LARAMIE

"FUGITIVE ROAD"

Robert Lowery

(7-13-59)

7-6-59

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12218
July 6, 1959
REV. 7/10/59
REV. 7/13/59

LARAMIE

1 Hour In Color

"FUGITIVE ROAD"

Teleplay

by

Paul Savage

Story

by

Dan Ullman

PROPERTY OF:

REVUE PRODUCTIONS

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

LARAMIE

"FUGITIVE ROAD"

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July 6, 1959
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CAST

SLIM
JESS
ANDY
JONESY
GIL BRADY
SGT. ABE JORDAN
ARIKA

BITS:

MAJOR FERRON
TROOPER

SILENT:

GUARD

SETS

INTERIORS:

STABLE (ARMY)
MAJOR'S OFFICE
SHERMAN RANCH HOUSE

EXTERIORS:

SHERMAN RANCH AND RELAY STATION
FENCE AND FIELD NEAR RANCH
ARMY OUTPOST
TRAIL TO CANADA (VARIOUS LOCATIONS)

FADE IN

1 EXT. ARMY OUTPOST - DUSK - FULL SHOT 1
It's hard to tell this is an army post -- or what time of day it really is. A whipping wind has kicked up a blinding, whistling sand storm. As CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the storm, we can see outlines of a few buildings, indicating life does exist here. Another indication is the figure of a man, SGT. ABE JORDAN, who, head bowed into the wind, APPROACHES CAMERA obliquely. When he is in MED. SHOT, CAMERA MOVES him to a small building where a soldier stands guard.

2 INT. STABLE - DUSK - CLOSE SHOT 2
We can HEAR the wind storm outside. CAMERA IN CLOSE ON the face of TROOPER GIL BRADY. He is about twenty-five, a Southerner. Not a big man and fairly young in appearance. A fist smashes into his cheek with a crack and he is slammed backward.

3 MED. SHOT 3
INCLUDING another Trooper who administers the beating. Trooper Brady falls to the straw-covered floor with a groan. Immediately the Trooper picks him to his feet, steadies him, then a left to the stomach doubles Brady over and a right to the face sends him spinning backward into an empty stall.

4 MED. CLOSE - BRADY 4
hits the end wall of the stall with a thud and slips to the floor. He is not unconsicious.

5 MED. SHOT - THE TROOPER 5
INCLUDING Brady in b.g. He starts for Brady but stops when he hears the o.s. SOUND of the stable door open.

6 MED. CLOSE - THE STABLE DOOR 6
ANGLE is such that we see the back of a soldier's head. He turns INTO CAMERA, just closing the door. This is Platoon Sergeant Abe Jordan. He is about forty, a mean looking, hard man. Countless brawls, broiling sun and fifteen years of army life have left their marks on him. He cocks his head at the o.s. SOUND of footsteps. He shifts his expressionless gaze toward it.

7 NEW ANGLE 7
The Trooper walks toward the Sergeant, from the rear of the stable. There is no sign of 'being caught'. At the door he opens it. The wind whips in some of the blowing sand. The other Trooper nods as he goes:

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED (contd) 7

TROOPER
(quite conversationally)
Kickin' up a twister, Sarge....

He exits, closing the door as he goes. Jordan, still expressionless, pauses a moment, then starts in the direction from which the trooper came.

8 LOW UP-ANGLE SHOT 8
Jordan walks TOWARD CAMERA, looking into the stalls on either side as he approaches. He stops at the one where Brady lies.

9 CLOSE SHOT - JORDAN 9
Expressionlessly, he looks down at o.s. Brady.

10 P.O.V. 10
Brady lies on the floor. He looks up at Jordan. He flinches, expecting another beating.

11 LOW UP-ANGLE 11
SHOOTING TOWARD the front door, from near the stall. Sgt. Jordan walks AWAY FROM CAMERA, down the length of the stable to the door and exits. CAMERA HOLDS. Finally, we HEAR a scraping, rustling SOUND. Slowly Trooper Brady pulls himself out of the stall INTO SHOT. Painfully he gets to his feet. He starts toward the door.

12 MED. SHOT - BRADY 12
He works his way slowly along.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE 13
He finally gets to the door -- looks around -- takes a bridle from a peg. Holding the reins up short, near the bit, he steadies himself, then swings the door open. It slams wide in the wind and the sand whips in. Brady stays close to the wall as the armed soldier (a Sentry) enters, gun ready. With what well seems the last ounce of his energy, Brady saps the soldier with the metal bit. The man slumps, silently, to the floor. Brady now moves to the door, catches himself in the doorway for a moment, then staggers out into the storm. CAMERA MOVES into the doorway and HOLDS ON the SCREAMING, blinding sandstorm. Brady is quickly lost from sight. HOLD, then:

FADE OUT

(TITLES)

FADE IN

14 EXT. ARMY OUTPOST - DAY - FULL SHOT 14
The storm has subsided but it's still blowing some. This is the same area as seen earlier (only now you can see it). CAMERA PICKS UP Sgt. Jordan as he crosses the compound. A few Troopers watch as he strides forward. There is a purposeful urgency in his step.

15 MED. UP-ANGLE - JORDAN 15
As he PASSES CAMERA, we can see a look of set determination on his face. He is a man with a mission.

16 MOVING SHOT 16
As Jordan stalks on. From b.g. ARIKA, a Sioux scout approaches on the run. He is lithe, about forty and hard. There is the animal...The hunting animal about him. With all this there will be felt a Gunga Din quality about him...he calls out:

ARIKA
Sergeant Jordan....

Jordan glances at the approaching Indian but doesn't stop. Arika runs up to him. There is an underlying affection existing between these two. Still Jordan is the Sergeant and Arika is a scout.

ARIKA (contd)
Sergeant, I....

JORDAN
(gruffly)
Not now...Arika....

CAMERA STOPS as Arika stops the Sergeant.

ARIKA
Sergeant, please -- I wish to ---

JORDAN
(pulling some brown cigarettes from his shirt)
Awright! Here!

He has extracted one from the pack and almost thrown it at Arika. He starts out again. Again Arika stops him. He respectfully holds the cigarette out, returning it.

ARIKA
You will need one such as me to read the trail....

Jordan looks levelly at him, then flatly:

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (contd) 16

JORDAN
No, I won't. You're staying here.

Without waiting for an answer, Jordan stalks away. Expressionlessly Arika watches his retreat.

17 MED. SHOT - JORDAN 17
approaches the building. It is the Post Commander's Office. He climbs the steps.

18 INT. OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT 18
This is the office of the Fort Commander, MAJOR RICHARD FERRON. He is forty-odd and a career soldier like Jordan. They have served together for ten years. The room is Spartan-like...typical of the time. A map of the western United States hangs on the wall. Impedimenta of the time and location are in evidence. As Jordan enters, Ferron turns from the window through which he has watched the Sergeant's approach -- Jordan's attitude is one of a man bent on revenge...personal revenge... We must feel this, underlying throughout the scene. Jordan enters, steps to the desk, throws a salute at the Major and has it returned. Immediately, he starts to talk:

JORDAN
Major ---

FERRON
(interrupting)
I know what you're going to ask for, Abe. The answer is no.

Jordan takes a breath and lets it out; he retains control, but he is angry. Almost incredulously, he asks:

JORDAN
You're going to let Brady get away?

FERRON
With eighteen troopers left in the command I don't have much choice. I can't spare a patrol to go looking for Brady -- and that's it.
(hard; military)
Anything else, Sergeant?

JORDAN
Yes, sir.
(straightens back; becomes very correct)
First Sergeant Abe Jordan requests permission to handle this matter alone.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (contd) 18

This does not come altogether as a surprise to the Major; however, he disapproves. He relaxes somewhat, becomes more man-to-man than officer-to-soldier.

FERRON
You're not making sense, Abe. You can't track him after that storm, in the first place. In the second, he could be dead by now.

JORDAN
(quietly hard)
Then I'll bring his carcass back.

There is enough cold hate and purpose in his tone to elicit a long, thoughtful look from Ferron.

FERRON
I need you here, Abe, until we get replacements. I need you bad. You know that.

JORDAN
(unrelenting)
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Ferron is irritated, and getting nowhere. He sighs, defeated.

FERRON
You'll never find him. You don't even know where to start looking.

Jordan grins now -- not an attractive grin, but with the glee of a bloodthirsty man who has picked up a scent. He takes a letter or two from his pocket.

JORDAN
I went through his gear, Major. He's got letters postmarked Laramie. He's got kin there.

Ferron takes the letter and looks at them gravely, then back up to Jordan's set, purposeful face, and we:

FADE OUT

(MAIN TITLES AND OPENING COMMERCIAL)

FADE IN

19 EXT. NEAR CORRAL AT SHERMAN RANCH - DAY 19
CAMERA IN CLOSE ON JONESY, lying on his back. His derby is tipped over his forehead. He is catching forty winks, pillowing his head on his hands. Into FRAME sneaks a long piece of straw. It tickles Jonesy on the nose. It twitches like a rabbit -- the straw keeps pestering him. His hand shoos away the pest. He pops open an eye, finally, and:

JONESY
(drawls)
They's one thing this old world sure can get along without... that's a pest.

CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit and we see JESS and ANDY, crouched low behind a bale of hay. Jess is the tormentor. Andy does his best to contain a laugh. Jonesy doesn't move as he continues through the above:

JONESY (contd)
I like a certain fryin' sized tick, I know....

Andy nudges Jess. Jess sticks the straw out once more. In one movement, Jonesy smoothly grabs the straw and slips the end into his mouth, still continuing:

JONESY (contd)
And his friend...No, sir -- I don't reckon either one of 'em would be missed.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as he sits up in a cross-legged position and turns to his tormentors:

JONESY (contd)
What d'you two think?

ANDY
(giggling)
Aw...you knowed all along....

JONESY
'Course I did...
(taps his nose)
You was upwind....

Jess and Andy look at one another.

JONESY (contd)
(to Andy)
Smelled the liniment I rubbed on yo'r south end...when that horse threw you.

CONTINUED

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19 CONTINUED (contd) 19
Jess laughs as Slim rides up and reins in.

ANDY
He didn't neither throw me....

20 MED. UP-ANGLE SHOT - SLIM 20
He isn't too much the boss as he looks down at the loafers.

SLIM
Any of you know where I can hire some good hands...Help run a small spread I own? Like for instance, there's a fence needs fixin' in the south meadow.

21 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GROUP 21
Jess and Andy get to their feet. Going along, Jess plays it straight.

JESS
Well now, Mister...We've got pretty good bunks at the Sherman place...Course, if you really need help....

He looks at Andy who joins the game:

ANDY
(shrugs; to Jess)
Sure...why not...he looks like a nice enough fella....

JONESY
(getting to his feet)
Tell you what...I'll even go fix up some Mulligan for supper, like I do over to the Sherman's....

He starts away.

JESS
(feigned chagrin)
Now that's the one reason I was quittin'...to get away from that stew.

JONESY
(turns; looks askance at Jess; points his finger; a beat)
Don't look fer no meat in yours. There ain't gonna be none.

He turns and walks toward the house. As Jess and Slim move out,

DISSOLVE

22 EXT. BRUSH NEAR RANCH YARD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 22
Moving unsteadily, with as much caution as he can, Brady appears through some brush or foliage. He looks filthy, exhausted, shows the effects of the storm as well as battering about the face. He has the look of a man frightened to the point of desperation. He stops, looks off at:

23 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - RANCH YARD - HIS POV 23
Andy is in the yard, his back to CAMERA, doing some sort of work in the yard.

24 MEDIUM SHOT - BRADY 24
He moves forward, concentrating to put one foot in front of the other. He is moving closer to the horse corral, now. As Brady comes closer, he tries to call out but does not have the strength.

25 MEDIUM SHOT - HORSES IN CORRAL 25
One of them catches sight of Brady and skitters nervously away from the rails, neighing in fright. The other horses mill around sporting and echoing the nervousness.

26 MEDIUM CLOSE - ANDY 26
He turns, frowning, to see what has upset the horses. He sees:

27 MEDIUM SHOT - BRADY 27
The dirty, blood-encrusted man moves unsteadily toward him, a frightening figure.

28 MEDIUM PAN SHOT - ANDY 28
He drops whatever he is doing and races for the house.

ANDY
Jonesy!

29 MEDIUM SHOT - AT DOOR 29
Andy's yell of fright brings Jonesy, in an apron, to the door just as Andy reaches it. Jonesy stares, takes one look, shoves Andy aside.

JONESY
Stay in there, boy!

He reaches over the door, brings down a large shotgun and stands in the doorway with it levelled. Andy peers around him, wide-eyed.

30 FULL SHOT - YARD 30
Brady continues to come on, having changed his direction now to walk toward the doorway.

JONESY
Hold it right there, now!

31 MEDIUM SHOT - BRADY 31
He does not seem to hear. He continues forward, toward CAMERA, coming in very close.

32 MEDIUM CLOSE - JONESY, ANDY 32
Jonesy is set to pull the trigger if he has to, as Brady comes closer and closer.

33 MEDIUM CLOSE - BRADY 33
He comes almost to the gun muzzle before he becomes aware of it. He stares at it with disbelief, shakes his head, finally gets some words out:

BRADY
Don't...don't kill me. Please don't kill me. I --

That is all. He drops in his tracks, in the dust.

33A WIDER ANGLE 33A
Jonesy and Andy are momentarily transfixed. Then, quickly, Jonesy bends to look at Brady's still form. He sets the gun aside, says quietly to Andy:

JONESY
Go get one of the extra bunks ready, Andy.

Andy does not move; he stares down at Brady.

ANDY
Jonesy, what --

JONESY
(firmly)
Hurry now, boy.

Andy moves out, now. CAMERA MOVE IN as Jonesy, rather gently, turns Brady over. He is unconscious; his face looks very young and pathetic. As Jonesy starts to lift him:

34 EXT. FENCE LINE - DAY - MED. SHOT 34
Slim and Jess are patching a wire break, using heavy gloves.

JESS
You know -- next week'll make two months.

SLIM
What?

35 CLOSE SHOT - JESS 35

JESS
The longest I've stayed in one place since Ol' Jeff Davis called it quits.

36 TWO SHOT - JESS AND SLIM 36

SLIM
(a beat)
You miss the big open....?

JESS
(honestly)
Sometimes...I've been five years on the drift.

SLIM
(after a pause)
You ever go back to Texas?

JESS
(a trace of sadness)
Once...just after the war...was nothin' left there for me.

SLIM
So you started to look for what was gone...someplace else.

JESS
(ruefully)
A lot of places....

37 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 37

SLIM
I don't think a man ever finds what he loses...Only something to take its place.

38 TWO SHOT 38

JESS
I know the first half of that is right...Time'll tell about the rest. For me anyway.

39 NEW ANGLE INCLUDING the lake and some cattle grazing on the lush hillside. 39

SLIM
For me...It'd be kinda nice to stop reaching out....

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED (contd) 39

Jess stands and pulls off his gloves. He smiles admittedly, as:

JESS
[redacted]...Just needs gettin' used to. Takes time to drive a stake deep.

Slim stands. The job is done. They are either side of CAMERA, which SHOOTS BETWEEN them, the better for us to see the country beyond.

SLIM
This is good country, Jess... good land. It holds a stake firm...once it's in.

JESS
(a beat; agreeing)
It's good country....

Slim glances at his friend suddenly aware, to break the almost philosophic mood that has been unwittingly established.

SLIM
You s'pose Jonesy meant it....?

Jess looks at him, still in the 'other' mood. He breaks, then grins.

JESS
'Bout no meat in the [redacted]o stew...?
He'd better not. I'm hungry.

They step AWAY FROM CAMERA and walk to their nearby horses. Mounting up, they ride away. CAMERA HOLDS as they ride through the grazing cattle, around the lake.

LAP DISSOLVE

40 EXT. RANCH YARD - DAY - MED. SHOT 40

CAMERA is at the bend in the road leading to the ranch yard. Slim and Jess, their horses at a slow walk, round the bend. As they PASS CAMERA, it SLOWLY PANS with them.

SLIM
(indicates o.s. ranch)
You've got to admit...that's not bad to come back to....

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (contd) 40

JESS
(grinning)
Man'd be pretty close to bein' a fool if he didn't....

PAN CONTINUES and we now see the house and the yard. They proceed on AWAY FROM CAMERA.

41 NEW ANGLE 41
They rein up at the corral, throw the reins over the cross pole and start for the house. As they go away:

SLIM
There's still a lot of land open for homesteading....

JESS
(laughs)
Take it slow...Everything in its time. Let me get used to the bridle 'fore you set the saddle.

Slim laughs. They step up onto the porch and open the door.

42 INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT 42
CAMERA ANGLES AT THE DOOR. It swings open and Slim and Jess step into MED. TWO SHOT. They stop in their tracks and look o.s., surprised.

43 MED. SHOT - THEIR POV 43
Brady sits at the table, fully conscious now. Jonesy is daubing his bruised face with iodine. His face is clean and the torn shirt is gone. At the moment, he is bare-chested. At the sight of o.s. Slim and Jess, he tries to stand. He is relieved and excited:

BRADY
You're back!

JONESY
(bossing)
You set down....

44 QUICK CLOSE SHOT - JESS 44
He reacts, frowning.

45 QUICK CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 45
Frowns...looks at Jess.

46 NEW ANGLE - SLIM AND JESS 46
As they start forward.

JESS
Gil!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Jonesy and Brady. Andy appears from another room, carrying a clean shirt. (His line is all but lost.)

ANDY
Here's one of Slim's shirts.

He sees his brother and Jess now. Brady pushes Jonesy's hand away and stands. Jess is surprised and concerned. Jonesy takes the shirt from Andy and helps Brady put it on.

JESS
What happened to you?

BRADY
I'm in trouble, Jess...terrible trouble.

JESS
What is it?

BRADY
(swallows; faces it)
I deserted.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED (contd) 46

JESS
(up)
You what!!

47 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 47

JONSEY
You listen to what he's got to say 'fore you start in on him!

48 GROUP SHOT 48
Brady sits back down at the table. Jess sits across from him.

JONESY
(indicates)
That there's Slim Sherman - Gil Brady.

Slim nods. Brady is an admitted deserter. Slim isn't on his side. At no time does Gil become a whiner. He's a frightened man, yes, but only because the odds are too great. He has fought them as long as he could. (That is what we believe.)

49 TWO SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 49

JESS
What's this about deserting?

BRADY
Jess, don't hound at me.

JESS
I'm not houndin' at you. I just want to know why.

50 CLOSE - ANDY 50

ANDY
There's a good reason, Jess.

51 GROUP SHOT 51

SLIM
(flat; hard; to Andy)
There's no 'good reason' for deserting.

JESS
What about Francie?

BRADY
She's all right - she's going to meet me when I get to Canada. That's why I came here -- for you to help me.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (contd) 51

SLIM
Don't mix in it, Jess.

52 TWO SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 52

BRADY
He's after me by now...and it won't take him long to find me.

JESS
Who're you talkin' about?

BRADY
His name's Abe Jordan.

53 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 53

ANDY
He almost got Gil killed.

54 CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 54

BRADY
He's crazy, Jess..I swear he's crazy.

55 GROUP SHOT 55

SLIM
(easily)
Is this Jordan in the Army?

BRADY
He's a sergeant at the post.

Jess frowns, looks up at Slim. It's obvious (to Slim) Brady is a deserter...a molly-coddled kid who has deserted. Jess turns back to Brady.

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55 CONTINUED 55

JESS
(up)
You mean you ran away 'cause you got a tough sergeant?

BRADY
(up)
Yeah, he's tough! Look at my face...!

JESS
He do that to you?

BRADY
He had it done.

SLIM
(still sympathetic)
What'd you do to deserve it?

BRADY
(beat; quietly)
I happen to have been born too far south...

Slim and Jess exchange quick looks.

56 CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 56

BRADY
It's as simple as that. I've been at that post fourteen months - with a man who's fighting a war that's been over five years. When he found out that I was at the Wilderness Battle in '64, he started in on me... an' he ain't never let up. He lost a brother there. It's bad enough I wore Grey, six years ago...but I was at the Wilderness, too....

57 GROUP SHOT 57
There is silence for a moment. Jonesy leans forward and indicates Brady's face.

JONESY
Tell 'em how that happened.

BRADY
(beat)
Fourteen months, I took it. He caught me tryin' to desert.

SLIM
Then you got the best of it. You know what they usually do to deserters.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED (contd) 57

BRADY
I do.
(to Jess)
Jordan catches me...He'll do it personal.

Jess is now really torn. Finally:

JESS
What do you want me to do, Gil?

BRADY
(glimmer of hope)
The last letter you wrote - you mentioned you'd been halfway up the Lolo trail...into Yellowstone.

JESS
(frowns)
That was two years ago.

BRADY
I want you to take me to Canada... through the Lolo...

A look of surprise from Jess. Evidently this is asking a lot.

SLIM
You'd never make it.

BRADY
It's either makin' it...or Abe Jordan.

SLIM
Why drag Jess into it? He'd be no help. He told you - he doesn't know the whole trail...and it's been two years.

BRADY
(a beat)
It's the quickest way...and that map you got would help.

SLIM
(narrowly)
What map?

JONESY
(still miffed at Slim)
I told him about the stage survey you done up there. I thought you'd
(contd)

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED (contd) 57

JONESY
(contd)
be glad to help. Didn't figger you fer six feet above contradiction.

JESS
I could do it with a map, Slim.

SLIM
(trying to dissuade him)
Jess - 'The Good Country' - remember? Don't throw it all away.

JESS
I've got to help him.

SLIM
No, you don't.

JESS
There's a reason.

JONESY
And a good one.

Slim looks at him. He shrugs.

JONESY (contd)
Ht told me 'n' Andy.

Slim waits. Brady lowers his gaze as though almost sorry to have started all this. Finally...to Slim:

JESS
The Francie I mentioned - she's my kid sister...and Gil's wife.

Reaction from Slim. Andy and Jonesy wait expectantly, then:

58 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 58
Casts his eyes about.

SLIM
I won't give it to you.

59 GROUP SHOT 59
Andy can't believe it. Jonesy is now really mad.

ANDY
What!?

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED (contd) 59

SLIM
(cuts him)
Jess -- if your sister is the reason you're going, tell me this: What happens to her when she gets up there? You think it will end? If they want to find him, they will. He knows that. He'll be on the run for the rest of his life...and Francie dragged along. Besides, no matter how you way it...
(looks at Brady)
It still comes out 'deserter'.

There is silence for a long moment, then:

JESS
I'm still going.

SLIM
It's your choice.

JESS
(with finality)
I guess that cuts it, Slim.

They look at one another. Neither wavers. Finally, Slim turns and walks out the front door. Andy, puzzled, doesn't know which way to turn. He runs out of the room. Jonesy is mad.

JONESY
Of all the mule-headed...
(stalks into the kitchen)
You'll need food and water.

BRADY
(honestly)
I'm sorry, Jess.

JESS
Don't be...The stakes weren't driven in so deep anyway.

He goes outside and the CAMERA MOVES IN ON Brady. Deserter or no, he is not an unlikeable man...here....

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT II

FADE IN

60 EXT. HIGH HILL - DAY - MED. SHOT 60
Slim, his horse grazing beside him, hunkers down, looking off. Below him, two riders canter away.

61 LOW UP ANGLE SHOT - ON THE TRAIL BELOW 61
Jess and Brady ride past.

62 MED. SHOT - BACK ON THE HILL 62
ANGLE IS SUCH AS TO HOLD ALL three people for some time. The ride through is long. Finally the riders are out of sight. Slim pulls up a blade of grass, chucks it, stands and mounts his horse. CAMERA ADJUSTS as he reins around and rides obliquely from the direction taken by the other two. CAMERA HOLDS and we should feel a kind of loneliness.

LAP DISSOLVE

63 EXT.CORRAL AREA - DAY - MED. SHOT 63
Jonesy is pitching some hay over the corral fence to the horses inside. Slim rides up. Jonesy doesn't do any more than look up. As Slim dismounts, Jonesy is just lifting another pitchfork of hay. Slim steps to him and takes the fork away, to finish the job. It's not an overt attempt at 'making amends'.

SLIM
You forgetting about your sacro-iliac....?

JONESY
No -- but there's some things I'd <u>like</u> to forget.

Slim just glances at him and continues pitching the hay, angering Jonesy all the more. Almost spoiling for a fight:

JONESY (contd)
I give them an extra horse.

SLIM
(easily)
I know.

JONESY
You can take it outa my pay.

SLIM
Jess had wages owed him.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (contd) 63

JONESY
(snorts)
Must be real nice -- gettin' rid of a debt so easy.

SLIM
(snaps)
Jonesy -- I'm in no mood...and I don't figure I had any debt.

JONESY
(flat)
Well, boy...you just keep on figgerin' that way. Maybe you'll never have no debts -- but you'll have nothin' else...neither.

SLIM
You're all-fire sure of your little pearls of wisdom, aren't you?

JONESY
I'll tell you what I'm sure of... I'm sure somethin's gonna happen to them two -- somethin' bad. And it ain't gonna be from whosoever's chasin' 'em... That trail gets mighty rough.

SLIM
Jess can take care of himself.

JONESY
Sure he can! I know that. But not with that shorthorn in tow.

Slim may well realize this -- and it eats at him. He tosses the pitchfork down and stalks away. Jonesy looks after him, grabs for the fork, and his sacro grabs him.

LAP DISSOLVE

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63A INT. SHERMAN RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - MED. SHOT - NIGHT 63A

It is fairly late. Jonesy is relaxing, tuning up his guitar. Seated near him and poring over the pages of a mail-order catalogue is Andy. Somewhat remote from both of them -- in position as well as in attitude-- sits Slim, at a table, going over accounts with frowning concentration. Andy points to a page in the catalogue.

ANDY
Look here, Jonesy -- look at these boots.

JONESY
Umm. Nice.

ANDY
They're like the ones Jess has.

Jonesy nods, then looks off toward Slim. Andy does the same realizing quickly that he may never see Jess again. He glowers in Slim's direction.

63B CLOSE SHOT -SLIM 63B

He does not change expression; however, he is aware of the big silence after the mention of Jess's name-- aware, also, probably, of the looks directed at him. Jonesy's guitar begins to pick out a mournful sort of tune.

63C MEDIUM CLOSE - JONESY 63C

After a few introductory chords, Jonesy sings a chorus of some particularly sad Western ballad -- if possible, with words appropriate to the situation of one man having abandoned another and left him to die.

63D WIDER ANGLE 63D

Slim takes it as long as he can, then turns slowly and with deliberation from his work. As Jonesy is about to embark upon another mournful chorus, Slim says with quiet authority:

SLIM
All right, Jonesy. Knock it off.

Jonesy strikes one more minor chord, looks up innocently.

JONESY
Music botherin' you, Slim?

SLIM
Yeah.
(indicating ledgers)
I'm trying to work.

CONTINUED

63D CONTINUED (cont'd) 63D

JONESY
Oh.
(rises, stretches)
Well... it's gettin' to be about that time, anyway. Come on, Andy.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Andy and Jonesy as they move to a doorway leading out of the kitchen area. There, Andy hesitates briefly, frowns off at Slim, then moves through the doorway without saying anything. Jonesy does the same.

63E CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 63E
To INTERCUT with above. He is waiting for someone to say "good night" to him, but no one does. He compresses his lips, doggedly returns to his books, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - DAY - MED. SHOT 64
Slim emerges from the house, stands still a moment -- a man with a problem. He steps off the porch, moves slowly toward CAMERA and exits in the f.g.

65 MEDIUM SHOT - ANDY, JONESY AND PETS 65
Slim approaches slowly, is about to pass the others. Andy is speaking, however, and Slim stops.

ANDY
...don't care if he is my brother...
He shouldn't a done it.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (contd) 65

CAMERA MOVES Slim around the cages and we see Andy -- Effects of crying are in evidence. Squatted down, the boy is feeding his raccoon. Jonesy is with him.

SLIM
Andy....

The boy looks up, then turns away toward Jonesy. Slim stands beside him. CAMERA ADJUSTS.

SLIM (contd)
Andy -- you got no right bein' mad 'cause I did what I had to.

ANDY
I'm mad 'cause you let a friend down... That's worse'n stealin' a man's horse and leavin' him afoot... A man can always get another horse... But a good friend is hard come by.

SLIM
(to Jonesy; mad)
Thanks Jonesy. You're sure helpin' things...turnin' my own brother against me...fillin' him with your back country sayin's....

Jonesy stands and faces Slim.

JONESY
(taking no guff)
Don't get your feathers on end to me, boy...Nobody's turnin' nobody 'gainst you -- 'cept yorself.

ANDY
(almost adult disgust)
Seems like you forgot. It was <u>you</u> said that about friends.

Jonesy looks at him waiting (almost smugly) for an answer.

SLIM
(beat)
What Jess is doin' is wrong -- there's no call on me to do wrong, too.

JONESY
(quiet; flat)
Jess is your friend....

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (cont'd) 65

SLIM
(quickly; hard)
Brady is a deserter. And I'm not going to help him.

For a moment, he seems almost angry enough to smack Andy.

JONESY
(very quietly)
You said all that before. More'n once.

Slim looks angrily at them both, then turns and stalks away.

66 CLOSE TWO SHOT - JONESY, ANDY 66
As they look after Slim, Andy is furious enough to say something very bitter. Before he can, Jonesy, looking at the boy, says gently:

JONESY
He's not mad at us, Andy. He's mad at himself.

ANDY
He oughta be!

JONESY
Now -- you gotta look at it a little from his side. He wants to help Jess -- I can see that. But --

ANDY
I can't!

JONESY
(going right on)
But he's not only thinkin' of himself. He could get put in jail for maybe ten years, for helpin' a deserter, you know that?
(touches Andy's shoulder gently)
No man wants that...specially a man who's got a little brother he's tryin' to help grow up.

Andy is troubled by this philosophy. He frowns up at Jonesy.

66 CONTINUED (cont'd) 66

ANDY
You sound like you're on his side, now.

JONESY
I didn't say that. I just wanted to show you he's got a side, that's all.

Andy broods about this, torn between anger at Slim and understanding him, and fighting both feelings. Suddenly, he looks off, seeing:

66A MEDIUM LONG SHOT - SLIM 66A
He is at or near the corral, grimly slapping a saddle on a horse, cinching it up, etc.

66B MEDIUM SHOT - ANDY, JONESY 66B
Wide-eyed, Andy stares. Jonesy looks with him.

ANDY
Jonesy -- what'd he gonna do?

After a beat, Jonesy grins.

JONESY
What do you think? We better hustle him some grub to take along. C'mon.

Andy quickly puts his raccoon back in the cage and hurries after Jonesy, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (DUSK) - FULL SHOT 67
Slim, rapping hard, sends his horse charging over the trail. It's a long ride through.

68 MED. SHOT - THE HILL 68
This is the same point from which Slim watched Jess and Brady departing. Now it is Andy, mounted on his horse, watching his brother. We can see Slim below, in the distant b.g., racing away, out of sight. When he has gone, Andy reins around and spurs away.

69 FULL SHOT 69
Andy, in the distance, knocks on his horse straight at CAMERA. The few cattle grazing skitter out of his way. As he APPROACHES CAMERA, he gives a youthful, exuberant 'YIP' of pleasure.

70 MED. SHOT 70
Andy comes around the bend in the trail, leading down to the ranch house. CAMERA PANS him as he runs his horse to the porch and dismounts. He sees strange horse tied at the rack in front of the house.

71 CLOSER ANGLE 71
Andy dismounts and steps to the other horse. By the trappings it's obvious this is an Army horse. Andy is quickly concerned. He pauses trying to decide what to do. He looks toward the house. Then, on tying the reins, he is just about to spook the animal away when a hand reaches out and grabs him by the scruff of the neck and almost pulls him off his feet.

72 INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT 72
Sergeant Jordan and Jonesy appear from another part of the house. Obviously, Jordan is making a search. Though he has a right to be angry, Jonesy is playing the 'puzzled man'.

JONESY
All you gotta do is tell me what it is you're lookin' for....

Jordan steps up short and faces Jonesy.

JORDAN
You have a hand here...A man named Jess Harper...Where is he?

JONESY
(feigns surprise)
That's what you come bargin' in for just now ---? Nobody here by that name.

JORDAN
(hard)
Mister, you know the penalty for helping an Army deserter?

JONESY
(conspiratorially)
This Harper fella -- he's a deserter?

73 WIDER ANGLE 73
INCLUDING the door. It bursts open and Arika brings in Andy. By scruff of the neck -- and one hand over his mouth. Jonesy immediately bristles -- Jordan hadn't known Arika followed him.

JONESY
Andy! What's goin' on? You leave go that boy!

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED (contd) 73

ARIKA
He try to steal horse.

JORDON
(surprised; angry)
Do like he says ---

JONESY
(Andy steps to him; mutters)
Steal a horse.
(to Jordan)
Now look here, soldier. I put up with your questions....

JORDAN
(to Arika; ignores Jonesy)
I told you to stay at the fort!

ARIKA
(simply)
Arika quit. Army...Go look for Brady.

A quick glance flashes between Jonesy and Andy.

JORDAN
You'll obey my orders.

ARIKA
(friendly; simply)
Yes,Sergeant...We look for Brady together....

Obviously, Arika is here to stay. There is nothing Jordan can do about it. With it all there is a trace of admiration toward the Indian by the Sergeant.

JONESY
What is all this...? Harper... Brady...Man handlin' this boy....

JORDAN
(beat; to Arika)
All right. Go look around.

ARIKA
(nodding and going)
Yes, Sergeant...Right away....

74 NEW ANGLE 74

JONESY
(to Jordan)
I don't know what this here's all about, but I had enough. I want you and your Injun to git...!

Jordan whirls on Jonesy.

JORDAN
(hard; commanding)
I've just rid twenty straight hours -- don't play the tackhead with me!

Not to be trifled with, he advisedly declares:

JONESY
An' this here ain't the Army -- so don't you play the Sergeant with me!

Jordan starts to boil.

JORDAN
Jess Harper wrote a letter -- to a 'man' named Brady. I traced that letter to Laramie -- man at the post office sent me out here.

75 MED. SHOT - THE ROOM 75

JONESY
(sarcastic)
Well now -- the Pinkertons could use a smart man like you...

Jordan looks sharply at him.

JONESY
(casually)
Andy -- you light that lamp on the table. It's gettin' dark.

Andy moves to the table to obey. As he does, Jordan steps up to Jonesy, CAMERA ADJUSTS TO TWO SHOT.

JORDAN
I'll ask you one more time -- where's Harper?!

JONESY
Now, you got me a bit confused. You want Harper or you want this here now Brady?

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED 75

JORDAN
(almost diabolically)
I want Brady!
(then)
I think he came here to see Harper...I want to know if he did.

JONESY
And once you know? Then what?

Jordan looks hard at him. We know 'then what'. Before Jordan can answer.

76 NEW ANGLE 76
INCLUDING the table. Andy stands there. The lamp is now lit, and the front door which opens admitting Arika who strides in. He carries a rolled-up Army shirt. Approaching Jordan:

ARIKA
Look, Sergeant. From the barn.

Jordan takes it and looks at it. It is the one Brady wore. Brady's initials are on the collar.

JORDAN
(beat; hard; flat)
You want to argue with this?

The bluffing is over. Long pause and looks around. Jonesy, quickly tries one more bluff.

JONESY
Brady was here -- but him and Jess went back to Texas.

Jordan looks slowly at Arika, who gives a faint glimmer of a smile. They both know this is a lie.

ARIKA
They went to Canada -- over the Lolo Trail . . .

JONESY
An' just how do you figger that?

JORDAN
(logically)
Because Canada's the one place Brady thinks he'd be safe. The Lolo is the shortest way to get there.

CONTINUED

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76 CONTINUED (contd) 76

ARIKA
We go now?

Jordan wants to, but logically:

JORDAN
The horses need rest -- so do we.
We'll leave in the morning.

He crosses to the door. Jonesy looks at Andy as though he had an idea.

77 MED. CLOSE - JORDAN 77
He turns at the door. Arika is in the b.g.

JORDAN
In case you got any thoughts of
ridin' out ahead of us, later.
(indicates Arika,
meaningfully)
Don't.... he sleeps with both eyes open.

CAMERA STARTS TO CREEP IN ON HIM.

JORDAN (contd)
Not you...not anybody is going
to stop me from getting Brady.

We end with a HEAD CLOSEUP and:

LAP DISSOLVE

78 EXT. TRAIL - DAY - NIGHT - MED. SHOT 78
Slim boots his horse over the now darkening trail.
CAMERA PANS him.

DISSOLVE

79 EXT. LOLO TRAIL - DAY - MED. FULL 79
It is rugged shale strewn country. At this point it is less a trail and more a precipitous mountain side. It is precarious going for Jess and Brady. Their horses pick their way slowly along, Indian file.

80 MED. SHOT 80
Jess reins up and dismounts. Some small stones start rolling down the slope. He motions to Brady:

JESS
We'd better walk 'em, Gil ---

81 P.O.V. 81
A steep slope angles down. The rocks are heavy and thick.

82 UP ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 82
grimaces, looking down.

BRADY
You sure this is the right way?

83 TWO SHOT 83
as Brady dismounts, carefully.

JESS
I stopped bein' sure twenty miles back.

BRADY
(not whining)
If we only had that map.

JESS
(flat)
We don't.

BRADY
It'd be a lot easier.

JESS
We haven't back-tracked yet. We're still headin' north.

BRADY
(beat)
Jess -- you think we'll make it?

JESS
We'll make it.

They start out, carefully, on foot, leading their mounts. They continue on and up.

84 MED. SHOT - SLIM 84
approaches, from the distance. He is on a lower, less precipitous trail. He keeps his eyes down, obviously following tracks. He walks his horse along, TOWARD CAMERA. Reining in, he looks off.

85 P.O.V. 85
Yellowstone country -- mountainous, rugged, the trail reaching out.

86 BACK TO SCENE - NEW LOW ANGLE 86
Slim starts out again, AWAY FROM CAMERA, at a slow canter -- eyes on the trail.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE 87
APPROACHING CAMERA -- Slim rides along. At a point, NEAR CAMERA, the trail divides. One trail seems to double back, the other goes off at an upward angle. Slim continues almost automatically on the switch-back trail. He reins in suddenly, looks the ground over -- no tracks. He reins around, back to the point where the trail divides. Here he finds the tracks again. Obviously this is the wrong trail. He frowns, then starts to follow the tracks.

88 MED. SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 88
Still in single file. The trail (?) is steeper and more precarious. They are getting themselves in deeper (into trouble). The going now is almost one step at a time. They continue on.

89 MED. CLOSE - BRADY AND HIS HORSE 89
The animal suddenly stops - pulling its head back sharply. It almost yanks Brady off his feet.

90 INSERT - BRADY'S HAND 90
Holding the reins; they pull through, out of his grasp.

91 BACK TO SCENE 91
INCLUDING Jess. Brady gives a cry of pain. The reins pulling as they did burned his hand. Jess looks back quickly. As he does, he slips, loses his balance and the reins to his horse. He stops his fall but helplessly watches both horses turn and start back the way they've come. They can't give chase, the shale-like trail is like egg-walking. They can do no more than continue on.

92 MED. SHOT - SLIM 92
This is the point in the trail where we first saw Jess and Brady. Slim works his way along. Suddenly, two horses come toward him, over a rise (Jess' and Brady's). He stops them, making a wise decision. He dismounts and, securing all three animals, starts out on foot. He stops, returns, takes his coiled rope from the saddle and starts out again.

93 SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 93
It is now a case of taking a step - stopping - waiting - then reaching out for a hold and taking another step. At one point Jess stops. Carefully working his belt off, he uses it as a loop (holding an end in each hand). He loops an outcropping and pulls himself up onto a ledge-like area. He gets Brady up with him. They rest for a moment.

94 MED. CLOSE - A LARGE BOULDER 94
The loop of a lariat settles over the boulder and it is pulled tight.

95 FULL SHOT - SLIM 95
Some distance from the boulder, at the opposite end of the rope, Slim pulls the line taut. Tying an end around his waist, he starts forward across a particularly dangerous spot. He is able to move much faster than the other two. At the boulder, he removes the noose, starts to recoil the rope - and continues on.

96 SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 96
They cling now to the side of the mountain. They look down.

97 POV 97
The shale-covered drop is at least a 45-degree angle. It falls away to a swift-moving stream or river. (It flows back toward Slim.)

98 BACK TO SCENE 98
Jess starts to move. He gets a very short distance from Brady and reaches back for him, after grasping an exposed root with his other hand.

JESS
Give me your hand.

BRADY
Jess...I'm scared.

JESS
Well -- you've got company. Give me your hand!

Slowly Brady reaches out. Their hands meet and grasp. Slowly Jess starts to pull Brady toward him.

99 INSERT - THE ROOT 99
It begins to pull loose.

100 SHOT - THE RIVER 100
At a SHARP DOWN ANGLE, it races on....

101 SHOT - JESS AND BRADY 101
They slowly work toward one another. They are almost together when the root suddenly pulls loose and they start down the incline. Brady SCREAMS, for help.

102 MED. SHOT - SLIM 102
He HEARS the yell and stops. ANOTHER SCREAM. He looks down.

103 QUICK POV - THE RIVER 103

104 BACK TO SCENE 104
Slim spots a large boulder below the point where he stands. The rope is quickly looped around the boulder and by holding one end and letting the other slip through his hands (burning them), he quickly lowers himself.

105 MED.SHOT - THE STREAM 105
Jess and Brady, a few feet apart, tumble into the stream and are swept down-stream. Brady manages to grab a low-hanging branch of a scrub tree and stop his forward movement. Jess, floundering, keeps going on down river.

106 ANOTHER ANGLE 106
INCLUDING Slim who is just stopping his descent at the edge of the river. He sees Jess floundering - and dives in after him.

107 SHOT - SLIM 107
Cutting through the water.

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108 SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 108
Slim is at a position to wait and catch Jess as he floats, struggling furiously by. Slim grabs him and, after a brief struggle, starts for shore.

109 MED. SHOT - THE RIVER BANK 109
Jess pulls himself out of the water. When Slim pulls himself alongside:

JESS
(breathing heavily)
One thing...I forgot...to learn...
was how to...swim....

SLIM
(breathing heavily, too)
How'd...you like...your first...lesson?

JESS
(grins)
Fine -- only I never...figured on you
to be here...to give it to me....

SLIM
(grins, too)
I'm full of surprises...like three
horses...waiting back down the trail.

Jess looks at him gratefully (and a bit sheepishly). Slim sees Brady approaching. His grin fades away and he gets to his feet. Pulling Jess up:

SLIM (contd)
Let's go....

Jess notes the change of tone, looks up, then sees Brady approaching and knows why. Before he can say anything, Slim starts away.

LAP DISSOLVE

110 EXT. LOLO TRAIL - DAY (DUSK) - MED. CLOSE - ARIKA 110
(This point is further back on the trail.) Arika kneels on one knee inspecting the trail. As he stands, CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE Sgt. Jordan who sits his horse. He lights up one of the brown cigarettes. Arika point on ahead:

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED (contd) 110

ARIKA
Two riders...maybe six...seven hours. Other rider still follow... maybe five hours. He getting closer.

JORDAN
(handing one cigarette to Arika)
How much light we have left?

ARIKA
(checking the sky)
Enough we go three...four miles.

JORDAN
They'll have to make camp soon.

ARIKA
They be closer to Canada....

JORDAN
(narrowly)
We'll get him before he crosses the border...him and Harper and anybody with him. I'll see to it personal they regret helpin' him....

This last is a dire threat, seeming to corroborate Brady's fears. Arika sticks the cigarette in his mouth, mounts up and they start off.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN

111 EXT. LOLO TRAIL - DAY - UP ANGLE 111
CAMERA ANGLES UP, HOLDING the rocky, mountainous reaches above and beyond. The SOUND of horses' hooves is heard faintly. CAMERA SLOWLY TIPS DOWN and we see Slim, Jess and Brady walking their mounts along the trail. They continue on. CAMERA HOLDS to:

LAP DISSOLVE

112 LOW UP ANGLE - FURTHER BACK ON THE TRAIL 112
Jordan and Arika slowly but doggedly work their way along the rugged trail. Jordan calls (M.O.S.) and Arika, in the lead, holds up. The Sergeant dismounts, tightens the cinch on his saddle, then looks off toward the upper reaches of the mountains.

113 POV 113
Another view of the wild, rugged country.

114 BACK TO SCENE 114
Jordan checks his saddle, climbs aboard and starts out again.

LAP DISSOLVE

115 MED. SHOT - SLIM, JESS AND BRADY 115
It is now coming on to dusk. The three men approach CAMERA. Slim is tired. He stretches in his saddle and looks back. Jess and Brady slump in their saddles. Slim looks around, then reins up.

SLIM
We'll make camp here for the night.

Brady looks up, as does Jess. There is still plenty of daylight and he is eager to continue on. Pulling up to Slim:

BRADY
(not unpleasant)
There's still a few hours of light left, Slim...Can't we go a bit further?

Slim steps down from his saddle, ignoring Brady's question.

SLIM
Get a fire going, Brady.

He starts to unsaddle his horse. Brady senses the hostility but shrugs it off.

116 MED. CLOSE - JESS 116
Reacts (not in anger) to Slim's obvious curt attitude. He dismounts.

117 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP 117
Brady dismounting, leads his horse away. Ground checking the animal, he begins to gather some wood. Jess approaches Slim as the latter finishes unsaddling.

JESS
(easily)
Can't be much further to the border.

SLIM
It's not.

JESS
(logically)
Sooner he gets into Canada -- sooner you get back to the ranch.

SLIM
I know.

118 TWO SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 118

JESS
(a beat)
Slim -- I've said nothin' -- but you know me'n Gil are obliged...you showin' us the way.

SLIM
I didn't do it for Gil.

JESS
Don't be hard on him -- he's a...kid who never growed up.

SLIM
Yeah.

JESS
You or me -- we could have handled a thing like...like that Sergeant Jordan. Gil...he's....

SLIM
(interrupts)
I know -- a kid who never growed up.
(a pause; then)
Jess -- you ever thought what'll happen if the Army finds out you helped a deserter?

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED (contd) 118

JESS
(beat; simply)
He's my kin...I didn't bother to think. But he ain't yours....

Slim looks up at Jess, and we:

LAP DISSOLVE THRU

119 MED. SHOT - JORDAN'S CAMP 119
It is dusk. The two men are unsaddling. Arika pulls his saddle off and drops it to the ground. He wants to keep going.

ARIKA
There be light still for a time...
We should not stop.

JORDAN
They'll be stoppin', too.

ARIKA
Maybe they keep going.

JORDAN
There's no reason to push themselves...
They don't know we're after them.
'Sides, the trail's too dangerous to follow after dark.

ARIKA
I go for look further on....?

120 CLOSE SHOT - JORDAN 120
looks narrowly at him.

121 CLOSE SHOT - ARIKA 121
Stoic, waiting.

122 TWO SHOT 122

JORDAN
(beat)
You want Brady most as bad as I do...But remember this...he's <u>mine</u>....

Arika looks at him narrowly, then walks up the trail. CAMERA MOVES IN on Jordan as we:

LAP DISSOLVE

123 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT 123
CAMERA IN CLOSE on the fire. CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED (contd) 123

Slim, Jess and Brady finishing the evening meal. Brady puts the tin plate down and stretches out on the ground, leaning against his saddle.

BRADY
If it meant my life...I couldn't eat another forkful.

JESS
No wonder -- you put away enough for three.

He looks at Slim, who studiously avoids being part of this. Jess turns his attention back to Brady, who rolls a cigarette.

JESSE
What do you plan to do once you get into Canada?

BRADY
Try an' find me a job somewheres, I reckon.

JESS
(easily)
Well, I should hope -- what with Francie comin'. Where's she gonna meet you, anyhow?

BRADY
What?...Oh, a place called Calgary.

124 QUICK CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 124

He reacts ever so slightly to this hesitant answer. He moves to a more comfortable position, against a fallen log.

125 NEW ANGLE - FAVORING JESS AND BRADY 125

JESS
You know, we haven't talked about her once in all this time. Tell me -- how is she?

BRADY
Oh, she's fine...fine.

JESS
(kiddingly)
You two got any young'uns yet?

BRADY
(beat)
What kind of a husband you think I am? I mean...me bein' in the army and all?
(contd)

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED (contd) 125

BRADY
(contd)
No, sir -- that's no way to have kids. We were savin' our money for a family, though. Maybe now we can have one.

JESS
Y'hear that, Slim? I'm gonna be an uncle.

Slim in b.g. looks up and nods. Jess turns back to Brady.

JESS (contd)
What's she look like, Gil -- still big-eyed and scrawny?

BRADY
No, Jess...no. She filled out nice.

JESS
You know -- the last time I saw her she wasn't but about sixteen...all elbows an' knees.

BRADY
You'd never know her now -- she's wuite a woman.

JESS
When I went back home an' heard you two'd got married...well, I was mighty happy...an' indebted to you. I used to worry 'bout her...bein' alone and all. She been a good wife?

125A MED. CLOSE - SLIM 125A-
He listens, moving a little against the log, as the next line comes over:

BRADY
None better, Jess ... And I done my best to make her happy.

125B VERY CLOSE SHOT - CORNER OF LOG 125B-
A good-sized rattler slithers into view, inches from Slim's hand.

125C MED. TWO SHOT - BRADY, JESS 125C-
Jess nods, digesting and believing Brady's last statement. He reaches for a piece of wood to replenish the fire -- and suddenly freezes, looking off, saying very quietly:

125C CONTINUED (contd) 125C

JESS
Slim. Don't move. Don't even breathe.

Slowly, unhurriedly, he draws his gun. INTERCUT:

125D MED. CLOSE - JESS'S POV - SLIM & SNAKE 125D
The rattler has seen Slim's hand and coils, watching the hand and buzzing. Slim moves his head very slightly so he can see the snake, but he moves no further than this.

125E MED. SHOT - JESS, BRADY 125E
Jess begins to cock his gun as soundlessly as possible. Brady, right next to him, says, not loudly:

BRADY
No, Jess! If anybody's trailin' us they'll hear the shot! Use your knife!

JESS
(tensely)
I can't throw a knife!

Brady, moving closer, says quietly:

BRADY
Where is it?

JESS
Back pocket.

With this, INTERCUT:

125F MED. CLOSE - SLIM & SNAKE 125F
Perspiring, Slim remains rigidly still.

125G MED. CLOSE - BRADY, JESS 125G
Slowly, Brady finds Jess's knife -- a clasp knife about five inches or so long; then, he thumbs the blade open, hefts the knife gently for balance, brings his hand back behind his head, full length, unhurriedly -- then, with a sudden, downward movement, he flings it out of scene.

125H MED. CLOSE - SLIM 125H
The knife flashes by him, going downward. He flinches slightly, then looks down at the o.s. snake, whose buzzing rattle has stopped.

125J INSERT - SNAKE, KNIFE 125J
The knife has pinned the snake to the log, perhaps an inch below the neck.

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125K FULL SHOT - GROUP 125K-
After a silence, Slim rises, bends, picks up the knife. He wipes it off on some grass, closes it and hands it to Jess, silently. Nobody says anything, but Slim looks long and hard at Brady, as we:

DISSOLVE

126 EXT. JORDAN'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT - UP ANGLE 126
Carrying over from the last scene, we see the night sky. The sparks are gone but the near identical crackling SOUNDS continue. CAMERA TIPS DOWN to CLOSE SHOT of Jordan's face in profile. It is almost grotesque in the firelight. He is attentively listening to the sounds. As CAMERA EASES BACK, we see Arika appear from out of the dark and approach. The crackling sounds are now (we see) from his footsteps in the underbrush. Jordan waits, sitting up in his bed-roll as the Indian comes up and kneels next to him.

127 MED. TWO SHOT 127

JORDAN
(demands)
Well....?

ARIKA
They're only a few miles ahead. -

JORDAN
You sure?

ARIKA
(nodding)
Tracks are one...two hours old. -

JORDAN
(beat)
All right.

ARIKA
We go after them now?

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED 127

JORDAN
(shakes his head)
It's too dark. We'd make too much noise. They'd hear us. We'll leave just before sun-up.

ARIKA
The bridge across the Canadian border is not too far away.

JORDAN
I said we'd leave at sun-up. I'm not takin' a chance on losin' Brady now.

ARIKA
If we wait too long -- we might lose him anyway.

JORDAN
Arika...I heard you comin' on to camp for the last hundred yards. I'm not chancin' their hearin', too.

ARIKA
I wasn't trying to be quiet. When I want to be, I can. You know that, Sergeant.

JORDAN
(snaps)
I ain't no Injun! I told you what we'd do. That's it. Now turn in.

Jordan lays back down, pulling the blanket over his head. Arika goes to the opposite side of the fire and lies down. HOLD, then: CAMERA BEGINS a SLOW MOVEMENT around the two men. Jordan moves in his bedroll - CAMERA MOVES IN on Arika, who lies with his eyes wide open. There is no sound except the gentle CRACKLE of the fire, and a night bird somewhere in the distance. Now CAMERA STILL MOVING, it comes in on fire and HOLDS;in a TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE we see the fire burned down considerably. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Jordan, still asleep and Arika's bedroll empty. It is still night. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK, and we

LAP DISSOLVE

128 EXT. THE TRAIL - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT 128
CAMERA MOVES SWIFTLY ALONG and we see Arika moving silently down the trail. It's as though he were a ghost. He makes no sound...indeed he is 'like a night animal.'

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129 EXT. SLIM'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT - MED. FULL 129
The three figures lie huddled in their blankets. The fire is fairly low. Here, too, all is quiet. A long pause, then the SOUND of one of the horses suddenly snuffling is HEARD.

130 MED. CLOSE 130
FAVORING one of the sleeping forms. At the REPEATED SOUND of the horse's snuffle, the form(Jess) is suddenly awake. Sitting bolt upright, alert. He throws back the blanket and comes up with his pistol. The cocking SOUND snaps in the silence.

131 MED. CLOSE 131
INCLUDING Jess, but FAVORING one of the other sleeping forms (Slim). In one motion he is out of his bedroll and rolling a few feet away. Bouncing to his feet, he comes up with his gun at the ready. Again the SOUND of the gun cocking, snaps the silence. Both men look warily around. Brady sleeps blissfully on. The horse snuffles again...then silence.

132 MED. SHOT - THE TWO 132
A beat. They look at one another, relax, then let the hammers down on their guns. They step toward one another. As Jess squats near the fire and adds some wood:

SLIM
(lightly)
You sleep pretty light.

JESS
Comes from havin' nothin' on my mind.

Slim looks from Jess to Brady.

133 MED. CLOSE - BRADY 133
He turns over in his sleep, unaware as to what is going on.

134 TWO SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 134
Slim looks back at Jess who has understood the implication. Slim hunkers down beside him and starts to roll a cigarette. Jess picks up the blackened coffee pot and places it nearer the fire.

JESS
Some coffee?

SLIM
(takes coffee)
Thanks.

JESS
(pause)
Couple hours, and we'll be across the bridge to Canada and it'll all be over.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED 134

SLIM
Yeah.

JESS
(covers his dislike
for the idea - a beat)
I never been to Canada...Reckon I'll stay a while and have a look around.

SLIM
(shakes his head)
No need for that. It's just another part of the big open.

JESS
Maybe.
(then meaningfully)
But it ain't good when a friendship makes a man go against himself.

SLIM
Sometimes a friendship...or a man... needs a test.

There is a silent pause.

135 NEW ANGLE 135
Jess pours himself a cup of coffee and sips it, during the lull.

JESS
(covering)
It's not hot...but it is coffee.
(another pause; then)
You understand why I did it?

SLIM
I guess so.

JESS
It's on account of Francie.

SLIM
(shrugs)
That's how I figured it. But I don't think you're helpin' either of 'em much.

JESS
(nods)
You think they'll be on the high lope from now on.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED (contd) 135

SLIM
They will if the Army tries to get him back.

JESS
(he wants to believe)
Maybe not...But even if they are... It's better'n him bein' in Yuma prison.

SLIM
(ruefully)
Is it? You like the idea of her maybe never having a home?

JESS
I like the idea of her havin' her man to look after her -- She's got a right to some happiness.

SLIM -

JESS
NO MATTER

SLIM
Everybody has....

JESS
(a beat)
A man's free to strike out on his own... if what he's leavin' don't suit him. That's what I did. It's different for a woman...She's gotta make do.

SLIM
That's the way things are.

JESS
Francie wasn't even a woman...she was just a kid...There was a lot of us Harpers...Francie was the only one worth anything.
(reproachfully)
I went on the drift...I didn't stay... Left her to...left her with them....
(tight)
They're all gone now....
(he breaks off the dark thought; then)
And she's found somebody who cares
(contd)

135 CONTINUED (contd) 135

JESS
(contd)
about her. She found Gil...and I'm gonna do my best to see she don't lose him. I turned my back on her once when she needed me -- I'm making up for it, now....

136 MED. SHOT - ARIKA 136
He is moving much slower now. Proceeding several feet toward CAMERA, he stops, kneels and checks the trail. When he looks up, there is an expression of eager anticipation on his face. He continues on, even more quietly, past CAMERA.

137 MED. SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 137
Jess flicks his cigarette into the fire.

SLIM
I guess it's just a matter of doing what a man feels is right.

JESS
(nods)
There comes a time...you gotta think with somethin' other than your head.

SLIM
(regretfully)
I just wish Brady was worth it.

Jess tosses the remainder of his coffee into the fire.

JESS
(simply)
I think he is.

SLIM
(shrugs - just as simply)
I don't.

JESS
He did somethin' for you, Slim.

SLIM
Yeah, I know.

Jess stands. There is no animosity between these two. They are friends. Also, there is nothing more to say.

JESS
It's almost dawn.

SLIM
(stands, looking at the sky, nodding)
Be light in an hour or so. Guess I'll stretch out for a while.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (contd) 137
Jess nods and adds a piece or two of wood to the fire as Slim goes to his bedroll and lies down. Jess now goes to his bedroll and stretches out. CAMERA BEGINS to creep, very slowly, back until the campsite is in FULL SHOT. Once or twice the blanketed figures move, then lie still.

138 MED. SHOT - ARIKA 138
He pads slowly, silently, along from b.g. toward CAMERA and past.

139 MOVING SHOT - ARIKA 139
Moving through the wild country like a spectre.

140 MED. SHOT - ARIKA 140
Coming from b.g. he approaches CAMERA to HEAD CLOSE SHOT. His eyes narrow expectantly. He looks o.s.

141 NEW ANGLE 141
SHOOTING OVER his shoulder. We see Slim's camp in b.g. through some brush. The Indian silently stands surveying the camp. Again one of the blanketed forms turns and Arika quickly drops to the ground.

142 MED. CLOSE - ARIKA 142
He looks o.s. at the sleeping men. At this moment, he looks every bit the fierce, vengeful savage. HOLD as we:

FADE OUT

(END OF ACT III)

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(contd)

137 CONTINUED 137
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142 MED. CLOSE - ARIKA 142
He looks o.s. at the sleeping men. At this moment, he looks every bit the fierce, vengeful savage. Slowly, and with satisfaction, he draws his knife and we:

FADE OUT

(END OF ACT III)

ACT IV

FADE IN

143 EXT. SLIM'S CAMP - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 143
It is almost dawn. In just a few minutes the sun will come up over the mountains. CAMERA ANGLE over the camp, and the sleeping men, toward the place where Arika is hiding. At the moment we can't see him. ESTABLISH, then, as CAMERA HOLDS, the Indian seems to materialize from out of the ground. Stealthily, a few steps at a time, he approaches.

144 CLOSER ANGLE 144
Arika, knife in hand, slips past Camera and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. In the b.g. are the three sleeping men. The fire is almost ashes. Arika's footsteps don't make a sound.

145 NEW ANGLE 145
FAVORING ONE OF THE SLEEPING MEN. Arika approaches, looks down at the figure. The face is covered. He looks down at the length of the man's body. The booted feet tell him this is not Brady. He moves on.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE 146
Silent as a wraith he slips toward another of the sleeping men. This man suddenly turns in his sleep. A leg is exposed and se wee a blue-uniformed pant leg. This is Brady. Arika works closer to him.

147 CLOSER ANGLE 147
Knife posed, Arika kneels beside Brady, who sleeps on unknowing of his danger. Arika looks over one shoulder, the knife at Brady's chest. As he starts to turn in the other direction to look over his other shoulder, a fist smashes him full in the face and he goes flying. Simultaneously, Brady is awake.

148 WIDER ANGLE 148
Slim leaps through the air to follow up his attack. Arika rolls away and leaps to his feet, knife ready. Jess is away with his gun out, but Slim is in the line of fire. Brady awakes, sleep-fogged for a moment. Arika lunges at Slim, who side-steps - not before his arm is slashed - and grabs his wrist. In one smooth movement, Slim wrests the knife out of the Indian's hand by twisting it. Arika gives a sharp cry of pain and falls to the ground. The arm is broken.

149 MED. SHOT - FAVORING BRADY 149
Now fully awake, he jumps to Slim's bed roll. The saddle is there and the rifle in the saddle-boot. Brady grabs the rifle, levers a shell into the chamber and raises it to fire.

150 ANOTHER ANGLE 150

Jess yells at him and, lunging forward, knocks the rifle into the air just as it goes off. OVER this action, Jess yells:

JESS
Gil!

Brady, almost a madman by now, levers another shell into the chamber. Stepping closer to Arika:

BRADY
(shouting)
He tried to kill me!!

Jess grabs the barrel and hits Brady on the temple with the pistol. Brady goes down, stunned, but not out.

JESS
He can't hurt you now - his arm's broke.

151 WIDER ANGLE 151
Almost in answer to this, Arika, his broken arm dangling, gets to his feet. Screaming an oath, he lunges on top of the prostrate Brady. Slim has made a grab to stop him but missed.

152 CLOSE SHOT - BRADY AND ARIKA 152
With one hand, he is in the process of choking Brady, who tries vainly to fight him off.

153 WIDER ANGLE 153
Jess drops the rifle he took from Brady. Grabbing Arika by the broken arm, he pulls him off. Arika gives a sharp cry of pain and loosens his grip. Jess throws the Indian backward.

154 QUICK CLOSE SHOT - ARIKA 154
Grimaces with pain. He holds his broken arm.

155 QUICK CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 155
Struggles to a sitting position, rubbing his throat.

156 MED. SHOT 156

Slim, his arm bleeding, steps up to Jess and Brady. Roughly, he pulls Brady to his feet.

SLIM
(tight; hard)
Why'd that Indian want you dead?

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED 156

BRADY
I don't know.

JESS
(in fast)
Slim...

SLIM
(driving)
He singled you out. Passed me by and went for you. I want to know why.

JESS
(steps between Slim and Brady)
You been on his back ever since Laramie...now lay off!

SLIM
(to Jess)
Did you get a look at his shirt? That Indian's a scout for the Army!

157 QUICK SHOT - ARIKA 157
He looks balefully o.s. at the three.

158 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP 158

JESS
So he's a scout...Then that's your answer...why he went for Gil.

SLIM
(hard)
Since when do they try to kill deserters instead of bringing them in for trial?

BRADY
(a beat; then quickly)
He'd kill me for the twenty dollar bounty on deserters...

Slim reacts...this could be the reason.

JESS
(flat)
That satisfy you?

BRADY
(adds)
...Kill me quiet-like, then sneak away.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED (cont'd) 158

BRADY (cont'd)
Come back for his proof after you'd gone.

Slim hesitates, looks at Arika, then crosses to him.

159 NEW ANGLE 159
Slim kneels beside Arika. Jess and Brady are seen in b.g.

SLIM
What about that, Indian? You heard what they said...Is that why you tried to kill him -- for the bounty?

In reply, Arika spits in the dirt.

ARIKA
His life is not worth that.

160 QUICK MED. CLOSE - JESS AND BRADY 160
Brady reacts.

161 TWO SHOT - SLIM AND ARIKA 161

ARIKA
And you and the other are like him.

SLIM
(hard)
Then why did you try to kill him?

162 CLOSE SHOT - ARIKA 162

ARIKA
(a beat)
For Palo Duro Canyon!!!

163 CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 163
reacts.

164 UP ANGLE 164
Slim and Arika in f.g. Jess and Brady in b.g.
Slim looks back at them.

SLIM
(beat - flat)
What about Palo Duro Canyon -- ?

BRADY
I don't know what he's talkin' about.

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED (contd) 164

ARIKA
(fairly shouts - passionately)
I talk about twenty men who die there because you deserted under fire.

BRADY
(to Jess)
He's crazy...

ARIKA
(building)
I talk about the boy soldier at Palo Duro who died with a war-lance in his throat...whose brother beat you...The marks you carry now...

Brady's hand goes to his face.

BRADY
That's a lie!!...Sergeant Jordan ordered this done because...

ARIKA
(builds more)
I talk about the Sioux scout who fell at Palo Duro...fighting his own people... because he believed the white man was right.

It's beginning to get to Jess. Brady sees this.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE 165
FAVORING Jess and Brady. Slim and Arika in b.g.

BRADY
Don't listen to him, Jess...It ain't so...I say it ain't. I never been in Palo Duro. It was Jordan...him and his hatin' me 'counta The Wilderness...

Slim rises as he starts to speak. He crosses to Jess and Brady.

SLIM
(quietly)
You s'pose in the fourteen months he says Jordan's been ridin' him...the Fort Commander would have heard... You think he would have done somethin' about it?

JESS
(confused)
I don't know...

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED 165

BRADY
What do you mean, 'you don't know'...? Jess, you ain't turnin' on me...You ain't gonna believe this Indian - 'stead of your own kin...?

Jess hesitates. Not waiting more than a few seconds, Brady stops and picks up the rifle...quickly covering Jess and Slim. Slim is not surprised, like Jess, only mad at himself for being so careless.

BRADY
(bitter; desperate)
All right!!...You chose...

JESS
Gil!?!

BRADY
Throw your guns down...both of you.

As they obey:

SLIM
(to Jess)
Now are you convinced?

JESS
(ignores this; flat; to Brady)
Was the Indian right??...Did those soldiers get killed on account o' you?

BRADY
(he's lying but it sounds good)
No!...But if you want to believe it...Go right ahead.

JESS
If that's so...put that gun down and...

BRADY
Oh, no...You showed me where you stand. I ain't goin' back and have Jordan kill me.

JESS
Gil - I give you my word.

He takes a move toward him. Brady is desperate.

BRADY
Jess - I don't want to, but so help me -- I'll kill you where you stand.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED (contd) 165

Jess stops. Arika has edged toward his knife which lies some feet away. Keeping the rifle on Jess and Slim, Brady now starts toward the horses. Arika makes a lunge for his knife. Brady sees him and (with due respect to the rifleman) pumps two rounds into his body, killing him instantly. So fast did it happen, neither of the two has moved. They silently look at the inert Indian.

BRADY
I'll do the same to you...you move..

They don't.

166 REVERSE ANGLE 166

FROM THE HORSES. Brady approaches. He unties two of them and hazes them away. The third he mounts and rides away, on up the trail. In b.g. Slim and Jess watch helplessly.

167 MED. SHOT - JESS AND SLIM 167

They watch the o.s. retreat of Brady. Slim angrily grabs a kerchief from his back pocket. As he starts to tie it around his slashed arm, Jess takes it and helps him, as:

SLIM
(mad)
Of all the stupid...

JESS
Maybe it's for the best.

SLIM
Tell that to the dead Indian over there.

JESS
He tried to knife Gil.

SLIM
And you heard why...

JESS
I heard...but I ain't so ready to believe.

SLIM
If it makes you feel good...

The bandage is tied...with an extra tug by Jess, in lieu of an answer.

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168 ANOTHER ANGLE 168

Slim gruffly thanks him and heads for his blanket roll. He takes the blanket and covers Arika with it.

SLIM
It's gonna be up to you to get enough stones to cover him.

Jess is at his bed roll as a SHOT RINGS OUT, ricocheting away. Slim hits the deck, rolling. Jess has hit the dirt. They lie still looking off, as:

169 MED. SHOT - BRADY 169

O.s. a shot RINGS OUT. He reins up.

169A CLOSE SHOT - JESS AND SLIM 169A

JESS
(questioningly)
Gil??

SLIM
No...It came from back down the trail.

JORDAN'S VOICE
All right, Brady -- You and your friend...stand up...slow.

170 CLOSE SHOT - JESS 170

hugging the ground. He tries to ascertain where the voice is coming from.

171 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 171

He is doing the same. A bullet suddenly plows into the dirt right in front of his face.

JORDAN'S VOICE
I said stand up!...That's the last shot I'm gonna waste.

172 MED. FULL - JESS AND SLIM 172

They stand and look back down the trail. From the b.g. Jordan comes out of the brush and heads toward them... rifle at the ready.

173 CLOSER ANGLE 173

Jordan approaches. He looks at the shrouded figure, stops and looks under the blanket. His eyes are cold as:

JORDAN
Who killed him?

SLIM
(flat)
Brady.

JORDAN
Where is he?

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED 173

SLIM
(indicates with his head)
He's gone.

174 LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE 174
In the distance we see Jess, Slim and Jordan. Into SHOT comes Brady and his horse. Brady smiles coolly.

Brady dismounts and very carefully sights along the rifle. It fires and we can see one of the distant figures fall. Also Brady's horse is sppoked by the shot. It runs away. Brady looks off into CAMERA at the retreating animal.

175 P.O.V. 175
The horse running away. The fact the shot is ECHOING may have added to the horse's fear.

176 BACK TO SCENE 176
Brady gets to his feet. Going after the horse is impossible. He starts away on foot.

177 MED. SHOT - SLIM AND THE OTHERS 177
Jordan lies on the ground. A dark stain on his shoulder. He gruffly pushes Jess away, who is trying to help him.

JORDAN
I'm all right! I should have known he'd try something like this. Well, he'll go free for a while...But I'll see you two pay for helping him.

JESS
You're not in much of a position to make threats.
(indicating Slim)
'Sides...he had nothing to do with it.

SLIM
I had as much as he did.

JORDAN
Uh huh...
(beat; then, to Jess--
still very angry)
That must make you Jess Harper, the brother-in-law.

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED (cont'd) 177

JESS
(aback)
That's right.

JORDAN
Don't be surprised...I read his mail.
Did he cook up a fancy story for you?

JESS
He told us a few things...

JORDAN
(very hard)
About Palo Duro...?
(beat)
About your sister...?

JESS
(frowns)
What about her?

JORDAN
(relentless)
That Brady was real keen on deserting...
His friends...His wife...

JESS
Francie??...Where is she?

JORDAN
(flat; emotionlessly)
She's dead...

178 CLOSE - JESS 178
reacts.

179 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP 179

JORDAN
He left her and she couldn't face
bein' alone...so she killed herself.

JESS
You're lying.

Jordan's look says he isn't.

JESS
(broken)
When...?

JORDAN
Over three months ago.

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED (cont'd) 179

It's beginning to grow inside Jess...a cold, vengeful wrath. We see it grow for a moment, then he grabs Jordan's rifle from the ground. As he goes:

JESS
I'll be back...

SLIM
Jess...!

Jess looks at his friend. Words are unnecessary. He strides away. After he has gone, Slim looks disdainfully at Jordan. The Sergeant takes his cigarettes out as:

JORDAN
You don't like the way I talked to your friend, huh? Well -- That's too bad. But I want Brady and he's the only one in good enough shape to get him.
(indicates his arm)
I wouldn't get far and neither would you...Brady - is going to hang...He's going to pay for Palo Duro...
(the cigarette pack is empty -- He crumples it in his fist -- indicating Arika:)
And for him...

He says this indicating Arika, lying under the blanket. CAMERA PANS DOWN to Arika. HOLD and

LAP DISSOLVE

180 EXT. MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY - DAY - MED. SHOT 180
Brady works his way over the rugged terrain. He is on foot. He approaches CAMERA and passes on.

181 MED. SHOT - JESS 181
Further back, he proceeds at a dogged trot. His face is set in a cold mask. CAMERA PANS HIM ON. HOLD, then:

182 SHOT - BRADY 182
He fights his way over the more rocky trail. It's tough going.

183 SHOT - JESS 183
Proceeds on, still at a trot, then stops to check the trail. He looks up and O.S.

184 P.O.V. 184
Once more, the wild country that is the Montana-Canada border.

185 BACK TO SCENE 185
Jess starts out. HOLD, AND:

186 SHOT - BRADY 186
at a walk. The heat of the sun is beginning to get him. Not seriously. He stops for a moment. Breathes deeply at what he thinks is the air of freedom. He is pleased with himself. He starts out again.

187 SHOT - JESS 187
APPROACHES CAMERA at a trot. Stops. He is very tired. He inhales deeply once or twice. He won't quit. He starts out again...this time at a walk.

188 REVERSE ANGLE 188
Jess continues on up the trail.

189 SHOT - BRADY 189
He is now at a point in the trail where he can see for some distance. He sits and wipes his brow. He looks out over the country. His gaze falls onto the back trail, TOWARD CAMERA...seeing something O.S., he reacts. He stands, the better to see.

190 P.O.V. - DOWN ANGLE 190
In the distance is Jess among some rocks. He isn't a good target. Quite some distance away.

191 BACK TO SCENE 191
Brady frowns, then starts away, fast.

192 DOWN ANGLE - JESS 192
Climbing up, he APPROACHES CAMERA. It's a long haul, but he finally makes it. He is now at the point where he was spied upon by Brady. He stops to rest for a moment.

193 ANOTHER ANGLE 193
Jess starts out on up the trail. He looks up and off.

194 LONG SHOT - BRADY 194
He is scrambling up a bald-faced mountain slope.

195 MED. SHOT - JESS 195
His face sets and he raises his rifle. A beat. He lowers it.

JESS
(calling)
Gil!!

His call echoes and re-echoes off the mountains.

JESS
I'm taking you back!!

Again the echoing.

196 MED. SHOT - BRADY 196
He stops and looks off and down. Jess's words continue to echo. He looks up the mountain, then back at Jess. A faint smile crosses his lips.

BRADY
(calls)
You'll have to shoot me, Jess!!
What about Francie --

A beat and he starts out, scrambling upward.

197 MED. - JESS 197
Hears the last word "Francie" as it repeats. A beat, then:

JESS
(calls)
Francie's dead!!

These words repeat and repeat.

198 CLOSE SHOT - BRADY 198
reacts, fearfully.

199 CLOSE SHOT - JESS 199
waits, vengefully.

200 MED. SHOT - BRADY 200
A beat, then he panics. He raises his rifle and fires. Pumping the lever, he fires erratically again and again. The shots begin to ECHO...

201 MED. SHOT - JESS 201
With slow deliberation he raises his rifle and fires one shot.

202 FULL SHOT - THE TWO 202
Brady is on the top of a rocky formation. Jess is some distance below. In this FULL SHOT they are very small. The LAST SHOT IS ECHOING AGAIN AND AGAIN. Neither man moves for a beat...Then Brady falls down the steep slope, out of sight. Jess stands there, then lowers his rifle. Slowly he begins to retrace his steps. HOLD TO:

DISSOLVE

203 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT 203
The stage swings down the bend and pulls up where Jonesy waits with Andy.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE 204
INCLUDING Jess, Slim and Jordan, exiting from the house. They are a bit cleaner than the last time we saw them. Jordan's arm is in a sling.

CONTINUED

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204 CONTINUED (cont'd) 204

JONESY
(to Driver)
Got another passenger for ya...

He opens the door and waits. As the three men approach:

JONESY
(grins; to Jordan)
Any man who kin put away three bowls of my Mulligan has...

JESS
(interrupts)
...has got to have a cast iron stomach.

Jonesy starts to light into him, but Jordan intervenes:

JORDAN
Jonesy...anytime you want a new job... you see me. All you got to do is sign up for six years and...

The face Jonesy has started to make at Jess suddenly changes. Realizing what the offer implies, he groans.

JONESY
I don't reckon I'd be much good in the Army. I got a sacro that won't let up...

JESS
'Sides, we wouldn't let him go.

SLIM
(extends his hand)
Good-bye, Sergeant.

JORDAN
(nodding)
Sherman...Harper...
(to Jess)
I kept sayin' it comin' back over five hundred miles. I'm sorry for tellin' you like I did.

JESS
You did the right thing. So did I...

Jordan extends his hand and they shake. He climbs in and the stage pulls away.