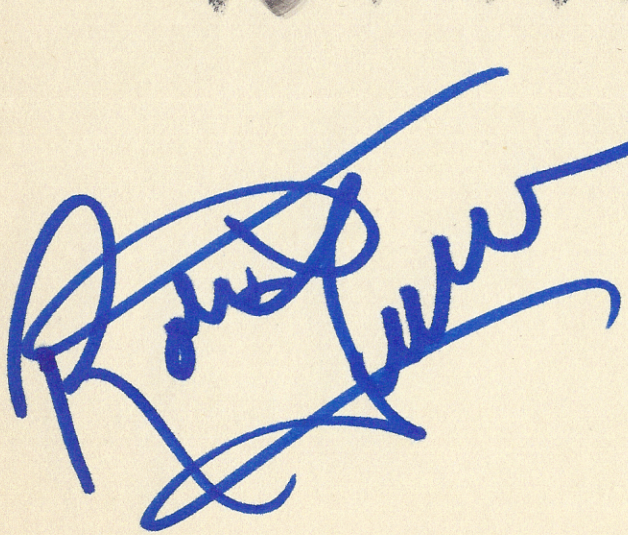
LARAMIE

"DEATH WIND"



(12-29-59)

12-17-59

REVUE STUDIOS
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12243
December 17, 1959
REV. 12/22/59
REV. 12/24/59
REV. 12/28/59
REV. 12/29/59

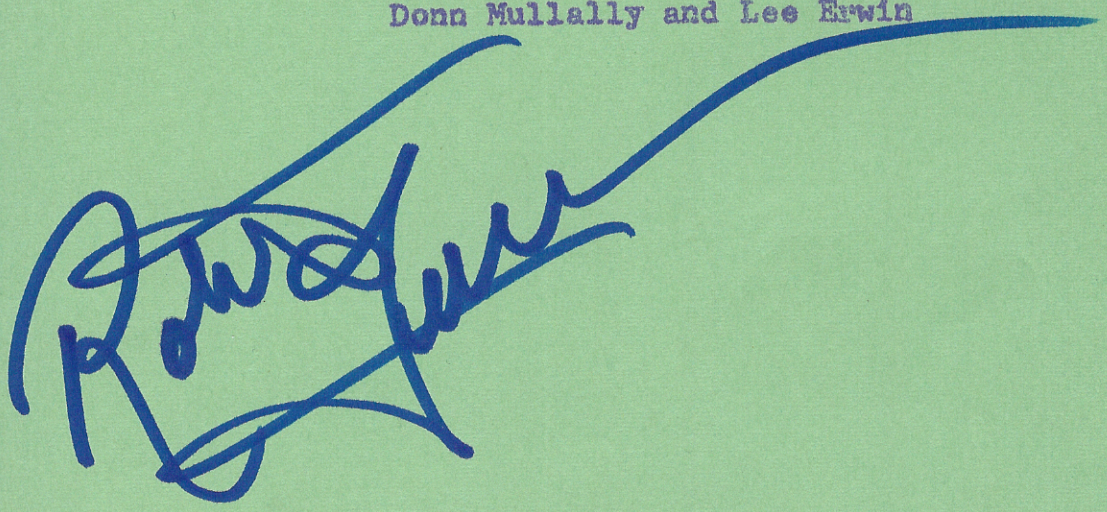
LARAMIE

"DEATH WIND"

(Formerly: "Tornado")

by

Donn Mullally and Lee Erwin



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REVUE STUDIOS

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

#12243
December 17, 1959
REV. 12/24/59
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LARAMIE

"DEATH WIND"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. MILITARY POST (ESTABLISHING SHOT) - DAY - (STOCK) 1
This is a grim-looking fort, with high stockade fence, guards, etc. SUPERED is the legend: -

"DETENTION BARRACKS
WYOMING DIVISION
U.S. ARMY"

1A INT. PRISON WORK SET - DAY - MED. SHOT 1A
Two military prisoners are pitching hay from one section of a stable area to another. They are fairly close together, working almost side by side. In the f.g., a GUARD ENTERS, carrying his bayoneted rifle casually slung on his shoulder. He stops briefly, says to the convicts:

GUARD
All right, you two. That's it for today. Fall in outside.

He EXITS from the SHOT, heading presumably for the front of the stable.

1B MED. CLOSE SHOT - TOM COLE 1B
The older of the two prisoners, TOM COLE, straightens up somewhat wearily, stands his pitchfork against the wall, turns and starts to take the same direction as that taken by the Guard.

1C MED. CLOSE SHOT - PRISONER 1C
The other PRISONER, a lean, powerful man, follows Tom with his eyes, glances quickly off toward the o.s. Guard -- who cannot be seen because of a stall wall -- then grasps his pitchfork and starts forward with it, lunging.

1D MED. CLOSE SHOT - COLE 1D
The SOUND of the Prisoner's approach alerts him; he wheels around.

1E FULL SHOT 1E
Tom Cole ducks an instant before the pitchfork reaches him, and it plunges into the wall, over his bent body. Tom closes with the Prisoner, who is off-balance from the force of his lunge. He slams a fist into the Prisoner's middle, knocking the air out of him. The pitchfork clatters

CONTINUED

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1E CONTINUED (contd) 1E

to the floor. The Prisoner grabs for Tom's throat, getting both hands on it briefly until the hold is broken by Tom's arms. The two men battle furiously for a few seconds. Tom is down briefly, and the Prisoner dives on him. The two men roll into the aisle between stalls, battling grimly, silently.

1F ANOTHER ANGLE 1F

The Guard seen earlier runs back through the aisle, stops beside the sturggling men. He points his gun at them both and snaps:

GUARD
Break it up! Now! Break off!

The two stop struggling, get to their feet slowly, both panting.

PRISONER
(pointing to Tom)
He jumped me! Tried to kill me with a pitchfork!

Tom talks, in a hard, flat voice, right to the Guard.

TOM
You know better'n that, Clancy. It was the other way around.

The Guard is obviously more impressed by Tom's level voice, but he is still a guard, and a good one.

GUARD
Get back to your cells, the both o' you.

The Guard follows them out, his rifle trained on their backs, as we

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

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ACT I

FADE IN

2 INT. VISITORS' ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - TOM AN ANGELA 2
Ex-Sergeant Major Tom Cole, the man seen in the Teaser, despite his convict's garb, is still very much the campaign-hardened career soldier -- a square-jawed man with black hair and mustache -- ruggedly built, in his late thirties. His wife, ANGELA, is a startlingly beautiful woman -- several years younger than her husband; almost too attractive to be the wife of a non-com in the 1870's. They're seated on opposite sides of a table and they're talking in whispers while a GUARD remains in the b.g. The room itself is very stark -- bare board walls, with only this long table, where other prisoners are meeting their visitors...going and coming during the scene.

ANGELA
(soft, urgent)
But I still don't see...why would anyone in here try to kill you?

TOM
Maybe for the same reason I was court martialed. I don't know. All I know is the word's out, Angela. I'm a dead man right now -- the only thing I don't know is when.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE 3
Angela reacts, shocked and bewildered.

ANGELA
Tom...isn't there something... can't you go to the Commandant?

TOM
(bitterly)
Sure...through channels that'll take a month. I haven't got that long.

ANGELA
(swiftly)
You could ask to see him.

TOM
Even if I could get to the Colonel -- and he believed me -- what could he do? Assign a special guard to nursemaid ex-Sergeant Major Tom Cole? It just doesn't work that way.

CONTINUED

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3 CONTINUED (contd) 3

ANGELA
Perhaps if I....

TOM
(quickly)
I don't what you killed, too.
(beat)
All I need's running room. And you can help me get it.

Angela's jaw sets as she reacts to the implication behind his words.

ANGELA
You know I'll do whatever I can.

TOM
(flatly)
Good...then listen.
(beat)
Anybody can break out of a military prison. The hard part's to stay out.
(beat)
First place the Army looks for a man is with his family. So you have to drop out of sight, too. The minute you walk out of here, you stop being Mrs. Cole. In three weeks I'll meet you in Laramie. Be there with money and a change of clothes for me.

Angela nods... glances at the Guard who seems to be taking a little extra interest in them.

ANGELA
I'll be there, Tom. Promise you'll be careful.

Angela looks quickly at the Guard, again. He's started moving toward them. Tom can only nod affirmatively by way of answering her. She rises and forces a smile.

ANGELA (contd)
See you next week.

She EXITS without a backward look. The Guard taps Cole's shoulder.

GUARD
Come on, Sarge...time to lock up.

Tom nods, rises and moves to the prisoners' door, as we

DISSOLVE

4 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT - TIGHT SHOT 4

We're ANGLED through a barred cell door. The Guard is standing in the corridor looking through the bars as CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE Tom Cole seated at a rough table in the cell playing solitaire. The Guard shakes his head sympathetically.

GUARD
Sarge, how do you do it?

TOM
Do what?

GUARD
Rate a good-lookin' woman like your wife.

TOM
(dryly)
Nothin' to it. Just pick 'em out of the third grade while they're still too young to know better.

GUARD
Guess you don't realize how lucky you are. She's about the prettiest thing I've seen in the visitor's room in months.

TOM
(quietly)
Take a look at the bars on this door. Then you'll know just how lucky I am.

He continues to turn his cards, only occasionally glancing up at the Guard, as:

GUARD
(swiftly)
Man like you didn't have any business gettin' mixed up with a bunch tryin' to rob an Army payroll train. You had too much to lose.

TOM
Yeah. Only knowin' it now doesn't do much good.

GUARD
There are some of us here who figure you weren't in deep in that robbery. Not like the
(contd)

4 CONTINUED (contd) 4

GUARD
(contd)
others anyway. Probably it won't count for much, but I just want you to know we'll try to make things as easy as we can.

Tom puts up the cards, nods to his Guard, rising.

TOM
Thanks...I didn't think I had any friends left. It's good to know.

Cole goes to a rough commode-like stand at the foot of his bunk. He picks up a tin cup, abstractedly fills it out of a pail...starts to drink. Stops, and looks at the Guard.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED 4

TOM
(throws out water)
Tastes like somebody washed his socks in it.

He moves to his cell door, with the cup.

TOM
How about giving me a drink out of your canteen?

GUARD
Sure...the cistern here in the prison ain't fit for humans.

He pours some water out of his canteen into Tom's cup, as:

TOM
You're all right, soldier.

GUARD
Forget it.

TOM
But you've still got a lot to learn about the duty your pulling now.

5 ANOTHER ANGLE 5
As the Guard reacts to Tom's abrupt shift to the tone of authority.

GUARD
Huh?

TOM
Rule one -- a prison Guard has no friends among the prisoners.

Tom has just taken the cup from the Guard's hand -- throws the water in his face and in the same motion, he grabs the Guard's wrists and yanks him against the bars. With his free fist, he slugs the boy..knocking him out. As the Guard sags against the bars and Tom takes the keys to the cell down from his belt, we

DISSOLVE

6 OMIT (omitted) 6

(SPECIAL NOTE: Wind is gusty but not steady thru Act I.)

7 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT - GROUP 7
The CAMERA PANS with a huge ball of tumbleweed as a violent gust of wind blows it into a fence corner of the corral. SLIM, JESS, JONESY and ANDY are busily working at preparing the ranch for a storm.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SLIM AND JESS 8
Slim and Jess are driving the horses out of the barn. PAN to where stagecoach is approaching.

9 MED. SHOT - FAVORING JONESY 9
Andy's helping Jonesy put up storm shutters. They are near the kitchen area.

10 FULL SHOT - STAGE 10
The stage from Laramie comes rolling in -- the driver (BEN) fighting the nervous team. Slim and the others run to meet the stage. The driver jumps down, helps quiet the team.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP 11

SLIM
(to driver)
We figured you'd turn back to Laramie, Ben! Twister's comin'!

BEN
Didn't believe it when they told me in town. Wasn't a breath of air stirrin'.

SLIM
Might bypass us, but we can't take a chance. Better turn your horses loose, the way we did ours.

Ben nods assent -- then turns and yanks open the door of the stage. Slim and Jess take the task of unhitching the horses.

BEN
Light and settle down, folks. This is it for now.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED (contd) 11

The CAMERA DOLLIES in for a TIGHT SHOT of the three passengers as they emerge from the coach. The first man out is clean-shaven, white-haired, bulky. He's still recognizable as ex-Sergeant Major Tom Cole. He assists a lady -- a woman dressed in the white habit of a lay sister of one of the nursing orders. We see that she is Angela Cole. The third passenger is a man name, TEAGUE -- a slender, dapper fellow -- patently a professional gambler.

12 MED. SHOT - FAVORING TOM 12

He tips his hat to Angela, as:

ANGELA
Thank you, Mister Blaney.

TOM
My privilege, Sister.

Tom turns to Ben.

TOM (contd)
We stop here just long enough to change horses.

BEN
(emphatically)
Not today. This is as far as we go.

Tom doesn't care for this at all.

TOM
But, I -- have to be in Montana by Tuesday!

BEN
Better spread your wings and start flyin', mister. There's no other way. The stage is stayin' put.

TOM
For how long?

BEN
Not up to me. When this weather makes up its mind...I'll get goin'... an' not before.

Teague moves in.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED (contd) 12

TEAGUE
As a compromise, why don't we set out -- try it for another few miles? If we have to, we can always double back. Doesn't that sound like good sense?

BEN
Mister, if I had good sense, I wouldn't be drivin' a stage.
(beat)
But the fact is this wooden box don't roll too good without horses. An' they've been turned loose. See for yourself.

TOM
(glancing after horses)
Would double fare change your mind? They haven't gone far. You could round 'em up again.

BEN
Not a chance. If a twister hits, I figure I owe those horses room to run in.

TOM
I hate to be stubborn, Driver, but I told you...I have to be in Montana.

Tom has produced a pistol and points it at the astonished Ben.

TOM
Now, you go round up a team. We're pulling out on schedule.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SLIM 13
Slim comes up from behind Tom. Teague spots Slim and offers a distraction.

TEAGUE
(to Tom)
You're making a mistake, Mister Blaney. Why don't you ---

But Tom is warned by Angela's facial expression as she reacts to Slim's forward lunge.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP 14
Tom whirls, gun raised. Slim crashes into him -- the force carrying both men into a rolling heap. Tom's head strikes one of the stagecoach wheels. He suddenly goes limp, a trickle of blood crimsoning the wound near his whitened hairline.

15 thru 17 CUTS TO COVER 15 thru 17

18 MED. SHOT - GROUP 18
Angela kneels beside the limp figure on the ground. She looks up at the men standing around her, cries:

ANGELA
Are you just going to let him lie there?

Slim is nearby.

SLIM
Sorry. He was handling that gun like he meant to use it...We'll carry him inside, Ben...You come along, Sister, and see what you can do.

The CAMERA DOLLIES with them as Slim and Ben tote Cole toward the house with Angela accompanying them.

19 MED. SHOT - TEAGUE AND JESS 19
Teague watches the above with a cool, appraising eye. Jess ENTERS SCENE with a sledge and some iron stakes. He drops the stakes on the ground, holds the sledge out to Teague.

JESS
Start driving iron, mister, while I get some rope.

Teague recoils from the sledge.

TEAGUE
How's that again?

JESS
(impatiently)
We want that coach right side up if the wind hits.
(beat)
Stake it down!

TEAGUE
(diffidently eying Sledge)
I don't think I'm going to be much good with this.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (contd) 19

JESS
You will be -- right after you use it a few times.

Teague looks sadly at his soft, white, well-manicured hands. Then, sighing heavily, he takes the sledge from Jess. As Jess hurries o.s., Teague starts gingerly to work.

20 INT. RANCH HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - JONESY AND ANDY 20
Jonesy holds open the door as Tom is carried inside. The group then goes into the bedroom, leaving Jonesy staring after them.

JONESY
(to Andy)
Well, how do you like that ---? They didn't even ask me.

ANDY
Ask you what?

JONESY
(steaming)
You know darn well what! Anybody gets a sliver or falls off a fence rail, it's always me they come runnin' to. But as soon as there's somethin' important to do ---

ANDY
(cutting in)
Aw, Jonesy, there's bound to be some things you can't fix with liniment.

JONESY
Well maybe there is, but I haven't seen much of 'em yet.
(looks around)
Now where'd I put that dadblasted screwdriver?

ANDY
Right where you always do -- in your hip pocket.

JONESY
Oh, yeah. C'mon, we've still got some shutters to fix.

They move OUT as we

DISSOLVE

21 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - MED. SHOT - BRENT AND FARLEY 21

The wind is whipping the branches of a large oak tree that's out beside the road a few miles from the Sherman ranch. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to two men (WILSON BRENT and GLEN FARLEY), who are waiting impatiently behind a boulder which is overhung by the tree. Their horses are visible in the near b.g. Both men are hired killers. Wil Brent is in charge. (NOTE: POSSIBLE TO SHOOT ON STAGE.)

WIL
Stage is way overdue. Something must've happened.

GLEN
Yeah. Let's hope it's serious. Be nice if our man got killed in an accident. Then we could collect for doin' nothing.

WIL
(shakes head)
Never happen. Too easy.

GLEN
Why? There's supposed to be a twister around somewhere, ain't there? Maybe they'll run into it.

WIL
(annoyed)
You got anything against doin' an honest day's work? Here we are gettin' paid for a killin', an' all you can think of is somethin' to save you the trouble of doin' it.

GLEN
I was just talkin'. No reason to get your feathers on end.

WIL
(glancing off)
Stage stop up the road -- couple of miles. More'n likely they decided to lay over until the weather settles down.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO 22

GLEN
Let's ride in and have a look.

WIL
I'm riding in. You stay here. If I'm wrong and the stage is just late, you stop it.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED (contd) 22

GLEN
Alone?

WIL
You won't be alone. I'll be riding right behind it.

The CAMERA PANS Wil to his horse as he mounts and rides o.s.

CUT TO

22A INT. BARN - FULL SHOT - SLIM AND ANDY 22A -
Slim walks in to where Andy is tending a young colt in the empty barn. Slim frowns.

SLIM
(to Andy)
I thought you were supposed to be helpin' Jonesy....?

ANDY
The shutters are all up.
(strokes horse)
I just thought I'd see how Flash was gettin' along.

SLIM
Noticed he didn't run out with the others. Where'd you have him hid?

ANDY
Out back. You got a right to get sore if you want to.

SLIM
(relenting)
Pa gave me one just like him when I was about your age. For a long while I couldn't take three steps without worryin' about that horse.

ANDY
(fearing the worst)
You're not gonna make me turn him loose, are you, Slim?

SLIM
I know how you feel, Andy. But the colt'll be better off up in the hills with his ma.

CONTINUED

22A CONTINUED (contd) 22A -

ANDY
I could put him in with me. He wouldn't take up much room, an' ---

SLIM
We're not gonna start puttin' up horses in the house. Besides, if the twister hits, he wouldn't be any safer inside than here in the barn. An' that isn't sayin' much.

ANDY
There's nothing wrong with the house, is there? I mean, it'll hold, won't it -- if the twister comes?

SLIM
Probably. All depends on how close it comes. Chances are it won't strike within miles of here. But if it hit us square, well, there'll be plenty of kindling around for next winter.

ANDY
What about us?

SLIM
We'll worry about that when the time comes. Right now I want you to turn Flash loose...
(indicates colt)
Then there's plenty for you to do, waitin' inside.

Picking up several stakes of the kind being used to tie down the stagecoach, Slim exits. Andy starts leading the colt toward the door at:

DISSOLVE

23 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT - GROUP 23
Jess, Teague, Slim, Jonesy and Ben are completing the job of tying down the stage. They react to:

24 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WIL 24
Wil suddenly looms up, riding INTO SCENE out of a cloud of wind-blown dust. Jess and Slim study him and then look at each other as Wil warily dismounts. Wil glances briefly at the stage, moves in with: "Morning...."

WIL
Not much of a day for travelin'. How's for staying over here? Sure could use some food!

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (contd) 24

Slim hesitates briefly and then:

SLIM
Go on inside. My brother will fix you up.

Wil moves along, pausing to tie his horse to a rail of the corral before going on toward the house.

25 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA 25

Angela's peering through the window, apprehensively eying Wil as he moves toward the house. We're ANGLED OVER Angela and can see Wil pass close to the window, his head down against the force of the wind. CAMERA PANS Angela to the door of the room, including as it does so, Tom, who is stretched out on the bed in the b.g. His shoulder appears to be rather clumsily bandaged at the place where he was struck by the single-tree. Angela reaches the door and opens it just a crack -- listening.

26 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - WIL AND ANDY 26

As Wil enters from the outside, bringing with him some wind-driven dust. Andy is over by the range, where he's just stirring the contents of an iron kettle. Wil squints at him.

WIL
Boy, your brother said you'd fix me up with some food.

ANDY
Stew's not done yet, mister. I can give you some coffee.

WIL
Fair enough.

Andy pours the coffee, brings it to Wil, who has straddled a chair.

ANDY
We'll eat in about half an hour.

WIL
No hurry...anybody come in on that stage?

He indicates the outside with a jerk of his head.

ANDY
You saw most of them on the way in.

WIL
(picks it up)
Most of them?
(looks around)
Where are the others?

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED 26

ANDY
(nods - indicating)
Man's in Jess' room.
(beat)
Got hurt. A nurse is in there taking care of him.

Wil **glances off in the direction indicated by Andy.**

WIL
A nurse looking after him.
(he smiles thinly)
He must be a special case.

27 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA 27
Angela looks frightened as she closes the door softly. CAMERA PANS her into a TIGHT SHOT with her recumbent husband. **Tom wears a head bandage.**

ANGELA
(shakily)
Tom! He's here, just rode in...
He's talking to the boy in
the next room.

TOM
How do you know he's the one?

ANGELA
The look of him -- and he's asking questions...about us.

Tom takes a deep breath and slowly closes his eyes.

ANGELA
What are we going to do?

28 CLOSE SHOT - TOM 28
Tom turns his head from side to side -- wearily.

TOM
(slowly)
I don't know.

ANGELA
You can't stay here. **You know what'll happen if you do.**

CONTINUED

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28 CONTINUED (contd) 28

TOM
What else is there, Angela?
There's no place to hide.
I don't have a gun anymore,
And with my head poundin'
the way it is, I'm in no
shape to run or fight.

ANGELA
There has to be something. There's
just got to be.

TOM
(nods)
There is.
(beat)
No matter what happens to me, you're
sister Angela. Remember that!
At least, you'll be safe.

ANGELA
Tom...don't ask me to watch a
man shoot you and not do anything
about it!

TOM
(weary smile)
I never should have got you
into this. Maybe I can think
of some way out.

He tries to raise up, but the effort shoots pain through his whole body. As he lays back, Angela holds him, behins crying softly as we:

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN: (NOTE: WIND MOUNTS THRU ACT II)

29 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - WIL BRENT 29
Andy is still puttering around the range in the b.g. Brent turns...stares at him.

WIL
Hey, kid...how about it? When do we eat around here?

ANDY
(evenly)
My name's Andy, mister -- I'll bring you some food soon as I get the butter from the spring house.

Andy frowns, exits out the back way. Brent sits there, sips his coffee, eyeing the door to the room in which Tom Cole is bedded down. There's a tight, anticipatory smile on his face. He gets to his feet - loosening his gun in its holster. The CAMERA DOLLIES with him as he checks his line of retreat -- moving to the front door and glancing out. He reacts to the sight of Slim (o.s.) stripping the saddle blanket and bridle from his horse. Angry and frustrated, Brent hurries out to intercept Slim.

30 EXT. BARNYARD - DAY - MED. SHOT - SLIM - WIL'S P.O.V. 30
(INTERCUT WITH ABOVE)
Slim's taking the gear off Wil's horse and preparing to turn the animal out into his fenced pasture..the gate to which stands open.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE - SLIM AND WIL 31
Slim releases Wil's horse and the animal bolts away -- a moment before Wil runs into scene. The gunman wheels on Slim -- looking dangerous, as:

WIL
(indicating)
That's my horse, mister. Did I tell you to turn him out?

SLIM
He's better off running with our horses. This blow gets any worse at least he'll have a chance out in the open.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED (contd) 31

WIL
I left him tied up. That's how I want him.

SLIM
(quietly)
You're a little mixed up, aren't you? I usually give the orders around here.

Wil draws his gun and menaces Slim with it.

WIL
Then maybe it's time somebody broke you of the habit--'cause we're gonna round up that horse of mine, now. Pick up that saddle and move.

Slim hesitates briefly. Brent smiles. As Slim turns -- gun virtually in his back -- and heads into the corral-- Wil grabs a lariet from the gate post and follows him.

DISSOLVE

32 thru 35 OMIT (omitted) 32 thru 35

36 EXT. ROAD - DAY - MED. SHOT - MARSHAL AND T.T. 36
Deputy Marshal BILL LITTLEFIELD and his prisoner, TROY TOLLARD, ride into scene. The Marshal and T.T. are pretty much of a size but the resemblance ends there. Bill is a law officer with perhaps too much courage while T.T. is a petty thief who almost inadvertently slithered into murder. The Marshal signals for a halt and then dismounts to check his cinch strap. T.T. seems momentarily about to spur his mount, make a run for liberty. (NOTE: POSSIBLE TO SHOOT ON STAGE).

37 TIGHT SHOT - TWO 37
Bill looks up at his manacled prisoner, reads T.T.'s intent. With cold contempt, he goes right on working as he says:

BILL
Don't try it, T.T.
You make a run for it now an' I'll just naturally have to put a bullet in your back.

37 CONTINUED (contd) 37

T.T.
(hurt whine)
I wasn't gonna try anything, Marshal. 'Just checkin' the reins. 'Seems you oughta at least trust me to do that.

BILL
(acidly)
Like old Mrs. Palmer trusted you... before you killed her for her money?

T.T.
(another whine)
I told you -- killin' her was an accident.

BILL
(dryly)
You mean gettin' caught was.

T.T.
You're just tryin' to mix me up -- pickin' at me all the time.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (contd) 37

BILL
(coldly)
I might have an accident, too --
before I get you to Laramie.
(beat)
I might just accidentally blow
your head off and save the
territory the cost of a
trial.
(beat)
Now you wouldn't like that, would you,
T.T.? So you ride that horse nice an' careful.

Bill has finished tightening his cinch, mounted his horse. He motions for T.T. to precede him down the road. The wind picks up force as they ride out.

38 MED. SHOT - GLEN FARLEY (POSSIBLE INTERIOR SET) 38
Glen is waiting behind the boulder beneath the giant oak. He's bored, restless and uncomfortable but too frightened of Wil Brent to move on. Glen glances up, apprehensively as the tree creaks and groans and sways in the mounting wind. Then he looks o.s. and reacts to:

39 MED. LONG SHOT - MARSHAL AND T.T. (GLEN'S POV) 39
They're riding TOWARD CAMERA -- heads bent against the wind.

40 TIGHT SHOT - GLEN 40
Glen crouches down behind the massive tree trunk. The wind howls and the trunk of the tree gives a sudden lurch. Glen cries out in terror, tries to scramble out of the way, stumbles and falls.

41 FULL SHOT - TREE 41
The split tree crashes to the ground. Glen's terrified horse breaks loose and streaks away.

42 ANOTHER ANGLE - MARSHAL AND T.T. 42
(INTERCUT WITH ABOVE)
The Marshal sees the riderless horse break from the tree -- urges both their mounts forward toward the spot.

43 MED. SHOT - FAVORING MARSHAL 43
He rides INTO SCENE and hastily dismounts. Glen is visible -- motionless beneath the fallen tree.

BILL
Maybe still alive. Get down and give me a hand.

Bill strains at the huge tree as T.T. slowly dismounts.

BILL (contd)
Hurry up!

He turns away from T.T. and starts to burrow beneath the trunk, trying to get at Glen's body.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE - T.T. 44
He'll never have a better chance. The Marshal's practically on his knees before him, his back is toward T.T. and his hands are occupied. T.T. lunges forward, hands clinched together, and smashes his manacles against the back of the Marshal's head. T.T. hits him, again and again and then draws back, laughing aloud, as a strong gust buffets him. -

45, 46 CUTS TO COVER 45, 46

47 MED. SHOT - T.T. 47
He gets the keys from the Marshal's pocket, unlocks the handcuffs and starts to rifle the Marshal's body. Grinning at the joke, T.T. unpins the badge from the Marshal's chest and fastens it to his own shirt. Then his smile dies as the wind snaps a branch from a nearby tree, making a SOUND like a pistol shot and:

48 MED. SHOT - HORSES (INTERCUT) 48
The horses, startled by the above SOUND take off at a full gallop.

49 TIGHT SHOT - T.T. 49
T.T. bawls for the animals to stop but to no effect. -

CUT TO -

50 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA 50
Angela, staring disconsolately out at the weather, is startled as the door begins to open. She grabs a lamp and wheels defensively, ready to hurl it at the intruder.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JESS 51
Jess appears in the open doorway, looking surprised at Angela's attitude.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (contd) 51

ANGELA
I -- uh -- was going to do some reading. The light in here wasn't very good.

JESS
(watches her light lamp)
Sure. 'Just thought I'd look in and see how your patient's doing.

Angela moves with Jess toward the bed where Tom is sleeping restlessly.

(TRANSPOSE THIS SCENE TO PLAY AS WIL STARTS FORCING SLIM TO RECOVER HIS HORSE).

51A EXT. SPRING HOUSE - CLOSE - ANDY 51A
He is taking some butter and a few other supplies out of the larder. Securing the door, with its heavy double-latches, he starts back to the house. As a gust of wind buffets him, he starts to increase his pace toward the house when he sees:

51B POV SHOT - SLIM AND WIL IN CORRAL 51B
Slim is trying to throw a loop over the horse belonging to Wil. The animal is rearing away from the rope. Wil is watching the action off to one side, his gun NOT visible from this angle.

51C CLOSE - ANDY 51C
He takes a step toward the corral.

ANDY
(calling)
Slim...

51D CLOSE - SLIM 51D
He turns toward Andy, his eyes moving toward:

51E CLOSE - WIL 51E
Glancing at Andy o.s., Wil positions his gun on Slim in such a way that Andy cannot see it.

51F CLOSE - ANDY 51F

ANDY
(continues - to Slim)
Aren't you comin' in?

51G CLOSE - SLIM 51G
He glances toward Wil before answering, knowing that the wrong reply will endanger Andy.

CONTINUED

51G CONTINUED (contd) 51G

SLIM
(calling off)
I'll be along.

51H CLOSE - WIL 51H
Keeping his gun ready, he cocks the hammer quietly.

51J CLOSE - ANDY 51J
He looks off toward Slim uncertainly.

ANDY
'Everything all right?

51K CLOSE - WIL 51K
He glances off at Andy, then his gaze rivets on Slim

51L CLOSE - SLIM 51L
He knows there is only one thing to be said.

SLIM
Yeah. You go on inside. I'll be
in 'soon as we finish up here.

51M CLOSE - ANDY 51M
A gust of wind forces Andy to turn his head aside. Then
he turns and starts into the house.

51N PAN SHOT - WIL 51N
Looking after Andy, he moves toward Slim

51P CLOSE TWO - 51P
Wil moves in near Slim, his gun once more very much in
evidence.

WIL
You handled it just right. Now
get a loop on that horse.
(gestures with gun)
Move!

As Slim moves to obey:

(TRANSPOSE AS INDICATED ON PAGE 21. CONTINUITY CONTINUES
WITHOUT INTERRUPTING SCENE #51)

51Q INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON GROUP 51Q
Tom's eyes open as Jess begins checking over the bandage.
The injured man draws back almost involuntarily.

JESS
(to Tom)
Sorry. 'Didn't mean to startle
you.

CONTINUED

#12243
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52A thru 52D EXT. PASTURE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - SLIM, WILL AND HORSE CUTS TO COVER the horse as it rears away from Slim's lariat. The gusty wind is making it difficult to throw a loop over the frightened animal's head. Wil is off to one side, holding a gun on Slim as the later prepares another loop. 52A thru 52D

WIL
(hard; moving forward)
Don't miss again. I wouldn't like it if you were tryin' to stall me.

From Slim's expression it is obvious that stalling is precisely what he has been trying to do. Glancing off toward the house grimly, he closes in again, trying to work the horse into a corner of the corral.

52E INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 52E
Jess completes ~~his~~ bandaging of Tom. Angela watches.

JESS
That ought to do it. Now you can start runnin' again, about any time you want to.

TOM
(reacting)
Why should I be running?

JESS
(shrugs)
I don't know. You were in a sweat to keep moving, I noticed.

TOM
I bought a ticket on that stage. If I'd known what was going to happen, I'd have bought a horse, instead.

JESS
And one for the Sister?

ANGELA
(quickly)
We're not together.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

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52 CONTINUED (contd) 52

JESS
Oh? ~~Where did I get~~ the idea you were?

Jess rises. Tom props himself up on his good arm.

53 MED. SHOT - FAVORING JESS 53
Jess studies Tom -- deadpan, as:

TOM
Do you always make a habit of sticking your nose in other people's business?

JESS
Normally, I don't -- but I've kinda got a feeling you're something special.

TOM
~~Maybe~~ it'd be better if you just left.

JESS
Sorry, this happens to be my room. I'm staying.

Angela ~~hastily intervenes~~:

ANGELA
I appreciate what you've done, but I do think Mister Blaney should rest now.
(beat)
Perhaps you can talk again -- another time.

Jess looks at her, levelly.

JESS
How much time does he have?

Angela averts her eyes from his gaze. Jess turns up the the lamp wick as the flame flickers from a gust of wind outside.

54 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JESS 54
He moves over to the bed and holds the lamp close to Tom, studies him, shaking his head.

CONTINUED

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54 CONTINUED (contd) 54

JESS
(flatly)
That head wound did more damage than you thought. You're hair isn't white -- it's black as mine. Some of the dye came off, along with the blood.
(turns on Angela)
And you're no more a Sister than I am. The closest you ever came to a "Hail, Mary" was when you bought that outfit. Otherwise you'd know better than to wear it without a cross.

TOM
(exchanging glances with Angela)
You've got it all figured out, haven't you?

NO NOT YET, THERE'S STILL SOME

JESS
~~Far from it. There are lots of~~ pieces missing.

Abruptly he ~~takes Angela's~~ left hand and holds it to the light. Her ring finger shows the mark of her missing wedding band.

JESS (contd)
You're married. At a guess I'd say to him. Now, why don't you both stop lying? I want to know what's going on here!

Angela pulls free from Jess and moves over to Tom.

55 MED. SHOT - GROUP 55
Tom stares at Jess -- hard.

TOM
(flatly)
You're wasting your time.

Jess shakes his head. He lays it on the line very cold-turkey.

JESS
A hired killer rode in a little while ago, looking for someone. I don't know where he is now. But he's around. He could come through that door at any minute and you know it!

Tom and Angela are staring in fascinated horror at the door. Tom turns back to Jess with a visible effort.

TOM
What difference does it make to you what happens to me?

56 CLOSE SHOT - JESS AND GROUP - 56

JESS
(beat)
No one's going to stand by and see a man shot down by a hired gun. Not if he can help it.
(beat)
All I ask is some straight answers...whose side am I on... who are you? And what's all this about?

The two people seated on the edge of the bed exchange a look of quiet desperation. Jess' face clouds with a frown as he realizes neither of them is going to answer.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT III

FADE IN

57 OMIT (omitted) 57

58 EXT. PASTURE - CLOSE ON GROUP 58
The horse Slim has roped rears nervously, but Slim continues shortening up on his lariat, quieting the spirited animal. Wil moves in, his gun still trained on Slim.

WIL
Now that's more like it.
(takes lariat)
Saddle him up.

59 CLOSE - SLIM 59
He moves toward where Wil's saddle and blanket are located. He hesitates for a moment, guaging his chances of escape before a bullet could reach him. He shoots a glance back at Wil.

60 POV SHOT - WIL 60
He is keeping an eye on Slim, ready to use the gun if he should find it necessary to do so.

60A CLOSE - SLIM 60A
He moves back in toward Wil, carrying the necessary gear.

60B CLOSE GROUP 60B
Wil continues holding the horse as Slim moves in carrying the riding gear. Setting the saddle down, Slim tosses the blanket up in place. The wind, however, curls in back toward him.

SLIM
You're gonna have to hold the blanket on your side. I only got two hands.

60C ANOTHER ANGLE 60C

WIL
(moving to comply)
You don't have to tell me. Wind or no wind, you probably couldn't do it right anyway.

60D CLOSE - SLIM 60D
Seeing his captor hold the blanket, on the other side of the horse from him, Slim picks up the heavy saddle. But instead of making his usual skilled throw, he deliberately puts some real heft into it. The saddle barely touches the horse's back, the full weight of it striking Wil squarely in the face. Simultaneously, Slim gives the horse a slap on the rump which gets the animal out of the way.

60E TO INTERCUT WITH ABOVE 60E
Wil goes down under the unexpected weight of the saddle, the force of the blow knocking him backwards.

60F CLOSE - SLIM 60F
He lunges at Wil.

60G CLOSE - TWO 60G
Wil pushes the saddle aside and is about to fire on Slim when the latter crashes into him. Wil's gun goes flying off into the dirt.

60H INSERT OF THE GUN 60H
Landing in the dirt.

60J CLOSE - TWO 60J
Rolling away from Slim, Wil regains his feet. For a moment he glances around, looking for his gun. Before he can reach it, however, Slim grabs him, delivers a solid right then sends Wil crashing into a dead tree.

60K CLOSE - TWO 60K
Wil is on the short end of this fight and knows it. Pulling a short, heavy branch loose from the dead tree, he kicks out at the charging Slim, spilling him. Instantly Wil is on his feet, wielding the branch like a club.

60L CLOSE - SLIM AND WIL 60L
Slim gives ground before the fury of the other's clubbing attack, then goes down under a flurry of blows.

60M CLOSE - WIL 60M
He raises the club to finish Slim off.

60N CLOSE - SLIM 60N
He rolls away, just as the club shatters in half against the ground where only a split second ago his head has been.

60P CLOSE TWO 60P
Discarding the stump of the broken club, Wil races toward where his gun has fallen.

60Q CLOSE - SLIM 60Q
Scrambling to his feet, he bolts after Wil.

60R CLOSE - TWO 60R
Wil is starting to scoop up the gun as Slim charges in.

61 CLOSE - WIL AND SLIM 61
Wil is unable to bring the weapon to fire on Slim before the latter closes on him.

62 CLOSE TWO 62
They roll in a struggling tangle, Slim fighting to get the gun and Wil trying to use it to his own advantage.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE 63
The momentum of their roll takes them into the side of the dead tree. The force of the impact momentarily loosens Slim's hold on his assailant's gun hand.

64 CLOSE - WIL AND SLIM 64
Wil clubs Slim a glancing blow with the gun barrel, stunning him. Breathing hard, Wil gets to his feet. He obviously would like to kill Slim, but as he glances off toward the house he manages to restrain the impulse. Instead he prods Slim none too gently back to consciousness with the toe of his boot.

64 CONTINUED (contd) 64

WIL
(tightly)
Man, I'd purely like pullin' this trigger. But I can still use you. Get up.

65 CLOSE TWO 65
as Slim shakes his head, trying to clear the pain, he starts getting up at:

DISSOLVE

66 EXT. ROAD - FULL SHOT - T.T. - DAY 66
T.T. is fighting the dust that whips in toward him along the stagecoach road -- a route he is following on foot.

67 CLOSE SHOT - T.T. 67
He looks off as thunder RUMBLES distantly.

68 LONG SHOT - SKY OVER MOUNTAINS - (STOCK) 68
It is dark and threatening.

69 CLOSE SHOT - T.T. 69
He continues on, pulling up his coat collar as the wind whips dust around him.

70 CLOSE SHOT - T.T. - (ANOTHER ANGLE) 70
He is ascending a small rise when he sees something ahead that stops him.

71 POV LONG SHOT - THE SHERMAN RELAY STATION 71
It is still some distance away, half-shrouded by the wind-driven dust.

72 CLOSE SHOT - T.T. 72
He half-turns away from the relay station, as if looking for someplace else to go. Then, as a gust of wind buffets him, his eyes fix on:

73 SAME AS SCENE #68 - (STOCK) 73
with lightning flashing in the distance.

74 CLOSE SHOT - T.T. 74
frowning, he moves on toward the relay station.

75 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - GROUP 75
Jonesy, Teague and Ben are playing poker. Andy's attention is divided between kibitzing and cooking.

TEAGUE
My bet.

JONESY
(raising the bet)
Never did like playin' poker.
Always raisin' at the wrong time.

BEN
I'm out.

Ben folds his hand and he and Andy watch, as:

TEAGUE
My raise. Double yours.

JONESY
(matching bet)
An' that's another thing. It costs too much to keep a fella honest.
I'm calling....

He spreads his hand, showing three queens.

JONESY (contd)
With three girls....

TEAGUE
(spreading 3 Kings)
Three boys.

JONESY
(trace of a smile)
Seems like I always have to learn my lessons the hard way. Never should have played in the first place.

TEAGUE
Cheer up. Your luck's bound to change.

JONESY
Not the way you handle that deck, it isn't.

There's the SOUND of someone pounding on the door.

76 MED. SHOT - FAVORING JONESY 76
Jonesy goes to the door and opens it -- admitting T.T. and a substantial helping of Wyoming terrain.

77 MED. SHOT - FAVORING T.T. 77

The Marshal's badge is gleaming brightly on his chest and T.T. slowly assumes the role that badge implies, as Jonesy waves him in and closes the door.

JONESY
Come on in, Marshal -- Outside is no place to be in this kind of weather.

T.T. says "thanks." The CAMERA DOLLIES with them as Jonesy leads T.T. over to the table. Teague takes a look at the badge and he promptly misdeals the cards.

BEN
Hey! You dealt out too many!

TEAGUE
Sorry.

He scoops up the cards and starts to shuffle them -- nodding a greeting to T.T.

TEAGUE
Marshal.

A visible change comes over T.T. and there's more than a suggestion of Bill Littlefield in his voice and his manner as he greets the others.

T.T.
Howdy...hope I'm not breakin' up your game.

JONESY
It was already over. Andy, fetch the Marshal a plate of stew and some coffee.

Andy nods and hurries off to perform this task. T.T. accepts a chair from Jonesy and looks around with a level eye.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING T.T. 78

T.T.
Name's Littlefield -- Deputy Marshal Bill Littlefield.

Teague seemingly preoccupied by a game of solitaire he's laying out, as:

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED (contd) 78

TEAGUE
Here on business or pleasure, Marshal?

T.T.
Just ridin' through. Horse went into a ditch, broke a leg. Had to shoot him.

Andy brings the stew and the coffee to T.T. and gets a stern but kindly glance in return.

T.T. (contd)
Thank you, son.

ANDY
You're sure welcome, Marshal. Anything else you want?

T.T.
Nothing I can think of off-hand.

79 MED. SHOT - GROUP 79
Andy sits down and studies T.T. with interest as the "Marshal" wolfs down his food.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED (contd) 79

BEN
(good-humoredly)
Anybody get some chow round here -- or is it just for peace officers?

80 MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANDY 80

ANDY
Gosh, I'm sorry.

He jumps to his feet and bustles around, dishing out stew and coffee. Jonesy gives him a hand.

JONESY
Here -- take a couple of plates to Jess' room.

Andy carries two plates of stew to Jess' bedroom. He taps on the door and then enters.

81 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - GROUP 81
Jess and Angela are standing near the bed on which Tom is stretched out. Jess takes the plates from Andy, the hardness of his expression fading away as he eyes the food.

JESS
(smiling; to Andy)
Looks good. I was just about to ring for room service.

ANDY
Want me to bring some for you, Jess?

JESS
No, thanks. I'll come out to the table in a minute.

Jess waits until Andy exits and then turns to the others. The hardness is back in his face.

JESS (contd)
(flatly)
Well, what about it? Are you going to give me some straight answers or not?

TOM
(quietly)
This doesn't concern you. Why don't you just let it go at that?

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED 81

Angela looks from Tom to Jess...shakes her head. Jess studies them for a moment and then turns disgustedly away -- exits.

82 TIGHT SHOT - TOM AND ANGELA 82
The moment Jess leaves, Angela goes to her husband and he puts his good arm around her.

ANGELA
Tom...Let him help us!

TOM
(flatly)
You mean lie to him?

ANGELA
No....

TOM
(quietly)
Then I tell him I broke out of a military prison by striking a Guard. I tell him that's a hanging offense and anyone who helps me remain at large can go to prison for twenty years.
(bitterly)
I tell him you are my wife, and I never would've made it this far without your help....

ANGELA
(interjects)
What difference does it make -- if it could save your life?

TOM
Save my life for what -- the wrong end of a rope?
(beat)
Or maybe it wouldn't go that far.
(bitterly)
Whoever's paying the hired gun out there might still beat the hangman out. His money can always hire another killer.

ANGELA
(distraught)
All right, then lie...or let me lie for you!

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED (contd) 82

TOM
Angela...Angela. Let's not lie to ourselves. There's no place to run and hide. There'll always be a killer doggin' my footsteps, 'long as I live.

He holds her hard against his chest. She pushes away from him and runs out of the room.

83 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA 83
As she enters from the bedroom -- looking to Jess, who is standing at the range...rather abstractedly dipping some stew onto a plate. He nods a silent signal to her and she looks to where T.T. holds a fascinated audience of one -- Andy.

T.T.
(to Andy)
They were using a peace officer's badge for target practice when I rode into that town.

ANDY
What did you ---

JESS
(calling)
Andy!

ANDY
(to T.T.)
Excuse me, I'll be right back.

Andy moves over to Jess.

ANDY (cont)
Something wrong with the stew, Jess?

JESS
No...Where's Slim?

ANDY
Last I saw he was out in the pasture.

JESS
(worried)
How long ago was that?

ANDY
Half-hour, maybe. Want me to look for him?

CONTINUED

#12243

83 CONTINUED (contd) 83

JESS
No. You stay here and keep the Marshal happy. I'll take care of it.

Jess starts to exit from the house but he changes his mind and detours over to his room instead. At the door, he encounters Angela, who has been watching the foregoing. He takes her into the room with him.

84 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING JESS 84
As he enters with Angela -- moves with her to the side of the bed. Tom regards them dully.

JESS
Now tell him, Sister. Tell your husband who's in the other room!

Angela shakes her head, stands mute.

JESS
Then I'll tell him the good news. There's a Deputy Marshal out there -- blown in by the storm. He can---

Jess break off -- stopped by the stricken expression this news produces on the face of the man in the bed.

JESS
(softly)
That's the answer I've been waiting for. You're in the middle. If the gun slinger doesn't get you -- the law will?
(indicates Angela)
That's why you're trying to protect your wife?

Tom stiffens and Jess's face sets up cold.

JESS
You don't have to protect her from me!
(beat)
Just give me an answer!

TOM
(a beat)
That's about it.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED (contd) 84

JESS
(grimly)
Choice can't be too tough.
Surrender to the Marshal.
You'll be alive when it's all
over.

TOM
Deputy Marshals are made by
the dozen -- bounty hunters
living on reward money. A
Prisoner killed trying to escape
brings just as much as a live one.

JESS
(nods)
Some Marshals operate that way.
Only some. Your best bet is
to take the chance.

TOM
Odds aren't worth the risk.

Jess studies him grimly for a moment.

JESS
(tightly)
Then maybe you'd better quit
worryin' about the odds. They're
sure not gonna get any better.

Jess exits. ~~The CAMERA DOLLIES with Angela~~ as she moves to the window. A moment later, Jess walks by the window, head down against the force of the mounting gale, and walking toward the corral.

85 EXT. BARN - DAY - MED. SHOT - JESS 85
Jess battles his way through the wind, He's looking around for Slim and he pauses to call Slim's name but the strom muffles his shouts. The slamming of the barn door diverts him in that direction. He enters the barn.

86 INT. BARN - DAY - MED. PAN SHOT - JESS 86
The gloomy interior of the old building affords only partial relief from the fury outside. Jess looks around, searching for Slim, but there are no signs of him. He turns away and starts to exit.

87 MED. SHOT - JESS AND ANGELA 87
Jess stops short as the wind slams the door open and Angela enters. Jess steadies her on her feet and then forces the door shut before turning back to her. The door is hanging now from a single hinge.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED 87

ANGELA
(out of breath)
The wind -- it's getting worse.

JESS
Yeah. Along with everything else.

ANGELA
The gunman who rode in here --
are you afraid of him?

Jess studies her -- warily -- and then slowly shakes his head.

JESS
That depends on who he's pointin'
the gun at.

ANGELA
Then you'd kill him if you had to ---

JESS
(a beat)
Maybe. Why?

ANGELA
I don't have any money, jewelry --
anything of value. But I'll pay
you -- somehow. I'll do anything --
Just kill that man before he kills Tom.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE 88
Jess studies her distraught, beautiful face and his own expression softens a bit.

JESS
You love your husband a lot,
don't you....

She nods.

ANGELA
Tom wouldn't be here...he
wouldn't be in trouble if it
weren't for me.

JESS
(level look)
He's over twenty-one. Must've
been at least cooperative about
getting in this jam -- whatever
it is.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

ANGELA
(flatly)
He did it for me.

JESS
Did what for you?

Angela looks up at Jess -- her eyes wide with pleading.

ANGELA
Does it matter? I'm asking you for help.

JESS
You're asking me to shoot a man. It's kind of important for me to know why.
(quickly)
And I already know one answer. If I don't, he'll kill your husband. But right now that isn't good enough.
(starts to go)
I came out here lookin' for Slim. I'd better get at it.

ANGELA
(stopping him)
Will you just do something on faith...because I'm asking you to?

Jess looks at her upturned face, slowly shakes his head.

JESS
Maybe Tom did things for you on faith. Maybe that's how he got where he is.

ANGELA
It's not. I didn't know what Tom was doing until it was almost too late to stop it.

JESS
You tried?

ANGELA
(nods)
Yes.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED (contd) 88

JESS
Then how's this thing your fault?

A blast of wind makes the beam above them CREAK ominously. Angela's eyes are momentarily diverted toward it.

CUT TO

88A INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW 88A
HOLDING as it blows open by the force of the wind. The glass splinters and dust swirls in through the storm shutter. PULL BACK as Andy and Jonesy run in to make repairs. Jonesy picks up the first thing he finds -- a breadboard big enough to cover the window --and holds it up in place as he barks at Andy:

JONESY
(nodding off)
Get me that hammer and some nails, quick!

88B CLOSE - ANDY 88B
Scooping up the hammer near the sink, Andy grabs a handful of nails from a box and runs back to Jonesy.

88C CLOSE - JONESY AND ANDY 88C
Swiftly Jonesy begins hammering the breadboard in place over the window. Andy helps where he can, his face showing more than passing concern.

ANDY
Jonesy....

JONESY
(as he works)
Yeah....?

ANDY
How could the window break when there's a storm shutter outside?

JONESY
Boy, when she really starts to blow, it'll take more'n storm shutters to keep it out.

ANDY
Then what do we do, if it gets worse?

JONESY
Head for the root cellar and hope it don't blow away.

Even though the wind has momentarily subsided, Andy's face reflects the beginnings of fear as we:

CUT TO

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88D INT. BARN - CLOSE - JESS AND ANGELA 88D -

ANGELA
There isn't much to explain. Tom was a career soldier -- a Sergeant Major -- very proud of himself -- and his wife.

JESS
(smiles down at her)
I don't know what kind of a soldier he was, but in wives he was making out all right.

ANGELA
(shakes her head)
No, he wasn't.

Jess seems to ~~weigh this~~ frank statement, frowns.

JESS
Other men?

ANGELA
No, not the way you mean. But there was one other man...an officer.
(beat)
We'd been married for less than a year and Tom was afraid he was going to lose me to Fred -- to this Captain. He was wrong, but he didn't know that.

JESS
So your husband worked him over?

ANGELA
Tom was too good a soldier for that.
(beat)
But he thought he could hold me if he just had money. A lot of money.

CONTINUED

88D CONTINUED (contd) 88D

JESS
That's a good way to get in trouble.

ANGELA
(nods)
He tried gambling -- lost. That's how he met the men who planned to rob an army payroll train. They had Tom on the hook for his gambling debts, were pressuring him hard.

JESS
(skeptically)
You think that's any excuse for him?

ANGELA
I didn't mean it as one. They were willing to forget the debts and pay him five thousand dollars. All he had to do was give them information that was available to him as Regimental Sergeant.

JESS
(grimly)
Nice and neat. What went wrong?

ANGELA
The night before the robbery, Tom finally told me the whole thing -- why he was doing it. We went to his Commanding Officer. The Army caught the whole gang a few hours later -- all but one.

JESS
And he knows he'll never be safe as long as your husband is alive?

ANGELA
(nods)
Not a very pretty story, is it? Now do you see why I'm just as much to blame as Tom is?

89 CLOSE TWO SHOT 89

JESS
Blame isn't what matters now. I'll do what I can to help -- but not on your terms.
(contd) CONTINUED

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89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

JESS
(contd)
Seems to me your husband is about due for a break, somewhere along the line.

Jess takes her arm and moves her to the door. Angela stops there, puts her arms around him and kisses him warmly. Then she runs out of the barn. The CAMERA HOLDS ON Jess as he remains behind, bemused, shaken. After a moment he pulls himself together and exits from the barn.

90 EXT. BARN - DAY - MED. PAN SHOT - FAVORING JESS 90
Jess huddles against the force of the wind as he skirts the side of the barn. He reaches a corner, starts to turn and then pulls back -- flattening himself against the wall and drawing his gun. Then he warily peers around the corner again.

91 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP - JESS' POV 91
SHOOTING OVER Jess' shoulder, we see Slim and Wil Brent. Slim is tying Brent's horse to the rail while Wil stands there with his gun ready. Both men have their backs to Jess.

92 MED. SHOT - JESS 92
As he starts to move into a position where he can take Brent, the loose door on the barn tears free in the wind. Swinging with the force of a pile-driver, it knocks Jess unconscious.

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93, 94 OMIT (omitted) 93, 94

95 MED. SHOT - SLIM AND WIL 95
Both men are oblivious to what's happened to Jess. The CAMERA DOLLIES with them as they move away leading the horse to the hitching rock and securing him there.

WIL
(indicating house)
Let's go.

96 EXT. KITCHEN PORCH - DAY - MED. SHOT - SLIM AND WIL 96 -
They move up into the comparative shelter of the front porch and Wil stops Slim -- tapping Slim's chest with the muzzle of his gun.

WIL
Got a little job inside.
Want to do it nice and clean....

SLIM
You're here to kill somebody --
is that it?

WIL
I am. You help me and that's all I do. Otherwise I may have to do some shooting I won't be paid for --
(beat; coldly)
Like your kid brother, maybe.

97 TIGHT SHOT - SLIM AND WIL 97
Slim is in a dilemma and Wil is coldly smiling at the expression on Slim's face as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT IV

FADE IN

98 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY - LONG SHOT - TORNADO - (STOCK) 98
This footage should show the actual birth of a twister in country that can pass for Wyoming in the 1870's. The black, whirling clouds form into the characteristic funnel and the HOWL of the wind is terrifying.

99 thru 103 A SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS 99 thru 103
Milking the above for all that it's worth. The last shot should indicate that the funnel is some ten or fifteen miles from CAMERA.

DISSOLVE

104 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING SLIM 104
Slim enters the kitchen with Brent close behind him. Andy runs to meet his brother.

ANDY
Gosh, Slim, sure glad you're back. From what Jess said, I thought maybe something had happened....

SLIM
(grimly)
I'm all right, Andy.

Wil Brent smiles coldly.

WIL
He was with me, kid. Nothing bad could've happened -- long as he didn't try anything foolish.

Andy focused on his brother and he pays little attention to Wil's words.

ANDY
(abruptly)
Guess who got in while you were outside -- a U.S. Marshal!
(beat)
Been telling me about all the gunslingers he's rounded up.

Things suddenly seem a lot brighter to Slim.

SLIM
A Marshal?

ANDY
(grinning)
Yes, sir!
(nods off)
Right in there.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED (contd) 104
Wil has moved around to where he can get a look at the o.s. Marshal.

SLIM
(to Wil)
You can still pull out. Your horse is ready.
(beat)
I'll even see you get a fair start.

A nasty smile spreads across Wil's face. He motions for Slim and Andy to precede him, as:

WIL
No hurry. Let's go in and pay our respects to the Marshal.

Puzzled, Slim pushes Andy ahead of him as they enter the main room.

105 INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING WIL 105
T.T. is watching the card game that's going on between Teague, Jonesy and Ben. He's picking his teeth and he looks like the personification of confident, well-fed authority. Then he sees Wil and he slowly becomes the creature he was before he put on the badge. T.T. remains in his chair, terrified and motionless as Wil contemptuously yanks the gun from T.T.'s holster.

WIL
(to Andy)
Is this your Marshal?

He slaps T.T. across the face.

WIL (contd)
(grinning)
He's a mighty hard man.

Wil yanks the unresisting T.T. up out of his chair and boots him across the room -- laughing, as T.T. bounces off a wall and sprawls, cowering, on the floor.

106 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY - (INTERCUT) 106
The boy looks sick as the "heroic" Marshal disintegrates before his eyes.

ANDY
Marshal...go after him!

CAMERA PANS to WIDER ANGLE including Wil, who laughs:

WIL
Marshal -- you heard the kid...Come on -- go after me!

106 CONTINUED (contd) 106 -
T.T. doesn't move.

WIL (contd)
Want him to grow up thinking anybody can push a U.S. Marshal around?
(grins)
Why, it might make him turn out real bad -- like you!

107 thru 110 REACTION SHOT - THE OTHERS (INTERCUT) 107 thru 110
They show varying degrees of shocked surprise. Teague recovers first and he barely represses a smile as he watches Wil's performance.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WIL 111
This is a great joke and Wil is getting a big laugh out of it.

WIL
Know who this Marshal is?
(beat)
He's a tin-horn crook -- name-uh Troy Tollard. We call him T.T.
(beat)
Last time I saw him, he was swabbing out a saloon in Lordsville. Where did you get the badge, T.T.?

T.T.
I -- I stole it, Brent.

Wil almost breaks up over this.

WIL
See? And where did you get the idea of playing ---

Brent suddenly stops, an odd expression on his face. Like everyone else in the room, he's frozen in an attitude of listening -- listening to the sudden and complete SILENCE. For the first time, the sound of the wind has stopped and there's a dead, awesome quiet outside. They all turn and rush to the shuttered windows, trying to look out through the cracks.

112 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA 112
Angela is already at the window. She's staring out, a horrified expression on her face. She screams, piercingly, and Tom pulls himself up from the bed and stumbles across the room toward her.

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113 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY - LONG SHOT - TORNADO (STOCK) 113
INTERCUT
The evil-looking, black, writhing funnel of the twister is about five miles away and it's bearing down, TOWARD CAMERA. The silence is broken by a SOUND like the roar of a distant, approaching express train.

114 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - FAVORING SLIM 114
Slim bursts into the room.

SLIM
(shouting)
The cellar outside! -
Run for it!

Slim starts to shove them out and then stops -- looking frantically around.

SLIM
Where's Jess? Thought he was with you.

ANGELA
The barn -- he was in the barn.

115 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT - GROUP 115
The others are already out of the house and they're running for the root cellar. (The cellar consists of a layer of sod over a wood frame -- standing two feet above ground and covering a narrow hole that burrows another three feet into the earth). Slim is the last one out of the house and he's just in time to react as Andy breaks away from Jonesy and runs to free Wil Brent's fear-crazed horse at the hitch rack.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANDY 116
As he starts to untie the horse, Brent sees what he's doing. He shouts for the boy to stop but his words are lost in the growing ROAR of the approaching twister.

117 MED. SHOT - FAVORING WIL 117
Wil starts to draw his gun, shouting again so WE HEAR him.

WIL
(angrily)
Get away from that horse! -

Honesy reacts to Wil's move -- throws himself frantically at the gunman. **He hangs on briefly like a toy terrier... -**
to be shaken off by Brent. We see Slim running from the house toward Wil.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED (contd) 117

JONESY (contd)
Slim! Stop him!

Slim isn't going to get there in time to do anything. And T.T., who is near enough...is frightened witless. Wil, free of Jonesy -- who has been knocked sprawling -- raises his gun to bear on Andy.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING T.T. 118
T.T. sets his jaw...dives for Wil's gun arm -- in time to hit it and make his shot go wide. He slugs Wil -- knocks him down. Starts to follow up and Wil fires once. T.T. spins and falls.

119 FULL SHOT 119
as Andy releases the horse and makes a dash for the root cellar. Slim catches up with him before Wil can get back to his feet. In f.g., of shot, Jonesy has gone to the fallen T.T. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to a TIGHTER ANGLE as Jonesy lifts T.T.'s head. T.T. tries to speak -- but he dies in Jonesy's arms as Wil MOVES INTO SHOT -- starts to cock his six shooter. Jonesy looks up at him -- then follows Wil's gaze toward the thing that has frozen the gunman in his tracks.

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(cont'd)

120 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY - MED. SHOT - TORNADO - (STOCK - INTERCUT) 120
This should be lifted optically, so that the funnel seems not more than two hundred yards away, and roaring TOWARD CAMERA.

121 EXT. RELAY STATION - MED. GROUP SHOT 121
Wil forgets about killing and makes a run for the cover of the root cellar. Jonesy lowers T.T. gently, then moves to shelter.

122 INT. ROOT CELLAR - DAY - MED. ANGLE 122
As Wil and Jonesy crowd into the tiny space with the others. For the moment, there are no killers and no victims -- past or potential. They are all refugees fleeing from a common terror to a scant sanctuary that could become a mass grave.

123 EXT. BARN - DAY - MED. SHOT - JESS 123
Jess stirs and comes to. He gets to his knees, (his gun lying a few feet away) dazed and bewildered by the SOUND of doomsday, choking before the blast of rushing air... The sight of the funnel jolts him into action. The CAMERA PANS with him as, forgetting his gun, he scrambles for the cover of a shallow ditch and flings himself into it.

124 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT - TORNADO (STOCK) (PROCESS) (INTERCUT) 124
The enormous funnel has almost reached the relay station and the buildings (half-obscured by flying debris) seem dwarfed by its size.

125 INT. ROOT CELLAR - DAY - PAN SHOT - GROUP 125-
Angela is praying aloud but this is apparent only because of her attitude. The frightful ROAD of the tornado drowns out all other SOUNDS. Tom has his arm around her and Andy is clinging to Slim. The others are huddled together cowering before the fury of what is happening inches above their heads. The horror can be measured in seconds but it seems to drag on for an eternity. Their first indication that they have lived through it occurs when Angela's voice becomes audible as the SOUND of the twister gradually fades into SILENCE. (NOTE: IF POSSIBLE, CAMERA TREMBLE SHOULD ACCENTUATE THE MOMENTARY CLIMAX OF THE TWISTER.)

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED (contd) 125

ANGELA
(softly)
...And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

JONESY
(looks up; wonderingly)
'Twister musta jumped right over us.

They stare at each other, wonderingly, in the SILENCE. Wil Brent moves first. He throws his shoulder against the door, forcing it open and then turns, blocking the exit, his gun trained on Tom Cole, but also menacing the rest of them.

126 MED. SHOT - FAVORING WIL 126

WIL
(indicates Tom)
Right about now you better start sayin' a prayer for him. None of the rest of you move.

SLIM
The horses are gone. Think you can get away on foot?

WIL
Folks will be too busy digging out for the next few days to bother about me. When they get around to finding your bodies in this cellar, I'll be long gone.

TOM
No. I'm the man you're after. Get it over with -- only -- not here.

Angela clings to him, sobbing, but Cole disengages himself from her, gently -- firmly.

TOM
(to Slim)
Hold her.

Slim puts his arm around Angela.

TOM (contd)
That's good.
(to Wil)
Come on. Let's earn your pay.

Tom moves forward and Wil gives way, allowing him to exit, as:

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED 126

WIL
(to the others)
I don't want to see any of the rest of you sticking your hand heads out of this cellar -- understand?

Will follows Tom out.

127 MED. SHOT - GROUP 127

SLIM
(urgently)
Stay right here. I'm going after him.

ANDY
(agonized)
Slim! You don't even have a gun!

JONESY
You want to get yourself killed?

Teague produces a derringer from beneath his coat and points it at Slim. His eyes are burning but his voice is unnaturally calm as:

TEAGUE
Settle down, Sherman. There are two shells in my little darling. I paid a lot for this job and I'm here to see it's done and done right!

CAMERA DOLLIES with Teague as he vacks up to a point where he can observe the execution, and also keep an eye on Slim.

128 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - MED. PAN SHOT - WIL AND TOM 128
They move through the debris left in the wake of the tornado -- heading beside the barn, which has miraculously escaped destruction.

WIL
All right. This'll do.

Tom stops and turns to face Wil.

TOM
(steadily)
Good a place as any. Just get it done.

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129 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JESS (INTERCUT) 129
Jess claws his way out of the debris-filled ditch. He sees what's going on, looks for his gun and can't find it. Then he sees a double-bladed axe standing in the chopping block and he grabs for that.

130 TIGHT SHOT - TEAGUE 130
Teague spies Jess and he snaps off a shot that misses, splintering a beam near Jess' head.

TEAGUE
(shouting)
Look out! Behind you!

131 TIGHT SHOT - FAVORING WIL 131
His gun is levelled on Tom and he's about to shoot. As he hears Teague's shot and warning, he whirls toward Jess -- his gun up to fire.

132 TIGHT SHOT - JESS 132
Jess throws the axe and its handle sings as it spins through the air out of CAMERA.

133 TIGHT SHOT - TOM 133
His reaction is a mixture of horror and relief as the o.s. axe hits home.

134 MED. SHOT - FAVORING TEAGUE 134
He's stunned and sickened by what he sees. Before he can recover, Tom lunges into him. Slim then takes over the fight, knocks the gun from Teague's hand and smashes him, unconscious, to the ground.

135 thru 137 CUTS TO COVER 135 thru 137

138 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOM AND ANGELA 138
Tom's arms are open as his wife emerges from the root cellar, runs to them crying:

ANGELA
Tom...oh, Tom!

They embrace -- Jess meeting the others who come out of the cellar...looking around at the devastation.

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139 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP 139
Slim turns Andy away from Wil's o.s. body.

SLIM
Well -- the house and barn are still standing, anyway.

JESS
(a look)
They just about are.

SLIM
Twister must've hit the hill ...bounced over us, just like Jonesy said.

Jess nods abstractedly. He is watching Tom and Angela. They move toward him. Tom's arm around his wife's waist.

TOM
(humbly)
I just want you to know. I'm mighty grateful to you both -- for everything.

Jess studies his face briefly, then:

JESS
(indicating Angela)
Glad we could help.

TOM
We're goijg back, Jess. Take our chances with the Army.

JESS
Good...I kind of thought that'd be the answer.

Jess indicates Teague's unconscious form.

JESS (contd)
Bring him in with you. It'll probably save a lot of explainin'.

TOM
Yeah. I'll do that.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED (cont'd) 139-

Slim has been watching and as the Coles move off toward the house, he taps Jess's shoulder.

SLIM
What'd she mean...take their chances with the Army?

JESS
(flatly)
It's a long story, Slim.

SLIM
I got time to hear it.

JESS
Later. Right now we've got to get the stage back on its wheels and rolling!

Slim shakes his head, baffled, then follows Jess. As the two of them move over to where the stage is lying on its side and begin to help Ben, who is working to get it free of the debris that all but covers it, we

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

FADE IN

140 EXT. RELAY STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT - GROUP 140
Most of the damage caused by the storm has been repaired and almost all of the debris has been carted away. Slim, Jess, Jonesy and Andy are busily engaged in putting the finishing touches on what's left to be done. Jonesy and Andy are nailing some loose boards back into place.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JONESY 141
Jess and Slim join them, as:

ANDY
That twister sure blew in a strange collection of people. There wasn't nobody what they seemed to be, Jonesy.

JONESY
(sadly)
Well -- I wouldn't say that. Take the dude, Teague, now. He looked like a real slick gambling man, and, far as I'm concerned that's just what he was. You know, that ----

Jonesy pounds a hammer into a plank, the SOUND covering the gaps in the dialogue, as:

JONESY
(continues)
took me for two months' pay while I was still waitin' for him to start cheatin'!

142 MED. SHOT - GROUP 142
Andy is touched by Jonesy's plaint. Slim and Jess manfully struggle to conceal their amusement and register sympathy, as we

FADE OUT

THE END