

ROUGHSHOD

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EXT. DESERT - DAWN

rim of
This
There is
man
steadily

FULL SHOT. The sun, spinning up from behind the dark eastern hills, is bleaching the cloudless, morning sky. This is volcanic country, barren, desolate, forbidding. There is no sign of life, no sound. Then on a distant hill, a man appears, to be followed by two others. They walk steadily forward.

DISSOLVE

EXT. NARROW CANYON - DAWN

the cut
yet to
bend;
Lednov,
cropped.

MED. SHOT. A dry watercourse threads its way through in the treeless hills. The sun is not high enough as drive night from the canyon. A man appears around a bend; another and still another. They are McCall, Peters and Lednov, clad in prison clothes, hatless, their heads closely cropped. As Lednov's face comes into a closeup,

DISSOLVE

EXT. HILL - DAWN

Through
out of
creek.
across
to
valley.

LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. A narrow valley lies below.
it runs a cottonwood-bordered stream. Smoke curls up
the trees. Horses graze in a small meadow near the
From O.O. comes the SOUND of heavy boots crunching
the dry, eroded earth. The three men file past camera
stop in the immediate F.g. and look down into the
They exchange glances and start down.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

squat
SOUND
has

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH willows. A bearded man, Cal
Forster, and two young fellows in their late teens
beside a campfire eating breakfast. O.s. there is the
of movement. Lednov moves cautiously into the scene. He
a revolver in his hand.

fire.
Lednov
scene,

Forster turns toward camera and fear comes into his
expression. Lednov fires. Forster crumples near the
The two boys jump to their feet and reach for rifles.
fires again and again. McCall and Peters come into the
both firing revolvers.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

smoulders the
In
clothes
AROUND
now

MED SHOT - ANGLED ACROSS campfire. On the fire
prison clothes the convicts had worn. Smoke spirals up.
the B.B. Lednov, Peters and McCall, now wearing the
of the three Forsters, saddle the horses. CAMERA PANS
and ANGLES DOWN. The bodies of Forster and his sons,

arm
clad in underwear are sprawled by the fire. Forster's
lies close to the smouldering clothing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CREEK - DAWN

marks
shot
MED. LONG SHOT. Smoke climbs above the trees. Into the
clearing ride the three convicts, to cross it and move
westward. They disappear over the hill. A dust cloud
their passage. CAMERA HOLDS ON the scene and over the
comes the MAIN TITLE CARD:

ROUGHSHOD

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

the
horses
TITLE
LONG SHOT. A buckboard drawn by two horses comes along
road. Graham, a middle-aged rancher, is driving. As the
trot forward and dust rises above the road, the NEXT
CARD is shown.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CREEK - DAY

the
TITLE
LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Graham's buckboard moves down
road toward the clearing, as the TITLE CARDS follow and
change. When the buckboard reaches the creek, the LAST
CARD is ended.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

and
be
reins.
stock,
MED. SHOT. Graham drives the horses through the creek
into the meadow. Through the trees the Forster camp can
seen. Graham glances over, then suddenly pulls on the
As the horses stop, he twists the reins around the whip

hurries

grabs his rifle from under the seat, leaps out and forward toward the camp.

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAY

horror

the

from

looks at

MED. SHOT. Graham hurries through the trees to stop in near the dead men. Then very slowly he moves forward to smouldering fire. Stooping he lifts Forster's arm away from the fire, then picks up one of the prison coats and it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

scrub

slowly

bed,

one-way

cloud

appears

trying

MED. LONG SHOT. The surrounding hills are covered with pinon pine and mesquite. Graham's buckboard, moving up a hill, passes camera, which PANS WITH it. In the covered by a tarp, are the three bodies. The narrow, road climbs easily up the gentle hill. Beyond, a dust rises. As Graham's buckboard nears the crest, a surrey and starts down. Graham pulls his team into the bank, to make room for the surrey.

MED. SHOT

the

more

trifle

hat.

beside

younger

There are four women in the two-seated surrey, which is heavily loaded with trunks, hatboxes, etc. Mary Wells, loveliest of the four, is driving. She is more poised, self-assured than the others. Her clothes, though a showy, are attractive. She wears a large spectacular hat. Helen Carter, showier, harder and more cynical, sits beside her. In the seat behind are Marcia Paine, placid,

blonde
is

looking than her years, and Elaine Ross, a striking
with a pale haunted face. Elaine is obviously ill. Mary
riding the brake and holding the team back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST Graham.

GRAHAM

(annoyed)

What in thunderation --

(calling)

Wait a minute -- stop --

surrey.
road
reins
trying
too
just
women.

He jerks on the reins and tries to make room for the
A steep bank is on camera left. On camera right, the
drops off into a gulley. As the surrey comes up Mary
the team in. The women all look frightened. Graham,
to force his team to pull the vehicle up the bank, is
occupied to recognize the women at once. Having made
enough room for the surrey, he turns and looks at the

GRAHAM

All right --

(then surprised)

What are you girls doin' way out
here?

her

Mary looks ahead at the narrow road and the canyon to
left.

MARY

Until you came along we were going
to Sonora.

GRAHAM

What do you know about that. Did you
sell your place?

MARY

(dryly)

Not exactly. They decided gambling

and dancing were bad for people.
(pointing)
Can I make it?

GRAHAM

Depends on how good you drive.

HELEN

She's a little out of practice.

Graham jumps over the wheel.

MED. CLOSE ON SURREY

Graham reaches the surrey.

GRAHAM

(cheerfully)
Slide over.

HELEN

(getting up)
I'm slidin' all the way over.

She climbs out. Marcia looks at the narrow space ahead.

MARCIA

(rising)
So am I. Come on Elaine.

Elaine leans back against the cushions and shakes her
head.

ELAINE

(flat)
What's the difference if we fall in
the canyon.

MARCIA

Don't talk like that.

Graham Helen is out on the road now. Mary has moved over and
picks up the reins. Marcia gives up and jumps out.

GRAHAM

Nothin' to it --

He releases the brake.

GRAHAM

-- once you know how. Trouble is,

never was a woman knew how to handle
a team. Shouldn't let 'em loose on
the roads. No disrespect meant, Miss
Wells.

Elaine
the

Mary isn't listening. She is looking at the road.
closes her eyes. Helen and Marcia scurry back out of
way.

GRAHAM

Get up.

Adroitly he drives the surrey past.

ANOTHER ANGLE

road
in
other

featuring buckboard. Helen and Marcia start along the
past the buckboard. Helen stops and looks at its cargo
horror. She grabs Marcia's arm. The girls look at each
and hurry after the surrey which has stopped below the
buckboard.

MED. SHOT

on surrey. Graham jumps out.

GRAHAM

There you are. Now take it easy and
you'll be all right.

MARY

Thank you, Mr. Graham.

Helen and Marcia hurry up. Marcia motions back.

MARCIA

(aghast)

There's -- dead men -- in your wagon!

GRAHAM

That's right. You had me so busy I
forgot --

(worried)

Come to think of it you better turn
around and drive right back to Aspen.

eyes

The women exchange glances. Elaine is sitting up, her open.

GRAHAM

They were murdered. I found the bodies on Alder Crick, northeast of here. Like I said if I was you, I'd go back, because the men who killed them might be on this road.

ELAINE

(bitterly)
Back to what?

GRAHAM

Why, back to Aspen, where you came from.

climbs

As Mary speaks, Helen pushes Marcia into the surrey and up beside Mary.

MARY

Aspen doesn't want us Mr. Graham. They threw us out.

GRAHAM

(distressed)
They shouldn't have done that.

MARY

We tried to point that out. But there were some pretty noseey citizens who wouldn't listen to reason. They said Aspen had outgrown us. It's all right to play poker in your own home but not in a saloon.

GRAHAM

(sadly)
I knew something would happen when they started puttin' up fences and passin' laws.

Mary unwraps the reins from the whipstock.

MARY

Goodbye and thanks.

GRAHAM

I don't like to see you go.

Mary releases the brake and the surrey starts rolling forward.

GRAHAM

But that's the way it is. The live ones go out and the dead ones come in.

The surrey starts down the hill. Graham looks after it, then turns to go back to the buckboard, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ASPEN - DAY - (MATTE SHOT)

The town lies in a lush green valley. It is surrounded by meadowland and shaded by cottonwoods, alders and aspen. In the F.g. Graham's buckboard moves fast down hill.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. ASPEN STREET - DAY DISSOLVE IN

FULL SHOT. In the F.g. a smallish crowd, mostly men and children idle in the street in front of Mary Wells' Gambling and Dance Hall. The wooden sidewalk is cluttered with those articles belonging to the women that were too bulky to get into the surrey. Several women stand on the porch supervising the locking up of the place and the removal of the sign of Mary Wells' name on it. Graham's buckboard rounds a corner at a fast trot. He slows the team to let the people get out of the way.

MED. SHOT ON BUCKBOARD

The team has slowed to a walk. The people give their attention

sees
crowd
leaving

to the buckboard. A boy clambers up over the tailboard,
the cargo and jumps off with a frightened yell. The
turns from the dance hall and follows the buckboard
the women and their pious male assistants on the porch.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

across
buckboard
one-
store. In
wheel
Clay
inside
hitching

MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLED to include blacksmith shop
the street. Far down the street comes Graham's
followed by the small crowd. The sheriff's office is a
story wooden structure. Next to it is the general
front of the blacksmith shop stands a wagon with one
off. In the corral alongside are eleven blooded mares.
Phillips, his brother Steve and the blacksmith are
the shop. Clay's saddle horse is tethered to the
rail beside two harnessed work horses.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Ellis,
forge
lies
clean
the
sixteen
most
Clay
first

ANGLED to include sheriff's office. The blacksmith, Sam
an elderly bent man in a leather apron stands at the
in which he is heating the rim from the big wheel which
on the table nearby. Clay, a long-legged wrangler in
but faded work clothes stands near the forge pumping
bellows and watching his brother, a freckled kid of
trying to roll a cigarette. Steve has progressed to the
difficult step, that of licking and sealing the paper.
reaches over and takes it from him. He puts the skinny
cylinder in his mouth and Steve lights it for him. The
third of the cigarette burns with one quick flare.

STEVE

How does she draw?

CLAY

A little hot.

Sam lifts the rim to the wheel.

SAM

You want to get out of here before noon, maybe you should lend me a hand.

to
rim on
Clay, the cigarette dangling from his lips, moves over the table, picks up a hammer and helps Sam hammer the wheel. Steve stands watching.

CLAY

Rate you're goin', we'll be here until winter.

of
Together they lift the wheel and plunge it into the tub water. Steam rises to fill the blackened shed.

SAM

(amiably grumbling)

Account of you, I miss out on the only excitement Aspen's had for months.

CLAY

You're too old to watch such goin's on.

STEVE

And I'm too young.

Clay and Sam spin the wheel in the tub.

CLAY

That's right.

STEVE

I don't see no sense to makin' people leave town if they don't want to leave.

SAM

I don't either -- when people are that good-lookin'. Maybe that's why --

they were too good-lookin'.
(philosophically)
But there'll be others along to take
their place after a while when this
quiets down. And everything will be
fine until some busybody starts
stirring up trouble.

CLAY

(mildly)
Don't you ever run down?

SAM

(to Steve)
Some people just have to run other
people's lives. Now take Clay. You
want to amble up the street and see
the fun and what does he say?

CLAY

(good-natured)
You stick to your blacksmithin' and
let me take care of Steve.

and
the
From O.s. comes the SOUND of the approaching buckboard
crowd. Steve hears the noise and moves to the front of
shed.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

buckboard
Some
MED. FULL SHOT - Steve's angle. Graham pulls his
up, jumps out and hurries into the sheriff's office.
kids run up to stand on the porch chattering excitedly.
Members of the crowd straggle up.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Sam
ANGLED PAST Steve. Clay comes up to stand beside Steve.
joins them. Steve looks up at Clay hopefully.

CLAY

We'll both take a look. Anything's
better than listenin' to Sam.
(to Sam)
Don't forget to shoe the mule.

disgustedly

Clay and Steve exit. Sam looks after them, shrugs and goes back to the wheel.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

wagon
the
and

MED. SHOT - featuring buckboard. The crowd around the stands in shocked silence looking at the bodies under tarp. Clay and Steve come up, glance in the buckboard then at each other. Clay speaks to a man near him.

CLAY

Who are they?

MAN

Don't know. Graham brought 'em in.

The sheriff calls from O.s.

GARDNER'S VOICE

Clay, come up here a minute.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING PORCH

comes
Graham and
prison
follows
around

Sheriff Gardner, who has seen Clay through the window, out of his office on to the porch followed by Jeb a young deputy. In his hand Gardner holds the burned jacket. Clay goes up the steps to the porch. Steve to the foot of the steps to stand watching. The crowd the wagon gives its attention to the men on the porch.

MED. SHOT

his
jacket.

Gardner is neatly dressed with his star hidden under coat. His deputy wears jeans, shirt, and leather

CLAY

Hello Graham -- Joe -- Mr. Gardner.

GARDNER

Graham's got something to tell you
might interest you.

GRAHAM

(motioning toward wagon)

Cal Forster and his sons. Somebody killed 'em.

He pauses to let that sink in.

GRAHAM

You know that cottonwood grove on Alder Crick? They must have been eatin' breakfast the way it looked, sittin' by the fire eatin' breakfast and when I got there nothin' but them lyin' dead in their underdrawers. No horses or guns or grub.

CLAY

(shocked)

Forster never did anyone any harm.

(puzzled)

But what's that got to do with me? I came into town from the south.

Gardner holds out the burned jacket.

GARDNER

This was smoulderin' on the fire.

Clay moves over to glance down at the jacket.

CLAY

I still don't see.

From his pocket, Gardner takes several communications, thumbs through them and passes one over. It is a telegram, of the period.

GARDNER

I got it day before yesterday.

Clay reads it.

INSERT TELEGRAM OF THE PERIOD:

SHERIFF GARDNER: ASPEN, NEV.

BE ADVISED OF ESCAPE OF LEDNOV, PETERS AND McCALL

CONVICTED

MURDERERS SERVING LIFE TERMS.

BELIEVED HEADED FOR CALIFORNIA.

L.B. GROVE, WARDEN STATE PENITENTIARY NORTON, NEV.

BACK TO SCENE. Clay hands the telegram back.

GARDNER

Now are you interested?

Clay nods.

GARDNER

You should be. Maybe Lednov heard about that Sonora ranch of yours.

CLAY

Maybe he did.

GARDNER

We're going to look for him. Want to come along?

CLAY

I've got eleven horses to get over the mountains before snow catches me and covers the feed.

GARDNER

(dryly)

And that's more important than finding Lednov?

CLAY

Like you said, maybe he knows where my ranch is. If he does, he'll be waiting on the porch.

He turns toward the steps.

GARDNER

(with irony)

I'll drop the sheriff in Sonora a line to sort of look around for him.

Clay speaks over his shoulder as he goes down.

CLAY

Thanks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

cross
toward
As Clay starts away, Steve follows him. Clay doesn't
to the blacksmith shop. He goes along the sidewalk
the general store. Steve hurries to catch up with him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

his
MOVING SHOT. Clay, deep in thought, seems unaware of
brother at his side.

STEVE

Who's Lednov?

CLAY

A man I used to know.

up
behind.
They walk in silence to the General store and Clay goes
the steps and across the porch. Steve follows close

FULL SHOT

selling
is
case
The store is a typical general store of the period,
everything from buggies to baby clothes. In one corner
the postoffice. The storekeeper, Hayes, is unpacking a
of canned goods, stacking the cans on the shelf. Clay,
followed by Steve, enters. Hayes glances over.

MED. SHOT

shells
Clay crosses to the shelf where the rifle and shotgun
are kept and takes down a half dozen boxes of 30 30
cartridges.

HAYES

Forget somethin', Clay?

CLAY

Shells. How much for six boxes?

HAYES

Six times six bits. But wait until I
finish this.

Besides Clay, Steve is inspecting a rack of guns.

STEVE

You might tell a fellow things,
'specially if the fellow's your
brother, seems to me.

CLAY

Like what?

squints
Steve picks up a rifle, puts it to his shoulder and
along the barrel.

STEVE

Like why you're buyin' a whole slew
of 30 30 shells all of a sudden.

CLAY

I don't want to run short.

STEVE

You never said this Lednov's name
before, that I can remember.

CLAY

No call to. That jail looked pretty
solid to me.

(pointing to rifle)

How's she feel?

STEVE

Nice.

comes
He pulls the hammer back and snaps the trigger. Hayes
across and takes the gun from him.

HAYES

You know better'n' to do that, Steve.
Unless you're figurin' on buyin' it.

CLAY

One he's got, more his size.

STEVE

But it's leaded up and anyway a 22's
no good for real huntin'. You shoot
a man with a 22 and where are you?

CLAY

The thing to do is stick to rabbits.

to
Steve, who
counter.

He hands Hayes some money for the shells. Hayes crosses
another part of the store to get change. Clay and
has picked up the rifle again, move over to the

ANOTHER ANGLE

STEVE

What was he in jail for?

CLAY

You sure worry that bone. He killed
a fellow.

STEVE

In a fight?

CLAY

The other fellow wasn't even lookin'.

STEVE

This is an awful nice gun.

(sighting it)

Certainly come in handy when there's
men around who shoot people that
aren't lookin'.

out

Clay grins. Hayes comes up with the change. Clay takes
some bills and gives them to the storekeeper.

CLAY

(points to rifle)

I may as well buy it for him.
Otherwise he'll be crying all the
way over the hill.

covers

Steve's expression shows his gratitude and delight. He
up with banter.

STEVE

You must be plenty worried about
Lednov sneakin' up on us.

(hopefully)

Think he will?

CLAY

Yes.

STEVE

At the ranch maybe?

CLAY

Maybe at the ranch. Maybe sooner than that.

STEVE

(annoyed)

Do you have to be so close-mouthed? I'm your brother. And I'm ridin' with you. Remember?

CLAY

(smiling)

All right. I'll tell you.

He puts one of the boxes of shells on the end of the counter.

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

CLAY

Let's say this is the penitentiary.

He reaches down into one of the barrels in front of the counter. The barrels are filled with beans, nails, dried apples, hardtack, etc. Clay takes a handful of beans and makes a trail ending in a little pile.

CLAY

Here's Alder Crick.

He puts another box of shells on the other side of the counter.

CLAY

And here we are in Aspen.

He runs a trail of beans away from "Aspen" toward the end of the counter. He runs another trail from "Alder Crick" to cross the Aspen trail. He puts another box of shells on the far end of the counter.

CLAY

That's Sonora.

hardtack. He reaches down without looking and brings up a

CLAY

motioning) Lednov gets out of jail
and comes along here to Alder Crick.
Then goes along here toward the Sonora
road.

Clay drops the hardtack back from where the bean trails
cross.

CLAY

That's Lednov!
(tracing)
We come along here.

STEVE

(pointing)
And meet him there.

CLAY

Unless the sheriff gets too close
and he holes up.

He holds out his hand and Hayes hands him his change.

CLAY

So let's go.

Steve tucks his gun under his arm. As he passes the
counter,
he picks up the hardtack and starts eating it.

EXT. GENERAL STORE

street
MED. SHOT - ANGLED TOWARD Sheriff's office. Up the
men are gathering around the sheriff's office. Some are
mounted. Some are tightening their cinches. Clay and
Steve
come out of the store to look up the street. Steve
munches
the hardtack.

STEVE

(motioning)
Sure a lot of guys lookin' for Lednov.

CLAY

Yeah -- and Lednov's only lookin'
for one man. Me.

STEVE

Why?

CLAY

He doesn't like me. What you eatin'?

STEVE

Lednov.

pitches

He glances at the remaining piece of hardtack and then it away.

STEVE

I don't like him.

mounts

Clay laughs. As they start up the street, the sheriff his horse and, followed by his men, rides forward.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

is a
hoofbeats,
CAMERA
coming
tightly to
yells to

CLOSE SHOT. A woman's hat lies on the rocky earth. It big, elaborate affair. O.s. there is the SOUND of the SQUEAL of a wagon brake and the JANGLE of harness. PULLS BACK and ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Clay's wagon down a very steep hill. Steve is driving, holding the reins and riding the brake. Seeing the hat, he Clay.

STEVE

Another one, Clay.

Clay rides over and, swinging down, picks it up.

MED. SHOT

the
wash.

ANGLED DOWN hill. The road twists tortuously down. Near bottom it swings sharply at right angles into a dry

the
and
rides

The banks shut out further view of the road. Near where road turns a trunk lies at the side. It has broken open some of the contents are spilled out in the dust. Clay to it, reins in his horse and looks down. Steve, with difficulty, pulls the mules to a stop alongside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

saddle,
jumps

featuring trunk and wagon. Clay swings out of his starts tossing the clothes back in the trunk. Steve down.

STEVE

They sure must have been travelin'.
This keeps up we can start a store.

CLAY

Things get tough next winter, you'll
have somethin' to wear.

Steve holds up a petticoat close to his body and grins.

STEVE

I'd look good doin' the ploughin' in
this.

the
bed.
mount,
case
the

Clay takes it from him, puts it in the trunk and shuts lid. Steve helps him hoist the trunk into the wagon Steve gets back in the seat. Just as Clay is about to he stops and picks up a small folding daguerrotype case delicately ornamented. He lifts his eyebrow, tucks the into his pocket, then mounts and starts ahead around bend.

MED. LONG SHOT

surrey
his

Clay's ANGLE. Ahead, off the road in the wash is the that passed Graham's buckboard at the fork. Clay spurs horse forward.

MED. SHOT

surrey
the
is
lies
is
the
cushion.
stand

on surrey. The back wheel is broken and the bed of the rests on the ground. The horses have been taken from traces and stand dejectedly in the hot sun. A blanket spread in the scant shade thrown by the surrey. On it Elaine and, sitting beside her, is Marcia. A damp cloth spread across Elaine's forehead. A water bag hangs from surrey. Elaine's head is pillowed on a dainty satin Helen and Mary have risen at Clay's approach and now by the road.

ANOTHER ANGLE

b.g.

Clay gallops forward to pull up near the surrey. In the Steve drives the wagon around the bend. Clay dismounts.

MED. GROUP SHOT

Clay drops his reins and hurries up.

CLAY

Anybody hurt?

MARY

No. We came down the hill a little fast and...

(rueful)

...the wheel broke.

(hopefully)

Can you fix it for us?

Clay bends over Elaine.

CLAY

What's the matter with her?

MARY

(dryly)

Too much excitement. How about the surrey. Can you fix it?

surrey. Clay turns from Elaine and gives his attention to the

ANOTHER ANGLE

a on rear of surrey. In the B.g. Steve pulls the wagon to stop, jumps off, and comes running over.

STEVE

Jimminy. You sure were lucky, just bustin' a wheel.

Helen moves toward Clay. She smiles without humor.

HELEN

(rubbing thigh)
You think that's all we busted -- You should see...

Clay stops her with a look, goes around, and kicks the unbroken back wheel. The spokes rattle.

CLAY

This must have been in the family a long time.

MARY

(dryly)
It was a gift from the citizens of Aspen. I'm Mary Wells.

She looks at him to see if the name registers.

MARY

And this is Helen Carter.

CLAY

I'm Clay Phillips.
(motioning)
My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

STEVE

(shy)
Pleased to meet you, ma'am.
(brightly)
We found your trunk. Were you doin' the driven'?

MARY

I was at first. Then I was hanging on.

(to Clay)

Are you going far?

CLAY

Yes, ma'am.

MARY

As far as -- Sonora?

CLAY

Just about.

Mary and Helen exchange glances.

MARY

We're going to Sonora, too, so that solves everything.

a
Clay takes the makings from his pocket, starts to roll
cigarette.

MARY

We can ride in your wagon.

having
Steve looks at Clay hopefully. He likes the prospect of
these lovely women along.

MARY

We wouldn't think of asking you to take us for nothing.

back.
Mary
Clay finishes the cigarette, starts to put the makings
Mary holds out her hand. Clay gives her the makings.
speaks as she casually rolls a cigarette.

MARY

There's only four of us.

Clay motions to the remuda that grazes in the b.g.

CLAY

I've got eleven horses.

STEVE

(proudly)

Morgan blood. The beat in Nevada.

Clay and me have a place on the
Toulomne River. We're going to raise
horses like these.

bag
Mary has finished rolling her cigarette. She passes the
to Helen, who starts rolling one.

MARY

They won't be riding in the wagon.

CLAY

(dryly)

Did you ever try taking a bunch of
horses over Sonora Pass? It's quite
a job.

MARY

You can't leave us here.

CLAY

Course I can't. I'll give you a lift
to the first ranch.

makings to
sees
Helen has finished her cigarette. She passes the
Steve. He hesitates, looks at his brother and, when he
Clay is occupied with Mary, starts rolling one.

MARY

What good is it going to do us to go
to some ranch?

CLAY

(amiably)

You can stay here if you like.

MARY

We have to get to Sonora. There are
jobs waiting for us there. We'll pay
you for your trouble.

CLAY

I'm not running a stage line, ma'am,
and I can't take a chance on losing
the horses.

not
a
Steve finishes his cigarette. Again he hesitates, then
wanting to seem young in front of these women he takes

from bold step and lights it. Clay reaches over and takes it
him. Mary watches the byplay.

CLAY

When you're old enough to smoke,
I'll tell you.

(kind)

Get the horses started on ahead,
will you, Steve?

looks Steve, embarrassed and hurt, turns quickly away. Helen
after the boy.

HELEN

Afraid it will stop him growin'?

CLAY

(turning)

Let's get your stuff in the wagon.
Like I said, I'll take you to the
first ranch. I wish I could carry
you all the way, but I can't. It's a
tough trip and women would be in the
way.

MARY

(dryly)

Our kind of women?

CLAY

(ignores that)

You'll have to drive -- except down
hill.

toward He lifts some things out of the surrey and carries them
the wagon.

HELEN

Maybe you're going about this all
wrong. Why not try telling him we'll
do the cookin' and mendin' and washin'
for him. That usually works.

(then shocked at the
thought)

Yeah, but suppose he took us up on
it. Where would we be?

MARY

Maybe in Sonora.

She starts around the surrey. Helen follows.

Clay bends over Elaine.

CLAY

What's the matter with her?

MARY

(dryly)

Too much excitement. Or maybe it's just the heat. How about the surrey. Can you fix it?

As Clay turns from Elaine, Marcia joins the other two, their attention on Clay and the surrey. Left alone, Elaine is suddenly alert and no longer sick. She glances around, then unobserved slides out from under the shade of the surrey.

ANOTHER ANGLE

on rear of surrey. In the B.g. Steve pulls the wagon to a stop, jumps off, and comes running over. Elaine stands for a moment, searching the ground with her eyes.

STEVE

Jiminy. You sure were lucky, just bustin' a wheel.

Helen moves toward Clay. She smiles without humor. With this new diversion, Elaine, still unnoticed, starts away -- back toward where they dropped the trunk.

HELEN

(rubbing thigh)

You think that's all we busted -- You should see...

MARY

(sees Elaine)

Now where's she goin'? --

ELAINE

(half-turns without stopping)

I -- lost something.

CLAY

It wouldn't happen to be this...

wide and
Clay and

Elaine stops now and turns as Clay takes the folding daguerrotype case from his pocket. Elaine, her eyes frightened, starts back as Mary takes the case from opens it.

MARY

Who's the old folks?

ELAINE

(frantic)

Give it to me!

and
fright,
what-
the

She jerks the case from Mary's hands, snaps it shut, stands staring at Mary with a strange mixture of anger and hysteria. Mary glances around as if to say did-I-do? To cover the embarrassed silence, Clay kicks unbroken back wheel. The spokes rattle.

CLAY

This must have been in the family a long time.

turns

Elaine glances at him as though he had insulted her, and starts toward the blanket again.

MARY

(dryly)

It was a gift from the citizens of Aspen. I'm Mary Wells.

surrey
it
down on

She looks at him to see if the name registers. At the side, Elaine is abruptly weak again. She leans against for support. Mareia moves to her as she slides back the blanket, clutching the case.

MARY

And this is Helen Carter.

CLAY

I'm Clay Phillips.
(motioning)
My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

STEVE

(shy)
Pleased to meet you, ma'am.
(brightly)
We found your trunk. Were you doin'
the drivin'?

ANOTHER ANGLE

where
the
Mary and Helen come around the end of the surrey to
Elaine lies. Mary bends beside the sick girl and lifts
cloth from the girl's forehead.

MARY

Come on, Honeybunch. We're changing
trains.

The sick girl sits up. She looks around her dully.

MARY

A nice, kind wrangler is letting us
ride in his wagon...

her arm
Assisted by Mary, Elaine gets to her feet. Mary puts
around her.

MARY

...as far as the first ranch. From
then on --

Elaine stops. She looks fearfully up at Helen.

ELAINE

What ranch?

MARY

What's the difference?

She tries to lead the girl toward the wagon.

ELAINE

(fierce)
Ask him what ranch --

MARY

There's plenty of time for that.
(sharp)
Come on, now. You've got to lie down
out of this sun. Stop worrying. I'll
find out what ranch after a while.

She pulls the girl with her toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

in the
Seeing the
Mary
on wagon. Clay, in the wagon bed, is stowing his gear
back. Mary, supporting Elaine, reaches the wagon.
girls, Clay reaches down and gently lifts Elaine up.
climbs in beside him.

MED. CLOSE

where
wagon bed. Clay has unrolled a bedroll under the seat
there is a little shade.

CLAY

(kind)
Stretch out under the seat, Miss.

ELAINE

(desperate)
Which ranch?

CLAY

How's that?

MARY

She's worried about where you're
taking us.

then
As she speaks, Mary helps the girl down under the seat,
rises to face Clay.

MARY

(dryly)
So am I.

CLAY

It's a nice place owned by an old couple named Wyatt.

CLOSE SHOT

Elaine as she hears the name. She is shocked.

CLAY'S VOICE

They'll take you in until you can make other arrangements.

TWO SHOT

ANGLE
Clay and Mary. Clay vaults out of the wagon, CAMERA
WIDENS, he looks up.

CLAY

So both of you stop worrying.

He turns away and hurries back to the surrey.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

moves
The
seat,
to
bringing up
FULL SHOT. Dust rises over the road as the cavalcade
forward. Clay, rifle across his lap, rides in front.
wagon, with Mary driving and Helen beside her on the
follows. The two horses that pulled the surrey are tied
the tail gate. Then comes the remuda with Steve
the rear.

CLOSE SHOT

the
Marcia and Elaine. PROCESS. Marcia sits in the bed of
wagon looking back. Elaine lies under the seat.

CLOSE SHOT

lap.
hopefully
Steve. Steve proudly carries his new rifle across his
He whistles happily as he scans the desert country
for the enemy.

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

meadow
willows.
seen as
The
to
stiffly
themselves
and
scene,
The
water.
unbuckling
across

FULL SHOT. Long shadows of the hills lie on the grassy
along the stream that is bordered by cottonwoods and
A knoll overlooks the camp site. The caravan can be
it halts in the lush grass a few yards from the stream.
girls sit lifelessly on the wagon; they seem too tired
dismount. Then, finally, Marcia helps Elaine to climb
down. With the exception of Mary they all let
down in the grass. Mary walks to the head of the team
starts fumbling with the harness. Steve comes into the
dismounts quickly and pulls the saddle off his horse.
remuda has fanned out, the horses moving toward the
Steve crosses to Mary and takes over the job of
the harness. Mary smiles gratefully and rubs her hand
her face.

CLAY'S VOICE

Steve, see the horses don't drink
too much --

off.
Steve straightens, looks towards the horses and moves
He speaks to Mary over his shoulder.

STEVE

Leave that unharnessing for me, Ma'am.

CAMERA
patch
under
dust
behind,

Mary smiles after him, then moves across the grass,
DOLLYING AHEAD of her. She sinks to her knees in the
of sand by the stream and leans down and puts her face
the water. Then, sitting up, she wipes the water and
from her face with a handkerchief. Clay rides up from

brim

dismounts, scoops up some water from the river in the
of his hat and drinks it. For a second he watches Mary.

CLAY

There's a place down a ways, where
you and the girls can wash some of
that dust off.

along
part.

Mary's manner is business-like. She and the girls are
for the ride. She wants no favors -- wants to do her

MARY

Thanks. And isn't there something we
can do about supper -- or making the
beds?

CLAY

(half-smile)

Steve and me, we use a saddle for a
pillow and roll up in a tarp.

MARY

(curt)

But you eat, don't you?

CLAY

Mostly, we open a can of beans and
boil some coffee.

MARY

Where do you keep the can opener?

CLAY

In the grub box.

(softening)

Toward morning the dew gets kind of
heavy so maybe you better fix up a
bed under the wagon. Spread some
bunch grass under the tarp and the
ground won't be so hard.

there

He turns and leads his horse back to the wagon, stands
unsaddling it. Mary rises.

MARY

Marcia -- all of you. Come on.

She starts downstream.

MED. SHOT

wagon
Climbing up
lifts
unharnessing

ANGLED PAST wagon. Clay tosses the saddle into the bed, slaps his mare on the rump. She trots off. on the wheel, he gets the grub box under the seat and it down. Steve comes from out of scene and starts the team.

STEVE

(trying to be casual)
Where'd they go?

CLAY

Swimming.

down

Clay comes past him, carrying the grub box. He puts it near where some stones make a crude firebox.

STEVE

It's sort of nice having company
along. Not so lonesome.

Clay squats by the stones and starts building a fire.

CLAY

When you get the team watered, rustle
up some wood.

mules

He fans the small flame with his hat. Steve leads the down toward the stream.

MED. SHOT

stream,
laughing
going
grub
and

ANGLED PAST Clay. In the B.g. Steve stands by the letting the team drink. O.s. the women can be heard and splashing. Steve gives all his attention to what is on downstream. Clay puts wood on the fire, opens the box. He sees Steve, takes the coffee pot out of the box heads for the stream.

MED. LONG SHOT

girls
clearly
walks
stand
until
to the

ANGLED PAST Steve downstream. Behind the willows the
are bathing. However they are too far away to be seen
and the willows make a fairly effective screen. Clay
upstream and fills the coffee pot, then comes back to
for a moment beside Steve. Steve, who hadn't seen Clay
now, suddenly gets very busy giving all his attention
mules.

STEVE

(to mules)

You boys have had enough.

frowns

He jerks them from the water and leads them away. Clay
after him, then goes back to the wagon.

MED. SHOT

into
These he
blaze,
wood,
throws

on wagon and fire. As Clay passes the wagon, he reaches
the bed and gets a couple of strips of scrap iron.
carries to the fire. He puts the iron strips across the
sets the coffee pot on, feeds the fire with some more
then going back to the wagon, he takes his rifle out,
a shell into the chamber and starts off up the knoll.

DISSOLVE

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT

heels,
seen
with
cook the

MED. SHOT. It is a moonlight night. Clay squats on his
smoking. The rifle lies across his knees. Below can be
the campfire, and the shadowy forms of the girls as
Steve's help they make up a bed under the wagon and

whinnies.

evening meal. Clay suddenly reacts as O.s. a horse
Standing he looks off into the darkness.

LONG SHOT

back

ANGLED PAST Clay. In the moonlight the trail stretches
over rolling hills. Faintly can be heard the SOUND of
hoofbeats. Below, where the remuda grazes, a horse
whinnies
again. Clay moves down toward the camp.

MED. SHOT

He

Mary is

blanket

ill.

the

the camp. As Clay approaches. Steve squats by the fire.
has spread out a tarp in the circle of firelight and
setting the tin plates, cups, etc., out. Elaine, a
around her, sits near the fire. She looks tired and
Marcia and Helen are struggling with bed-making under
wagon.

HELEN'S VOICE

And I'm the girl who used to complain
to my mother about helping with the
wash.

kicking

Steve and Mary look up as Clay strides up. Clay starts
dirt over the fire.

CLAY

Get your rifle.

Steve jumps up and hurries to the wagon. Clay continues
kicking dirt over the fire.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

been

the

moment,

camp.

LONG SHOT - ANGLES PAST horseman. The horseman, who has
approaching from the east, tops a rise and looks off at
camp. He is a shadowy figure in the palo dark. For a
as the fire still blazes, figures are visible in the

his
puts
camp

Then the fire goes out. The horseman dismounts, pulling
rifle from his scabbard. Moving to his horse's head he
a hand on the animal's nostrils. He looks toward the
for a moment then starts cautiously along the road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

The
listening.
The

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH willows PAST Clay and Steve.
brothers have taken up a post overlooking the road. The
horseman walks cautiously toward them. He stops,
Then he drops his reins and comes forward stealthily.
horse stands.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clay and Steve. Steve, finger on trigger gives Clay a
questioning glance. Clay shakes his head.

CLAY

(calling)
Hold it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

stops.
round-faced,
jeans
of the

on road. The man, now seen clearly for the first time,
He is Jim Clayton, a man in his twenties, chunky,
stolid and not too imaginative. He wears the well-worn
and blue shirt of the farmer. Clay and Steve come out
willows toward him. Both have their rifles ready.

CLAY

Drop your gun.

Clayton hesitates, then lets his rifle butt drop to the
road.

CLAYTON

(mildly)
Drop yours. I'm gunshy.

CLAY

Then don't come sneakin' around a

man's camp.

CLAYTON

A fellow sees a fire go out all of a sudden, he don't take chances. My name's Clayton and I'm looking for someone.

Clay and Steve lower their rifles.

CLAYTON

I found their surrey --

CLAY

So did I. They were in it.

CLAYTON

She's a friend -- took off this morning sort of sudden while I wasn't around.

Clay moves closer and extends his hand. They shake.

CLAY

(very cordial)

I'm glad you came along.

(introducing)

My brother, Steve. I'm Phillips.

Steve shakes Jim's hand.

CLAY

I gave the girls a lift. Didn't know what else to do with them. Get your horse and come on.

Clayton turns back toward his horse. Clay and Steve wait for him.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

MED. SHOT - ANGLED BACK ALONG the trail. Mary and Helen, tense and worried, stand at the edge of the camp, looking off. Marcia is with Elaine under the wagon. From o.s. comes the SOUND of men's voices. Clay, Steve and Clayton, leading his horse, come into view.

CLOSE SHOT ON WAGON

ahead.
Marcia kneeling on the tarp by Elaine, is staring
Suddenly her face lights up. She springs to her feet.

MARCIA'S ANGLE

Clay, Steve and Jim are now close to Mary.

CLAY

(genial)
Here's a man says he's looking for
you girls.

CLAYTON

Hello, Miss Wells.

Hearing his voice, Marcia runs toward them.

GROUP SHOT

Marcia throws herself into Jim's arms.

MARCIA

Jim.

MED. CLOSE

Clayton kisses her.

CLAYTON

I was roundin' up some stock. That's
why I didn't come sooner.

fire,
fire
Marcia hugs him. In the B.g. Clay goes over to the
kicks the dirt off the embers and piles on wood. The
flares up.

CLAYTON

What do you mean running off without
a word.

TWO SHOT

Mary and Helen.

MARCIA'S VOICE

I didn't know who to tell, it all
happened so sudden, those people

comin' and throwin' us out on the street.

JIM'S VOICE

Don't you think about it, darlin'.
Don't you think about anythin' but us.

HELEN

(quietly)
Looks like we lose a good piano player.

fire
CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Marcia and Jim come forward. The
now burns briskly. Clay rejoins the group.

MARCIA

(happily)
Jim came after me, Mary.

MARY

(dryly)
I see he did.

HELEN

With a milk pail in one hand and a marriage license in the other.

MARY

(sharp)
Why didn't you say you wanted to get married back in Aspen. I told the man in Sonora there were four of us. If only three show up, he might call the whole deal off. We've got to stick together. Like we've always done.

MARCIA

I've got a chance to get married.

MARY

(quickly)
That's what I'm gettin' at. It never works. Don't forget we were thrown out of Aspen.

MARCIA

Jim doesn't care, do you, Jim?

Mary speaks before Jim can answer.

MARY

But Jim isn't the only one you're marrying. He has folks and friends. What are they going to say? And how're they going to feel? I tell you, it won't work.

at
Jim, a
jumps

The joy goes out of Marcia's expression. She looks up Jim, her eyes begging him to tell her it will work. naturally shy man, loses his tongue momentarily. Clay jumps into the breach.

CLAY

Of course it'll work. You can get another girl to fill out the act.

MARY

(ignoring him)
And look at it this way. How about Jim -- it puts him in a sort of tough spot.

JIM

I know what I'm doing. My folks got nothin' to do with it --

MARY

You've talked this over with them?

JIM

They know about Marcia.

MARY

(quickly)
And they don't like the idea!

CLAY

Suppose they don't. This is his problem. He's over twenty-one. He wants to marry Marcia and Marcia wants to marry him so let 'em alone.

Mary turns on Clay.

TWO SHOT

Clay and Mary. The others in the b.g.

MARY

If you were in his shoes would you
take one of us home?

CLAY

I'm not in his shoes, so leave me
out of it.

embarrassed
watching
CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he turns back to the fire,
by the spot he's in, and throws wood on it, Mary
him. Steve comes over to Mary.

STEVE

(friendly)
I would!

Clay swings around and comes back.

CLAY

(hurriedly; smiles)
Steve maybe you better get some wood
for the fire.

MARY

Would you, Mr. Phillips?

CLAY

(to Steve)
Go on, there's a good boy.

Clay gives Steve a gentle push. Steve exits.

MARY

(bitter)
Don't you want him to hear your
answer? Well, I know what it is. For
the other fellow it's all right --
but not you. All you want is to get
rid of one of us.

JIM

Wait a minute.

the
Jim, his arm around Marcia, moves closer. Helen is in
B.g., watching.

JIM

No need of you two arguin' about
this. We know what we want to do,

and nothin' either of you says makes any difference. We want to go home -- tonight.

(to Clay)

Will you sell me one of your horses?

CLAY

I'm sorry. I can't do that. I went a long way to get those horses.

JIM

All right, we'll ride double. Come on, Marcia.

at the Taking her arm he leads her to where the horse stands edge of the camp.

ANOTHER ANGLE

them. featuring Marcia and Jim. In the B.g. Mary comes after them.

MARY

No need to do that, Marcia.

Jim and Marcia turn.

MARY

We've got two horses and they're four of us. So half of one of 'em is yours.

(smiling)

The other half's a wedding present.

Mary Marcia comes over to hug Mary. As Marcia and Jim leave, moves to Clay.

MARY

Big-hearted fella. Can't see young love thwarted -- especially if it makes one less girl to worry about. That's all you really want, isn't it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

looking
horses
mare
rifle

MED. SHOT. Mary stands in the moonlight by the wagon,
out across the meadow. Below, near the creek, the
graze. There is the soft jangle of a bell as the bell
moves her head. Clay comes walking up from the creek,
in hand. He passes without noticing Mary. Mary turns.

REVERSE SHOT

on his
down,
starts

Mary in close F.g. The campfire burns low. Steve lies
stomach close to it. Clay stops beside him to glance
then moves on to sit on a rock above the fire. Mary
toward the fire.

MED. CLOSE

Weekly, a
bone
stand

Steve. Open in front of him is a copy of Leslie's
woman's journal: pictures of baby bassinets, whale-
corsets, fancy oil lamps, etc. Mary comes into scene to
above him, looking down. Steve glances up and smiles.

MARY

Is that your kind of reading, Steve?

STEVE

I can't read, Ma'am. I just look at
the pictures.

MED. SHOT

ANGLED DOWN PAST Clay.

MARY

You can't read?

She glances up where Clay sits.

MARY

Your brother's always looked after
you, hasn't he?

STEVE

Since I can remember, Ma'am.

MARY

But he just never troubled to have
you get any schooling?

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He listens, perturbed.

MED. SHOT

Mary and Steve.

STEVE

It wasn't Clay's fault. We've been
moving around most all the time --
mebbe when we get the ranch and stay
in one place I can learn my letters
then --

MARY

Don't you even know your letters?

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He winces at!

STEVE'S VOICE

No, Ma'am.

MED. SHOT

Mary, Steve and Clay. Behind them, Clay rises and comes
nearer the fire.

down

MARY

Would you like to learn them?

STEVE

I sure would.

MARY

Maybe I could start you out.

STEVE

That'd be swell.

(shyly)

You know, you're an awful lot
different than I thought you'd be.

She gives him a quick look of inquiry.

STEVE

You're so nice.

MARY

Did someone say I wasn't nice?

STEVE

Oh no. Nobody said nothing to me.
Only I got the idea that -- well
Clay and me used to be walking through
town and there was your place and
through the window I could see you
dancing, but Clay always took me
over to the other side of the street.

CLAY

(interrupting)

Time to go to bed, Steve.

Steve looks up, then rises reluctantly.

STEVE

Good night, Miss Wells.

MARY

Good night, Steve.

Steve exits. Mary looks after him, then up at Clay.

MARY

(soft)

There's a nice boy.

CLAY

Yeah.

MARY

(sharp)

That why you always took him on the
other side of the street?

Clay kicks loose embers into the fire.

MARY

(sharper)

Maybe I don't make the grade in some
ways, but I know enough to teach a
kid his letters.

Clay turns from the fire to stand above her.

CLAY

(quiet)

He doesn't know his letters, no --
but he knows the names of animals...
he knows what roots to eat when you're
clear out of food... He knows the
difference between a possum and a
coon just by lookin' at the tracks...
more than most trappers know... and
he can tell whether she'll rain or
shine tomorrow by smelling the air
tonight. There's a lot of things he
doesn't know, I hope he'll never
learn.

He pauses, looking down.

MARY

Like what?

CLAY

(turning away)

Like sticking his nose into other
people's business.

pick
Mary
wagon.
Clay moves out of the circle of firelight to stop and
up his rifle, tarp and blanket, then climbs the knoll.
stares into the fire, then rising she starts toward the

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

reaches
the wagon.
MED. SHOT. Clay reaches the top of the knoll and stands
looking off. Below him the campfire burns low. Mary

EXT. WAGON - MOONLIGHT - NIGHT

looking
there is
moving
MED. SHOT ANGLED PAST Mary TOWARD Clay. Mary stops,
up. A match flares as Clay lights a cigarette. O.s.
the SOUND of the bell mare's bell, the SOUND of horses
restlessly. Mary turns, looks under the wagon.

MED. CLOSE DOWN ANGLE

knees on

Elaine is gone. Helen is asleep. Mary drops to her
the tarp and shakes Helen in wakefulness.

MARY

Where's Elaine?

bed.

Helen sits up and looks over at Elaine's side of the

HELEN

She was here a while ago.

PANNING

Mary straightens, moves down past the wagon, CAMERA
WITH her. She calls softly.

MARY

(softly)

Elaine!

MED. CLOSE

Elaine's

Clay. He looks down toward the wagon as Mary calls
name again, this time louder.

MARY'S VOICE

Elaine.

(then)

Clay -- Elaine's gone.

toward

Clay frowns, pitches his cigarette away and starts down
the wagon.

MED. CLOSE

under

Steve. He is sitting up, pulling on his boots. From
the bedclothes he takes his rifle and starts toward the

wagon.

MED. SHOT

comes up.

wagon. Clay stands with Mary at the wagon as Steve
Helen is sitting up in bed, a comforter pulled around

her.

HELEN

She can't have gone far. I wasn't

asleep long.

CLAY

What would she run off for?

MARY

(excited)

Because she's sick.

She starts away into the darkness.

CLAY

(sharp)

Stay here. One woman wanderin' off's
enough.

Mary turns back.

STEVE

Don't you worry, Miss Wells. We'll
find her.

Clay picks up his saddle and bridle.

CLAY

(to Mary)

Build the fire up and stick close to
it. Come on, Steve.

He starts down toward the meadow. Steve follows. Helen
scrambles out from under the wagon.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

Clay stops by the creek. Behind him the fire smoulders
near the wagon. Mary's shadowy figure can be seen climbing
the knoll where Clay's bedroll is. Helen is near the fire.

CLAY

(annoyed)

Look around. She can't have gone
far.

Steve nods and splashes across the creek to follow the
road leading west. Clay starts toward the meadow where the
horses graze.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

camp. MED. SHOT. Steve moves slowly along the road away from
He is scanning the dust for Elaine's footprints.

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

looking LONG SHOT - ANGLED PAST Mary. Mary stands on the knoll
off. Far below, in the meadow, Clay saddles his horse.

MARY

(calling)

Elaine -- Elaine -- Elaine.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

O.s. MED. SHOT. Clay swings into the saddle, and rides east.
Mary calls:

MARY'S VOICE

Elaine -- Elaine.

As the call echoes across the hills.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

covered MED. SHOT. This is rough country, the rocky hills
on a sparsely with scrub pinon pine and brush. Steve stands
back rise. He looks around for a moment, then turning starts
O.s. down the slope. Suddenly he stops and listens, as from
comes the SOUND of distant sobbing.

CLOSE SHOT

hurries Steve. He listens, trying to locate the sound then he
down into a dry wash.

EXT. WASH

beside Steve crashes through the brush into the wash, to stop

sobbing.

Elaine who sits with her head buried in her arms,

MED. CLOSE

Elaine

Steve and Elaine. Steve drops on his knees beside her.
doesn't look up. Steve shakes her.

STEVE

Ma'am -- you shouldn't have run off
like that. Why I was just about to
give up lookin'. Come on, now.

Elaine doesn't move.

STEVE

You can't stay here. There's snakes
and it's cold and you'll just get
sicker.

ELAINE

I don't care.

STEVE

Suppose that Lednov was to have found
you, instead of me. Why you wouldn't
have had a chance.

ELAINE

(sharp)
I said I didn't care.

STEVE

What's botherin' you, anyway?

He pulls her up.

STEVE

Runnin' off and worryin' people.
Makin' it tougher on Clay than it is
already.

ELAINE

(hysterical)
Don't ask me because I won't tell
you! I won't tell anybody! Go away!

STEVE

Don't act so -- crazy.

ELAINE

(dully)
I'm sorry. Let's go.

STEVE

(relieved)
That's a good girl.

his
CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he tucks her arm in the crook of
own and starts up the other side of the wash.

ANOTHER ANGLE

through
Steve, holding Elaine's arm, scrambles up the bank and
the brush.

STEVE

That's it. Watch out where you're
steppin' --

of
He stops and looks off. Faintly O.s. is heard the SOUND
hoofbeats.

STEVE

That oughta be --
(then sharp)
Down.

He shoves the girl down.

LONG SHOT

followed by
their ANGLE. Over a hill comes a horseman to be
another and then a third.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve and Elaine.

STEVE

Lednov --

fires.
Excitedly he swings the rifle to his shoulder and

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

off in
FULL SHOT - Clay reins his horse in and turns to look

another
Clay

the direction from which the shot came. Faintly o.s.
shot echoes across the hills, then another and another.
spurs his horse and gallops off.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

Clay gallops up the hill to rein his horse in suddenly.

MED. LONG SHOT

horses
walks
toward

his ANGLE. Riding toward him are several horsemen. The
move at a walk. One carries a double burden. Steve
along behind. Clay spurs his horse and rides down
them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

seven
a
camera.
dust

Clay, in the B.g., comes down the hill. The horsemen,
of them, with Sheriff Gardner in the lead, followed by
deputy, carrying Elaine in front of him, file past
Steve, hands in his pockets, walks dejectedly in the
cloud kicked up by the horses.

MED. SHOT

beside
stops a

featuring Clay and Gardner. Clay reins in his horse
Gardner, who also stops. The others rein in. Steve
short distance away.

GARDNER

Want to take her off our hands?

Elaine

Clay rides closer. The deputy rides forward and lifts
into his arms. Clay settles her in front of him.

CLAY

Who shot who?

GARDNER

Nobody. The light was bad.

Steve's

There are two rifles in his saddle holster. He pulls out, hands it over.

GARDNER

Steve's!

Clay shoves it in his saddle holster.

GARDNER

What's she doin' runnin' around the country at night.

CLAY

I wouldn't know. Did you ask her?

GARDNER

All I can get out of her is she don't care about livin'.

CLAY

Look of things, she doesn't.

GARDNER

Yeah. Keep a closer eye on her --
(motioning to Steve)
And him. Shootin' going on, we'll never find Lednov.

others

He wheels his horse and rides off, followed by the

to

Clay watches him go. Reluctantly Steve moves slowly up stand near Clay.

STEVE

There was only three of them at first.
I guess I lost my head.

CLAY

(dryly)
How'd you happen to miss?

STEVE

They were quite a ways off and the wind was blowin'. I didn't have them to aim.

CLAY

Good thing you didn't.

He reins his horse around.

STEVE

Clay --

Clay looks back.

STEVE

A man can't help gettin' excited
once in a while.

CLAY

That's right, Steve.

STEVE

Can I have my gun back?

CLAY

Sure. You'll find it under the wagon
seat. Like I said before, a twenty-
two's more your size.

FADE OUT

EXT. TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

EXTREME LONG SHOT. West are the Sierras and clouds are piled through slopes. The of in untidy heaps on the range. The dusty trail runs rolling country. Pinon pine and brush clothe the wagon and horses are the moving center of a white cloud dust.

FULL SHOT

Clay's party. Clay rides in the lead. The wagon follows and Steve is riding beside the wagon. Behind is the remuda, and the horses are straying off the road in search of grass.

MED. SHOT

wagon - (MOVING). Featuring Steve and Mary. Elaine lies under the seat and Helen sits beside her. Steve is reciting the

six

alphabet to a simple melody usually sung by children of
or seven.

STEVE

(stumbles embarrassedly)
Gee, I can't.

MARY

Why not? You went farther than that
last time.

STEVE

I'm too old for it, Miss Wells...
That's for little kids.

MARY

Don't be silly... Nobody's too old
to learn.

STEVE

(resolutely)
Okay. A-B-C -- D-E-F -- G-H-I --

CLOSE SHOT

the
in

Clay. He turns in his saddle where he rides ahead of
team. He notices Steve riding at Mary's side and reins
his horse.

CLAY

(mildly)
Oh, Steve!

MED. SHOT

wagon

Steve and Mary. Steve stops his letters. looks off. The
moves up to Clay and stops.

CLAY

Get back to the horses. They're
straggling.

MARY

He's learning his letters.

CLAY

Yeah. While the horses wander all
over the country.

Steve hesitates hoping he'll change his mind.

CLAY

(sternly)
Do like I said.

at

Steve wheels his horse and rides back. Mary looks over
Clay.

MARY

(dryly)
Learnin' to read has nothing to do
with the right or the wrong side of
the street.

CLAY

(motioning)
Are the horses stragglin' or aren't
they?

MARY

(after a backward
glance)
They're stragglin'.

CLAY

His letters will keep.

He wheels his horse and rides after Steve.

ANOTHER ANGLE

rides

Steve

beside

Steve is driving the horses back into the road. Clay
rides up to help him. The horses fall in behind the wagon.
Steve takes up his position in the rear. Clay rides over
beside him.

MED. SHOT

CLAY AND STEVE. (MOVING)

CLAY

Steve -- I want you to learn to read.
I meant to teach you but I never
seemed to find time. I figured when
we got settled on the ranch we'd get
around to it.

They ride in silence for a moment.

CLAY

It's all right with me if she teaches you, but I don't want you forgettin' your job.

STEVE

(flat)
I won't again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

One of the horses strays out of line and Clay rides out and gets the animal back in the road. Then he returns to Steve.

TWO SHOT - (MOVING)

CLAY

This isn't like other trips we've taken. For one thing, we've got a wagonload of women. For another there's a guy wanderin' around hopin' to put a bullet in my back.

Steve looks over at his brother and finds a wry grin.

STEVE

Okeh, I was wrong. But you can't expect a fellow who never saw Lednov and never heard his name until a while ago to do too much worryin'. You've been sorta close mouthed about him.

CLAY

I guess I have. You were pretty little when they locked him up. I don't suppose you even remember that time I was gone two months.

STEVE

Sure I remember. You went to Mexico lookin' for cattle.

CLAY

(nods; then, after a moment)
You remember Jeff Rawson? -- We used

to go fishing and hunting with him
when you were so high.

STEVE

(offended)

Sure I do. Went off down to Mexico
or something...

CLAY

That's what I told you then. Only he
didn't. Lednov killed him.

STEVE

Oh... that's the time you went away.

CLAY

(nods)

I caught up with Lednov in Nogales.
He didn't like the idea of comin'
back across the border but he came.
I turned him over to the sheriff and --
that's the story.

STEVE

(looking off)

Maybe you shoulda killed him.

CLAY

Maybe I should. But I was never much
on killin'. Anyway, he moved too
quick and I just got him through the
shoulder.

(glances off)

Looks pretty peaceful up ahead.

STEVE

Yeah, it does.

CLAY

But you never can tell. Why don't
you get that new rifle out of the
wagon?

Steve smiles warmly at him.

CLAY

And while you're there you might as
well find out what comes after K.

DISSOLVE

EXTREME LONG SHOT

the
untidy
Cavalcade. It moves through dry barren hills. Far off,
Sierras rise against the sky Thunder heads are piled in
heaps on the range.

DISSOLVE OUT

EFFECT SHOT DISSOLVE IN

thunder.
sky. Dark rain clouds blown by a high wind. SOUND of

FULL SHOT

has
glistening
which
and
to
shoulders,
the
rain -- the caravan. Clay leads it through a rain that
filled the ruts in the trail, soaked the horses to
black -- and obscures all view of the country through
they are passing. SOUND of rain falling is loud. Clay
Steve both wear slickers, gleaming from their shoulders
the rumps of their horses. Mary, a tarp around her
drives. Elaine and Helen huddle under a tarpaulin in
wagon bed.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

in
her
rain -- DOWN ANGLE -- wagon moving. Elaine sits up and,
her delirium, throws off the tarp. Helen tries to pull
down.

HELEN

(crying out)
Elaine -- stop it --

CLOSE SHOT

Helen's
rain -- Clay. He wheels his horse at the SOUND of
voice and rides back through the rain toward the wagon.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

stop.
into
rain -- wagon. Mary pulls on the reins and the mules
Twisting them around the whip-stock, she swings back
the wagon bed. She looks up at Clay.

MARY

She should be in bed where it's dry.

reins,
puts
In her anxiety, her tone is accusing. Clay drops the
climbs into the wagon and bends down beside Elaine. He
his hand on her forehead.

MED. CLOSE

rain - DOWN ANGLE - featuring Clay and Mary.

CLAY

(dryly)

Yes, Ma'am, she should...

to the
sick girl.
He starts fixing the tarp so it gives more protection

CLAY

But the nearest shelter's the Wyatt
ranch and that's maybe five hours
away.

MARY

Can we get a doctor at that ranch?

CLAY

(straightening)

No, Ma'am, we can't. We can get a
roof and a fire and maybe Mrs. Wyatt
knows something about taking care of
sick people.

ANOTHER ANGLE

horse.
the
rain. Clay vaults out of the wagon and mounts his
Mary rises and climbs back into the seat. She lashes
mules with the reins. The wagon jolts forward.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

rain - ANGLED ACROSS seat - (MOVING). Clay rides
alongside. Then, without a word, he strips off his slicker, tosses
it on the seat and rides off. Mary looks after him, then
at the slicker. She hesitates, not wanting to take favors from
him. Then she pulls the slicker around her. Taking the whip,
she hits the mules. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and CAMERA HOLDS.
The team breaks into a trot. The cavalcade moves away from
camera through drenching rain.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - DAY

LONG SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH gate in barbed wire fence.
The ranch is nestled in a valley at the base of the
Sierras. Green meadowland surrounds the farm buildings which
consist of a cabin, barn and sheds, all in good repair and
white-washed, as are the corral fences and the picket fence
around the house, which stands in a clump of trees. The wind
has pushed the clouds back over the hills, but far off
there is still thunder. The gate in front f.g. is of barbed
wire. It is closed. On the fence post a board is tacked. Neatly
lettered on the board is the name:

ED WYATT

From o.s. comes the SOUND of horses moving restlessly
and the creaking of saddle leather, as a man swings out of
the saddle. Footsteps approach. A man's head and shoulders,
back to camera, comes into scene. He unloops the strand of
bailing

his
growth
wrangler's
back

leather
on
dirty. It
forward and
Brutally
hat
McCall
the

wire and lets the gate fall open, then turns and we see
face. He is Lednov. His cheek and jowls have a dark
of beard. He wears a black leather jacket and a
grey hat. The clothes Forster was wearing. As he moves
to his horse, CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS AROUND.
His companions, McCall and Peters, also wear black
jackets, sombre, dusty pants and hats. They are mounted
matched roans. The horses are winded, lathered and
is obvious they have ridden hard. Lednov strides
as he reaches for the reins the horse shies away.
he jerks on the reins. The horse rears. He snatches his
from his head and whacks the horse across the nose.
rides over and grabs the reins. Lednov scrambles into
saddle.

MED. SHOT

gate.
not

ANGLED TOWARD gate. Lednov rides forward through the
His horse is limping badly. The others follow. They do
stop to put the gate back up.

DISSOLVE

trail.
back
wagons
remuda

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

LONG SHOT. Clay's cavalcade moves forward along the
There are cloud patches overhead and faintly in the
country thunder rumbles. The mules pull the jolting
forward in a slow trot. Clay rides ahead. Steve and the
follow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - DAY

and
muzzles
sinewy

FULL SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride into the yard up to the horses' trough. The horses plunge their deep into the trough. As the men dismount, Wyatt, a little man, hurries from the direction of the barn.

MED. SHOT

as

at horse trough. Wyatt, smiling his pleasure, comes up the three men dismount.

WYATT

(happily)

My name's Wyatt. Certainly glad you boys dropped in.

three
elderly,
fence.

He extends his hand to Lednov. Lednov ignores it. The men are looking around them. Two work horses, fat and amble across the corral to nuzzle the roans through the fence.

LEDNOV

Those the only horses you got?

Wyatt is a little taken aback by Lednov's manner.

WYATT

Why, yes. They're all I need...

LEDNOV

Mine's gone lame. Take a look at him.

Wyatt frowns up at Lednov, angered by the order.

LEDNOV

Go on, we haven't got all day.

around
to

McCall and Peters move closer to Wyatt, who glances worriedly. Realizing he better do as he's told, he goes

the roan and rubs his ears.

WYATT

Whoa, boy. Let's have a look.

Peters

Bending, he lifts the horse's hoof. Lednov, McCall and watch him. He drops the hoof, straightens.

WYATT

He dropped a shoe. You shouldn't be ridin' him.

LEDNOV

Put on another one.

WYATT

That won't help the stone bruise. You ain't been around horses much, looks like.

LEDNOV

Will you quit gabbin' and do what you're told.

Wyatt hesitates. Lednov steps toward him.

WYATT

(frightened, bewildered)
All right, but it won't do much good.

into the
that
Peters

He picks up the roan's reins and starts leading him corral. Lednov, with a jerk of his thumb, indicates McCall is to go with him. McCall follows. Lednov and turn toward the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE

woman
hard
her
men.

As Lednov and Peters start for the house, Mrs. Wyatt, a woman of about fifty, small, plump, browned from the sun and from work, comes out on the porch. She has taken off her apron and holds it in her hand. She smiles at the two men.

MED. SHOT

Lednov

ANGLED PAST Mrs. Wyatt. She starts down the steps as
and Peters come up.

MRS. WYATT

I was up to my elbows in flour when
you boys rode up, that's why I din't
come out sooner. I hope Ed asked you
to stay the night?

LEDNOV

All we want's supper.

looks
steps
glance.

At his tone, the welcoming smile leaves her face. She
from one to the other. Lednov pushes past her up the
and into the house. Mrs. Wyatt follows him with her
McCall motions.

MCCALL

We're in a hurry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL

trail.
closer. The

LONG SHOT. In the f.g. the cavalcade moves along the
Now the Sierras back of the Wyatt ranch are much
sun has set but it is still light.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

looks
barn.

MED. SHOT. Peters sprawls on the ground, smoking. He
up as Wyatt and McCall cross from the direction of the

PETERS

Take care of that horse?

WYATT

(gruffly)
Yeah. The best I could.

Wyatt goes on past and hurries up the steps.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

- a
one
some
walls, a
Wyatt's
bedroom.

nervously
glance to
above
bedroom.

ANGLED PAST Wyatt. This is the main room of the house - living room and kitchen combined: wood-stove against wall, a sink with a pump against another, a fireplace, simple furniture and, hanging from one of the rough concertina. Through an open doorway can be seen the bedroom. Another door, closed, leads into the second bedroom. The house has a warm, well-scrubbed look. Wyatt enters. Mrs. Wyatt, stoking the stove, turns. She glances in the direction of the bedroom. Wyatt shifts his glance to the fireplace -- there is no gun hanging from the hooks above the mantel. Lednov appears in the doorway of the bedroom.

WYATT

What are you doin' --

LEDNOV

Lookin' around.

rifle,

He crosses to the fireplace. He is carrying Wyatt's gun belt and six gun.

LEDNOV

These all the shells you got?

starts

Wyatt has had as much of this as he can stand. He starts angrily across the room.

WYATT

Put my guns down and get out of here --

MRS. WYATT

Ed -- no, Ed.

past

She crosses to him and stands in his way. Wyatt pushes

with her and grabs for the guns. Lednov gives him a swipe
the back of his hand, knocking him away easily.

LEDNOV

Your old woman's got sense -- you
listen to her.

him. Mrs. Wyatt helps Ed to his feet. She puts an arm around

LEDNOV

I asked you -- these all the shells
you got?

MRS. WYATT

(quickly)
They's a box in the cupboard over
the sink.

the box Lednov crosses to the cupboard and opens it. Finding
of shells, he slips it in his pocket.

LEDNOV

(to Ed)
Get on about your chores.
(to Mrs. Wyatt)
And hurry that grub up.

obey. Wyatt and his wife look at each other. Then meekly they

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT DISSOLVE IN

From MED. SHOT. Here the trail starts down into the valley.
rides o.s. comes the SOUND of the cavalcade approaching. Clay
ahead. into the scene and stops on the hilltop to glance

LONG SHOT

Clay's ANGLE. A light can be seen ahead in the valley.

REVERSE ANGLE

have Clay turns and rides back toward the wagon. The mules
slowed to a walk in the climb up the hill.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

hunched on wagon - (MOVING). Clay rides up alongside. Mary is
forward on the seat.

CLAY

Only a little ways now -- maybe a
mile.

sitting by He glances down into the wagon bed where Helen is
Elaine.

CLAY

How's she makin' out?

HELEN

(dryly)
If she feels worse than I do, she's
dyin'.

Clay rides back toward the rear.

CLAY

(calling)
Steve --

STEVE'S VOICE

Yo --

MED. FULL SHOT

mules The wagon reaches the crest of the hill. Mary hits the
the with the reins. The mules break into a trot. Behind,
of remuda comes into view. Clay sits his horse by the side
the trail and watches.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

three MED. SHOT. Mrs. Wyatt stands by the stove, watching the
men at the table. Wyatt sits in a chair by the stove.

MCCALL

I'll have some more of that coffee.

Lednov pushes his chair back and rises.

LEDNOV

We got to get movin'.

MCCALL

What for?

LEDNOV

Because there's a man I want to see.

MCCALL

He can wait. Let's stay here until morning.

Wyatt and his wife exchange frightened glances. That's
the last thing they want.

LEDNOV

(rising)

I said let's go.

MCCALL

(protesting)

One night more won't matter. Your friend'll be there. Anyway I don't think so much of the idea of prowling around his ranch. He knows you're out so he ain't going to sit still for it.

LEDNOV

(fierce)

I said I had a guy to see and I'm going to see him.

With the fingers of his right hand he automatically
rubs his shoulder just above the heart.

LEDNOV

He gave me something once so I wouldn't forget.

PETERS

(rising)

He says go, we go.

after Grudgingly, McCall gives in. They exit. Wyatt stares
them raging at his impotence.

WYATT

If they'd only left me a gun, I'd
fix 'em.

MRS. WYATT

Hush, Ed. Hush. They might come back.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

their MED. FULL SHOT. The three men mount their horse, dig
Wyatt spurs in and ride away. As they ride toward the gate,
comes out on the steps.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

then LONG SHOT. Here the trail passes through a narrow draw,
caravan climbs a small rise which overlooks the gate. Clay's
jogs along the trail.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

camera. LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. The caravan climbs toward
ranch. CAMERA PANS AROUND to SHOOT DOWN TOWARD the Wyatt
stop Through the gate ride Lednov, McCall and Peters. They
line. for a moment then turn right and trot along the fence
is As they disappear, the SOUND of the caravan's approach
heard o.s.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

out of MED. FULL SHOT. Clay gallops into the yard and swings
the saddle. The farmhouse is dark.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

and

ANGLED THROUGH window, PAST Wyatt. Clay opens the gate
hurries up the steps and across the porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Clay raps on the door.

CLAY

Mr. Wyatt.

WYATT'S VOICE

Who is it?

CLAY

Clay Phillips.

The door opens. Wyatt comes out. He pumps Clay's hand.

WYATT

(calling)

You can light the lamp.

(to Clay)

I'm sure glad it's you. We were afraid
those killers might come back.

CLAY

Three men on matched roans?

In the kitchen a match flares as Mrs. Wyatt lights the
lamp.

WYATT

Yeah, how did you know?

CLAY

The whole state's lookin' for 'em.

(dryly)

And they're lookin' for me.

Mrs. Wyatt comes out to stand in the doorway. She
shakes
Clay's hand.

MRS. WYATT

You don't know how good it is to see
you.

CLAY

Maybe you won't feel that way after
I tell you what I stopped in for.

He turns and motions off.

LONG SHOT

wagon
ANOTHER ANGLE. Clay, Wyatt and Mrs. Wyatt in f.g. The
is coming toward the yard followed by the remuda.

CLAY

I picked up some women on the road.

THREE SHOT

can he
Clay, Mrs. Wyatt and Wyatt. O.s. the wagon and horses
heard.

MRS. WYATT

Tell them to come on in.

CLAY

But I'm going to have to leave 'em
here. They're --- well they're not
the sort of people you're used to.

MRS. WYATT

(a reprimand)

It doesn't matter who they are.

CLAY

(lameley)

And one of 'em is sick.

MRS. WYATT

Why didn't you say so. Go right out
and get her. Ed. build the fire up.

then
She turns back into the kitchen. Clay looks after her,
hurries down the steps. Wyatt follows his wife inside.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs.
into the
Wyatt goes to the stove and starts stoking the fire.
Wyatt takes the lamp from the wall bracket and goes
bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

handmade,
Mrs.
she

FULL SHOT. It is a pleasant room with a large,
double bed, white flour sack curtains at wide windows.
Wyatt puts the lamp on the dresser. Going to the bed
pulls back the covers, feels the sheets.

MRS. WYATT

(calling)

Wrap a stove lid in dish towels and
bring it in here. This bed's like
ice.

MED. SHOT

Beside the
dresser
the
bends

Turning from the bed, she crosses to the dresser.
dresser is a camel-back trunk. She starts to open a
drawer, pauses and looks down at the trunk. Moving to
trunk, she hesitates. Then making up her mind, she
down and throws open the trunk.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

trunk.
Mrs.
finds
shakes it
and
carrying
the
sheets.

DOWN ANGLE. A girl's clothing is neatly packed in the
A framed picture is face down on top of the clothing.
Wyatt kneels by the trunk, pushes the dresses aside and
a nightgown. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as she rises and
out. It is frilly, dainty, very feminine; obviously the
nightdress of a young girl. She closes the trunk, turns
as she goes to the bed, Wyatt comes through the door
the towel-wrapped stove lid. She lays the nightgown on
bed, takes the stove lid and puts it between the
Wyatt is staring down at the garment.

WYATT

(cold)

Put it back.

They face each other. Wyatt reaches out and takes the

nightgown.

MRS. WYATT

Someone might as well get some good
out of it. Wyatt crosses to the trunk.

MRS. WYATT

It isn't as if she was dead.

Wyatt opens the trunk, puts the nightgown in and closes
the lid.

WYATT

(cold)

It stays there, understand!

The slamming of a door o.s. interrupts them. They turn
and start for the door.

MRS. WYATT

(calling)

Right in here, Mr. Phillips.

She follows Wyatt to the doorway, CAMERA DOLLYING WITH
her. She stops in the doorway.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANGLED PAST Mrs. Wyatt. Clay, carrying Elaine, bundled
in blankets, comes forward. Wyatt has stopped just inside
the kitchen. Mary and Helen follow Clay through the door.

MRS. WYATT

The bed's all ready and warm --

She stops, staring at the girl.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Wyatt's expression hardens. Clay, carrying Elaine, pushes
between them into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

puts
the
bed.
glances
and

MED. SHOT. Clay carries the girl to the bed and gently her down. Her eyes are closed. Slowly the Wyatts enter room to stand close together staring at the girl on the bed. Clay suddenly realizes that something is wrong. He glances up. Elaine opens her eyes and looks up at her mother and father.

MRS. WYATT

(softly to Wyatt)

Go out and make some coffee.

Wyatt doesn't move.

MRS. WYATT

Go on. You too, Mr Phillips.

argue

As Clay waits, Wyatt moves through the door unable to back.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

looking
come
seeing
closed
Mary.

FULL SHOT. Mary and Helen stand close to the stove, anxiously toward the bedroom door as Clay and Wyatt out. Clay closes the door. Wyatt, dazed by the shock of his daughter again, stands momentarily staring at the closed door. Then very slowly he turns and looks at Helen and Mary.

MED. SHOT

expressions,

his ANGLE. Mary and Helen, seeing the two men's look from one to the other, puzzled.

MARY

Is she very sick?

WYATT

(cold, flat)

Get 'em out of here. I won't have 'em in this house.

door

He crosses to the kitchen door, exits, slamming the
behind him.

MARY

(softly)

So that was why she tried to run
away.

CLAY

(sharp)

Didn't you know she had a father and
mother out here?

MARY

(hurt and angry)

I didn't know anything about her
except she wanted a job because some
man had left her stranded. I couldn't
leave her in the street. Let's go.

CLAY

Hold on.

MARY

We can't stay here!

CLAY

It's a long walk back to Aspen.

each

Turning from them, he exits. Mary and Helen look at
other. Then Helen grins wryly and goes over to the

cupboard.

HELEN

I don't know about you. But I'm not
being thrown out on an empty stomach.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

trough. His

comes

him as

MED. SHOT. Wyatt in the f.g. stands by the horse
face is set, his expression hard, unyielding. Clay
across the yard past the wagon. Wyatt doesn't look at
Clay comes up.

TWO SHOT

rolls

Clay and Wyatt. Clay takes the makings from his pocket,
a cigarette, lights it.

CLAY

I'm sorry about this, Mr. Wyatt. I
didn't know who she was.

WYATT

(quiet)
All right, you didn't know.

CLAY

I can't take her with me.

WYATT

Nobody asked you to.

comes

O.s. Steve whistles the tune of the A B C song as he
out of the barn.

WYATT

Just get those two out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve approaches from the barn.

CLAY

You're not bein' quite fair.

WYATT

What's there to be fair about?

TWO SHOT

rolls

Clay and Wyatt. Clay takes the making from his pocket,
a cigarette, lights it.

CLAY

I'm sorry about this, Mr. Wyatt. I
didn't know you had a daughter.

WYATT

(quiet)
All right, you didn't know.

CLAY

I can't take her with me.

WYATT

Nobody asked you to.

O.s. Steve whistles the tune of the A B C song as he
comes out of the barn.

WYATT

Just get these two out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve approaches from the barn.

CLAY

You're not bein' quite fair.

WYATT

What's there to be fair about?

Steve comes up.

STEVE

Hello, Mr. Wyatt.

He starts whistling again as he continues toward the
wagon.

MED. SHOT

wagon. Steve picks up a couple of valises and some
blankets and heads for the house, still whistling. In the b.g.
can be heard the mutter of voices as Clay and Wyatt talk.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Helen is sitting at the table, eating a piece of bread
and drinking coffee. Mary stands at the window. Steve is
heard coming up the steps and across the porch. He pushes the
door open and enters.

STEVE

(cheerfully)

Where do I put your things?

Mary turns from the window.

MARY

Back in the wagon.

Steve stands with his arms full, looking at Mary.

STEVE

Aren't we stayin'?

MARY

No. We're not stayin' --

She crosses to him and smiles wryly.

MARY

Everything's all mixed up, so don't
ask questions.

Steve hesitates.

MARY

(soft)

Go on, Steve.

Steve exits.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

worried.
and
wagon.

MED. CLOSE. Steve stops on the porch. He is puzzled,
He glances back then over toward the fence where Wyatt
Clay are talking. He shrugs and starts off toward the

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Mary crosses to the stove.

HELEN

Sit down and eat, why don't you?

firebox.

Mary lifts the stove lid and puts a stick in the

HELEN

It isn't like this was the first
place we were ever thrown out of.

MARY

That's not what's worryin' me. Why
didn't she tell us? Maybe we could
have done somethin' -- gone somewhere

else -- puttin' a poor sick kid
through this --

HELEN

Quit worryin' about Elaine.

She motions to the bedroom door.

HELEN

She's home, isn't she? So worry about
us. We want to get to Sonora.

the
Footsteps across the porch. The two girls look toward
door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

enters. He
It is
front
knob.
girls
enters
and
SHOOTING PAST Mary. The door slowly opens. Wyatt
crosses to the bedroom door, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.
as though he doesn't see the two women. He stands in
of the door, staring at it. Then his hand moves to the
Slowly he turns the knob and opens the door. The two
watch him as he hesitates on the threshold. Then he
and closes the door softly. Helen looks over at Mary
smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

back
nightgown. For
mind.
Wyatt's
MED. SHOT as Wyatt stops, looking at Elaine, resting
against the pillow, seeming very young in the
a moment it is difficult to know what is in Wyatt's
Then he sees the twin tintypes. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD
face as tears come to his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

door
girls'
MED. SHOT as footsteps cross the porch and the screen
creaks open. Clay enters the kitchen, carrying the

goes
stops.

suitcases and some blankets. He nods to the girls, then
to the door leading to the other bedroom. There he

CLAY

This will be your room until Mr.
Wyatt finds time to take you to the
nearest stage station.

As he carries their belongings in:

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. MARY'S AND HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT DISSOLVE IN

Helen
Clay's
closes
lifted.

The room is lighted only by the moonlight. Mary and
are in the big four poster bed, close to the window.
footsteps are heard on the porch. The kitchen door
softly. There is the rattle of a stove lid being

HELEN

(whispering)
That sounds like him.

Mary slides out of bed and slips into a robe.

HELEN

This time don't talk about cooking!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

and
is
enters
cup as

Clay turns from the stove to the cupboard over the sink
takes down a coffee cup. The door into Elaine's bedroom
closed. The door into Mary's bedroom opens and Mary
the kitchen. He turns back to the stove and fills his
Mary comes up.

CLAY

Coffee?

MARY

No, thanks.

(indicating Elaine's
bedroom)
I hope we won't be a burden to them.

CLAY

I hope so, too.

He picks up his coffee and goes out on the porch. Mary
hesitates, then follows.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

ANGLED PAST Clay. Mary comes out. Clay sits on the
bench by the door, drinking his coffee.

CLAY

(quiet)
If you're figuring on asking me to
take you, it's no use.

Mary crosses to stand above him.

MARY

A time like this people ought to be
alone. Having us around is going to
make it sort of hard on 'em.

Mary sighs, sits beside him. From the pocket of her
robe she takes tobacco, rolls a cigarette and lights it. She
passes the tobacco to Clay. He rolls one.

CLAY

(on the defensive)
I'm sorry, but that's how it's got
to be.

MARY

I suppose it is.

CLAY

And it's not only because the trip's
a tough one --

Mary strikes a match and holds the flame to his
cigarette.

MARY

(softly)
You don't have to explain. Did I

tell you how grateful I am for what you've done?

CLAY

I couldn't leave you sitting by the road.

MARY

You could have treated us like they did in Aspen. No. You wouldn't do a thing like that -- it isn't in you to be mean or cruel.

Mary rises to move to the edge of the porch.

MED. CLOSE

Mary in f.g.

MARY

(softly)

No man who brings up a kid like you've brought up Steve could ever be cruel to people.

Turning, she leans against the post that supports the porch.

MARY

I hope you get everything you want out of life --

CLAY

(wary)

Thanks.

MARY

You've earned it -- the horse ranch on the Toulomoe -- the girl in the spotted gingham.

CLAY

The who?

MARY

You should know. She's in your dream.

Clay puts his cup down, looks up. She is very lovely standing in the moonlight, her body arched back, the robe open a little.

MARY

Ever since you've looked after Steve you've had the dream -- a ranch on the river -- good grass, good water, barn corral and house --- that part you've shared with Steve. The girl in gingham you plan sneakin' in when he isn't looking.

(she pauses)

CLAY

(enigmatic)

Go on. Tell me more about her.

MARY

She wears this gingham dress -- cooks popovers -- makes jam in season -- makes her own soap from pig fat and wood ashes and has cheeks the color of red apples.

CLAY

(dryly)

I'll make the soap myself.

MARY

But the rest is right.

CLAY

Will she be dark or fair?

MARY

Blonde as a new mop. And beautiful as the girl on a feed store calendar.

momentarily
Straightening, she crosses the porch to pause close to Clay.

MARY

(softly)

I hope you find her -- because, like I said, you've earned your dream. Goodnight.

faintly.
She enters the house. Clay looks after her, smiling
He knows she is up to something but not what.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

window,
robe

MED. SHOT. Save for the moonlight coming through the
the room is dark. Mary enters softly, throws off her
and slips into bed beside Helen.

MED. CLOSE

covers

on bed. Moonlight falls across the bed. Mary pulls the
up. Helen turns her head.

HELEN

Did you make it interesting?

Mary snuggles down on the pillow.

MARY

I tried my best, but these things
take time.

HELEN

And we're running out of that.

MARY

There's still tomorrow morning.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

early
harnessing
trunks

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH window PAST Mary. The
morning sun fills the yard. Steve is in the corral
the mules. Clay and Wyatt are taking Mary's and Helen's
out of the wagon.

HELEN'S VOICE

Those trunks look like ours.

Mary, who was in profile, turns.

MARY

They are.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to

Helen is seated at the table. Mary stands with her back

the window near the sink.

HELEN

How long do you think we'll have to stay here?

MARY

Until Pa gets around to driving us to Minden.

HELEN

We don't want to go there.

MARY

No we don't. But that's where we're going. From Minden we take a stage to Reno, then another one over to Auburn and another one to Placerville. Then it's a day's trip to Sonora.

HELEN

Clay could save us an awful lot of time.

MARY

He certainly could. About a month.

HELEN

What are you waiting for? Do something.

is

Mary comes over to stand by the table. Her expression thoughtful.

HELEN

(sharp)

You're not giving up?

MARY

How many ways can a man say no.

Helen rises. Her manner is determined.

HELEN

(crosses to door)

Maybe I better start working on him.

MARY

You'd think he'd do it for Elaine's sake, at least...

CLOSE SHOT

remark. She
wagon.
as she stops, apparently inspired by Mary's last
looks out into the yard where Clay is working on the

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary.
SHOOTING TOWARD Elaine's bedroom door. Helen crosses to

HELEN

(sweetly)

If you can't bring him around, nobody
can.

She puts her arm around Mary's shoulder.

HELEN

Go on. Have another try at him.

MARY

What's the use.

HELEN

(cajoling)

Please. Maybe he'll take a good look
at you and stop thinking so much
about his horses.

outside.
As she speaks she edges Mary to the door leading

HELEN

A man has only so many no's in him.

her.
Helen
Mary smiles at her, shrugs and exits. Helen looks after
Mary's footsteps are heard going down the steps. Then
swings around and going to Elaine's door, opens it.

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

Mrs.
small
Wyatt
Mrs.
MED. SHOT. Elaine is sitting up in bed. There is a
table by the bed and on it is a breakfast tray. Mrs.
sits by the bed. Elaine looks happy for the first time.

closes

Wyatt is holding a cup to her lips. Helen enters and
the door.

HELEN

Look at you, sitting up already.

Crossing to the bed she takes the cup from Mrs. Wyatt.

HELEN

Let me do this while you get some
breakfast.

MRS. WYATT

But I like to do it.

HELEN

You're worn out.

As she pushes Mrs. Wyatt toward the door.

HELEN

Now don't argue. You've got two able-
bodied girls to help you so take
advantage of it. And don't let me
catch you touching the dishes.

sits

She closes the door behind Mrs. Wyatt and comes back,
on the edge of the bed and holds the cup to Elaine's
lips.

HELEN

Well -- it's going to be good for
all of us -- having a nice long rest
here. After all -- Sonora will still
be there next month. Maybe we can
rehearse a new number -- try it out
on your folks.

Elaine tries not to show her panic at this suggestion.

ELAINE

Helen -- why don't you and Mary go
on with Clay?

HELEN

He won't take us.
(then, hurt)
Don't you want us around?

ELAINE

Of course I do -- but it'd be better for you -- and the house is kind of small --

HELEN

If you're worried about Mary and me talkin' too much, don't. No matter how many questions your old man asks. We know how to keep our mouths shut.

ELAINE

It isn't that --

HELEN

Don't talk -- eat -- we want to get you well quick as we can so we can all get out of here.

ELAINE

But I want to stay.

HELEN

Drink this and stop being silly. Why would anyone want to live in this place. You might as well be dead and buried. Nothing to do but look at mountains. In a week you'd be talking to yourself.

(then, brightly)

Maybe that's what got you started in the first place.

Elaine pushes the cup away, sits up straighter.

ELAINE

(distracted)

I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here where I belong.

HELEN

Not if I know Mary. When she rides into Sonora, you'll be with her. And mighty glad to be there after this. I don't see how you stood it as long as you did.

ELAINE

(sobbing)

Stop it -- stop it.

HELEN

(contrite)

Darling -- now I've got you all upset.

Elaine buries her head in the pillow.

ELAINE

Go away -- please.

HELEN

That's right -- you go back to sleep.
Tomorrow when you feel better things
will look a whole lot different.
Don't you worry about anything --
Mary's going to talk things over
with your folks --

Elaine sits up and grabs Helen's arm.

ELAINE

(fiercely)

She mustn't -- don't you let her --

HELEN

There, there. Don't you upset yourself --

ELAINE

(wildly)

If she says anything to them I'll
kill her.

to
in
The door opens and Mrs. Wyatt enters. She hurries over
the bed, pushes Helen aside, and takes the sobbing girl
her arms.

ELAINE

(sobbing)

I don't want to leave you, ever.

Mrs. Wyatt flares at Helen.

MRS. WYATT

What did you do to her?

HELEN

Nothing. The poor child's worried
about Mary --

Turning, she goes to the door.

HELEN

I won't let her say anything --

She exits.

INT. KITCHEN

kitchen.
crosses

MED. SHOT. Leaving the door open, Helen enters the
She glances back at the bedroom, half smiling, then
to the window and looks out.

EXT. YARD

yard

ANGLED past Helen THROUGH window. Clay is crossing the
toward the house.

INT. KITCHEN

hurriedly
porch.
comes
door,

MED. SHOT. Helen turns from the window and walks
to the second bedroom door. Clay's footsteps cross the
Helen enters the bedroom and closes the door as Clay
in. Clay looks around, then seeing the open bedroom
crosses to it.

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

sobbing

ANGLED PAST Clay in doorway. Mrs. Wyatt is holding the
girl in her arms. She looks over at Clay.

CLAY

Well, I'm off --

the

Then realizing that something is wrong he steps into
bedroom.

MED. SHOT

CLAY

(puzzled)

What's the matter?

mother's

Hearing his voice, Elaine lifts her head from her
shoulder.

ELAINE

Don't let them stay here, Mr.
Phillips. They'll spoil everything.

Clay looks from one to the other, frowning. Elaine
tries to get out of bed. Her mother holds her.

ELAINE

(wildly)
Take them with you -- Mary's going
to talk to dad -- she's going to
keep talking and talking to me until
maybe I won't want to stay here --

MRS. WYATT

Please take them.

CLAY

I can't --

ELAINE

You've got to -- don't you understand --
they want me with them and they'll
fix it so I have to go --

CLAY

(sharp)
No they won't.

Turning, he exits. Mrs. Wyatt holds Elaine close.

EXT. PORCH

MED. SHOT. Helen stands on the porch in the sunlight.
She glances back. Clay, his expression hard and angry comes
out. He doesn't look at Helen but stalks down the steps
toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT ON WAGON

STEVE

What comes after Z?

MARY

That's the end of the line.

STEVE

(happily)

Then I know my alphabet.

MARY

From A to Z. All you have to do now is figure out what they mean put together in words.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay comes toward the wagon. Helen stands on the porch.

STEVE

And that's tough, isn't it?

MARY

Without someone to teach you, it's tough.

Clay appears behind her. Mary turns and smiles.

MARY

He knows his alphabet.

CLAY

That's fine.

STEVE

I'll bet I'd be reading in a week if --

He catches Clay's glance and his face falls.

MARY

Maybe Clay will take up where I left off.

and Steve gets some courage. He comes over to his brother faces him.

STEVE

I don't think it's fair --

He pauses; Clay waits.

STEVE

Leaving them here when we could just as well take them. We got plenty of room in the wagon. And -- and -- they cook and drive the mules. They don't bother anybody.

CLAY

Finished, son?

STEVE

(weakly)

There's only two of them now.

after
toward the
Clay moves past them toward the corral. Mary looks
him, then turning, motions to Helen. Helen starts
wagon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

into the
Clay's horse stands saddled at the fence. He vaults
saddle, turns the horse.

CLAY

I'll round up the horses. Throw that
junk in the wagon.

the
He rides off. Steve, delighted, runs to start loading
girls' things. Helen hurries into the scene.

MED. CLOSE

Mary and Helen. Mary smiles at Helen.

MARY

(happily)

You were right -- a man has only so
many no's in him. But he had me
worried -- that last one sounded so
final.

Helen nods, looking at Mary as though in admiration.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH

Clay
ranch.
LONG SHOT - the wagon, followed by the remuda and with
riding ahead moves slowly up the canyon back of the

FADE OUT

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

yellow
bald
the
and
climbing
waste
across
rides
Helen,

LONG SHOT - ANGLED WEST. The forest is fairly open, pine, lodgepole and fir. To the West can be seen the red granite domes of the higher range. O.s. there is SOUND of the cavalcade approaching. CAMERA PANS AROUND ANGLES PAST. Toward camera, comes the cavalcade, slowly. Far in the distance and down can be seen the of desert and the barren hills of Nevada. Clay, a rifle his legs, is riding on one side of the wagon. Steve beside Mary, who is driving. The remuda trails behind. lying in the wagon bed, cannot be seen.

MED. TRUCKING SHOT

open
orange

ANGLED PAST Steve. Steve has a copy of Leslie's Weekly on the pommel. Helen lies full length in the wagon bed, occupying herself by giving herself a manicure with an stick.

STEVE

It's a lot tougher than I figured.
Knowin' my letters is one thing. But
makin' sense out of words is harder'n
trackin' weasel after rain.

watching.
smile.

Clay glances over at his brother. Mary sees him
Their eyes meet. She smiles. He doesn't return the

STEVE

-- and even if I do learn to read,
what use'll it be? I'm goin' to live
on a ranch!

MARY

There's plenty of use for reading --
you'll see.

finger on

He sighs and scowls down at the page. He puts his
a word and starts to spell it out.

STEVE

U-n-i-c-o-r-n-... What in heck's
that?

MARY

Unicorn -- a kind of animal --

STEVE

What do they look like?

MARY

Hmmm... sort of like a horse -- with
a horn in the center of its forehead.

STEVE

Horses with horns! Huh! Do we have
'em in Nevada?

MARY

No.

STEVE

How about California?

MARY

Would they be good to eat?

MARY

(not too sure)

Kind of tough, I guess... But you're
not liable to hunt them -- I don't
think there's any alive now, anyways --
and I'm not sure but I don't think
there ever were...

STEVE

Then if they wasn't alive, how can
they be an animal?...

Mary starts to protest -- Steve goes on.

STEVE

An' if you can't hunt 'em and even
if you could they'd be tough, what's
the use of knowin' how to spell them?

MARY

You don't read to fill your stomach...

Poetry, for instance. All the poems in the world wouldn't fill you half as much as a bowl of eatmeal -- but they make you feel good.

STEVE

(stubbornly)
I feel good anyways.

REVERSE SHOT

ANGLED PAST Clay.

CLAY

Don't go arguing with your teacher.

STEVE

I'm not, but there's some of it I don't see any sense to.

CLAY

There's a lot of things I don't see any sense to. But make up your mind. Learn to read or --

(motioning)

-- go back and watch the horses.

He touches his horse with his spurs and rides on ahead.

MED. CLOSE

Clay,

ANGLED PAST Mary. Steve in the b.g. Mary looks after puzzled, wondering. Then she looks over at Steve.

MARY

Well, Steve?

STEVE

(grinning)
Now I know what a unicorn is, what do we do next?

EXT. FOREST TRAIL

rise,
across
crest

Here the forest has thinned out. The trail climbs a then drops down. Clay jogs along the trail, his rifle his knees. As he reaches the edge of the forest at the

swings
reins
moves

of the rise, he suddenly pulls his horse to a stop,
around and rides back into the trees. Throwing the
over the horse's head, he swings out of the saddle and
cautiously to the crest of the hill.

LONG SHOT

to a
meadow
hills.

Clay's ANGLE. The trail leads down through open country
big meadow ringed with lodgepole pine, and across the
to start climbing toward another, higher range of
Three horsemen on roans, Lednov, Peters and McCall, are
crossing the meadow slowly.

MED. SHOT

across

DOWN ANGLE. Lednov, Peters and McCall as they ride
the meadow.

CLOSE SHOT

of
can be

Clay, as he peers down. He cocks his rifle. The voices
Mary and Steve and the SOUND of the approaching wagon
heard o.s. Clay turns his head.

FULL SHOT

wagon.

the cavalcade. Mary and Helen are in the seat of the
Steve rides alongside.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

quiet,
him.

Clay. He lowers his rifle, waves at them to stop and be
rises and hurries down the hill, CAMERA PANNING WITH

EXT. MEADOW

steps,

MED. SHOT of Lednov as he pulls in his limping horse,
looking back over his shoulder as though he sensed an

Then unfamiliar presence. The other two watch him, frowning.
he shrugs and glances down at the bad leg of his mount.

LEDNOV

We'll camp on up ahead away. That
leg ain't good...

the As they start away, moving slowly toward the trees in
distance...

MED. FULL SHOT

wagon. Clay motions to Mary to stop as he hurries toward the
Mary reins in the mules.

CLAY

We're staying here until dark.
(motioning)
Pull over to the woods.
(to Steve)
You put hobbles on the horses -- all
of 'em. Get goin'.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK DISSOLVE IN

on his LONG SHOT. Clay, in close foreground, stands, leaning
shadow. rifle. The sun has set and the valley below is in
There is the silence of dusk. No wind stirs the trees.
crag is some light outlining the high mountains -- treeless
and domes and spires. Clay turns.

REVERSE SHOT

the Down the hill in the forest, is the wagon. Beyond it
studying horses stand. Steve is stretched out on his stomach
solitaire. his magazine. Helen is sitting on a tarp playing
Clay starts down the hill toward the camp.

MED. SHOT - UP ANGLE

yellow Clay walks through the trees. As he comes around a big pine, he stops suddenly and looks down.

MED. CLOSE

pulled ANGLED DOWN PAST Clay. Mary lies on the carpet of pine trees needles, her head pillowed on her arms, her dress taut across her chest. She is looking up through the trees at the fading sky.

ANOTHER ANGLE

is Clay stares down at Mary. She does not look at him. She soft aware of his presence, but she doesn't show it. In the her light of dusk she is very lovely. Clay is conscious of lovliness. He would like to drop down beside her.

CLOSE SHOT

WIDENS. Mary. She turns her face to look at him. CAMERA ANGLE eyes Clay stands above her, looking down. For a moment their meet. Clay starts away. CAMERA HOLDS ON Mary.

MARY

Where you goin'? Over to the other side of the street?

MED. SHOT

tethered and ANGLED PAST Mary, who rises slowly. Clay looks back, through hesitates, then crosses to where the horses are starts saddling his mare. Mary moves down toward him the trees.

ANOTHER ANGLE

him. Clay tightens the cinch. Mary moves up to stand beside

MARY

Are we leaving?

CLAY

It's too light yet.

scabbard
He swings into the saddle, pulls the rifle out of the
and lays it across the pommel.

CLAY

Better go on back and get some more
sleep. You'll need it later on.

MARY

(soberly)

You're not going out to look for
them?

CLAY

No, I'm not. All I want 'em to do is
keep ahead of us -- a long way ahead.
So I'm riding up the line aways to
pick us out a new trail.

hill.
He touches the mare with his spurs and trots down the

He disappears around a bend in the trail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

watching
at
Mary, in the f.g., is staring after Clay. Helen is
her. Steve has risen and walks up behind her. He smiles
her.

STEVE

Nobody's gonna catch him sleeping.
Don't worry about him.

MARY

(turning)

Oh, I wasn't worrying.

(flustered)

I saw him saddling up and thought he
was ready to leave.

her
She starts down toward the wagon, Steve walking beside
and CAMERA TRUCKING WITH them THROUGH the forest.

STEVE

(softly)

You were worryin'.

Mary glances over.

STEVE

Sometimes not knowin' how to read has its points. You can't read books so you look at people and figure 'em out.

MARY

And you've got me all figured out?

STEVE

Sure.

They have passed Helen, playing solitaire on the canvas, and have reached the place where the grub box stands. Steve spreads a tarp for her.

STEVE

I'll fix us somethin' to eat.

Mary sits down. Steve opens the grub box and takes out some plates, tinned food and hardtack.

STEVE

Like when you were standin' there looking after Clay. I knew right off what you were thinking. Because I've been watching you.

MARY

You were supposed to be reading words.

STEVE

I was doin' both. Here.

He hands her a plate of food, takes another and goes over to Helen.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Helen looks up from her card game, takes the plate with a smile.

HELEN

Thanks, Steve.

watching
He grins at her, turns and comes back to Mary who is
him.

MARY

Better not let Clay catch you waitin'
on us.

plate.
Steve sits on the edge of the grub box and picks up his

STEVE

Don't pay any attention to him. That's
his way and I've found he's sure
easy to get along with. I don't
recollect him havin' hit me more'n a
couple of times and I guess I had it
comin'.

MARY

But you're his brother.

STEVE

He'll treat his wife just as good.
Maybe better. Ever see him use a
bull snake on the mules like other
wranglers?

Mary shakes her head.

STEVE

Yes sir, Clay's nice to be around.
(the clincher)
He don't chew much and when he does
he spits outside.

HELEN

(dryly)
You make him sound wonderful... Go
on. Tell Mary more about him.

her
and
Steve
Steve looks over at her, embarrassed, a little hurt by
tone. He rises, takes Mary's empty plate and his own
goes over to the little spring to wash them. Mary looks
sharply at Helen. Helen shrugs. Mary rises and follows
over to the spring.

MED. CLOSE ON SPRING

the
Steve kneels by the little pool, washing the plates in
run off. Mary stops above him.

MARY

She was only teasin'.

STEVE

(offhand)

Oh, sure.

MARY

Let me do that.

She kneels beside him. Steve looks over at her.

STEVE

I like to do things for you. Didn't
you know?

moss
She looks down at the water bubbling up into the little
lined pool.

MARY

(softly)

I know now.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

CAMERA
CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. O.s. there is the SOUND of the
cavalcade moving. A wheel passes camera, then another.

PULLS BACK to reveal the wagon passing in the moonlit
darkness. Mary is driving.

ANOTHER ANGLE

follows.
Clay rides into the shot, his rifle ready. The wagon

also
Then the remuda with Steve bringing up the rear. Steve
holds his rifle ready. Both men are wary, watchful,
apprehensive.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

leaves of
trail.

FULL SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH the
a quaking aspen. The cavalcade moves on along the

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAWN

The
narrow
Clay,
abreast.

FULL SHOT. The east is grey with the approaching dawn.
terrain is treeless, forbidding. Granite crags rise all
around. The trail leads up through a canyon then
along the edge of a cliff. The cavalcade toils forward.
in the lead, stops and waits for the wagon to come

MED. SHOT

reins
motioning
rifle

As the wagon comes abreast, Clay dismounts, loops the
over the tail gate, then swings up into the seat,
for Mary to move over. He takes the reins, puts his
down in front of him.

MED. CLOSE - MOVING (PROCESS)

wagon.
Clay and Mary. Helen is sleeping in the bed of the

MARY

Don't you trust me?

CLAY

Not on this trail, I don't. I've
been over it before. Anyway, you
ought to be pretty sleepy. Why don't
you climb in back.

Mary glances ahead.

MARY

I like to see where I'm going.

She picks up the rifle and holds it across her knees.

CLAY

(dryly)

Did you ever care where you were
goin' or where you'd been?

Mary glances over at him wonderingly.

MARY

Maybe not! But I want to get there
in one piece.

rough.
touch.
They ride along in silence for a moment. The trail is
The jolting wagon throws them together. Their shoulders

MARY

(softly)

Why did you change your mind about
bringing us along?

CLAY

Why do you think?

MARY

(soberly)

I don't know. I thought I did. Now
I'm not sure. I thought it had
something to do with me.

CLAY

Oh, it did. It had a great deal to
do with you.

Mary studies him, trying to figure out what he means.

MARY

Just how do you mean that?

speaks
Clay is busy with driving down the rough road. He
without looking at her.

CLAY

You know so much about me -- figure
it out.

MARY

So that's it --

(he glances over)

You think I was making fun of your

girl in gingham.

CLOSE SHOT

Helen. She lies in the bed of the wagon, looking up.

MARY'S VOICE

I wasn't. And I wasn't making fun of
you or your dream.

She waits for an answer, but getting none, continues.

MARY'S VOICE

Of course, maybe I was trying to get
you to do something you didn't want
to do.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING (PROCESS)

the
Clay and Mary. Clay busies himself with the brake and
reins.

CLAY

You wouldn't do a thing like that,
would you?

MARY

(softly)
Yes. But -- that was the other night.
Now -- I don't think I would.

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED AHEAD

to a
the
takes
Clay and Mary in f.g. The trail now goes down a slope
river, which boils out of a narrow canyon, then follows
river through the canyon. Clay hands the reins to Mary,
his rifle.

CLAY

That's the West Walker. Take it easy
now.

MED. SHOT

his
the
Clay swings down. The wagon moves past him. He frees
horse, swings into the saddle and gallops down toward

canyon.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She looks after him.

FULL SHOT

into
The wagon moves down toward the river. Clay disappears
the canyon. Steve and the remuda follow the wagon.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL

trail,
sharp
ANGLED TOWARD mouth of canyon. Clay rides along the
his rifle at the ready. Now he moves warily, keeping a
lookout. The canyon is dark, sinister.

REVERSE SHOT

The cavalcade enters the canyon.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN

cliff.
Clay rides toward camera. The trail curves around a

MED. SHOT

down
Clay. He rides around the bend in the trail. He hears
something. He reins the horse in. Some pebbles rattle
the cliff. He looks up.

FROM CLAY'S ANGLE

his
The muzzle of a rifle is visible. Clay starts to bring
gun up.

FOWLER'S VOICE

Hold it!

DOWN ANGLE

and
scene.
Clay lets his rifle rest across his knees. He looks up.
Fowler, a well-set-up young man in jeans, blue shirt
worn jacket and wearing a battered hat, moves into

CLOSE SHOT

all

Clay. He is wary, puzzled as to the man's identity. For he knows it may be one of Lednov's men.

MED. SHOT

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER

What are you doin' on this trail?

CLAY

Followin' it. Any reason I shouldn't?

MED. LONG SHOT

cliff to

SHOOTING PAST Fowler. Into view comes the wagon and the remuda. Fowler lowers his rifle. He slides down the stand beside Clay.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER

My name's Fowler. I'm camped up a ways.

He extends his hand. Clay shakes it.

CLAY

Clay Phillips of Aspen. Been havin' trouble?

FOWLER

Nope. But I don't want any.

CLAY

Neither do we. That's why we took this trail instead of the main road, and drove all night.

FOWLER

You're welcome to use my camp.

him.

He motions ahead, starts walking. Clay rides beside

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

forest
cavalcade is
in the

FULL SHOT. The river is beyond the meadow. In the pine at the edge of the meadow is Fowler's camp. The driving up to the camp. There are two horses tethered meadow.

EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP

There is
to
stands
The
dismount.
Then
screen

MED. FULL SHOT. A tarp is stretched over the camp. a crude stone fireplace, a rough table and two benches. Shelves are nailed between the trees. In a small lean- there is a bunk with Fowler's bedroll on it. Fowler watching Mary and Helen as they get out of the wagon. The horses spread out across the meadow. Steve and Clay Both unsaddle. Helen, Mary and Fowler exchange glances. the two women walk toward the camp, which is behind a of trees.

MED. CLOSE ON CAMP

Helen and Mary enter the camp.

MARY

We might as well start a fire.

HELEN

Go ahead.

(nodding off)

Get in training for the pioneer life.
I'm finding the nearest body of water
and climbing into it.

her,
from
and

She goes off and across the meadow. Mary looks after shrugs and going to the fireplace, takes moss and twigs the pile and puts them in. Clay, carrying saddle bags

canteens, enters.

MARY

Got a light?

kneels to

He puts them down, goes over to the fireplace and
light the moss. Mary has stepped back.

CLOSE SHOT - LOW

comes

rises

almost

speaking.

SOUND

As he lights the fire, the lower portion of Mary's body
into the shot. Clay becomes aware of her closeness. He
slowly. CAMERA ANGLES UP. Mary is standing facing him,
touching him. They stare at each other without
Both suddenly move together. They kiss. There is a
over shot and they step apart, looking off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

smiles

Steve has come into scene and is looking at them. He
with pleasure and surprise.

STEVE

(innocently)

Want the wagon unloaded, Clay?

CLAY

(upset)

Just the grub box and bed rolls.

scene.

around

Steve nods, smiles at both of them and goes out of
Clay and Mary face each other. Suddenly Clay swings
and goes out of shot after his brother.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

they

She looks after him, clearly in love, disappointed that
were interrupted. Then she turns to the fire.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

toward
looks
at
down

Clay and Steve. CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of them as they walk
the wagon. Steve has begun to whistle blithely. Clay
sideways at him. Steve whistles even louder. They stop
the wagon. CAMERA HOLDS. Steve climbs inside and hands
the grub box.

STEVE

I -- I think it'll be swell.

the

Clay puts the grub box on the ground. Steve tosses out
bed rolls, then jumps out. He grins up at Clay.

MED. CLOSE

Clay, embarrassed, puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

CLAY

When you get older you'll understand
things better. Like women and men.
Just because a man kisses a woman,
doesn't always mean -- well, he can
kiss her and not want to -- have her
around all the time.

Steve watches him, puzzled. His exuberance has gone.

CLAY

We got a lot to do, you and I. Gettin'
that ranch started and everything.
We've been getting along fine, all
these years. For a while I want to
keep it the way it is.

watches

Abruptly Clay turns and indicates the grub box. Steve
him.

CLAY

Take that in and help her get
breakfast, will you?

Clay
moves

Steve nods and carries the grub box out of the scene.
stares after him. Then he picks up the bed roll and
around the wagon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

with
Fowler
screen

Clay in the f.g. In front of Clay stretches the meadow
the river beyond. The horses are grazing in the meadow.
can be seen hurrying toward the aspens and alders that
the river.

EXT. RIVER BANK

is
Helen
Her
her
of
revealing

MED. SHOT. Here the river moves quietly down. The bank
sandy. Alders and aspens screen it from the meadow.
sits on the sand taking off her shoes and stockings.
toilet box is beside her. Something on the bank catches
attention, she rises and climbs the bank. Some branches
aspens cover an object. She pulls the branches away,
a crud, miner's cradle or rocker.

MED. CLOSE

it

Helen stares down at the cradle. She doesn't know what
is.

FOWLER'S VOICE

(sharp)

What are you doing down here?

Helen, startled, turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Fowler and Helen. They stare at each other.

FOWLER

(curt)

You got no business snoopin' around --

HELEN

(hard)

Me snoopin'? I came down here to
take a bath.

She glances from Fowler to the cradle.

HELEN

That something I shouldn't see?

FOWLER

(flustered)

No. But it's mine and I didn't want anyone foolin' with it.

Hurriedly he covers it with branches again. Helen watches him, curious, interested.

HELEN

What is it?

FOWLER

Just a thing I was workin' on.

HELEN

The way you act, it must be something pretty secret.

When Fowler doesn't explain she moves on down the bank and sits on the sand.

FOWLER

Go on. Take your bath. I'll beat it.

HELEN

You wouldn't have a smoke on you, would you?

[a] Fowler comes over and sits down beside her. He takes sack of tobacco and papers from his pocket. She reaches for them. He watches her wide-eyed as she rolls a cigarette. He holds a match for her.

HELEN

Thanks.

takes She turns to the toilet case on the sand beside her, and out a comb. He glances at the box, then reaches over from it takes her powder box. He sniffs it. Without irritation, as though borrowing a toy from a child, Helen

takes the powder box from him.

FOWLER

That sure smells good.

HELEN

I like it.

FOWLER

Up here in the hills, a man gets a hankering to smell powder.

HELEN

Then why stay in the hills.

She looks at him then up the bank where the cradle is.

HELEN

That why?

as
gratefully,
eyes
Fowler hesitates. Helen hands him back the powder box
matter-of-factly as she took it. He accepts it
again putting it to his nose. Now he looks up at her,
regarding her calculatingly for a moment or two. Their
eyes
meet.

FOWLER

I guess you can keep a secret. That's a gold rocker. I'm doin' a little placer mining in a place nobody ever thought to look for gold before.

braided
plump,
passes
He reaches to his throat and lifts over his head a
loop of rawhide. Attached to the loop is a small,
soft-leather poke. Still holding the powder box, he
her the poke. She starts to work with the thong.

FOWLER

Look at her -- see her shine. One week's work.

poke,
Helen
Helen still struggles with the thong. He takes the
pulls it open, pouring grains of gold into his palm.

the
looks
at
a

looks at the shining heap in his hand. Then she takes
poke and pours some of the grains in her own palm. She
down at it. Her expression is calculating. She looks up
Fowler and then the hard look goes away. She gives him
soft smile.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

a
pillow.
expression
ANGLE
against the
him

CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Mary is asleep in the shade of
pine. She lies on a tarp using a folded blanket for a
It is very quiet. She stirs, opens her eyes. Her
changes. A soft smile plays around her lips as CAMERA
WIDENS and we see Clay sitting near her, leaning
bole of a pine. He isn't looking at her. Mary watches
for a moment.

MARY

(softly)

Roll me a cigarette, Clay.

squats
then
out. She

Clay looks over at her. Then rising he moves closer,
and rolls a cigarette. He holds it out. She licks it,
puts it in her mouth. Clay lights a match, holds it
catches his hand and holds the flame to her cigarette.

MARY

Thanks.

She still holds his hand. They look at each other.

MARY

Why didn't you wake me?

Clay doesn't answer.

MARY

You should have. I don't like leaving things unfinished.

CLAY

(quiet)

Maybe it's better that way.

MARY

(intense)

You don't mean that Clay.

She holds his hand, smiling up. Clay hesitates, then
desire
his
for her is more than he can bear, so he takes her in
arms. They kiss, holding the kiss for a long while.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They break. She lies looking up. He half lies, half
sits
beside her.

MARY

(a whisper)

Tell me, darling.

CLAY

What?

MARY

What does a man usually tell a girl?

For answer, Clay kisses her again -- hard, ruthlessly.
His
moment,
wants
kiss --
last
hands crush her shoulders. Mary holds the kiss for a
then draws back, waiting for him to say the words she
to hear. His hands pull her toward him. Mary wants the
but she also wants a declaration of love. She makes one
try to get it.

MARY

Tell me -- please --

Clay's grip on her shoulders tightens. She searches his
face
him
with a glance -- stares into his eyes -- then pushes

away and sits up.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She is hurt by his silence.

MARY

All right you don't love me. So let
it go at that.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Clay's expression hardens. He
drops his hands from her shoulders.

CLAY

What did you expect? Speeches I don't
mean?

MARY

I don't expect anything. A minute
ago I hadn't cuite waked up.

She stands. He rises to face her.

MARY

I'm awake now. Go on. Say what you
want to say. I'll listen.

CLAY

If it's pretty speeches you want,
you won't be hearing them. Even when
I mean 'em, they don't come easy.

MARY

Save 'em for the girl in gingham.
Just tell me I'm not good enough for
you. Go on. Say a woman like me can't
change.

CLAY

All right -- it's said!

MARY

Then let's get started. The sooner I
get to Sonora, the better I'll like
it.

Turning she starts down toward camp.

MED. LONG SHOT

through
the
ANGLED PAST Clay. Below is the camp. Beyond the camp,
the trees, stands the wagon and Steve is hitching up
mules. Clay hesitates, then follows.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

composing
Mary. Tears form in her eyes. She blinks them away,
herself with an effort.

EXT. CAMP

side
comes
MED. SHOT - Helen and Fowler in f.g. Helen sits at one
of the table, Fowler on the other. Helen holds the soft
leather poke. In the b.g. Mary approaches. Behind her
Clay.

HELEN

You're sure there's more where this
came from?

FOWLER

Plenty more.
(motioning)
And somewhere up there's the lode,
the rock rotten with it.

Mary
Helen pours the gold out in her palm as Mary comes up.
stands looking down.

HELEN

Pretty, isn't it? And all you have
to do is shovel sand into a thing
and the river does the work.

ANOTHER ANGLE

saddle
Clay enters the scene and goes over to pick up his
bags.

MARY

(quiet)
Give it back to him. We're leavin'.

HELEN

Maybe you are. I'm not.

She reaches over and pats Fowler's hand.

HELEN

I'm stayin' here with Jed.

Mary looks from Helen to Fowler.

FOWLER

(shyly)

I figure we'll get along just fine.

HELEN

Well cheer, why don't you? No more responsibilities, Mary. Marcia -- Elaine -- me -- all taken care of. Down there feeding horses and raising kids, you won't have a thing to worry about.

the
Mary stands looking down at Helen. Lovingly Helen pours gold back in the poke.

MARY

I'm not raising horses or kids for anybody. I'm opening the slickest gambling house in California with a crystal chandelier, the biggest you ever saw --

the
Clay, saddle bags in hand, straightens. Mary directs rest of the speech at him.

MARY

-- Gaslights and a dance floor and a big bar. Cash registers with bells and a couple of boys with armbands just to keep 'em ringing. What do you think of that?

HELEN

Sounds fine. Only that isn't how it's going to be.

Helen juggles the poke in her hand.

HELEN

I'm sure of this. But not of you.

(shakes head)

You won't open any joint. I've been

watching you change. You're mad now and you think you can change back. But you can't. You'll end up making beds in a boarding house.

MARY

(furious)

That's it then.

FOWLER

(the master)

That's it. She's staying with me -- for keeps.

ANOTHER ANGLE

them
her

Steve has entered the camp and is standing looking at open-mouthed. Mary moves over to Fowler and holds out hand.

MARY

If there were more men like you, there wouldn't be so many of us.

FOWLER

Thanks.

MARY

It's nice to meet a man who doesn't want to own a woman from the day she was born. I never had the luck. The only kind I've run into were tramps or dirty-minded hypocrites.

Clay moves up beside Mary.

MED. CLOSE

Clay, Mary and Fowler.

CLAY

(to Fowler)

She's aimin' at me, but her aim's bad.

(to Mary)

Want to know why I changed my mind about bringing you? Because I talked to Elaine -- because I was afraid to leave you with decent people, that's why. And you'll open your joint all

right. You wouldn't fit anywhere else.

He moves on past her, motions to Steve.

CLAY

Let's round up the horses.

Steve hesitates.

CLAY

(sharp)

Come on -- we don't want to keep the people in Sonora waiting.

after He stalks away, followed by Steve. Mary turns and looks him.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She wants to break windows.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

crosses Mary, Fowler and Helen. Helen is staring at Mary. She to her and puts her arm around her shoulders.

HELEN

Mary, Honey. I talked too much, like always -- he thinks you told Elaine the things I told her.

MARY

(furious)

I don't care what he thinks.

Helen Mary throws her arm off and moves after Clay and Steve. looks at Fowler and shrugs.

MED. SHOT

gate, the wagon. As Mary hurries up to stand by the tail Clay and Steve, now mounted, spur their horses and start across the meadow.

CLOSE SHOT

at the Mary. She stares after them, raging. Then she glances wagon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary Mary in f.g. The mulos stand in their traces, waiting. she makes up her mind what to do. Climbing into the bed, and heaves out pack saddles, bed rolls, ropes, etc. Clay horses Stove can be seen in b.g. riding down toward where the graze.

MED. SHOT

bed ANGLED TOWARD camp. Into the scene come pack saddles, wagon. rolls. Helen and Fowler, in b.g., walk toward the

MED. CLOSE SHOT

the wagon. Mary straightens, looks off, then climbs into the seat and picks up the reins and the whip. She lashes the mules with the whip. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. The mules jump and gallop off. Fowler and Helen come into the scene.

ANOTHER ANGLE

disappearing in the wagon, pulled by the galloping mules, is a cloud of dust.

MED. SHOT

horses. the meadow. Clay and Steve have almost reached the Steve turns.

STEVE

Clay -- look!

Clay swings around.

LONG SHOT

trail. their ANGLE. Mary drives the wagon around a bend in the

MED. CLOSE SHOT

around ON Clay. He glances after Mary, then reins his horse and gallops after her, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

EXT. TRAIL

Ahead MOVING SHOT. Mary drives the wagon along the trail. running beyond the river, the mountains rise. The river is bank full. The trail leads down to a rocky, dangerous bank. Mary pulls the mules in at the bank.

CLOSE SHOT

about Mary. She looks toward the river. She is frightened, back. to abandon the whole foolish enterprise. She glances

LONG SHOT

trail. FROM Mary's ANGLE. Clay gallops around a bend in the

CLOSE SHOT

stares Mary. She looks in Clay's direction, then turns and at the river.

MED. SHOT

with ANGLED PAST Mary. She makes up her mind to go through WIDENS. it and lashes the mules with the whip. CAMERA ANGLE them The mules balk when they reach the river. Mary lashes again. They jump forward into the torrent.

REVERSE SHOT

bend Clay gallops toward the river. Steve comes around the in the trail.

MED. FULL SHOT

current
whips
wagon
kick
under,
into
her and
down

the river. The mules flounder, start swimming. The current catches the wagon. It starts drifting downstream. Mary whips the mules. They swim, the current pulls them. Then the wagon goes over. Mary is thrown into the water. The mules kick themselves free and swim to the other bank. Mary goes under, comes up and starts swimming desperately. Clay rides into the SHOT. His mare hesitates at the bank. Clay spurs her and she plunges in. Mary's belongings can be seen floating down the river.

ANOTHER ANGLE

the

Clay swims his horse toward Mary who is floundering in stream.

CLOSE SHOT

she

Mary. The current sweeps her against a rock. Stunned -- goes under.

MED. SHOT

up

Clay swims his horse to her, reaches down and lifts her up in front of him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

out of
ground.

Clay's horse, with the double burden, fights her way out of the stream and scrambles up the bank to stop on level ground.

MED. CLOSE

down at
her

Clay and Mary. Clay, his expression anxious, stares down at the stunned Mary. He swings out of the saddle, holding her

realize
the

tenderly to him. The brush with death has made him
how much she means to him. Gently, he puts her down on
sand, stoops beside her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

rides

Clay and Mary in f.g. Steve swims his horse across and
up the bank to dismount near them.

CLAY

Mary --

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

Mary opens her eyes and sits up

CLAY

(anxiously)

Are you all right?

Mary is humiliated, bedraggled and wet, still angry and
fighting back tears.

MARY

(sharp)

No, I'm not all right. I'm soaked
and I hit myself against that rock.

CLAY

(nettled at her tone)

I suppose that's my fault.

stands in

Mary gets to her feet. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Steve
the b.g. She looks out at the river.

MARY

(wailing)

All my clothes --

CLAY

That's right -- worry about your
clothes --

ANOTHER ANGLE

points to

to include wagon in river. Clay, suddenly furious,
the wagon.

CLAY

What about my wagon. Of all the crazy fool things to do. You lose a man's wagon because you're stupid and then yell about your clothes.

her
him.
This is the last straw. Mary turns her back, digs into stocking and pulls out some bills. She hands them to

MARY

For the wagon.

Clay looks at Mary, then down at the money.

MARY

Go on, take it. Then you can't spend the rest of the trip expecting to get paid.

CLAY

(furious)

There won't be any rest of the trip. Over the hill is a stage road and when we hit it you get dumped into the first stage that comes along. So keep your money. You'll need it for the fare. I'm fed up with you. I was fed up with you before we started.

takes
He turns and sees Steve standing scowling at him. He
the rest of his anger out on Steve.

CLAY

Don't just stand there. Go on back and get the packs on the horses. We've lost all the time we're going to because of a woman.

saddle.
Clay strides over to his horse and swings into the
Steve stands looking at Mary.

CLAY

Come on. Didn't you hear me?

As he plunges his horse into the stream:

DISSOLVE

EXT. RIVER

the
Three
down to
Lednov's

FULL SHOT - the lower ford. Where the main road crosses river, it flows gently, with sand banks on either side. horsemen appear around a bend in the trail and ride the riverbank. They are Lednov, McCall and Peters. horse is limping badly. They ride into the river.

REVERSE ANGLE

Lednov's

The horses swim to shore and flounder up the bank, horse last. As the horse starts up the bank Lednov sees something o.s. and reins the horse in.

MED. SHOT

the
reaches
turns

FROM Lednov's ANGLE. A piece of clothing floats down river. Lednov rides down the bank into the water. He down awkwardly and gets the piece of clothing, then and rides back up the bank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

rides up

The two others have turned and are watching him. He to them, holding out one of Mary's undergarments.

MCCALL

We got company. Female company.

LEDNOV

(looking at the garment)
Yeah, we sure have.

He turns to scan the river.

ANGLED PAST THEM - AT RIVER

each

Mary's trunk comes floating by. The three men look at

bank of

other, then Lednov turns his horse and starts up the
the river. The others follow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PEAKS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

and the
with a
of
trees.
romuda.
pair of
coat.

EXTREME LONG SHOT. The long pine-covered approaches,
glistening summit; the early snow covering the rocks
thin layer of white. CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM the heights
the mountains, TO the narrow trail that winds among the
Clay passes, and behind him the pack-horses and the
Following the remuda comes Mary. She is dressed in a
Steve's pants and wears one of his shirts under her own

MED. SHOT

is
unaffectedly

Mary, as she swings with the movement of the horse. She
tired. She wears no makeup. But she looks as
beautiful as we have ever seen her.

MED. FULL SHOT

Clay is
disregards
trees.
distant.

the trail. It turns steeply, doubling back, and new
directly above her. He looks down at her, but she
his glance. We feel that he might speak, but her cold
restraint prevents him. The wind whistles through the
The slow plodding noise of the horses becomes more

DISSOLVE

EXT. UPPER FORD - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

through

MED. FULL SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride slowly

Downstream,
the
the brush to where the trail enters the river.
wedged in the rocks is the wagon. The three men look at
wagon, then turn to look back along the trail.

LONG SHOT

trees.
their ANGLE. Fowler's campfire flickers through the

MED. CLOSE

in
the
the three men. They look at each other. Lednov motions
the direction of Fowler's camp. They start back along
trail.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

the
FULL SHOT. The three men ride along the trail toward
camp. Through the trees the campfire flickers.

EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP - NIGHT

the
it
to
MED. SHOT. Fowler is putting the supper dishes up on
shelves beside the fireplace. The camp is cleaner than
was earlier in the day. It is evident that he has gone
great pains to make his visitor comfortable.

a
near
to.
closes
A mirror has been tacked up on a tree, and under it is
wash basin. Fowler's rifle and shotgun are in a rack
the fireplace. Helen's trunk stands open near the lean-
Helen, wearing a robe, takes some clothing from it,
the trunk.

HELEN

You can put this out of the way,
Jed. It's empty.

curtains
Fowler turns and smiles. Helen pushes through the

the
side of
stops.

into the lean-to. Fowler puts the last of the dishes on
shelf, crosses to the trunk and moves it over to the
the lean-to. Turning to go back to the fireplace, he

ANOTHER ANGLE

inside

Fowler in the f.g. Lednov, rifle in hand, stands just
the camp on the meadow side.

FOWLER

(turning slowly)

What do you want?

looks

Lednov moves slowly forward to stand near the table. He
around him. Fowler starts slowly toward the fireplace.

LEDNOV

I saw your fire and dropped by to
say hello.

FOWLER

Well, say it.

guns

Trying to be casual, Fowler moves closer to where the
are racked.

LEDNOV

What's the matter -- restless?

FOWLER

Yes, people make me restless.

LEDNOV

Even women?

FOWLER

There aren't any women here.

LEDNOV

I suppose that's your wagon in the
river.

FOWLER

Some people who went by this way
lost it.

(nervously)

Two men and some women. They packed their stuff on horses and went on.

LEDNOV

And you're all alone.

FOWLER

Yeah.

unaware
the
on
He has edged closer to the gun rack. Lednov seems that he is near the guns. His interest is centered on lean-to. He moves to the entrance, stands with his hand the canvas.

LEDNOV

Suppose I take a look.

FOWLER

Go ahead.

starts
from
Lednov pulls back the flap. His back is to Fowler, who quickly for the tree, only to stop as McCall comes out behind it.

MCCALL

Looking for something?

at
Fowler drops his hands to his side. Lednov turns, grins Fowler, and enters the lean-to.

INT. LEAN-TO - NIGHT

around.
left
hanging
is a
drops
The shelter is dark. Lednov strikes a match and looks The place is empty. There is a bunk, made up. On the hand wall a curtain of gunny sacks covers the clothes there. The match burns down to Lednov's fingers. There SOUND of a scuffle outside a blow, and a groan. Lednov the match and hurries out.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

the

Lednov comes out of the lean-to. Fowler is sprawled by table. McCall stands over him, rifle raised.

LEDNOV

Hold it, Mac.

EXT. BACK OF LEAN-TO - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Helen stands flattened against a tree.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

Get up.

Cautiously Helen starts moving away.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

near

MED. SHOT. Fowler pulls himself to his feet. Mac stands him.

LEDNOV

Come on. Where'd the women go?

moves

Fowler sinks on a bench, his head in his hands. Lednov closer.

LEDNOV

When I ask questions, I like to hear answers.

FOWLER

They went on like I told you.

EXT. FOREST - MOONLIGHT

MED. SHOT. Helen cautiously moves away from the camp.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

How long ago?

FOWLER

Five, six hours.

A twig snaps underfoot. Helen freezes.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Helen.

MED. SHOT. Lednov is staring off in the direction of

McCall moves to the edge of the lean-to, looking off.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

cautiously
MED. CLOSE SHOT. Helen starts forward again, more
than ever. She reaches a tree, turns to look back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

trees
turns, and
Helen, back to camera, is in immediate f.g. Through the
can be seen the camp and the flickering fire. She
then fright comes into her expression.

REVERSE SHOT

her,
around
Peters stands in front of her. As he reaches out for
she tries to get away. He grabs her, wrapping his arms
her.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Peters
feet.
MED. SHOT. From o.s. comes the SOUND of Helen and
struggling. Fowler, hearing the SOUND, gets to his
Lednov and McCall turn on him.

LEDNOV

Sit down.

(calling)

All right, Peters, come on over here.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

for
MED. SHOT. Peters, carrying the struggling Helen, heads
the camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

McCall
drags
ANOTHER ANGLE. Fowler makes a futile dive for Lednov.
swings his rifle. Fowler goes down. In the b.g. Peters
the struggling Helen around the lean-to into the camp.

LEDNOV

(to Fowler)
So you were all alone.

reaches He moves forward to meet Helen and Peters. Lednov
out for Helen. Peters pulls her away.

PETERS

(sharp)
You keep your hands off.

to McCall has taken his attention from Fowler and gives it
Helen. Unnoticed now, Fowler is struggling back to
turns consciousness. He tries to pull himself up. McCall
back and kicks him again.

HELEN

(yelling)
Let him alone!

fight She rakes Peters' face with her fingernails, tries to
knocks free. Lednov reaches out and grabs her arm. Peters
attack his arm down. Free for the moment, Helen launches an
She is on McCall, who is getting ready to boot Fowler again.
himself. on him like a cat, swarming all over him. He defends
Helen is yelling furiously as she fights McCall.

HELEN

Kick a guy, would you! You scum! You
won't do any kickin' when they come
back.

her and Lednov has reached her now. He wraps his arms around
pulls her away from McCall. Helen tries to fight him.

HELEN

You dirty murderers... killin' people
when they're sleepin'...

Lednov pinions her arms.

LEDNOV

How do you know who we are?

HELEN

Everybody knows --

LEDNOV

(excited)

Who brought you here?

Helen doesn't answer. Lednov starts twisting her arms.

LEDNOV

You said somebody was comin' back --
who's comin' back?

HELEN

(moaning)

Stop it --

As the pain increases she blurts out Clay's name.

HELEN

Clay Phillips.

LEDNOV

Where is he?

HELEN

Up the trail.

In a fury, Lednov crushes her arm.

LEDNOV

How far up the trail?

HELEN

(moaning)

I don't know -- I don't know.

Fowler
Lednov
down,
her,
stand

He hurls her from him. She goes back against the table.
is trying to struggle to his feet. In blind rage,
raises his gun and fires. Fowler crumples. Helen looks
too horrified and terrified to scream. Lednov looks at
then almost casually he shoots her. McCall and Peters
watching as though frozen.

PETERS

(huskily)

You didn't have to do that.

LEDNOV

(deadly)

Why not? She might have got to Clay
Phillips before I did.

AS HE TURNS,

FADE OUT

EXT. OPEN RIDGE FADE IN

the
The
follow
McCall
stops

MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLES east. Behind the ridge rises
range through which the pass to Nevada cuts its way.
trail which has dipped down into a canyon comes up to
the ridge a ways and then drops down again. Lednov,
and Peters ride along the trail. Lednov, in the lead,
suddenly and looks off.

EXTREME LONG SHOT

meadow
south
approaching
crosses the
is a
woods

DOWN ANGLE from Lednov's point of view. Far below is a
and crossing it is a wagon road. This is the road from
Yosemite to Sonora. The road comes down the hill to the
and, as the forest is open at this point, anything
along the road can be seen for some distance. It
meadow and continues into the northwest. In the meadow
snake-rail corral. Clay's pack train comes out of the
above the meadow and starts down.

MED. SHOT

and
trees.

McCall, Lednov and Peters. Lednov motions to his men
they hurriedly ride forward into the shelter of some

MED. SHOT

horse
her,

the pack train. Mary, half asleep, slumps forward. Her
has stopped. Steve rides up alongside and looks over at
anxiously.

STEVE

Are you all right?

Mary starts into wakefulness. She smiles at Steve.

MARY

For the last ten miles I've been
trying to figure out how to sleep
sitting up. I'm getting to the point
where I don't think there's any place
named Sonora.

STEVE

It's a long ways yet.
(arrogantly, to Clay)
I figure we ought to camp. She's
tired.

CLAY

So am I and so are the horses.

He rides on ahead. Steve looks after him, annoyed, then
follows with Mary.

EXT. MEADOW

toward
meadow.
saddle. He

Clay leads the pack train out into the clearing and
the road. A small creek threads its way through the
Clay rides up to the creek and swings out of the
is taking the saddle off as the others ride up.

CLAY

(to Steve)
Take the packs off. And run the horses
into the corral.

He throws the saddle down, takes his rifle out of the
scabbard. Steve doesn't move.

CLAY

I said take the packs off.

He starts off past Mary, glances up.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mary leans wearily forward on the pommel, too tired to dismount.

CLAY

(gruffly)

I figure we'll make better time,
letting the horses rest for a spell.

and
Mary looks down at him. She is hoping he will reach up
lift her down.

CLAY

So grab yourself some sleep while
you have the chance.

MARY

If you want to go on, I can make it
all right.

CLAY

Like I said, I was thinkin' of the
horses.

looks
down.
He turns a way abruptly and goes toward the road. Mary
after him, disappointed. Steve comes over and helps her

MED. SHOT

Steve and Mary. Steve spreads a tarp on the grass.

STEVE

You stretch out. I'll fix something
to eat.

MARY

(sitting)

Thanks, Steve.

looks
her
the
seen
Steve goes back and starts unpacking the horses. Mary
off in Clay's direction, then stretches out and pillows
head on her arm. Now the sun is coming up and driving
darkness out of the meadow. In the distance Clay can be

climbing up on a rise.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

the Clay. He climbs up on an eminence and looks back toward hills.

LONG SHOT

his ANGLE. The open ridge. There is no sign of Lednov.

ANGLED PAST CLAY

graze INTO the meadow. Steve has unpacked the horses. They fire. inside the crude corral. Steve is collecting wood for a Clay hurries down toward him.

MED. SHOT

cones. Steve squats beside the pile of needles, twigs and pine hurries He strikes a match and sets the needles aflame. Clay rises. into the scene and roughly kicks the fire out. Steve

CLAY

(angrily)

If you want 'em to find us, why don't you go up on the hill and wave your shirt or fire your rifle.

moment is Steve is ashamed of his thoughtlessness and for a apologetic.

STEVE

I didn't stop to think, Clay.

CLAY

(short)

You better start.

kneels Clay turns and goes over to where the packs lie. He tinned beside the pack, rummages in them for hardtack and food. Steve looks after him.

CLOSE SHOT

wrong
off in
Instead

Steve. He is hurt and angry. Knowing he was in the
about the fire doesn't help matters. He'd like to go
the woods and cry, but that's out of the question.
he follows Clay and stands above him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

STEVE

Maybe you and me better split up
when we hit Sonora.

Clay speaks without looking up.

CLAY

(mildly)

All right, I hurt your feelings. But
you know better than to go lightin'
fires.

STEVE

That ain't why. I just figure it's
about time to start runnin' my own
life.

eating

Clay spreads the food on a tarp, sits down and starts
a hardtack.

CLAY

Maybe you're not hungry, but I am.

Steve stares down at him angrier, more hurt than ever.

CLAY

Come on. We got a couple hours to
eat and get some sleep.

STEVE

I'll eat when I'm good and ready.

CLAY

Kind of feeling your oats this
morning. I haven't laid a hand on
you for quite a while, but that
doesn't mean you're too old.

STEVE

What makes you think you're so
almighty? Telling people what to do
and how to act when you don't even
know how yourself.

the
the
of
uphill.
of

[As this scene continues, there is heard, faintly o.s.
SOUND of little bells, the kind that teamsters put on
hames of their horses. Over the hill, in the direction
Yosemite, a stage is approaching. It is coming slowly
Soon it will be visible on the rise about a mile south
the meadow.]

ANOTHER ANGLE

asleep.

SHOOTING TOWARD Steve and Clay PAST Mary. She is

STEVE

You ain't even man enough to own up
when you're wrong.

Clay rises and stands facing Steve.

STEVE

Go on, hit me.

CLAY

Sit down and eat. Till I say the
word, you're doing what you're told.

STEVE

You oughta say you're sorry -- that's
what you oughta do.

CLAY

You keep your nose out of my life,
young fella.

STEVE

Maybe I haven't lived as long as you
have, but I know a sight more about
people and I wouldn't talk to a mule
like you talked to her and, if I
did, I'd say how sorry I was. I'd be
man enough to do that.

stirs

Steve's voice rises during this speech. In f.g. Mary
and opens her eyes. Then she sits up.

CLAY

I said keep your nose out of my life.
No kid is going to tell me how to
run it.

STEVE

You think you're so slmighty -- smart --
Who are you to sit up there and say
nobody's good enough for you, like
you said yesterday -- just because a
man kisses a woman --

Mary has risen. She is listening to Steve. She is also
listening to the bells.

LONG SHOT

long

her ANGLE. Over the rise comes the stage. It is still a
way off.

STEVE'S VOICE

-- doesn't mean he wants to marry
her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary.

to include all three. The brothers still don't see

STEVE

Well, if you didn't mean it, why did
you kiss her?

Steve's

Clay is ashamed but won't show it. He puts his hand on
shoulder and pushes him.

CLAY

Shut up and eat.

Steve's

ineffectually.

Steve swings for his chin. Clay ducks the blow, grabs
wrist. Steve swings with his left, hitting Clay
Clay pins Steve's arms to his side.

MARY

(sharply)
Stop it -- both of you.

back.
She walks toward them as Clay releases Steve and steps
round.
Steve puts his hands up, making ready for another

MARY
I won't have you fighting over me.

CLAY
(to Steve)
I'm sorry.

STEVE
You don't know what it is to be sorry.

MARY
(sharp)
Steve --

of
Steve turns abruptly and moves away. He is on the verge
tears.

MARY
(to Clay)
Mind sortin' out my things -- I'm
leaving.

approaching
She motions off. Clay is suddenly aware of the
stage. He looks in that direction.

LONG SHOT

FROM his ANGLE. The stage drives along the road.

MARY
Maybe it isn't going to Sonora, but
it's going somewhere, which is all
right with me.

CLAY
It's going to Sonora.

MARY
Fine -- maybe I'll see you there
sometime.

for She turns and starts going through the kyacks, looking
her things. Clay frowns down at her.

MARY

Because as you said, that's where I
belong.

stands Mary's attention is on the kyacks. From where Clay
near her he can see the trail leading down through open
country toward the meadow.

CLAY

I said a lot of things -- some of
'em --

look Something o.s. catches his attention, then he pauses to
off.

EXT. TRAIL

flash of LONG SHOT - his ANGLE. Up on the ridge there is the
sun on metal.

EXT. RIDGE

trees. MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride through the

CLOSE SHOT

WIDENS Clay. He looks up anxiously, then turns. CAMERA ANGLE
back to include Mary and she straightens and faces him, her
to the trail.

MARY

Some of 'em you didn't mean but most
of 'em you did. I don't blame you
because I understand your way of
thinking and why you think that way.
You want your women on pedestals.
But they have to be born on 'em --
they can fall off but they can't
climb back up.

CLAY

(sharply)

I can't help how I think. You're trained a certain way when you're a kid and you can't change.

He bends down and picks up her things.

CLAY

If you're gonna catch this stage, come on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The stage has speeded up and is coming fast down the road.

Mary looks up at Clay hurt and shocked by his sudden sharpness. She had hoped he wouldn't let her go.

MARY

I can't change either. Not unless somebody wants me enough to give me a hand.

CLAY

Hurry up.

He starts off, Mary following.

MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

Mary makes one last attempt to get him to change his mind.

MARY

(softly)

I'm fool enough to believe that one of these days somebody will. Somebody who wants me as I am will maybe walk into the place where I'm working and take me out of there.

CLAY

Maybe they will.

He waves for the stage to stop.

ANGLED PAST STAGE

The driver sees Clay waving and pulls the horses in. The stage moves down to the edge of the meadow.

MED. SHOT

with
the
Line".

The stage. It is a small one, a double-seated buckboard one woman passenger and the driver an elderly man. On side of the vehicle is painted: "Yosemite-Sonora Stage Line". The woman, middle-aged and rather drab, looks at Mary curiously.

CLAY

Mind giving a lady a lift into town?

DRIVER

(to Mary)

Climb right in.

Mary's
the

He jumps out of the stage and follows Clay, carrying belongings, around back of the stage. Mary gets into stage beside the woman who moves over for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

hands
boot.

on back of stage. The driver opens the boot and Clay hands Mary's belongings. He starts stowing them in the boot.

CLAY

Will you be seeing the sheriff?

DRIVER

Depot's right next to his office.

moved

Clay starts scribbling a note. In the b.g. Steve has moved up beside the stage. He stands looking up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE

featuring Mary and Steve.

STEVE

(shyly)

Goodbye, ma'am.

Mary reaches down and takes his hand.

MARY

(quietly)

Goodbye, Steve. Don't fight with him
any more.

of Steve's expression hardens. He glances toward the back
the stage, then at Mary.

MARY

It's not his fault, just you remember
that. It's mine. Don't ask me why
because you couldn't understand now.
Some day you will.

back. Clay and the driver come around the stage. Steve steps
each The driver climbs into the seat. Clay and Mary look at
other.

MARY

Goodbye. Thanks for the lift.

CLAY

Goodbye, Mary.

MARY

By the way, if you ever go past the
Wyatt ranch, have another talk with
Elaine.

the Before Clay can speak, the driver snaps his whip and
Clay, stage jerks away down the road. Mary doesn't look back.
around a in f.g., looks after it. Dust rises. It disappears
meadow. bend in the road. Clay turns and starts across the
Steve looks after Clay, hesitates, then follows.

MED. CLOSE

are as Clay reaches the spot where the kyacks and saddles
thrown. Steve comes up to him.

STEVE

You know what she asked me?

CLAY

I don't care what she asked you.

STEVE

She told me not to fight with you anymore. She said it wasn't your fault, but -- I figure different...

Clay is looking off, hardly listening.

STEVE

It is so your fault and... and I guess maybe when we hit the ranch... you and me better...

CLAY

(sharply)

You want to split up? --

Clay's eyes are narrow, peering toward:

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAY

Something
barrel as

LONG SHOT (Clay's ANGLE) of the shadowed slope. moves, indistinct, and then the sun catches a gun it disappears.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Steve as Clay turns sharply.

CLAY

-- Why wait? Go on, saddle up now and beat it.

Steve looks over toward the horses, stalling.

STEVE

Half of them are mine.

CLAY

(hard)

You'll get your share. Go on. I don't want you around.

CAMERA
and
angry

Turning, he crosses to where Steve's horse stands. ANGLE WIDENS. He loads the horse back, throws a blanket saddle on and cinches up the saddle. Steve watches, and hurt. Clay steps back.

CLAY

There you are.

MED. CLOSE

the
the two brothers. They stare at each other. Steve is on
verge of tears. Hurriedly, he swings into the saddle.

MED. SHOT

gallops
face. He
carrying
He glances down to Clay and digs his spurs in and
after the stage. Clay's stern expression leaves his
looks after the boy, smiles softly and then starts
the pack-saddle into the shelter of the forest.

EXT. ROAD

horse
MED. SHOT. Steve rides along the road. He pulls his
in, then glances back.

EXT. MEADOW

belongings
UP.
space.
LONG SHOT - Steve's ANGLE. Clay is carrying the
into the shelter of the forest. CAMERA PANS OVER and
Momentarily a horseman is seen riding into an open

CLOSE SHOT

actions,
rides
back toward the meadow.
Steve as he stares. Then understanding his brother's
he jerks the reins and swings the horse around and

EXT. MEADOW

corral,
forest
lighting the fire.
MED. SHOT - Steve gallops across the meadow to the
swings off and starts unsaddling. Clay is inside the

MED. CLOSE

hurries Clay. He looks over toward Steve, then rises and toward him.

MED. CLOSE

horse Clay and Steve. Steve takes down the bars and puts the bars in the corral. Clay comes up to him as he's putting the back up.

CLAY

What did you come back for?

STEVE

Like I told you, half those horses are mine. I'm makin' sure they get to the ranch safe. So let's quit arguing and do whatever you figure on doin'.

The two brothers stare at each other.

CLAY

(softly)

Is that the only reason you came back?

STEVE

(gruff)

Sure. What other reason would there be?

CLAY

(smiling)

I just wondered. Let's go.

EXT. MEADOW

The LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Above the pines smoke rises. horses graze inside the corral. In the shadowy forest by the creek, Clay's camp can be seen. A tarp has been stretched over the camp. Lednov moves into the right hand side of the frame and looks down.

REVERSE SHOT

meadow.
from the
through the
are

Lednov stands on a rocky hill looking down in the
Behind him are McCall and Peters. They are screened
meadow by the rocks. Lednov turns and starts off
rocks to circle above the camp. The two men follow. All
on foot.

EXT. ROCK

hidden
comes
above
stops.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING PAST Clay and along his rifle. Clay,
behind a wall of rock, is watching the trail where it
down into the meadow. Something moves on the rocky hill
and to his left. He looks up, waiting. The movement
Clay glances around.

ANOTHER ANGLE

the

Below Clay, Steve lies in a cut in the rocks, watching
camp. Clay motions toward the hill. Steve nods.

EXT. ROCK

the
flight of
CAMERA

PAN SHOT - FROM Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA, SHOOTING THROUGH
rifle sights, SEARCHES the forest and meadow. As a
birds suddenly rises above a section of the forest, the
HOLDS.

EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP

halted by

MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters have stopped,
the sudden flight of the birds.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Below is the camp. Lednov motions.

LEDNOV

(to Peters)

Go on down and have a look.

PETERS

(scoffing)

And get my head blown off! Not me.

Lednov looks at McCall. From his pocket, McCall takes a coin.

MCCALL

Call it.

PETERS

Heads.

McCall flips the coin, shows it to Peters. Peters shrugs and starts moving cautiously down toward the camp.

MED. CLOSE

Lednov and McCall.

LEDNOV

And you! Get going.

McCall moves off to circle around in back of where Clay and Steve wait. Lednov watches him go then, moving to the shelter of the rocks, waits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

His position commands the meadow, where the horses are corralled, and the camp.

EXT. ROCK

LONG SHOT - Clay's ANGLE. The forest is silent. Then, momentarily, Peters is in the open. Clay brings his rifle up, trying to get him in the sights. Wheeler disappears.

EXT. PETERS' POSITION

MED. SHOT. Stealthily, Peters makes his way down toward the camp.

LONG SHOT

raises ANGLED PAST Peters. Peters, sheltered by a tree trunk,
his rifle, then his eye catches a movement. He fires.

EXT. ROCK

He LONG SHOT - PAST Clay. Clay has Peters in his sights.
fires.

MED. CLOSE

earth, Peters. Peters is stretched on the needle-covered
dead.

EXT. ROCK

and MED. CLOSE - Clay. Clay throws the empty cartridge out
him. another in. O.s. there is a SHOT. A bullet hits near
on Clay looks off in the direction where Lednov is waiting
bullet the hill west of the camp. Another SHOT is heard. A
McCall's smacks into the rock close to Clay. It comes from
position southwest of the camp. Clay ducks.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

Clay in LONG SHOT - Lednov's ANGLE. Lednov is trying to get
his sights. He fires as Clay is seen momentarily.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - McCall's ANGLE. McCall fires at Clay.

EXT. ROCK

McCall's Clay and Steve crawl down and away from Lednov and
positions. Steve grins at Clay. He is enjoying this.

CLAY

(quietly)

Stick here.

Moving cautiously he starts in McCall's direction.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

the
below.
MED. LONG SHOT. McCall, rifle ready looks down toward
base of the log where Steve now waits. A twig snaps
He sights the rifle, waiting.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

again.
MED. CLOSE. Clay stands still. The forest is silent

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

rifle
MED. LONG SHOT. Lednov, sheltered by a tree, has his
trained on Clay's position.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

McCall's
up a
MOVING SHOT. Clay, walking cautiously, climbs toward
position. Ahead is an open area. Stooping, Clay picks
rock and draws back his arm to throw it.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

stone
area.
MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED TOWARD open area below. The
thrown by Clay, crashes in the brush across the open
McCall fires.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

rifle
Steve
again.
UP ANGLE PAST Clay. The flash of sunlight on McCall's
attracts Clay's attention. He fires. From behind him,
fires. Clay runs across the open area. Steve fires

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

Failing, he
of a
behind
MED. SHOT. McCall tries to struggle to his feet.
brings his rifle up. Clay in b.g. runs to the shelter
tree. McCall fires. Clay's rifle barrel emerges from

fires.
comes

tree. McCall tries to drag himself to safety. Clay
McCall goes down on his face. From Lednov's position
the SOUND of a shot.

LONG PAN SHOT

some

Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA SEARCHES Lednov's position for
movement. There is none.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

are
rifle,
sights. It

DOWN ANGLE PAST Lednov. Below in the corral the horses
hunched together. Lednov looks down, then raising his
he brings one of the horses into the beads of the
is the bell mare.

LEDNOV

(calling)

Come on out, Phillips.

shot.
His voice echoes again and again. Clay's answer is a
It cuts the branches above Lednov's head.

CLOSE SHOT

Lednov. He ducks lower, steadies his rifle.

LEDNOV

(his voice echoing)

Those horses down there -- they don't
amount to much to me. Look at the
one with the bell.

LONG SHOT

mare.
ANGLED THROUGH sights. The sights center on the bell

MED. CLOSE SHOT

in
Steve. He is standing recklessly trying to find Lednov
the rocks above.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He stares down at the horses. A shot is heard.

EXT. CORRAL

the
MED. SHOT. The bell mare rears as the bullet strikes
bell. The horses mill around the corral.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

MED. CLOSE SHOT.

LEDNOV

(calling; echoing)
Next time I won't miss.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He starts forward, face set with rage.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

(echoing)
Watch the one with the white face.

at
Recklessly Clay raises his rifle and fires three shots
Lednov's position.

EXT. ROCKS

down. He
MED. FULL SHOT as Clay fires, Steve starts running
crosses the creek.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

his
his
tree.
Steve.
LONG SHOT - DOWN. Lednov sees Steve running. He swings
rifle away from the horses and tries to get the boy in
sights. Clay fires again. A bullet smacks into the
Lednov flinches. Then again he tries to center on

EXT. MEADOW

fence. A
MED. SHOT. Steve runs, bending low, toward the rail
bullet kicks up dirt near him.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

Lednov
LONG SHOT - DOWN. Steve has almost reached the fence.
fires. Steve stumbles and goes down.

MED. CLOSE

to
rails
pulls
horses,
still,
Steve. He lies still a moment, then painfully he crawls
the rails and with a great effort tries to tear the
down. Lednov fires. The bullet whistles past. Steve
the fence down, crawls away from the opening. The
milling around the corral break through. Steve lies
face down.

FULL SHOT

the
meadow.
The meadow, ANGLED PAST Clay. The horses scatter across
meadow.

MED. SHOT

Lednov
the
Clay, now the hunter, moves toward Lednov's position.
fires. Clay runs and jumps into the creek. Sheltered by
bank he makes his way up the creek.

MED. CLOSE

Lednov. He waits, his rifle ready. O.s. a twig snaps.
Cautiously he looks ahead. There is silence.

MED. SHOT

Shafts
the
rifle
another
his
his ANGLE. A light wind runs through the great trees.
of light filter through the trees, making patterns on
forest floor. The light is dim, deceptive. Lednov,
ready, searches for some sign of Clay. Then from
direction comes the SOUND of movement. Lednov swings
rifle in that direction, waits. The SOUND has stopped.

CLAY'S VOICE

I'm here Lednov.

his
voice
to
His voice echoes across the hills. Lednov sights along
rifle at the direction from which the SOUND of Clay's
came. Momentarily Clay is seen as he runs from one tree
another. Lednov fires.

MED. CLOSE

He
Clay. Clay cautiously edges around the base of a tree.
picks up a stick, stops.

CLAY

Come on out.

tosses
stick.
His voice can be heard echoing across the hills. He
the stick. Lednov fires at the SOUND of the falling

LEDNOV'S VOICE

Come and get me.

into
As his voice echoes across the hills Clay quickly moves
the open and fires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay
Lednov crumples forward as his echoing voice fades out.
moves over to him to stand looking down.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

rail. His
Clay, who
sack of
MED. SHOT. Steve sits propped up against the fence
shirt is off and his shoulder is crudely bandaged.
has been putting the bandage on, stands and takes a
tobacco from his pocket.

CLAY

(rolling cigarette)
How's that?

STEVE

Kind of sore.

CLAY

You'll live.

STEVE

(shyly)
Guess maybe I'm old enough to hold
my own in a fight, huh?

CLAY

Yeah -- but don't make a habit of
it.

STEVE

So -- maybe I'm old enough to tell
you how to run your life?

CLAY

(stares down at him,
then)
I guess so -- but don't make a habit
of it.

STEVE

Well, then, I know it takes three --
four weeks for you to come round to
admit when you're wrong... But by
that time she's liable to be in
China...

admitting
Clay looks at him for a moment, not angry, but not
he's wrong yet.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. SONORA - NIGHT (STOCK)

EXT. SONORA STREET - NIGHT

sheriff's
across
FULL SHOT - featuring hotel and doctor's office. The
posse, the bodies of Lednov, McCall and Wheeler slung

street.

pass.

door

the backs of horses, and Clay's remuda, trot down the

People come out of the hotel to watch the cavalcade

Clay and Steve are not with the posse. Clay's horse is tethered in front of the doctor's office which is next

to the hotel.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

camera, is

aged

table.

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH window. Clay, back to

holding a kerosine lamp. The doctor, a lanky, middle-

man, is working over Steve, who is stretched out on a

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

for

cabinet in

cluttered.

down

arm.

MED. SHOT. Shelves filled with bottles line the room,

the doctor is also the druggist. There is a glass

which are the doctor's instruments. The room is

The lamp, held by Clay, throws a circle of pale light

on Steve. The doctor is working on Steve's shoulder and

MED. CLOSE - UP ANGLE

winces

groans.

featuring Clay. Clay suddenly averts his glance and

as the doctor probes the wound in Steve's arm. Steve

The lamp wavers.

DOCTOR

(sharply)

Hold her steady. I'm not hurting
him.

STEVE

Maybe you're not, but I'll sure be
glad when you stop pokin' me.

his

wall. A

Footsteps are HEARD approaching. Clay tries to steady

shaking hand. He is focusing his attention on a far

him.
moved

woman's hand comes in the scene and takes the lamp from
He reacts. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mary, who has
in beside him.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He smiles up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

ANGLES PAST doctor.

MARY

Is it very bad?

DOCTOR

(grumbling)

Course not. A scratch.

room and

He suddenly realizes that a strange woman is in the
reacts.

DOCTOR

What are you doin' here?

MARY

Holding the lamp.

DOCTOR

Then hold it a little lower.

Mary lowers the lamp.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay and Mary. UP ANGLE PAST lamp.

CLAY

Thanks for taking over.

MARY

(softly)

Thanks for loading me on the stage.
I know now why you did it.

CLAY

Like I said, women get in the way
sometimes.

STEVE'S VOICE

He tried to get rid of me, too, Miss Wells.

DOCTOR

Keep still, will you.

SHOT.

He straightens into the shot. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MED.

Steve is now bandaged.

DOCTOR

Put him over there on the cot.
Goodnight... He'll be all right.

watches
the

As Clay lifts Steve to the cot the doctor exits. Mary Clay cover Steve. Then she goes to the door leading to street, stops with her hand on the knob.

MARY

Goodnight.

STEVE

Goodnight, Miss Wells.

MARY

(looking back)
If you need me, I'll be --

Clay straightens and turns.

CLAY

Where you going?

MARY

To the other side of the street.

She opens the door and starts out.

EXT. PORCH - DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Clay
steps.

MED. SHOT. Mary starts to close the door behind her. forces it open. Clay comes out. Mary starts toward the

CLAY

Mary.

beside

Mary stops at the edge of the porch. Clay comes up
her.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary waits, looking up at him.

CLAY

That job you were talkin' about, did
you get it yet?

MARY

Why?

CLAY

(haltingly)

Because... well, you said you wanted
a man to think enough of you to walk
in the place you were working and
take you out of there... tonight I
was sort of tied up with Steve...
but tomorrow I figured on doing just
that.

MARY

(softly)

I haven't got the job yet.

They look at each other.

MARY

But if you want to wait until tomorrow --

For answer, Clay takes her in his arms.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

ANGLED PAST Steve on cot. In the b.g. through the open
doorway, Clay and Mary kiss. Steve watches a moment,

then

turns his head toward camera. He smiles and closes his

eyes.

EXT. PORCH

TWO SHOT - Mary and Clay. They break from the kiss.

Clay

looks down at Mary.

CLAY

(softly)

Is there any place in town a man
could buy some gingham?

FADE OUT

THE END