

# "ROUGHSHOD"

Screenplay by

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Story by

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## EXT. DESERT - DAWN

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

DISSOLVE

## EXT. NARROW CANYON - DAWN

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

DISSOLVE

## EXT. HILL - DAWN

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

DISSOLVE

## EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

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

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

MED SHOT - ANGLED ACROSS campfire. On the fire smoulders the prison clothes the convicts had worn. Smoke spirals up. In the B.B. Lednov, Peters and McCall, now wearing the clothes of the three Forsters, saddle the horses. CAMERA PANS AROUND and ANGLES DOWN. The bodies of Forster and his sons, now clad in underwear are sprawled by the fire. Forster's arm lies close to the smouldering clothing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CREEK - DAWN

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

ROUGHSHOD

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. CREEK - DAY

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

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

MED. SHOT. Graham drives the horses through the creek and into the meadow. Through the trees the Forster camp can be seen. Graham glances over, then suddenly pulls on the reins. As the horses stop, he twists the reins around the whip stock, grabs his rifle from under the seat, leaps out and hurries forward toward the camp.

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAY

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

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

MED. SHOT

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

riding the brake and holding the team back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST Graham.

GRAHAM

(annoyed)

What in thunderation –

(calling)

Wait a minute – stop –

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

GRAHAM

All right –

(then surprised)

What are you girls doin' way out here?

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

MARY

Until you came along we were going to Sonora.

GRAHAM

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

MARY

(dryly)

Not exactly. They decided gambling and dancing were bad for people.

(pointing)

Can I make it?

GRAHAM

Depends on how good you drive.

HELEN  
She's a little out of practice.

Graham jumps over the wheel.

MED. CLOSE ON SURREY

Graham reaches the surrey.

GRAHAM  
(cheerfully)  
Slide over.

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

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

MARCIA  
(rising)  
So am I. Come on Elaine.

Elaine leans back against the cushions and shakes her head.

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

MARCIA  
Don't talk like that.

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

GRAHAM  
Nothin' to it –

He releases the brake.

GRAHAM  
– once you know how. Trouble is,  
never was a woman knew how to handle  
a team. Shouldn't let 'em loose on  
the roads. No disrespect meant, Miss  
Wells.

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

GRAHAM

Get up.

Adroitly he drives the surrey past.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

on surrey. Graham jumps out.

GRAHAM

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

MARY

Thank you, Mr. Graham.

Helen and Marcia hurry up. Marcia motions back.

MARCIA

(aghast)

There's – dead men – in your wagon!

GRAHAM

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

(worried)

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

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

GRAHAM

They were murdered. I found the bodies

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

ELAINE  
(bitterly)  
Back to what?

GRAHAM  
Why, back to Aspen, where you came  
from.

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

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

GRAHAM  
(distressed)  
They shouldn't have done that.

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

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

Mary unwraps the reins from the whipstock.

MARY  
Goodbye and thanks.

GRAHAM  
I don't like to see you go.

Mary releases the brake and the surrey starts rolling forward.

GRAHAM

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

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. ASPEN - DAY - (MATTE SHOT)

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

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. ASPEN STREET - DAY DISSOLVE IN

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

MED. SHOT ON BUCKBOARD

The team has slowed to a walk. The people give their attention to the buckboard. A boy clambers up over the tailboard, sees the cargo and jumps off with a frightened yell. The crowd turns from the dance hall and follows the buckboard leaving the women and their pious male assistants on the porch.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLED to include blacksmith shop across the street. Far down the street comes Graham's buckboard followed by the small crowd. The sheriff's office is a one-story wooden structure. Next to it is the general store. In front of the blacksmith shop stands a wagon with one wheel off. In the corral alongside are eleven blooded mares. Clay

Phillips, his brother Steve and the blacksmith are inside the shop. Clay's saddle horse is tethered to the hitching rail beside two harnessed work horses.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

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

STEVE

How does she draw?

CLAY

A little hot.

Sam lifts the rim to the wheel.

SAM

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

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

CLAY

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

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

SAM

(amiably grumbling)

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

CLAY

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

STEVE

And I'm too young.

Clay and Sam spin the wheel in the tub.

CLAY

That's right.

STEVE

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

SAM

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

(philosophically)

But there'll be others along to take their place after a while when this quiets down. And everything will be fine until some busybody starts stirring up trouble.

CLAY

(mildly)

Don't you ever run down?

SAM

(to Steve)

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

CLAY

(good-natured)

You stick to your blacksmithin' and let me take care of Steve.

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

shed.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

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

CLAY

We'll both take a look. Anything's better than listenin' to Sam.

(to Sam)

Don't forget to shoe the mule.

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

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

CLAY

Who are they?

MAN

Don't know. Graham brought 'em in.

The sheriff calls from O.s.

GARDNER'S VOICE

Clay, come up here a minute.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING PORCH

Sheriff Gardner, who has seen Clay through the window, comes out of his office on to the porch followed by Jeb Graham and a young deputy. In his hand Gardner holds the burned prison jacket. Clay goes up the steps to the porch. Steve follows

to the foot of the steps to stand watching. The crowd around the wagon gives its attention to the men on the porch.

MED. SHOT

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

CLAY

Hello Graham – Joe – Mr. Gardner.

GARDNER

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

GRAHAM

(motioning toward  
wagon)

Cal Forster and his sons. Somebody  
killed 'em.

He pauses to let that sink in.

GRAHAM

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

CLAY

(shocked)

Forster never did anyone any harm.

(puzzled)

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

Gardner holds out the burned jacket.

GARDNER

This was smoulderin' on the fire.

Clay moves over to glance down at the jacket.

CLAY

I still don't see.

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

GARDNER

I got it day before yesterday.

Clay reads it.

INSERT TELEGRAM OF THE PERIOD:

SHERIFF GARDNER: ASPEN, NEV.  
BE ADVISED OF ESCAPE OF LEDNOV, PETERS AND McCALL CONVICTED  
MURDERERS SERVING LIFE TERMS.  
BELIEVED HEADED FOR CALIFORNIA.

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

BACK TO SCENE. Clay hands the telegram back.

GARDNER

Now are you interested?

Clay nods.

GARDNER

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

CLAY

Maybe he did.

GARDNER

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

CLAY

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

GARDNER

(dryly)

And that's more important than finding Lednov?

CLAY

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

He turns toward the steps.

GARDNER

(with irony)

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

Clay speaks over his shoulder as he goes down.

CLAY

Thanks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

STEVE

Who's Lednov?

CLAY

A man I used to know.

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

FULL SHOT

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

MED. SHOT

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

HAYES

Forget somethin', Clay?

CLAY

Shells. How much for six boxes?

HAYES

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

Besides Clay, Steve is inspecting a rack of guns.

STEVE

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

CLAY

Like what?

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

STEVE

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

CLAY

I don't want to run short.

STEVE

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

CLAY

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

(pointing to rifle)

How's she feel?

STEVE

Nice.

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

HAYES

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

CLAY

One he's got, more his size.

STEVE

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

CLAY

The thing to do is stick to rabbits.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

STEVE

What was he in jail for?

CLAY

You sure worry that bone. He killed  
a fellow.

STEVE

In a fight?

CLAY

The other fellow wasn't even lookin'.

STEVE

This is an awful nice gun.

(sighting it)

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

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

CLAY  
(points to rifle)  
I may as well buy it for him.  
Otherwise he'll be crying all the  
way over the hill.

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

STEVE  
You must be plenty worried about  
Lednov sneakin' up on us.  
(hopefully)  
Think he will?

CLAY  
Yes.

STEVE  
At the ranch maybe?

CLAY  
Maybe at the ranch. Maybe sooner  
than that.

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

CLAY  
(smiling)  
All right. I'll tell you.

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

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

CLAY  
Let's say this is the penitentiary.

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

CLAY  
Here's Alder Crick.

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

CLAY  
And here we are in Aspen.

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

CLAY  
That's Sonora.

He reaches down without looking and brings up a hardtack.

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

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

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

STEVE  
(pointing)  
And meet him there.

CLAY  
Unless the sheriff gets too close  
and he holes up.

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

CLAY  
So let's go.

Steve tucks his gun under his arm. As he passes the counter,

he picks up the hardtack and starts eating it.

EXT. GENERAL STORE

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

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

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

STEVE  
Why?

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

STEVE  
Lednov.

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

STEVE  
I don't like him.

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

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

STEVE  
Another one, Clay.

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

MED. SHOT

ANGLED DOWN hill. The road twists tortuously down. Near the bottom it swings sharply at right angles into a dry wash. The banks shut out further view of the road. Near where the road turns a trunk lies at the side. It has broken open and some of the contents are spilled out in the dust. Clay rides to it, reins in his horse and looks down. Steve, with difficulty, pulls the mules to a stop alongside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

MED. LONG SHOT

Clay's ANGLE. Ahead, off the road in the wash is the surrey

that passed Graham's buckboard at the fork. Clay spurs his horse forward.

#### MED. SHOT

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

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

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

#### MED. GROUP SHOT

Clay drops his reins and hurries up.

CLAY  
Anybody hurt?

MARY  
No. We came down the hill a little fast and...  
(rueful)  
...the wheel broke.  
(hopefully)  
Can you fix it for us?

Clay bends over Elaine.

CLAY  
What's the matter with her?

MARY  
(dryly)  
Too much excitement. How about the surrey. Can you fix it?

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

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

STEVE

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

Helen moves toward Clay. She smiles without humor.

HELEN

(rubbing thigh)

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

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

CLAY

This must have been in the family a long time.

MARY

(dryly)

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

She looks at him to see if the name registers.

MARY

And this is Helen Carter.

CLAY

I'm Clay Phillips.

(motioning)

My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

STEVE

(shy)

Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

(brightly)

We found your trunk. Were you doin' the driven'?

MARY

I was at first. Then I was hanging on.

(to Clay)

Are you going far?

CLAY

Yes, ma'am.

MARY

As far as – Sonora?

CLAY

Just about.

Mary and Helen exchange glances.

MARY

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

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

MARY

We can ride in your wagon.

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

MARY

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

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

MARY

There's only four of us.

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

CLAY

I've got eleven horses.

STEVE

(proudly)  
Morgan blood. The beat in Nevada.  
Clay and me have a place on the  
Toulomne River. We're going to raise  
horses like these.

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

MARY  
They won't be riding in the wagon.

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

MARY  
You can't leave us here.

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

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

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

CLAY  
(amiably)  
You can stay here if you like.

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

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

Steve finishes his cigarette. Again he hesitates, then not wanting to seem young in front of these women he takes a bold step and lights it. Clay reaches over and takes it from him. Mary watches the byplay.

CLAY

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

(kind)

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

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

HELEN

Afraid it will stop him growin'?

CLAY

(turning)

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

MARY

(dryly)

Our kind of women?

CLAY

(ignores that)

You'll have to drive – except down  
hill.

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

HELEN

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

(then shocked at the  
thought)

Yeah, but suppose he took us up on

it. Where would we be?

MARY  
Maybe in Sonora.

She starts around the surrey. Helen follows.

Clay bends over Elaine.

CLAY  
What's the matter with her?

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

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

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

MARY  
(sees Elaine)  
Now where's she goin'? –

ELAINE

(half-turns without  
stopping)  
I – lost something.

CLAY  
It wouldn't happen to be this...

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

MARY  
Who's the old folks?

ELAINE  
(frantic)  
Give it to me!

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

CLAY  
This must have been in the family a  
long time.

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

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

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

MARY  
And this is Helen Carter.

CLAY  
I'm Clay Phillips.

(motioning)  
My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

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

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MARY  
Come on, Honeybunch. We're changing  
trains.

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

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

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

MARY  
...as far as the first ranch. From  
then on –

Elaine stops. She looks fearfully up at Helen.

ELAINE  
What ranch?

MARY  
What's the difference?

She tries to lead the girl toward the wagon.

ELAINE  
(fierce)

Ask him what ranch –

MARY

There's plenty of time for that.

(sharp)

Come on, now. You've got to lie down out of this sun. Stop worrying. I'll find out what ranch after a while.

She pulls the girl with her toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE

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

CLAY

(kind)

Stretch out under the seat, Miss.

ELAINE

(desperate)

Which ranch?

CLAY

How's that?

MARY

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

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

MARY

(dryly)

So am I.

CLAY

It's a nice place owned by an old

couple named Wyatt.

CLOSE SHOT

Elaine as she hears the name. She is shocked.

CLAY'S VOICE

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

TWO SHOT

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

CLAY

So both of you stop worrying.

He turns away and hurries back to the surrey.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

FULL SHOT. Long shadows of the hills lie on the grassy meadow  
along the stream that is bordered by cottonwoods and willows.  
A knoll overlooks the camp site. The caravan can be seen as

it halts in the lush grass a few yards from the stream. The girls sit lifelessly on the wagon; they seem too tired to dismount. Then, finally, Marcia helps Elaine to climb stiffly down. With the exception of Mary they all let themselves down in the grass. Mary walks to the head of the team and starts fumbling with the harness. Steve comes into the scene, dismounts quickly and pulls the saddle off his horse. The remuda has fanned out, the horses moving toward the water. Steve crosses to Mary and takes over the job of unbuckling the harness. Mary smiles gratefully and rubs her hand across her face.

CLAY'S VOICE

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

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

STEVE

Leave that unharnessing for me, Ma'am.

Mary smiles after him, then moves across the grass, CAMERA DOLLYING AHEAD of her. She sinks to her knees in the patch of sand by the stream and leans down and puts her face under the water. Then, sitting up, she wipes the water and dust from her face with a handkerchief. Clay rides up from behind, dismounts, scoops up some water from the river in the brim of his hat and drinks it. For a second he watches Mary.

CLAY

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

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

MARY

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

CLAY

(half-smile)

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

MARY

(curt)

But you eat, don't you?

CLAY

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

MARY

Where do you keep the can opener?

CLAY

In the grub box.

(softening)

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

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

MARY

Marcia – all of you. Come on.

She starts downstream.

MED. SHOT

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

STEVE

(trying to be casual)

Where'd they go?

CLAY

Swimming.

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

STEVE

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

Clay squats by the stones and starts building a fire.

CLAY

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

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

MED. SHOT

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

MED. LONG SHOT

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

STEVE

(to mules)

You boys have had enough.

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

MED. SHOT

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

## DISSOLVE

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. It is a moonlight night. Clay squats on his heels, smoking. The rifle lies across his knees. Below can be seen the campfire, and the shadowy forms of the girls as with Steve's help they make up a bed under the wagon and cook the evening meal. Clay suddenly reacts as O.s. a horse whinnies. Standing he looks off into the darkness.

LONG SHOT

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

MED. SHOT

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

HELEN'S VOICE

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

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

CLAY

Get your rifle.

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

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

LONG SHOT - ANGLES PAST horseman. The horseman, who has been approaching from the east, tops a rise and looks off at the camp. He is a shadowy figure in the palo dark. For a moment,

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

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

CLAY  
(calling)  
Hold it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CLAY  
Drop your gun.

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

CLAYTON  
(mildly)  
Drop yours. I'm gunshy.

CLAY  
Then don't come sneakin' around a man's camp.

CLAYTON  
A fellow sees a fire go out all of a sudden, he don't take chances. My

name's Clayton and I'm looking for someone.

Clay and Steve lower their rifles.

CLAYTON  
I found their surrey –

CLAY  
So did I. They were in it.

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

Clay moves closer and extends his hand. They shake.

CLAY  
(very cordial)  
I'm glad you came along.  
(introducing)  
My brother, Steve. I'm Phillips.

Steve shakes Jim's hand.

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

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

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

CLOSE SHOT ON WAGON

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

## MARCIA'S ANGLE

Clay, Steve and Jim are now close to Mary.

CLAY

(genial)

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

CLAYTON

Hello, Miss Wells.

Hearing his voice, Marcia runs toward them.

## GROUP SHOT

Marcia throws herself into Jim's arms.

MARCIA

Jim.

## MED. CLOSE

Clayton kisses her.

CLAYTON

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

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

CLAYTON

What do you mean running off without  
a word.

## TWO SHOT

Mary and Helen.

MARCIA'S VOICE

I didn't know who to tell, it all  
happened so sudden, those people  
comin' and throwin' us out on the  
street.

JIM'S VOICE

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

HELEN

(quietly)

Looks like we lose a good piano  
player.

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

MARCIA

(happily)

Jim came after me, Mary.

MARY

(dryly)

I see he did.

HELEN

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

MARY

(sharp)

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

MARCIA

I've got a chance to get married.

MARY

(quickly)

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

MARCIA

Jim doesn't care, do you, Jim?

Mary speaks before Jim can answer.

MARY

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

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

CLAY

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

MARY

(ignoring him)

And look at it this way. How about Jim – it puts him in a sort of tough spot.

JIM

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

MARY

You've talked this over with them?

JIM

They know about Marcia.

MARY

(quickly)

And they don't like the idea!

CLAY

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

Mary turns on Clay.

TWO SHOT

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

MARY

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

CLAY

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

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

STEVE

(friendly)

I would!

Clay swings around and comes back.

CLAY

(hurriedly; smiles)

Steve maybe you better get some wood for the fire.

MARY

Would you, Mr. Phillips?

CLAY

(to Steve)

Go on, there's a good boy.

Clay gives Steve a gentle push. Steve exits.

MARY

(bitter)

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

JIM

Wait a minute.

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

B.g., watching.

JIM

No need of you two arguin' about this. We know what we want to do, and nothin' either of you says makes any difference. We want to go home – tonight.

(to Clay)

Will you sell me one of your horses?

CLAY

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

JIM

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MARY

No need to do that, Marcia.

Jim and Marcia turn.

MARY

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

(smiling)

The other half's a wedding present.

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

MARY

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

## DISSOLVE

### EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

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

### REVERSE SHOT

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

### MED. CLOSE

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

MARY

Is that your kind of reading, Steve?

STEVE

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

### MED. SHOT

ANGLED DOWN PAST Clay.

MARY

You can't read?

She glances up where Clay sits.

MARY

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

STEVE

Since I can remember, Ma'am.

MARY

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

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He listens, perturbed.

MED. SHOT

Mary and Steve.

STEVE

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

MARY

Don't you even know your letters?

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He winces at!

STEVE'S VOICE

No, Ma'am.

MED. SHOT

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

MARY

Would you like to learn them?

STEVE

I sure would.

MARY

Maybe I could start you out.

STEVE

That'd be swell.  
(shyly)

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

She gives him a quick look of inquiry.

STEVE  
You're so nice.

MARY  
Did someone say I wasn't nice?

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

CLAY  
(interrupting)  
Time to go to bed, Steve.

Steve looks up, then rises reluctantly.

STEVE  
Good night, Miss Wells.

MARY  
Good night, Steve.

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

MARY  
(soft)  
There's a nice boy.

CLAY  
Yeah.

MARY  
(sharp)  
That why you always took him on the  
other side of the street?

Clay kicks loose embers into the fire.

MARY

(sharper)

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

Clay turns from the fire to stand above her.

CLAY

(quiet)

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

He pauses, looking down.

MARY

Like what?

CLAY

(turning away)

Like sticking his nose into other people's business.

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

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

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

EXT. WAGON - MOONLIGHT - NIGHT

MED. SHOT ANGLED PAST Mary TOWARD Clay. Mary stops, looking

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

MED. CLOSE DOWN ANGLE

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

MARY  
Where's Elaine?

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

HELEN  
She was here a while ago.

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

MARY  
(softly)  
Elaine!

MED. CLOSE

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

MARY'S VOICE  
Elaine.  
(then)  
Clay – Elaine's gone.

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

MED. CLOSE

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

MED. SHOT

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

HELEN

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

CLAY

What would she run off for?

MARY

(excited)

Because she's sick.

She starts away into the darkness.

CLAY

(sharp)

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

Mary turns back.

STEVE

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

Clay picks up his saddle and bridle.

CLAY

(to Mary)

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

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

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

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

CLAY

(annoyed)

Look around. She can't have gone  
far.

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

graze.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

MARY  
(calling)  
Elaine – Elaine – Elaine.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

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

MARY'S VOICE  
Elaine – Elaine.

As the call echoes across the hills.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. WASH

Steve crashes through the brush into the wash, to stop beside Elaine who sits with her head buried in her arms, sobbing.

MED. CLOSE

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

STEVE

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

Elaine doesn't move.

STEVE

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

ELAINE

I don't care.

STEVE

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

ELAINE

(sharp)

I said I didn't care.

STEVE

What's botherin' you, anyway?

He pulls her up.

STEVE

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

ELAINE

(hysterical)

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

STEVE

Don't act so – crazy.

ELAINE

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

STEVE  
(relieved)  
That's a good girl.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

STEVE  
That's it. Watch out where you're  
steppin' –

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

STEVE  
That oughta be –  
(then sharp)  
Down.

He shoves the girl down.

LONG SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

Steve and Elaine.

STEVE  
Lednov –

Excitedly he swings the rifle to his shoulder and fires.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

FULL SHOT - Clay reins his horse in and turns to look off in the direction from which the shot came. Faintly o.s. another

shot echoes across the hills, then another and another. Clay spurs his horse and gallops off.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

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

MED. LONG SHOT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

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

GARDNER

Want to take her off our hands?

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

CLAY

Who shot who?

GARDNER

Nobody. The light was bad.

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

GARDNER

Steve's!

Clay shoves it in his saddle holster.

GARDNER

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

CLAY

I wouldn't know. Did you ask her?

GARDNER

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

CLAY

Look of things, she doesn't.

GARDNER

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

He wheels his horse and rides off, followed by the others  
Clay watches him go. Reluctantly Steve moves slowly up to stand near Clay.

STEVE

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

CLAY

(dryly)  
How'd you happen to miss?

STEVE

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

CLAY

Good thing you didn't.

He reins his horse around.

STEVE

Clay –

Clay looks back.

STEVE

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

CLAY

That's right, Steve.

STEVE

Can I have my gun back?

CLAY

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

FADE OUT

EXT. TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

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

FULL SHOT

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

MED. SHOT

wagon - (MOVING). Featuring Steve and Mary. Elaine lies under  
the seat and Helen sits beside her. Steve is reciting the  
alphabet to a simple melody usually sung by children of six  
or seven.

STEVE

(stumbles embarrassedly)  
Gee, I can't.

MARY

Why not? You went farther than that  
last time.

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

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

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

#### CLOSE SHOT

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

CLAY  
(mildly)  
Oh, Steve!

#### MED. SHOT

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

CLAY  
Get back to the horses. They're  
straggling.

MARY  
He's learning his letters.

CLAY  
Yeah. While the horses wander all  
over the country.

Steve hesitates hoping he'll change his mind.

CLAY  
(sternly)  
Do like I said.

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

MARY

(dryly)

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

CLAY

(motioning)

Are the horses stragglin' or aren't  
they?

MARY

(after a backward  
glance)

They're stragglin'.

CLAY

His letters will keep.

He wheels his horse and rides after Steve.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

CLAY AND STEVE. (MOVING)

CLAY

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

They ride in silence for a moment.

CLAY

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

STEVE

(flat)  
I won't again.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

## TWO SHOT - (MOVING)

CLAY

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

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

STEVE

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

CLAY

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

STEVE

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

CLAY

(nods; then, after a moment)

You remember Jeff Rawson? – We used to go fishing and hunting with him when you were so high.

STEVE

(offended)

Sure I do. Went off down to Mexico

or something...

CLAY

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

STEVE

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

CLAY

(nods)

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

STEVE

(looking off)

Maybe you shoulda killed him.

CLAY

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

(glances off)

Looks pretty peaceful up ahead.

STEVE

Yeah, it does.

CLAY

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

Steve smiles warmly at him.

CLAY

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

DISSOLVE

EXTREME LONG SHOT

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

#### DISSOLVE OUT

#### EFFECT SHOT DISSOLVE IN

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

#### FULL SHOT

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

#### MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

HELEN  
(crying out)  
Elaine – stop it –

#### CLOSE SHOT

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

#### MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

MARY  
She should be in bed where it's dry.

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

his hand on her forehead.

MED. CLOSE

rain - DOWN ANGLE - featuring Clay and Mary.

CLAY  
(dryly)  
Yes, Ma'am, she should...

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

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

MARY  
Can we get a doctor at that ranch?

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

DISSOLVE

## EXT. WYATT RANCH - DAY

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

ED WYATT

From o.s. comes the SOUND of horses moving restlessly and the creaking of saddle leather, as a man swings out of the saddle. Footsteps approach. A man's head and shoulders, back to camera, comes into scene. He unloops the strand of bailing wire and lets the gate fall open, then turns and we see his face. He is Lednov. His cheek and jowls have a dark growth of beard. He wears a black leather jacket and a wrangler's grey hat. The clothes Forster was wearing. As he moves back to his horse, CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS AROUND.

His companions, McCall and Peters, also wear black leather jackets, sombre, dusty pants and hats. They are mounted on matched roans. The horses are winded, lathered and dirty. It is obvious they have ridden hard. Lednov strides forward and as he reaches for the reins the horse shies away. Brutally he jerks on the reins. The horse rears. He snatches his hat from his head and whacks the horse across the nose. McCall rides over and grabs the reins. Lednov scrambles into the saddle.

## MED. SHOT

ANGLED TOWARD gate. Lednov rides forward through the gate. His horse is limping badly. The others follow. They do not stop to put the gate back up.

DISSOLVE

## EXT. TRAIL - DAY

LONG SHOT. Clay's cavalcade moves forward along the trail. There are cloud patches overhead and faintly in the back

country thunder rumbles. The mules pull the jolting wagons forward in a slow trot. Clay rides ahead. Steve and the remuda follow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - DAY

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

MED. SHOT

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

WYATT  
(happily)  
My name's Wyatt. Certainly glad you boys dropped in.

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

LEDNOV  
Those the only horses you got?

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

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

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

Wyatt frowns up at Lednov, angered by the order.

LEDNOV  
Go on, we haven't got all day.

McCall and Peters move closer to Wyatt, who glances around worriedly. Realizing he better do as he's told, he goes to the roan and rubs his ears.

WYATT

Whoa, boy. Let's have a look.

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

WYATT

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

LEDNOV

Put on another one.

WYATT

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

LEDNOV

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

Wyatt hesitates. Lednov steps toward him.

WYATT

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

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

MRS. WYATT

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

LEDNOV

All we want's supper.

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

MCCALL

We're in a hurry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

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

PETERS

Take care of that horse?

WYATT

(gruffly)

Yeah. The best I could.

Wyatt goes on past and hurries up the steps.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

ANGLED PAST Wyatt. This is the main room of the house – a living room and kitchen combined: wood-stove against one wall, a sink with a pump against another, a fireplace, some simple furniture and, hanging from one of the rough walls, a concertina. Through an open doorway can be seen the Wyatt's

bedroom. Another door, closed, leads into the second bedroom. The house has a warm, well-scrubbed look. Wyatt enters.

Mrs. Wyatt, stoking the stove, turns. She glances nervously in the direction of the bedroom. Wyatt shifts his glance to the fireplace – there is no gun hanging from the hooks above the mantel. Lednov appears in the doorway of the bedroom.

WYATT

What are you doin' –

LEDNOV

Lookin' around.

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

LEDNOV

These all the shells you got?

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

WYATT

Put my guns down and get out of here –

MRS. WYATT

Ed – no, Ed.

She crosses to him and stands in his way. Wyatt pushes past her and grabs for the guns. Lednov gives him a swipe with the back of his hand, knocking him away easily.

LEDNOV

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

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

LEDNOV

I asked you – these all the shells you got?

MRS. WYATT

(quickly)

They's a box in the cupboard over the sink.

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

LEDNOV

(to Ed)

Get on about your chores.

(to Mrs. Wyatt)

And hurry that grub up.

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

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT DISSOLVE IN

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

LONG SHOT

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

REVERSE ANGLE

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

CLAY

Only a little ways now – maybe a mile.

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

CLAY

How's she makin' out?

HELEN

(dryly)

If she feels worse than I do, she's

dyin'.

Clay rides back toward the rear.

CLAY  
(calling)  
Steve –

STEVE'S VOICE  
Yo –

MED. FULL SHOT

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

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MCCALL  
I'll have some more of that coffee.

Lednov pushes his chair back and rises.

LEDNOV  
We got to get movin'.

MCCALL  
What for?

LEDNOV  
Because there's a man I want to see.

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

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

LEDNOV  
(rising)  
I said let's go.

MCCALL

(protesting)

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

LEDNOV

(fierce)

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

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

LEDNOV

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

PETERS

(rising)

He says go, we go.

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

WYATT

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

MRS. WYATT

Hush, Ed. Hush. They might come back.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

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

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

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

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

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

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

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

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Clay raps on the door.

CLAY  
Mr. Wyatt.

WYATT'S VOICE  
Who is it?

CLAY  
Clay Phillips.

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

WYATT  
(calling)  
You can light the lamp.  
(to Clay)  
I'm sure glad it's you. We were afraid  
those killers might come back.

CLAY  
Three men on matched roans?

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

WYATT

Yeah, how did you know?

CLAY

The whole state's lookin' for 'em.

(dryly)

And they're lookin' for me.

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

MRS. WYATT

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

CLAY

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

He turns and motions off.

LONG SHOT

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

CLAY

I picked up some women on the road.

THREE SHOT

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

MRS. WYATT

Tell them to come on in.

CLAY

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

MRS. WYATT

(a reprimand)

It doesn't matter who they are.

CLAY  
(lamely)  
And one of 'em is sick.

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MRS. WYATT  
(calling)  
Wrap a stove lid in dish towels and  
bring it in here. This bed's like  
ice.

MED. SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

DOWN ANGLE. A girl's clothing is neatly packed in the trunk. A framed picture is face down on top of the clothing. Mrs. Wyatt kneels by the trunk, pushes the dresses aside and finds a nightgown. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as she rises and shakes it out. It is frilly, dainty, very feminine; obviously the nightdress of a young girl. She closes the trunk, turns and

as she goes to the bed, Wyatt comes through the door carrying the towel-wrapped stove lid. She lays the nightgown on the bed, takes the stove lid and puts it between the sheets. Wyatt is staring down at the garment.

WYATT  
(cold)  
Put it back.

They face each other. Wyatt reaches out and takes the nightgown.

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

MRS. WYATT  
It isn't as if she was dead.

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

WYATT  
(cold)  
It stays there, understand!

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

MRS. WYATT  
(calling)  
Right in here, Mr. Phillips.

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

MRS. WYATT  
The bed's all ready and warm –

She stops, staring at the girl.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The Wyatts in the doorway. They recognize the girl. Wyatt's expression hardens. Clay, carrying Elaine, pushes between them into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MRS. WYATT  
(softly to Wyatt)  
Go out and make some coffee.

Wyatt doesn't move.

MRS. WYATT  
Go on. You too, Mr Phillips.

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

MED. SHOT

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

MARY  
Is she very sick?

WYATT  
(cold, flat)  
Get 'em out of here. I won't have  
'em in this house.

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

MARY

(softly)

So that was why she tried to run away.

CLAY

(sharp)

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

MARY

(hurt and angry)

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

CLAY

Hold on.

MARY

We can't stay here!

CLAY

It's a long walk back to Aspen.

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

HELEN

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

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

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

TWO SHOT

Clay and Wyatt. Clay takes the makings from his pocket, rolls

a cigarette, lights it.

CLAY

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

WYATT

(quiet)

All right, you didn't know.

CLAY

I can't take her with me.

WYATT

Nobody asked you to.

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

WYATT

Just get those two out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve approaches from the barn.

CLAY

You're not bein' quite fair.

WYATT

What's there to be fair about?

TWO SHOT

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

CLAY

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

WYATT

(quiet)

All right, you didn't know.

CLAY

I can't take her with me.

WYATT  
Nobody asked you to.

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

WYATT  
Just get these two out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve approaches from the barn.

CLAY  
You're not bein' quite fair.

WYATT  
What's there to be fair about?

Steve comes up.

STEVE  
Hello, Mr. Wyatt.

He starts whistling again as he continues toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

STEVE  
(cheerfully)  
Where do I put your things?

Mary turns from the window.

MARY

Back in the wagon.

Steve stands with his arms full, looking at Mary.

STEVE  
Aren't we stayin'?

MARY  
No. We're not stayin' –

She crosses to him and smiles wryly.

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

Steve hesitates.

MARY  
(soft)  
Go on, Steve.

Steve exits.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Mary crosses to the stove.

HELEN  
Sit down and eat, why don't you?

Mary lifts the stove lid and puts a stick in the firebox.

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

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

else – puttin' a poor sick kid  
through this –

HELEN  
Quit worryin' about Elaine.

She motions to the bedroom door.

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MED. SHOT as footsteps cross the porch and the screen door  
creaks open. Clay enters the kitchen, carrying the girls'  
suitcases and some blankets. He nods to the girls, then goes  
to the door leading to the other bedroom. There he stops.

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

As he carries their belongings in:

## DISSOLVE OUT

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

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

HELEN  
(whispering)  
That sounds like him.

Mary slides out of bed and slips into a robe.

HELEN  
This time don't talk about cooking!

### INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

CLAY  
Coffee?

MARY  
No, thanks.  
(indicating Elaine's  
bedroom)  
I hope we won't be a burden to them.

CLAY  
I hope so, too.

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

### EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

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

CLAY

(quiet)

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

Mary crosses to stand above him.

MARY

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

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

CLAY

(on the defensive)

I'm sorry, but that's how it's got to be.

MARY

I suppose it is.

CLAY

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

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

MARY

(softly)

You don't have to explain. Did I tell you how grateful I am for what you've done?

CLAY

I couldn't leave you sitting by the road.

MARY

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

Mary rises to move to the edge of the porch.

MED. CLOSE

Mary in f.g.

MARY

(softly)

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

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

MARY

I hope you get everything you want out of life –

CLAY

(wary)

Thanks.

MARY

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

CLAY

The who?

MARY

You should know. She's in your dream.

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

MARY

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

(she pauses)

CLAY

(enigmatic)  
Go on. Tell me more about her.

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

CLAY  
(dryly)  
I'll make the soap myself.

MARY  
But the rest is right.

CLAY  
Will she be dark or fair?

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

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

MARY  
(softly)  
I hope you find her – because, like  
I said, you've earned your dream.  
Goodnight.

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

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MED. CLOSE

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

HELEN

Did you make it interesting?

Mary snuggles down on the pillow.

MARY

I tried my best, but these things  
take time.

HELEN

And we're running out of that.

MARY

There's still tomorrow morning.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MED. LONG SHOT -

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

HELEN'S VOICE

Those trunks look like ours.

Mary, who was in profile, turns.

MARY

They are.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Helen is seated at the table. Mary stands with her back to  
the window near the sink.

HELEN

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

MARY

Until Pa gets around to driving us  
to Minden.

HELEN

We don't want to go there.

MARY

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

HELEN

Clay could save us an awful lot of time.

MARY

He certainly could. About a month.

HELEN

What are you waiting for? Do something.

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

HELEN

(sharp)

You're not giving up?

MARY

How many ways can a man say no.

Helen rises. Her manner is determined.

HELEN

(crosses to door)

Maybe I better start working on him.

MARY

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

HELEN  
(sweetly)  
If you can't bring him around, nobody  
can.

She puts her arm around Mary's shoulder.

HELEN  
Go on. Have another try at him.

MARY  
What's the use.

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

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

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

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

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

MED. SHOT. Elaine is sitting up in bed. There is a small table by the bed and on it is a breakfast tray. Mrs. Wyatt sits by the bed. Elaine looks happy for the first time. Mrs. Wyatt is holding a cup to her lips. Helen enters and closes the door.

HELEN  
Look at you, sitting up already.

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

HELEN  
Let me do this while you get some  
breakfast.

MRS. WYATT  
But I like to do it.

HELEN  
You're worn out.

As she pushes Mrs. Wyatt toward the door.

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

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

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

Elaine tries not to show her panic at this suggestion.

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

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

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

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

ELAINE

It isn't that –

HELEN

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

ELAINE

But I want to stay.

HELEN

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

(then, brightly)

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

Elaine pushes the cup away, sits up straighter.

ELAINE

(distraught)

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

HELEN

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

ELAINE

(sobbing)

Stop it – stop it.

HELEN

(contrite)

Darling – now I've got you all upset.

Elaine buries her head in the pillow.

ELAINE

Go away – please.

HELEN

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

Elaine sits up and grabs Helen's arm.

ELAINE

(fiercely)

She mustn't – don't you let her –

HELEN

There, there. Don't you upset yourself –

ELAINE

(wildly)

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

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

ELAINE

(sobbing)

I don't want to leave you, ever.

Mrs. Wyatt flares at Helen.

MRS. WYATT

What did you do to her?

HELEN

Nothing. The poor child's worried  
about Mary –

Turning, she goes to the door.

HELEN

I won't let her say anything –

She exits.

INT. KITCHEN

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

EXT. YARD

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

INT. KITCHEN

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

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

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

CLAY  
Well, I'm off –

Then realizing that something is wrong he steps into the bedroom.

MED. SHOT

CLAY  
(puzzled)  
What's the matter?

Hearing his voice, Elaine lifts her head from her mother's shoulder.

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

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

ELAINE

(wildly)

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

MRS. WYATT

Please take them.

CLAY

I can't –

ELAINE

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

CLAY

(sharp)

No they won't.

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

EXT. PORCH

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

MED. SHOT ON WAGON

STEVE

What comes after Z?

MARY

That's the end of the line.

STEVE

(happily)

Then I know my alphabet.

MARY

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

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

STEVE

And that's tough, isn't it?

MARY

Without someone to teach you, it's tough.

Clay appears behind her. Mary turns and smiles.

MARY

He knows his alphabet.

CLAY

That's fine.

STEVE

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

He catches Clay's glance and his face falls.

MARY

Maybe Clay will take up where I left off.

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

STEVE

I don't think it's fair –

He pauses; Clay waits.

STEVE

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

CLAY

Finished, son?

STEVE  
(weakly)  
There's only two of them now.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

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

MED. CLOSE

Mary and Helen. Mary smiles at Helen.

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

Helen nods, looking at Mary as though in admiration.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH

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

FADE OUT

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

LONG SHOT - ANGLED WEST. The forest is fairly open, yellow pine, lodgepole and fir. To the West can be seen the bald red granite domes of the higher range. O.s. there is the

SOUND of the cavalcade approaching. CAMERA PANS AROUND and ANGLES PAST. Toward camera, comes the cavalcade, climbing slowly. Far in the distance and down can be seen the waste of desert and the barren hills of Nevada. Clay, a rifle across his legs, is riding on one side of the wagon. Steve rides beside Mary, who is driving. The remuda trails behind. Helen, lying in the wagon bed, cannot be seen.

MED. TRUCKING SHOT

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

STEVE

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

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

STEVE

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

MARY

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

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

STEVE

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

MARY

Unicorn – a kind of animal –

STEVE

What do they look like?

MARY

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

STEVE

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

MARY

No.

STEVE

How about California?

MARY

Would they be good to eat?

MARY

(not too sure)

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

STEVE

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

Mary starts to protest – Steve goes on.

STEVE

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

MARY

You don't read to fill your stomach...  
Poetry, for instance. All the poems  
in the world wouldn't fill you half  
as much as a bowl of eatmeal – but  
they make you feel good.

STEVE

(stubbornly)

I feel good anyways.

REVERSE SHOT

ANGLED PAST Clay.

CLAY

Don't go arguing with your teacher.

STEVE

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

CLAY

There's a lot of things I don't see  
any sense to. But make up your mind.  
Learn to read or –  
(motioning)  
– go back and watch the horses.

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

MED. CLOSE

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

MARY

Well, Steve?

STEVE

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

EXT. FOREST TRAIL

Here the forest has thinned out. The trail climbs a rise,  
then drops down. Clay jogs along the trail, his rifle across  
his knees. As he reaches the edge of the forest at the crest  
of the rise, he suddenly pulls his horse to a stop, swings  
around and rides back into the trees. Throwing the reins  
over the horse's head, he swings out of the saddle and moves  
cautiously to the crest of the hill.

LONG SHOT

Clay's ANGLE. The trail leads down through open country to a  
big meadow ringed with lodgepole pine, and across the meadow  
to start climbing toward another, higher range of hills.

Three horsemen on roans, Lednov, Peters and McCall, are crossing the meadow slowly.

MED. SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

FULL SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT of Lednov as he pulls in his limping horse, steps, looking back over his shoulder as though he sensed an unfamiliar presence. The other two watch him, frowning. Then he shrugs and glances down at the bad leg of his mount.

LEDNOV

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

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

MED. FULL SHOT

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

CLAY

We're staying here until dark.  
(motioning)  
Pull over to the woods.

(to Steve)  
You put hobbles on the horses – all  
of 'em. Get goin'.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK DISSOLVE IN

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

REVERSE SHOT

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

MED. SHOT - UP ANGLE

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

MED. CLOSE

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

MARY

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

MED. SHOT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MARY  
Are we leaving?

CLAY  
It's too light yet.

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

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

MARY  
(soberly)  
You're not going out to look for  
them?

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

He touches the mare with his spurs and trots down the hill.  
He disappears around a bend in the trail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

STEVE

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

MARY

(turning)

Oh, I wasn't worrying.

(flustered)

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

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

STEVE

(softly)

You were worryin'.

Mary glances over.

STEVE

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

MARY

And you've got me all figured out?

STEVE

Sure.

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

STEVE

I'll fix us somethin' to eat.

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

STEVE

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

MARY

You were supposed to be reading words.

STEVE

I was doin' both. Here.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

HELEN

Thanks, Steve.

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

MARY

Better not let Clay catch you waitin' on us.

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

STEVE

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

MARY

But you're his brother.

STEVE

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

Mary shakes her head.

STEVE

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

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

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

MED. CLOSE ON SPRING

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

MARY  
She was only teasin'.

STEVE  
(offhand)  
Oh, sure.

MARY  
Let me do that.

She kneels beside him. Steve looks over at her.

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

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

MARY  
(softly)  
I know now.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. O.s. there is the SOUND of the cavalcade moving. A wheel passes camera, then another. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the wagon passing in the moonlit darkness. Mary is driving.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay rides into the shot, his rifle ready. The wagon follows. Then the remuda with Steve bringing up the rear. Steve also holds his rifle ready. Both men are wary, watchful, apprehensive.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAWN

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

MED. SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE - MOVING (PROCESS)

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

MARY  
Don't you trust me?

CLAY  
Not on this trail, I don't. I've

been over it before. Anyway, you ought to be pretty sleepy. Why don't you climb in back.

Mary glances ahead.

MARY

I like to see where I'm going.

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

CLAY

(dryly)

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

Mary glances over at him wonderingly.

MARY

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

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

MARY

(softly)

Why did you change your mind about bringing us along?

CLAY

Why do you think?

MARY

(soberly)

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

CLAY

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

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

MARY

Just how do you mean that?

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

CLAY

You know so much about me – figure it out.

MARY

So that's it –  
(he glances over)  
You think I was making fun of your girl in gingham.

CLOSE SHOT

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

MARY'S VOICE

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

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

MARY'S VOICE

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING (PROCESS)

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

CLAY

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

MARY

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

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED AHEAD

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

river through the canyon. Clay hands the reins to Mary, takes his rifle.

CLAY

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

MED. SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She looks after him.

FULL SHOT

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

EXT. CANYON TRAIL

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

REVERSE SHOT

The cavalcade enters the canyon.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN

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

MED. SHOT

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

FROM CLAY'S ANGLE

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

FOWLER'S VOICE

Hold it!

DOWN ANGLE

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

MED. SHOT

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER

What are you doin' on this trail?

CLAY

Followin' it. Any reason I shouldn't?

MED. LONG SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER

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

He extends his hand. Clay shakes it.

CLAY

Clay Phillips of Aspen. Been havin' trouble?

FOWLER

Nope. But I don't want any.

CLAY

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

FOWLER

You're welcome to use my camp.

He motions ahead, starts walking. Clay rides beside him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

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

EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP

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

MED. CLOSE ON CAMP

Helen and Mary enter the camp.

MARY

We might as well start a fire.

HELEN

Go ahead.

(nodding off)

Get in training for the pioneer life.

I'm finding the nearest body of water and climbing into it.

She goes off and across the meadow. Mary looks after her, shrugs and going to the fireplace, takes moss and twigs from

the pile and puts them in. Clay, carrying saddle bags and canteens, enters.

MARY  
Got a light?

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

CLOSE SHOT - LOW

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

STEVE  
(innocently)  
Want the wagon unloaded, Clay?

CLAY  
(upset)  
Just the grub box and bed rolls.

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

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

STEVE

I – I think it'll be swell.

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

MED. CLOSE

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

CLAY

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

Steve watches him, puzzled. His exuberance has gone.

CLAY

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

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

CLAY

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

EXT. RIVER BANK

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

MED. CLOSE

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

FOWLER'S VOICE

(sharp)

What are you doing down here?

Helen, startled, turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Fowler and Helen. They stare at each other.

FOWLER

(curt)

You got no business snoopin' around –

HELEN

(hard)

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

She glances from Fowler to the cradle.

HELEN

That something I shouldn't see?

FOWLER

(flustered)

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

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

HELEN

What is it?

FOWLER

Just a thing I was workin' on.

HELEN

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

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

FOWLER

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

HELEN

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

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

HELEN

Thanks.

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

FOWLER

That sure smells good.

HELEN

I like it.

FOWLER

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

HELEN

Then why stay in the hills.

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

HELEN  
That why?

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

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

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

FOWLER  
Look at her – see her shine. One week's work.

Helen still struggles with the thong. He takes the poke, pulls it open, pouring grains of gold into his palm. Helen looks at the shining heap in his hand. Then she takes the poke and pours some of the grains in her own palm. She looks down at it. Her expression is calculating. She looks up at Fowler and then the hard look goes away. She gives him a soft smile.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

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

MARY  
(softly)

Roll me a cigarette, Clay.

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

MARY

Thanks.

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

MARY

Why didn't you wake me?

Clay doesn't answer.

MARY

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

CLAY

(quiet)

Maybe it's better that way.

MARY

(intense)

You don't mean that Clay.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MARY

(a whisper)

Tell me, darling.

CLAY

What?

MARY

What does a man usually tell a girl?

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

MARY

Tell me – please –

Clay's grip on her shoulders tightens. She searches his face with a glance – stares into his eyes – then pushes him away and sits up.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She is hurt by his silence.

MARY

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

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

CLAY

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

MARY

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

She stands. He rises to face her.

MARY

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

CLAY

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

MARY

Save 'em for the girl in gingham.

Just tell me I'm not good enough for you. Go on. Say a woman like me can't change.

CLAY

All right – it's said!

MARY

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

Turning she starts down toward camp.

MED. LONG SHOT

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

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

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

EXT. CAMP

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

HELEN

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

FOWLER

Plenty more.

(motioning)

And somewhere up there's the lode, the rock rotten with it.

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

HELEN

Pretty, isn't it? And all you have

to do is shovel sand into a thing  
and the river does the work.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

HELEN  
Maybe you are. I'm not.

She reaches over and pats Fowler's hand.

HELEN  
I'm stayin' here with Jed.

Mary looks from Helen to Fowler.

FOWLER  
(shyly)  
I figure we'll get along just fine.

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

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

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

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

MARY

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

HELEN

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

Helen juggles the poke in her hand.

HELEN

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

(shakes head)

You won't open any joint. I've been watching you change. You're mad now and you think you can change back. But you can't. You'll end up making beds in a boarding house.

MARY

(furious)

That's it then.

FOWLER

(the master)

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MARY

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

FOWLER

Thanks.

MARY

It's nice to meet a man who doesn't want to own a woman from the day she

was born. I never had the luck. The only kind I've run into were tramps or dirty-minded hypocrites.

Clay moves up beside Mary.

MED. CLOSE

Clay, Mary and Fowler.

CLAY

(to Fowler)

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

(to Mary)

Want to know why I changed my mind about bringing you? Because I talked to Elaine – because I was afraid to leave you with decent people, that's why. And you'll open your joint all right. You wouldn't fit anywhere else.

He moves on past her, motions to Steve.

CLAY

Let's round up the horses.

Steve hesitates.

CLAY

(sharp)

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

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

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She wants to break windows.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

HELEN

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

MARY

(furious)

I don't care what he thinks.

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

MED. SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MED. SHOT

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

STEVE  
Clay – look!

Clay swings around.

LONG SHOT

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

MED. CLOSE SHOT

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

EXT. TRAIL

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

LONG SHOT

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

CLOSE SHOT

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

MED. SHOT

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

## REVERSE SHOT

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

## MED. FULL SHOT

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

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

## CLOSE SHOT

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

## MED. SHOT

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

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

## MED. CLOSE

Clay and Mary. Clay, his expression anxious, stares down at the stunned Mary. He swings out of the saddle, holding her tenderly to him. The brush with death has made him realize how much she means to him. Gently, he puts her down on the sand, stoops beside her.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CLAY  
Mary –

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

Mary opens her eyes and sits up

CLAY  
(anxiously)  
Are you all right?

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

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

CLAY  
(nettled at her tone)  
I suppose that's my fault.

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

MARY  
(wailing)  
All my clothes –

CLAY  
That's right – worry about your  
clothes –

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

yell about your clothes.

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

MARY

For the wagon.

Clay looks at Mary, then down at the money.

MARY

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

CLAY

(furious)

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

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

CLAY

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

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

CLAY

Come on. Didn't you hear me?

As he plunges his horse into the stream:

DISSOLVE

EXT. RIVER

FULL SHOT - the lower ford. Where the main road crosses the

river, it flows gently, with sand banks on either side. Three horsemen appear around a bend in the trail and ride down to the riverbank. They are Lednov, McCall and Peters. Lednov's horse is limping badly. They ride into the river.

#### REVERSE ANGLE

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

#### MED. SHOT

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

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MCCALL

We got company. Female company.

LEDNOV

(looking at the garment)

Yeah, we sure have.

He turns to scan the river.

#### ANGLED PAST THEM - AT RIVER

Mary's trunk comes floating by. The three men look at each other, then Lednov turns his horse and starts up the bank of the river. The others follow.

DISSOLVE

#### EXT. PEAKS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

EXTREME LONG SHOT. The long pine-covered approaches, and the glistening summit; the early snow covering the rocks with a thin layer of white. CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM the heights of the mountains, TO the narrow trail that winds among the trees. Clay passes, and behind him the pack-horses and the romuda.

Following the remuda comes Mary. She is dressed in a pair of Steve's pants and wears one of his shirts under her own coat.

MED. SHOT

Mary, as she swings with the movement of the horse. She is tired. She wears no makeup. But she looks as unaffectedly beautiful as we have ever seen her.

MED. FULL SHOT

the trail. It turns steeply, doubling back, and now Clay is directly above her. He looks down at her, but she disregards his glance. We feel that he might speak, but her cold restraint prevents him. The wind whistles through the trees. The slow plodding noise of the horses becomes more distant.

DISSOLVE

EXT. UPPER FORD - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

MED. FULL SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride slowly through the brush to where the trail enters the river. Downstream, wedged in the rocks is the wagon. The three men look at the wagon, then turn to look back along the trail.

LONG SHOT

their ANGLE. Fowler's campfire flickers through the trees.

MED. CLOSE

the three men. They look at each other. Lednov motions in the direction of Fowler's camp. They start back along the trail.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

FULL SHOT. The three men ride along the trail toward the camp. Through the trees the campfire flickers.

EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Fowler is putting the supper dishes up on the shelves beside the fireplace. The camp is cleaner than it was earlier in the day. It is evident that he has gone to great pains to make his visitor comfortable.

A mirror has been tacked up on a tree, and under it is a wash basin. Fowler's rifle and shotgun are in a rack near the fireplace. Helen's trunk stands open near the lean-to. Helen, wearing a robe, takes some clothing from it, closes the trunk.

HELEN

You can put this out of the way,  
Jed. It's empty.

Fowler turns and smiles. Helen pushes through the curtains into the lean-to. Fowler puts the last of the dishes on the shelf, crosses to the trunk and moves it over to the side of the lean-to. Turning to go back to the fireplace, he stops.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Fowler in the f.g. Lednov, rifle in hand, stands just inside the camp on the meadow side.

FOWLER

(turning slowly)

What do you want?

Lednov moves slowly forward to stand near the table. He looks around him. Fowler starts slowly toward the fireplace.

LEDNOV

I saw your fire and dropped by to  
say hello.

FOWLER

Well, say it.

Trying to be casual, Fowler moves closer to where the guns are racked.

LEDNOV

What's the matter – restless?

FOWLER

Yes, people make me restless.

LEDNOV

Even women?

FOWLER

There aren't any women here.

LEDNOV

I suppose that's your wagon in the river.

FOWLER

Some people who went by this way lost it.

(nervously)

Two men and some women. They packed their stuff on horses and went on.

LEDNOV

And you're all alone.

FOWLER

Yeah.

He has edged closer to the gun rack. Lednov seems unaware that he is near the guns. His interest is centered on the lean-to. He moves to the entrance, stands with his hand on the canvas.

LEDNOV

Suppose I take a look.

FOWLER

Go ahead.

Lednov pulls back the flap. His back is to Fowler, who starts quickly for the tree, only to stop as McCall comes out from behind it.

MCCALL

Looking for something?

Fowler drops his hands to his side. Lednov turns, grins at Fowler, and enters the lean-to.

INT. LEAN-TO - NIGHT

The shelter is dark. Lednov strikes a match and looks around. The place is empty. There is a bunk, made up. On the left hand wall a curtain of gunny sacks covers the clothes hanging there. The match burns down to Lednov's fingers. There is a

SOUND of a scuffle outside a blow, and a groan. Lednov drops the match and hurries out.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Lednov comes out of the lean-to. Fowler is sprawled by the table. McCall stands over him, rifle raised.

LEDNOV  
Hold it, Mac.

EXT. BACK OF LEAN-TO - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Helen stands flattened against a tree.

LEDNOV'S VOICE  
Get up.

Cautiously Helen starts moving away.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Fowler pulls himself to his feet. Mac stands near him.

LEDNOV  
Come on. Where'd the women go?

Fowler sinks on a bench, his head in his hands. Lednov moves closer.

LEDNOV  
When I ask questions, I like to hear answers.

FOWLER  
They went on like I told you.

EXT. FOREST - MOONLIGHT

MED. SHOT. Helen cautiously moves away from the camp.

LEDNOV'S VOICE  
How long ago?

FOWLER  
Five, six hours.

A twig snaps underfoot. Helen freezes.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Lednov is staring off in the direction of Helen. McCall moves to the edge of the lean-to, looking off.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Helen starts forward again, more cautiously than ever. She reaches a tree, turns to look back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Helen, back to camera, is in immediate f.g. Through the trees can be seen the camp and the flickering fire. She turns, and then fright comes into her expression.

REVERSE SHOT

Peters stands in front of her. As he reaches out for her, she tries to get away. He grabs her, wrapping his arms around her.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. From o.s. comes the SOUND of Helen and Peters struggling. Fowler, hearing the SOUND, gets to his feet. Lednov and McCall turn on him.

LEDNOV

Sit down.

(calling)

All right, Peters, come on over here.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Peters, carrying the struggling Helen, heads for the camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

ANOTHER ANGLE. Fowler makes a futile dive for Lednov. McCall swings his rifle. Fowler goes down. In the b.g. Peters drags the struggling Helen around the lean-to into the camp.

LEDNOV  
(to Fowler)  
So you were all alone.

He moves forward to meet Helen and Peters. Lednov reaches out for Helen. Peters pulls her away.

PETERS  
(sharp)  
You keep your hands off.

McCall has taken his attention from Fowler and gives it to Helen. Unnoticed now, Fowler is struggling back to consciousness. He tries to pull himself up. McCall turns back and kicks him again.

HELEN  
(yelling)  
Let him alone!

She rakes Peters' face with her fingernails, tries to fight free. Lednov reaches out and grabs her arm. Peters knocks his arm down. Free for the moment, Helen launches an attack on McCall, who is getting ready to boot Fowler again. She is on him like a cat, swarming all over him. He defends himself. Helen is yelling furiously as she fights McCall.

HELEN  
Kick a guy, would you! You scum! You won't do any kickin' when they come back.

Lednov has reached her now. He wraps his arms around her and pulls her away from McCall. Helen tries to fight him.

HELEN  
You dirty murderers... killin' people when they're sleepin'...

Lednov pinions her arms.

LEDNOV  
How do you know who we are?

HELEN  
Everybody knows –

LEDNOV  
(excited)  
Who brought you here?

Helen doesn't answer. Lednov starts twisting her arms.

LEDNOV  
You said somebody was comin' back –  
who's comin' back?

HELEN  
(moaning)  
Stop it –

As the pain increases she blurts out Clay's name.

HELEN  
Clay Phillips.

LEDNOV  
Where is he?

HELEN  
Up the trail.

In a fury, Lednov crushes her arm.

LEDNOV  
How far up the trail?

HELEN  
(moaning)  
I don't know – I don't know.

He hurls her from him. She goes back against the table. Fowler is trying to struggle to his feet. In blind rage, Lednov raises his gun and fires. Fowler crumples. Helen looks down, too horrified and terrified to scream. Lednov looks at her, then almost casually he shoots her. McCall and Peters stand watching as though frozen.

PETERS  
(huskily)  
You didn't have to do that.

LEDNOV  
(deadly)

Why not? She might have got to Clay  
Phillips before I did.

AS HE TURNS,

FADE OUT

EXT. OPEN RIDGE FADE IN

MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLES east. Behind the ridge rises the range through which the pass to Nevada cuts its way. The trail which has dipped down into a canyon comes up to follow the ridge a ways and then drops down again. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride along the trail. Lednov, in the lead, stops suddenly and looks off.

EXTREME LONG SHOT

DOWN ANGLE from Lednov's point of view. Far below is a meadow and crossing it is a wagon road. This is the road from Yosemite to Sonora. The road comes down the hill to the south and, as the forest is open at this point, anything approaching along the road can be seen for some distance. It crosses the meadow and continues into the northwest. In the meadow is a snake-rail corral. Clay's pack train comes out of the woods above the meadow and starts down.

MED. SHOT

McCall, Lednov and Peters. Lednov motions to his men and they hurriedly ride forward into the shelter of some trees.

MED. SHOT

the pack train. Mary, half asleep, slumps forward. Her horse has stopped. Steve rides up alongside and looks over at her, anxiously.

STEVE  
Are you all right?

Mary starts into wakefulness. She smiles at Steve.

MARY  
For the last ten miles I've been  
trying to figure out how to sleep  
sitting up. I'm getting to the point

where I don't think there's any place named Sonora.

STEVE

It's a long ways yet.  
(arrogantly, to Clay)  
I figure we ought to camp. She's tired.

CLAY

So am I and so are the horses.

He rides on ahead. Steve looks after him, annoyed, then follows with Mary.

EXT. MEADOW

Clay leads the pack train out into the clearing and toward the road. A small creek threads its way through the meadow. Clay rides up to the creek and swings out of the saddle. He is taking the saddle off as the others ride up.

CLAY

(to Steve)

Take the packs off. And run the horses into the corral.

He throws the saddle down, takes his rifle out of the scabbard. Steve doesn't move.

CLAY

I said take the packs off.

He starts off past Mary, glances up.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mary leans wearily forward on the pommel, too tired to dismount.

CLAY

(gruffly)

I figure we'll make better time, letting the horses rest for a spell.

Mary looks down at him. She is hoping he will reach up and lift her down.

CLAY

So grab yourself some sleep while  
you have the chance.

MARY

If you want to go on, I can make it  
all right.

CLAY

Like I said, I was thinkin' of the  
horses.

He turns a way abruptly and goes toward the road. Mary looks  
after him, disappointed. Steve comes over and helps her down.

MED. SHOT

Steve and Mary. Steve spreads a tarp on the grass.

STEVE

You stretch out. I'll fix something  
to eat.

MARY

(sitting)

Thanks, Steve.

Steve goes back and starts unpacking the horses. Mary looks  
off in Clay's direction, then stretches out and pillows her  
head on her arm. Now the sun is coming up and driving the  
darkness out of the meadow. In the distance Clay can be seen  
climbing up on a rise.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He climbs up on an eminence and looks back toward the  
hills.

LONG SHOT

his ANGLE. The open ridge. There is no sign of Lednov.

ANGLED PAST CLAY

INTO the meadow. Steve has unpacked the horses. They graze  
inside the crude corral. Steve is collecting wood for a fire.

Clay hurries down toward him.

MED. SHOT

Steve squats beside the pile of needles, twigs and pine cones. He strikes a match and sets the needles aflame. Clay hurries into the scene and roughly kicks the fire out. Steve rises.

CLAY

(angrily)

If you want 'em to find us, why don't you go up on the hill and wave your shirt or fire your rifle.

Steve is ashamed of his thoughtlessness and for a moment is apologetic.

STEVE

I didn't stop to think, Clay.

CLAY

(short)

You better start.

Clay turns and goes over to where the packs lie. He kneels beside the pack, rummages in them for hardtack and tinned food. Steve looks after him.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He is hurt and angry. Knowing he was in the wrong about the fire doesn't help matters. He'd like to go off in the woods and cry, but that's out of the question. Instead he follows Clay and stands above him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

STEVE

Maybe you and me better split up when we hit Sonora.

Clay speaks without looking up.

CLAY

(mildly)

All right, I hurt your feelings. But you know better than to go lightin'

fires.

STEVE

That ain't why. I just figure it's about time to start runnin' my own life.

Clay spreads the food on a tarp, sits down and starts eating a hardtack.

CLAY

Maybe you're not hungry, but I am.

Steve stares down at him angrier, more hurt than ever.

CLAY

Come on. We got a couple hours to eat and get some sleep.

STEVE

I'll eat when I'm good and ready.

CLAY

Kind of feeling your oats this morning. I haven't laid a hand on you for quite a while, but that doesn't mean you're too old.

STEVE

What makes you think you're so almighty? Telling people what to do and how to act when you don't even know how yourself.

[As this scene continues, there is heard, faintly o.s. the SOUND of little bells, the kind that teamsters put on the hames of their horses. Over the hill, in the direction of Yosemite, a stage is approaching. It is coming slowly uphill. Soon it will be visible on the rise about a mile south of the meadow.]

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING TOWARD Steve and Clay PAST Mary. She is asleep.

STEVE

You ain't even man enough to own up

when you're wrong.

Clay rises and stands facing Steve.

STEVE

Go on, hit me.

CLAY

Sit down and eat. Till I say the word, you're doing what you're told.

STEVE

You oughta say you're sorry – that's what you oughta do.

CLAY

You keep your nose out of my life, young fella.

STEVE

Maybe I haven't lived as long as you have, but I know a sight more about people and I wouldn't talk to a mule like you talked to her and, if I did, I'd say how sorry I was. I'd be man enough to do that.

Steve's voice rises during this speech. In f.g. Mary stirs and opens her eyes. Then she sits up.

CLAY

I said keep your nose out of my life. No kid is going to tell me how to run it.

STEVE

You think you're so slmighty – smart – Who are you to sit up there and say nobody's good enough for you, like you said yesterday – just because a man kisses a woman –

Mary has risen. She is listening to Steve. She is also listening to the bells.

LONG SHOT

her ANGLE. Over the rise comes the stage. It is still a long way off.

STEVE'S VOICE

– doesn't mean he wants to marry her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to include all three. The brothers still don't see Mary.

STEVE

Well, if you didn't mean it, why did you kiss her?

Clay is ashamed but won't show it. He puts his hand on Steve's shoulder and pushes him.

CLAY

Shut up and eat.

Steve swings for his chin. Clay ducks the blow, grabs Steve's wrist. Steve swings with his left, hitting Clay ineffectually. Clay pins Steve's arms to his side.

MARY

(sharply)

Stop it – both of you.

She walks toward them as Clay releases Steve and steps back. Steve puts his hands up, making ready for another round.

MARY

I won't have you fighting over me.

CLAY

(to Steve)

I'm sorry.

STEVE

You don't know what it is to be sorry.

MARY

(sharp)

Steve –

Steve turns abruptly and moves away. He is on the verge of

tears.

MARY  
(to Clay)  
Mind sortin' out my things – I'm  
leaving.

She motions off. Clay is suddenly aware of the approaching stage. He looks in that direction.

LONG SHOT

FROM his ANGLE. The stage drives along the road.

MARY  
Maybe it isn't going to Sonora, but  
it's going somewhere, which is all  
right with me.

CLAY  
It's going to Sonora.

MARY  
Fine – maybe I'll see you there  
sometime.

She turns and starts going through the kyacks, looking for her things. Clay frowns down at her.

MARY  
Because as you said, that's where I  
belong.

Mary's attention is on the kyacks. From where Clay stands near her he can see the trail leading down through open country toward the meadow.

CLAY  
I said a lot of things – some of  
'em –

Something o.s. catches his attention, then he pauses to look off.

EXT. TRAIL

LONG SHOT - his ANGLE. Up on the ridge there is the flash of

sun on metal.

EXT. RIDGE

MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride through the trees.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He looks up anxiously, then turns. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include Mary and she straightens and faces him, her back to the trail.

MARY

Some of 'em you didn't mean but most of 'em you did. I don't blame you because I understand your way of thinking and why you think that way. You want your women on pedestals. But they have to be born on 'em – they can fall off but they can't climb back up.

CLAY

(sharply)

I can't help how I think. You're trained a certain way when you're a kid and you can't change.

He bends down and picks up her things.

CLAY

If you're gonna catch this stage, come on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The stage has speeded up and is coming fast down the road. Mary looks up at Clay hurt and shocked by his sudden sharpness. She had hoped he wouldn't let her go.

MARY

I can't change either. Not unless somebody wants me enough to give me a hand.

CLAY

Hurry up.

He starts off, Mary following.

MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

Mary makes one last attempt to get him to change his mind.

MARY

(softly)

I'm fool enough to believe that one of these days somebody will. Somebody who wants me as I am will maybe walk into the place where I'm working and take me out of there.

CLAY

Maybe they will.

He waves for the stage to stop.

ANGLED PAST STAGE

The driver sees Clay waving and pulls the horses in. The stage moves down to the edge of the meadow.

MED. SHOT

The stage. It is a small one, a double-seated buckboard with one woman passenger and the driver an elderly man. On the side of the vehicle is painted: "Yosemite-Sonora Stage Line". The woman, middle-aged and rather drab, looks at Mary curiously.

CLAY

Mind giving a lady a lift into town?

DRIVER

(to Mary)

Climb right in.

He jumps out of the stage and follows Clay, carrying Mary's belongings, around back of the stage. Mary gets into the stage beside the woman who moves over for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

on back of stage. The driver opens the boot and Clay hands

him Mary's belongings. He starts stowing them in the boot.

CLAY

Will you be seeing the sheriff?

DRIVER

Depot's right next to his office.

Clay starts scribbling a note. In the b.g. Steve has moved up beside the stage. He stands looking up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE

featuring Mary and Steve.

STEVE

(shyly)

Goodbye, ma'am.

Mary reaches down and takes his hand.

MARY

(quietly)

Goodbye, Steve. Don't fight with him any more.

Steve's expression hardens. He glances toward the back of the stage, then at Mary.

MARY

It's not his fault, just you remember that. It's mine. Don't ask me why because you couldn't understand now. Some day you will.

Clay and the driver come around the stage. Steve steps back. The driver climbs into the seat. Clay and Mary look at each other.

MARY

Goodbye. Thanks for the lift.

CLAY

Goodbye, Mary.

MARY

By the way, if you ever go past the

Wyatt ranch, have another talk with Elaine.

Before Clay can speak, the driver snaps his whip and the stage jerks away down the road. Mary doesn't look back. Clay, in f.g., looks after it. Dust rises. It disappears around a bend in the road. Clay turns and starts across the meadow. Steve looks after Clay, hesitates, then follows.

MED. CLOSE

as Clay reaches the spot where the kyacks and saddles are thrown. Steve comes up to him.

STEVE

You know what she asked me?

CLAY

I don't care what she asked you.

STEVE

She told me not to fight with you anymore. She said it wasn't your fault, but – I figure different...

Clay is looking off, hardly listening.

STEVE

It is so your fault and... and I guess maybe when we hit the ranch... you andme better...

CLAY

(sharply)

You want to split up? –

Clay's eyes are narrow, peering toward:

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAY

LONG SHOT (Clay's ANGLE) of the shadowed slope. Something moves, indistinct, and then the sun catches a gun barrel as it disappears.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Steve as Clay turns sharply.

CLAY

– Why wait? Go on, saddle up now  
and beat it.

Steve looks over toward the horses, stalling.

STEVE

Half of them are mine.

CLAY

(hard)

You'll get your share. Go on. I don't  
want you around.

Turning, he crosses to where Steve's horse stands. CAMERA  
ANGLE WIDENS. He loads the horse back, throws a blanket and  
saddle on and cinches up the saddle. Steve watches, angry  
and hurt. Clay steps back.

CLAY

There you are.

MED. CLOSE

the two brothers. They stare at each other. Steve is on the  
verge of tears. Hurriedly, he swings into the saddle.

MED. SHOT

He glances down to Clay and digs his spurs in and gallops  
after the stage. Clay's stern expression leaves his face. He  
looks after the boy, smiles softly and then starts carrying  
the pack-saddle into the shelter of the forest.

EXT. ROAD

MED. SHOT. Steve rides along the road. He pulls his horse  
in, then glances back.

EXT. MEADOW

LONG SHOT - Steve's ANGLE. Clay is carrying the belongings  
into the shelter of the forest. CAMERA PANS OVER and UP.  
Momentarily a horseman is seen riding into an open space.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve as he stares. Then understanding his brother's actions, he jerks the reins and swings the horse around and rides back toward the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT - Steve gallops across the meadow to the corral, swings off and starts unsaddling. Clay is inside the forest lighting the fire.

MED. CLOSE

Clay. He looks over toward Steve, then rises and hurries toward him.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Steve. Steve takes down the bars and puts the horse in the corral. Clay comes up to him as he's putting the bars back up.

CLAY

What did you come back for?

STEVE

Like I told you, half those horses are mine. I'm makin' sure they get to the ranch safe. So let's quit arguing and do whatever you figure on doin'.

The two brothers stare at each other.

CLAY

(softly)

Is that the only reason you came back?

STEVE

(gruff)

Sure. What other reason would there be?

CLAY

(smiling)

I just wondered. Let's go.

## EXT. MEADOW

LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Above the pines smoke rises. The horses graze inside the corral. In the shadowy forest by the creek, Clay's camp can be seen. A tarp has been stretched over the camp. Lednov moves into the right hand side of the frame and looks down.

## REVERSE SHOT

Lednov stands on a rocky hill looking down in the meadow. Behind him are McCall and Peters. They are screened from the meadow by the rocks. Lednov turns and starts off through the rocks to circle above the camp. The two men follow. All are on foot.

## EXT. ROCK

LONG SHOT SHOOTING PAST Clay and along his rifle. Clay, hidden behind a wall of rock, is watching the trail where it comes down into the meadow. Something moves on the rocky hill above and to his left. He looks up, waiting. The movement stops. Clay glances around.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Below Clay, Steve lies in a cut in the rocks, watching the camp. Clay motions toward the hill. Steve nods.

## EXT. ROCK

PAN SHOT -  
FROM Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA, SHOOTING THROUGH the rifle sights, SEARCHES the forest and meadow. As a flight of birds suddenly rises above a section of the forest, the CAMERA HOLDS.

## EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP

MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters have stopped, halted by the sudden flight of the birds.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Below is the camp. Lednov motions.

LEDNOV  
(to Peters)  
Go on down and have a look.

PETERS  
(scoffing)  
And get my head blown off! Not me.

Lednov looks at McCall. From his pocket, McCall takes a coin.

MCCALL  
Call it.

PETERS  
Heads.

McCall flips the coin, shows it to Peters. Peters shrugs and starts moving cautiously down toward the camp.

MED. CLOSE

Lednov and McCall.

LEDNOV  
And you! Get going.

McCall moves off to circle around in back of where Clay and Steve wait. Lednov watches him go then, moving to the shelter of the rocks, waits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

His position commands the meadow, where the horses are corralled, and the camp.

EXT. ROCK

LONG SHOT - Clay's ANGLE. The forest is silent. Then, momentarily, Peters is in the open. Clay brings his rifle up, trying to get him in the sights. Wheeler disappears.

EXT. PETERS' POSITION

MED. SHOT. Stealthily, Peters makes his way down toward the camp.

LONG SHOT

ANGLED PAST Peters. Peters, sheltered by a tree trunk, raises his rifle, then his eye catches a movement. He fires.

EXT. ROCK

LONG SHOT - PAST Clay. Clay has Peters in his sights. He fires.

MED. CLOSE

Peters. Peters is stretched on the needle-covered earth, dead.

EXT. ROCK

MED. CLOSE - Clay. Clay throws the empty cartridge out and another in. O.s. there is a SHOT. A bullet hits near him. Clay looks off in the direction where Lednov is waiting on the hill west of the camp. Another SHOT is heard. A bullet smacks into the rock close to Clay. It comes from McCall's position southwest of the camp. Clay ducks.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - Lednov's ANGLE. Lednov is trying to get Clay in his sights. He fires as Clay is seen momentarily.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - McCall's ANGLE. McCall fires at Clay.

EXT. ROCK

Clay and Steve crawl down and away from Lednov and McCall's positions. Steve grins at Clay. He is enjoying this.

CLAY  
(quietly)  
Stick here.

Moving cautiously he starts in McCall's direction.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT. McCall, rifle ready looks down toward the base of the log where Steve now waits. A twig snaps below.

He sights the rifle, waiting.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

MED. CLOSE. Clay stands still. The forest is silent again.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT. Lednov, sheltered by a tree, has his rifle trained on Clay's position.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

MOVING SHOT. Clay, walking cautiously, climbs toward McCall's position. Ahead is an open area. Stooping, Clay picks up a rock and draws back his arm to throw it.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED TOWARD open area below. The stone thrown by Clay, crashes in the brush across the open area. McCall fires.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

UP ANGLE PAST Clay. The flash of sunlight on McCall's rifle attracts Clay's attention. He fires. From behind him, Steve fires. Clay runs across the open area. Steve fires again.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. SHOT. McCall tries to struggle to his feet. Failing, he brings his rifle up. Clay in b.g. runs to the shelter of a tree. McCall fires. Clay's rifle barrel emerges from behind tree. McCall tries to drag himself to safety. Clay fires. McCall goes down on his face. From Lednov's position comes the SOUND of a shot.

LONG PAN SHOT

Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA SEARCHES Lednov's position for some movement. There is none.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

DOWN ANGLE PAST Lednov. Below in the corral the horses are hunched together. Lednov looks down, then raising his rifle,

he brings one of the horses into the beads of the sights. It is the bell mare.

LEDNOV  
(calling)  
Come on out, Phillips.

His voice echoes again and again. Clay's answer is a shot. It cuts the branches above Lednov's head.

CLOSE SHOT

Lednov. He ducks lower, steadies his rifle.

LEDNOV  
(his voice echoing)  
Those horses down there – they don't amount to much to me. Look at the one with the bell.

LONG SHOT

ANGLED THROUGH sights. The sights center on the bell mare.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He is standing recklessly trying to find Lednov in the rocks above.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He stares down at the horses. A shot is heard.

EXT. CORRAL

MED. SHOT. The bell mare rears as the bullet strikes the bell. The horses mill around the corral.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

MED. CLOSE SHOT.

LEDNOV  
(calling; echoing)  
Next time I won't miss.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He starts forward, face set with rage.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

(echoing)

Watch the one with the white face.

Recklessly Clay raises his rifle and fires three shots at Lednov's position.

EXT. ROCKS

MED. FULL SHOT as Clay fires, Steve starts running down. He crosses the creek.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - DOWN. Lednov sees Steve running. He swings his rifle away from the horses and tries to get the boy in his sights. Clay fires again. A bullet smacks into the tree. Lednov flinches. Then again he tries to center on Steve.

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT. Steve runs, bending low, toward the rail fence. A bullet kicks up dirt near him.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - DOWN. Steve has almost reached the fence. Lednov fires. Steve stumbles and goes down.

MED. CLOSE

Steve. He lies still a moment, then painfully he crawls to the rails and with a great effort tries to tear the rails down. Lednov fires. The bullet whistles past. Steve pulls the fence down, crawls away from the opening. The horses, milling around the corral break through. Steve lies still, face down.

FULL SHOT

The meadow, ANGLED PAST Clay. The horses scatter across the meadow.

MED. SHOT

Clay, now the hunter, moves toward Lednov's position. Lednov fires. Clay runs and jumps into the creek. Sheltered by the bank he makes his way up the creek.

MED. CLOSE

Lednov. He waits, his rifle ready. O.s. a twig snaps. Cautiously he looks ahead. There is silence.

MED. SHOT

his ANGLE. A light wind runs through the great trees. Shafts of light filter through the trees, making patterns on the forest floor. The light is dim, deceptive. Lednov, rifle ready, searches for some sign of Clay. Then from another direction comes the SOUND of movement. Lednov swings his rifle in that direction, waits. The SOUND has stopped.

CLAY'S VOICE

I'm here Lednov.

His voice echoes across the hills. Lednov sights along his rifle at the direction from which the SOUND of Clay's voice came. Momentarily Clay is seen as he runs from one tree to another. Lednov fires.

MED. CLOSE

Clay. Clay cautiously edges around the base of a tree. He picks up a stick, stops.

CLAY

Come on out.

His voice can be heard echoing across the hills. He tosses the stick. Lednov fires at the SOUND of the falling stick.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

Come and get me.

As his voice echoes across the hills Clay quickly moves into the open and fires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lednov crumples forward as his echoing voice fades out. Clay

moves over to him to stand looking down.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT. Steve sits propped up against the fence rail. His shirt is off and his shoulder is crudely bandaged. Clay, who has been putting the bandage on, stands and takes a sack of tobacco from his pocket.

CLAY  
(rolling cigarette)  
How's that?

STEVE  
Kind of sore.

CLAY  
You'll live.

STEVE  
(shyly)  
Guess maybe I'm old enough to hold  
my own in a fight, huh?

CLAY  
Yeah – but don't make a habit of  
it.

STEVE  
So – maybe I'm old enough to tell  
you how to run your life?

CLAY  
(stares down at him,  
then)  
I guess so – but don't make a habit  
of it.

STEVE  
Well, then, I know it takes three –  
four weeks for you to come round to  
admit when you're wrong... But by  
that time she's liable to be in  
China...

Clay looks at him for a moment, not angry, but not admitting he's wrong yet.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. SONORA - NIGHT (STOCK)

EXT. SONORA STREET - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - featuring hotel and doctor's office. The sheriff's posse, the bodies of Lednov, McCall and Wheeler slung across the backs of horses, and Clay's remuda, trot down the street. People come out of the hotel to watch the cavalcade pass. Clay and Steve are not with the posse. Clay's horse is tethered in front of the doctor's office which is next door to the hotel.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH window. Clay, back to camera, is holding a kerosine lamp. The doctor, a lanky, middle-aged man, is working over Steve, who is stretched out on a table.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

MED. SHOT. Shelves filled with bottles line the room, for the doctor is also the druggist. There is a glass cabinet in which are the doctor's instruments. The room is cluttered. The lamp, held by Clay, throws a circle of pale light down on Steve. The doctor is working on Steve's shoulder and arm.

MED. CLOSE - UP ANGLE

featuring Clay. Clay suddenly averts his glance and winces as the doctor probes the wound in Steve's arm. Steve groans. The lamp wavers.

DOCTOR

(sharply)

Hold her steady. I'm not hurting him.

STEVE

Maybe you're not, but I'll sure be glad when you stop pokin' me.

Footsteps are HEARD approaching. Clay tries to steady his

shaking hand. He is focusing his attention on a far wall. A woman's hand comes in the scene and takes the lamp from him. He reacts. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mary, who has moved in beside him.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He smiles up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

ANGLES PAST doctor.

MARY  
Is it very bad?

DOCTOR  
(grumbling)  
Course not. A scratch.

He suddenly realizes that a strange woman is in the room and reacts.

DOCTOR  
What are you doin' here?

MARY  
Holding the lamp.

DOCTOR  
Then hold it a little lower.

Mary lowers the lamp.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay and Mary. UP ANGLE PAST lamp.

CLAY  
Thanks for taking over.

MARY  
(softly)  
Thanks for loading me on the stage.  
I know now why you did it.

CLAY

Like I said, women get in the way sometimes.

STEVE'S VOICE

He tried to get rid of me, too, Miss Wells.

DOCTOR

Keep still, will you.

He straightens into the shot. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MED. SHOT. Steve is now bandaged.

DOCTOR

Put him over there on the cot.  
Goodnight... He'll be all right.

As Clay lifts Steve to the cot the doctor exits. Mary watches Clay cover Steve. Then she goes to the door leading to the street, stops with her hand on the knob.

MARY

Goodnight.

STEVE

Goodnight, Miss Wells.

MARY

(looking back)

If you need me, I'll be –

Clay straightens and turns.

CLAY

Where you going?

MARY

To the other side of the street.

She opens the door and starts out.

EXT. PORCH - DOCTOR'S OFFICE

MED. SHOT. Mary starts to close the door behind her. Clay forces it open. Clay comes out. Mary starts toward the steps.

CLAY

Mary.

Mary stops at the edge of the porch. Clay comes up beside her.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary waits, looking up at him.

CLAY

That job you were talkin' about, did you get it yet?

MARY

Why?

CLAY

(haltingly)

Because... well, you said you wanted a man to think enough of you to walk in the place you were working and take you out of there... tonight I was sort of tied up with Steve... but tomorrow I figured on doing just that.

MARY

(softly)

I haven't got the job yet.

They look at each other.

MARY

But if you want to wait until tomorrow –

For answer, Clay takes her in his arms.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

ANGLED PAST Steve on cot. In the b.g. through the open doorway, Clay and Mary kiss. Steve watches a moment, then turns his head toward camera. He smiles and closes his eyes.

EXT. PORCH

TWO SHOT - Mary and Clay. They break from the kiss. Clay looks down at Mary.

CLAY

(softly)

Is there any place in town a man  
could buy some gingham?

FADE OUT

THE END