

"THE SEARCHERS"

Revised Final Screenplay by

Frank Nugent

FADE IN

Behind the main title and the credits:

GROUND

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - MOVING JUST ABOVE

LEVEL - A STUDY OF HOOFPRIENTS - LATE AFTERNOON

their
tumbleweed
prints;
erasing

The hoofprints are deeply etched in the ground, picking way through scrubby desert growth. An occasional drifts with the light breeze across the pattern of and lightly-blown soil and sand begin the work of them. The CAMERA FOLLOWING the hoofprints

RAISES SLOWLY TO:

along --
house

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

We see the rider now. BACK TO CAMERA, jogging slowly heading down a long valley toward a still-distant ranch with its outlying barn and corrals.

AFTERNOON

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - MED. SHOT - MOVING - LATE

is
crossing.

The CAMERA FRAMES and MOVES with the lone horseman. He ETHAN EDWARDS, a man as hard as the country he is

beard.

Ethan is in his forties, with a three-day stubble of

one

Dust is caked in the lines of his face and powders his clothing. He wears a long Confederate overcoat, torn at pocket, patched and clumsily stitched at the elbows.

down
of the
carries

His trousers are a faded blue with an off-color stripe
the legs where once there had been the yellow stripes
Yankee cavalry. His saddle is Mexican and across it he
a folded serape in place of the Texas poncho...

and
onto
silk
closer
tearing

Rider and horse have come a long way. The CAMERA HOLDS
PANS the rider past and we see another detail; strapped
his saddle roll is a sabre and scabbard with a gray
sash wrapped around it... Horse and rider pass, moving
to the ranch as a little girl and a small dog come
around the corner of the house.

EXT. THE YARD OF THE EDWARDS RANCH - MED. SHOT - DEBBIE

-

LATE AFTERNOON

excitedly.

She is staring wide-eyed at the distant horseman o.s.
Her little dog has seen him too and is barking

the

DEBBIE quickly reaches to grab the dog by the scruff of
neck, crouching over him. Debbie is 11 years old with a
piquant, memorable face.

EXT. THE YARD - CLOSE SHOT - DEBBIE

her
again
perhaps

Here we must establish and dramatize what it is about
face that is memorable, so that if we were to see her
five or six years later, we would know it is she --
the eye color or the slant of eyebrow, or a trick of
scratching bridge of nose with crooked forefinger.

AFTERNOON

EXT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - MED. SHOT - AARON - LATE

and
porch

The ranch house is of adobe, solidly built, with a sod
cross-timbered roof, deep windows. A small gallery or

the
too,
curious
and
looking man

extends across the front. AARON EDWARDS comes through door, attracted by the dog's barking -- and then he, sees the approaching horseman and comes farther out -- but not at all apprehensive. Aaron is a lean, weathered tired man, with a down-swept mustache; a gentler- than Ethan and possibly a few years older.

daughter,
18 --
bowl
completely
stranger.

As he squints off, studying the rider, his older LUCY, comes out to stand behind him. Lucy is from 16 to a pleasant, feminine girl. She is carrying a mixing bowl with some sort of batter in it, which she now forgets to whip in her interest in the approaching stranger.

onto
years
work
never be
shares
and
batter.

In the next instant MARTHA EDWARDS follows the daughter onto the porch. Martha is a still-lovely woman, although the years have etched fine wrinkles about her eyes and mouth, and work has worn and coarsened her hands. Those hands will never be idle when Martha is on scene... And now, while she shares the family's interest in the approaching horseman, she automatically notes that Lucy has forgotten her task -- and she takes the mixing bowl from her and stirs the batter.

AFTERNOON

EXT. YARD OF THE EDWARDS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - LATE

a
He,
much
to
always

Along the side of the house comes BEN EDWARDS, 14, with a man-sized armload of chunkwood clutched to his chest. He, too, has spotted the stranger and is all attention. So much so that he trips, but recovers his footing. He pauses to dump the wood into a woodbox by the door -- his eyes

toward
Ben,
open
20, a
straight
other
see if
continues,

riveted on the oncoming rider -- and then he moves
the others, biting a splinter out of a finger. Beyond
MARTIN PAULEY emerges from the barn and crosses the
ground heading toward CAMERA. Martin is somewhat under-
lithe, perfectly coordinated male animal, with Indian-
hair and a white man's eyes. He is carrying bridle or
horse-gear. He looks to the family on the porch -- to
they recognize the stranger -- then out again. He
followed by Ben, toward where
Debbie crouches over her dog.

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - ETHAN - LATE

AFTERNOON

As he rides downslope toward the house.

THE CREDITS END.

**EXT. THE EDWARDS RANCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA,
AARON - LATE AFTERNOON**

LUCY, AND

Aaron --
mouth to
later

Suddenly, Martha's eyes widen as she -- even before
recognizes the distant rider. Her hand goes to her
check the name that trembles on her lips... An instant
Aaron, too, identifies the oncoming horseman.

AARON

(incredulous)

Ethan?

the
follows

He looks at her, frowning, then slowly steps out onto
hard ground. Martha hands the bowl back to Lucy and
Aaron.

EXT. THE YARD OF THE EDWARDS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - THE

GROUP

them.

Finally:

as Ethan rides in and sits his horse, looking down at
There is a noticeable constraint on all of them.

ETHAN

Hello, Aaron...

has

His eyes shift to Martha and hold. Ethan is, and always
been, in love with his brother's wife and she with him.

ETHAN

Martha...

MARTHA

(a bit shakily)

Hello, Ethan.

and

Aaron

horse

Ethan slowly, stiffly swings out of the saddle. Aaron
Martha exchange quick glances... troubled, puzzled.
pastes on an uncertain smile as Ethan comes around his
toward their side.

AARON

How's California?

ETHAN

How should I know?

AARON

But Mose Harper said...

ETHAN

That old goat still creakin'
around?... Whyn't someone bury him?

Debbie

down

children.

He goes to his saddle pack, begins unlacing it. Ben and
have inched closer -- half-shy, half-curious.
Debbie's dog begins sniffing at his heels. Ethan looks
at them - not unfriendly, just a man not used to

ETHAN

Ben, ain't you?

Ben nods.

ETHAN

(frowning at Debbie)
Lucy, you ain't much bigger than
when I saw you last.

DEBBIE

I'm Deborah!
(pointing)
She's Lucy.

Ethan looks in the direction of the pointing finger.

EXT. YARD - ANOTHER ANGLE

as Lucy steps down from the porch and approaches.

MARTHA

Lucy's going on seventeen now...

BEN

An' she's got a beau! Kisses him,
too!

MARTHA

That's enough... Go on inside and
help Lucy set the table... You, too,
Deborah!

EXT. YARD - FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

take

as Martin -- with slightly averted face -- crosses to
the bridle of Ethan's horse and lead him away.

ETHAN

(wheeling on him)

MOMENTO!

Martin checks his stride, stares in surprise.

MARTHA

(contritely)

Martin!... Here we've been standing...
Ethan, you haven't forgotten Martin?

ETHAN

Oh... Mistook you for a half-breed.

MARTIN

(levelly)

Not quite... Quarter Cherokee. The rest is Welsh... So they tell me.

ETHAN

You've done a lot of growin'...

AARON

It was Ethan found you squallin' in a sage clump after your folks was massacred...

ETHAN

(bluntly)

It just happened to be me... No need to make any more of it...

MARTIN

I'll take care of your horse for you, Uncle Ethan.

Again, he starts to lead away.

ETHAN

Hold on!

Martin stops again.

ETHAN

I'll take this...

it
watches
Martin
off.

He completes unlacing the pack and takes it -- treating as though it contained something of value. Martin with a touch of resentment: Ethan doesn't trust him. Ethan turns and sees the look. He doesn't care what thinks, nor does he explain. Martin leads the horse

MARTHA

Supper'll be ready by the time you wash up... Let me take your coat for you, Ethan.

conscious of

He hesitates, then grudgingly surrenders it -- its sorry condition.

MARTHA

(smiling faintly)

And... welcome home.

side of He just nods, then turns to follow Aaron around the
the house toward the wash-up.

EXT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA

her She stands alone, looking after Ethan -- his coat in
and arms. She holds it against her breast for just a moment
her eyes are tender.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

quite, The family is finishing dinner -- and the scene is not
pendulum but almost, a still-life. Loud in the room is the
fireplace -- tick of a Seth-Thomas clock on the mantel above the
the in which logs are burning briskly. Ben crouches near
sabre fireplace, fascinatedly examining the scabbard and
Ethan has brought home from the wars.

scabbard. He tries to ease the blade just a bit out of its

the Aaron sits at one end of the hand-hewn table, Martha at
last other. At her right is Ethan, his fork scraping the
and crumb off his plate. Lucy sits at her father's right
center Martin at his left. Next to Martin is Debbie. In the
meal. of the table is the sorry remnant of what was once a
his Lucy and Martin have finished eating. Aaron is sipping
is coffee, and Martha -- her own plate largely untasted --
watching Ethan.

Ethan has shaved, changed his shirt. He straightens contentedly and every eye is on him, expectantly.

ETHAN

Good.

to its
fire-alarm

The clock rattles alarmingly -- the usual preliminary striking; and then it bangs out the strokes like a gong. Eight fast clangs.

AARON

Ben! Deborah! Bed!

DEBBIE

But I've got to help with the dishes.

MARTHA

Not tonight... Ben, put that sword back.

BEN

It's not a sword, ma... it's a saber!
(moving to Ethan)
Did you kill many damYankees with this sabre, Uncle Ethan?

ETHAN

(matter-of-factly)
Some...

BEN

How many damYankees, Uncle Ethan?

MARTHA

Ben!... Martin, he'll sleep in the bunkhouse with you tonight.

Martin nods and crosses to kiss Martha good night.

MARTIN

Good night, Aunt Martha... Uncle Aaron...
(he hesitates)
Good night, Uncle Ethan.

know
acknowledges

Ethan doesn't like being called Uncle -- as we must from the quick look he shoots at Martin. But he it.

ETHAN

Night.

Ben reluctantly puts the scabbard away, turns to Ethan.

BEN

Will you tell me tomorrow about the war?

AARON

The war ended three years ago, boy!

BEN

It did?... Then whyn't you come home before now?

MARTHA

BEN!... Go 'long with Martin. MARCH!

As Ben reluctantly heads out with Martin, Deborah crosses to Ethan's side and studies him gravely.

DEBBIE

Lucy's wearing the gold locket you gave her when she was a little girl...

ETHAN

Oh?

DEBBIE

She don't wear it much account of it makes her neck green.

LUCY

(aghast)
Deborah!

DEBBIE

(defensively)
Well, it does... But I wouldn't care if you gave me a gold locket if it made my neck green or not.

Ethan looks at her gravely.

ETHAN

'Fraid I...
(then he remembers something, rises)
Wait.

something -- He crosses to where his pack is -- a side table or
and burrows into it. Debbie is at his side.

ETHAN

How about this?

appropriate to It is a gold medal or medallion -- something
Maximilian of Mexico -- suspended by a long multi-
colored satin ribbon.

DEBBIE

Oh! LOOK! My gold locket!

Martha She holds it high for mother -- and all -- to see.
takes it and reacts at its weight.

MARTHA

It's solid gold... Ethan, I don't
think she's old enough...

ETHAN

Let her keep it... Just something I
picked up in Mexico.

hand. Martha reluctantly surrenders it to Debbie's eager

at Aaron hasn't missed the word "Mexico" and looks sharply
Ethan.

DEBBIE

Oh, thank you, Uncle Ethan...

LUCY

(to Debbie)
Come along...

both The two girls leave the main room. Martha and Aaron
look at Ethan -- half expecting some further
explanation.

spill -- He turns from them and looks into the fire. Martha
begins to clear the table. Aaron gets up, takes a pipe and a
lights it at the fire.

ETHAN

Passed the Todd place comin' in...
What happened to 'em?

AARON

They gave up... went back to the
cotton rows... So'd the Jamisons...
Without Martha, I don't know... She
wouldn't let a man quit.

Ethan turns and looks at her -- still busy with her
dishes.

AARON

(change of tone)
Ethan, I could see it in you before
the war...
(Ethan looks at him)
You wanted to clear out!

Martha freezes in what she's doing -- listening.

AARON

And you stayed out beyond all need
to... WHY?

Ethan can't answer, but he takes it as a challenge and
almost
welcomes it.

ETHAN

(hard)
You askin' me to clear out now?

AARON

(straightening --
with grave dignity)
You're my brother... You're welcome
to stay as long as you got a mind
to... Ain't that so, Martha?

MARTHA

(almost a whisper)
Of course he is.

ETHAN

I expect to pay my own way...

Martha resumes her activity. Ethan crosses to his pack,
reaches into it for a leather pouch, brings it back and
tosses

it onto the table. It lands with a resonant clink.

Both Martha and Aaron draw close to the table.

back- (NOTE TO WINTON HOCH: This scene should be dramatically
lighted.)

ETHAN

There's sixty double eagles in
there... twelve-hundred dollars.

leather He opens a waistline shirt button and hauls out a
money belt and drops that on the table.

ETHAN

An' twice that in here.

gold He reaches into the belt and takes out a few mint-fresh
pieces which he slides across the table.

ETHAN

...only these got the late Emperor
Maximilian's picture on 'em.

face Martha picks up one of the gold pieces, staring at the
sharply on the coin: the same as that on the medal -- staring
then at Ethan. Aaron is examining another coin with a
different interest.

AARON

Mint fresh... not a mark on 'em.

He glances questioningly at Ethan.

ETHAN

So?

the Aaron shrugs and crosses to a barrel chair. He raises
clothing seat and lifts out a pair of old boots, some rags of
money and then raises a false-bottom lid and drops pouch and
this belt into it. Carefully he replaces everything. During
Ethan's attention has gone to Martha's hand, to one cut

gently. finger, its wound barely healed. He takes the hand --

ETHAN

Cut yourself?

She nods and withdraws the hand.

ETHAN

(softly)

You were always hurting about your hands.

hide She looks quickly at him and self-consciously tries to
her hands, conscious of their work-worn appearance.
world of Then for a moment their eyes meet and hold -- and a
sadness and hopelessness is in the look.
Aaron closes the seat of the barrel chair.

AARON

Time for bed...

their He picks up one of the lamps and starts away toward
expression is bedroom door. Martha looks at Ethan again. His
bitter.

AARON

Night, Ethan... Come 'long, Martha.

after She turns obediently and follows Aaron. Ethan looks
goes them and waits as Aaron opens the bedroom door. Martha
into it and Aaron follows and closes the door.
broodingly Ethan crosses to the lamp on the mantel, blows it out.
Only the firelight strikes his face as he stares
at the closed bedroom door.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

EXT. YARD OF THE EDWARDS' HOUSE - FAINT DAWN LIGHT

slowly
inside.
Debbie's dog is barking excitedly as six horsemen
ride toward the house and dismount. A lamp goes on

THE SIX HORSEMEN ARE:

frosty
the air
the
CAPTAIN, THE REVEREND SAM CLAYTON, a big man with
blue eyes, graying hair, a bristly full mustache and
of grave and resolute authority. He is a minister of
Gospel with a .44 on his hip.

little
brisk
children.
LARS JORGENSEN, the Edwards' neighbor, is a harried
man, Scandinavian. As we shall find out soon, he has a
and buxom wife and a rather astonishing brood of

amiable,
BRAD JORGENSEN is one of these: sandy-haired, brash,
impulsive. He is in his early twenties.

of
Charlie is
patterned
CHARLIE MacCORY, slightly older than Brad, is Sergeant
Company A of the Rangers. (He is also Company A.)
a taciturn, gently-spoken, competent man, clearly
by his association with Captain, the Rev. Sam.

during a
weather,
MOSE HARPER is an old scout -- a walking bone-rack, yet
capable of tireless feats of endurance. Some think him
"tetched" yet he has managed to endure to his age
time and in a region where few men lived to see their
grandchildren. He wears a ragged dark overcoat in all
a narrow-brimmed hat with a feather in its band.

thirties;
ED NESBY is a rancher and homesteader in his mid-
resolute, honest, self-effacing; nothing picturesque or
dramatic about him; just a solid citizen and a realist.

INT. EDWARDS' HOME - CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA

with
the
foot-
She is at the window of her bedroom, wrapper clutched
one hand, lamp upraised in the other as she stares into
dawn to see who these callers are. We hear the heavy
falls of the approaching men, then a loud knock thrice
repeated -- an ominous sound.

OMITTED

17-A

INT. THE EDWARDS' - ANGLE AT DOOR

SAM'S VOICE

Aaron! Open up!... Sam Clayton!

gun. He
bar
the men
The door is opened by Aaron -- holding a lamp and a
is only partly dressed -- pants, boots, undershirt. The
of light slashes across the faces of Sam and some of
behind him.

AARON

Reverend... Come in!

INT. THE EDWARDS' HOUSE - FULL SHOT

CLAYTON

Sorry to get you out of bed so
early...

(as Martha enters,
tightening her wrapper)
Mornin', Sister Edwards.

MARTHA

What is it, Reverend?

CLAYTON

Lars Jorgensen claims someone bust
into his corral last night and run
off his best cows...

AARON

You mean those pure breds he just
bought?

followed

Jorgensen enters -- an angry little man -- closely
by Mose Harper, who is grinning foolishly.

JORGENSEN

Next time I raise pigs, by golly!
You never hear of anyone running off
pigs, I bet you.

MOSE

Injuns has 'em... Caddoes or Kiowas...
Kiowas or Caddoes.

CLAYTON

(irritably)
Caddoes!

makes

Mose spots Martha and at once whips off his hat and
her an exaggerated cavalier's bow.

MOSE

Respects to a charmin' lady, ma'am.
...Respects, respects...

Ed Nesby enters.

NESBY

Mornin'...

MARTHA

Coffee's made if you...

CLAYTON

Coffee'd be fine, sister...

She heads for the stove.

MOSE

(an old man's whimper)
My bones is cold...

a

His eyes brighten as he looks toward the fire and spots
rocking chair. He shuffles toward it, plants himself
and begins rocking and half-crooning to himself.

JORGENSEN

Or bumble bees, by golly... I show
them dirty rustlers!

MOSE

(crooning)

Lookit me, old Mose Harper, rockin'
in a rockin' chair... I'm a-goin' to
set 'n rock, 'n rock, 'n rock, 'n
rock...

armed,
The front door opens to admit Martin, fully dressed and
with Charlie MacCorry.

CLAYTON

Over here, Martin... Aaron...

Clayton.
Martin ranges himself next to Aaron and both face

CLAYTON

Raise your right hands.

coffee.
Martha sets out cups on the table, begins pouring the

the
Martha.
During the swearing-in, Ethan will enter the room from
inner door -- unnoticed by the other men, but not by

conscious
they
And as the scene plays, the audience must always be
of the by-play of glances between Martha and Ethan as
face the prospect of being left in this house together.

CLAYTON

You are hereby volunteer privates in
Company A of the Texas Rangers and
will faithfully discharge the duties
of same without recompense or monetary
compensation -- meaning no pay!...
Amen and get your shirt on, will
you, Aaron.

AARON

(stubbornly)

Ain't goin' volunteerin' after
rustlers without my morning coffee,
Reverend... Drink your own!

CLAYTON

(sternly -- as he
reaches for his cup)

From now on, call me 'Captain'!

Clayton But Ethan advances and calmly appropriates the cup
is reaching for...

ETHAN

(mockingly)
Captain the Reverend Samuel Johnson
Clayton!... Mighty impressive.

Clayton marks his surprise.

CLAYTON

(dourly)
Well... the prodigal brother...
When'd you get back?

Ethan sips his coffee and doesn't answer.

CLAYTON

Haven't seen you since the surrender.
(a pause)
Come to think of it, I didn't see
you at the surrender.

ETHAN

I don't believe in surrenderin'... I
still got my sabre, Reverend... never
turned it into any ploughshare
neither!

JORGENSEN

Is no time for kaffee-klatch while a
man's beef is been run off.

MOSE

Injuns, Ethan...
(taps his nose)
Caddoes or Kiowas... Mose Harper,
drinkin' coffee in a rockin' chair.
...ay-eh!

and Martha has left the room briefly to fetch Aaron's shirt
vest and stands behind him. Aaron drains his cup.

AARON

Ethan, countin' on you to look after
things while I'm gone.

Martha as
briefly,
into

Ethan -- cup to his lips -- looks over its rim at
Aaron starts to put on his shirt. Their eyes meet
then she looks away. Ethan sloshes the dregs of his cup
the fire -- some of it spattering Mose.

ETHAN

You ain't goin'...

CLAYTON

He sure is goin'... He's sworn in.

ETHAN

(angrily)

Well, swear him out again!... I'll
go with you.

averted
Aaron

Martha stands submissively, with her head bent, eyes
as Ethan crosses the room to get his coat, guns, etc.
follows him.

AARON

Now, Ethan, I ain't sure...

ETHAN

Don't argue!... And stay close...
Maybe they're rustlers... and maybe
this dodderin' old idiot ain't so
far wrong...

MOSE

Thankin' ye, Ethan... thankin' ye.
Kind words...

CLAYTON

(grudgingly)

All right... I'll swear you in...

ETHAN

You can forget that...
(as Sam stares)
Wouldn't be legal anyway.

CLAYTON

Why?

(a pause -- then
shrewdly)

You wanted for a crime, Ethan?

Martha waits -- intent.

ETHAN

You askin' as a Reverend or a Captain,
Sam?

CLAYTON

I'm askin' as a Ranger of the
sovereign state of Texas.

ETHAN

Got a warrant?

CLAYTON

You fit a lot of descriptions.

ETHAN

(levelly)

I figger a man's only good for one
oath at a time... I took mine to the
Confederate States of America...

(he pauses -- then)

So did you, Reverend...

He looks past him then -- at Martha and then at Aaron.

ETHAN

Stick close, Aaron...

He looks at Martha again... and then strides out.

EXT. THE EDWARDS' HOUSE -- DAWN LIGHT

sight
standing
Jorgensen
are

As Ethan emerges he is brought to a momentary halt by
of a couple -- Brad and Lucy -- in each other's arms,
near the saddled horses of the posse. Clayton and
following him out, spot the couple, who now belatedly
conscious of their audience.

JORGENSEN

Brad!... Is no time for lolly-
gagging...

house as
and

In confusion, Lucy runs back around the side of the
Brad -- unrepentant -- grins at his irascible old man

toward

heads for his waiting horse. Clayton chuckles and turns
Martha, who has followed them out.

CLAYTON

Looks like I'll be reading the lines
over that pair before long, sister
Edwards.

JORGENSEN

Is no time for talking weddings...
Better say prayers for those dirty
thieves, by golly... running off a
man's beef...

Mose, last to emerge, bows elaborately to Martha.

MOSE

Grateful to the hospitality of yore
rockin' chair, ma'am...

of

blanket

The men are mounting. Mose nimbly vaults onto the back
his horse -- which he rides bareback, with only a
pad.

AND

OMITTED

EXT. THE EDWARDS' HOUSE -- DAWN LIGHT

as Ethan and Martin ride to join the group.

CLAYTON

Let's get on with it...

DEBBIE

WAIT!

nightie

She comes flying out of the house in her long flannel
and runs to Martin.

DEBBIE

Martin! Ride me as far as the well!

MARTIN

Grab hold!...

away.

brings
hand
gesture
of

He swings her up in front of his saddle. They start
Ethan is last to ride out. He is watching Martha. He
a gloved hand up in a salute. She starts to raise her
but only brings it just above her waist, a fluttering
with tremulous fingers. It is the last he will ever see
her alive.

EXT. YARD OF THE EDWARDS' HOUSE - FULL SHOT

reins
them.

as the posse slowly rides out, with Ethan last. Martin
in to let Debbie slip to the ground. Ethan passes her.
Debbie stands watching the men ride away, waving at

AARON'S VOICE

(calling)

DEBORAH!

to the
crossing

She turns and comes running back -- CAMERA PANNING --
little group on the porch; Ben in the door; Lucy
the porch; Aaron and Martha at the steps.

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - POSSE - LATE AFTERNOON

terrain --
yards
Jorgensen,
faster
CAMERA.

Ethan and Mose are advancing at a steady walk, both men
leaning slightly out of their saddles to study the
the trail they are following. Out to one side -- fifty
distant -- is the main body of the posse: Sam,
Charlie, Ed, moving roughly parallel to Ethan but at a
clip. Martin comes riding in toward Ethan from behind

MARTIN

(calling)

Uncle Ethan!

Ethan reins in -- compressing his lips at the "Uncle."

Mose waits.

MARTIN

Somethin' mighty fishy about this trail, Uncle Ethan...

ETHAN

Stop callin' me 'uncle'... I ain't your uncle.

MARTIN

Yes, sir.

ETHAN

Don't have to call me 'sir' neither... Nor grampaw neither... Nor Methuselah neither... I can whup you to a frazzle.

Mose lets out a snickering laugh.

MARTIN

What you want me to call you?

ETHAN

Name's Ethan... Now what's so mighty fishy about this trail?

MARTIN

Well, fust off...

He breaks and all turn at a distant hail from Jorgensen.

JORGENSEN

Look! Look!

OMITTED

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - RISE OF GROUND - BRAD

He is holding his rifle with both hands straight over his head -- and he repeats the signal until he sees they have seen him.

JORGENSEN'S VOICE

(excitedly)

Brad! He's found them... Come on!

**EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - THE POSSE WITH BRAD IN
THE DISTANCE**

riders as Jorgensen digs spurs and leads the way. The other
follow.

MED. SHOT - BRAD - RISING GROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

his He waits grimly until he sees them coming, then wheels
mount and takes off over the hill.

FULL SHOT - THE POSSE

crest. as it comes up the rise and the men rein in on the

Jorgensen stares and his face mirrors shock and dismay.
side The other men look down into the long valley on the far
with equally grim expressions.

ETHAN

Call that young fool back!

whips Jorgensen doesn't even seem to hear him. Angrily Ethan
arm out revolver and fires into the air. Then he swings his
in a come-back gesture. He rides out ahead then a short
distance and dismounts... and slowly the others follow.

sun. We see now, the bodies of a few bulls stiffening in the
driven Ethan goes to the nearest one. A feathered lance is
him. into it. He pulls the lance out. Mose comes over beside

ETHAN

(angrily)

Caddo or Kiowa, huh?... Ain't but
one tribe uses a lance like that!

He hands the lance to Mose.

MOSE

(almost a whisper)
Ay-he... Comanch!

Brad rides in -- shrill with anger.

BRAD

Killed every one -- an' not for food
either... Why'd they do a thing like
that?

ETHAN

Stealing the cattle was just to pull
us out... This here's a murder raid...
(facing Jorgensen)
It shapes up to scald out either
your place... or my brother's.

the
Jorgensen wilts and casts an anguished look back over
miles they have ridden.

JORGENSEN

Mama!... Oh please... please no...

BRAD!

follow
MacCorry
And with that one word, Jorgensen calls upon his son to
and they take off... fast. Ed Nesby and Charlie
follow. Sam Clayton pauses.

CLAYTON

Jorgensen's place is closest... If
they're not there, we'll come straight
on!

where
Then he too rides. Martin swings his horse back to
Ethan and Mose still are standing.

MARTIN

Well, come on!

ETHAN

Easy!
(he starts toward his
horse)
It's forty miles, sonny... Horses
can do with some grain and a little
rest.

MOSE

Comanch generally hits at moonrise.

MARTIN

Moonrise!... It'll be midnight
before... I ain't waitin'...!

the
feed
He wheels his horse and goes tearing to catch up with
others. Ethan shrugs and stoically takes grain bag to
his horse. Mose does the same.

MOSE

Wisht it was Caddoes... or Kiowas...
(shakes his head)
Comanche...

begins
saddle.
Ethan just gives him an angry look and then ruthlessly
discarding every bit of unnecessary equipment from his

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE EDWARDS RANCH - WIDE ANGLE - SUNDOWN

shadows
And
house
Nothing moves. Nothing could be more tranquil. The
are long. A thin wisp of smoke rises from the chimney.
then Debbie's little dog trots around the side of the
out into the yard.

EXT. EDWARDS YARD - CLOSE SHOT - THE DOG - SUNDOWN

begins
He comes to a standstill and his nose is working. He
to make excited little sounds deep in his belly.
Then he lies down, muzzle between his paws, watching,
listening.

INT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - ANGLING TOWARD

THE DOOR

doll.
Debbie sits on the floor, playing with a little rag

area
porch
a
dishes.
doorway,
wooden
pocket and
swiftly
gun
hasn't
shotgun

The slanting blaze of the setting sun makes a brilliant
of light in which she is sitting. Beyond her, on the
steps, Ben is squatting, whittling a piece of pine into
slingshot frame. We hear Martha and Lucy busy with the
Aaron comes from behind CAMERA and stands in the
absently rapping out his pipe. Near the doorway, on a
peg, hangs his gun, belt. He puts the pipe in his
glances down at Deborah, intent on her play. He looks
at where the women are busy - then stealthily eases the
from its holster and slides it under his shirt. He
made a sound and is sure he's got away with it.
He clears his throat noisily and reaches for a light
pegged above the door.

AARON

Think I'll see if I can pick off a
sage-hen or two, Martha...

LUCY **INT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND**

busy at the wooden sink. Martha doesn't turn.

MARTHA

You do that, Aaron...

AARON

(still pleased with
himself)
Won't go far...

He steps out. Only then does Martha turn -- and her

EYES GO AT ONCE TO:

INT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - ANGLING TO DOOR

and FRAMING the empty holster, as Aaron pauses on the
porch.

LUCY'S VOICE

My, the days are getting shorter!

INT. EDWARDS HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND LUCY

as Lucy heads for the lamp.

MARTHA

(sharply)

Lucy!... We don't need the lamp yet...

Lucy frowns at her mother.

MARTHA

(easily)

Let's enjoy the dusk a while.

EXT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - AARON AND

BEN -

ON PORCH

Aaron is slowly scanning the terrain.

AARON

(to Ben)

Mind you sweep up them shavin's.

BEN

Yes, Pa...

(undertone -- man to
man)

An' if you see any sage-hens, I'm
ready.

whatever,
smiles
yard.

Aaron stares as the boy shifts a fold of blanket, or
by his side -- to disclose Ethan's cavalry sabre. Aaron
and rubs the youngster's head, then sets out across the

EXT. THE EDWARDS YARD - FULL SHOT - MOVING

master

Debbie's dog rises at Aaron's approach and joins his
as they set out across the plain.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY NEAR EDWARDS HOME - MED. CLOSE SHOT -

AARON

sense
strides --
ready, as
smiles

He is walking through the scrub and brush grass, every
alive and straining. He pauses every three or four
casting each quadrant in turn. Once he whips, gun
a sage-hen or quail whirrs up not far from him. He
grimly as he watches it fly away. He keeps on.

EXT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT PORCH

at
of the

Martha comes to stand in the doorway. Ben doesn't look
her. His eyes -- like hers -- are fixed on the figure
man.

BEN

(quietly)
It's all right, ma... I been
watchin'... Only I wish...

MARTHA

(quietly)
What, Ben?

BEN

I wish Uncle Ethan was here. Don't
you, ma?

She doesn't answer. Lucy comes to the door.

LUCY

Mother, I can't see what I'm doing!...

MARTHA

NOT YET, LUCY!...

EXT. RISING GROUND - WIDE ANGLE - PAST AARON

gradually
the
slowly,

He stands on the near slope of a rise and then
moves toward its summit, so that only head will be
silhouetted. He drops to one knee, half-leaning against
slope and slowly looks out... The CAMERA PANS very
following his careful sweep of the terrain.
The scene is entirely peaceful.

EXT. RISING GROUND - CLOSE SHOT - AARON

the
with narrowed eyes slowly scanning the ground. Suddenly
head whips right. We hear a bird's sharp call.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - SKYWARD SHOT - A SMALL BIRD

It is taking flight, sweeping away in erratic arcs.

EXT. RISING GROUND - CLOSE SHOT ON AARON

had
He squints closely at the ground from which the bird
flown. Then slowly his eyes range toward the left.

EXT. RISING GROUND - WIDE ANGLE - PAST AARON

and at
waits
at a
Across the meadow, a shadow seems to touch the grass
once a covey of quail takes off, whirring loud. Aaron
no longer, but slides down the slope and starts running
crouch for the house, stopping every so often to look
backward.

EXT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND

BEN -

SUNSET

red you
Custer's
NOTE TO W. HOCH: What J.F. has in mind for this and the
following scenes is the same kind of dramatic use of
achieved in "Yellow Ribbon" in the scene telling of
defeat.

Ben
a
to
Aaron
They are standing in the ruddy glare of the sunset and
has Ethan's sabre in his hand. We hear Aaron coming at
run, breathing hard. Ben takes a step as though to go
him, but Martha's hand at once is on his shoulder.
gains the porch.

AARON

In the house, boy... and...

nothing.

He puts finger to his lips, sign for Ben to say

other,

Ben nods and goes inside. Aaron and Martha face each

ahead of

the question large on her face. Slowly he nods the confirmation of her fears, then gently propels her him through the door.

INT. THE EDWARDS HOUSE - FULL SHOT - SUNSET

crimson of

The room is deeply shadowed except where the dull the sun through door and windows slashes the blackness.

pulls the

Ben is waiting and Martha turns toward Aaron as he door shut, bars it and sets the shotgun down. He takes revolver from his waist and Martha holds it as he reaches for his gun belt.

the

AARON

Ben, close the shutters.

the

Buckling on his gun belt, he moves toward the middle of room, looking around him, taking inventory of his Lucy slowly approaches, biting a knuckle, eyes wide fright.

resources.

with

LUCY

Pa?

standing

One shutter closes and the bar of light they were in goes out. Martha, Aaron and Lucy are dark against the red beam from another window.

silhouettes now

MARTHA

(sudden fear)

Where's Deborah?...

(calling it)

DEBORAH!

light.

Debbie emerges from a shadowed corner into a beam of

holds She is clutching her rag doll, nibbling a cookie. She
it for them to see.

DEBBIE

I only took one, ma... Topsy was
hungry.

completely Ben closes the shutter. And now the room is almost
through blacked out, except for the dying light filtering
the rifle ports of the closed shutters.

WIPE TO:

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - THE POSSE - DUSK

that the This should be an expansive view to convey the fact
Jorgensen posse has split -- the main group heading for the
ranch. place, Martin forking off to race alone for the Edwards

out. Coming toward and passing CAMERA is Martin, riding all

direction Several hundred yards away and moving in a divergent
Ed are the others -- Brad and Charlie, Sam, Jorgensen and
out, Nesby. The men are not compactly bunched, but strung
the each taking his own best course and his own speed... As
other riders pass and the dust of their passing, we see two
distance, riders -- Ethan and Mose -- minute specks in the
possibly a mile or two behind.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MOVING SHOT - ETHAN AND MOSE - DUSK

that (NOTE TO W. HOCH: What we are trying to get here is
riders moment of swift transition from twilight to night; of
as briefly touched with the last colors of day and then,
they pass, becoming one with blue shadows of night.)

marked
PANS
across
in the

Ethan and Mose are holding their mounts to a jog, in contrast to the all-out pace of the others. The CAMERA after them as the dark fingers of the night stretch the valley. The wind begins to rise and somewhere off hills a coyote pack yaps.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. EDWARDS - ANGLING PAST AARON AT WINDOW INTO ROOM -
NIGHT**

peers
Suddenly the
enters,
on

Aaron is little more than a shadowy silhouette as he into the night through a partly-opened shutter. room leaps alight as Lucy opens an inner door and holding a lighted lamp. Aaron closes the shutter, spins her angrily.

AARON

LUCY!

that
Deborah
dressed.

Martha crosses the room swiftly and blows out the lamp. In the brief moment the room has been lighted, we see Lucy is carrying a dark shawl in one hand; that Ben is crouched at another window -- rifle ready; and that is on her feet -- standing like a child who is being

LUCY

I'm sorry... I couldn't find the shawl...

AARON

Hurry, Martha... Moon's fixin' to rise...

filters

He cautiously swings the shutters open. A pale light into the room. We see Martha wrapping the shawl around

Deborah.

MARTHA

(softly to the child)
We're going to play the sleep-out
game... Remember?... Where you hide
out with grandma?

DEBBIE

Where's she buried?

MARTHA

And you'll go along the ditch --
very quietly -- like a...
(her voice breaks)

DEBBIE

Like a little mouse.

AARON

Now!

Martha's

He reaches for the child, but he has to wait for
last embrace.

MARTHA

There!... And you won't come back or
make a sound... no matter what you
hear? Promise!... No matter what?

DEBBIE

I promise... Wait!

AARON

Child, child!

DEBBIE

Can't I have Topsy to keep me company?

AARON

There's no time...

MARTHA

Here she is, baby... Baby...

Aaron takes the child, swings her out the window.

AARON

Down low -- go!

bars
window to
and

Martha would come to the window to look out, but Aaron
her with an arm and draws back to the side of the
watch her go... Outside the little dog barks a welcome
presumably starts to follow the girl. Aaron reacts.

AARON

(hoarse whisper)
Here dog... here!

child's
twist...
corners

The dog whines but obeys. Aaron continues watching the
course -- unconsciously imitating her every run and
Then he smiles and we may see the brightness in the
of his eyes.

AARON

She reached the ditch...

around

He closes the shutters and turns -- and his arms go
Martha, weeping soundlessly.

AARON

She'll be all right, mother... she'll
be all right.

**EXT. A HILLOCK WITH TWO HEADBOARDS - MED. CLOSE SHOT -
NIGHT**

little
hollow
pressed
the
reveals
that

Nothing stirs and we hear nothing. Then, with faintest
rustle, Debbie comes snaking along the ground into the
between the two graves and lies there face down,
against Topsy. She becomes one with the earth and the
stillness. And then the moonlight strikes the tips of
scrub growth and as a cloud scuds by, the moonlight
something glittering -- like beads. And the CAMERA from
ground-level shot

RAISES QUICKLY TO:

CLOSE SHOT - FROM EXTREME LOW ANGLE - SCAR

for war --
the
dozen
the

The Comanche we are later to know as SCAR is painted tall, savage, mockingly looking down at what we know is child's hiding place... And in that instant, from a quarters and a dozen throats, sounds the wild yammer of warwhoop!

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

MOONLIGHT

EXT. RISING GROUND - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIN -

breathing
direction of
scabbard --
freezes
face
goes

He stands beside his spent and fallen horse. Its is a rasping whistle. Martin tries to haul its head up. Useless. Breathing hard himself, his face ashen in the moonlight, Martin looks desperately off in the the ranch. Then he jerks the rifle from its saddle struggling with it because it is under the horse. He then -- listening... And we hear the steady beat of two horsemen approaching. Martin knows who they are and his is alive with hope. He gets the rifle free at last and running toward the oncoming riders.

MARTIN

(shouting)

Ethan!... Ethan!

The CAMERA SWINGS with him and we see Ethan and Mose approaching at the same steady gait.

MARTIN

(waving)

Uncle Ethan... it's me... Martin!

Ethan doesn't slacken, nearly rides him down.

ETHAN

Out of my way!

continues Martin goes sprawling to his hands and knees. Mose without slowing.

EXT. RISING GROUND - ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST THE RIDERS - MOONLIGHT

MARTIN

(desperately)

Mose! Wait!...

desperately He goes running, stumbling after the riders -- calling to them...

MARTIN

Ethan!... Mose!...

the And then at the crest of the rising ground, he stops -- We see in the distance the glow of a fire leading from barns and the hayricks and the house of Aaron Edwards. Martin runs down the slope.

NIGHT **EXT. YARD AND APPROACH TO EDWARDS HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE -**

suggested.) (NOTE TO W. HOCH: Here again that use of red is

Ethan The ANGLE is past the porch uprights toward Mose and as they ride in. Little tongues of fire are licking the edges of the uprights. A few arrows, imbedded in the wood, are burning along their shafts. Beyond are the glowing ashes of the hayricks and the charred, smouldering rails of the corral.

burning There are no bodies in evidence... The red glow of the is on the faces of the men as they dismount.

blazing Ethan strides to the porch, knocking away one of the

what
slump.

arrows as he heads to the door. He stops there -- and
he sees makes the big shoulders droop, the huge frame

rocks
with
hinges
through

Slowly then -- and removing his hat -- he goes in. Mose
shuffles to the edge of the porch and squats there and
back and forth, his face working and crying soundlessly
senile grief. We hear a splintered door crash from its
within the room and Ethan's muffled voice calling
the house:

ETHAN (O.S.)

Lucy?... Deborah? Lucy?

porch
yard.

He strides back through the main room and out onto the
just as Martin comes at a shambling run across the

pass

Ethan takes a few steps out toward him. Martin would
him, but Ethan grabs his arm.

ETHAN

(harshly)

You stay out!

Martin tries to fight his arm free.

ETHAN

Nothing for you to see.

MARTIN

Leggo...

Martin
how
the

Ethan turns him and drives a brutal right to his jaw.
goes down -- out cold. And only now do we understand
merciful the blow was as Ethan looks compassionately at
fallen figure.

ETHAN

Don't let him go in there, Mose...

And he takes off at a stumbling run for the hilltop.

EXT. THE HILLOCK WITH THE TWO HEADBOARDS - FULL SHOT -

ETHAN

as he nears the graves.

ETHAN

(calling)

Lucy -- Lucy!

dead
He runs in, looking around him. He sees the little dog,
on the ground. And then he sees a shadowed something:
The shawl Debbie had worn. It is spread out, almost as
though
concealing a body. Fearfully he stoops and pulls it
away...

knees,
There is nothing there, but the shawl. He drops to his
his head bowed, his face tortured. The moonlight is
clear on
the face of the nearer headboard. It is of weathered
wood
and the chiselled letters on it read:

HERE LIES

MARY JANE EDWARDS

KILLED BY COMANCHES

MAY 12, 1852

a good WIFE & MOTHER In her 41st year

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

LIGHT

EXT. THE HILLOCK - FULL SHOT - SLOWLY PANNING - DAWN

newly-
The funeral is begun. In the foreground are three
made crosses at the head of as many open graves --
which we
need not see. With head bared, Sam Clayton is
concluding his
prayer. Near him stand the Jorgensen family: Mrs.
Jorgensen,

Lars and LAURIE -- blonde, just beginning to reach her
maturity -- and a stepping-stone of tow-headed
children.

CLAYTON

...and to Your keeping we commend
the souls of Aaron... Martha... and
Benjamin Edwards...

Mrs. Jorgensen and Laurie -- impelled by the same
feminine sympathy and interest -- turn to look at Ethan and
Martin.

The PANNING CAMERA picks them up...Ethan standing dry-
eyed, looking at the grave of Martha; Martin -- with bruised
lip -- looking out across the plain.

Clayton now opens his small, well-worn Bible to a
marked page.

CLAYTON

Man that is born of woman is of few
days and full of trouble...

Ethan looks at him, angrily, impatiently.

CLAYTON

He cometh forth like a...

ETHAN

(harshly)

Amen!... Put an 'amen' to it!

CLAYTON

...like a flower and is cut down...
Amen!

ETHAN ET AL.

Amen!

Ethan turns on his heel and walks -- CAMERA PANNING --
to where Ed Nesby has been holding the horses. Brad is
already mounting. Mose is there too and Charlie MacCorry.
Silhouetted against the dawn light are the rifles in each man's
saddle

scabbard. Clayton is right behind Ethan.

CLAYTON

Charlie--you and Brad ride point!
...Don't get too far ahead...

The young riders spur out.

EXT. NEAR HILLOCK - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN AND MRS. JORGENSEN

and Ethan is about to mount when Mrs. Jorgensen comes up
catches his arm.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Ethan...
(he turns impatiently)
Those girls mean as much to me as
though they were my own... Maybe you
don't know my Brad's been sittin' up
with Lucy... and my Laurie's real
fond of Martin...

standing. Ethan glances back at where Martin and Laurie are

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LAURIE AND MARTIN

to The girl is looking at Martin full of compassion, tries
stares console him by taking his arm and squeezing it as he
the blindly at the graves and Jorgensen stolidly beginning
work of shovelling them full.

EXT. NEAR HILLOCK - ETHAN AND MRS. JORGENSEN AS BEFORE

Ethan looks back at her -- stone-faced.

ETHAN

(impatiently)
I'd be obliged if you'd get to the
point, ma'am.

MRS. JORGENSEN

I am... I am... It's just that I
know Martha'd want you to think of
her boys as well as her girls... And
if the girls are... dead... Ethan,
don't let the boys waste their lives

in vengeance!

Ethan shrugs his arm free and mounts.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Promise me, Ethan!

He ignores her and turns angrily to where Martin is.

ETHAN

(harshly)

Come on, if you're comin'...

comes
eyes
He digs spurs and rides out with the others. Martin
over, with Laurie a step behind. His face is set, his
almost unseeing.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(a heartbroken murmur)

Oh, Martin... Martin...

MARTIN

We'll find them, Mrs. Jorgensen...

We'll find them...

his
pulls
the
He swings into his saddle. Laurie impulsively runs to
side, steps onto the toe of his stirruped boot and
herself up to his level to kiss him hard and full upon
mouth.

it. And
the
He looks at her dully, as though hardly conscious of
she is back beside her mother. Martin rides away after
others.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(slowly)

I almost hope they don't find them!

Laurie looks at her mother and understands.

CUT TO:

61-A

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - THE SEARCHERS - EARLY MORNING LIGHT

The SEARCH THEME begins as we see the riders in turn.

A series of portraits of the men.

to a
arm
he

CLOSE SHOT - BRAD AND CHARLIE - riding point, they come
pause, surveying the terrain ahead. Charlie, with an
signal, indicates he will take the left. Brad nods and
rides out to the right.

expression
squinting
old

THE MAIN BODY OF THE MEN, Clayton passing first,
resolute, competent... Then Ed Nesby and old Mose,
at the ground as they ride, all but sniffing like an
hound dog.

63A

MARTIN - Next to last in file. Finally:

63B

ETHAN - His face a study of relentless purpose.

WIPE TO:

OMITTED.

AFTERNOON

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - BRAD AND CHARLIE -

nearby.

The two men are at a cairn of rocks -- their horses

search
standing,
is a
feathers.
dismount,

In the near distance, Clayton is leading the men of the
party at a fast clip toward the cairn. Charlie is
Brad tearing the rock cairn apart. In Charlie's hands
Comanche head-dress of polished buffalo horn and
Brad doesn't even look up as the men ride in and

Indian.
but continues his grim work of uncovering the buried

CLAYTON

Another one, eh?

CHARLIE

This 'un come a long way 'fore he died.

CLAYTON

Well, that's seven we can score up to your brother, Ethan.

NESBY

I don't like it.

CLAYTON

What don't you like?

NESBY

Injun's on a raid generly hides their dead so you won't know how many they've lost... If they don't care about us knowin', it only spells one thing... they ain't afraid of us followin' -- or of us catchin' up with 'em either.

ETHAN

You can back out any time, Nesby.

NESBY

Didn't say that...
(angrily indicating
Brad)
What's he doin' that for...

CHARLIE

He wants to be sure...

(O.S.)
Brad shifts another rock and Looks grimly upon the face
of the dead Comanche. Then he spits at it and stands.

BRAD

(grim)
Let's get along...

ETHAN

(to Brad)
Why don't you finish the job?

out. he
doing,
With that he strides to the cairn, whipping a knife
crouches over the body (O.S.) concealing what he is
he bends to his bloody task.

Sam Clayton crosses to stand behind him.

CLAYTON

(gravely)
What good does that do?

ETHAN

By what you preach... none!

He stands now and he faces Sam.

ETHAN

But by what the Comanche believe --
now he can't enter the spirit land,
but has got to wander forever between
the winds... because I took his mangy
scalp!

with
have
He flings the scalp down and grinds it into the dirt
his heel... He wipes clean the blade of his knife as he
crosses back to his horse. The men mount (those who
dismounted) and they ride off.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - RAVINE - CLOSE SHOT - BRAD AND MARTIN

tension in
men --
fire.
Brad is looking out into the night -- strain and
every line. Beyond them we may see some of the other
sitting or sprawled on the ground near a sheltered

BRAD

(a whisper)
If only she's alive... I'll make it
up to her... No matter what's
happened... I'll make her forget...
She's just got to be alive...

looks Ethan crosses behind them carrying his blanket roll. He
at them sourly.

ETHAN

Get some rest!

HOLDS They move off, heading for their blankets. The CAMERA
side. on Ethan as he rolls up his blanket and turns on his

studies He fishes a miniature out of his pocket and gravely
it by the light of the flickering little fire.

70-A

CLOSE SHOT - THE MINIATURE - NIGHT

show It is a picture of Martha. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to
lying Ethan studying it gravely, then putting it away and
back to stare broodingly into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. RIDGE TOP - CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN, BRAD, MOSE, SAM -
SUNSET**

something The four faces are just over the ridge, peering at
far distant, far below.

MOSE

Could be a buffler...

BRAD

It's horses, I tell ya...

ETHAN

It's them all right...

following. He starts to squirm down the ridge, the others

EXT. HIGH COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - THE SEARCHERS - SUNSET

waiting

Ethan's group crosses to where the other men are
with the horses.

ETHAN

They're camped by the river -- 'bout
twenty miles from here. Soon's it
gets dark we'll circle out so's to
jump 'em before daybreak.

CLAYTON

(slowly)

You're right sure you want to jump
'em, Ethan?

looks

Martin and Brad stare at Sam -- not understanding the
question. But Mose knows what he means and studiously
into space.

ETHAN

(touch of defiance)

It's what we're here for, ain't it?

CLAYTON

I thought we were trying to get the
girls back -- alive... We jump those
Comanches, they'll kill 'em... You
know that!

BRAD

(bewildered, angry)

But... but what are we doin' then?...
What are we supposed to do?

CLAYTON

What I had in mind was runnin' off
their hoss herd... A Comanche on
foot is more apt to be willin' to
listen...

NESBY

That makes sense to me.

MARTIN

Yeah...

ETHAN

(angrily)

What do you know about it?... What's
a quarter-breed Cherokee know about
the Comanche trick of sleeping with

his best pony tied right beside him...
You got as much chance of stampedin'
their herd as...

CLAYTON

...as you have of findin' those girls
alive by ridin' into 'em... I say
we do it my way, Ethan... and that's
an order!

ETHAN

Yes, sir... But if you're wrong,
Captain Clayton, don't ever give me
another!

turns to
riding
They look into each other's eyes a moment, then Sam
mount... and the others follow. Slowly then they start
down the slope.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. FLAT GROUND, LIKE MARSH COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - THE
SEARCHERS - DAWN MIST EFFECT**

(NOTE: It is now planned to shoot this on sound stage.)

cattails
except
emerge
their
listening --
Fog and heavy morning mist rise from the swamp. Some
in the near ground. The effect is eerie, very still
for the trilling of frogs. Then, very quietly, the men
from the mist swirling around them. They are leading
horses. Sam looks baffled, angry. They stand still,
then slowly continue.

**MIST
EXT. FLAT GROUND - ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT - DAWN**

(SOUND STAGE)

area --
--
runs
The mist is thinning. In the f.g. is a small blackened
the ashes of a campfire. The men come through the mist
wary, vigilant. It is Mose who first spots the fire. He

to it and drops beside and feels the ashes.

The others come up around him.

MOSE

Ay-he... They was here...

ETHAN

(to Sam)

SURE!... They WERE here... Now they're out there... an' waitin' to jump us!...

He looks at Clayton.

ETHAN

You got any more orders, Captain?

CLAYTON

(quietly)

Just keep goin'...

They move on, slowly.

74-A

EXT. FLAT GROUND - FULL SHOT - MOVING (SOUND STAGE)

The mist is thinning as the men warily move along.

and
moment
ahead.

Suddenly there is the faint hoot of an owl from behind to one side... the men turn slightly, hearing it... A later another owl hoot, from the same side but up

riders
mouth
Clayton

From the interchange of looks, we must know that the are aware of its significance. Mose cups hand to his and he hoots in exact imitation of the other calls. glares at him.

MOSE

(in soft apology)

Jus' bein' sociable, Cap'n...

touch of

Ethan grins wryly. And now the first, faint, ruddy

burn

the sun hits the slowly moving horsemen and begins to
through the mist.

74-B

EXT. NEAR RIVER - PANNING SHOT - MORNING

to
occasional
cavalcade
man
Comanches
their
parallel

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS from a sun-touched butte or crag
the file of men slowly walking their horses. An
shred of mist drifts by. Everything about the little
bespeaks tension, watchfulness. Suddenly -- and every
sees it at the same time -- we see a file of eight
ride slowly out of a canyon at a distance, walking
horses at the same pace and on a course roughly
with, but slightly converging on, our group.

CLAYTON

(softly)

Keep goin'...

Brad, who has been looking up ahead, sounds a new
warning.

BRAD

(tensely)

Look!

CLAYTON

Easy!

74-C

EXT. CANYON COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - PAST THE SEARCHERS

canyon
very
slightly
slowly. And
group

Another Indian file of eight angles out of a different
and begins to cut in toward the group -- riding slowly,
quietly. Clayton slightly alters course, veering
away from the converging files, but still riding
then, from ahead but at a 100 yards, another Comanche

closing

seems to rise out of the ground and slowly begins
the gap.

ETHAN

(to Clayton)

If you were tryin' to surround 'em,
you sure succeeded.

CLAYTON

How far's the river from here, Mose?

MOSE

I been baptized, Reverend... yes
suh, been baptized, thank ye...

CLAYTON

Well, you better brace yourself for
another one... Ya-HEE!

an
is
give

And with that yell, he drives spurs and cuts sharply at
angle to the converging Indian files -- and every man
with him. In the next instant, the Comanches whoop and
chase.

74-D

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - THE CHASE

river.

with the Ranger group short-cutting in such a way as to
outstrip the Comanche horsemen in a mad dash for the

74-E

EXT. THE RIVER'S EDGE - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

Rangers
are
into
sitting

Clayton flings his hand up in a signal to halt as the
reach the bank. They rein in, wheel their horses and
reaching for the rifles as the Comanche vanguard races
view -- to find themselves opposed by seven veterans,
their horses, rifles at their shoulders.

unison --

The charge breaks as the seven rifles bark, almost in

and the Indians wheel to shelter.

CLAYTON

YA-HEE!

the

And once again he spins his mount and takes off, across
river, followed by the others.

74-F

EXT. THE RIVER - FULL SHOT

As the men pound across.

74-G

EXT. FAR BANK OF RIVER - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

run

around

They dismount and Charlie and Nesby take the horses and
them to some place of protection as the men group
Clayton and Ethan. During this:

CLAYTON

(shouting his orders)

This is as good as any... Charlie,
you and Ed take the horses...

is

group

shielded

Mose runs over and crouches beside Ethan. Beyond Ethan
Martin, then Brad... Nesby and Charlie will rejoin the
after an appropriate interval... with all the men
behind river boulders, etc.

MARTIN

**EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - ANGLING PAST ETHAN AND MOSE WITH
AND BRAD BEYOND**

very

and

Ethan and Mose are hunkered down behind some rocks,
casual and business-like as they check rifles, set out
carefully wipe cartridges.

MOSE

(chattily)

Minds me o' the time Joe Powers an'
me fit us some Kiowas...

with
Martin is in the throes of buck-fever, wiping mouth
back of his hand, peering anxiously across the river.

MARTIN

You think they mean to charge us,
Uncle Ethan...?

MOSE

...We found us an ole buffler
wallow...

BRAD

(staring across river)
Criminy!

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - LONG SHOT - PAST THE GROUP

Comanches
then
up
On the opposite bank, we see the full force of
riding into sight -- racing their mounts to the edge,
wheeling off -- jeering, taunting. Brad starts to bring
his rifle.

ETHAN

Steady, Daniel Boone! You don't want
to miss... It makes them think their
medicine's stronger than yours...

MOSE

Ay-he... That's jest what I tole Joe
Powers... That un's gettin' kinda
sassy, ain't he, Ethan?

brandishing
joined
One Comanche rides a few yards into the water,
his rifle, taunting the white men. A moment later he is
by a second brave.

ETHAN

(grimly)
Real sassy.

then
within
He and Mose slowly bring their rifles to bear -- and
the two shots crack out almost simultaneously. And

away. split seconds both Comanches fall. The others race

Sam comes charging over to Ethan and Mose.

CLAYTON

(angrily)

I didn't give any order to fire!

ETHAN

That's all right, Captain... I don't need any formal invitation to kill a Comanch...

CLAYTON

(grimly)

You got one now!

the
hit
frozen,
And he drops behind a rock as, with a wild whooping, Comanche forces swing from their places of hiding and the river. The men open fire, all but Martin, who has staring wild-eyed at the oncoming Comanches.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - PROFILE SHOT - THE DEFENDERS

shot.
Brad, Charlie, Clayton, Nesby are snapping shot after

Only Martin seems out of it. Ethan shoots him a glance.

ETHAN

Slack your shoulders... Slack 'em...
Your hands'll take care of
themselves...

in
others.
Some of the tension leaves Martin. Somehow his gun is position and he is firing as fast and well as the

77-A

EXT. THE RIVER - FULL SHOT - INDIAN CHARGE

ponies'
counted
The Comanches are coming in, crouched low over their necks, whooping and firing. Men and horses go down,

keep

off by the expert marksmanship of the Texans. But they coming.

77-B

MOSE

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - PROFILE SHOT - PAST MARTIN, ETHAN,

close-

his

fires.

They drop their rifles now and pull out revolvers for range work. One Comanche breaks through from the side, buffalo lance ready for the thrust. Ethan whirls and

out

The Comanche horse charges through the defense line and and there is a muffled scream of pain from Ed Nesby.

77-C

EXT. THE RIVER - WIDE ANGLE - THE INDIANS

racing

one

shallows

head

downed

their

The charge breaks and Comanches wheel left and right, back across the river. With magnificent horsemanship, brave rides to an unhorsed warrior crouched in the and swings him up behind. Two others, riding together, for one of the two dead Comanches Ethan and Mose had on their first shots. Swinging simultaneously from saddles, they grab the dead man and carry him off.

77-D

EXT. THE RIVER'S EDGE - ANGLING PAST MOSE AND ETHAN

MOSE

(cackling)

There goes yer scalp, Ethan!...

racing

Most of

racing

Ethan snuggles his rifle to his shoulder as two other Comanches prepare to pick up the other dead Indian. the Comanches have regained the far bank now and are

away. The firing from the Texans has stopped.

ETHAN

I still got one out there.

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - CLOSE SHOT - BEHIND ETHAN

of The angle is along his rifle barrel as it beads on one
the racing Comanches trying to pick up the dead Indian.
Clayton's big hand grasps the rifle barrel.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

(quietly)

No, Ethan.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Ethan looks up into Clayton's face.

CLAYTON

Let them bury their dead...

river. Ethan pulls the gun free and looks out across the

EXT. THE RIVER - LONG SHOT - PAST THEM

and The Comanches have done their work, are riding away --
over the saddle of one lies the limp form of the dead
Indian.

Ethan looks back at Sam.

ETHAN

That tears it, Reverend... From now
on, you keep out...

(mad now -- facing
the others)

All of you!... I don't want you with
me... I don't need you... for what I
got to do!

CHARLIE

(quietly)

No need to shout, mister.

outstretched
beside

The CAMERA SWINGS to pick up the figure of Nesby on the ground, writhing in pain; with Charlie kneeling beside him. The men cross to stand around the fallen man.

CHARLIE

Reckon we got to go back -- Ed's shoulder is smashed -- bad!

NESBY

I can make it... just get me on a horse...

CLAYTON

No good, Ed... And Ethan's right... This is a job for a company of Rangers... or it's a job for one or two men... Right now we're too many... an' not enough...

BRAD

(facing Ethan)

Only one way you can stop me lookin' for Lucy, mister... An' that's kill me...

MARTIN

That's how I feel, Uncle Ethan...
(correcting the slip)
Ethan, sir.

Ethan glares at them, but has to accept it.

ETHAN

All right... but I'm givin' the orders... You take 'em or we split up here and now...

MARTIN

(quickly)

Why, sure, Ethan... There's just the one thing we're after... finding Deborah and Lucy...

ETHAN

(grimly -- turning away)

If they're still alive...

each

He heads away, for his horse. Brad and Martin look at

home. other as the full import of Ethan's footnote strikes

Then they head for their own horses.

OMITTED

86-A

EXT. THE RIVER - FULL SHOT

Ethan, Martin, and Brad mount. Clayton crosses to them.

CLAYTON

You boys got enough shells?

They nod.

MARTIN

Yeah...

CLAYTON

Vaya con dios.

with
continue
The three re-enter the river and slowly start across,
Clayton gravely looking after them. The three riders
across the river... and the Search Theme resumes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE - DESERT COUNTRY - BLAZING NOON

arid
a
nothing
Brad,
are
weary
A region of buttes and giant rock formations; treeless,
and seemingly reaching out to infinity. Far off we see
cloud of dust -- miles and miles off. Only the dust,
else. From behind CAMERA ride the three men -- Ethan,
and Martin -- dust-powdered, eyes bloodshot. The three
watching that distant cloud of dust. They force their
horses onward.

WIPE TO:

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

rock
first
to
butte's

The ANGLE is past some spectacular butte or citadel of
into another long reach of valley -- different from the
view of it, yet alike in its suggestion of endlessness.
But now there is no cloud of dust far away -- nothing
suggest the passage of anything but time itself.
Ethan, Martin, and Brad ride into the fringe of the
shadow and scan the terrain ahead.

BRAD

(shrill)

They got to stop sometime... if
they're human at all, they got to
stop!

ETHAN

Naw... a human man rides a horse
till it dies... then he goes on
afoot... A Comanche comes along...
gets that horse up... and rides it
twenty more miles... Then he eats
it.

Ethan turns to catch Martin thirstily drinking from his
canteen.

ETHAN

(angrily)

Easy on that!

MARTIN

Sorry... We don't even know if Debbie
'n Lucy are with this bunch... Maybe
they split up...

ETHAN

They're with 'em -- if they're still
alive.

Brad wheels on him.

BRAD

You've said that enough!... Maybe
Lucy's dead... maybe they're both
dead... but if I hear it from you

again, I'll fight ya, Mr. Edwards!

ETHAN

(an aside)

That'll be the day!... Let's ride.

WIPE TO:

OMITTED

89-A

EXT. VALLEY AND CANYON WALL - WIDE ANGLE - THE RIDERS -

LATE AFTERNOON

(NOTE: This is the gap in the rocks near the "Medicine Country" at Monument.)

The three riders come to where the trail they have been following forks... the main horseprint track leading ahead, a lesser track heading for a narrow gap between two buttes.

MARTIN

Four of 'em cut out here... Why?

Ethan thinks he knows why. His face is bleak. But he tries to be casual.

ETHAN

I'll take a look... You keep after the others...

He turns his mount toward the gap.

MARTIN

(eagerly)

You want us to fire a shot if...

ETHAN

(disgustedly)

No... nor build bonfires... nor beat drums neither. I'll meet you on the far side.

He's still grumbling as he rides off. An abashed Martin rides ahead along the broad trail with Brad.

be
visible.) (NOTE: Ethan's serape, tied behind his saddle, should
clearly seen as he rides away -- not pointed up, but

WIPE TO:

EXT. FAR SIDE OF BUTTE - TWILIGHT

in
route --
his
Martin and Brad, riding in a direction opposite to that
which they had taken off -- indicating their circle
haul up momentarily as they spot Ethan, standing beside
horse, his back to them, some distance along. They turn
slightly off their course and ride out toward him.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - NEAR BUTTE - TWILIGHT

in.
at
seeing
Ethan turns, almost startled, as the two youths ride
His serape is no longer behind his saddle. Ethan looks
them blankly for a minute -- as though not really
them.

ETHAN

Oh... it's you.

They both stare at him.

ETHAN

(a vague gesture)
I... uh... here's where they met up
again...

They both can see that.

ETHAN

(pointing)
Trail leads off there...

clearly
Ethan.
They look at him and each other -- for these are
unnecessary remarks and doubly surprising coming from

BRAD

Why'd they break off?
(no answer)
Was there water in that canyon?

ETHAN

Huh...? No... no water.

MARTIN

You all right, Ethan?

ETHAN

Huh...?
(more like his usual
gruff self)
Sure I'm all right...

him and
He goes to his horse, mounts. Martin is right beside
he notes the missing serape.

MARTIN

Say!... What happened to your blanket?
Lose it?

ETHAN

Must've... Anyway, I ain't goin'
back to look for it...

two
continue
setting
He leads out. Brad rides up beside Martin. Again the
exchange puzzled looks. Martin shrugs and the three
along the broad trace of the Indian ponies into the
sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - A POCKET IN THE HILLS - TWILIGHT

trench so
him
have
as
the
Ethan crouches over a small fire built into a slit
that barely the glow of the flames can be seen. Beyond
Martin is leading their unsaddled horses away. The men
come to the end of another long day. Both men look up
Brad comes over a hill slope and rides recklessly down

incline to their camp. His horse is lathered.

BRAD

(shouting it)

I saw her!... I saw Lucy!

Martin runs to his side as Brad slides off his mount.

Ethan moves more slowly.

BRAD

(continuing)

They're camped 'bout two miles over...
I was just swingin' back when I saw
their smoke... I bellied up a ridge
an' they was right below me...

MARTIN

Did you see Debbie?

BRAD

No, but I saw Lucy all right... She
was wearin' that blue dress... an'
she was walkin' along...

ETHAN

(voice flat)

What you saw wasn't Lucy.

BRAD

It was, I tell you!

ETHAN

What you saw was a buck wearin'
Lucy's dress...

(they stare at him)

I found Lucy back there in that
canyon... I wrapped her in my blanket
an' buried her with m'own hands... I
thought it best to keep it from you --
long as I could.

He can't look at Brad or at Martin. Brad can't speak --

and

then finally:

BRAD

Did they...? Was she...?

Ethan wheels on him in shouting fury.

ETHAN

(blazing)
What've I got to do -- draw you a
picture?... Spell it out?... Don't
ever ask me!... Long as you live
don't ever ask me more!

turns --

horse.

Brad wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He
walking stiff-legged as though on stilts back to his

his
Ethan.

He bends his head against the saddle, as though to hide
grief. Martin turns away from him and walks back to

same

And in that moment, Brad mounts and takes off in the
direction from which he had ridden in.

MARTIN
(frantically)
BRAD!...

They run for their horses.

CUT TO:

92-A

SHOT -

EXT. ROUGH ROLLING COUNTRY - NIGHT - MOVING - CLOSE

BRAD

hat and
relieve

He comes pounding down a slope, and he takes off his
skims it away. He rips off a neckerchief as though to
the rush of raging blood.

92-B

NIGHT

EXT. THE EDGE OF A RISE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRAD -

is on
Comanche

He reaches the crest and reins in. A distant firelight
his face. He takes one moment to look down into the

his
he

camp o.s. Then he has his gun out. His eyes are wild,
face wet with sweat. Then he throws back his head and
yells -- and with the yell goes charging into the camp.

92-C

EXT. A RIDGE - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN - NIGHT

Brad's
is
quick

They rein in -- staring -- as from afar they hear
yell echoing and bouncing off the canyon walls. There
nothing they can do. They hear his shouts, then the
bark of his .44, and the angry shouts of the Comanche.

92-D

NIGHT

EXT. COMANCHE CAMP - EXTREME CLOSEUP - BRAD - RIDING -

he is
savage
clicks

His face is red with the reflected light of the fires
passing o.s. and his eyes are alight with a crazy,
joy. His gun cracks once, then again -- and the hammer
on a spent shell.

92-E

EXT. COMANCHE CAMP - CLOSE SHOT - SCAR - NIGHT

releases
gasp
other

He stands apart, warbow drawn and arrow notched. He
it at his running target. We hear its impact and a high
of pain... and then the jubilant, yammering yells of
Comanches.

92-F

NIGHT

EXT. A RIDGE - FULL ON MARTIN AND ETHAN AS BEFORE -

drown
scalping

The distant yammering of the Comanches doesn't quite
out one stifled scream of pain; we can surmise a

knife was busy in the last instance of Brad's life.
Martin
turns to
slumps in his saddle. Ethan listens a moment, then
Martin.

ETHAN

Let's just hope he took some with
him...

He turns his horse back the way they had come. Martin
stares
at him.

MARTIN

What you goin' to do?

ETHAN

Get some sleep... Tomorrow's another
day...

Slowly, he rides away. Slowly, reluctantly but helpless
to
do otherwise, Martin follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - LOW ANGLE SHOT - DAY

A study of horseprints etched in the soil -- the mark
of the
feather
approach
horsemen --
Theme
helping us
passage of many horses; perhaps an eagle or turkey
fallen from a warbonnet. And then we hear and see the
of two plodding horses, and the dusty boots of the
Ethan and Martin -- following the trail. The Search
resumes and continues over the next three shots,
suggest the passage of time, the change of scene.

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN -

DAY

The two figures are little more than specks in a
vastness of
savage country.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - LOW ANGLE SHOT - DAY

way
fluttering
cloth

Again we study the hooves of two horses, fighting their way up a rocky slope and past a thorn bush on which -- in the mountain wind -- is a torn scrap of scarlet cloth with a bit of beadwork or Indian decoration.

WIPE TO:

OMITTED

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY - LOW ANGLE SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN

-

AFTERNOON

and
snow
stubbly

It is a portrait study of two faces -- etched by wind privation and cold into tragic, fanatic masks. Martin has aged years in a matter of months. Falling snow flakes touch their faces and begin to rime their beards.

MARTIN

(bitterly)
Say it. We're beat!

ETHAN

(slowly)
No... our turnin' back don't change anything... not in the long run. If she's alive, she's safe... for a while... They'll keep her to raise as one of their own, 'til she's of an age to...

He turns his mount.

MARTIN

And you think we got a chance to find her?

ETHAN

An Injun will chase a thing til he thinks he's chased it enough... Then he quits... Same when he runs... Seems he never learns there's such a thing as a critter that might just keep comin' on... So we'll find them in the end, I promise you that... We'll find them just as sure as the turning of the earth.

FADE OUT

OMITTED

FADE IN

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOUSE AND APPROACH - WIDE ANGLE -

TWILIGHT

The time is spring. It is a year and a half later.

The Jorgensen house is larger than the Edwards place -- of sod and logs, with a covered breezeway connecting the two separate buildings of the house: one being the keeping room, the other the sleeping quarters of the numerous Jorgensen brood. A meadowlark breaks into his sudden song. A dog or two come barking around the side of the house as Ethan and Martin ride slowly from behind CAMERA toward the house. In that instant a lamp is lighted within the house and Lars Jorgensen comes to the door.

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOUSE - FULL SHOT - NEAR DOOR -

TWILIGHT

Jorgensen peers at the two men as they ride up - recognizing them, of course, but ill-prepared for the change in their appearance and full of unspoken questions.

beside
well in
her.
reins as

Bearing a lamp, Mrs. Jorgensen hurries out to stand her husband -- and her face works and tears begin to her eyes. Two tow-headed boys -- 13 or 14 -- come after Jorgensen makes a little signal with one hand, not even looking at the boys, and they hurry out to take the Ethan and Martin dismount.

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOUSE - MED. SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN

continue
image
trick
speech (or
reception.
search;
Jorgensen is
though
stands
watches

The passage of time has stamped Martin -- and will during our story more and more to stamp him -- in the of Ethan. Now it may show only in the set of his hat or of standing; later it will be in his walk, in his paucity of speech). Neither man is sure of his They are thinking of Brad -- dead because of their and Martin is thinking of Laurie. And then Mrs. running across to Martin and has him in her arms as he were her son -- saying nothing, just holding him. He frozen a moment and then he returns the embrace. Ethan a moment, then crosses to Jorgensen.

ETHAN

(to Jorgensen)
You got my letter about your son,
Brad?

JORGENSEN

Yah... Just about this time a year
ago...

MRS. JORGENSEN

It came the day before his...
birthday.

JORGENSEN

The Lord giveth--the Lord taketh
away...

hangs Mrs. Jorgensen starts to lead the way inside. Martin
back.

MARTIN

I ain't fit to go indoors, miz
Jorgensen... These clothes is...

Laurie rushes past her mother.

LAURIE

Martie!

eyes She kisses him hard and full on the mouth -- and has no
amusement. for anyone else. Mrs. Jorgensen looks on with
Martin is just bowled over.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(teasing)
And him probably forgettin' all about
you!... Probably can't even call
your name to mind.

MARTIN

(smiling)
Laurie.

And Laurie smiles triumphantly at her mother.

MARTIN

(continuing)
But I fairly forgot just how pretty
you was...

there Laurie grabs his hand then and pulls him indoors -- and
is no further resistance from Martin.

- and Mrs. Jorgensen and her husband converge then on Ethan -
her face is gravely questioning.

MRS. JORGENSEN

The little one?... Debbie?

reassuringly and Ethan shakes his head. She squeezes his arm
they start indoors.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SPARE BEDROOM OF THE JORGENSEN'S - MED. SHOT -

MARTIN - NIGHT

--
This is a room off the kitchen end of the keeping room
with
possibly
currying
door.
being
stool
and described in the book as the "grandmother room":
narrow, slit-like windows, a set of single bunk beds,
a fireplace.
Martin is in a deep wooden tub, taking a hot bath,
his back with a long-handled brush. Beyond him is the
It opens and Martin turns casually -- and at once stops
casual as Laurie enters and purposefully crosses to a
or bench on which his discarded clothing is scattered.

MARTIN

Hey... What you doin'...?

reaches
through
During
She picks up the shirt, puts it over one arm; she
for his long-handled and ragged underwear, runs a fist
a hole in its seat, clucks and shreds it into rags.
this:

MARTIN

(a yelp)

Don't go takin' that stuff...

Laurie

Ain't worth the mendin'...

She turns and looks at him, matter of fact.

Laurie

What you gettin' red-in-the-face
for?... I have brothers, haven't I?

Martin

Well I ain't one of 'em!

LAURIE

I'm a woman, Martie...
(he tries to say
something but she
goes right on)

We wash and mend your dirty clothes
all our lives... When you're little
we even wash you... How a man can
ever make out to get bashful in front
of a woman I'll never know...

MARTIN

You talk like a feller might just as
leave run around nekkid...

LAURIE

Wouldn't bother me...
(she heads for the
door)
I wouldn't try it in front of pa,
though, was I you...

And she is laughing as she closes the door behind her.

INT. THE KEEPING ROOM OF THE JORGENSEN HOUSE - FULL

SHOT

big
pots;
the
It is a plastered room, everything bright and shiny; a
wood-burning cookstove, above it a row of shiny copper
the furniture handmade and probably not too much unlike
good plain Swedish modern of today.

told,
a cheerful, warm-smelling room.

carrying
wait,
to get
usual
less
in tune with what Ethan is talking about. Mrs.

Jorgensen is

near

in her rocker, darning or knitting. Ethan is standing
the mantel.

ETHAN

...an' then it snowed and we lost
the trail... No need to tell ya all
the places we went... Fort Richardson,
Fort Wingate an' Cobb... the Anadarko
Agency... Trouble is we don't even
know which band that war party
belonged to...

Mrs. Jorgensen looks up from her darning.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Well, you did all a body could, Ethan.

ETHAN

I got your boy killed.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(gently)
Don't go blamin' yourself...

JORGENSEN

(angrily)
It's this country killed my boy!...
Yes, by golly!

Mrs. Jorgensen stands.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Now Lars!... It so happens we be
Texicans... We took a reachin' hold,
way far out, past where any man has
right or reason to hold on... Or if
we didn't, our folks did... So we
can't leave off without makin' them
out to be fools, wastin' their lives
'n wasted in the way they died... A
Texican's nothin' but a human man
out on a limb... This year an' next
and maybe for a hundred more. But I
don't think it'll be forever. Someday
this country will be a fine good
place to be... Maybe it needs our
bones in the ground before that time
can come...

hasn't

The speech impresses everyone but Laurie, who probably

heard a word of it.

Laurie

Ma!... Martie's drawers is a sight!
Ain't fit for rags!... Would it be
all right if we gave him some of
Brad's things?

There is just the briefest hesitation...

MRS. JORGENSEN

Why... 'course it would! They're in
the chest...

And she leads the way briskly, with Laurie following,
to a big chest at the far end of the room.

JORGENSEN

(rising excitedly)
By golly, the letter... In the chest,
mama... It came for you, Ethan...
last winter...

Ethan and Jorgensen cross together to where Mrs.
Jorgensen is raising the top of a huge dower chest. She extracts
a letter, wrapped in oilskin against moths.

JORGENSEN

(continuing)
Joab Wilkes of the Rangers brought
it...

Ethan takes the letter and studies it very carefully
before venturing to open it. Jorgensen is quite curious, but
trying not to seem nosy. The women remain at the chest --
pulling out various folded garments, etc. Finally Ethan
carefully opens it and takes out a letter -- dirty as to paper,
crudely printed in pencil and with a horseshoe nail pinning a
two-inch square snip of calico to the bottom of the sheet.
He reads the letter with the habitual difficulty of a man
unused

and
to words and then he turns the letter, removes the nail
looks at the snip of cloth.

ETHAN

(quietly)

Mrs. Jorgensen...

She comes to him, her arms piled with clothing; and
Laurie a step behind her, holding up a new pair of
long-
holes,
handled underwear -- measuring it with her eyes for
etc.

ETHAN

Will you look at this?

He holds out the snip of calico.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Why it's just a snip of calico...

ETHAN

You ever see it before... like mebbe
on a dress Debbie wore?

MRS. JORGENSEN

Yes!... Yes, I remember!... Have
they found her, Ethan?

ETHAN

No... not yet...

and
fire.
He takes the calico snip, places it within the letter
carefully pockets it. He looks broodingly into the

ETHAN

(continuing)

...not yet...

heads
clothes.
Laurie's face is troubled as she turns from him and
for the grandmother room, carrying the armful of

INT. THE SPARE BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

blanket.

Martin is sitting sulkily on a cot, wrapped in a

boots.

He glares up as Laurie enters. His feet are in his

MARTIN

Might at least have left me my pants!

LAURIE

Shush!... Time for bed anyway...

(putting clothes near
him)

Likely these'll need some takin'
in... Oh, Martie, you're that gaunted!
...Ma's havin' a turkey for dinner
tomorrow and...

JORGENSEN'S VOICE

(calling)

Laurie!... Come... come!

Ethan opens the door, enters.

LAURIE

Yes, Pa!... Good night, Martie...
good night, Mr. Edwards...

and

She wants to kiss Martie but is shy in Ethan's presence

hurries out.

MARTIN

Good night... Laurie...

ETHAN

Good night...

and

Martin stoops to remove his boots. Ethan studies him

looks thoughtfully after the girl and at Martin.

meant

He takes the letter out of his pocket -- as though he

to read it -- and then he puts it back decisively.

He starts to undress. Martin lies back on his bunk.

ETHAN

Jorgensen's been runnin' his cattle
with my own...

MARTIN

(staring)

YOUR cattle?... DEBBIE'S cattle!

Ethan returns the stare without any change of expression.

ETHAN

He's agreed to take you on and share the increase from my herd while I'm gone... I'll be pushin' on tomorrow...

MARTIN

I ain't stayin'... I set out lookin' for Debbie... I aim to keep on...

ETHAN

Why?

MARTIN

Because she's my... my...

ETHAN

She's your nothin'... She's no kin to you at all!

MARTIN

I always felt like she was... Her folks takin' me in, raisin' me like one of their own...

ETHAN

That don't make 'em kin...

MARTIN

All right... I ain't got no kin... I'm goin' to keep lookin' that's all.

ETHAN

How? You got any horses, or money to buy 'em... You ain't even got money to buy cartridges... Jorgensen's offering you a good livin' here...

Martin throws himself back, turns his face to the wall.

Ethan looks soberly at him -- and is sorry for the brutality of his words.

ETHAN

Martin... I want you to know
somethin'...

MARTIN

(turning -- mad as
hell)

Yeah... you want me to know I ain't
got no kin -- no money -- no horses --
nothing but a dead man's clothes to
wear!... You tole me that already...
Now shut your head!

ETHAN

Good night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOME - WIDE ANGLE - DAWN LIGHT

It is a still scene, with the first light of day in the
sky,
a thin plume of smoke rising from the chimney.

INT. THE JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT -

LAURIE -

DAWN LIGHT

She is in a robe made of an Indian blanket, belted
snugly
around her waist. She wears moccasins for slippers. Her
flannel nightgown is high at the collar and almost
trails
the floor. She is at the stove, frying bacon and eggs;
a
coffee pot is on the boil. Beyond her the door to the
grandmother room opens and Martin comes in -- dressed
in
Brad's clothes. His eyes whip around the room. Laurie
doesn't
turn as he slowly approaches.

LAURIE

(quietly)

Ethan rode on... an hour ago.

The starch goes out of him. He walks heavily to the
table
and sits, slumped. She looks at him compassionately.

LAURIE

I don't know what you can do about

finding Debbie that he can't...

the
him.
He just shakes his head, not looking at her. She lifts
food from the skillet onto a plate and sets it before

LAURIE

He'll find her now, Martie... Please
believe me... I know.

coffee
He shakes his head. She crosses to the stove for the
pot.

MARTIN

That's what scares me -- him findin'
her.

Now it is her turn to stare.

MARTIN

Laurie, I've seen his eyes when he
so much as hears the word 'Comanche'
...I've seen him take his knife an'
...never mind... But he's a man can
go crazy wild... It might come on
him when it was the worst thing could
be... What I counted on, I hoped to
be there to stop him, if such thing
come.

at
Laurie has poured his coffee. Now he sips it. She sits
the table with him.

LAURIE

(slowly)
I hoped I could hold you here... But
I guess I knew... So I stole this
for you...

to
She takes Ethan's letter from her breast and hands it
him. He takes it, puzzled, and slowly reads it aloud.

MARTIN

'I bought a small size dress off a
Injun... If this here is a piece of
yr chiles dress bring reward. I know
where they gone... Jerem Futterman.'

Martin is on his feet.

MARTIN

(excited)

Futterman!... He's got a little tradin' post on the South Fork o' the Brazos... Laurie, I just got to get me a good horse! Think yer pa would...

LAURIE

Finish your breakfast...

MARTIN

I gotta catch up with him, Laurie!

LAURIE

(almost in tears --

but angry)

Go on then! Pa's in the barn saddlin' the Fort Worth stud... an' you can take the light gelding with the blaze...

MARTIN

But that's Sweet-face -- your own good horse.

Laurie goes to the front door and throws it wide.

LAURIE

(hysterically)

Take it and welcome... but don't count on finding me here when you get back... I've been dallying around this god-forsaken wind-scour almost two long years waitin' for you... I ain't cut out to be an old maid!

MARTIN

(miserably)

I can't help it, Laurie... I just gotta catch up with Ethan...

He runs out and she slams the door, then rests her head against it.

113-A

INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT - EARLY MORNING

with
word
to
the
away.
him

Mrs. Jorgensen quietly enters the room and sees Laurie head pressed against the door. She wants to offer some of sympathy, but doesn't know what to say. She crosses the stove to pour herself a cup of coffee. Then we hear drum of horses' hooves, the sound of Martin riding Laurie flings open the door, almost as though to call back.

113-B

EARLY

EXT. PLAINS COUNTRY AND LAKE BEFORE JORGENSEN HOUSE - MORNING

riding

ANGLING from behind Laurie in the doorway as Martin, one horse, leading another, goes galloping away.

EXT. FUTTERMAN'S TRADING POST - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

sign-

Low, squat adobe structure, with a crudely lettered board proclaiming it:

'JEREM. FUTTERMAN, TRADER'

are

white

shuffles

back.

There are adjacent outbuildings and corral. Four horses tied outside, two being pack animals. A surly-looking man or breed sits in a stool tilted back near the door, whittling with a long-bladed knife, eyeing the horses covetously. He glances aside and glares as a squaw along bearing a clumsy load of faggots on her bowed

MAN

Andale! Andale!

shoves

Fearfully she quickens her step. The man gets up, knife into belt and heads into the post.

INT. FUTTERMAN'S TRADING POST - FULL SHOT - DAY

on
tables

It is a grimy establishment with some dusty trade goods shelves; a counter which serves as a bar; a few plank and benches.

table
play a

The breed seen outside enters and crosses to a side where another mean-looking hombre sits preparing to game of solitaire with a deck of limp cards.

room,

Ethan and Martin are at a table in the center of the examining a dirty, rumpled child's dress -- Debbie's.

look;

Martin nods soberly in answer to Ethan's inquiring

the

yes, it's hers. Both look up as FUTTERMAN crosses from

man

bar, carrying a whisky jug and two dirty glasses -- his fingers thrust inside the glasses. Futterman is a squaw and a killer -- dead eyes in a white face.

FUTTERMAN

Drink?

grey
Martin
takes
Martin

He sets the jug down, picks up one of the glasses -- so and thumb-printed it is almost opaque. Both Ethan and regard it with disgust. Futterman gives a slight shrug, the dress and starts to wipe the dirty glass with it. snatches it out of his hand.

ETHAN

(harshly)

How'd you come by this?

FUTTERMAN

You said there'd be a thousand dollar reward.

ETHAN

That's what I said.

FUTTERMAN

You got it with you?

Ethan looks at him and beyond toward the two men.

INT. FUTTERMAN'S - CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO PLUG-UGLIES

look.
The solitaire player has a card in mid-air -- frozen, watching. The other man has the same buzzard-watchful

INT. FUTTERMAN'S - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP AS BEFORE

ETHAN

Reward'll be paid when I find her --
an' if she's alive...

Futterman uncorks the jug, prepares to drink.

FUTTERMAN

Man's got a right to expect some
kind o' payment... I laid out for
the dress an' sendin' you the
writin'...

heavy
a
He tilts the jug to his mouth as Ethan reaches for his
leather pouch. Futterman watches greedily as Ethan lets
gold piece slide out. He tosses it onto the table.

ETHAN

Twenty Yankee dollars.

though
Futterman puts the jug down. His hand inches -- as
pulled by a magnet -- toward the gold piece.

FUTTERMAN

...an' a man's time is worth
somethin'...

lips
Ethan's big hand clamps over Futterman's and he starts
squeezing as a man would squeeze a lemon. Futterman's
whiten.

ETHAN

Talk!

FUTTERMAN

A young buck fetched it in late last
summer...

(Ethan eases the grip)

Said it belonged to a captive chile

of Chief Scar...

ETHAN

Scar? Never heard of any Chief Scar.

FUTTERMAN

Me neither... But this buck claimed he was a big war chief with the Nawyecky Comanches.

ETHAN

Keep talking.

FUTTERMAN

Scar's band was headin' north... to winter in at Fort Wingate... eatin' agency beef. That's what this buck said... Maybe he lied.

ETHAN

And maybe you lie...

FUTTERMAN

In that case you won't find her -- and I won't get my thousand dollars.

and

Ethan stands. Martin follows. Martin takes the dress folds it carefully.

FUTTERMAN

(too casually)

Stay the night if you want...

(Ethan shakes his head)

Cards?... A jug?... If you'd like some company, we got a few squaws on the place...

Ethan and Martin head for the door.

ETHAN

No thanks.

master's

The two plug-uglies stand -- mean ready to do their bidding.

FUTTERMAN

Don't forget to come back with my thousand dollars.

ETHAN

Ain't yours yet.

They leave. The CAMERA holds on Futterman as he slowly
rubs his bruised hand. His henchmen drift toward him.

FUTTERMAN

(slight smile)

Bad manners... He shoulda said 'good-
bye.'

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLY COUNTRY - MED. SHOT - ETHAN - NIGHT

They have set up camp near a cluster of cottonwoods to
which the horses have been tied. One of the horses is
restless, possibly nickering. Ethan strokes its neck, looking out
thoughtfully into the night -- listening.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Acts like somethin's out there.

ETHAN

(heading toward
campfire)

Smells a change in the weather...

CAMERA PANS him to where Martin is spreading his
blanket some little distance from the small fire.

ETHAN

Wouldn't surprise me if we didn't
have a frost 'fore mornin'... Here...

(he picks up a saddle
and puts it close to
fire)

Whyn't you bed down closer to the
fire, boy?

Martin is a bit surprised as Ethan takes the blanket
and spreads it near the saddle -- making the saddle serve
as a pillow. Then Ethan tosses a few more heavy pieces of
dry wood on the fire, making it blaze up.

MARTIN

Hey! What's the idea...?

ETHAN

Maybe I'm gettin' like Mose Harper --
my bones is cold tonight...

bedroll,
to
He spreads his own blanket as Martin wraps into his
and when Martin turns, he casually arranges the blanket
suggest it is over the figure of a man. During this:

MARTIN

Funny... When we passed through Fort
Wingate last winter, we didn't hear
mention of any Nawyecky Comanche
there...

Ethan steps back -- and studies the "dummy."

ETHAN

Not so funny... if you recollect
what 'Nawyecka' means...

MARTIN

What's that?

looks
Ethan studies Martin's back -- the light on him -- and
around figuring the range of fire.

ETHAN

Sorta like 'roundabout' -- like a
man says he's goin' one place when
he means to go just the reverse...

MARTIN

(drowsily)
Oh...

ETHAN

You all settled an' comfortable now?

Ethan
change
them
Martin just grunts and snugs deeper into his blanket.
nods his satisfaction -- sure Martin isn't going to
positions. Then he takes off his hat and boots and uses

quietly to complete the dummy. He picks up his rifle then and walks out of the camp.

CUT TO:

THREE **EXT. HILLY COUNTRY - A RAVINE OR ARROYO - FULL SHOT - MEN - NIGHT**

-- Three shadowy figures -- Futterman and his two henchmen are quietly dismounting, taking rifles from saddle scabbards.

At a hand signal from Futterman, they quietly fan out afoot.

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIN still snug in his blankets, sound asleep; the fire burning a little lower but still shedding plenty of light on him.

AND **EXT. HILLY COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - FROM BEHIND FUTTERMAN HIS HENCHMEN**

some At a crouch or crawling, the three worm their way among the rocks until they reach a slight rise looking down into the camp. Martin is asleep and next to him is Ethan's dummy, hat over its face, and the fire still burning. The two henchmen snake their rifles up to a firing position. A shot cracks... and one man is knocked flat on his face.

rifle The other whirls in the direction of the shot, his the swinging in search of a target. A second shot splits the night and the breed falls as though hit by a giant fist...

Futterman Martin is sitting up now, staring wildly around. marksman, starts to run down-slope, away from the hidden

the
into
dodging between the rocks. A third shot catches him in
back and he spins and falls and rolls down the slope
the firepit camp area. Martin is on his feet now.

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - FULL SHOT - MARTIN

feet.
going
the
He is staring at Futterman, face down and almost at his
He looks around in fear at someone approaching -- hand
to his gun. Then he relaxes as Ethan casually enters
camp, bareheaded, carrying his rifle.

ETHAN

Thanks... you did just fine...

into
Ethan kneels beside Futterman, turns him over, reaches
his pockets -- first one, then another.

MARTIN

(dazed)
Futterman?

ETHAN

He just couldn't wait...

MARTIN

(watching him go
through pockets)
Whatchu doin'?...

gold
Ethan grins satisfiedly as he straightens and spins the
piece in the air, catches it and pockets it.

ETHAN

Even got my twenty dollars back...
We did all right.

mad.
And now Martin is getting the whole picture... and he's

MARTIN

WE?... You just used me for bait --
staked me out like a... buildin' up
the fire... fixin' it so's... I coulda
had my brains blowed out!

denying

Ethan is just grinning at him -- completely unruffled,
none of it.

MARTIN

(explosively)

Suppose you'd missed!

Ethan sobers a little, seems honestly surprised.

ETHAN

Never occurred to me...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOME - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

coated,

It is a day in early winter. Charlie MacCorry, short-
is galloping across the yard as Jorgensen crosses it --
carrying a load of firewood.

CHARLIE

(calling it)

Howdy, Mister Jorgensen...

JORGENSEN

Charlie...

door

MacCorry swings off his saddle near the porch, as the
opens and Mrs. Jorgensen comes out -- shawled against
the cold.

CHARLIE

Got a letter here...

Jorgensen lets the cordwood drop...

JORGENSEN

By golly! A letter?

CHARLIE

For Miss Laurie...

MRS. JORGENSEN

Come in, Charlie, come in...

(calling inside)

LAURIE!... My land!... Two letters
in the one year!...

INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT

from as Charlie enters, following Mrs. Jorgensen. Jorgensen excitedly enters and closes the door. Laurie comes in another room. Charlie smiles and bows clumsily.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(to Laurie)

A letter for you, Laurie...

CHARLIE

Yes'm... Figgered it might be the news you been waitin' for... so...

takes He hands the letter to Laurie who comes over eagerly, it and studies the wrapper before opening it.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Real good o' you to ride all the way over, Charlie... Might at least say your thank you's, Laurie... Declare!

CHARLIE

No need to...

which But Laurie has no interest in anything but the letter she is reading skimmingly.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Well?

JORGENSEN

(expectantly)

Yah?

MRS. JORGENSEN

Laurie! Don't keep a body just standin'!

Laurie looks up then.

LAURIE

(impatiently)

I was just readin' to see if... Anyway, it's MY letter!

MRS. JORGENSEN

(agreeably)

'Course it is. Now let's all get comfortable an' set so's we can listen while Laurie reads her letter...

CHARLIE

(turning as if to go)
Maybe I'd better be goin'...

JORGENSEN

You stay, Charlie... After all, Charlie brought the letter, Laurie... He got a right to listen too!

around
reaches
though
sneaking

Mrs. Jorgensen has been pulling and pushing chairs and now they all take places. Jorgensen automatically for his glasses on the mantel and puts them on -- even he isn't going to read the letter. Laurie has been looks at some of the other pages.

LAURIE

(surrendering)
Oh, all right! Well... Martin says...

JORGENSEN

From the beginning...

LAURIE

'Dear Miss Laury'... He spells it with a Y instead of an I... E... Wouldn't you think he'd know...

JORGENSEN

Who cares what he spells it? Read the letter.

LAURIE

Dear Miss Laury... I take pen in hand to let you know Ethan and me still are trying to catch up with them Comanches the late Mister Futterman told us about...

She breaks off, looks up -- puzzled.

LAURIE

The late Mister Futterman?

JORGENSEN

That means Mister Futterman is dead,
by golly.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Wonder what happened to the poor
man. Go on, Laurie.

LAURIE

(resuming the letter)
We cut north through Indian territory
and...
(her voice fades)

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - LATE SUMMER OR FALL - ETHAN AND
MARTIN**

(SILENT)

leading their pack animals. Martin's voice picks up the
narration.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Soon we was meeting up with Kiowas
an' Wichitas an' even some Comanches
camped by one of the agencies...

WIPE TO:

**WIDE ANGLE - A COMANCHE ENCAMPMENT - ETHAN AND MARTIN -
DAY**

FALL WEATHER (SILENT)

watch
few
Martin
The camp is on the outskirts of a trading post. Indians
unsmilingly from tepees, or in little clusters afoot; a
mounted braves ride on parallel courses as Ethan and
ride through camp toward the post.

MARTIN'S VOICE

But none of them was Nawyecky's nor
claimed to know a war chief named
Scar... He's the one the late Mister
Futterman said had Debbie...

WIPE TO:

INT. APPLEBY'S TRADING POST - MED. SHOT (SILENT) - DAY

--

APPLEBY,

This trading post is in marked contrast to Futterman's being well-stocked, clean and presided over by HIRAM a resolute, clean-looking man of middle years.

ornate

fairs.

as

Ethan and Martin -- in winter garb -- are being shown a variety of trade goods, including a shoebox full of ribbon rosettes, such as are awarded animals at stock fairs. Appleby is solemnly affirming the trade value of these, well as sleeve garters, etc.

MARTIN'S VOICE

At one o' the agencies we outfitted with all kind an' manner of trade goods... figgerin' that'd make it easier for us to come an' go... You'd laugh if I told you what was our biggest seller...

WIPE TO:

FAT

EXT. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN AND INDIAN - EARLY WINTER OR FALL DAY

faced

it, in

Ethan is ceremoniously pinning something on the stern-buck. It is one of the rosettes seen in the shoebox. CAMERA MOVES to an extreme CLOSEUP of the rosette. On gold letters, is:

FIRST AWARD

LARD TYPE HOG

WINTER

EXT. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - EARLY FALL OR DAY

half
over
threatens
furs.

As the Indian proudly steps back, we see beyond him a dozen other braves -- all rosetted. Ethan looks them complacently while Martin -- to hide the smile that to split his face -- bends to pick up a huge bundle of

WIPE TO:

**INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP
FAVORING LAURIE**

reading the letter. She is at the bottom of a page.

LAURIE

'There is one other thing I got to tell you before you hear it from Ethan... How I got myself a wife'...

She stops and stares.

LAURIE

A WIFE?

She looks at them - dazed.

CHARLIE

(delightedly)
He did?

JORGENSEN

(smacking his knee --
very happy indeed)
Good! A young man should get married early in life. Right, mama?

glares at
her husband.

JORGENSEN

Every young man should at least once...Go on, Laurie! Read!

LAURIE

(haltingly)
A little Comanche squaw - SQUAW!

into the

And with that she crumples the letter and throws it
fire.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(aghast)

Laurie!

fireplace
sparks

Jorgensen is out of his chair and scrambling in the
to recover the letter. He fetches it out, beating the
out. The letter is basically undamaged.

JORGENSEN

(sternly)

Is no way to treat a letter, Laurie
...Mama maybe you better read it...

(to Charlie, proudly)

My wife was a school teacher, Charlie
...She reads good.

Laurie snatches the letter back.

LAURIE

I'll read it...

Charlie crosses the room, picks up a guitar.

CHARLIE

(smugly)

So he married a Comanche squaw...
Haw haw haw!

Laurie glares at him. He begins chording the guitar.

WIPE TO:

"LOOK" -

**EXT. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIN AND
FALL OR EARLY WINTER - DAY**

platter-
blanket.
a
goods --

"LOOK" is somewhat under five feet tall, pigeon-toed,
faced and wide-eyed. Over her arm is a very handsome
She is coming forward shyly toward Martin, propelled by
Comanche -- her father. Martin, with an armful of trade

rosettes
glances

a few yards of bright calico, a couple of AGED SOW
and some trinkets -- is indicating the blanket. Look
shyly at her father.

Martin
battered
and
one
Comanches

He shakes his head negatively. Look is disappointed.
The father points to Martin's pile of trade goods.
bends and picks up the indicated object: it is a
high-crowned beaver hat. The Indian grunts his approval
puts it on. Look looks relieved. Martin reaches for the
blanket. Look takes a quick step backward and holds up
finger: wait! Then she runs back through the other
now crowding forward.

**EXT. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT -
INCLUDING ETHAN**

Martin's

who rides in slowly, leading their pack horse and
horse.

ETHAN

(quietly)

Let's go... I think I stumbled onto
somethin'...

MARTIN

(eagerly)

Scar?

There is

The name registers with some of the nearer braves.
a quick interchange of glances, frowning, hostile.

ETHAN

(angrily)

When are you goin' to learn to keep
your mouth shut! Come on. Let's get
out of here.

MARTIN

But I just bought a good blanket.

ETHAN

(curtly)

Forget it...

after
Martin mounts and the two ride out. The Comanches stare
them suspiciously, resentfully.

MOVING
EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN -
SHOT - EARLY WINTER DAY

can
They are riding down a slight grade beyond which (we
assume) is the Comanche camp.

ETHAN

What I heard back there was that a
band o' hostile Nawyeckas came through
this way less'n two weeks ago...

MARTIN

(excitedly)
Think it might be...?

a
behind
He breaks and both turn as Look rides over the hill on
little spotted Indian pony, with her squaw-bag slung up
her and her blanket over the saddle. She closes the gap
between them.

ETHAN

What's she followin' for?

Look smiles shyly at Martin.

MARTIN

Look, I changed my mind... You can
keep your blanket.

He gestures for her to go back.

MARTIN

Go on back...

and
is
She stares and then dutifully wheels her horse. Martin
Ethan face front again. Look wheels her horse again and
right with them. Martin stops - exasperated.

MARTIN

Look... you don't understand...

(he waves her away)
I don't want it.

Look just sits.

ETHAN

(explosively)
YOU don't understand, ya chunkhead!
You didn't buy any blanket! Ya bought
her!

MARTIN

(aghast)
What?

ETHAN

You got yourself a wife, sonny!

MARTIN

(a wail)
Oh no! Tell her she's got to go
back...

ETHAN

And have her whole family after our
scalps for floutin' one o' their
women?... No sir! Come on, Mrs.
Pauley...

Look smiles and sets her horse in motion as Ethan moves
ahead.
Martin's face is a mask of comic despair as he gives
up. He
is mouthing the words --

MARTIN

Mrs... Pauley?

And Ethan suddenly breaks into song; to the tune of
"Skip To
My Lou:"

ETHAN

(singing)
I got another gal purtier'n you. I
got another gal purtier'n you. I
got another gal purtier'n you. Skip
to my Lou, my darlin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - OPEN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN -

an
ritual
Lou."

Ethan is wrapped in his blanket roll, head propped by
elbow, grinning sardonically as he watches a strange
in the camp. The score is softly reprising "Skip to my

EXT. NIGHT CAMP - FULL SHOT - PAST ETHAN - NIGHT

her
her)
begins
his
free
him,

Look is standing with her blanket folded over one arm,
head shyly downcast, not far from where Martin (back to
is spreading his own bed roll. He sits on it then and
pulling off his boots. He is very conscious of Ethan's
watchful scrutiny. Finally he is ready. He lies back on
blanket. At once Look is at his side to spread her own
blanket. Martin sits bolt upright and tugs his blanket
and wraps it protectively around him. She stares at
puzzled.

MARTIN

Water!...
(in Comanche)
Pah!

She nods her understanding, hurries off to fetch a
canteen.

Martin glares at Ethan.

ETHAN

That's the way to train 'em. Looks
like Mrs. Pauley's goin' to make you
a fine beautiful wife...

MARTIN

Cut it out, will ya...

kneels
beside him. He looks at her sympathetically.

MARTIN

Look... I wish I could explain to

you.

And now Look speaks for the first time. She indicates herself.

LOOK

Look?...

Now she jabbars in Comanche and, at the appropriate time, will point to the sky and imitate a bird flying.

LOOK

Nay tzare T'sala-ta-komal-ta-name...
unt kang-yah Look.

(which means)

(My father calls me Wild Goose Flying
in the Night Sky... but you call me
'Look').

Martin looks blank, but Ethan chuckles.

ETHAN

Says her name's Wild Goose Flying in
the Night Sky... but she'll answer
to Look since it pleases ya...

MARTIN

(blankly)

Look?

She nods and smiles and quickly settles alongside him and plants spreads her blanket over them both. Martin recoils, his foot in the small of her back and sends her sprawling.

Ethan busts a gut laughing. Martin jumps to his feet, angrily.

MARTIN

(hotly)

I don't think it's so funny... If
you want to do some good, whyn't you
ask her where Scar is?

Ethan stares at the girl. Her face is suddenly impassive as she looks from Martin to the ground.

ETHAN

(grimly)
She heard ya-all right... An' she
knows...

So He gets to his feet and he crosses to stand before her.
does Martin.

ETHAN
Unt osupanet cah-nay Scar?
(meaning)
(You know where Scar
is?)

She stares sullenly, not answering.

ETHAN
You ask her!

MARTIN
Look!
(she faces him)
Scar?...
(sign talk)
Do you know where he went? And if he
has a girl with him... a white girl --
nai-bist pabo taibo...

herself. She stands... She indicates Martin. She indicates

LOOK
Mah nee-koo-ur?
(meaning)
(Your woman?)

MARTIN
(shaking head)
No... not my wife... My...
(to Ethan)
How do you say sister?

ETHAN
(in Comanche)
Nami.

impassive She looks gravely from Ethan to Martin. Then, with
away face, she bends swiftly, picks up her blanket and walks
don't from them to choose her own sleeping place. The two men

know what to make of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN

-

MORNING

looking
crudely

It is the same scene the following morning. The men are standing above where Look had bedded for the night, at the ground. Clearly marked on the hard ground is a drawn arrow.

MARTIN

Beats me how she could get that pony out o' camp without neither of us hearin' a thing...

ETHAN

She ain't goin' back to her family, that's certain... not if she took off where the arrow points.

MARTIN

Think she means for us to follow?

ETHAN

How should I know... She's YOUR wife!

He walks toward their horses, starts to saddle up.

Martin follows.

MARTIN

I think maybe we oughta...

ETHAN

(hiding a grin)
Yeah, I kinda figgered you'd say that... Bein' a new husband and all...

his
continues

And Ethan starts singing "Skip to My Lou" half under breath. Martin gives him a sour side-glance and saddling.

DISSOLVE TO:

- DAY

INT. JORGENSEN HOME - GROUP AS BEFORE - LAURIE READING

Mrs. Jorgensen is bringing a lighted lamp over to the table where Laurie is reading against the fading light of day. Jorgensen's pipe has gone out and he lights it.

LAURIE

Maybe she left other signs for us to follow but we'll never know -- 'cause it snowed all day and all the next week... We were heading north, through the buffalo country when something happened that I ain't got straight in my own mind yet...

(her voice fades)

137-A

(COLORADO

EXT. SNOW COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - TWO RIDERS FOOTAGE)

mantled

The two men are picking their way through a snow-grove. Martin's voice resumes the narration.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Ethan's always been throwing it up to me that I'm a quarter-breed... I never figured it made much difference...

137-B

FOOTAGE)

EXT. BUFFALO HERD - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - DAY (COLO.

MARTIN'S VOICE

But this day we came on a small herd. We needed some meat so we circled 'round...

137-C

EXT. THE HERD - ANOTHER ANGLE (COLO. FOOTAGE)

MARTIN'S VOICE

...and came up on 'em afoot... They hadn't been hunted, so it was no trick workin' in close.

137-D

EXT. THE HERD - MARTIN AND ETHAN - DAY (COLO. FOOTAGE)

and
The two men walk from behind CAMERA. Ethan aims, fires
brings down a bull.

MARTIN'S VOICE

Ethan got a nice one on his first shot, but then he began killing one after another -- cows as well as bulls -- fast as he could fire and load... It was just a slaughter... no sense to it...

137-E

EXT. THE HERD BEGINNING TO RUN (COLO. FOOTAGE)

bulls --
Shots cracking out -- the terrified bawling of the
the beginning of the stampede.

137-F

EXT. MED. CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN (PROCESS)

Martin strides across to where Ethan is firing.

MARTIN

Ethan, quit it!

ETHAN

(firing again)
Nine...
(another shot)
Ten!

MARTIN

What's the sense in it!

Martin
Ethan turns and swings a backhand blow which catches
by surprise and fells him.

ETHAN

(in a fury)
Hunger! -- Empty bellies! That's the
sense in it, you Cherokee!...

Martin He swings up his gun and fires again -- and again... as
stares at him from the ground.

137-G

**EXT. THE HERD - LONG SHOT - THE STAMPEDE (COLO.
FOOTAGE)**

fleeing Fear-maddened animals are swinging into full stampede
the deadly marksman. Rifle shots keep cracking out.

137-H

**EXT. MED. CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN AS BEFORE
(PROCESS)**

lowers Ethan The thunder of the hooves is receding and Ethan grimly
his rifle. Martin picks himself up -- still staring at
as though at a madman. Ethan turns and looks at him.

ETHAN

Least, THEY won't feed any Comanches
this winter... Killin' buffalo's as
good as killin' Injuns in this
country.

MARTIN

Peaceful tribes depend on the buffalo,
too....

ETHAN

Ain't that too bad... If you feel
that sorry for your kinfolk, I'm
surprised you didn't take up with
that squaw wife of yours...

dead expression. He whips out his skinning knife and strides toward the
buffalo o.s. Martin looks after him with troubled
Suddenly he hears something, borne faint by the wind.

MARTIN

ETHAN!

sound,
Ethan turns. Now faintly, little more than a shred of
is the distant blowing of a bugle.

MARTIN

Listen!... Hear it?... There! Ain't
that a bugle... and firing?

the
Ethan stares -- and then the bugle sound repeats and
distant crack of shots, from long miles off.

ETHAN

(grimly)
Just hope we ain't too late...

And the two break and run for their horses.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

PRISONERS -
EXT. A RIVER - WIDE ANGLE - CAVALRY CROSSING WITH
DAY

MARTIN'S VOICE

(as narrator)

It was all over long before we got
there and the soldiers was high-
tailin' it back to the agency with
their prisoners -- squaws mostly --
by the time Ethan and me reached the
camp...

EXT. SNOW SLOPE - WIDE ANGLE - ETHAN AND MARTIN

snaw.
Horses and riders plunge downslope through breast-high

MARTIN'S VOICE

It was the Nawyecky Comanches all
right -- the ones we'd been looking
for all this time...

MARTIN -
EXT. BURNING INDIAN VILLAGE - WIDE ANGLE - ETHAN AND
DAY

men. as they ride in, passing dead horses, a few bodies of

MARTIN'S VOICE

Trouble of it was that the soldiers had hit when most of the fightin' men was away -- huntin' maybe... So most of the dead was old men and women an' kids... And it was in one of the tepees Ethan found her -- the little squaw who wanted me to call her Look...

heads Ethan has dismounted in front of one of the tepees, inside.

INT. TEPEE - FULL SHOT - DAY

behind as Ethan enters. A body -- Look's -- is sprawled on the ground. He crosses, turns her over. Martin enters him.

ETHAN

Well, you're a widower now...

MARTIN

(angrily)

What'd the soldiers have to kill her for!...

quickly. He sees something clutched in her hand. He stoops

MARTIN

Ethan!

Debbie's Ethan, who has turned indifferently to leave, pauses. Martin shows him what Look had been clutching -- rag doll.

MARTIN

Look! It's hers, Debbie's...

from with Ethan snatches it, stares at it. Then he turns and runs the tepee. Martin stares at Look's body, then covers it a robe.

MARTIN'S VOICE

So we knew Debbie had been in the village... What Look was doing there -- whether she'd come to warn them, or maybe to find Debbie for me... there's no way of knowing...

He turns and then slowly heads out.

EXT. THE TEPEE - ETHAN AND MARTIN

the
Ethan stands there, his expression bleak, looking at
scene. Martin joins him.

MARTIN

We gotta catch up with them yellow legs... Maybe they got her with them.

Ethan isn't thinking of that at all.

ETHAN

(harshly)
And maybe they got Scar!

They start away -- fast.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRISONERS - EXT. SNOW COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE - THE CAVALRY AND DAY

falling
CAMERA
A long line stretching across the landscape -- women
and being prodded along by their captors. From behind
ride Ethan and Martin and move to intercept the column.

EXT. THE COLUMN - FULL SHOT - DAY

as Ethan and Martin come closer and look at the shawled
prisoners stumbling along.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN - DAY

toward
them.
as a young OFFICER spurs out of the column and rides

OFFICER

(inquiringly)

Yes?

ETHAN

We're looking for a girl -- a white girl...

MARTIN

She'd be about thirteen now...

OFFICER

We got two around that age...

MARTIN

(eagerly)

Where?

OFFICER

You'll have to wait until we reach the agency... Fall in behind the column...

MARTIN

(protestingly)

But couldn't you...?

OFFICER

Sorry...

(shouting it)

Keep the column moving!... Close ranks there!

looks at
looking

The officer spurs out to rejoin the column. Martin Ethan, his face alive with hope. But Ethan is just stonily along the line of passing prisoners.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE NOKONI AGENCY - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

travois;
some

The column of cavalry and prisoners enters the agency (COLORADO FOOTAGE). We see the dead and wounded on the agency Indians watching stoically; the prisoners -- of them -- being herded into a chapel.

INT. OFFICE OF NOKONI AGENCY - FULL SHOT - DAY

headquarters.

newspaper

sending

warming

wearily

sabreur

glory

but

The office has been set up as a temporary army
The GENERAL is being interviewed by two Eastern
CORRESPONDENTS. At a table beyond is a telegrapher,
out a report of the victory.

A pot-bellied stove supplies heat and the General is
his hands at it, intermittently. An adjutant is rather
filling out a long official form.

The General, for all his mudded boots remains a beau
and is loosely modeled upon a certain other well-known
hunter of the Indian wars. He wears a colonel's straps,
insists upon his brevet rank.

GENERAL

And it was clear to me the hostiles
outnumbered us four to one... with
all the advantage of terrain...

CORRESPONDENT

Four to one! What did you do, general?

Ethan and Martin enter, stand in the doorway.

GENERAL

(impressively)

Sir -- we charged!... Gentlemen --
and I hope you will quote me -- I
cannot say too much for the courage
of the men who followed me into that
Cheyenne camp...

ETHAN

(blurting it)

Cheyenne! What Cheyenne?

GENERAL

(turning and staring)

I beg your pardon?

ETHAN

That camp you hit was Nawyecka
Comanche... Chief Scar's bunch...

CORRESPONDENT

(fascinated)
Scar? What a wonderful name!...

GENERAL

(to his aide)
Are you getting this, Keefer?

CORRESPONDENT

(to Ethan)
How do you spell that word --
Nawyecka?

Ethan ignores him, still facing the General.

ETHAN

My name's Edwards... I'm looking for
my niece... she was in that camp
when you attacked...

GENERAL

(uncertain)
Well... I know there were some
captives recovered...

MARTIN

(bitterly)
Four of 'em dead... so we were told...

GENERAL

(uncomfortably)
Unfortunately, the hostiles murdered
them as we developed the village...

ETHAN

Are you sure they didn't die of
carbine shots fired by a bunch o'
Yank bluebellies so scared they
couldn't tell the difference between
a Cheyenne and a Comanche?

GENERAL

Keefer!... Put this man under arrest!

ETHAN

That'll be the day...
(scornfully)
'As we developed the village'...
Next time you develop a village, hit
it where the fightin' men are...
You won't get any headlines for

killin' squaws.

Keefer coughs.

KEEFER

Shall I show him the captives, sir?

GENERAL

Just get him out of here!

KEEFER

Yes sir...

(he crosses to Ethan)

This way...

INT. THE CHAPEL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLING TO DOOR - AFTERNOON

into
stands
sound in
The door is opened by a guard and Ethan takes a step
the room -- then stops in manifest shock. Martin
is at his heels, eager and expectant. Beyond them
Keefer, grave and compassionate. There is a keening
the room -- almost an animal sound.

INT. THE CHAPEL - REVERSE SHOT - FULL

without
or on
--
woman
Indian
may be
unbrushed
making
It is a simple log-sided room with plank benches
backs. Up front is a small box-like pulpit, no altar.
Across the front of the room, set up either on benches
boards over saw-horses are four blanket-covered figures
at least two being the bodies of children.
Squatting on the floor near them is an elderly white
with hair hanging loosely down her back and clad in
robes. Standing, facing the newcomers, is a woman who
no more than in her mid-thirties.
She is mad -- wild-eyed, frightened, with matted,
golden hair, torn garments. It is she who has been

at the
escape.
door.
hair. The
light

the keening sound, the animal moans. Now she crouches
sight of them and looks desperately for a means of
Two girls are asleep, heads together and backs to the
One has light hair, like Debbie's; the other brown
afternoon sun coming through a high window touches the
hair.

MARTIN

Debbie?... DEBBIE?

room.

He has seen the light hair and starts crossing the

side to
the
realizing
stir, but

Now the madwoman begins her screaming, running from
side like a trapped animal. Ethan follows Martin into
room, Keefer behind him. Martin comes to a stop,
the woman is afraid of him. The two sleeping girls
do not turn.

MARTIN

Don't be scared, ma'am...

looking at

The madwoman crouches behind one of the benches,
them with frightened eyes.

KEEFER

Just don't pay any attention to her...

haired

Martin swallows and nods and crosses to the light-
girl. He reaches a hand gingerly to touch her shoulder.

MARTIN

(softly)

Debbie?

hand,
unmistakably
--her

At the touch, the girl is on her feet, crouching -- one
like a claw, drawn back to rake his face. She is
a white girl, but she is painted like a Comanche woman

savagery of

ears red inside, streaks of paint accenting the
her face. Her eyes are frightened, yet full of hate.

GIRL

Pabo-taibo!

(White man!)

The other girl has risen almost in
the same instant -- but more out of
fear. She is younger, but painted
like the other. She moves to stand
behind the savage one.

MARTIN

(slowly)

No... She's not...

ETHAN

I ain't sure... Where's that doll?

mind. Martin stares at him, then realizes what he has in

out He fishes the rag doll from under his coat and holds it
suspect it to the girl. She looks at it... and we may almost
other is rekindling a memory -- but then she spits at it. The
girl laughs. Martin turns away and he's sick.

KEEFER

Was your niece about their age?

ETHAN

Not far from it...

KEEFER

Hard to realize they're white, isn't
it...

ETHAN

(grimly)

They're not white any more -- they're
Comanche!... Let's see the bodies...

Martin nerves himself for the ordeal, turns to follow.

ETHAN

I don't need you...

eyes
creeping up
Keefer
never

Ethan and Keefer move away. As they do, the madwoman --
fixed on the rag doll in Martin's hand -- begins
behind him. Martin is torturedly watching Ethan and
as first one blanket then another is raised -- we will
see the dead. During this:

KEEFER

(the dispassionate
pro)

I'd like you to see them all... It
might help us identify them... Shot
in the head -- flash-burn range...
The boy got his skull cracked...
Here's the girl...

Martin stiffens, waiting.

ETHAN

No...

the
cradling
can't

Martin relaxes... and in that instant the madwoman has
doll in her hands. She cradles it and she croons.
Martin reaches to take it away. But she calmly sits,
the doll, and rocks to and fro, humming a lullaby. He
take it. Ethan returns.

ETHAN

Well, we only got the one lead --
Scar... And where we begin to look,
I don't know...

KEEFER

There's one thing. We recovered a
bushel of trinkets in that camp...
cheap stuff... trade goods... Couldn't
help noticing that most of it was
Mexican... Maybe if you could talk
to some of those Mexican traders
along the border... What do they
call themselves?

ETHAN

Comancheros...

KEEFER

That's the breed... Course it might
take time.

ETHAN

Time's running out... But I'm obliged
to you.

They leave.

CUT TO:

**INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP -
EVENING**

it
dead
in
picking
with a

Laurie has reached the last page of the letter, reading
by the lamp on the table. Jorgensen is knocking out the
ashes of his pipe. Charlie is in the shadows, a guitar
his hands -- not playing it, but occasionally softly
a note or chord. Mrs. Jorgensen is dabbing moist eyes
corner of her apron.

Laurie

...so we're setting out for New Mexico
Territory in the morning... I am
sorry I won't be back for Christmas
again this year...

She swallows hard, pauses a moment in her reading.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(quick sympathy)
And you knittin' that muffler...

Laurie

(impatiently)
What's the difference!

MRS. JORGENSEN

Well, I just thought it would be a
sin and a shame not to let SOMEONE
get some good of it...

She looks almost too obviously at Charlie, which annoys
Laurie. Laurie resumes her letter reading:

LAURIE

(peering closely)

There's a word crossed out... It looks like 'I wish' or 'I will'...

(she gives up)

Anyway... 'I set pen aside in the hope you are enjoying good health and your folks the same... I remain, respectfully...

(forlornly)

yours truly, Martin Paulie.'

looks at
crick
and

That's all there is. Not a cross on it. Laurie just it. Jorgensen stands, pocketing his pipe, easing the in his back. He ceremoniously removes the spectacles and replaces them on the mantel.

JORGENSEN

They never find that girl.

LAURIE

(half to herself)

Yours truly...

(hotly)

And he even has to write his full name... Martin Pauley... not even just Martie!...

(she stands)

I don't care if he never comes back!

She heads for the front door.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(rising -- saying it without conviction)

Now, Laurie!...

Jorgensen

Charlie hits the guitar a little stronger. Mrs. looks at him -- and the matchmaker is at work.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Charlie, you'll stay for supper?... Now I won't take no for an answer.

CHARLIE

Thought of saying 'no' never crossed my mind, Miz Jorgensen... No place I'd rather be than right here, right

now.

Laurie has
Charlie
Lou." Mrs. Jorgensen smiles and moves about her duties.
opened the door and is staring out wistfully... and
begins playing and singing a verse from "Skip to My

CHARLIE

(singing)

One old boot and a button shoe One
old boot and a button shoe...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE - ETHAN AND MARTIN
RIDING - DAY

single The search theme is heard again as the two riders, with
pack horse, are heading south through New Mexico.
It is hot country.

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ETHAN AND
MARTIN - DAY

are Their faces are sun-tanned, burned dark and dry. Gone
They do the heavy coats and clothing of their northern days.
fanatic, not speak, just ride -- and there is the same bleak,
hard look about them both. The music theme segues into
something livelier and Mexican as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A MEXICAN VILLAGE - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN -
DAY

adobe It is a small place -- a single dirt street, a few
of houses; a few racks of dried meat; a burro with a load

the
without
familiar
in.

faggots on its back being driven along by a small boy;
music coming from a little cantina in the middle of the
street. Before the cantina is a bone rack of a horse,
a saddle -- only a blanket pad. There is something
about the horse and Ethan is staring at it as they ride

EXT. THE CANTINA - FULL SHOT - DAY

clothes.

outside.

Martin pauses beside Ethan.

ETHAN

Recognize it?

Martin shakes his head. They start toward the cantina.

ETHAN

There couldn't be two like that in
all the world...

INT. THE CANTINA - FULL SHOT - DAY

with a
walls.
room. A
dominoes,
back to
sipping
aristocratic-
domino
paper
proprietor,

as Ethan and Martin enter. It is a dirt-floored room
small bar near the door, chairs and benches along the
A pair of guitar players are at the far end of the
couple of Mexicans are playing a noisy game of
slapping the dominoes down hard... EMILIO FIGUEROA,
the door, spurred boots across one of the tables, is
a drink. Emilio is a cynical, middle-aged,
looking man in modified charro costume. Watching the
game is ESTRELLA, lithe, sensuous, smoking a brown-
cigarette; she is barefoot. Behind the bar is the
dozing on his stool. Ethan takes a step into the room.

ETHAN

(loudly)

MOSE!.... MOSE HARPER?

mid-
previously
pokes the
newcomers.

The proprietor awakens. The domino game is suspended in play. Estrella turns... and from beside Emilio, obscured by the man's back and the big charro hat, head of old Mose. Emilio turns then to look at the

MOSE

Ay-eh...?

recognizes
opens
shakes

He is on his feet and advancing to meet them. As he recognizes them a wide, foolish grin splits his face and his mouth opens and closes in words that won't come out. He grabs and shakes Ethan's arm, then Martin's.

ETHAN

Leggo my arm... You look mangier 'n ever.

MOSE

Ain't been too good... No sir, not too good... Gettin' old, Ethan...

ETHAN

You were born old...

PROPRIETOR

(all smiles - as they
head for the bar)

Bienvenidos, senores... Pulque?...
tequila?... mescal?... huiskey?

ETHAN

Tequila...

MARTIN

Lo mismo.

PROPRIETOR

(beaming)

Y' par' el Viejo -- el vino del
pais... tequila tambien!

looks
Martin puts his back to the bar, leans elbows on it and
around.

158A

INT. THE CANTINA - ANGLING PAST MARTIN TOWARD ESTRELLA

the
table
Emilio
bored
She is giving him an appraising once-over, then signals
musicians to play. She rests her buttocks against a
and waits, her eyes challenging Martin to make a move.
is watching Estrella and Martin with something akin to
amusement.

158B

INT. THE CANTINA - ANGLE AT BAR

--
Ethan has poured a drink for Mose, now one for himself
leaving Martin's glass empty.

MOSE

I been helpin' ye, Ethan... I been
lookin' all the time...

finds it
Martin turns back to the bar to take his glass. He
empty.

MARTIN

(to Ethan's back)
Thanks for nothin'...

the
Estrella.
He angrily throws a coin on the counter, appropriates
bottle and his glass and heads for a table closer to
Neither Ethan nor Mose seems aware of his going.

ETHAN

Well, the reward still stands...

MOSE

Don't want no money, Ethan... jus' a
place -- a roof over m' head... a
little grub... a bunk to sleep in...

an' a rockin' chair by the fire...
my own rockin' chair by a fire...

ETHAN

You help me find her, you got your
rockin' chair...

MOSE

Swear it, Ethan?... Given word?

ETHAN

(impatiently)
Told ya, didn't I?

MOSE

(impressively)
Ethan... I found a man's seen her...
knows where little Debbie is!

Ethan stares at him. Mose nods his reaffirmation of it.

Then Ethan's hand locks on the old man's shoulder.

ETHAN

Who? Where is he... this man?

looks
his

Mose winces under the grip. He can't speak, but he

past Ethan and he points. Ethan turns. Emilio swings

boots off the table and slowly crosses to them. He lets
cigarette smoke curl out of his mouth. Then he smiles.

EMILIO

I am this man, senior... Emilio Gabriel
Fernandez y Figueroa... at your
service...

(afterthought)
...for a price...
(he smiles)
...Always for a price...

--
a
disdainfully
to

As the men study each other, Estrella begins her dance

and the rhythmic click of the castanets will beat like

metronome. Emilio looks at the bottle on the bar,

pushes it away and imperiously signals the proprietor

bring something better.

EMILIO

Un otra!

INT. THE CANTINA - ANGLING PAST MARTIN TO ESTRELLA

him
into
and with unmistakable effect. He sloshes another drink
his glass and, never taking his eyes off her, downs it.

INT. THE CANTINA - FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DANCE

bar --
inaudible
dance
the
groggily.
invitation in
concluded,
table
Beyond Estrella we see Ethan, Emilio, and Mose at the
gestures, headshakes, the entire pantomime of an
conversation. Then Ethan takes out his pouch and begins
dropping gold pieces into Emilio's hand. Meanwhile,
and dancer are achieving their purpose with Martin. And
tequila is working. He gets to his feet, a little
Estrella's smile deepens and there is a clear
her eyes... Ethan turns then, his deal with Emilio
and he sees what is going on. He starts for Martin's
just as Martin moves out to take the girl.

ETHAN

(tolerantly)
Come on, Don Juan... We're on our
way...

girl.
Martin tries to push him away, his eyes still on the

MARTIN

(thickly)
Lemme alone...

ETHAN

(taking his arm)
You breeds are all alike -- two drinks
an'...

Martin breaks free and squares off.

MARTIN

Take yer hands off'n me... This lady
an' me got some things to talk over!

Estrella ranges herself alongside of Martin and slips
an arm
possessively through his.

ETHAN

(a shrug)

Suit yourself... While you're enjoyin'
your little conversation, I'll be
ridin' out with Senor Fernandez
here... The Comanch' medicine country
ain't far... there's one camp with a
chief named Cicatriz.

MARTIN

Never heard of him...

ETHAN

Cicatriz is Mex for Scar... an' he
has a white girl in his tepee... Be
seein' you...

He turns and heads out. Emilio, who has come up behind
him,
gives Estrella a slight smile and bow.

EMILIO

Buena suerte, Estrella... Hasta la
vista.

He follows Ethan. Estrella swings her body close to
Martin
and lets her arms slide around his neck.

ESTRELLA

(softly)

Tu quieres...?

Martin blinks to clear away the fog of tequila and
desire.

MARTIN

(a bitter laugh)

Sure... sure... Only not this year...

He pulls her arms away and goes lurching after the
others.

Mose catches his arm.

MOSE

'Mind Ethan 'bout my rockin' chair!

rockin'
Martin continues out and Mose stands there -- his head
as though he already were in his chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

CANYON -

EXT. (APPROACH TO THE NEEDLES MONUMENT) - A BROAD

FULL SHOT - DAY

men)
needles
column
Emilio's
One
ECHOES
A small pack train (nine or ten horses, six or seven
winds through a canyon behind which we can see huge
of rock: majestic, savage country. At the head of the
ride Ethan, Emilio, and Martin. Behind them come
cargadores -- lean, hard-bitten wiry little Mexicans.
leads a handsome palomino. The SOUND of the CASTANETS
in the musical theme.

EXT. CANYON - MED. SHOT - HEAD OF COLUMN - MOVING - DAY

Ethan is looking around with grim interest.

ETHAN

Medicine country, huh?

EMILIO

(slight smile)

Medicine so strong they believe the
feather of an eagle found here can
guard a man against bullets...

MARTIN

(looking ahead)

If you got one handy, now's the
time...

glance.
Ethan and Emilio both look in the direction of his

RIDERS -

**EXT. CANYON - FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - FROM BEHIND
DAY**

They are turning a bend and now, ahead, we see a cordon
of Comanches -- all armed, all quiet, all very menacing as
they watch the approaching column. Emilio calls a greeting
in Comanche. It gets no answer.

EXT. CANYON - MOVING SHOT - THE COMANCHE FACES - DAY

The CAMERA PICKS UP the faces in turn, as from the
white men's viewpoint, as they ride slowly by.

EXT. COMANCHE ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - DAY

Beyond it are other tepees, the gathering of braves and some
squaws, the drying racks for meat, etc. Emilio leads the way
toward the central tepee. They dismount nearby and Emilio
inclines his head toward the one tepee. Ethan and Martin brace
themselves and wait. The flap of the tepee is closed.

MARTIN

(gruffly)

What are we waiting for?

Emilio cautions him with a hand gesture.

EXT. THE TEPEE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DAY

The flap is thrust aside and SCAR steps out -- the same
Comanche we had seen at the grave when Debbie was
captured.

He stands tall, arrogant, eyeing the white men with
hard, implacable eyes. He has a robe gathered about him.
Across his face is a scar.

EMILIO'S VOICE

Senores! This is Cicatriz!

EXT. INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN

- DAY

this is The white men's eyes are as hard as the Comanche's:
the man they have long sought, the killer, the raper.
They cannot mask the hatred they feel.

ETHAN

(slowly... at last)
Scar... It's plain to see where you
got your name.

runs Scar's hand moves to the scar on his face, and a finger
along it.

SCAR

Your name - Big Shoulders... His
name - He Who Follows.

ETHAN

You speak pretty good American for a
Comanche... Someone teach you?

long at It is a leading question and Scar knows it. He looks
Ethan and the suggestion of a smile touches his lips.
Emilio. But he makes no direct answer. He looks instead to

SCAR

(in Comanche)
Ah-we pabbo-tie-bo ee-kee-tay?
(Why did you bring
the gringos here?)

EMILIO

(a shrug -- in Comanche)
Pabbo-tie-bo kim te-moo-er.
(The gringos want to
trade.)

ETHAN

That's right... We come to trade...
Only not out here...
(with sign language
accompaniment)
I don't stand talkin' in the wind.

Emilio is

Emilio quickly turns and calls to one of his men.
worried.

EMILIO

(sharply)
Miguel... caballo -- aca!

One of the Mexicans comes on the trot, leading in the palomino. Emilio makes a gesture -- giving it to Scar.

EMILIO

Co-bay tabitz-chat.
(meaning)
(Very fine horse.)

Scar looks at it greedily, then nods. He'll accept it.
He looks at Ethan. Again that faintly contemptuous
smile.

He signals them to enter his tepee.

ETHAN

(to Martin)
Stay out here.

MARTIN

Not likely.

He follows Ethan into the tepee... and a worried Emilio
goes along.

INT. THE TEPEE - FULL SHOT

A small fire burns in the center of the lodge and a
shaft of sunlight strikes in from the smoke flap at the peak.
Two chunky squaws, who have been tending the fire or
grinding corn in a rock pestle, scuttle to a side of the tepee.
Two others, one half-grown and the other slightly taller,
sit with their backs to the fire, huddled over some leather
work or stitching. Both are shawled. As Scar enters, he
barks a word to the squaws near the fire.

SCAR

Pie-kay! (Clear out!)
(then he turns to the
white men)

IH-CARD!

(Sit!)

He sits on some robes, signs for them to sit opposite.

Slowly they look around them.

VIEWPOINT -

INT. THE TEPEE - REVERSE ANGLE - AS FROM THEIR

TTE TWO OLDER SQUAWS

--

They are sitting with heads averted, slightly profiled
but clearly Indian women, broad-faced, dark of hair and

skin.

EMILIO'S VOICE

His sons are dead... So his wives
sit on the honor side of his lodge.

YOUNG

INT. THE TEPEE - ANGLING PAST ETHAN TOWARD THE TWO

ONES

ETHAN

(glancing at them)
Are those his wives too?

see it

One of the squaws turns -- and even in the shadows we
is another Indian face. The other does not turn.

Scar leans in, blocking the view.

SCAR

Two sons -- killed by white men...
For each son, I take many scalps...
(in Comanche)
Mayah-kay zee-eh!...
(Bring the lance!)

doesn't

The slightly smaller of the young squaws stiffens but
move. Scar glares.

SCAR

(louder)
MAYAH-KAY ZEE-EH!

still
from
one
never
savoring
them,
duelists.
than
the

The girl gets to her feet. Ethan and Martin watch as,
with averted face, she crosses to where a lance hangs
the tepee wall. It has several scalps on it, including
with light red hair. Slowly she carries it back. Scar
takes his eyes from the faces of the white men,
every moment of it. The girl extends the lance between
so that it is like a bare blade separating two
Neither Ethan nor Martin dares at first look at more
the scalp pole... Then slowly their eyes lift... and
CAMERA MOVES IN and RAISES TO:

INT. THE TEPEE - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - DEBBIE

slant
white
THEME
first
heard:

As the shawl slips back to reveal her light hair, the
green eyes looking at them from a tanned, but still
and very beautiful face. (NOTE TO MUSIC: The SEARCH
should cover all the foregoing action -- but at the
clear view of DEBBIE, it ends dramatically.)
Debbie's eyes hold theirs -- and then Scar's voice is

SCAR

(in Comanche)
Pie-kay!
(Go!)

goes

Swiftly she straightens, takes away the scalp pole and
back to her former place.

INT. THE TEPEE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP AS BEFORE

eyes
is

Scar is watching the white men like a hawk. Martin's
are wide and his breathing seems suspended. But Ethan
playing it like a poker player.

ETHAN

(his voice controlled)
I've seen scalps before...

from his
glinting
Ethan
Scar's eyes are mocking. He lets his robe slip back
shoulders, revealing a bare bronzed chest on which --
in the reflected firelight -- is the medallion that
had given Debbie. It is suspended by a chain or rawhide
string. Scar touches it.

SCAR

This before?

stands...
Ethan smiles -- and he's still playing poker. He
and the others follow. Scar is puzzled.

ETHAN

(to Emilio)
I came to trade, not to admire his
collection... Tell him we're going
to pitch camp across the crick...
Maybe we can talk trade tomorrow.

at
Scar hasn't understood all of it. He scowls and looks
Emilio.

SCAR

(in Comanche)
Ee-sap! Pabbo-tie-bo ee-sap!
(He lies! The gringo
lies!)

EMILIO

(placatingly)
Tomorrow -- manana -- 'puetze.'

and
Scar looks at Ethan and at Martin. He smiles slightly,
he nods his agreement.

SCAR

Puetze!

but
Martin and Ethan turn to go. Only then does Debbie look
swiftly at them and as swiftly away. Martin can't help

pause, but Ethan prods him toward the tepee flap.

EXT. THE TEPEE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING - THE THREE

MEN

They emerge from the tepee and begin to walk away -- not fast, not slow, and without a side glance. Scar emerges and looks after them -- glowering. A few other Comanches begin to gather near his tepee.

EMILIO

(urgently)
Walk with dignity!
(after a moment; lips
hardly moving)
If you gringo heretics have any
prayers, say them...

MARTIN

(transfigured)
She's alive... Can you believe it,
she's alive... alive... An' we found
her...

EMILIO

(fervently)
Please!... I, too, am alive... I
wish to stay that way.

They reach the waiting cargadores and the pack train, surrounded by suspicious Comanches.

EMILIO

(to his men)
Vamanos!

They mount and ride out.

WIPE TO:

EXT. SAND DUNES NEAR NEEDLES (MONUMENT) - FULL SHOT -

LATE

AFTERNOON

Emilio is standing near his horse, talking to Ethan and Martin.

EMILIO

You understand, senores... It is not that I am cobarde... cowardly...

ETHAN

Don't apologize... You did your job...

Emilio nods and mounts.

EMILIO

He knows you -- who you are -- and why you are here... This I did not understand... or I would not... even for gold, senores... have led you here.

He fumbles for a pouch, holds it out to Ethan.

EMILIO

Take it. I do not want blood money.
Vaya con Dios!

soberly
toward the

He digs spurs and rides out. Ethan turns and looks at Martin. We hear the rest of the riders moving away. Ethan and Martin cross the sand and go down slope creek where their horses are waiting.

174-A

EXT. SAND CREEK (MONUMENT) - FULL SHOT - THE TWO - DAY

MARTIN

You figger Scar means to kill us?

ETHAN

He's got to... All these years, runnin', dodgin', knowin' we were after him... Now we caught up... It's him or us.

MARTIN

Why didn't he make his move back there?

ETHAN

I don't know... Somethin' tied his hands... maybe hospitality...

the

He breaks and both wheel as sand slides from the top of

dunes. They look up.

174-B

EXT. SAND DUNE - DAY

Debbie is silhouetted atop the dune, looking down at them.

MARTIN

(barely breathing the name)

Debbie...?

She slides down the dune to stand across the creek from them.

174-C

EXT. SAND CREEK - FULL SHOT - THE THREE - DAY

Her hand cautions them to silence and against coming any closer.

DEBBIE

(in Comanche)

Unnt-meah!

(Go away!)

Both men move closer. She takes a frightened step back, as if to run.

MARTIN

Debbie... Don't you remember me? I'm Martin.

She hesitates. She looks long at him.

DEBBIE

(in Comanche)

Unnt-meah!

MARTIN

(softly)

We ain't goin'! We ain't goin' without you, Debbie... Ethan, get the horses... I'll try to keep her talkin'...

ETHAN

(harshly)

How? She's even forgot her own

language!

MARTIN

Debbie, you're comin' with us! Hear me?

DEBBIE

No... not now... not ever.

bring

These have been her first words in English... and they
new hope to Martin.

MARTIN

I don't care what they've done to you... what happened...

DEBBIE

(angrily)

They have done... nothing... They are my people...

ETHAN

Your people? They murdered your family!

DEBBIE

(reverting to Comanche)

Ee-sap!

(furiously)

White men killed them - to steal cows! I was... little... I ran away... They find me... take care of me.

MARTIN

No Debbie! That ain't what happened! They been lyin' to you...

DEBBIE

You lie! All white men lie... and kill...

MARTIN

Debbie, think back! I'm Martin... remember? Remember how I used to let you ride my horse? Tell you stories? Don't you remember me, Debbie?

DEBBIE

I remember... from always... At first I prayed to you... come and get me... take me home... You didn't come...

MARTIN

I've come now...

DEBBIE

These are my people...
(in Comanche)
Unnt-meah! Go! Go! Please!

ETHAN

(grimly)
Stand aside, boy...

takes
Martin turns as Ethan slowly reaches for his gun. It
Martin a moment to realize what he is about to do.

MARTIN

Ethan -- NO!

the
Martin
He moves quickly then to put himself between Ethan and
girl and in that instant there is the crack of a rifle.
Ethan is hit in the leg. It goes out from under him.
swings and his gun is out and firing.

174-D

EXT. SAND CREEK - FULL SHOT - INCLUDING THE DUNES - DAY

them --
dune
running
charging
away.
A mounted Comanche is on the crest of the dune above
rifle raised. Martin's first shot brings him down the
in a spectacular horse-and-man fall. Debbie goes
like a deer up the creek, away from Martin; in the same
instant we hear the angry yells of distant Comanches
from the far left. Martin turns to see Debbie running

MARTIN

Debbie! WAIT!

their
horses. He shoves Martin ahead of him.

ETHAN

(angrily)
Never mind her! MOVE!

attacking
charging

They mount and take off, just as the vanguard of the Comanches swings around a point of rock and comes toward the creek.

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

area
- a
after

as Ethan and Martin race their horses from the creek and down a long incline, as -- from the heights above -- dozen or more Comanches, led by Scar, come tearing them.

175-A

- DAY

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN - MOVING

as
along.

Ethan is swaying in his saddle, just barely hanging on, Martin races up behind him -- driving Ethan's horse

along
the
bullets

They swing past a huge outcrop of rock and go tearing a vaulting wall of stone. Their hoofbeats and those of pursuers bounce and echo off the canyon walls, and whine and ricochet.

175-B

MARTIN -

EXT. CANYON COUNTRY - FULL MOVING SHOT - ETHAN AND DAY

pancakes.

They swing around giant boulders, up-ended like

conscious.

Ethan is lurching almost out of the saddle, barely

and

Martin spots the cave -- ahead -- and drives his mount Ethan's toward it.

175-C

EXT. THE CAVE (MONUMENT) - FULL SHOT - THE TWO - DAY

slides
boulders,

Martin pulls his horse in and swings off just as Ethan
from his saddle. He runs toward one of the huge
crouches and starts firing.

175-D

EXT. CANYON COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE ON THE COMANCHES - DAY

goes
He
hidden

The Comanches are spread out but coming on fast. One
down under Martin's fire.... another is hit in the arm.
pulls up and the other Comanches wheel away from the
marksman.

175-E

EXT. THE CAVE - FULL SHOT - MARTIN AND ETHAN

Ethan has

Martin runs back from his firing post toward where
fallen.

ETHAN

(angrily)

Go on! Get out of here while you
can...

MARTIN

(pointing to the cave)

Over there!

himself
saddle
their
cave.

Ethan turns and sees what he means. He starts dragging
to the cave as Martin grabs the rifles from their
scabbards, yanks off the water canteens and then drives
horses away. Then he too runs for the shelter of the
cave.

175-F

EXT. THE CANYON - ANGLING FROM BEHIND MARTIN AND ETHAN

we see
Comanches.
cave --
quarry.
over
grimly

Both men are crouching, rifles ready. In the distance their horses running off -- pursued by some yelling Four or six others come into sight, heading for the moving cautiously, uncertainly -- not seeing their Then the white men open fire and the Comanches bend low their horses' necks and clear out of there. Ethan looks at Martin.

ETHAN

They'll be back...

MARTIN

We won't be here... Come on!

He gets an arm under Ethan and hauls him to his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

175-G

EXT. THE GAP IN THE CLIFF - PANNING SHOT - SUNSET

Martin
the

CAMERA PANS from the top of the rock chimney to where is snaking his way through, carrying newly-filled water canteens. He stands there, listening and looking back the way he has come; and then, satisfied there has been no pursuit, he continues away.

OMITTED

INT. THE CAVE - MED. SHOT - ETHAN - HALF-LIGHT

with
burning.

Ethan is lying on the hard earth, perhaps cushioned some boughs. He is half delirious. A small fire is

fire,
mumbles

Martin enters carrying the canteens. He looks unsympathetically toward Ethan, then continues to the takes a knife and starts to sterilize it. Ethan gasps,

and then a word comes clear.

ETHAN

Martha... Martha!

time,
closer
bullet.

Martin stares at him -- and now, perhaps for the first
he is fitting pieces into the jig-saw puzzle. He shifts
to Ethan and we see he is preparing to dig out the
Ethan opens his eyes and looks at him.

MARTIN

I gotta open that leg and let the
poison out...

He poises the knife.

ETHAN

Wait...

folded

He fumbles in his shirt pocket, brings out a greasy
piece of paper.

ETHAN

Just in case... Read it.

and

Martin sets the knife down, takes the paper, opens it
slowly reads:

MARTIN

'I, Ethan Edwards, being of sound
mind and without any blood kin, do
hereby bequeath all my property of
any kind to Martin Pauley...'

(he stares, then)

I don't want your property.... 'Sides,
what do you mean no 'blood kin?'
Debbie's your blood kin...

ETHAN

Not no more.

MARTIN

(angrily)

You can keep your will!

(he thrusts it back
into Ethan's shirt)

I ain't forgettin' you was all set

to shoot her yourself... What kind
o' man are you, anyway.

ETHAN

(sitting up -- eyes
blazing)
She's been with the bucks! She's
nothin' now but a...

Martin shoves him back onto the ground.

MARTIN

(a shout)
Shut your dirty mouth!

He gets to his feet, trembling, and stands looking down
at
his
blanket.
Ethan, his fists clenched at his sides and murder in
eyes. Then his eyes rove to the knife lying on the

He picks it up and he looks again at the wounded man.

MARTIN

(slowly)
I hope you die!

And he kneels again to open the wound.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAY

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND MARTIN -

Martin is hauling an improvised travois over the ground
in
unconscious
which, lashed by vines and some clothing, is the
figure of Ethan.

CLOSE SHOT - MOVING - MARTIN - DAY

Eyes shadowed, whiskered, drawn -- he is an implacable
figure
Ethan
doesn't
as he drags the weary miles home. He hears a groan from
o.s. He barely lets his eyes drift to the sound. He
stop.

CLOSE SHOT - MOVING - ETHAN IN THE TRAVOIS - DAY

We see he is delirious, lips parched, strapped to the poles.

The travois jolts over the ground. As he passes out of frame, the CAMERA HOLDS on the marks of the travois poles scraping across the desert.

FADE OUT

OMITTED

FADE IN

INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

A party is in progress. Fiddler and banjo-player are playing a lively square dance for one or two sets of dancers -- ranchers, their wives and daughters. Laurie is not in evidence. At the far end of the room is a table with a punch bowl set up and a cluster of men and women about.

Jorgensen is at the door boisterously welcoming some new arrivals. Leading them into the room is Captain the Reverend Sam Clayton, with a bulky oil-skin package under his arm. With him is Charlie MacCorry, dressed in his best black suit and scrubbed until he looks raw.

Behind them come three or four other competent-looking men -- Rangers all of them.

JORGENSEN

(shouting)

They're here, mama... Come in, come in...

INT. JORGENSEN HOME - FULL SHOT - FAVORING GROUP AT DOOR

Clayton waits for Charlie to come abreast, then hits him on

the back and drives him inside.

CLAYTON

Here he is, Lars... Combed, curried
'n washed behind the ears!

Charlie. Mrs. Jorgensen hurries over, beaming, to admire

MRS. JORGENSEN

Why, Charlie, you look real handsome!

CHARLIE

(grinning)
Yes'm... scarcely reck'nize myself...
Where's Laurie?

the Mrs. Jorgensen smiles and playfully pushes him toward
guests.

MRS. JORGENSEN

You'll see her soon enough...

gunbelts Clayton -- and the other Rangers -- have been hanging
on pegs along the wall. Now he shakes out his parcel --
disclosing a green-black frock coat.

CLAYTON

(nodding to the music)
Say, that music sounds so good it
must be sinful...

MRS. JORGENSEN

Grab a partner, reverend!

CLAYTON

Well, now, a man of my age just can't
haul off and dance in cold blood...
but if there's any of that wild cherry
brandy of yours, Lars...

JORGENSEN

(suddenly sober)
Nooo...
(change of heart)
Yah, by golly... One jug left... I
get it!

Mrs. Jorgensen glares as he heads out.

MRS. JORGENSEN

Last winter that man swore up and down there wasn't a drop left -- and me with pneumoney!... Reverend, you'd better start clergyin' again!

EXT. JORGENSEN HOME - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

music
sets
and
Horses, wagons fill the yard. We can hear the lively of the square dance. As Jorgensen opens the door and out toward the barn, a battered dusty trap drives in -- on it are Martin and Ethan. Jorgensen at first doesn't recognize them.

JORGENSEN

(hailing them)

Hi!... You're late... hurry...

And then he sees who they are, and his jaw drops.

JORGENSEN

(staring)

Ethan... Martie... No, don't get down! ...You can't come in!

They stare at him.

JORGENSEN

The Rangers are here!

He says it as though that explains everything.

ETHAN

What's that got to do with us?

MARTIN

(eyeing the house)

What's goin' on?

JORGENSEN

(who's forgotten they wouldn't know)

Why, my Laurie's getting married...

grabs
his arm.
Martin throws the reins aside and jumps out. Jorgensen

JORGENSEN

Wait! Don't you hear me! The
Rangers...

MARTIN

So what?

JORGENSEN

You been posted for murder... both
of you... That trader fella, the
late Mister Futterman...

Martin tries to break free.

MARTIN

I gotta see Laurie!

JORGENSEN

(desperately)

Go around the side... the
grandmother's room... I'll tell her...

PLEASE!

MARTIN

You better!

stiffly He heads around the side. Ethan meanwhile has climbed
down, slightly favoring his leg.

JORGENSEN

Quick... hide in the barn, Ethan...

ETHAN

Hide? Why would I?

He brushes past the little man and heads for the door.

INT. THE JORGENSEN HOUSE - ANGLING FROM BEHIND ETHAN

moment, as
then
stops.
the
makes
as he enters, with Jorgensen at his heels. For a
he stands there, the party breezes on. Then first one,
another sees him. They gape, and the music falters and
Sam Clayton crosses to confront him across the width of
room. Jorgensen tries to be the easy, smiling host--and
a very bad job of it.

JORGENSEN

Look everybody... Look who's...

flapping
He can't even finish it but stands there making
gestures.

INT. JORGENSEN ROOM - FULL SHOT - ETHAN AND SAM

will
Laurie's
-- others gaping. During the opening lines, Jorgensen
covertly back toward the door to the inner room --
room.

ETHAN

(to all)
Evenin'... evenin' Reverend... or do
I call you 'Captain'...?

CLAYTON

Came here for a wedding, Ethan...
Until that's over, I reckon 'reverend'
will do...

MRS. JORGENSEN

(coming forward)
And news of our little girl, Ethan?

His face contorts and his smile is twisted.

ETHAN

She's not a little girl any more.

MRS. JORGENSEN

(eyes wide)
You've seen her!... She's alive?

ETHAN

I've seen her... and she's alive.

sobbing.
Mrs. Jorgensen throws herself against his chest,

men
Ethan looks past her at Clayton. And the faces of both
are grim.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRANDMOTHER ROOM - FULL SHOT

turning
inside,
obviously

The room is dark. Martin is pacing, eyes constantly to the inside door. And then it opens and Laurie is holding a lamp. She is in her bridal gown and very trying to keep from betraying the stress she is under.

LAURIE

(quietly)

Hello, Martie....

He just stares at her -- very lovely, strangely remote. He suddenly is conscious of his dirty hands, his dusty, worn clothing.

MARTIN

I... I wrote you a letter... Reckon you didn't get it...

LAURIE

(setting the lamp
down)

One letter in five years... I read it till the paper dried up and the writing faded out...

MARTIN

It wasn't much of a letter...

LAURIE

No, it wasn't... You mighta said you loved me... You mighta asked me to wait... At least that'd have been something...

MARTIN

But I allus loved you... You know that, without my sayin' it... I couldn't bring myself to ask you to wait... the little I had... not knowin' how much longer until we found Debbie...

LAURIE

(breaking)

It isn't fair...

She sinks onto the bench.

Laurie

(sobbing)

It isn't fair, Martin Pauley, and
you know it!

his arm

She begins to cry, very softly. He is beside her and
goes around her shoulder comfortingly.

Martin

Don't cry, Laurie... I understand
how it is... I'll just go 'way...

Laurie

(spinning on him)

You do and I'll die, Martie... I
will! I'll just die!

door

glares.

And they are kissing through her tears when the outer
is flung open by Charlie MacCorry. They part as he

Charlie

I'll thank you to leave the room,
Laurie.

Martin stares at him, then at her.

Martin

(incredulous)

Charlie MacCorry!... You weren't
fixin' to marry HIM??

Charlie

She sure is!... An' don't think your
comin' back is goin' to change it!

Martin

As to that, I don't know, Charlie...
We hadn't got around to talkin'
marriage...

Charlie

What right you got to be talkin'
marriage to any decent woman...

Martin

(angrily)

If you're talkin' about that crazy
murder charge...

CHARLIE

AND other things... Mebbe you thought you was gettin' away with being comical about that Indian wife you took... I bet she wasn't the first squaw you...

side-
against the
Martin swings wildly but Charlie is a wily fighter. He steps and chops Martin in the jaw and drives him wall. Laurie runs between them.

Laurie

Stop it! Both of you... I won't have any fighting in this house.

Martin gently brushes her aside.

Martin

It's all right... Charlie, let's move outside.

CHARLIE

I ain't wearing no gun.

outside
Martin nods and unbuckles his gunbelt. The men head as Laurie runs to get help.

EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOME - BREEZEWAY

guarded
puts
this
Indian,
out now
Charlie waits assuredly as Martin follows him outside. Martin makes a wild run, swings. The blow is neatly by Charlie's left and countered with a crisp right that Martin down. Martin gets to his feet, more cautiously time, and comes in at a crouch; he's fighting like an not a white man. The men from the wedding party come at a run.

CLAYTON

(yelling)
Sergeant MacCorry!

springs
Charlie turns slightly and in that instant Martin

though
into

and drives a straight right at his face -- almost as
there were a knife in the hand. MacCorry stumbles back
Clayton's arms.

CLAYTON

Is this in the line of duty, sergeant?

CHARLIE

(regaining his balance)

No sir... pleasure.

CLAYTON

In that case, give the boys room...

his
Martin
repeat.
ducks
throws
effect, is

Martin waits at a crouch as Charlie comes in, feints
right and crosses his left. It is a hard blow but
recovers and waits... Charlie circles and starts to
He feints his right but this time Martin springs in,
and -- as the left shoots out -- he grabs the wrist and
Charlie over his head. What we are looking at, in
a wrestler against a boxer.

CLAYTON

Fight fair, son... Use your fists!

ETHAN

(drily)

Comanches don't use their fists,
reverend... Let 'em alone...

now
feints a
the
up
both
back
under

Charlie is on his feet and warily starts circling --
trying to imitate Martin's crouch. Suddenly Martin
right swing and connects with a solid left -- reversing
order of business. Charlie staggers and Martin follows
with a wrestling hold, leaping behind Charlie, locking
legs around him and driving his arms upward behind his
so that his face is in the dirt and so he could --

scalped.
knife. He

other circumstances -- be neatly and expeditiously
With the hands locked, Martin then calmly draws a
looks innocently into the aghast faces of the crowd.

MARTIN

Could scalp him... but I'll just
count coup!

enough to
feet --
side.

With that he releases the paralyzed arms just long
grab a lock of Charlie's hair and neatly snip it off.
He stands then and laughs as Charlie lamely gets to his
easing the tortured arms. Clayton goes to Charlie's
Laurie moves to Martin's side.

CLAYTON

You all right, sergeant?

CHARLIE

Dunno... Seems so.

CLAYTON

Well, go get cleaned up and we'll
proceed with the weddin'...

are

Charlie frowns and looks off at where Laurie and Martin
standing.

CHARLIE

Ain't goin' to be any weddin' -- not
till we get a few things cleared up
'round here...

He walks rather unsteadily away leaving a thunderstruck
assembly, murmurous with surprise.

WIPE TO:

INT. JORGENSEN KEEPING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

carrying
smaller

The last of the wedding guests is leaving: Ed Nesby
his bull fiddle and with his wife and daughter and two
children preceding him out the door.

the
dejectedly,
Laurie
wedding
Clayton,

The Jorgensens stand by -- trying to put a good face on wedding debacle. Charlie MacCorry is sitting studying a spot on the floor. Ethan is at the mantel. is in her room -- presumably changing out of her gown. Martin is at a sink, bathing a cut on his lip. still in his clerical coat, is near the door.

NESBY

(a grin)
Well... it was a nice weddin' party...
considerin' no one got married...
'Night.

JORGENSEN

Good night, Ed...

letting
to

Mrs. Jorgensen puts her handkerchief to her eyes -- down now that the guests have gone. Jorgensen crosses her, pats her sympathetically.

JORGENSEN

Now, mamma!...

He leads her away. Clayton faces Ethan.

CLAYTON

I got to ask you and Martin to ride to the State Capitol with me, Ethan.

ETHAN

This an invite to a necktie party, Reverend?

CLAYTON

Captain... Nope, wouldn't say that... Likely you had your reasons for killin' Futterman... Probably needed killin'... I'm speaking as a ranger now, not as a reverend... Fact that all three was shot in the back is the only thing that's raised some question -- that and a missin' gold piece known to have been on him just prior to his demise.

gold
Ethan casually reaches into his pocket, takes out a
coin and spins it.

ETHAN

(casually)
That so?

Martin crosses to confront Clayton.

MARTIN

I ain't goin' to Austin, Reverend.

hand.
Charlie gets to his feet and he has his gun in his

CHARLIE

You're goin' if the captain says
you're goin'...

CLAYTON

Now, now... let's not grow
disputatious...

a
Fast hoofbeats sound o.s. -- signalling the approach of
four-man cavalry detail.

CLAYTON

(turning)
What's that? More company?

He and Jorgensen head for the door.

CLAYTON

Kinda late getting here, aren't they?

A voice hails from outside.

LIEUTENANT'S VOICE

Hello there! Captain Clayton?

INT. - EXT. JORGENSEN HOUSE - ANGLE AT DOOR - NIGHT

him,
detail,
not
Clayton stands in the opened doorway, Jorgensen behind
looking out. Drawn up outside is the four-man cavalry
led by a young and very crisp LIEUTENANT. We may or may

Lieutenant

see the sixth man, slouched over his horse. The
swings off and crosses.

LIEUTENANT

Is Captain Clayton here, Reverend?

CLAYTON

I'm Clayton.

The Lieutenant gapes at Clayton's ministerial coat.

LIEUTENANT

(doubtfully)

You're Captain Clayton?...

Ethan chuckles, to Clayton's very obvious annoyance.

LIEUTENANT

(recovering, he salutes)

Colonel Greenhill's compliments,
sir.

company

The Colonel wishes to know how soon you could put a
of Rangers in the field, fully armed and...

CLAYTON

Hold on, son... Who's this Colonel
Greenhill you're talking about?

LIEUTENANT

Why Colonel Greenhill is Colonel
Greenhill, sir... Commanding Officer,
Fifth U.S. Cavalry... I'm Lieutenant
Greenhill, sir.

CLAYTON

Oh... Now what's this your pa wants
to know?

LIEUTENANT

My pa wants to know... Colonel
Greenhill wants to know how soon you
could put a company of your Rangers
in the field, fully armed and
equipped, for joint punitive action
against the Comanches.

CLAYTON

JOINT action?

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir... We've received information about a band of Comanches under a chief named Scar...

ETHAN

What information?

LIEUTENANT

That maybe he's not far from here -- holed up somewhere, waiting his chance to get back over the border... He raided north about a month ago... ran into more army than he bargained for... Now he's running for cover, for keeps this time...

CLAYTON

And what makes you think he's in this territory?

LIEUTENANT

Yesterday, one of our patrols picked up a man claims he was a prisoner with Scar till only two days ago... He talks crazy but I brought him along... Says he lives here... keeps mentioning a rocking chair.

ETHAN

(half to himself)

Mose...

And then he is striding to the door, calling it:

ETHAN

MOSE!

MOSE'S VOICE

Ay-he?... Ay-eh?...

And the old man totters in, half-supported by a trooper
-- hollow-eyed, weak, almost delirious.

MOSE

Come f'r my rockin' chai'... ole Mose.

ETHAN

(shouting it)

Where's Scar, Mose... SCAR?

MARTIN

Ask him about Debbie!... Is she all right, Mose?

MOSE

My rockin' chai'...

MRS. JORGENSEN

(bustling over)

Leave the poor man be! Can't you see he's out of his mind...

and She tries to lead him away, but Ethan shoves her aside grips the old man by his arms.

ETHAN

Mose... try to remember!... You were in Scar's camp...

MOSE

Ay-he... Made out I was crazy...
(he giggles foolishly)
Ate dirt... chewed grass... I fooled 'em, Ethan!... an' I got away...

ETHAN

Scar! Where's he holed in?

MOSE

Seven Fingers... ay-he... Seven...

denied. He staggers and this time Mrs. Jorgensen won't be

MRS. JORGENSEN

Now that's enough! Here... by the fire... What you need's a good bowl of soup...

She leads him away, at last to his rocker by the fire.

During this, Ethan and Clayton have been mulling Mose's answer.

ETHAN

(blankly)
Seven Fingers?

LIEUTENANT

That's what he told us... but there's

no such place on the maps.

MARTIN

Wait a minute! Isn't that the Caddo name for where all those canyons branch on the Malapai?

MOSE

(from his rocker)
Caddo or Kiowa... ay-he... ay-eh...

Sam Clayton wheels on the Lieutenant.

CLAYTON

You tell your pa a company of Rangers -- all fourteen of 'em -- fully armed an' equipped will be in the field by daylight... headin' for the south end of the Malapai. If he can catch up with us, well an' good...

LIEUTENANT

But... but captain, we can't possibly take the field tomorrow... for your own protection...

CLAYTON

Sonny, yonder's a passel of murderers, complete with Texican scalps an' white girl captive... You want to protect us, you just get out of our way... Now skedaddle!

Ethan. The lieutenant skedaddles. Sam whirls on Martin and

CLAYTON

Ethan, you an' Martin are hereby appointed civilian scouts -- without pay... Charlie, hightail it to headquarters an' spread the word...

CHARLIE

Yes sir...

where He leaves. Martin's hands go to his side -- recalling he left his guns.

MARTIN

My guns...

He heads for the inner door to the grandmother room.

INT. THE GRANDMOTHER ROOM - FULL SHOT

his
room --
as Martin enters and crosses to where he had dropped
gunbelt. Even before he reaches it, Laurie is in the
closing the door after her.

LAURIE

Martie... don't go! Not this time.

MARTIN

(staring)
You crazy?

LAURIE

It's too late... She's a woman grown
now...

MARTIN

I got to fetch her home...

LAURIE

Fetch what home?... The leavin's of
Comanche bucks -- sold time an' again
to the highest bidder?... With savage
brats of her own, most like?...

MARTIN

(shouting it)
Laurie! Shut your mouth!

LAURIE

Do you know what Ethan will do if he
has a chance?... He'll put a bullet
in her brain! And I tell you Martha
would want him to!

MARTIN

Only if I'm dead!

He strides out past her.

INT. THE KEEPING ROOM - FULL SHOT

looks
hard at Ethan.
as Martin re-enters. Ethan and Sam are waiting. Martin

CLAYTON

You ready?

MARTIN

(eyes never leaving
Ethan's face)

I'm ready.

As they stride out,

CUT TO:

204-A

**INT. JORGENSEN HOUSE - GRANDMOTHER ROOM - CLOSE SHOT -
LAURIE - NIGHT**

sadly
reprises --
as she stands at the window, in her bridal gown, and
watches Martin again going away. Softly the score
sadly now -- "Skip to My Lou."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MESA COUNTRY - LONG SHOT - THE RANGERS - DAWN

LIGHT

walking
skyline.
A file of eighteen men and horses -- Rangers -- is
under the shoulder of a mesa, keeping well below the

FULL SHOT - THE FILE OF RANGERS - DAWN LIGHT

Martin
drooping
tobacco.
They pass CAMERA one by one -- Sam Clayton in the lead,
behind him leading two horses, then the others -- grim-
looking, capable men of varying ages; some with long
mustaches, some in need of shaves, some chewing

CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN - AT RIM OF A MESA - DAWN LIGHT

long
with
the
He is lying prone, his hat off, squinting down into a
reach of desert canyon at the Comanche encampment --
tepees set up, a thin wisp of smoke rising from a fire,

corral

horse herd penned in a draw cut off by an improvised
of rawhide ropes.

LIGHT

EXT. THE COMANCHE ENCAMPMENT - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - DAWN

tepee
a
off.
horse

The camp is sleeping. A dog yaps shrilly. One of the
flaps opens and Scar steps out. He picks up a stone or
chunk of wood and throws it. The dog yelps and runs
Scar's air is troubled, suspicious. He heads for the
herd. The camp sleeps on.

CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN - AT RIM OF A MESA - DAWN LIGHT

back
Ranger

His face betrays a bitter inner satisfaction. He looks
along the trail as faintly we hear the approach of the
company. Then he squirms back, retrieving his hat.

FULL SHOT - HEAD OF RANGER COLUMN - DAWN LIGHT

in a
trail to

Sam, seeing Ethan in the near distance, raises his hand
signal for halt and waits. Ethan scrambles down the
join him. He takes the reins of his horse from Martin.

ETHAN

We can get within 500 yards... there's
a hogback to the south.

CLAYTON

How many, would you say?

ETHAN

(drily)

Enough to go around... I'd say about
a dozen apiece... Mount 'em up!

He moves as though to mount, but Martin steps forward.

MARTIN

Wait! We go chargin' in, they'll
kill her... and you know it.

ETHAN

(calmly)
It's what I'm countin' on.

Sam stares at him, but Martin isn't surprised.

MARTIN

I know you are... Only it ain't goin'
to be that way... she's alive...

ETHAN

Livin' with Comanches ain't bein'
alive...

MARTIN

(same tone)
She's alive... Better she's alive
and livin' with Comanches than her
brains bashed out...

CLAYTON

Now son, it's a bitter thing to say,
but there's more than your sister at
stake here.

ETHAN

There sure is! I'm going to tell you
somethin'... I wasn't going to speak
of it... But I'll tell you now. Did
you notice them scalps strung on
Scar's lance?

(MARTIN NODS)

Did you see the third scalp from the
point of the lance? Long... wavy
hair...

MARTIN

I saw it... And don't try to tell me
it was Aunt Martha's or Lucy's...

ETHAN

You don't remember it, but I remember.
That was your mother's scalp!

eyes
Martin stares, quick disbelief in his eyes. But Ethan's
hold his and there is no doubting the truth in them.

ETHAN

I didn't want to tell you... but
maybe it's your right to know.

CLAYTON

(quietly)

Now mount up, son...

turn him
Sam puts his hand on Martin's elbow -- as though to
to his duty. But Martin jerks the arm away.

MARTIN

It don't change it... All I'm askin'
is a chance to sneak in there... an'
try to get her out before you come
chargin' in.

CLAYTON

What if you're caught?

MARTIN

It won't tell 'em anything, will it!
Just a man alone...

ETHAN

I say NO!

CLAYTON

Go ahead, son... But at the first
alarm, we're comin' in -- and we
ain't goin' to have time to pick and
choose our targets when we do...

his
his
Ethan looks long and hard at Martin, then reaches into
shirt for the folded, dirty, dog-eared paper that was
will. Slowly he tears it into shreds.

ETHAN

It's your funeral...

glances
his
Martin squats and starts pulling off his boots. He
up as Charlie MacCorry comes over, an Indian blanket in
hands. He tosses it onto Martin's shoulder.

CHARLIE

Here... you fight like a Comanch...
Maybe this'll help ya pass as one.

and
Then he grins and extends his hand. Martin takes it --

drops
the

they shake as Charlie pulls him to his feet. Martin
his hat, and then -- at a crouching run -- he heads for
distant Comanche camp.

MARTIN

toward
starts

FULL SHOT - FROM BEHIND CLAYTON AND ETHAN, TOWARD

as he runs downslope under the shelter of the hogback
the unseen camp. Clayton waves an arm at his men and
leading out -- in a somewhat different direction.

FULL SHOT - THE RANGERS, FAVORING CLAYTON AND ETHAN

under
approaching
latter

They are leading their horses down the slope, still
the lee of the butte, when two riders are seen
at a fast gallop -- Lt. Greenhill and his courier. (The
is a bugler).

CLAYTON

What in...?

GREENHILL

(calling -- still
distant)

Captain Clayton... Captain!

Greenhill
rides

Sam whips off his hat and makes frantic signals to
to shut up. Greenhill pulls to a canter, puzzled, and
in.

CLAYTON

(exploding)

Go on! Whyn't you have your bugler
sound the charge while you're at
it??

GREENHILL

(blankly)

Sir?

CLAYTON

Never mind... Your pa know you're
out here?

GREENHILL

Yes, sir... Troop's about ten miles back... The Colonel sent me looking for you...

CLAYTON

(dismissing him)

Well you found me... Good work, son... Good work.

He starts away. Greenhill follows.

GREENHILL

If there's anything I can do, sir...

CLAYTON

(under his breath)

God forbid... No, son, you flog on back and tell your pa where we're at... and where he's at...

GREENHILL

But he knows THAT, sir... Can't I stay, sir?

CLAYTON

(reluctantly)

All right... But keep your eye on me, boy... I'm the hard case you're up against here -- not these childish savages... If you don't hear me first time I holler, you better read my mind... I don't aim to raise no two hollers on any subject at hand...

GREENHILL

Yes, sir...

Captain He whips out his sabre -- to the imminent peril of Sam who quickly shifts out of the way.

CLAYTON

Watch that knife, boy!

Then Sam continues away and the Rangers after him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF COMANCHE CAMP - FULL SHOT - DAWN

LIGHT

rock. The
behind
impedimenta. A

Martin runs from behind CAMERA and dodges behind a
camp is still asleep, very quiet. Martin runs out from
the rock and makes another short dash toward the camp,
dropping behind a pile of blankets or other
dog runs out of one of the tepees, begins barking.

EXT. THE HORSE HERD - MED. CLOSE SHOT - SCAR

lines.
shrill,

He stands with another Comanche -- inspecting the horse
In the near distance the dog's barking is heard --
insistent. Scar, almost like an animal, sniffs the air
suspiciously. The other Comanche laughs.

COMANCHE

Tahbo.
(A rabbit.)

Scar isn't satisfied but returns to his work.

PAST

EXT. THE COMANCHE CAMP - ANGLE FAVORING SCAR'S TEPEE

MARTIN

distinct
for
around

He is staring at it -- remembering it from certain
decorations. The lower part of the tepee is rolled up,
better air circulation. Martin wraps Charlie's blanket
him and begins walking to the tepee.

EXT. THE LEE OF THE HOGBACK OR RISE - FULL SHOT - THE RANGERS

their
along

The line is drawn up, dismounted, the men checking
sidearms, tightening cinches, etc. Sam moves briskly
the line of men, then mounts his horse.

CLAYTON

The State of Texas is payin' you
boys \$12 a month. Here's your chance
to earn it... Now I don't want any
foolin' around after scalps. We ain't
got the time... Yankee cavalry's on
its way here to set those Comanches

free... We gotta beat 'em to it --
our way... Now mount an' guide center
on young Greenhill here. Son, you
just follow me... And WATCH THAT
KNIFE!

The last comes as Greenhill tries to mount,
simultaneously flailing out his sabre perilously close to Clayton.

EXT. SCAR'S TEPEE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIN

Martin has gained the tepee, takes one quick look
around, then strides in.

INT. SCAR'S TEPEE

Scar as Martin enters. One robe, tossed back, shows where
two has slept. Against one wall lie the huddled figures of
sleep in squaws. Two other figures -- one being Debbie's --
slowly robes. Martin's eyes go to Scar's place and then rove
and hold on:

INT. TEPEE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DEBBIE

hair. She moves slightly so that the light strikes her fair
shoulder, Martin kneels close to her and gently touches her
to awaken her. Her eyes open, then widen in fear.
quickly claps a hand over his mouth.
Silently she fights him, trying to pull the hand away.

MARTIN

(a hoarse whisper)
Debbie... don't!

And then her fingernails rake his hand. He winces and
lets go. She screams and tries to leap up. He grabs her. The
other squaws wake -- begin squawking.

MARTIN

(grimly)

I'm takin' you whether you want to
or not...

Debbie sees something beyond him. Her eyes widen.

DEBBIE

(a scream)

MARTIN!

HER
INT. TEPEE - SHOOTING FROM EXTREME LOW ANGLE, AS FROM
P.O.V. - SCAR

the
knife
the
He looms in the flap of the tepee much as he had over
grave when he first kidnapped her. He has a scalping
in his hand. Scar whips his arm back. Behind him we see
other Comanche -- the one from the horse herd.

INT. TEPEE - FULL SHOT

hammer
leaps
feet,
pulling
bespeak the
Martin spins and his gun is out. He fans the trigger
twice -- and both slugs hit Scar. As the other Comanche
in, Martin's gun speaks again. And then he is on his
catching Debbie by the arm -- unresisting now -- and
her after him through the camp. Shouts and cries
awakening of the camp.

EXT. THE HOGBACK - FULL SHOT - THE RANGER GROUP

doffs
They are mounted and in line. The echo of a shot comes
bouncing back. Clayton is facing the men. He solemnly
his hat and bows his head.

CLAYTON

For these Thy gifts which we are
about to receive...

(donning his hat, he
turns to the bugler)

Sound that horn, son, and Leave Us
Go Amongst Them...YA-HEE!

yell
And shouting the rebel yell, he leads the charge. The

charge
-- a
sabre

is picked up by every man and the bugler sounds the
as though he had a regiment at his back. Lt. Greenhill
West Point beau sabreur in strange company -- has his
at the "charge."

FULL MOVING SHOT - ON THE CHARGE

notice
Greenhill's
sounding,
they
their

In the swamp of men and horses, we just have time to
that Sam is darting a somewhat worried look at
saber ominously close to his back. The charge is
the hooves are drumming and the men are yelling the way
did when they rode with Bedford Forrest -- reins in
teeth, guns in their fists.

EXT. THE ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - AS THE RANGERS HIT

their
of
have
Ranger
scores a
opposite
screams
him

Comanches are running from the tepees, trying to reach
horse herd as the file of Rangers knives in. The bark
hand guns is a steady sound now -- and the Comanches
never been up against such marksmen. One charging
rides down a tepee. Another, with two guns drawn,
running double on two Indians racing toward him from
sides of his fast-running horse. A dodging Comanche
as a barrel-chested roan hits him broadside and sends
sprawling into the embers of the campfire.

EXT. SCAR'S TEPEE - FULL SHOT - ETHAN

Comanche
Ethan
and
upraised,

He yanks his horse back to its haunches, firing at a
crouched near the tepee. The charge races past him.
swings off and runs to the tepee flap, whips it open
glares. A squaw comes running out at him, knife

turns
freezes,

but he knocks her sprawling with a full arm sweep. He
and his face is a mask of frustration -- and then he
seeing what he has been looking for:

EXT. THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - LONG SHOT - ETHAN'S P.O.V.

along,
(They are
horses
yells.

Martin is running with Debbie, trying to pull her
while she kicks and claws and tries to break free.
about thirty yards from the camp proper.) Riderless
are milling, circling. O.s. we can hear the firing, the

EXT. SCAR'S TEPEE - FULL SHOT

tepee.

Ethan remounts and heads around the side of Scar's

the

In the distance we see Martin and Debbie. The Rangers,
regrouping, are charging back through the camp, driving
Comanche horse herd.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIN AND DEBBIE

turns,

Martin hears Ethan's horse riding down at them; he
and Debbie pulls free and starts to run away.

MARTIN

No, Ethan! NO!

He goes running into the path of Ethan's horse.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MOVING SHOT - ETHAN

fight
--
relentlessly.

as Martin runs and grabs hold of his stirrup, trying to
the horse to a stop. Ethan swings on him -- once, twice
and Martin is knocked sprawling. Ethan rides on,

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FULL SHOT - DEBBIE AND ETHAN

horseman.

She is running and dodging, trying to escape the

horse
dust.
and
toward

Ethan has his gun drawn. She ducks to one side and the
goes past. Both figures are almost obscured in the
Ethan spins his mount and charges after her. She runs
then falls -- and he is off his horse and striding
her.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ETHAN AND DEBBIE

the
ground
raises his

Ethan is at the left of CAMERA and slightly closer to
foreground, with Debbie at the right, supine on the
and the dust swirling around her. Ethan draws and
gun. The hammer goes back.

ETHAN

(quietly)

I'm sorry, girl... Shut your eyes...

along the
moment
walks

The dust clears. The CAMERA MOVES slightly forward
gun arm and HOLDS on Debbie's face -- the eyes gazing
fearlessly, innocently into Ethan's. We HOLD for a long
and then the gun lowers. Ethan slowly holsters it and
over to her.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - CLOSE SHOT - ETHAN

He looks down at her.

ETHAN

(softly)

You sure favor your mother...

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

her to
goes
Martin

He extends his hand to her. She takes it and he helps
her feet. And then she is against his chest and his arm
protectingly about her. They are standing that way when
stumbles up -- and stares.

WIPE TO:

233-A

EXT. COMANCHE CAMP - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

horse,
valley
crossing
afar
charge:

The line of Rangers is afoot now, each man near his
each man with rifle out, pumping shot after shot at the
fleeting remnant of Comanches riding down the long
with their scattered horse herd milling and criss-
in mid-ground... And then as the firing slackens, from
we can hear the blare of a cavalry bugle sounding the
sign of the approach of Greenhill's troop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - FAVORING

CLAYTON

of
over
handled
them
looks
bugler

It is perhaps half an hour later. Clayton is very grim
face and occasionally wincing. His trousers are down
his ankles, his shirt-tails flapping over his long-
red underwear. Behind him Charlie MacCorry is kneeling,
applying some crude first aid to Sam's rump. Beyond
some of the Rangers are readying for the move-out. Sam
up angrily as COLONEL GREENHILL, a guidon bearer, and
ride in. Greenhill is a choleric man.

COLONEL

Clayton, if you were in my command
I'd have you courtmartialed for this!

CLAYTON

(angrily, to MacCorry)
Hurry it up!

COLONEL

What's the matter, sir... You wounded?
What is it, Sergeant -- a bullet or

an arrow?

Charlie just gapes, but Clayton -- grim-lipped -- bends
a
meaningful glare on someone off. Greenhill looks that
way.

EXT. THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - CLOSE SHOT - LT. GREENHILL

He is standing with his sabre at salute -- looking as
miserable as any shavetail would look when in disgrace.
It
could be that the end of the sabre has a pronounced
bend.

EXT. THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

Sam suddenly slaps MacCorry's hand away and grabs for
his
pants and pulls them up -- and around a tepee come
three
figures -- Ethan, Debbie, and Martin -- with Ethan
holding
Debbie's hand. And Sam's face is split by a grin as he
tucks
his shirt-tails in and goes to meet them.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THE JORGENSEN HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - MOSE HARPER -
AFTERNOON**

He is in a rocker on the porch. Suddenly he stares out
and
stops rocking. Faint in the distance, but coming
closer, the
clop-clop of two horses, moving at a walk. A moment
later
Jorgensen emerges and comes to stand beside Mose,
shading
his eyes and squinting against the sun, still not
recognizing
the distant horsemen. He is joined by Mrs. Jorgensen.
And
then Laurie comes out and she too stares, frowning at
first,
then with dawning realization.
Lars and Mrs. Jorgensen also begin to guess... to
suspect...
and then to know. And Laurie starts to run.

CLOSE SHOT - MOVING WITH LAURIE

the
the
The CAMERA MOVES ahead of her as she runs blindly over
hard-packed ground, running as hard as she can toward
still unseen but nearing horsemen.

FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

beside
the
cautioning
Laurie
or
steps
she
graves to
he
Ethan has Debbie on the pommel of his saddle, his arm
supporting her, and she is asleep. Martin is riding
them. Laurie comes running up to stare at Ethan and at
girl. He smiles and puts a finger to his lips --
her against waking Debbie -- and then he rides by.
looks then at Martin. He doesn't know whether to smile
not; he just waits. And then she is beside him and she
onto his stirrured foot and vaults up beside him, and
kisses him just as she had on the day he left the
take up the search. And still holding her beside him,
rides slowly after Ethan and Debbie toward the house.

FADE OUT

THE END