do, I'll be around to catch you.

He turns and walks out. Haven watches him go.

**HAVEN**

You know, I think he will.

**CHARLIE**

Then you should be more careful.

**HAVEN**

The poorhouses are filled with careful men...

(knocking out his  
pipe)

...And so are the graveyards.

Charlie comes around and sits on the arm of his chair.

**HAVEN**

You've got a nice perfume.

**CHARLIE**

Carnation.

(she ruffles his hair  
with her hand)

I almost had to have you killed. I'd have hated it.

**HAVEN**

So would I.

**CHARLIE**

I'd have missed you... too much.

**HAVEN**

And too long.

She brushes his cheek with her lips.

**CHARLIE**

(she smiles at him)

Did you ever tell a woman you loved her?

**HAVEN**

All of them.

**CHARLIE**

How did you get away?

**HAVEN**

I was always in the doorway when I said it.

**CHARLIE**

You never said it to me.

**HAVEN**

Let's go over to the doorway.

silence  
following  
He rises and so does she. She picks up a scarf in  
and anger, crosses and goes out the door, Haven  
her.

**INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT**

As Haven and Charlie descend. Her face is hard.

**CHARLIE**

I seem to always end up like this  
with you. I take you for granted.  
You like it that way. It goes with  
loaded dice and crimped cards and  
fixed wheels.

**HAVEN**

Isn't that your business.

**CHARLIE**

It isn't my life.

As they descend, Stelman can be seen in the bar crowd,  
watching them.

is  
hard.  
MED. SHOT of Charlie and Haven at foot of stairs. Haven  
smiling at her, but her face is serious and her eyes

**CHARLIE**

You told me once you might be a  
missionary on your way to China. And  
that's as much as I've ever found  
out about you. You're working for  
me, but for all I know you could be  
working for somebody else.

**HAVEN**

Like Goddard?

**CHARLIE**

Why not?

Haven smiles. He can see Stelman approaching.

**HAVEN**

I think I better bring you that gold.

He starts away, but Stellman halts him.

**STELLMAN**

Haven.

Haven looks at him. Charlie watches.

**HAVEN**

Don't tell me you're still recruiting?

**STELLMAN**

Yes, we still want you. But this is a little different.

**HAVEN**

And how's that?

**STELLMAN**

Captain Iles has asked me to take you into custody, Haven.

smile  
Haven stares at him, then looks at Charlie. A slow  
dawns on her face.

**CHARLIE**

(quietly)

You heard the man.

**STELLMAN**

Best thing for you is to come along, Haven.

**HAVEN**

That's what I like -- the best thing for me.

Stellman.  
He pats Charlie's shoulder and then walks out with  
Charlie watches them go. Prince appears beside her.

**PRINCE**

Very friendly with everybody -- isn't he? Wells Fargo detectives, and now the Army. How far can he go?

**CHARLIE**

Exactly where he's headed now -- to

jail.

She walks away towards the piano. Prince stands there, watching Haven go.

**DISSOLVE**

Note: Pick up two night exteriors of the post.

**INT. ILES' OFFICE - NIGHT**

his There is a sergeant inside facing Iles who sits behind desk. Stellman and Haven pause at the door.

**SERGEANT**

(to Iles)

The Quartermaster at Platte wants three sworn statements before he'll replace those seventy uniforms, sir.

**ILES**

Three sworn statements! I told him all I know. They were in the freight office at West Rim City. The building burned down.. .you sure he doesn't want me to send him the ashes too?

(seeing Stellman)

All right, have Stamm fix the papers.

at The Sergeant exits. Iles looks calmly and with relish Haven.

**ILES**

(pleasantly)

Come in.

stands Haven and Stellman enter. Stellman closes the door and near it. Haven smiles and nods at Iles, then sits down unbidden.

**ILES**

Nice to see you alive.

**HAVEN**

Dumb luck.

**ILES**

You seem to have been living quite

an adventurous life.

**HAVEN**

Is that why I'm under arrest?

**ILES**

That's indefinite. I wanted to talk to you.

**HAVEN**

If you consult the Army Blue Book it might enable you to be more definite.

**ILES**

(grimly)

Curiously enough, you got me into the habit of reading myself. You're quite right about The Blue Book --

(fiercely)

UNLESS that officer should get himself about one-half as far out of line as you have!

**HAVEN**

How far is that?

Iles picks up the deposition, extends it.

**ILES**

Right here in your own statement!

tosses

Haven glances at him, then at the statement, and then it on the desk and inhales.

**HAVEN**

I see you did what I expected.

**ILES**

You've gotten a man killed and Mrs. Caslon's gold stolen. Is that far enough?

**HAVEN**

Not quite.

**ILES**

(rising slowly)

Haven -- as far as I'm concerned, this deposition is good enough for me.

(indicates the

deposition)  
I want these people arrested. This  
is all the evidence we need.

**HAVEN**

I need more.

**ILES**

For what reason?

**HAVEN**

For the reason I came here... to get  
the murderers of two soldiers -- not  
to save somebody's gold. That's a  
mistake you made. I still don't know  
who killed them, but I'm going to  
find out. And when the net is hauled  
in, they're all going to be in it.

(rising)

That's my fish -- and you can have  
the minnows.

**ILES**

(demandingly)

When are you returning Mrs. Caslon's  
gold?

**HAVEN**

(firmly)

That's a matter between myself and  
Mrs. Caslon.

They look hard at each other in silence.

**ILES**

I don't particularly like you -- but  
I see no reason why you should get  
yourself deliberately killed.

**HAVEN**

(smiling again)

It won't be deliberate.

**ILES**

What difference does it make how you  
get killed? Where does it leave me?

**HAVEN**

Where does it leave me?

**ILES**

(meaning it)

Understand this, Haven. You're heading for bad trouble -- and when it comes don't expect any help from me. Is that clear?

**HAVEN**

(smiling thinly)  
From the beginning.

Iles  
at  
Haven turns and walks out; the door closes behind him.  
slumps down into his chair. Stellman is smiling faintly  
him.

**STELLMAN**

Anything else, Sir?

**ILES**

(glumly)  
Yes, three cigars, a pint of whiskey,  
and a copy of that confounded Blue  
Book.

As Stellman turns away.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

desk.  
As Haven saunters in. Orville is, as always, behind the  
Haven nods at him.

**HAVEN**

What's the good word?

**ORVILLE**

For you it's not good. You're in bad  
trouble.

**HAVEN**

I don't know how you can know so  
much and move so little.  
(turning to go)  
I think I'll try it myself.

**ORVILLE**

Want to leave a call?

**HAVEN**



That's very nice of you.

**ORVILLE**

What time?

**HAVEN**

When you're sure everybody in town is in bed -- call me. And if anybody asks for me -- I went to jail.

He goes and Orville strums a little jail song.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**EXT. COUNTRY - DAY**

Haven, driving a wagon and team of horses, is retracing the road he took back from the sawmill looking for the place where he dumped the bullion.

CLOSER VIEW of Haven, as he looks for the landmarks. He is whistling softly the tune that Charlie always sings. At last he stops, alights and makes his way down the steep slope, a couple of gunny sacks slung across his shoulder.

Bottom of the gulley as Haven gets there and locates the crate at rest in a clump of brush. The crate has broken from the fall. Haven loads the buckskin bags of gold into the gunny sack and scrambles back up the slope.

Side of slope as Haven scrambles to the top, he finds himself looking into a six-shooter held in the unwavering hand of Mrs. Caslon. Her eyes are hard and a grim smile plays at the corners of her mouth.

**MRS. CASLON**

Drop it.

Haven obeys.

**MRS. CASLON**

Turn around with your hands up.

wagon;  
off a  
Haven turns. She takes his gun and tosses it in the  
then glances inside the sack, sees the gold. She backs  
step or two.

**MRS. CASLON**

All right -- put it in the wagon.

Haven turns to obey. He manages a smile at her.

**HAVEN**

Is this a hold-up?

**MRS. CASLON**

You want to put it in the wagon?

**HAVEN**

(looking at her hard  
eyes)

Yes.

which  
He struggles with the sack, swings it onto the wagon in  
he came. Then stands back, looking at her.

**MRS. CASLON**

Now was there something you wanted  
to say?

**HAVEN**

I trailed one of the bandits here  
where they cached it. I couldn't  
haul it on horseback, so I came here  
with the wagon.

**MRS. CASLON**

I know that's a lie.

**HAVEN**

Some of it's true.

**MRS. CASLON**

But not nearly enough.

**HAVEN**

I'll try it again. I cached it here

myself. I was going to turn it over to them. I wanted to buy a membership in their club. This was the initiation fee.

**MRS. CASLON**

Fifty thousand dollars?

**HAVEN**

Well, you see, I thought it was worth it.

**MRS. CASLON**

Well, you see, I don't.

She climbs to the seat of the wagon watching him warily.

Haven doesn't move.

**HAVEN**

(quietly)

What you're doing may get me into serious trouble.

**MRS. CASLON**

If you're still in town in twenty-four hours, I promise what I do may get you hanged.

She grabs the rein of her own horse, flicks the reins of the wagon team and rides away, leaving Haven on the road, grimly horseless and very much discountenanced. He watches his gun as she rides away. At a distance from him she tosses beside the road.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - DAY**

As Haven enters. He is dusty and tired from his long walk.

The place is moderately busy.

Charlie MED. SHOT of Haven as he sits tiredly at a table where and Prince are sitting. She smiles at him.

**CHARLIE**

I thought you were in jail.

**HAVEN**

I talked my way out.

**CHARLIE**

You're a very glib man. You seem to talk your way out of everything.

**HAVEN**

Up to a certain point.

**CHARLIE**

What's that?

**HAVEN**

A gun.

(to the waiter)

Champagne.

The waiter exits. Charlie looks at Haven curiously.

**PRINCE**

Are we celebrating something?

**HAVEN**

(to Charlie)

You know, the first time I talked to you we had champagne.

(smiling at her)

I think I should have been a missionary and gone to China after all.

waiter  
with  
He takes out the pipe, twirls it in his fingers. The  
puts down the champagne. Charlie is looking at Haven  
puzzlement and curiosity. The waiter goes...

**CHARLIE**

Didn't you bring me something?

**HAVEN**

No.

**CHARLIE**

But you will?

**HAVEN**

No.

Prince.

Her face changes; hardens. She glances across at  
Haven watches Prince with a smile.

**PRINCE**

(quietly)  
No -- just like that?

**HAVEN**

It's easy to explain. It's just a  
little hard to believe.

**CHARLIE**

Make it as credible as you can.

**HAVEN**

(smiling grimly)  
I can't.  
(filling the pipe)  
I went to get it, and it was there.  
But so was somebody else.

**CHARLIE**

Who?

**HAVEN**

Mrs. Caslon.

**CHARLIE**

Alone?

**HAVEN**

No... she had a gun with her.

**PRINCE**

Did you have one too?

**HAVEN**

The one she had was in her hand.

cubes in  
glances at

There is a silence. Prince stares idly at the dice  
his hand. Charlie stares straight at Haven. Haven  
Prince.

**HAVEN**

This could be that slip you mentioned.

Prince just stares at him.

**CHARLIE**

(to Haven)  
So this nice lady held you up and  
took the gold, is that it?

**HAVEN**

It's like saying I got robbed at  
Sunday school. It's no good, is it?

**PRINCE**

(looking at him)  
No, it isn't.

**HAVEN**

I even had to walk back to town. I  
think that may be one of the longest  
walks I ever took.

**PRINCE**

And one of the last.

manner  
Haven takes a sip of the champagne, Charlie's whole  
has now changed. It is cold and very quiet.

**PRINCE**

Mick might have killed you, but you  
fought him with your fists. The  
sheriff had a gun but you took it  
away from him. Ben had a gun last  
night but it didn't seem to scare  
you. Now this genteol petticoat waves  
a pistol and you run for your life.

**HAVEN**

(twirling the  
wineglass, glancing  
at Charlie)  
He makes it sound very silly.

**PRINCE**

Or I make it sound like what it is:  
a lie!  
(he rises)

mistaking  
belt,  
Haven reaches in his pocket for a match. Prince,  
the gesture, swiftly extracts a small pistol from his  
covers him.

**PRINCE**

No.

Prince;  
Haven extracts the match, with a glance of contempt at  
then lights the pipe again.

**HAVEN**

(smiling faintly)  
My word doesn't seem very good around  
here.

**PRINCE**

You've only got one thing left that's  
any good here - and that's some gold.

**HAVEN**

(to Charlie)  
Is that all I've got?

**CHARLIE**

Not quite. You've got some time.  
You've got two hours to get it here.

There is a brief silence that punctuates this  
statement. It  
of  
so  
has an air of fatal finality, marked by the idle MUSIC  
the deaf pianist. Haven puts his pipe away, carefully  
that Prince won't get any mistaken ideas.

**HAVEN**

You want me to fatten you up before  
you kill me? Is that what you mean?

**CHARLIE**

I said what I meant -- two hours.

thinly  
Haven rises. He brushes some dust off his coat, smiles  
at Charlie.

**HAVEN**

I once knew a guy who stole a dime  
tip from a lunch counter and parlayed  
it into fifty thousand. I might try  
that -- but not in two hours.

smiles  
pats  
She says nothing; her face carved out of ice. Prince  
thinly. Haven looks at him, shrugs. He hesitates; then  
Charlie's frigid shoulder.

**HAVEN**

(to Charlie)

You're sweet.

follows  
look  
suddenly  
Prince

He turns and walks slowly out. The dirge of the piano  
him. Prince fingers his pistol a little, tempted. At a  
from Charlie he puts it away. Haven goes out. Charlie  
leaves the tables and goes quickly up the stairs.  
watches her with a slow smile, picks up Haven's gun and  
pockets it...

**WIPE**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

at  
and  
Bristow

As Haven leaves the saloon. He pauses, looks around, up  
the sky, then down the street. He takes out his pipe  
beginning filling it slowly with tobacco, as Mark  
comes hurrying across the street.

the  
Haven

MOVING SHOT of Haven as he walks very slowly, filling  
pipe, and Mark comes alongside and walks with him.  
hardly glances at him.

**BRISTOW**

I've been looking for you. Where  
have you been?

**HAVEN**

I took a walk in the country.

**BRISTOW**

Did you get it for her?

**HAVEN**

No.

(pausing in front of  
the hotel)

Sorry.



afraid

MED. SHOT of Haven and Mark outside the hotel. Mark is  
and puzzled. He keeps staring at Haven's face.

**BRISTOW**

But that was the deal. You agreed to --

He pauses as two men walk by.

**BRISTOW**

If you're trying to pull something --

**HAVEN**

(finished with the  
pipe)

You want to listen?

**BRISTOW**

(calming himself)

All right.

**HAVEN**

(explicitly)

I can't deliver it because I no longer  
have it. It was taken away from me  
by Mrs. Caslon. I've told Charlie,  
and she's very unhappy. I have two  
hours to produce the loot. You haven't  
any idea where a man could raise  
fifty thousand quickly, have you?

Mark's mouth pops open.

**HAVEN**

I thought not.

fear

Haven lights the pipe. Mark stands there, mouth open;  
draining the blood from his face. His voice is a mere

whisper.

**BRISTOW**

What are you going to do...?

**HAVEN**

Nothing, Mark. The boat just sailed.

**BRISTOW**

What about me?

**HAVEN**

You'll have to think of something

very good.

Mark stares at him, then looks off. His face becomes  
grim.

He almost glares back at Haven.

**BRISTOW**

I can think of something.

**HAVEN**

(patting his shoulder  
with a slight smile)

Go ahead, Mark. Go ahead and do it.

Mark stares at him, then turns abruptly away. He  
hurries  
across the street. Haven watches him as he goes off in  
the  
direction of Mrs. Caslon. Haven smiles and walks inside  
the  
hotel.

**WIPE**

**INT. HAVEN'S ROOM - DAY**

He enters, locks the door. Pulls the shade at the  
window,  
takes off his shoes and coat and lies down on the bed.  
He  
gazes towards the wall, thoughtfully. He gets up, goes  
to  
the window, opens it softly; then looks out. Down the  
alley,  
at the corner, a man is lounging; an ugly looking  
character,  
whose eyes watch the alleyway. Haven smiles wryly, goes  
back  
to the bed and lies down. The piano music starts next  
door.

**INT. SALOON - DAY**

Showing the deaf pianist at the piano, playing. CAMERA  
PICKS  
UP Pete as he enters, FOLLOWS him as he walks up the  
stairs.

**INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SALOON**

As Pete knocks on Charlie's office door, then enters.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

and  
door  
as

As Pete enters. He looks around. Mick is sitting there  
Prince. Charlie is standing at the window. By another  
another grim character stands in silence. Charlie turns  
Peter enters.

**CHARLIE**

Everything ready?

**PETE**

All set.

**PRINCE**

Got enough men at the sawmill?

**PETE**

Plenty.

**PRINCE**

All right. Go back out there and get  
them into the uniforms. We'll hit  
the post just before midnight.

There  
fools  
last  
clock.

Pete turns and walks out, shutting the door behind him.  
is silence. Charlie looks out the window again. Prince  
with the dice. Mick stands stolidly near the door. At  
the silence is broken over the ticking of the wall

**PRINCE**

I don't know what we're waiting for.

**CHARLIE**

I gave him some time. He's in the  
hotel. He's not doing anything. I  
gave him some time. I don't care  
what he does with it.

From

She has not turned from the window. The clock ticks.  
behind her Mick's voice comes, quiet and deadly.

**MICK**

And I don't care when, but I'll get

him.

**CHARLIE**

Again?

Mick is silent. Charlie smiles thinly.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

his  
As Mark hurries into the saloon, a desperate look on  
face.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

As Charlie turns from the window.

**CHARLIE**

Bristow's here.

**PRINCE**

This should be good.

**CHARLIE**

(to Mick)

Let him in.

little  
surprised at  
shuts  
again.  
Mick goes to the door, opens it; just as Mark arrives a  
breathlessly at the door. Mark enters, a little  
the door opening for him, glancing back as Mick quietly  
it. Charlie looks coldly at the lawyer who is sweating  
Mark stands there, silent a moment, gathering himself  
together.

**CHARLIE**

You want the I.O.U's?

**BRISTOW**

You mean --

as  
They  
when  
She has turned to the safe; now she turns with them and  
Mark reaches for them, Charlie drops them at his feet.  
scatter. He bends to pick them up. Prince smiles at him  
contemptuously. Mark is picking them up one at a time

with

suddenly he pauses, stands erect, and looks at them  
fear and suspicion.

**BRISTOW**

Why? Did Haven --

**PRINCE**

No, he didn't.

**BRISTOW**

Then I don't understand --

**PRINCE**

We don't think they're going to be  
any good.

knows

Mark stands there. The papers slip from his fingers. He  
what Prince means. But his mouth hardens in an effort.

**BRISTOW**

I didn't have anything to do with  
it. All I did was write it. I'm not  
in on this. I can still make them  
good.

(he puts a couple  
back on the desk)

Or I can --

**CHARLIE**

What?

**BRISTOW**

I can do business.  
(fumbling in his pocket)  
I got it somewhere. I -- Here --  
take a look at this -- the deposition --  
(bringing out the  
deposition)  
The only copy.

**CHARLIE**

(coldly)  
Let's have it.

**BRISTOW**

(eagerly)  
Here.

Hands it to her.

**PRINCE**

What do you want?

**BRISTOW**

(as Charlie opens the envelope)

Nothing. I just want to get out of it. I never had any part of it. This ought to prove that!

**CHARLIE**

This?

She hands him the paper from the envelope. Marks takes it and stares at it. It is absolutely a blank piece of paper. He stands there, bites his lips. He looks wearily around at them, fear making him weak, making him unable to hold the piece of paper, so that it floats to the carpet.

**BRISTOW**

(at last)

It's -- it's a trick. I --  
(trying to pull himself together)

I'll see about this! He can't do this to me!

(moving back towards the door)

I'll go and see about this!

**CHARLIE**

Sure, you see about it.

He stops dead in his tracks as Charlie moves towards him with a little pistol, pearl-handled. But she only gives it to him. She has to take his hand and put it in his palm.

**CHARLIE**

Take this along.

He backs out, the little gun in his hand. Mick opens the door. In sudden relief and haste Mark barrels out. They can

at  
hear his quick feet on the stairs outside. Prince looks  
Charlie.

**PRINCE**

Something left to wait for?

**CHARLIE**

(slowly)

No.

of  
chair.  
Prince gets up and leaves, and Mick, with a grim smile  
anticipation follows. Charlie sits slowly down in the  
The music comes up the stairs and through the door.

**INT. HAVEN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

eyes  
then a  
the  
Haven is lying on the bed, his arms under his head, his  
on the ceiling. There is a SOUND in the hallway and  
hurried knock at the door. Haven slowly rises, walks to  
door. He stands there. The knock SOUNDS again.

**HAVEN**

Who is it?

**MARK'S VOICE**

It's me -- Bristow -- let me in.

gun in  
and  
walks  
ceiling.  
Haven opens the door. Mark enters swiftly, the little  
his hand. Haven shuts the door and locks it. He turns  
faces Mark, now pointing the gun. Without a word Haven  
over to the bed and lies down again, looking at the  
Mark follows him with the gun.

**HAVEN**

You going to shoot me, Mark?

**BRISTOW**

You double crossed me, Haven.

**HAVEN**

I did?

**BRISTOW**

I got the deposition back. I took it to them.

Haven leans on one elbow, looking at him.

**BRISTOW**

It wasn't there! It was a piece of blank paper!

in Haven lies back with a short laugh. Mark stares at him  
fury.

**BRISTOW**

Don't you laugh at me! I ought to kill you!

**HAVEN**

They want you to, Mark.

Haven again leans on one elbow, looking at Mark and the trembling hand that holds the gun.

**HAVEN**

And it may be your only out, if you do. But I doubt it. You know why? Because even if you took them my scalp, it wouldn't buy your life. You're in debt and you're broke and you're scared -- and you know far too much. There isn't any way they use you -- alive. Can you think of one?

Mark sits slowly back in the chair, beaten.

**BRISTOW**

They're going to do it. I know it. They're going to kill me --  
(his hand trembles)  
Why do they have to kill me?

**HAVEN**

Us, Mark...

gun, Haven gets up slowly, reaches over and takes the little  
smiles at it.

**HAVEN**

This must be hers.



**BRISTOW**

(dully)

Yes.

**HAVEN**

She's sweet.

chattering.  
pours him

He puts the gun on the table. Mark's teeth are  
He is almost ready to cry. Haven gets a bottle and  
a drink in a dusty glass. He hands it to Mark.

**HAVEN**

There's one thing, Mark.

**BRISTOW**

(gulping the drink)

There is?

**HAVEN**

You might get out of town.

**BRISTOW**

There isn't a chance in a thousand.

**HAVEN**

If there's one in a million, it's  
the only one you have.

Mark gets up waveringly. Takes another hooker.

**BRISTOW**

Yes -- we might get away with it. We  
might...

**HAVEN**

I'm not going.

Mark stares at him. Haven smiles grimly back.

**HAVEN**

I have to stay.

**BRISTOW**

But you can't stay. You said yourself --

**HAVEN**

If you must do this, go straight to  
your horse. Don't stop for anything.

**BRISTOW**

-- I've got a lot of important papers --

**HAVEN**

You haven't got anything important left, Mark -- except your life, and very little time to keep it. You do it very fast and you might be lucky.

**BRISTOW**

(trying to pull himself together)

Yes. I might be. I'll try it.

Mark hurries out into the hall. Goes. Haven turns back and looks at the room, picks up the little pistol, smiles at it. Shrugs and then slips into his coat and exits, too.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

As Haven enters. SHOOTING FROM his ANGLE, we can see, as he does, Mark crossing the street, apparently towards his law office. He is in such a hurry that he falls down, crawls a little, gets up, runs. Just as he reaches the office door, just as his hand touches the knob, a shot rings out and he crumples. He still tries, then his hand slips from the knob and he lies there dead. The vacant street is empty with his death. Haven stares. He takes a match from the counter, smiles applies it to his pipe -- then finding the pipe empty, thinly and pockets it

**HAVEN**

(softly; turning to the clerk)

You didn't throw away that verse?

**ORVILLE**

No.

**HAVEN**

You won't have to change it much.

at  
He takes the little pistol from his pocket and glances  
string.  
it. The clerk, watching, idly strumming the guitar

**ORVILLE**

You ain't going out there with that?

**HAVEN**

Not much, is it?

**ORVILLE**

You'll never get closer to having  
nothin' --

**HAVEN**

(staring out)

No -- I won't.

**ORVILLE**

Say --

**HAVEN**

Yeh?

**ORVILLE**

I'm naturally sentimental, bein' a  
sort of poet.

**HAVEN**

Naturally.

**ORVILLE**

I keep a bunch of gimeracks -- an  
oldtime sheriff's gun, a bullet from  
a dead bandit, a rosary from some  
guy they hanged.

**HAVEN**

That's nice. A hobby?

**ORVILLE**

In a way -- Want to leave me  
something?

the  
Haven smiles. He feels in his pocket, comes out with  
army button gotten at the sawmill.

**HAVEN**

This is all I seem to have.

**ORVILLE**

(taking it)  
Army button.  
(puzzled)  
Where's the uniform that goes with  
it?

**HAVEN**

What do you want for --  
(he pauses as the  
idea hits him)  
Yeh? A very good question.

The clerk stares at him; Haven smiles grimly. He breaks  
the little gun, checks it.

**HAVEN**

I might even know. I think I'll try  
to go and find out.

He starts to the door, the little gun in hand; very  
slowly. Watching him, the clerk twangs the strings softly.  
Haven walks very slowly. He opens the door and hesitates.  
Just as he is about to step out, looking up and down the  
street, there is a furor and the sheriff rides up outside and  
as dismounts. Starts over to inspect Mark's body. He turns  
Haven walks on to the street, hands held high.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

As Haven emerges and the Sheriff holds a gun on him.  
lowers ANGLE on Mick as down the street, with disgust, he  
his gun.

with ANGLE on Prince as from a doorway he watches. Stopping  
shoot. a shake of his head the intent of a man beside him to

sheriff. FULL SHOT -- street -- as Haven surrenders to the

**SHERIFF**

All right, you -- march.

the  
in  
Haven's

Haven obeys, walking up the street -- the sheriff and sheriff's horse behind him. People watch, appearing now safety. The sheriff is pretty pleased.

MOVING SHOT -- of Haven and Sheriff. As they go, hands still aloft.

**HAVEN**

You loaded your gun for this?

**SHERIFF**

No -- you did.

Prince  
Going  
is

Back of them can now be seen the figures of Mick and and the other gunman, following at a little distance. leisurely, now Haven slows his pace so that the sheriff closer behind him.

**SHERIFF**

Come on, you! Keep moving!

walks  
grapples  
headlock to  
later  
gunman  
sheriff

Haven suddenly drops to his knees. The sheriff almost over him. The sheriff stumbles with an oath. Haven with him. Haven snatches his gun, drags him by a the horse, flings him aside and then mounts. A second he is away. Shots RING OUT as Mick and Prince and the shoot. Haven rides on, bent low, out of town. The hides his bulk in the dust as the bullets fly.

window,  
comes  
Haven.

ANGLE from Charlie's office -- as she goes to the stares out at the flying form of Haven. A slow smile over her face, bitter and grim, yet somehow faintly admiring... She sees Mick mount a horse and start after Then she turns abruptly away.

**WIPE**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

clip  
gun,  
swings  
for

As Haven slows down his horse, but goes on at a fair after looking warily back. He breaks open the sheriff's finds it loaded. He reacts and whistles softly. As he his horse off the travelled road to head crosscountry the sawmill.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**EXT. NEAR SAWMILL - NIGHT**

where he  
there  
Marion  
far  
and  
too  
and

As Haven sits on his horse at a point in the woods can look down on the sawmill. Around the mill office seems to be signs of unusual activity. Haven sees Mick going by on the road towards the mill. Mick passes not away and is riding hard. Haven watches as Mick arrives Pete can be seen in conference with him. Other men -- many -- are gathered around. At last Haven dismounts makes his way carefully on foot towards the warehouse.

**EXT. WOODS IN BACK OF WAREHOUSE**

then  
breaks  
has  
Haven  
crawls

As Haven leaves his horse in the brush and trees and approaches the building. He finds a window in back, it with a stone; then waits tensely to see if the sound attracted any attention, gun in hand now. It doesn't. replaces the gun in his holster, opens the window and inside.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

He  
shaft  
men.  
enter

Haven surveys the piles of crates, boxes and equipment.  
starts his search methodically and swiftly. Suddenly a  
of light comes from the front doors opened now by two  
Haven shrinks back, drawing his gun. The men start to  
when Pete's voice is heard.

**PETE'S VOICE**

Where you guys goin'?

**MAN**

You want them uniforms out, don't  
you?

**PETE'S VOICE**

I'll tell you when.

work,  
grimly.  
Haven  
something.  
over to  
moment

The men turn and leave. Haven relaxes. He goes back to  
pulls back a big canvas tarpaulin one of the men had  
approached, and there before him is revealed the army  
uniforms, stacked in neat piles. He looks and smiles  
Outside is the SOUND of horses and more men arriving.  
goes slowly around the warehouse now, looking for  
At last he finds it: a can of kerosene. He takes it  
the uniforms, pours it liberally on them. At just this  
a figure appears at the door.

**MAN**

What you think you're doin'?

of  
Haven

Haven lights a match and tosses it on the soaked bales  
uniforms. They blaze up instantly. The man shoots as  
ducks away.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

many

As the shot RINGS out. Pete and Mick, surrounded by

warehouse.  
door  
SHOT

men, turn swiftly. Flame and smoke emerge from the  
They start swiftly across, drawing guns. The man at the  
shoots again into the smoking interior. An answering  
from Haven fells him.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

crawls  
men

As Haven makes his way back to the open window. He  
out swiftly. Now the building is in flames. He can hear  
shouting and, as he moves away, the useless attempt of  
to put out the blaze, working with buckets of water.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

ground  
building.  
away, hit  
again  
to

As Haven starts for the woods. The flames now light the  
around, and Pete appears around the side of the  
Pete fires and Haven draws and shoots. Pete whirls  
but still on his feet, driving forward, trying to shoot  
and this time Haven drills him clean and Pete goes down  
stay. Other men come up as Haven makes for the woods,  
disappears.

suddenly  
horse

Mick Marion and a dozen men appear, shooting. Mick  
changes his mind, turns past the body of Pete, gets his  
and heads back to town full tilt.

**INT. WOODS - NIGHT**

approaching  
the  
mounts  
the  
that

As Haven watches the flaming building. The slowly  
figures of the men are illumined in the big light of  
fire. Haven smiles, turns to the horse and moves slowly  
through the trees to a place where he can mount; then  
and rides for it, SHOTS following him as he breaks into  
clear some hundred yards away and heads for the road



for his

Mick Marion took back to town. Bent low, Haven rides  
life -- and makes it...

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**EXT. ARMY POST - DAWN**

Stellman  
dismounts  
outside.  
slightly

As Haven rides up, a detachment of men supervised by  
is forming beside mounts in the parade ground. Haven  
and starts inside. He glances at his wagon parked  
It is the one Mrs. Caslon took from him. He smiles  
as he notes it.

**INT. ARMY POST - ILES' OFFICES - DAWN**

cursory

Haven walks in, brushes past the desk sergeant with a  
nod and enters Iles' sanctum.

**INT. ILES' OFFICE - DAWN**

full  
he  
explosive

As Haven enters. Mrs. Caslon is there, and Iles, in  
field uniform. They look at him quickly as he enters;  
pauses, glances at Mrs. Caslon and then faces the  
Iles.

**ILES**

That's all right. Just barge right  
in! I'm going to tell you something...

**HAVEN**

(abruptly)  
No, you're not. You're going to  
listen.

As Iles stares, dumbfounded, at this impertinence:

**HAVEN**

You lost some uniforms? You thought  
they were burned?

**ILES**

They were.

**HAVEN**

No, they weren't, but they are now because I just set fire to them.

**ILES**

(rising)  
What's this?

**HAVEN**

They're smouldering right now in the warehouse at the sawmill, and there are about seventy men down there who were ready to wear them.

**ILES**

Wear them? What for?

**HAVEN**

What other reason? To get in the post and take the gold from you.

Iles gawks at him.

**HAVEN**

You were taking a detachment up north on an Indian scare?

Iles nods vaguely.

**HAVEN**

Well, that scare is a fake. A ruse. So you know where to send them now.

**ILES**

Look here, Lieutenant --

**HAVEN**

Correction.

Haven dips into a lining pocket under his arm and tosses a paper at Iles. Iles glances at it, then looks, thunderstruck, at Haven.

**ILES**

Major?

**HAVEN**

You better get down to that sawmill,  
Captain. They may try it anyway.

ILES' expression slowly changes. He smiles at last.

**ILES**

I guess I owe you an apology.

**HAVEN**

(extending his hand)

I'll take it.

out  
Sergeant  
at  
slightly.

He shakes hands with Iles for second, then Iles goes abruptly. Outside we can hear abrupt commands to the before the door closes. Haven takes out his pipe, looks the silent, dumb-struck Mrs Caslon. He smiles at her She gets her voice at last.

**MRS. CASLON**

I guess I owe you something too.

**HAVEN**

Only fifty thousand.

window,

Outside "To Horse" is sounding. Haven glances out the hardly aware of Mrs Caslon's presence.

**MRS. CASLON**

I wish there was something I could say or do.

**HAVEN**

There is. You can give me back my gun.

takes

She goes to the desk, gets it and hands it to him. He the gun from his holster and hands it to her.

**HAVEN**

And you can give this one back to the sheriff.

She takes it.

**MRS. CASLON**

I'll always remember what a fool I

made of myself.

**HAVEN**

(smiling)

I always try to forget.

He puts his own gun in holster. Glances out the window.

**MRS. CASLON**

(watching his face)

Are you going too?

**HAVEN**

Not with them...

out  
window  
He pats her shoulder in a gesture of goodbye and walks  
the door. She stands watching him, then moves to the  
and looks out.

**EXT. POST - DAWN**

pauses,  
intensely  
ground  
As Haven walks outside towards his waiting horse. He  
pipe in mouth, lighting the pipe now, his face  
interested as he watches the men form on the parade  
in front of the mounted Iles and Stellman.

command, and  
command;  
quick,  
the cavalry company starts out and on the way.  
FULL SHOT of soldiers. As they mount to a brisk  
the color bearer takes position. Iles barks out a  
the column forms into marching order. On the double

little,  
this  
moment.  
CLOSE SHOT of Haven as he watches; his eyes lighting a  
the pipe in hand. We feel that he'd like to go too in

cavalry  
gesture  
dust  
ANOTHER ANGLE from Haven's view, as the column of  
departs. Haven waves his hand, a half salute, a half  
to Iles as Iles salutes him in passing. Then only the

remains and Haven's gaze lingers. His face changes. It becomes it. checks he it. He slowly mounts the horse. He takes out his gun and it. Then slowly he rides away, like a man on a mission dislikes but cannot evade.

**INT. ILES OFFICE - DAWN**

As Mrs. Caslon looks out the window. Her face, tense, as she watches the lonely figure go; her hand waves slightly.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

Charlie is standing by the desk and window. Prince is sitting there, talking, the inevitable dice in his fingers.

**PRINCE**

There's seventy men ready for any kind of play. I say we can still swing it -- and get out of town.

looks THERE is SOUND of massed horses outside and Charlie out. Prince walks to the window. They look in silence.

**CHARLIE**

Can we?

**EXT. STREET - DAWN**

As Iles rides by at full gallop, followed by a troop of cavalry, headed for the sawmill.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

As they watch. Prince turns away.

**PRINCE**

You wanted to give Haven time. Well, he took it.

**CHARLIE**

You better get out before he takes

you.

**PRINCE**

By that I presume you intend to remain.

**CHARLIE**

(wistfully)

I've been here as long as I remember.

Charlie. Prince crosses to the window and stands looking at

**PRINCE**

I asked you once if Haven moved me out.

(he smiles)

I think he's moved us both out -- together.

turns Charlie looks at him but does not answer and then she  
gaze to the window, and smiles slightly. Prince follows her  
to the street. His face is grim.

**EXT. STREET - DAWN**

carefully Haven, mounted, is coming up the street. Slowly and  
he progresses to the front of the saloon.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

As Charlie glances at Prince.

**PRINCE**

(softly)

This is the way I wanted it... and when I've finished you will too... as though Haven had never been here.

Charlie He turns and goes quietly and swiftly from the room.  
manner stands thoughtfully. There is nothing in her look or  
slightest to indicate that what Prince has said has made the  
impression on her.

**EXT. STREET - DAWN**

As Haven comes up to the saloon door.

**INT. SALOON DAWN**

As Prince moves into a shadowy corner.

sees  
soundless.

ANGLE ON the door as Haven enters and looks around. He  
no one. The place seems utterly deserted. It is

replaced the

CAMERA FOLLOWS Haven as he moves slowly. He has  
gun, but he is alert.

target,  
little,

ANGLE ON Prince as he watches Haven, now a perfect  
not looking in his direction. Prince raises the gun a  
but the dice in his over hand click ever so faintly.

the  
facing  
ready  
further

SHOT OF Haven as he stops dead in his tracks, hand on  
gun again, alert at the slight sound of the dice. Now  
towards the shadow where Prince is hidden. He stands  
and rigid for a long still moment. When there is no  
sound or movement, he goes on towards the stairs.

Haven  
now  
the

ANGLE ON Prince as he moves slightly from the shadow as  
goes to the stairs. Prince is ready to shoot again, but  
the angle on Haven up the stairs is no good. He lowers  
gun with disgust, then moves softly out of the shadow.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

drops  
faces the

She gets a gun out of the drawer, looks at it, smiles,  
it back into the drawer, moves around the desk and  
door, composing herself and waiting.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S DOOR**

As Haven pauses, pushes it open. Then walks slowly in.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

tight  
looks  
face.

She is standing with her back to the desk, her fingers on the edge of the desk as Haven walks in. He stops and around and then at her. There is a slight smile on her

**CHARLIE**

You cause me an awful lot of trouble.

**HAVEN**

Yeh... but I finally brought you something.

Mark.  
He hands her the little derringer she had given to

**HAVEN**

You didn't really think Mark would use it, did you?

**CHARLIE**

Maybe I just wanted to send you a gun.

**HAVEN**

(thoughtfully)  
Maybe.

**CHARLIE**

Isn't it a little late to make any difference?

**HAVEN**

It's pretty late.

**CHARLIE**

Why?

**HAVEN**

I have to arrest you.

**CHARLIE**

For what?

**HAVEN**

Murder.

**CHARLIE**

I could have killed you from the window -- but I didn't. And I didn't kill the two men -- or Goodard.



**HAVEN**

Who did?

**CHARLIE**

Maybe Mick -- maybe Prince -- who knows.

**HAVEN**

You know.

She puts the little gun on the desk.

**CHARLIE**

You'd almost as soon be killed as arrest me, wouldn't you?

**HAVEN**

Almost.

**CHARLIE**

Which are you -- Wells Fargo or Army?

**HAVEN**

Army.

at

He hands her the paper he showed Iles. She just glances it without touching it. Smiles at him.

**CHARLIE**

I guess it's my turn to wish you'd gone to China.

**HAVEN**

I wish I had too.

**CHARLIE**

(quietly)

If you still have that gold, and I think you do, we might make it yet. You see I believe that every man has his price.

**HAVEN**

Some men don't believe that.

**CHARLIE**

But every woman knows it.

Her eyes pass him towards the door behind him.

**HAVEN**

Only there wouldn't be any women on my jury.

(taking out his pipe)

And that's why you're not as bad off as you might think... I could find twelve men who might think you capable of almost anything -- but I wouldn't bet they'd vote that way after staring at you through a trial.

(he notes her eyes go past him)

Mick is dead for the murders and Prince can be hung for the rest of it...

of  
and  
in  
OUT  
knees  
left

At the bare rustle of SOUND behind him (and the memory her eyes going past him) Haven whirls, stopping aside drawing as he does so. And just as he does so, Prince, the doorway, fires. Haven shoots so that the shots RING almost simultaneously. Prince topples forward on his and then his face. The dice roll out of his unclenched hand.

dice.  
against  
thin  
realizes  
towards  
her

MED. SHOT of Haven and Charlie as their eyes read the Haven puts away the gun. Charlie is still leaning the desk, but there is a strange look on her face. A smile for Haven. Now she sags a little and Haven she has been hit. He starts to her and she turns away the couch. He catches her as she sags again, and helps down gently on the couch.

pull  
the

ANGLE on couch as Haven kneels beside her. He starts to away the top of her dress, but the wound is close to heart. She shakes her head.

**CHARLIE**

It's no good...

Haven knows it. He takes her hand and squeezes it.

**HAVEN**

I'll get someone --

**CHARLIE**

Stay here.

Haven stares grimly at her face. She gives him a faint smile.

**CHARLIE**

Tell me something...

**HAVEN**

Sure.

**CHARLIE**

This gets us all. This doesn't count.

**HAVEN**

(softly)

No...

**CHARLIE**

Tell me something -- on the square.

She holds herself tight a moment; then looks at him again, the faint smile returning.

**CHARLIE**

Did you ever -- love me?

**HAVEN**

All the time.

**CHARLIE**

(a whisper)

Tell it.

**HAVEN**

From the first night and the first time of the song. I tried to get away from it, but every time it came back. Every time I tried to get it out of my brain I just pushed it deeper into my heart. It had to be either you or me.

**CHARLIE**

It's all right. I love you...  
(as he looks hard at  
her)  
Well -- say it.

**HAVEN**

(softly)  
I love you.

as  
is  
She starts to die. He takes her shoulders in his hands  
though to kiss her or hold her back to life. Her voice  
almost a whisper.

**CHARLIE**

See you... in China.

shoulder in  
Grimly,  
She goes, slumping back. He sits there, pats her  
a familiar absent-minded way, then slowly rises.  
Haven walks out of the room.

pianist  
MOVING SHOT as Haven goes down the stairway. The deaf  
is playing as always.

**INT. HOTEL**

playing  
to  
turns  
Orville is at his old seat behind the desk. He is  
the last verse of the ballad. Haven enters and crosses  
his bag, his face blank and grim. He picks up his bag,  
and walks out, as though not hearing the guitar and the  
ballad. As he goes into the street --

**FADE OUT**

**THE END**