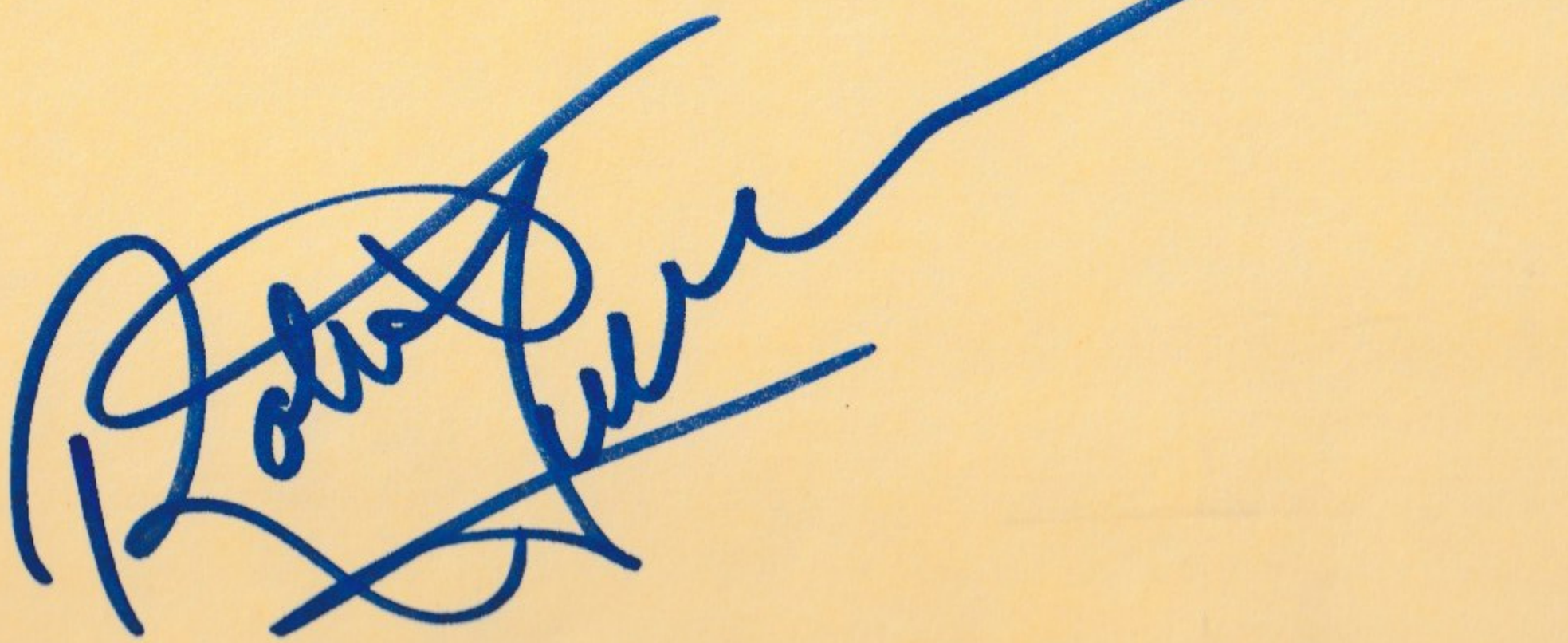
#12249

LARAMIE

"DEFIANCE"



REVUE STUDIOS
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

#12240

LARAMIE

"DEFIANCE"

by

John C. Champion

PROPERTY OF:

REVUE STUDIOS

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

NOV 28 -30

#12249 *

LARAMIE

"DEFIANCE"

CAST

JESS HARPER
CLINT GENTRY
REB O'NEIL
GABE KETT
DOC COLLIER
TOBY
SMOKEY
U.S. MARSHAL TREM STEWART
FRANK BANNISTER
THOMPSON
POMROY
FENTON
VENERO #1
VENERO #2
FREIGHTER #1
FREIGHTER #2
AND THREE FORTMEN (BITS)
RICO
RICO'S WIFE

SETS

INTERIORS:

SMALL CAVE
FORT WATCHTOWER
FORT COOK SHACK
FORT CANTINA
GENTRY'S ROOM IN FORT
FORT BUNKHOUSE

EXTERIORS:

BURNED-OUT CANTINA (RUINS)
FORT DEFIANCE (STOCKADE)
FORT COMPOUND AND BUILDINGS
RIVER IN ROCKY TERRAIN
BARRANCA NEAR RIVER
VARIOUS OPEN COUNTRY
FORT DISPENSARY

#1224)

FADE IN

1 EXT. BROKEN TERRAIN - DAY - (STOCK) 1
A flight of scavengers are circling in the sky. Suddenly aroused by something below, their raucous CRIES fill the air, carrying through to:

2 EXT. BURNED-OUT CANTINA - DAY 2
ANGLING past the charred remains of the cantina. In b.g., two riders can be seen swiftly approaching.

3 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO RIDERS 3
They pull up sharply in f.g., their eyes fixed on the ruins. Slightly in front is U.S. Marshal, TREM STEWART, a capable looking man in his forties. JESS HARPER accompanies him. The latter wears a Deputy Marshal's star on his shirt.

4 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 4
They dismount. Both men are trail-worn, dust-covered, wind-burned from nearly two weeks of hard riding -- but what they see registers almost like a physical shock.

5 POV PAN SHOT - THE CANTINA RUINS 5
Here and there a wisp of smoke rises from the charred ruins. A man and woman, both dead, are sprawled near what once must have been a doorway.

6 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 6
As the Marshal moves toward the bodies, Jess pauses, annoyed by the o.s. SOUND of the scavengers. Drawing his gun, he fires from the hip.

7 MED. SHOT - SCAVENGERS IN TREE - (STOCK) 7
A bullet ricochets through the branches. Several buzzards take flight from their death watch. Then silence.

8 PAN SHOT - JESS 8
Holstering his still-smoking gun, he moves to where the Marshal is bending over one of the bodies.

9 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 9
Shaking his head regretfully, the Marshal straightens slowly. Jess steps in toward him.

JESS
(indicating victims)
'Know who they are?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED (contd) 9

MARSHAL
(nodding)
Rico and his wife. They've been runnin' this place 'bout as long as I can remember.

JESS
You think Bannister and his outfit did it, figurin' we'd put in here for supplies?

MARSHAL
(slowly)
I don't know.
(glances skyward toward scavengers; then turns toward the bodies)
'Better tend to them first. Then we'll take a look around.

As Jess nods grimly,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

10 EXT. BURNED-OUT CANTINA - NIGHT 10
PULL BACK from two freshly dug graves marked by a pair of makeshift crosses. The Marshal, uncovered as he pays his last respects, slowly straightens. He is about to turn away as Jess calls to him from o.s.

JESS' VOICE (o.s.)
Marshal...over here.

11 FULL SHOT 11
The Marshal moves toward Jess who crosses to meet him. Jess is carrying a slip of paper in his hand as he moves away from an adobe well in b.g.

12 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 12
Bright moonlight slants across the dead embers of the cantina in b.g. as the two men meet in f.g.

JESS
(nodding to well)
The well is all filled up with sand.
(then tightly)
An' no accident, either. They left this for us.

Jess extends the slip of paper he carries. The Marshal takes it, striking a match to read its contents. The words come almost involuntary aloud as he reads:

MARSHAL
(reading)
"Keep trailing us and you'll get what Rico got.
(pausing at signature)
Frank Bannister."

Checking his temper, the Marshal returns the note to Jess.

MARSHAL (contd)
Not much we can do about it tonight. We'll make camp here -- get an early start in the morning.

13 CLOSER ANGLE 13

JESS
(mounting anger)
That all you got to say? Bannister murders a couple of people you know, thumbs his nose in our face with this...
(contd)

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (contd) 13

JESS
(contd)
(crumples note in his fist)
An' all you got to say is, we're gonna get an early start in the morning?

MARSHAL
I told you when you pinned that badge on in Laramie how it was gonna be.

JESS
(swiftly)
You also said somethin' about gettin' Bannister -- no matter what.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE 14

MARSHAL
That's right, I did.
(nodding off)
But just over those mountains is about the worst piece of ground New Mexico's got to offer. The time to tackle it is a couple of hours before daylight, not now.

JESS
Bannister's tracks headed that way. There must be somethin' out there.

MARSHAL
There is. More than a hundred miles of open trail. The old Santa Fe. An' right in the middle of it, a civilian fort called Defiance.
(then pointedly)
But a man in a hurry to get there just might not make it.

JESS
(quieting down)
Sorry, Trem. I know you're right. Guess two weeks of cuttin' after Bannister's trail, and then comin' up against this, has kinda got me wound pretty tight.

MARSHAL
Forget it. We'll get to him.
(he looks off)
It may not be tomorrow, or the day after -- but we'll get him.

DISSOLVE

15 EXT. DEFIANCE - DAY - PAN SHOT 15

CAMERA OPENS on the middle of nowhere. The horizon is so far away it is hardly worth bothering about, and the intervening terrain is the kind that only a mother lizard could love. Incongruously, the SOUND of someone whistling merrily is heard nearby, o.s. CAMERA PANS to where a man in range clothes, REB O'NEIL, is working with a small brush, painting in some lettering on a weathered sign'post. He is alone, whistling "Oh, Susanna" to help pass the time as he works.

16 CLOSE SHOT - REB O'NEIL 16

He is a ruddy-faced southerner in his thirties -- and less than expert with a paint brush. His efforts, unmistakably, have been focused on several arrow-type markers. Their new lettering shows Denver to be 310 miles; El Paso -- 402 miles, and Santa Fe -- 85 miles. Currently, he is working on a marker that reads: "Defiance." He is about to paint in the proper distance after its name when the SOUND of an incoming rider stops him.

17 FULL SHOT 17

Reb turns as a big man, wearing the garb of a plainsman, reins in toward him. The rider is GABE KETT. Like Reb O'Neil, Kett is part of the regular fort personnel -- only he is older, the kind of man who has seen plenty of frontier action and thrives on it.

18 CLOSE TWO - REB AND KETT 18

Kett rides in fast, pulls up sharply beside Reb. In this angle, Reb's horse can be seen, foraging off to one side.

KETT
(riding in)
Hey, Reb...ain't you finished yet?

REB
Will be. Soon as I write in the distance on this shingle of ours.

Kett leans down to look at the Defiance marker. Reb is about to paint in the distance after the fort name when:

KETT
(shaking his head)
Man, that's just purely a waste o' time. 'Bout every month you paint 'em on and the wind peels 'em off.

REB
Don't matter. I like to paint.

KETT
'Pears to me anybody gets this close to Defiance, they're bound to darn near stumble over it, Reb. Besides, what I came to tell you is -- the mail's in.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (cont'd) 18
Reb reacts to this last as if suddenly the ground were on fire. Dropping his paintbrush in the bucket, he abandons his tools. Bolting toward his horse, he barely pauses as:

REB
(half-annoyed)
Well why didn't you say so....?

19 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAN TO ESTABLISH FORT DEFIANCE 19
Kett smiles as Reb swings up into the saddle in a burst of speed. The two ride off at a gallop, CAMERA PANNING THEM TOWARD our first view of Fort Defiance. It is some two hundred yards distant, the only structure visible as far as the eye can see. The rough-hewn stockaded dwarfs the two men as they race their mounts in toward it.

CUT TO

20 EXT. FORT COMPOUND - DAY - FULL SHOT 20
A group of fortmen, about twelve in all, are somewhat noisily gathered around a freight wagon. A pair of Freighters are unloading some of the supplies as a tall, lean, wind-bronzed man -- standing in the wagon bed -- passes out the mail. He runs the fort and answers to the name "CLINT GENTRY."

21 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 21
Passing out the mail.

GENTRY
Here you are, Doc -- one for you.
(pockets another letter for himself)
Cline Gentry....

22 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 22
"Doc" Collier takes care of everybody in the fort -- except possibly himself. He wears a peg on one leg and uses a crutch to lean on. Nevertheless, he retains a surprising agility. In this instance, however, the youngest of the group -- a handsome outrider in his twenties named TOBY -- playfully intercepts Doc's letter.

TOBY
(smelling the
letter)
Hey, it's got perfume on it!

Doc recovers the letter as:

FORTMAN
You've been holdin' out on us, Doc.

DOC
(to group)
If you fellas think this is perfume,
you're all a lot sicker than I thought.
(cont'd)

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED (contd) 22

DOC
(contd)
(indicates letter)
This is from that chemical outfit that's been tryin' to sell me horse liniment.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE 23
As Toby colors at the resulting laughter, somebody pushes his hat down over his eyes and -- with good humor -- he allows himself to get shoved to the rear. In b.g., Reb and Kett can be seen riding forward through the open gates of the stockade.

24 CLOSE - ON GROUP 24
Once more attention focuses on Gentry.

FORTMAN
Come on, Clint. Hand out the rest of 'em.

GENTRY
Just two left -- they're both for you, Smokey.

A sad-faced man, wearing a cook's apron, moves forward. He throws out his meager chest as he steps up to receive his mail. Those around him, meanwhile, are groaning their displeasure at the lack of correspondence.

25 CLOSE SHOT - REB 25
To INTERCUT with above. He has dismounted and is running forward for his mail when he hears Gentry's words. He stops now, sharp disappointment clouding his face.

26 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 26
He hands Smokey his mail without really looking at him, Gentry's eyes regretfully taking in Reb's disappointment.

27 CLOSE - GROUP 27
In contrast to most others, Smokey is all smiles.

SMOKEY
(magnanimously)
Don't take it so hard, boys. I'll let you read these, 'soon as I'm done with 'em.

Some of the men move off with Smokey, one remarking: "Hope somebody sent you a recipe. 'Bout time you learned to cook."

28 CLOSE - GENTRY AND FREIGHTER 28
Gentry turns toward the Freighter as the tail-gate is locked in place.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED (contd) 28

GENTRY
(to freighter)
Did you bring us any newspapers, Hank?

FREIGHTER #1
Oh, yeah...'near forgot.

He folds back a tarp covering a coop full of pigeons. Picking up a stack of newspapers atop the coop, he hands the bundle to Gentry.

FREIGHTER #1 (contd)
Here, this bunch is only five days old.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE 29
Gentry passes the newspapers out among those remaining beside the wagon.

GENTRY
Go easy on 'em now. They have to last a week.

30 CLOSE - GENTRY AND FREIGHTERS 30
With the unloading completed, the second Freighter pats his partner on the shoulder, starts climbing into the driver's seat as he says:

FREIGHTER #2
All set.

FREIGHTER #1
(nods; turns to Gentry)
'Sure would like to sell you some of these homin' pigeons, Clint. Runnin' a tradin' post away out here like y'are, they'd come in mighty handy. 'Specially if there was trouble.

While he is speaking, the Freighter reaches into the coop and hands one of the pigeons to Gentry. The latter takes the pigeon and examines it gently.

31 CLOSE - GENTRY AND FREIGHTER 31

GENTRY
Fine lookin' bird, all right.

FREIGHTER #1
(anticipating sale)
Best there is.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED (contd) 31

GENTRY
(putting pigeon back in the coop)
Only one thing wrong.
(trace of a smile)
We got a cat.

Replacing the tarp over the coop, Gentry vaults over the side of the wagon to the ground.

GENTRY (contd)
See you next trip, Hank.

With a wave, the freighter starts his wagon rolling out toward the gate. Gentry watches them go.

32 POV SHOT - THE FREIGHT WAGON 32
The vehicle rolls out through the fort gates and is soon lost in a cloud of dust.

33 MED. CLOSE - GENTRY 33
He turns away, moving toward a building marked: "Cantina."

34 CLOSE SHOT - DOC AND GENTRY 34
Doc is leaning against a post in front of the cantina, reading a newspaper. Gentry is about to walk past him, going inside, when Doc stops him with:

DOC
Clint...did you read this?

GENTRY
What?

DOC
(indicating paper)
About Frank Bannister. Says he broke out of prison up in Wyoming. Denver papers say he's heading this way.

GENTRY
(as he reads)
Back to the old stamping grounds, huh?

DOC
Yeah. Hope they stop him before he gets into the Panhandle country. Last time, he had nearly forty men in that Texas raidin' party of his.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED (contd) 34

GENTRY
(frowning)
It isn't likely Bannister'll take a chance of showin' up here. But if he's around, one thing you can bet: we'll be hearin' from him.

Gentry exits toward the main gate. Doc frowns slightly, watching him go. A sudden gust of wind sweeps through the compound, causing Doc to turn away.

35 CLOSE - GENTRY - PAN TO INCLUDE REB 35
CAMERA PANS him in toward Reb. The latter is walking moodily toward his horse, having come from one of the buildings near the gate. He is winding some strong string around one hand as Gentry approaches him.

35A CLOSE - TWO 35A
Reb's momentary annoyance with life in general is quite apparent in this close angle. The string he is winding hurriedly is a fishing line with a hook on the end of it. The hook sticks into Reb's arm and he mutters an angry "Ow!" just as Gentry steps in.

GENTRY
(half-smiling)
Hooked a good-sized one, didn't you?

Reb merely throws him a glum glance to indicate his lack of response to Gentry's question. Reb yanks at the stubborn hook and it rips his sleeve slightly. (NOTE: THROUGHOUT SCENE, occasional gusts of wind rake the dust.)

GENTRY (contd)
I'll get it.
(starts removing hook)
Goin' fishin'?

REB
(half-defiantly)
I've got the rest o' the day off.

GENTRY
Not anymore, you haven't. Want you to scout around -- see if you can find any sign of Bannister in the area.

REB
(dryly)
Must be my day. Trouble sure is comin' in bunches.

CONTINUED

35A CONTINUED (contd) 35A

GENTRY
(smiles)
Worst of it's over...
(frees hook)
Now that you've got this out.

REB
Thanks.

GENTRY
(as Reb moves to his horse)
Reb, I know how you feel. About not gettin' a letter.

REB
Like I said. It ain't my day.

GENTRY
Mail's pretty much a hit-or-miss proposition out here. You know that.

REB
(mounting up)
I also know it's been four months since the last letter. Mail's not that hit-or-miss. Not if a certain party's actually writin'.

GENTRY
Look, maybe her letter got lost.

REB
(a forced smile)
Sure. It's all those postal fellers can do, just tryin' to remember where they put their mail boxes.
(spurs out)
See you later, Clint.

Gentry watches as Reb rides out through the main gate. A sudden strengthening of the wind whips dust in around him. Gentry frowns, his gaze moving skyward to:

35B POV SHOT - THE SKY - (STOCK) 35B
A dark cloud is blacking out the sun. The wind grows in volume at:

DISSOLVE

36 EXT. RIVER - DAY - ESTABLISHING 36
FRANK BANNISTER and his five men are fording a muddy river on horseback. A rising wind whips in from the surrounding desert-like terrain, buffeting the riders as they make their crossing. The depth of the water forces the horses to swim.

37 CLOSE - BANNISTER AND MEN 37
HOLDING as they spur their mounts forward onto dry land and start to file PAST CAMERA. Bannister is in front -- lean, fortyish, vigorous, intense. Following is THOMPSON -- heavy-set, brawny; POMROY and FENTON -- a pair of raw-boned, sallow-faced gunmen, nondescript save for Pomroy's albino-like coloring; and behind them, the VENERO BROTHERS, still wearing remnants of army clothes, an army from which they have recently deserted. All are well-armed.

38 CLOSE - BANNISTER AND THOMPSON 38
They pause in f.g. to buckle on their gunbelts, having carried them on their shoulders during the river crossing. A large rock partially shelters them from the wind.

THOMPSON
(glancing up)
Weather's gettin' worse, Frank.

BANNISTER
(studying terrain)
Yeah. Long as we're gonna have to hole up somewhere, it might as well be here -- where we can cover the river crossing.

Pomroy reins in beside them.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED (contd) 38

THOMPSON
(to Bannister)
What for? Those two lawmen won't be able to follow our trail -- not with a duster blowin' in.

BANNISTER
Maybe not. But if they were gonna give up, they'd have done it a long time ago.

POMROY
Bannister's right. I'm tired havin' a crick in my neck, always lookin' back to see if those badge-toters are still followin' us.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BANNISTER 39

BANNISTER
(glancing at Pomroy)
You won't be bothered with that much longer. We'll wait for 'em up there in those rocks.

Bannister nods toward a rocky ridge that overlooks the river. As he leads his men toward the jutting face of the barranca,

DISSOLVE

40 INT. CAVE - DAY - FULL SHOT 40
PULL BACK with Jess as he turns away from the cave entrance. Outside there is practically no visibility, the land gripped by a dust storm. U. S. Marshal Trem Stewart is hunkered down by a small cook-fire in the center of the narrow cave. Unlike Jess' restlessness, which has prompted him to abandon a plate of beans, the Marshal goes right on eating.

JESS
(subdued anger)
It's thicker'n pea-soup out there.
(nods out front)
Can hardly tell whether it's day or night.

MARSHAL
She'll blow herself out, after a while.

Some dust intermittently blows in from the entrance of the cave. Jess picks up his tin of beans, takes a mouthful.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (contd) 40

JESS
You're takin' it mighty calm.

MARSHAL
Nothin' to be sore about. If we can't move, neither can they.

JESS
You got it figured how to pick up their tracks?
(then as some dust blows in)
The way that wind's blowin', I'm probably eatin' part of their trail right now.

Jess shoves his tin of beans aside, his gesture revealing both frustration and annoyance.

41 ANOTHER ANGLE 41

MARSHAL
We may not be as bad off as you think. Only decent river crossin's a few hours ahead. Might run across a sign or two there.

JESS
(dryly)
Sure, along with a road-map, tellin' us which way they went.

MARSHAL
(quietly)
Ease off, Jess. I want Bannister an' his outfit just as much as you do.

JESS
(grimly)
Yeah, but for different reasons.

MARSHAL
I've kinda had the feelin' from the start you had a personal stake in this.
(smiles)
Otherwise you'd be easier to get along with.

42 CLOSER ANGLE 42

JESS
(emphatically)
It's just gettin' this close -- an' then have Lady Luck slam the door, smack in our face.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED (contd) 42

MARSHAL
(responding to Jess' intensity of feeling)
I know.

JESS
I wonder if you do. Trem, I was fifteen when I got my first look at Frank Bannister. It was through a burnin' window an' two minutes later there wasn't anything left of that window -- or the house I was born in, either.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE 43

MARSHAL
Where'd this happen?

JESS
Panhandle country. My folks never had much, were working shares on one of the big ranches. Bannister an' his bunch raided it -- burnt everything on the place to the ground. There were seven in my family.
(quietly)
Only three of us got out of the house alive.

MARSHAL
I knew it must be somethin' like that. Or you wouldn't have taken what you have, comin' this far.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE 44

JESS
(nodding)
I spent a lot of time lookin' for bannister after that, driftin' one place to another. But never did find him.
(a beat)
Funny, lookin' back, I guess I wouldn't have lived long if I had found him. I was so green in those days, he'd have killed me easy, before I even slapped leather.

He taps his holster for emphasis.

MARSHAL
Bannister bein' caught an' sent to prison probably saved your life.
(contd)

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED (contd) 44

MARSHAL
(contd)
(he smiles)
Now what was that you were sayin' about Lady Luck?

JESS
(a knowing smile)
Yeah. Guess she's not as bad as I thought.

DISSOLVE

45 INT. WATCHTOWER AT DEFIANCE - DAY 45
ANGLING DOWN through a trap door in the watchtower floor. A long, rough-hewn ladder leads up from the fort compound below. Gentry can be seen, climbing the ladder swiftly, moving up into the watchtower. The SOUND of the wind is barely audible, dying away.

46 INT. WATCHTOWER - ANOTHER ANGLE 46
A small quantity of arms and supplies are stacked along the walls. At one of the large, window-like openings, Gabe Kett can be seen. He is looking off through a telescope as Gentry climbs up through the trap-door and moves in beside him.

GENTRY
Cleared up enough to see all right?

KETT
(turning from 'scope)
Yeah. Hope you brought some tobacco with you. I run out.

47 CLOSE - GENTRY AND KETT 47
Gentry hands the other his tobacco pouch.

GENTRY
Any sign of Reb yet?

KETT
Nope. He probably crawled under a rock somewhere, waitin' for that duster to pass. He'll be along.

Kett returns the tobacco pouch, lights his pipe, then resumes his watch through the telescope. At least he is starting to, when the sight of something nearby makes him pause, frowning.

KETT (contd)
Leastways he'd better be. With him gone, this cat of his just don't have any manners at all.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE CAT 48
Kett leans to one side and lifts a small cat out of his hat, the cat having curled up inside the worn Stetson where it rests upside-down on a nearby gunrack. Kett pulls the hat down over his ears and returns his attention to the telescope.

49 CLOSE TWO 49
Gentry smiles. Moving in, he smooths the cat's fur; but his eyes swiftly resume their search of the surrounding terrain.

GENTRY
(a quiet concern)
I can't help thinking. He's nearly three hours overdue.

KETT
You oughta know by now you can't put a clock on Reb. Specially when he's ridin' scout.

GENTRY
Yeah....

KETT
(trying to convince)
Remember that time at Shiloh, when the three of us were cut off, an' he swore he knew a quick way out? Why, by the time he found it, the battle was over an' those yanks were halfway to Richmond.

GENTRY
Just as long as he gets back, that's all I care about. Let me know, soon as he shows up.
(starts up; pauses)
By the way, Doc's cuttin' hair today.
(smiles)
I'll tell him you'll be along.

Gentry exits down the ladder. Kett frowns after him, running his hand through his long, shaggy hair, obviously not liking the prospect of a haircut.

DISSOLVE

50 EXT. BARRANCA OVERLOOKING RIVER - DAY 50
Bannister and his men have taken up their positions of ambush just below the ridge. Suddenly one of the men whistles softly and points off. CAMERA PANS down across the river to the figures of two riders approaching it. The riders are still some distance away from the opposite bank, the course of their ride taking them directly into the waiting ambush.

51 EXT. RIVER - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 51
They continue riding in toward the river.

52 CLOSER ANGLE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 52
Jess is slightly in front. He raises up in his stirrups, looking off. The Marshal reins in beside him. Both men are sweat-streaked, dusty.

JESS
Plenty of water in the river. I can see it from here.
(removes hat, slaps it against knee)
Feel good to wash off some of this dust.

MARSHAL
Yeah. And if they came this way, that means there'll be tracks on the far side, where it's muddy. Enough for a start, anyway.

JESS
Suppose there aren't any. Then what?

MARSHAL
We'll head for Defiance. Fort's just a mile or two over the hill.

Jess nods and they continue forward again, moving toward the river.

53 EXT. BARRANCA - FULL SHOT 53
Bannister and his men are now motionless in the rocks, their guns trained on the approaching riders.

54 EXT. RIVER - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 54
They move down toward the water, as we --

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT TWO

#12249

FADE IN

55 EXT. BARRANCA - BANNISTER GROUP - (DAY) 55
Thompson cocks the rifle he is aiming at the two lawmen, o.s. Instantly Bannister touches Thompson's arm.

BANNISTER
(hushed voice)
Wait'll they're in midstream.

56 EXT. RIVER - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 56
They are starting into the river, adjusting their gunbelts to hang across their shoulders. Both men have positioned their 30-30's in the saddle-scabbards to ride high enough to keep the firing chambers above deep water.

57 CLOSE - BANNISTER 57
Sighting his rifle.

58 CLOSE - JESS 58
Riding into deep water. The durrent gets stronger, makes him bob and weave like a cork -- but he actually seems to emjoy it. His horse forges toward midstream.

59 CLOSE - THE MARSHAL 59
Bucking the current in mid-stream, he urges his horse ahead.

60 FULL SHOT - JESS AND MARSHAL 60
Moving forward astride their swimming mounts, they are about to pass midstream when:

61 CLOSE - BANNISTER 61
He opens fire.

62 CLOSE - JESS 62
The bullets barely misses Jess, spraying him with water. He ducks low, reaching for his .45 as:

63 CLOSE - THEMARSHAL 63
A trio of bullets bracket him in the water.

64 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 64
They continue firing.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. RAPIDS - CLOSE - REB - (DAY) 65
Reb is filling his canteen as he hears the o.s. firing. Quickly he straightens. Vaulting up onto his horse, he spurs out in the direction of the shooting.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. RIVER - CLOSE - JESS (DAY) 66
His horse paws the water in panic as Jess, half out of the saddle and flattened out along the animals neck, fires off at his assailants with his .45. A pair of bullets bracket him, spraying water.

67 CLOSE - BANNISTER 67
He ducks as a bullet powders the rock close by.

68 CLOSE - THE MARSHAL 68
He, like Jess, is firing off at the group in ambush.

69 BANNISTER GROUP 69
They continue firing at the struggling pair of riders in the water below.

70 CLOSE - JESS 70
He is continuting to return the fire when his horse, evidently struck by a bullet, sinks beneath the water. Kicking out of the saddle, Jess heads for the river bank ahead of him.

71 CLOSE - MARSHAL 71
Slugs spatter close by. Suddenly his mount half-rears from the water, evidently struck by a bullet. The Marshal is partly thrown from the saddle and starts swimming in the direction taken by Jess.

72 EXT. RIDGE - CLOSE - REB 72
The o.s. firing is very close as he rides up a steep incline and dismounts. Unlimbering his 30-30, he runs in TOWARD CAMERA, takes cover behind a rock in f.g. Quickly he eyes the unequal fight.

73 P.O.V. PAN SHOT - (FROM REB'S HIGH ANGLE) 73
Jess and the Marshal can be seen struggling in the river below. PAN UP to where Bannister and his men are visible, zeroing in their fire from the barranca. (NOTE: they are below Reb's position.)

74 CLOSE - REB 74
He opens fire on Bannister's position.

75 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 75
A bullet grazes Thompson's wrist, making him drop his rifle as if it were on fire. Bannister's face registers surprise and anger as he swings around to fire at:

76 CLOSE - REB 76
Ducking low as a bullet ricochets off the rock beside him, he then fires off a trio of shots toward Bannister's position.

77 CLOSE SHOT - JESS IN WATER 77
Aware of Reb's covering fire, he finally touches ground beneath his feet and runs toward the river bank.

78 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 78
The o.s. firing from Reb has forced them to concentrate on his attack.

79 CLOSE - JESS AT RIVER BANK 79
He flattens out against a rock, buckling on his gunbelt. Checking his .45, he fires once up toward Bannister's position, then runs OUT.

80 CLOSE - BANNISTER'S POSITION 80
He fires another shot down toward the river, but Reb's bullets from o.s. give him no time to aim properly.

81 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 81
JESS RUNS IN to help the Marshal from the water. A pair of bullets spatter close by. The two lawmen EXIT on the run, moving toward the barranca.

82 CLOSE - REB 82
Continuing his covering fire.

83 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 83
Firing off at Reb.

84 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 84
They take cover behind a rock at the base of the barranca. Jess starts to look up, preparing to fire on Bannister's position, when a bullet powders the rock only inches in front of him. He drops back. Jess looks toward:

85 CLOSE - REB 85
Finishing re-loading, he resumes his fire on Bannister's position.

86 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 86

MARSHAL
(nods toward Reb)
Looks like we've got a friend up there.

JESS
Yeah. Only he didn't ~~buy~~ himself much help, savin' our skins...
(raises up to fire;
bullet forces him down)
They've got us pinned down so tight we can hardly move.

MARSHAL
Likely he'll pull out if this gets too hot. One thing's sure. We can't stay here much longer.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (cont'd) 86

JESS
Any chance we could make it to the fort?

MARSHAL
Practically none, without horses.

Another bullet ricochets close, spraying them with rock fragments.

JESS
Then we might as well try it. Anything's better than the odds we've got here.

Keeping low, they start off, moving away from Bannister's position. Bullets track after them.

87 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 87
Bannister is moving in toward Pomroy and Fenton, keeping low as he does so.

88 CLOSE - REB 88
Firing toward Bannister.

89 CLOSE - BANNISTER GROUP 89
Bannister crouches lower as Reb's bullet chips past him. He then continues on toward Pomroy and Fenton, who are obviously having trouble keeping the two o.s. lawmen in their line of fire.

FENTON
Frank, they're gettin' away!

BANNISTER
Not for long. You two stay here an' see if you can work around behind whoever that is with the rifle.

As he nods toward Reb, the latter sends a bullet crashing toward them from o.s.

BANNISTER
(cont'd)
'Might be from the fort. If he is, he'd make a neat present for us to leave Gentry. Try to take him alive.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

As Bannister goes:

POMROY
Where'll you be?

BANNISTER
(nods toward Jess)
Ridin' down those two lawmen.

Staying low, Bannister signals to the rest of his men to follow him. They start to exit at:

DISSOLVE

90 EXT. FORT COMPOUND - DAY - GROUP SHOT 90

Doc is giving Toby, the young fortman, a haircut. The latter is seated on a box in the shade of one of the rough-timbered buildings fronting along the compound. A worn sheet is wrapped around him; and three or four other fortmen -- anticipating a smilar fate -- grimly spectate. As Doc barbers:

TOBY
It's only been six months.
I don't see why ---

DOC
(interrupting)
Sit still, unless you want me
to crop your ears, too.

TOBY
Come on, leave a little.
I catch cold easy.

FORTMAN
Things sure have come to a pretty
pass around here. If the Comanches
don't lift your hair, Doc gets it.

DOC
And about time, too. You've all
got enough things crawling around
in your hair to start an epidemic.

TOBY
If you ask me, I'd rather be sick.

DOC
Well, nobody's askin' you.

91 ANOTHER ANGLE 91

Gentry enters, glances at Doc with a trace of a smile.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED (contd) 91

GENTRY
They're not giving you any trouble, are they, Doc?

DOC
Nothing I can't handle.

GENTRY
Did Reb say anything to you before he left this morning -- after mail call?

DOC
Nothing special. Why?

GENTRY
(quietly)
He's way late getting in.

Abruptly the SOUND of three shots being fired in rapid succession carries OVER SCENE. Swiftly Gentry turns and exits. The others move to follow. Toby rips off the sheet as he starts out.

TOBY
Sorry, Doc, but that's the gate signal.
(grins, runs hand through his hair)
I'll be back in six months an' you can do the other side.

He exits on the run. Doc is left alone now. Frowning, he picks up the sheet and starts into the cantina.

92 INT. WATCHTOWER - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND KETT 92
For a moment, Kett is alone in the watchtower, his eyes glued to the telescope. Then someone is HEARD o.s., and Gentry hurries in, half out of breath.

GENTRY
Is it Reb?

KETT
No. Two men out there on foot. An' judgin' by what's chasing 'em, they're about to get plowed under.

Gentry leans in to look off through the telescope.

93 TELESCOPE MATTE - WHAT GENTRY SEES 93
Bannister and the three riders he has taken with him are angling down a steep slope, pursuing Jess and the Marshal. The two lawmen are on foot, running in toward the fort.

94 EXT. PLAIN - MED. SHOT - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 94
They are running for their lives and it shows on their faces as they race through the razor-like mesquite.

95 EXT. PLAIN - BANNISTER GROUP 95
Coming off the slope onto the plain, they open fire on their quarry.

96 FULL SHOT 96
Jess and the Marshal run by in f.g. as Bannister's group swing INTO VIEW in b.g. The riders are approximately a quarter of a mile distant -- and closing fast.

97 CLOSE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 97
They pause only long enough to snap off a pair of shots at their pursuers, then resume their headlong run. Bullets spatter around them.

98 MOVING SHOT - BANNISTER AND GROUP 98
Bannister is in the lead. He fires off at:

99 MOVING SHOT - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 99
They are running full tilt when a bullet strikes Jess in the shoulder. He goes down -- hard.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 100
Instantly the Marshal goes to Jess' assistance, pulling him to his feet. The Marshal pauses only long enough to fire a couple of quick shots off toward Bannister. Then he resumes running, half carrying Jess.

101 INT. WATCHTOWER - GENTRY AND KETT 101
Gentry is swiftly taking down a long-barreled buffalo rifle from the gun rack. The o.s. gunfire becomes audible.

KETT
(eyeing Gentry's rifle)
What good are you gonna do with that?

GENTRY
A few shots in front of those riders might change things.

KETT
Kind of risky at this range. Wouldn't take much of a miss to pick off one of those fellas on foot.

GENTRY
And while we're talking about it, they're getting picked off anyway.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED (contd) 101

KETT
But you don't even know who they are.

GENTRY
(taking aim)
With Bannister around, I don't have to.

He fires. Kett rubs his jaw thoughtfully; then swiftly brings up a rifle of his own and prepares to fire.

102 EXT. PLAIN - BANNISTER'S RIDERS 102
Bannister and his riders are racing forward as a bullet sprays dust in front of them and ricochets off to one side. Raising his hand, Bannister signals a halt.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE 103
One of Bannister's men, Thompson, is unable to stop his mount with the others. He is out in front by himself when a bullet digs into the dust only a few feet away. Quickly Thompson reins back in to rejoin the others.

104 CLOSE SHOT -BANNISTER AND MEN 104
Thompson moves in beside Bannister. The latter's eyes are narrowed off in the direction of the fort. The Venero brothers are also eyeing the fort as:

THOMPSON
(heatedly;
to Bannister)
I thought you said this was going to be easy?

BANNISTER
Ease off. If they were trying to drop one of us, they'd have done it by this time.

VENERO #1
Yeah. Shooting's stopped, all right. What do we do now?

BANNISTER
Only thing we can do.
(glances back)
Wait for the others to catch up.

THOMPSON
We've gone to a lot of trouble over those two lawmen.
(nods toward them)
You figure on just letting 'em go?

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED (contd) 104

BANNISTER
You ought to know the answer to that. I've waited a long time to settle with Trem Stewart an' that Deputy of his. A few more hours won't matter.

He reins his mount to exit.

105 INT. WATCHTOWER - HIGH ANGLE 105
Gentry and Kett watch as a group of riders led by Toby stream out of the gateway beneath them. The riders are headed in the direction of the two lawmen.

106 TOBY AND RIDERS 106
IN CLOSE as they race away from the fort at full gallop.

107 PAN SHOT- THE MARSHAL AND JESS 107
The Marshal is still half carrying the wounded Jess. In b.g., the riders from the fort can be seen coming out to meet them.

DISSOLVE

108 INT. FORT - THE COOK SHACK - NIGHT 108
A large soup kettle is boiling over on the wood-burning stove. It is unattended for a few seconds, then Toby -- the young fortman -- reaches it. He tries to move the kettle with his bare hands, but it is too hot to handle. Smokey, the perpetually sad-eyed cook, hurries in to help him, frowning as he does so.

SMOKEY
What's got into you, Toby? Ever since those two lawmen showed up, you've been about as much help around here as a fly in the butter churn.

TOBY
(flatly)
Never said I was a kitchen hand, did I?

SMOKEY
Then you know how I feel. I have to do this all the time. An' you only pulled stove duty for one night.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE 109

TOBY
Sorry, Smokey. Guess I don't have much use for badge-toters.

SMOKEY
I hear these two been trailin' after Bannister for weeks. Took everything those gun-pullers could throw at 'em.

TOBY
Reckon that's what they're gettin' paid for.

SMOKEY
Maybe so -- but anybody soaks up that kinda punishment, it sure oughta count for somethin' more than just money.

TOBY
(unimpressed)
Guess it will, if Bannister ever gets his hands on 'em.

SMOKEY
Say, you don't know these Marshals, do you?

TOBY
(sharply)
Course I don't. Why should I?

SMOKEY
No reason. I was just asking.
(then matter-of-fact)
You can put the bread on when you get it sliced.

CUT TO

110 INT. FORT - MAIN ROOM - CANTINA - NIGHT 110

Gentry, Kett, and U.S. Marshal Trem Stewart are gathered around an earthen fireplace, watching as Doc bandages Jess' right arm and shoulder. Jess is stripped to the waist, seated in a chair near the glow of the fire. Doc's medical kit is open on a table nearby.

GENTRY
(to the Marshal)
You mean somebody helped you out there, and you just took off and left 'em?

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED (contd) 110

MARSHAL
I know how it must sound to you, but there wasn't much choice.

JESS
(to Gentry)
Bannister made a point of waitin' 'til he had us cold turkey. Jumped us right at Yellow River. Got both our horses in midstream. Our rifles went down with 'em.

MARSHAL
Once we got to the bank, they had us pinned tight. There wasn't anything else to do, except try to make a run for it.

111 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 111
As the scene continues, Toby can be seen in b.g., readying a table for the evening meal.

GENTRY
And that's when you saw this rider for the first time?

112 CLOSER ANGLE - ON GROUP 112

MARSHAL
That's right. We didn't have any idea who he was.

JESS
He was way above us in the rocks. Could hardly see him. But he must have sized up what was goin' on. He held Bannister and his outfit off just long enough for us to get here.

KETT
(grimly;
to Gentry)
Sounds like Reb, all right.

113 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 113
His face reflects concern as:

GENTRY
Yeah. And the worst of it is, there isn't much we can do until daylight.
(then swiftly)
Did either of you see what happened to him?

114 CLOSE 114
Jess and the Marshal shake their heads negatively at:

DISSOLVE

115 EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT - THREE RIDERS 115
On Reb, Pomroy, and Fenton. Reb is tied between the two gunmen as they approach Bannister's camp. Bannister moves away from a cook-fire where the others are eating as the trio of slow-moving riders rein in.

116 CLOSE - BANNISTER AND GROUP 116

BANNISTER
(to Pomroy)
You sure took your time gettin' here.

POMROY
(nods to Reb)
This hardhead put up a real fight.
Had to wait 'til it got dark 'fore
we could pry him out of his hole.

REB
You wouldn't have done it then,
if I hadn't run outa shells.

117 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 117
The riders by now have dismounted, leaving Reb in the saddle. Pomroy still holds one end of a rope that has been looped over Reb's neck to keep him in line along the trial.

POMROY
(to Bannister)
See what I mean? He don't even
know when he's whipped.

Abruptly Pomroy jerks the lariat. It cuts sharply into Reb's neck, doubling him forward in the saddle.

BANNISTER
Did he have any papers on him?

FENTON
No. And we couldn't get anything
out of him either. But we found
this letter down in the bottom
of his saddlebags.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE 118
Despite his pain, Reb's eyes blaze as Bannister takes the letter from Fenton. He struggles briefly to free his hands which are tied behind his back.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED (contd) 118

REB
(intense)
Readin' my letter. Someday
I'll catch up with you.

FENTON
(indicating Reb)
Sure beats all, don't he?
Regular volcano, just waitin'
for somebody to put his fire out.

BANNISTER
(examining envelope)
Writing's all worn off the front.

FENTON
He's probably been carryin' it
around for quite a spell. But
the rest of it's clear enough.
It's written by his girl in Peoria.

POMROY
(to Reb)
What's she like, hardhead, a
ball of fire?

FENTON
(to Bannister)
According to what she says on
the last page, he's from the
fort, just like you figured.
Some kind of trail scout.

119 ANGLE FAVORING BANNISTER 119

BANNISTER
That's what I wanted to hear.
(pockets letter;
nods to Reb)
Get down.

120 CLOSE - GROUP 120
As Reb starts to dismount, Pomroy grows impatient. He jerks hard on the lariat, spilling his captive in the dust.

121 CLOSE - REB 121
Slowly, painfully, he starts to get to his feet. Then, goaded by Pomroy's grin, Reb's eyes narrow. Despite the fact that his hands are tied behind him, Reb puts his head down -- and charges.

122 CLOSE - POMROY AND REB 122
Reb butts Pomroy squarely in the stomach before the latter can move aside. The force of the blow sends Pomroy sprawling, making him drop the neck-rope secured to Reb.

123 CLOSE - GROUP 123
Bannister grabs Reb, spins him around, looping a blow at the captive's jaw. Ducking the blow, Reb kicks out and catches Bannister squarely -- sending the latter reeling back into Fenton, who is charging in.

124 CLOSE - POMROY 124
Picking himself up, he lunges toward Reb.

125 CLOSE - REB AND POMROY 125
Reb sidesteps at the last instant, tripping Pomroy.

126 CLOSE - GROUP 126
Before Reb can turn, Bannister closes in, clips Reb to the ground. As the captive goes down, Pomroy leaps on him -- is about to level a killing blow at Reb with his pistol when Bannister stops him.

BANNISTER
(grabbing Pomroy's arm)
Hold it!

Pomroy jerks his arm free but refrains from striking Reb.

127 CLOSE - BANNISTER, POMROY AND REB 127

POMROY
(heatedly;
to Bannister)
What are we keepin' him alive for, anyway?

BANNISTER
Because we're going to need him. He's gonna get those two lawmen for us.

Bannister watches Pomroy's face cloud with disbelief.

POMROY
(skeptically)
From inside the fort?

BANNISTER
That's right.
(nods to Reb)
Get him on his feet.

Pomroy hesitates for a moment, then moves to comply.

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT III

FADE IN

128 EXT. FORT DEFIANCE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 128
The stockade gates swing open as a rider gallops in toward the fort. Lights are visible in the inner compound, half-silhouetting the incoming rider.

129 EXT. FORT GATES 129
Gentry steps forward to meet the incoming rider. The latter, passing beneath a lantern hung near the gate, becomes recognizeable as Gabe Kett. As Kett reins in:

GENTRY
Any luck?

KETT
(shaking his head)
If they made camp, it's nowhere close by.

GENTRY
What about Reb's horse?

KETT
Not a trace. My guess is -- whatever happened to Reb, his horse went with him.

130 CLOSE TWO SHOT 130
Gentry's face darkens with a frown. As he turns back toward the compound, Kett goes with him. In b.g., a pair of fortmen can be seen, closing the big gates of the stockade.

CUT TO

131 INT. FORT BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT - JESS AND THE MARSHAL 131
The Marshal is "testing" an upper bunk as Jess comes in through a nearby door. Both men are now considerably cleaned up. In Jess' case, he enters carrying some shaving equipment -- the towel over his bandaged shoulder suggesting the fact that he has only recently completed shaving.

MARSHAL
How's the shoulder?

JESS
Better, thanks. Only I'm not much at this shavin' left-handed.

132 TWO SHOT 132
Jess touches his face ~~gingerly, aware~~ of razor damage.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED (contd) 132

MARSHAL
(stretching out)
You know something?

JESS
What?

MARSHAL
These fort mattresses have got real straw in 'em. Been so long since I stretched out in a bed, I come near forgettin' how good it feels.

The Marshal pulls his hat down over his eyes, relaxing.

JESS
(quietly)
Seems like you're close to forgettin' something else. Bannister.

MARSHAL
(cocking an eye)
That's where you're wrong.
(relaxes again)
I'm just restin' up for him. Man can't fight all the time.

JESS
Have you talked to Gentry yet, about gettin' some Deputies to help?

MARSHAL
Started to -- but I didn't get very far.

Jess glances at the Marshal with more than a little impatience. Turning, Jess goes out. CAMERA MOVES IN ON the Marshal as he raises up on one elbow, looking after Jess with a trace of a frown.

CUT TO

133 EXT. CANTINA PORCH - NIGHT 133

PULL BACK from CLOSE of a guitar. It is being softly strummed by one of the fortmen. PAN TO where Gentry stands alone at the far end of the porch, lost in thought. His eyes are fixed on the darkness beyond the stockade. Smoke from his cigarette curls around him.

134 EXT. PORCH - ANOTHER ANGLE 134
Jess walks in, sees Gentry, crosses toward him. Although Gentry is aware of Jess' approach, he gives no sign of it.

135 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND JESS 135
Jess stops a few feet away.

JESS
A little while ago you were askin' us questions. Mind answerin' one for me?

GENTRY
Go ahead.

Something about Gentry's voice or manner makes Jess change the blunt question he has intended. Instead he asks:

JESS
How'd you happen to put up a place like this, 'way out in the middle of nowhere?

GENTRY
(trace of a smile)
You really want to know?

JESS
(evenly)
I asked, didn't I?

136 ANOTHER ANGLE 136

GENTRY
After the war, three of us started movin' West. Hunted buff for a while. When the big herds moved North,we stayed on, did some trappin'.

JESS
A lot of men trap. But not many of 'em build forts.

GENTRY
(shrugging)
Comanches aren't always too friendly. Anyway, we had to have someplace to store the furs an' skins, so we built a sod-house.
(taps siding)
This is part of the original wall, right here.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED (contd) 136

JESS
An' the rest just grew?

GENTRY
(nodding)
Along with the prairie-schooner trade. There's better'n three wagon-trains a week now, rollin' down the Santa Fe. We sell 'em what they need and stay in business.
(a beat)
But that isn't what you wanted to know.

JESS
(a brief frown)
It's kind of important we nail Bannister 'fore he does anymore harm. Would you have any objections to our deputizin' some of your men to help go after him?

GENTRY
Yeah. I would.

137 ANOTHER ANGLE 137
Jess' face reflects both surprise and annoyance.

JESS
(tightly)
Look, Gentry, I don't know how much you know about Bannister, but where I was raised in Texas we ---

GENTRY
(cutting in)
You're not in Texas, Mister. You're here. In this part of the country we write our own law. It's the only way to stay alive.

JESS
That's a mighty original notion -- protectin' killers like Bannister.

GENTRY
(turns away; trying to check his temper)
Look, what do you see out there, walkin' across the compound? There, by the wall?

Jess follows his gaze toward:

138 P.O.V. SHOT - TARANTULA 138
crawling along, not far from the wall.

139 CLOSE SHOT - TARANTULA 139
LENS is at ground-level; the spider seems huge and decidedly menacing.

140 CLOSE SHOT - JESS AND GENTRY 140
Jess returns his ~~gaze~~ to ~~Gentry~~.

JESS
Tarantula. What about it?

GENTRY
Poke around at him an' he's got enough poison to maybe kill you. Let him alone, an' he'll go his way without a fight.
(then pointedly)
That's how it is out here. We don't have to borrow trouble -- there's ~~always~~ plenty around.

JESS
What about your man, Reb?

GENTRY
If Bannister's got him an' so much as lays a hand to him, we'll go after the whole outfit an' finish 'em.
(then swiftly)
But it won't be because of some law Bannister broke in Texas or Wyoming or Nome, Alaska. It'll only be because of Reb.

Turning, he exits into the cantina. Jess watches him go.

CUT TO

141 EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT - BANNISTER'S MEN AND REB 141
Bannister leads his group of riders as they file down the slope of a dry-wash, moving toward the fort. Reb is seen in their midst, tied as before.

DISSOLVE

142 INT. FORT CANTINA - EATING AREA - NIGHT 142
The evening meal is over. Gentry, Jess, Doc, Marshal Stewart, and a pair of fortmen are lingering over coffee and biscuits at one of the rough-hewn tables. A scattering of others from the fort, having eaten at an adjoining table, are filing out.

143 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 143
Smokey, the cook, is beginning to clear off the now-empty table as he sees Doc critically examining a biscuit.

SMOKEY
(moving in)
Something wrong with the biscuits, Doc?

DOC
Nothing serious. They're a little hard, burned top an' bottom, and full of raw dough in the center. But outside of that they're fine. Just the way I like 'em.

Getting up, Doc downs his coffee and exits, as does Smokey. On the latter's way back into the cook shack, Toby passes, coming in with a pot of fresh coffee. As Toby starts pouring refills, it is more or less obvious he is doing his best to avoid the Marshal.

144 ANOTHER ANGLE ON GROUP - FAVORING GENTRY 144
TO INTERCUT with above. Gentry smiles at Doc's exit, then turns to the Marshal.

GENTRY
Seems to me you two were takin' a long chance, goin' after Bannister alone.

MARSHAL
Sooner or later he would've come lookin' for me. It was my testimony that put him behind bars in the first place.
(pushes empty cup toward Toby)
An' Jess lost most of his family in one of Bannister's early raids.

GENTRY
That adds up to quite a score.
(smiles at Jess; with understanding)
Guess I should've known.

JESS
(smiles back)
No harm done.

As Toby ignores cup:

GENTRY
The Marshal could use some more coffee, Toby.

145 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 145
Toby glances at the Marshal's cup, then fills it. The lawman looks at him searchingly as he does so. Gentry is aware of what is going on, his eyes following Toby as he exits.

KETT'S VOICE
(from o.s.)
Clint....

146 ANOTHER ANGLE 146
Gentry turns toward the doorway where Kett awaits him.

GENTRY
'Scuse me, Marshal.

He leaves the table and moves toward Kett.

147 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND KETT 147

KETT
(a quiet urgency)
You'd better come on. Bannister an' his outfit just rode in out front.

They exit toward the compound.

CUT TO

148 EXT. FORT - NIGHT - BANNISTER'S MEN WITH REB 148
The riders, with Reb in their midst, are moving in toward Bannister, who has halted his mount in f.g.

149 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 149
He turns to his men.

BANNISTER
Wait here.

Slowly he rides forward. CAMERA TRUCKS with him, revealing the fort some distance away. Moving at a measured pace, Bannister loosens the gun in his holster.

150 EXT. FORT - NIGHT - RIFLEMEN ALONG STOCKADE CATWALK 150
A half-dozen of Gentry's men can be seen running in to take up positions just below the top of the wall. Gentry and Kett climb up a ladder in f.g., taking positions near the gate.

151 LONG SHOT - BANNISTER 151
HOLDING Gentry in f.g., Bannister can be seen riding in toward the fort from b.g.

152 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 152
Keeping his eyes on Bannister, Gentry straightens. He makes no effort to conceal himself, but holds his rifle in readiness.

GENTRY
(calls; to Bannister)
That's far enough. Anything you have to say, you can say from there.

153 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 153
He reins to a halt some thirty yards distant.

BANNISTER
We're not lookin' for any fight with you, Gentry. All we want is the Marshal and his Deputy. You send 'em out, and we'll be on our way.

154 CLOSE - GENTRY 154

GENTRY
(evenly)
Looks like you've made a long ride for nothing, Bannister. They're stayin' here.

155 CLOSE ON BANNISTER 155

BANNISTER
I had an idea you might feel that way. So I brought along something to change your mind.

He signals off.

156 CLOSE SHOT - REB AND RIDERS 156
Pomroy and Fenton spur their horses forward, leading Reb and his mount in toward Bannister. The other gunmen dismount and take cover.

157 CLOSE ON GENTRY 157
His gaze locks on the incoming riders.

158 PAN SHOT - BANNISTER 158
He half smiles toward Gentry, then wheels his mount in toward a weathered sign post near the roadway. Dismounting, he tests the strength of the post. Reb, Pomroy, and Fenton ride in from b.g.

159 GROUP SHOT 159
Bannister pulls Reb from his horse, spinning him around to face the fort.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED (contd) 159

BANNISTER
(holding Reb)
You know who this is, don't you, Gentry? If you want him to stay alive, you'd better start doin' some thinking.

160 CLOSE ON GENTRY 160
His face grows taut as he recognizes Reb.

161 CLOSE - BANNISTER AND GROUP 161
They begin tying Reb to the post.

162 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND KETT 162
Gentry turns as Kett moves swiftly in beside him.

KETT
(a deep anger)
Let's open up on 'em, Clint. We can nail the three of them before they can do anything to Reb.

GENTRY
(looking off)
Maybe so. But the others out there would still be in a position to pick him off. There's no way around that.

MARSHAL'S VOICE
(from o.s.)
You're right, Gentry.

They turn in the direction of the Marshal's voice.

163 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 163
Marshal Stewart steps in toward Gentry and Kett from the ladder leading up to the catwalk. Jess follows. Despite the wound in the latter's shoulder, he somehow manages to carry a shotgun in his right hand.

MARSHAL
The best chance of saving your friend's life...
(nods to Reb)
is for Jess and I to have it out with them.

Gentry and Kett exchange swift glances. Gentry's gaze then fastens on Jess.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED (contd) 163

JESS
(to Gentry)
Don't worry about me. As long as I can pull the trigger on this scatter-gun, I don't need to aim it.

GENTRY
(to Marshal)
Two of you against six? Those are pretty long odds.

MARSHAL
It's still our fight. The least we can do is to try to get your man out from under.

Gentry looks at him for a moment, then off toward Bannister.

164 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER AND GROUP 164
Pomroy and Fenton are mounting their horses in b.g. Bannister meanwhile finishes tying Reb in f.g.

165 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER AND REB 165
Satisfied that Reb is securely bound and gagged, Bannister devotes his energy to tying a strip of rawhide around Reb's forehead. He uses a short piece of ironwood as a lever to gain the necessary tension.

BANNISTER
(fastening rawhide)
Take all the time you want, Gentry. But while you're doin' it, this rawhide will be tightening up. And once daylight hits it, your friend here is all through.

Crossing to his horse,hhe mounts and rides out, leaving Reb tied helplessly on the moonlit plain.

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT IV

FADE IN

166 INT. GENTRY'S ROOM - NIGHT - TWO SHOT 166
PULL BACK from a pistol being loaded by Gentry. A box of shells lies open on the table beside him. A few feet away, Kett can be seen, seated on a cot, cleaning a sling-rigged 30-30. Kett rises impatiently.

KETT
How much longer are you gonna wait?

GENTRY
That rawhide won't start cuttin' into Reb for another hour or two. I figure we have until then.

KETT
You mean you're just gonna let those sidewinders get away with this?

GENTRY
Isn't a question of that. Right now, all that matter is keeping Reb alive. We make one mistake, an' they won't wait for sun-up to finish him off.

KETT
(sharply)
What makes you think waitin' will change anything?

GENTRY
Depends. If Bannister starts sweatin' as much as you are, he just might take it into his head to clear out.

KETT
(pointedly)
Clint, it's a lucky thing I know you as well as I do. If ever a bunch of men needed killin', it's them out there. But to hear you talk, somebody might get the wrong idea.

167 ANOTHER ANGLE 167
Abruptly Kett turns and EXITS, brushing past the Marshal in the doorway as if the latter were a stick of furniture. It is apparent from the look on the Marshal's face that he has head part of the previous conversation.

168 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 168
glancing after Kett, the Marshal moves in toward Gentry.

MARSHAL
Sometimes the hardest thing to do -- is to do nothing at all. Only one trouble.
(he half-smiles)
None of us look very good while we're doing it.

GENTRY
(dryly)
Yeah. So it seems. I was hoping it wouldn't show.

MARSHAL
There are some things you can't hide. Like Toby for instance, at supper tonight. I don't suppose he ever got around to telling you he's a "wanted" man.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE 169
Gentry looks at the Marshal appraisingly before answering.

GENTRY
(evenly)
He didn't have to. When he came here two years ago, it was written all over him. I was wonderin' if you were gonna recognize him.

MARSHAL
Seems like you've straightened him out pretty good. Never figured to see a wild one like he used to be, workin' around a grub table.

GENTRY
(a brief smile)
We had to work a few kinks out of him to start with, but he's proved up fine. I wouldn't like it, if you had any ideas about takin' him in.

MARSHAL
As it happens, I don't. Jail is no place for anyone who's reformed. 'Sides, it looks to me like we're gonna have our hands full with Bannister.

GENTRY
(flatly; checks rifle)
Yeah.

DISSOLVE

170 EXT. STOCKADE WALL - NIGHT - TOBY AND SMOKEY 170
PANNING them in as they move quietly to a halt alongside the darkened inner face of the wall. They carry a crude stick-ladder and a length of knotted rope. Toby begins blackening his face and hands with dirt while Smokey sets the stick-ladder in place along the wall.

SMOKEY
(softly)
I wish you'd change your mind about this. At least let me go with you.

171 CLOSE TWO 171
Toby tosses the knotted rope over the stockade wall. He then ties off the rope in such a way that he can re-enter the fort from the other side of the wall.

TOBY
No. I'll have a better chance of getting through to Reb if I go alone. An' don't you say nothin' about this to anyone, either.

Toby is about to start up the stick-ladder when Gentry's voice from o.s. stops him.

GENTRY (o.s.)
If you want to get Reb killed, you've picked a good way to do it.

Both men turn swiftly toward:

172 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 172
His face is set grimly as he moves toward the two. In the darkness, his approach seems almost menacing.

173 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 173
Smokey is on the verge of actually shaking when Gentry speaks to him. Gentry does this without taking his eyes from Toby.

GENTRY
Smokey, get out of here. Pass the word if I catch anyone else except the regular watch along the wall, they'll answer to me.

SMOKEY
(as he exits)
Yes-s-sir....

He vanishes like a puff of smoke. CAMERA MOVES IN on Gentry and Toby.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED (contd) 173

TOBY
Clint, I ---

GENTRY
(cutting in)
Don't you think they're waiting out there for just a fool trick like this. Before you could get close enough to do Reb any good, they'd cut you to pieces -- and probably him, too.

While Gentry is speaking, he picks up a bundle of hides nearby and heaves it over the stockade. Instantly, o.s., gunfire sends bullets RATTLING off the wall.

TOBY
(coloring; defiant)
What if they are waiting! I'm gettin' tired of just sitting on my hands, doin' nothing.

GENTRY
(heatedly)
You're tired? How do you think Reb feels out on that stake?

TOBY
(sharply)
There's an easy way to get him off it. All you have to do is give Bannister what he wants.

GENTRY
You mean you want me to send those two lawmen out there. Is that it?

TOBY
Why not? Reb's saved my life more times than I can count. If it was up to me, I'd trade a dozen lawmen for him anytime.

174 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND TOBY 174
Gentry's eyes begins to resemble two burning coals.

GENTRY
(tightly)
Then let me fill you in on something, Mister. There's no guarantee on Reb's life no matter what we do. And as far as those two lawmen are concerned, you already owe them a lot more than you can pay.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED (contd) 174

TOBY
(narrowly)
Are you goin' to explain that --
or just let it lie?

GENTRY
(savagely)
The Marshal had you spotted right
from the start. But because he
figured you'd straightened out,
he was willing to forget how you
turned up on a "wanted" poster.
So if I were you, I'd start eating
crow ~~crow~~ before somebody runs out of
patience and rams it down your throat.

Turning on his heel, Gentry EXITS. Toby's expression begins to reveal his mounting discomfort.

CUT TO

175 EXT. FORT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER AND MEN 175
Keeping low, Pomroy runs in to where Bannister and Fenton are eyeing the fort.

176 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 176
Pomroy moves in beside Bannister, wiping his mouth nervously with the back of his hand.

POMROY
(to Bannister)
This just don't add up, Frank.
All we're doing is asking for it,
hangin' around here.

Bannister glances at him -- but makes no reply.

FENTON
(turning to Bannister)
He's right. What's a couple of
Marshals more or less? We can
get 'em some other time. Right
now, while it's still dark, we
oughta be makin' tracks outa here.

BANNISTER
We won't have to wait much longer.
(he nods off)
Rawhide's starting to do its work.
Once they see that, they'll change
their mind.

177 POV SHOT - REB 177
His frame can be seen, arching against the stake. In b.g., the dark outline of the stockade is visible.

CUT TO

178 EXT. FORT COMPOUND - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 178
The area is deserted as Gentry crosses toward the main gate. Off to one side, the door to the infirmary opens and Doc steps out. He is in f.g., as:

DOC
(calling off)
Clint.

Gentry stops.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE 179
Gentry moves toward Doc.

180 CLOSE TWO 180

DOC (contd)
(as Gentry walks IN)
I've just finished puttin' a new bandage on that Jess Harper fella.
(nods back)
An' if you don't keep him off his feet, I'm not gonna be responsible.

Doc's tone of voice is considerably heated.

GENTRY
That bullet wound of his open up again?

DOC
It sure did. He's got some fool notion of goin' out there after Bannister. Now you'd better talk to him, 'cause if that wound hemorrhages again, I ---

GENTRY
(cutting in)
You're a good samaritan, Doc. Why don't you just help him off to sleep?

DOC
Help him off to sleep?! He's a little old for me to be singin' lullabies.

GENTRY
You've got some laudanum left, haven't you?

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED (contd) 180

DOC
Oh, yeah. Well, I guess I could do that. Not very ethical, though.

GENTRY
Neither's dying.

He goes OUT toward the gate. Doc returns to the infirmary, identified by a red cross on the door.

181 EXT. FORT GATE - GENTRY 181
Walking in beside the gate, he begins sliding back a metal plate which exposes a viewing slot.

182 MED. POV - THE VIEWING SLOT 182
As the opening widens, we see Gentry's view of Reb. The latter is plainly visible, tied to the stake on the moonlit plain, some fifty yards away. He moves spasmodically.

182 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 182
Looking off, Gentry's face reveals the torment that has grown steadily inside him since his friend's capture. A soft CRY o.s., makes him glance quickly down toward:

184 POV DOWN ANGLE SHOT - OF REB'S CAT 184
The under-sized cat is rubbing up against Gentry's boots. It cries softly, plaintively.

185 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 185
A grim resolve slowly crystalizes in his face. Closing the slot, he turns swiftly and EXITS.

DISSOLVE

186 INT. CANTINA - NIGHT - DOLLY SHOT 186
Gentry is hurrying down the stairs with the sling-rigged 30-30 and a bandoleer of cartridges. Kett follows behind him. Doc is near the landing, putting some supplies into his medical kit.

GENTRY
(to Kett)
Have any trouble fixin' up the wagon like I told you?

KETT
She may not have plates like Old Ironsides, but she'll do.

GENTRY
How's the patient, Doc?

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED (contd) 186

DOC
Sleepin' like he was in his mother's arms. But Jess sure isn't gonna like it much when he wakes up.

GENTRY
(continues to door)
Maybe by that time he'll realize we did him a favor.

DOC
Clint...
(then as Gentry pauses at door)
Good luck.

GENTRY
Thanks, Doc.

Gentry and Kett move OUT through the door.

187 EXT. CANTINA PORCH - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 187
The Marshal is standing on the porch, watching as Toby leads in a team of horses hitched to a sturdily-built freight wagon. The cargo bed is loaded with empty kegs, all tightly lashed in place. Toby seems about to speak to the Marshal when the latter turns in response to the cantina door opening behind him. (Action to overlap #183.)

188 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 188
The Marshal is in f.g., watching as Gentry and Kett step out onto the porch in b.g.

KETT
(to Gentry)
I'll wait 'til you start, then open up on 'em.

Gentry nods as Kett EXITS. Gentry glances after him, then moves in beside the Marshal.

GENTRY
You all set, Marshal?

MARSHAL
Any time.
(nods to wagon)
Is this what we're going to use?

GENTRY
Yeah. May not look like much, but it's strong an' it'll give Reb some cover when we get out there.

CONTINUED

188 CONTINUED (contd) 188
He walks to the wagon, CAMERA TRUCKING with him. Using the sling, he fastens the rifle to the seat post. The Marshal walks in beside him.

MARSHAL
(searchingly)
You said "we." Are you thinkin' of taking Jess' place?

GENTRY
That's right. You have any objections?

MARSHAL
Nope. But Jess' liable to.

189 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 189
Gentry climbs up into the wagon seat, speaking as he does so. The Marshal climbs up after him.

GENTRY
(climbing up)
Oh, I mean to tell you. He came in a few minutes ago needin' a fresh bandage on his shoulder...

190 TWO SHOT 190
The Marshal settles himself beside Gentry as:

GENTRY (contd)
An' while Doc was takin' care of him, he kinda fell right off to sleep.

MARSHAL
(skeptically)
Just like that, huh?

GENTRY
(equably)
Yep. Poor fella must've been tired clear through.

191 ANOTHER ANGLE 191
Gentry is about to start the wagon rolling forward when Toby ENTERS THE SHOT.

TOBY
Marshal...
(then as lawman turns)
I just want you to know I've been wrong, about a lot of things...Maybe it doesn't do much good to say it, but I just wanted you to know....

192 CLOSE TWO - FAVORING THE MARSHAL 192
The Marshal and Gentry exchange glances. A smile begins to play at the corner of the lawman's mouth.

MARSHAL
Thanks, Toby. See you around.

193 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 193
Gentry starts the wagon rumbling forward. Toby watches as:

194 EXT. COMPOUND - THE WAGON 194
Gentry swings the wagon into a position where it can make a direct run at the main gate.

195 EXT. PORT GATE 195
A pair of fortmen attend the gate, ready to open it at a moment's notice.

196 EXT. CORNER OF STOCKADE - KETT AND TRIO OF FORTMEN 196
They are climbing up onto a platform, their guns held in readiness to fire. Kett signals for the men to keep low, out of sight, as his eyes move back toward Gentry.

197 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 197
He looks off at the gate, then toward Kett and his men. Abruptly he sends the horses plunging forward.

198 CLOSE - THE WAGON 198
Picking up speed toward the gate.

199 CLOSE SHOT - KETT AND TRIO OF FORTMEN 199
Kett and his men open fire in Bannister's direction.

200 EXT. FORT - BANNISTER AND HIS MEN 200
They start moving toward the corner of the stockade, returning the fire from Kett's position. Thompson flares -
wide.

201 EXT. GATE 201
swinging quickly open, revealing Gentry's wagon hurtling toward the opening.

202 CLOSE SHOT - THE WAGON 202
racing forward.

203 EXT. FORT - BANNISTER AND FENTON 203
Bannister is continuing toward Kett's position when Fenton appears in f.g. Fenton looks back toward the gates, shouts:

FENTON
Frank, they're coming out!

Bannister whirls in the direction of the fort.

204 EXT. FORT GATE - FULL SHOT - GENTRY AND MARSHAL IN WAGON 204
The wagon picks up speed as it clears the open gateway. Gentry is driving, the Marshal beside him.

204A EXT. DISPENSARY - CLOSE SHOT - JESS 204A -
Aroused by the shooting, and half drugged with sleep, Jess lurches out onto the porch. He carries his gun belt in his left hand. Drawing the holstered .45, he moves OUT toward the gate.

205 CLOSE SHOT - VENERO #1 AND #2 205
These two have been left by Bannister to keep watch on Reb. They open fire on the wagon from their positions in the brush.

206 CLOSE SHOT - THE WAGON 206
It races PAST CAMERA in a cloud of dust. A bullet ricochets off the wagon as it passes. The Marshal returning the fire with his .45.

207 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER AND GROUP 207
Bannister runs IN beside Fenton. Both men fire off toward the wagon. As Pomroy moves up to join them, Bannister runs forward.

208 CLOSE SHOT - THE WAGON 208
It careens off the roadway into the brush and swings in a skidding arc in front of the post where Reb is staked out.

209 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 209
The Marshal jumps while the wagon is still rolling. Gentry pauses only long enough to set the hand brake, then follows him OUT. Bullets rip into the seat as he leaves it.

210 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 210
He empties his gun toward the wagon.

211 CLOSE SHOT - THE MARSHAL 211
He scrambles in behind the wagon as bullets spatter the dust only inches away.

212 CLOSE SHOT - REB 212
A bullet splinters the post to which he is tied.

213 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY - PAN 213
He runs IN, flattening against the side of the wagon. Firing off, he swiftly holsters his gun and moves to the post where Reb is tied. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. Withdrawing a knife from his belt, he begins cutting Reb loose as bullets ricochet off the wagon behind him.

214 MED. LONG SHOT - THE WAGON AND VENERO BROTHERS 214
CAMERA IS BEHIND Venero #1 and #2 as they fire off toward the wagon. The vehicle blocks out all but a fragmentary view of the men behind it. Swiftly the gunmen start forward, trying for a better position.

215 CLOSE SHOT - THE MARSHAL 215
He fires off two quick shots.

216 CLOSE SHOT - VENERO BROTHERS 216
#1 is hit. He falls heavily and lies still. His brother dives for cover.

216A CLOSE - JESS AT OR NEAR FORT GATE 216A-
Seeing Thompson working closer, Jess fires left handed.

216B CLOSE - THOMPSON 216B-
being struck down by Jess' bullet.

217 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER - WIDE ANGLE 217
Finishing reloading, he fires off toward the wagon. Pomroy and Fenton are moving in from b.g., firing and taking advantage of cover.

218 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND REB 218
Gentry frees Reb, who is only half-conscious. A welt lines his forehead where the rawhide has been tied. Gentry barely manages to get him in beside the wagon as bullets reach for them.

219 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND REB 219
Seeing that Reb is shaking off the effects of the stake-out, Gentry raises up from behind the corner of the wagon that shelters them. Swiftly he reaches for the .30-.30 near the seat.

220 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 220
taking careful aim, he fires.

221 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 221
He jerks back, dropping the .30-.30 to the ground, and clutches his left arm where the bullet has grazed him.

222 CLOSE SHOT - THE MARSHAL 222
Reloading, he starts to fire. Then the sudden stillness makes him glance toward Gentry.

223 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 223
He leans back against the wagon, flattening out so as not to be seen from Bannister's position. A combination of pain and anger drawshis mouth into a grim line.

224 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 224
A look of fleeting satisfaction crosses his face. Waving his men to follow, he runs forward.

225 PAN SHOT - BANNISTER, POMROY, AND FENTON 225
Their weapons held in readiness, they run in toward the wagon, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM.

226 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND MARSHAL 226
The Marshal moves IN beside Gentry, his eyes plainly questioning what the latter is doing. Gentry raises his hand, cautioning the Marshal to remain motionless. The o.s. SOUND of Bannister and his men running in grows louder and louder.

227 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER AND HIS MEN 227
Through the harness, they can be seen running in from b.g.

228 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 228
A muscle in his jaw tightens as he waits. The o.s. SOUND of Bannister and his men running in seems intolerably loud.

229 CLOSE SHOT - THE WAGON AND GENTRY 229
For a brief moment only the corner of the wagon is visible; then Gentry suddenly steps in view, his .45 seeming hardly to recoil as he fires off three SHOTS with awesome rapidity.

230 FULL SHOT - BANNISTER, POMROY, AND FENTON 230
Pomroy and Fenton are jerked erect by the impact of the bullets, go down as if pole-axed. Bannister falls, hit in the leg. Rolling to one side, he regains his feet with cat-like speed and opens fire.

231 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 231
Both men fire almost simultaneously at Bannister.

232 CLOSE SHOT - BANNISTER 232
He is dead before he hits the ground.

233 FULL SHOT - GROUP 233
Gentry and the Marshal move OUT toward the fallen gunmen. Reb looks after them, then turns toward:

234 MED. POV SHOT - VENERO #2 234
Through the wagon wheel, he can be seen raising up to fire.

235 CLOSE SHOT - REB 235
With an effort he crawls to the .30-.30 Gentry has dropped. Picking it up, he fires.

236 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 236
They are standing over Bannister's body as the rifle cracks o.s. They turn swiftly toward:

237 MED. SHOT - VENERO #2 237
Hit pitches forward, fall, and lies still.

238 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY AND THE MARSHAL 238
They exchange glances in response to Reb's action, then start back toward the wagon.

239 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 239
Reb is pulling himself erect, using the wagon wheel for support. Gentry and the Marshal walk IN.

GENTRY
(half-smiling at Reb)
For a man who shoots sittin' down,
you do all right. Can you walk?

REB
Yeah. I think so.

Putting a hand on Gentry's shoulder, Reb starts with them toward the fort. With each step he grows stronger. Then, abruptly, he stops.

CONTINUED

239 CONTINUED (contd) 239

REB (contd)
Wait a minute.

Turning, he EXITS toward Bannister. Gentry and the Marshal look after him with obvious puzzlement.

240 PAN SHOT - REB 240
He walks in twoard Bannister's riddled body.

241 CLOSE SHOT - REB 241
Kneeling down, he removes his letter from the dead man's pocket. Then, straightening, he EXITS.

242 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 242
He touches the wound in his arm gingerly, conscious of the blood that has dried on his sleeve. He then looks questioningly toward Reb as the latter approaches.

243 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 243
Gentry speaks as Reb walks IN.

GENTRY
Everything all right?

Reb tucks the letter inside his shirt and smiles.

REB
(pointedly)
It is now.

The start off toward the fort. ANGLE widens. In b.g., a number of Gentry's men can be seen, coming out to meet them.

FADE OUT

#12249

-- TAG --
("DEFIANCE")

FADE IN

244 EXT. FORT - DAY - SCENIC SHOT - WAGON TRAIN 244
A small wagon train is leaving the fort, drawing away from the gates in a widely-spaced line.

245 PAN SHOT - GENTRY 245
He rides briskly in toward the wagon train. He wears a clean shirt and his boots are shined -- indicative that this is a special occasion. CAMERA PANS him toward a pair of riders who flank the wagon line. The riders are U.S. Marshal Stewart and Jess, his Deputy.

246 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 246
He reins in and waves toward the Marshal and Jess.

247 MOVING SHOT - THE MARSHAL AND JESS 247
Jess' arm is in a sling, but he rides with his customary ease. Seeing Gentry o.s., they return his wave, then continue on with the wagons.

248 CLOSE SHOT - GENTRY 248
He smiles, looking after them. Then, pivoting his mount, he rides back toward the fort in b.g. CAMERA HOLDS as his figure grows smaller in the distance.

FADE OUT

-- TAG --
(to be added for "LARAMIE")

FADE IN

249 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT 249
Jess moving down the stagecoach road, leading to the house. His arm is still in the sling -- although a smaller one, perhaps -- and both he and his mount appear tired, dusty.

250 CLOSE SHOT - CORRAL - ANDY 250
He is about to close the corral gate when he sees Jess, o.s. Instantly Andy runs into f.g., shouting off:

ANDY
Slim! Jonesy! Look who's comin' in! It's Jess!!

251 FULL SHOT - SLIM AND JONESY 251
Putting aside a stagecoach wheel they have been repairing, they move in toward Andy.

252 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP 252

JONESY
(as Andy waves off)
He looks mighty tired. Bet he'll stay closer to home from now on.

ANDY
(sudden concern)
Hey, he's got his arm in a sling.

Andy runs OUT to meet Jess.

SLIM
(looks off at Jess)
He'll get more'n his arm in a sling, the next time he goes trailin' off like that.

JONESY
With him gone, the chores sure did pile up. Just barely see over the top of 'em, one day to the next.

SLIM
Yeah, he slickered out of 'em all right. Never did see a man to beat him when it comes to dodgin' work.

JONESY
You're not so bad yourself. It was me an' Andy that had to do
(contd)

CONTINUED

252 CONTINUED (contd) 252

JONESY
(contd)
all the work around here. Or maybe you've forgotten bein' in bed with a sore foot practically the whole time he was gone...?

SLIM
(half-smiling)
Just don't tell him that, Jonesy.
(the smile broadens)
Otherwise I won't have anything to complain about at all.

253 aANOTHER ANGLE 253
Half-tipping Jonesy's hat down over the others eyes, Slim goes out to meet Jess, as we:

FADE OUT

THE END