12216

LARAMIE

"GENERAL DELIVERY"

(8-26-59)

8-11-59

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12216
August 11, 1959
Rev. 8/26/59

LARAMIE

'GENERAL DELIVERY'

Teleplay

by

Dan Ullman
and
Frank L. Moss

Story

by

Frank L. Moss

PROPERTY OF:

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

LARAMIE

"GENERAL DELIVERY"

PROD. #12216
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CAST

JONESY	
JESS HARPER	
ANDY SHERMAN	
SLIM SHERMAN	
ED CALDER	A clean-cut, rugged-looking man in his mid-thirties.
LUKE & DON ELKINS SAM SHAW	Recently released from the Federal Penitentiary.
SHERIFF LOAM	The "Law" in Laramie.
POSTMASTER	In Laramie.
BANTA	A cowpoke, (Teaser only).
JOE MURDOCK	Ranch owner, (Teaser only).
TOWN MARSHAL	Sheridan, Wyo., (Teaser only).

EXTRAS:

Cowpokes
Bartenders
Men and Women of Laramie

SETS

INTERIORS:

BAR (IN TEASER)
HOTEL-SALOON, LARAMIE
HOTEL ROOM
LIVING ROOM, BEDROOM, AND KITCHEN, SHERMAN RANCH
BARN

EXTERIORS:

STREET, CASPER (TEASER)
ALLEYWAY (TEASER)
MAIN STREET, LARAMIE
GENERAL AREA, SHERMAN RANCH HOUSE
OPEN TERRAIN
LIVERY STABLE
HOTEL
POST OFFICE

PROD. #12216
August 11, 1959

LARAMIE

"GENERAL DELIVERY"

FADE IN

1 INT. SALOON - DAY - TIGHT GROUP SHOT 1
of several COWPOKES at the bar, listening sympathetically to BANTA, a burly, lumbering 'hand.'

BANTA
(as if contd.)
...you call it right? You call it fair...after workin' day in, day out?
(bitterly)
Fifteen years I been ridin' for Joe Murdock...half my life...an' that's the thanks I get....
(downing his drink and bellowing)
...fired!

During the above, CAMERA PULLS BACK.

2 WIDER ANGLE 2
to include ED CALDER, a clean-cut, rugged man, standing apart from the others, toying with a cup of coffee, watching Banta with a sardonic smile.

BANTA
(glaring at Calder)
Fired because a stranger passin' through town to collect his mail takes it on himself to accuse me of rustlin'...
(in disbelief)
...rustlin' my own boss' cattle!
(harshly)
Ain't that what you said I done, Calder?

As eyes turn on him, Calder casually drains his coffee cup with aggravating slowness.

CALDER
(mockingly)
That's what I said.

Banta pushes past the others and starts toward him. From b.g., the TOWN MARSHAL moves swiftly INTO SCENE and tries to restrain him. Abruptly, Banta shoves him aside and keeps on going until he confronts Calder.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED (contd) 2

BANTA
You're a liar!

As Calder continues to smile without replying, Banta starts shaking with rage. Suddenly and without warning, he tosses the contents of his whiskey glass in Calder's face. A LOW GASP resounds throughout the room. Calder shrugs almost imperceptibly, then removes his kerchief and starts wiping away the liquid, still not manifesting anger. Frustrated, Banta turns to the others.

BANTA (contd)
Ever see anythin' like that before?
(to Calder)
What's it take to get under your skin?

Still not replying, Calder turns his back and starts off. Instantly, Banta starts to reach for his gun. As he draws, Calder pivots, simultaneously drawing and firing. As the bullet plows into Banta's chest, a glazed look of astonishment crosses his face, then he crashes face down onto the floor. For one paralyzing moment, no one moves. With his gun still levelled, Calder slowly starts to back away. As he reaches the swinging doors, he takes one last look, then abruptly exits. The Marshal rushes to Banta's side, feels for a heartbeat, then shakes his head negatively as a spectator says:

AD LIB
(directed at Marshal)
Been eggin' Banta on all week!
Cold-blooded murder-- that's what it is! You're the Law! Go get 'im!

MARSHAL
(shakes his head helplessly, above DIN)
No grounds! Self-defense.

3 EXT. STREET - DAY - CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - CAIDER 3
moving past the entrance of the saloon over which is the following legend:

"ACE SALOON

Sheridan, Wyoming"

Calder quickens his pace until he reaches an alleyway, beyond which we can see horses tied to a hitching post.

4 NEW ANGLE - ALLEYWAY - DAY 4
JOE MURDOCK, a heavy-set rancher, looms INTO SCENE,

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED (contd) 4
remaining partially concealed in the shadows.

MURDOCK
(tensely)
Is it all over?

Calder nods. Murdock wipes his perspiring brow, produces a fistful of currency, hands it to Calder.

MURDOCK (contd)
The balance.

Without bothering to count it, Calder shoves the money into his pocket.

CALDER
Much obliged, Mr. Murdock.

As Calder moves swiftly to the hitching post, unties his horse, mounts and starts off, Murdock disappears down the alley and out of sight.

5 WIDER ANGLE - STREET 5
as the Marshal and some of the others pour out of the saloon and look helplessly after Calder.

6 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER 6
as he reaches the crossroads at the edge of town and veers off to the right. CAMERA HOLDS on arrow signpost pointing in the direction Calder has taken and bearing the following legend:

"LARAMIE"

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ACT I

FADE IN

7 EXT. MAIN STREET, LARAMIE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - SIGN 7
bearing the following legend:

"LARAMIE

Pop.2027"

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

8 WIDER ANGLE 8
reveals Calder, dust-covered, his horse weary, riding into town.

9 EXT. BARBER SHOP - LARAMIE STREET 9
A YOUNG DEPUTY SHERIFF, his face partially covered with lather, arrives at the door, followed by the BARBER and several TOWNSMEN inside the shop. By the time they stop in the doorway, Calder is riding directly past them.

DEPUTY
(in a low voice)
It's him... Ed Calder, all right!

FIRST TOWNSMAN
Sure doesn't look like what you'd expect.

The Deputy wipes the lather from his face and starts off on the run toward the jail as the others continue to stare after Calder.

FIRST TOWNSMAN
You'd think after that shooting in Sheridan the other day, he'd want to cut out of the territory....
(beat)
...'less he's hired out for another job around here.

10 WIDER ANGLE 10
as the group exchange glances and begin to spread the word to other townspeople. In f.g., we can now see the Deputy has cut across the street toward the jail. From this ANGLE, more townspeople begin popping out of stores and buildings to stare at Calder.

11 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - CALDER 11
aware of the furor he is creating but ignoring it as he heads toward the Livery Stable across the street from the jail.

12 REVERSE ANGLE 12
SHOOTING from the opposite end of the street now REVEALS the Deputy has reached the jail and is calling excitedly inside. As Calder rides INTO SCENE, the Deputy steps aside and SHERIFF LOAM, a bulky, two-fisted man exits from his office. He looks at Calder grimly. Then, slowly, he starts toward him; the Deputy at his heels.

SHERIFF
(without looking back)
Cover me.

The Deputy hesitates, then moves off to join more of the townspeople converging on the scene.

SHERIFF (contd)
Calder!

13 NEW ANGLE 13
SHOOTING PAST Calder as he turns to be confronted by the Sheriff. He reins in.

CALDER
Something I can do for you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF
(coldly)
You're not wanted here. Keep riding.

CALDER
(half-smiling)
I don't believe we've met. My name's Ed ---

Dismounting, he turns toward the stable but the Sheriff blocks his path.

SHERIFF
(interrupting)
I know what your name is. And I meant what I said. Keep riding.

CALDER
(wearily)
Maybe I'm wrong, figuring this is still a free country?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 13

SHERIFF
Not for your kind it isn't! You're not gunnin' anybody here in Laramie!

CALDER
(shrugging)
Who said I was?

Calder turns to the STABLEBOY who has been listening open-mouthed in b.g.

CALDER (contd)
(indicating his horse)
Take care of 'im.

SHERIFF
(to stableboy)
Hold it!
(deliberately, to Calder)
Git back on that horse!

Calder's hands drop to his side and he glues his eyes on the Sheriff who starts to edge back, his fingers reaching toward his gun butt. The townspeople scurry noiselessly out of the way. Finally, the Sheriff stops in his tracks.

CALDER
(icily)
I have nothin' against you, Sheriff....

By now, the Sheriff's fingers are inches away from his gun.

CALDER (contd)
(with very quiet menace)
And I'd just as soon keep it that way. Wouldn't you?

Sheriff Loam hesitates. For another breathtaking moment, he and Calder remain frozen. Then abruptly the Sheriff drops his hands to his sides, turns and starts off toward the jail. Calder waits until he enters, then heads toward the Post Office, the crowd parting silently to make a path for him.

14 EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY - FULL SHOT 14 -
as Calder walks to the grilled window on the street, the townspeople watch him silently.

15 CLOSE TWO SHOT - CALDER AND POSTMASTER 15 -
Calder moves to the front of the window as the POSTMASTER nervously sifts through a stack of mail.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED (contd) 15

CALDER
(quietly)
My name is Calder. Ed Calder. I'm expecting a General Delivery letter.

POSTMASTER
(sorting rapidly)
Sorry. Don't see anything here for you.

CALDER
When's the next mail due?

POSTMASTER
Stagecoach'll be pullin' in 'bout four.

CALDER
I'll be back.

As he exits, CAMERA HOLDS on the Postmaster, looking after Calder apprehensively.

DISSOLVE

16 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT 16
JONESY, standing near the corral, watches as ANDY SHERMAN unsuccessfully tries to lasso a billygoat charging around the outside of the fence. Failing to rope the animal, Andy throws caution to the winds and takes a flying leap after him, only to end up flat on his face. Jonesy now roars with laughter, then reacts as the billygoat reverses his course and heads directly at him. Jonesy scrambles up onto the fence, barely managing to avoid the butting horns.

JONESY
(shouting)
You git that goat outta here, Andy, or he'll wind up in the barbecue pit afore nightfall.

ANDY
(laughing)
Providin' he doesn't butt you into it first!

JONESY
Can't understand Slim ever letting you have this critter in the first place.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (contd) 16

ANDY
(indicating goat)
Better not keep runnin' 'im down, Jonesy. He understands every word you say.

Almost on cue, the goat lowers his head and charges toward Jonesy again, forcing him to scramble back up onto the fence as the horns crash into the planking. During the above, JESS HARPER has galloped over the rise, heading toward them.

JONESY
(bellowing)
Jess! Hey, Jess! Gimme a hand!

Adroitly, Jess throws his lariat. The noose drops over the goat's head and, without stopping, Jess tosses the other end to Andy.

ANDY
(still laughing)
Lucky thing you came along....

Jess keeps on riding without looking back, ignoring Andy and Jonesy.

ANDY (contd)
(disappointed)
...hey, Jess?

JONESY
Now what d'you suppose's eatin' him?

ANDY
(puzzled)
I dunno....

By now, Jess has reached the ranch house, dismounts, and is headed inside.

ANDY (contd)
(starting out)
...I'm gonna find out.

JONESY
Not until after you git that goat behind the barn and out of smelling distance.

Andy scowls with displeasure but starts to obey.

17 WIDER ANGLE 17
as Andy disgruntedly starts to drag the goat toward the barn, Jonesy turns and watches Jess hurry inside the ranch house. Then, with a puzzled expression, he starts after him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - DAY 18

GUNNING on Jess as he removes a loose brick from the fireplace, reaches inside the crevice and takes out a package, wrapped in oil rags. CAMERA HOLDS on him as he rips them off to reveal a lethal looking, pearl-handled gun. For a moment, Jess stares at the weapon with distaste, then instinctively begins to test the hair-spring hammer action. During the above, Jonesy enters and stands watching him with surprise and dismay.

JONESY
(finally)
Jess....
(indicates gun)
I thought you'd put that iron away for good?

JESS
(flatly)
Changed my mind.

Deliberately, he begins to transfer bullets from his regular gun into the pearl-handled job.

JONESY
(quietly)
Who you mad at, boy?

JESS
Nobody. I think maybe somebody's mad at me, though. I'm gonna find out.

JONESY
Anybody I know?

JESS
I doubt it. Man named Calder's in Laramie, I heard.

JONESY
(alarmed)
Ed Calder?

Jess nods.

JONESY (contd)
You're not gonna mix with him?

JESS
(unhappily)
No choice...him being here is liable to be on my account.

JONESY
How do you figure that?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (contd) 18

JESS
I've done a lot o' ridin' -- and sometimes in the wrong places. Sooner or later, it was bound to catch up.

He concludes loading the gun and slips it into his holster. He tries a draw a time or two as Jonesy says worriedly:

JONESY
You figure somebody sent Calder after you?

JESS
More or less. But there's only one way to find out.

Jonesy puts a hand on his arm and says:

JONESY
Jess...might be you're goin' out o' your way to look for trouble.

JESS
Long as that gunslick's around, I don't have to look. I know him. I've seen him work. He baits and needles a man...'till there's nothin' left to do but draw on him.

Jess is plainly worried; there is nervousness and actually some fear in his manner.

JONESY
Then let the law handle him.

JESS
There are plenty of Sheriffs who've already tried that.

JONESY
Jess -- listen to me, please --

JESS
What do you want me to do? Wait for him to come after me?

ANDY'S VOICE
No! Go get him!

19 WIDER ANGLE 19
Jess and Jonesy turn to stare at Andy, standing in the doorway.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (contd) 19

JONESY
He don't need any advice from you!

Andy ignores the remark and moves swiftly to Jess' side.

ANDY
I'm goin' with you!

JESS
(grimly)
That would be just fine, wouldn't it....
(to Jonesy, indicating Andy)
Don't let 'im follow me! So long.

He shoves his way past Andy and exits. Jonesy abruptly steps into the doorway, blocking Andy's path. Andy glares at Jonesy helplessly, then turns and hurries to the window. Jonesy looks after him compassionately, then moves to his side.

20 NEW ANGLE - WINDOW 20
as Jonesy and Andy look off.

21 LONG SHOT - JESS - THEIR POV 21
as he mounts and rides off toward town.

DISSOLVE

22 INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY 22
as CAMERA PANS SLOWLY across a crowded, smoke-filled room BUZZING with a low hum of conversation. A couple of poker games are in progress but despite the activity, the majority of those present keep glancing anxiously toward the far end of the bar where the PAN ends.

23 CLOSER ANGLE - BAR 23
reveals Ed Calder leaning up against it, drinking a cup of coffee, aware that he is the cynosure of all eyes, but, as usual, ignoring the attention.

BARTENDER
(to Calder)
Refill?

CALDER
No, thanks.

BARTENDER
(indicating whiskey bottles)
Something stronger?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (contd) 23

CALDER
Never use it.

As Calder turns away, he looks toward the swinging doors and reacts. CAMERA RAKES DOWN the bar as the rest of the men standing up against it follow his gaze.

24 NEW ANGLE - SWINGING DOORS 24
reveals Jess, standing framed in the entrance, staring at Calder. Slowly, he starts toward him, CAMERA PANNING. The HUM of conversation dies down as men nudge each other significantly; nodding toward Jess' pearl-handled gun protruding prominently from his holster.

25 CLOSER ANGLE 25
as Jess confronts Calder. The latter surveys him expressionlessly. During the above, the other men standing nearby apprehensively start to drift away.

CALDER
(finally)
Been a long time, Jess.

JESS
But not long enough.

CALDER
Often wondered how you were makin' out.

JESS
No complaints.

CALDER
Been keepin' out of trouble?

JESS
So far.

CALDER
Drink?

JESS
I'll buy my own.

He drops a cartwheel on the bar, motions to the Bartender, o.s.

26 NEW ANGLE - CALDER AND JESS - BARTENDER'S POV 26
as the latter hurries to pour a drink. In the b.g., we can see the others in the saloon staring, then quickly averting their gaze when Jess glances back at them.

27 CLOSER ANGLE - JESS AND CALDER 27
as Jess picks up his drink, then looks annoyed at the

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (contd) 27
Bartender, stalling, obviously wanting to eavesdrop.

JESS
(irritably)
Haven't you anything else to do?

Sheepishly the Bartender moves off. As Jess raises the drink to his mouth, his hand shakes slightly. Calder watches, amused.

CALDER
Not as steady as you used to be, Jess.

Jess ignores the remark, tosses off the drink.

JESS
(finally)
Why did you come to Laramie?

CALDER
(smiling)
Bein' such old friends, I didn't think you'd have to ask that question.

JESS
(expressionlessly)
Figured I might be the reason.

CALDER
(shrugging)
You might....

JESS
(disappointed)
...but you can't say for sure 'til you pick up your mail?

CALDER
That's right. Always told you it was easier doing business that way... not knowing in advance.
(genially)
You know how it is...if you get to thinking too much about what has to be done, you're likely to make a mess of things.

By now, the beads of perspiration have begun to pop out on Jess' forehead. Calder smiles as he mops his brow.

CALDER (contd)
It's good to see you, Jess.
(indicates Jess' glass)
Now how about lettin' me buy you that drink...for old time's sake?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (contd) 27
Before Jess can reply, we hear the SOUND of a commotion o.s.

28 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING BARTENDER 28 -
The Bartender, near the window at the end of the bar, says:

BARTENDER
Stagecoach's pullin' in!

Several people rise and start toward the door. Concurrently, all eyes swing around to Calder.

29 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER AND JESS 29

CALDER
(indicating Jess' glass)
Still have time for one before the Postmaster sorts the mail.

JESS
(quietly)
Let's get it over with.

He starts off. Calder shrugs and moves after him.

30 WIDER ANGLE 30
as the others in the saloon stare after them in stony silence until they exit. Then, en masse, everyone present rises and starts out after them.

31 EXT. MAIN STREET, LARAMIE - DAY - FULL SHOT 31
GUNNING on the stagecoach being unloaded. From this ANGLE, we see that the Postmaster, a sack of mail over his shoulder, is enroute back to the Postoffice.

32 NEW ANGLE - JAIL 32
as Sheriff Loam steps outside, followed by a few of his Deputies. Jess and Calder move past on their - way to the Post office; both of them walking silently, deliberately. Behind them, we can also see the rest of the men from the bar pouring out into the street.

33 CLOSER ANGLE - SHERIFF 33
as he looks after Jess and Calder, then surveys the gathering crowd.

YOUNG DEPUTY
You think it's Harper?

SHERIFF
We'll find out soon enough. Keep everybody back.

34 WIDER ANGLE 34
as the Deputies, under the Sheriff's direction, quickly form a cordon on both sides of the Post Office, blocking off the area.

35 CLOSER ANGLE - JESS AND CALDER 35 -
as they reach the Post Office. Calder moves to the window; Jess hangs back a yard or so, looks around nervously.

36 LONG SHOT - THE STREET - JESS' POV 36
from left to right, reveals the crowd staring at him silently; being held back by the Sheriff and Deputies.

37 CLOSE - JESS 37 -
as he turns away and looks tensely at the Post Office.

38 AT GRILLED WINDOW - CLOSE SHOT 38 -
FAVORING Calder, waiting for the Postmaster to finish sorting the mail. The latter goes through letter after letter, then stops abruptly, fingering one as though it were a hot potato.

POSTMASTER
(indicating letter)
Ed Calder...care of General Delivery....

Calder nods and silently extends his hand. The Postmaster gives him the letter. Calder starts to rip it open, glances at the Postmaster watching him intently, then turns his back.

39 INSERT - ENVELOPE 39
as Calder opens it, peels off a letter wrapped around several bills.

40 CLOSE SHOT - JESS 40 -
His eyes are riveted now on the entrance.

41 thru 44 QUICK SERIES OF CUTS 41 - thru 44
of the Sheriff, Deputies, and Crowd, watching.

45 MEDIUM CLOSE - CALDER - JESS 45 -
Calder turns slowly to Jess, the letter in his hand. Instinctively, Jess tenses.

CALDER
(finally)
It's not you.

A slow sigh escapes from Jess' throat as Calder moves toward him nonchalantly.

46 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER AND JESS 46

CALDER
(in low voice)
Kind of glad about it, too.

He glances at the letter again, then puts it back in the envelope and shoves it in his pocket.

JESS
(huskily)
Anybody here?

CALDER
(flatly)
No.

Jess stares at him searchingly for a moment, then turns and starts toward his horse tied to a hitching post in f.g.

CALDER (contd)
(calling after him)
In case I don't see you again...
so long.

47 WIDER ANGLE 47
as Jess keeps right on walking without replying or looking back, Calder shrugs and starts to cross the street toward the Livery Stable.

48 NEW ANGLE 48
Slowly, the townspeople start to move away. During the above, Jess has mounted his horse and ridden off.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE 49
as the Sheriff and Deputies start back toward the Jail, Calder rides out of the stable, salutes the Law, almost mockingly, and rides off in same direction taken by Jess.

YOUNG DEPUTY
Lucky for Jess that Calder was in a good mood, or the Sherman Ranch might've been short-handed.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED (contd) 49

SHERIFF
(quietly)
Luck don't enter into it -- not where Calder is concerned.

They start back toward the jail.

50 EXT. CROSSROADS, EDGE OF TOWN - DAY 50
GUNNING on an OLD CODGER seated in a rocker in front of his shack. After a moment, Calder rides nonchalantly INTO SCENE and reins to a halt.

CALDER
Which way to the Sherman Ranch, Pop?

The old codger points off to the right crossroad.

CALDER (contd)
Much obliged.

Casually, Calder straightens out the rifle strung across his saddle and starts off in the direction indicated, as we

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

END OF ACT I

EXPENSE

ACT II

FADE IN

51 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH BUILDINGS - DAY - FULL SHOT 51
Slim Sherman EMERGES from the house, buckling on his gunbelt. Right behind him come Andy and Jonesy. Finishing a speech apparently begun inside, Slim says:

SLIM
-- and you should've known better than to let Jess ride into Laramie alone!

JONESY
I couldn't stop him! He's as stubborn as you are, once he makes up his mind to do something!

Starting to tie down his holster, Slim says:

SLIM
Get me a horse, Andy.

Andy starts -- group sees someone o.s.

SLIM (contd)
Hold it.

52 LONG SHOT - THEIR POV 52
Jess tops a rise and heads down toward camera.

53 MED. GROUP SHOT 53
Slim, Jonesy and Andy all move quickly toward the approaching Jess, who pulls his horse to a stop and dismounts.

54 CLOSER GROUP SHOT 54
Jess is obviously not hurt, though he appears somewhat drained emotionally. Slim, arriving first, says:

SLIM
I was just comin' after you.

JESS
Thanks, Slim. No need for it, though.

Slim, both relieved and angry, is extremely glad to see Jess but still resentful that he was not asked for help.

SLIM
'Course not! I'd only've gotten in your way.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED (contd) 54

Jess understands very well how Slim fells, knows that he is only blowing off the steam of relief.

JESS
You know I don't think that. It just wasn't your problem, that's all.

SLIM
A gunman like Ed Calder is everybody's problem.

JESS
Look -- I just didn't think of --

ANDY
(cutting in; impatiently)
What happened, Jess? You got him, didn't you? First shot, I'll bet!

JESS
There was no shootin', Andy. Calder wasn't after me -- or anyone else in Laramie, I'm happy to say.

ANDY
(looking at him curiously)
You almost sound like you're scared of him!

JESS
(quietly)
Maybe I am.

SLIM
And so should anybody else be who has any brains.

JONESY
(nodding agreement)
I dunno how much sense I got, but you can include me.

Andy frowns at the three adults; he disapproves of this talk of fear and announces with the profundity of youth:

ANDY
That's the trouble with this country. Long as nobody'll stand up to killers like Calder, they run around loose.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED (contd) 54

He turns and marches off righteously; the three men look at each other, then after him. Jonesy shakes his head.

JONESY
That boy's gonna grow up to be a philosopher if we're not careful. And not a very good one, at that.

As Jonesy starts off, also, Slim calls to Andy:

SLIM
Since you're itchin' for action, Andy, you can spend the rest o' the day helping me set out some cougar traps. Get 'em out of the barn, will you?

Turning around, Andy nods and keeps going.

55 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DOLLY - JESS AND SLIM 55

As they start toward the house, Jess takes out his pearl-handled gun and looks at it.

JESS
Guess I'll put this back in storage where it belongs.

SLIM
Good.
(beat)
Why don't you get away from here for a day or two, Jess? You haven't taken any time off for a long while.

Jess looks at him levelly.

JESS
If you're tryin' to put me out of Calder's reach, that can't be done. If he wanted me, he'd find me.

SLIM
You said he wasn't after you. And I'm not thinking about him, anyway. I'm lookin' at you -- and you seem to be a little green around the edges.

Jess smiles a bit ruefully and nods his admission.

JESS
I feel it. That's what happens when you get out of practice.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED (contd) 55
They have reached the door of the house, and they stop.

SLIM
(urging quietly)
A couple of days in different surroundings'll do you goo.
(gets a thought)
One of us is going to have to take a look at that breeding stock they're sellin' in Cheyenne. Why don't you do that?

JESS
(finally)
Well...if you can spare me....

SLIM
(smiling)
Just don't stay away too long.

JESS
(glad about it)
Right. I'll be back by Sunday.

He enters the house with his gun. Slim looks after him a moment, then moves toward the barn.

56 MED. SHOT - TOWARD BARN 56
Andy EMERGES, lugging several heavy, vicious-looking traps. Slim joins him, relieves him of the largest part of the burden. CAMERA PANS with them to a small wagon. Slim puts the traps into the wagon bed.

57 CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING TRAPS 57
as Slim places them into the wagon. They are seen to be very mean-looking pieces of equipment. On them,

DISSOLVE TO

58 EXT. TOP OF RISE - DAY - FULL SHOT 58
Calder appears, riding slowly from the b.g. and stops, looking off and down.

59 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - LONG SHOT - CALDER'S POV 59
The ranch buildings a long distance down the slope.

60 BACK TO CALDER 60
as he squints expressionlessly into the sunlight, then starts off again, turning his horse off the trail down the sharply inclined slope.

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61 WIDER ANGLE 61
as rider and mount struggle to remain upright, the horse slipping and skidding two or three yards at a time. Calder relaxes in the saddle, apparently making up his mind to give the horse his head. Sensing the reins loosening up, the horse spurts forward.

62 NEW ANGLE 62
A marker stick with a piece of cloth on it is in the f.g., as Calder gallops towards it. As the horse approaches the immediate area, he senses danger and without warning stops dead in his tracks. Calder, completely unprepared, is tossed head first on to the ground as the animal veers off to the right and keeps on running.

63 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER 63
his breath knocked out of him for the moment. As he starts to rise, his knees buckle and he lurches forward. His right leg sinks into the ground, instantly setting off the trap. When it snaps shut, Calder gasps in pain and rolls over on his back, helplessly ensnared and almost numb with shock. He struggles futilely to free himself,growing rapidly weaker. As his eyes start to close, he manages, with great effort, to reach his gun and FIRES it as he passes out.

64 BACK TO SLIM AND ANDY 64
as they react to the SOUND of the shot (REPEATED FOR INTERCUTTING PURPOSES). Then, with no further delay they scramble onto the wagon seat and start off quickly toward the slope.

65 NEW ANGLE - FAR SIDE OF THE SLOPE 65
as Andy and Slim on the wagon come INTO SCENE and spot Calder's horse. By now, the animal has reversed his course and is trotting back docilely towards his master.

66 CLOSER ANGLE 66
SHOOTING PAST Calder's prostrate figure as Slim and Andy ENTER SCENE and climb down swiftly, stunned at the sight. Slim rushes to Calder, working feverishly to release the trap. He uses all the strength at his command to open the trap.

SLIM
(to Andy)
Yank 'im free!

While Slim holds the trap open, Andy struggles and pulls Calder clear.

ANDY
Is he alive, Slim?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED (contd) 66
Andy watches tensely as Slim feels for a heartbeat.

SLIM
Yeah. Give me a hand with him.
Easy, now -- real easy.

Both of them pick Calder up carefully and start carrying him to the wagon, as we

DISSOLVE

67 INT. BEDROOM - SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT 67
on Slim, working over Calder who is stretched out on the bed still unconscious, his right trouser leg slit from hip to ankle. In b.g., we can SEE Andy placing Calder's boots up against the wall, hanging his gun belt on a peg above them. Concurrently, Jonesy hurries INTO SCENE, carrying a glass and a bottle of whiskey.

SLIM
(during above)
Cut through to the bone but no break.

JONESY
(indicating bottle)
This'll bring him to.

He fills the glass with whiskey.

SLIM
We'll have to keep changin' these compresses.
(to Andy)
Get some more towels, Andy.

Andy scurries OUT.

JONESY
(indicating Calder)
Lost a lot of blood.

SLIM
Better keep 'im covered.

Jonesy gives Slim a hand with the blanket.

SLIM (contd)
(to Jonesy, indicating whiskey)
You can try gettin' some of that into him now.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED (contd) 67

He props Calder into a semi-upright position and Jonesy slowly forces the liquor down Calder's throat. After a moment, Calder opens his eyes dazedly.

JONESY
He's comin' around.

Calder looks numbly from one to the other, attempts to move, then winces with pain.

SLIM
Don't try movin' yet.

Calder disregards the advice and moves his leg again, clenching his teeth to keep from crying out. Jonesy and Slim exchange glances.

JONESY
(indicating Slim)
Better listen to him.
(moves glass closer)
Finish 'er up.

By now, Calder's eyes are wide open, looking questioningly from one to the other. As Jonesy presses the glass closer to Calder's lips, he shakes his head vehemently.

JONESY (contd)
Can't do you anything but good.

CALDER
(with effort)
No!

JONESY
(still trying)
Come on, now, friend. Just open your mouth and --

SLIM
(cutting in quietly)
He doesn't want any more, Jonesy.

Jonesy, slightly insulted, desists. Calder manages to smile weakly at Slim.

CALDER
Much obliged.
(indicating leg)
What got me? A trap?

Andy ENTERS quietly with more towels.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED (contd) 67

SLIM
Yeah. I had a marker near it, but I guess you must've missed it.

CALDER
(grimaces)
Sure did. Anything busted?

SLIM
(shakes his head)
You're cut pretty deep, though. We got to you about two minutes after it happened.

CALDER
Thanks for bringing me in.

Slim nods pleasantly, answering:

SLIM
Least we could do. I'm just glad we were working close by.

Calder nods, smiling weakly, has trouble keeping his eyes open. Slim looks at him gravely, then tells Jonesy:

SLIM (contd)
Let him sleep, Jonesy -- and keep changing the compresses.

Jonesy nods, bustles about, soaking towels, etc. Slim EXITS to the living room area, followed by Andy.

68 MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM 68

Andy rejoins Slim.

ANDY
We really saved his life, didn't we, Slim?

Slim, slightly pre-occupied, answers:

SLIM
I guess we probably did.
(thoughtfully)
The trail up there is wide and easy to follow. I wonder why he left it to ride down the hill?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED (contd) 68

ANDY
Taking a short cut, maybe.

SLIM
Maybe.
(beat)
If so, it would have brought him in behind the barn. Kind of a strange way to come.

ANDY
Well -- I bet he won't do it again.

Slim looks at him, smiles slightly, answers as he ruffles Andy's hair.

SLIM
No bet.

CAMERA PANS THEM out of the door and we:

DISSOLVE

69 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT 69
Jonesy changes the compresses on Calder's leg. The wound is o.s., but not a pleasant thing for Jonesy to see. Calder, awake now, watches Jonesy impassively. When he finishes, Jonesy moves gravely to a table, pours himself a healthy shot of his brew, tosses it off and exhales gratefully. He holds the bottle out questioningly to Calder, who says quietly:

CALDER
No, thanks, Jonesy.

JONESY
How'd you know my name?

CALDER
By listening. Stretched out like this, there's not much else to do.

JONESY
To get your strength back, we've got to put something inside you. How about some soup?

CALDER
That sounds fine. I'd like that.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (contd) 69

Jonesy bustles toward the door. As he goes through it, Andy is just coming in.

JONESY
Come on in, Andy. Keep the man company.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE 70

TAKING Andy over to the bed.

ANDY
I hope you're feeling better.

CALDER
I am, thanks.
(then casually)
You're name's Sherman, isn't it?

ANDY
(nodding)
Andy Sherman.

CALDER
Does your father own this ranch?

ANDY
Pa's not living. He left it to me and my brother.

Calder wants to draw the boy out, but is very casual about it.

CALDER
Nice place. Must be a lot of work for you.

ANDY
(seriously)
There's plenty to do, all right -- but with Jonesy and Jess helpin' out, we can handle it.

CALDER
Jess...?

ANDY
Jess Harper.

CALDER
I don't think I've seen him around here.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED (contd) 70

ANDY
He's away right now.

CALDER
(expressionlessly)
I see.
(moves slightly)
Mind helping me to sit up, Andy?

ANDY
Sure.

As he complies, Jonesy ENTERS with a bowl of soup.

71 WIDER ANGLE - ROOM 71
A step or two after Jonesy hurries in, Slim moves into the doorway. Calder sees him, nods to him. Slim moves a step or two closer. Jonesy arranges the soup, spoon, etc., on a nearby table.

CALDER
Smells good, Jonesy.
(to Slim)
Evening.

SLIM
Howdy. How's the leg?

Calder moves it experimentally and grimaces ruefully.

CALDER
Still there, but that's about all I can say for it.

SLIM
You're welcome to stay 'til you're strong enough to be up and around.

CALDER
You're very generous, Mr. Sherman. It is Mr. Sherman, isn't it?

SLIM
Right. First name's Slim. By the way, you haven't told us yours.

Jonesy hands the bowl of steaming broth to Calder, along with a napkin. Calder nods to Jonesy, then looks up at Slim, who is obviously waiting to hear who Calder is. Calder stirs the soup, then says quietly:

CONTINUED

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71 CONTINUED (contd) 71

CALDER
My name's Calder. Ed Calder.

72 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 72
He reacts to Calder's name by losing his friendly look; he glances at the gunbelt hanging on the wall, then with a hand on Andy's shoulder, gently turns him and they both EXIT.

73 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER 73
Jonesy stands, transfixed, by the bed for a moment, staring at Calder. Then, he too, EXITS quickly in the f.g. CAMERA HOLDS ON Calder's grave face as he thoughtfully sips the soup, as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

74 INT. KITCHEN-DINING AREA - SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - 74
MEDIUM SHOT
Slim is seated at the table, finishing breakfast. Jonesy enters the room, bearing empty plates. Slim's eyes follow him briefly. Jonesy disposes of the plates and returns to the table, bearing a cup of coffee for himself.

JONESY
He's eatin' good this morning.

SLIM
Fine. The sooner he's out of here, the better.

JONESY
(thoughtfully)
Strange feelin'...walkin' in there and feelin' his eyes on me. Creepy, kind of. Funny. He's the same man he was yesterday, but today we know his name. Makes all the difference in the world.

Slim nods, looking in the direction of Calder's room.

SLIM
Yeah. If I'd known who he was when I found him, I probably would've taken him straight into Laramie.

JONESY
And he might've bled to death.

They exchange glances. After a sip of coffee, Slim says:

SLIM
I'd like to know what he was headin' this way for in the first place.

JONESY
You could ask him.

SLIM
I don't want to talk to him any more than I have to. He'd probably lie, anyway.

JONESY
He didn't lie about his name.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED (contd) 74

Slim rises to his feet, ready to go out.

SLIM
(grimly)
Well...as soon as he can ride, he's leavin'.

As he starts to go, Jonesy stops him with:

JONESY
(quiet; worried)
Slim...
(Slim stops)
You s'pose he changed his mind about Jess and come here after him?

Before Slim can answer this louded question, the door bangs open and Andy comes in.

75 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING ANDY 75

Andy is carrying a makeshift cane, apparently chopped from a tree branch. Andy's mood is quiet, rather thoughtful. He looks up at Slim, near the door, holds up the cane to show him. Gravely, Andy indicates the o.s. bedroom.

ANDY
I made it for him.
(Slim just looks at him)
I figured the sooner we could get him on his feet the sooner he could leave.

Reluctant though he is to do too much for Calder, Slim can see the sense in this. Quietly, he nods, saying:

SLIM
Makes good sense, Andy.

He exits. With a glance at Jonesy, Andy walks toward the bedroom door, CAMERA PANNING HIM THERE.

76 INT. BEDROOM - MEDIUM SHOT 76

Calder, looking rested now, is propped up rather comfortably on some pillows. His eyes are closed, but they open when Andy enters from the previous scene. Andy, impressed and rather awed by this man and his reputation, comes forward with the cane, which he places on the bed.

ANDY
Here.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED 76

He wants to turn and go, but he is just a bit too fascinated to do so. He watches Calder pick up the cane and examine it gravely.

CALDER
Well.
(looks at Andy)
Who made this?

ANDY
I did.
(beat)
It's a cane.

CALDER
Yes.
(tests its strength)
Good one, too. Thanks very much.

Andy does not answer. He cannot quite bring himself to say that Calder is welcome. This omission does not go unnoticed by the man.

77 CLOSE SHOT - CALDER 77

CALDER
I'll try it out in a little while.

78 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 78
Andy nods, looks at Calder another moment, then turns his eyes to the gunbelt and gun hanging on the wall.

79 INSERT - GUN AND HOLSTER 79
From Andy's angle. It is an ordinary gun; the holster is well-oiled. None of the equipment is fancy -- merely good.

80 LOOSE TWO SHOT - CALDER, ANDY 80
Calder sees Andy's fascinated look at the gun. He asks, quietly but suddenly:

CALDER
How old areyou, Andy?

ANDY
Twelve.

CALDER
Twelve. I was your age when I bought my first gun. It was a squirrel rifle-muzzle loader. First time I used it I put too much powder in it. Knocked me clean off my feet.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED (contd) 80

Andy's eyes stray to the gun again.

ANDY
How old were you when you shot...
I mean...

CALDER
(quietly supplying the rest)
When I killed my first man?
(Andy nods, wide-eyed)
Eighteen.
(beat; then, matter-of-factly)
It was him or me.
(asks easily, conversationally)
You understand things like that, don't you?

ANDY
(after a pause; gravely)
Things like <u>that</u> -- yes.

He turns and goes out abruptly. CAMERA HOLDS ON Calder for a time. He frowns, then shrugs off whatever annoyance the boy's words may have caused him. Then, he swings himself carefully from the bed, holding on for support. He winces slightly, then reaches for his pants, which are on a nearby chair.

81 EXT. NEAR CORRAL - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY 81

Slim is checking the cinch on a saddled horse when Andy walks by carrying a pitchfork. He is preoccupied, a bit troubled, and disappears into the barn. Slim looks after him for a moment as Jonesy walks into the shot, close to Slim. He looks off, into the distance.

JONESY
Stage is comin'. Right on time.

Slim pays very little attention to this.

SLIM
I have to move the yearlings to the bottom pasture. I won't be gone long. And Jonesy....

Over this, the SOUND of the approaching stagecoach grows louder.

SLIM (contd)
I don't want Andy spending too much time around Calder.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED (contd) 81

JONESY
Neither do I. I'll keep him busy.

SLIM
Good.

82 WIDER ANGLE 82
Slim continues to check the saddle now, as the stagecoach is seen pulling into the yard. The men on the box wave to Slim, who waves back. Jonesy calls:

JONESY
Andy!

Andy emerges from the barn almost before Jonesy is finished calling. Both he and Jonesy go to the horses, getting ready to change teams.

83 INT. STAGECOACH - MEDIUM CLOSE 83
LUKE ELKINS and DON ELKINS, two hard, lean men are seated opposite another man, equally hard-looking, perhaps a few years older than the Elkins brothers. This is SAM SHAW. The stage comes to a stop. All three men are avidly interested in the relay station, for some reason. They peer out of the windows. Suddenly, Don spots somebody, stares and says in a flat, angry voice:

DON
(to Shaw)
Take a look, friend, Take a look at the healthiest-lookin' corpse you ever saw!

His voice is accusing. Shaw and Luke both move to look out, with Don. INTERCUT:

84 MEDIUM SHOT - RANCH YARD - THEIR POV - STAGE WINDOW MATTE 84
Both Jonesy and Slim are seen through the stage window. It is not clear who the "corpse" mentioned by Don is. After a moment, Slim mounts and rides away.

85 INT. STAGECOACH - MEDIUM THREE SHOT 85
Now, Luke also turns angrily on Shaw.

LUKE
Great idea of yours--trying to set this up by mail!

DON
And payin' in advance was an even better one!

Shaw is unruffled, looks coolly at the two angry brothers.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (contd) 85

SHAW
Don't worry about it. We waited five years to get him killed. Another couple days won't hurt us.

DON
(darkly)
What makes you so sure this Ed Calder didn't just take our money and ride?

SHAW
(calmly)
Because I know him.
(looks, sees something, smiles)
And speakin' of Calder--there he is now.

The Elkins brothers look out again, this time where Shaw is looking, toward the house.

86 EXT. HOUSE - MEDIUM LONG - THEIR POV 86
Calder is just now emerging from the ranch house. He is not armed; he is using the home-made cane to hobble experimentally back and forth. He concentrates on what he is doing, not bothering to look at the stagecoach at all.

87 INT. STAGECOACH - MEDIUM SHOT 87
The Elkins brothers glower as they watch Calder o.s.

LUKE
(incredulously)
That's Ed Calder?!

SHAW
Yep.

DON
A fine-lookin' hired gun! He can't even walk, much less --

SHAW
(cutting in; still calm)
Don't be too sure o' that. He's here, isn't he -- right where he should be?

DON
Well -- what's he been waitin' for?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED (contd) 87

SHAW
(settling back; complacent)
Five'll get you eight he gets the job done before the week is out.

88 EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY - FULL SHOT 88
The team is hitched, and Jonesy calls up to the Driver:

JONESY
All right! Let her roll!

The Driver waves, shakes up the reins and yells to the team. The coach pulls out, gathering speed rapidly.

88A ANOTHER ANGLE 88A
The stage is seen disappearing in the b.g. Andy and Jonesy both become aware of Calder, trying out the cane. Calder comes fairly close to them; he is sweating with the effort and the pain of ambulation. He nods to Andy, managing a fleeting smile.

CALDER
(indicating cane)
Works pretty good, Andy.

Andy stares at him, torn between his natural sympathy for one who is hurt and his natural repugnance for Calder's reputation. Calder almost loses his balance, and Andy moves quickly, instinctively to help support him.

CALDER
(gratefully)
Thanks.
Andy releases him carefully, now; he has his balance again.

89 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 89
As he watches, he is afflicted by the same ambivalence as is Andy. His eyes go to Andy, still watching. Then, quietly:

JONESY
Barn needs cleaning, Andy. How about giving me a hand?

90 WIDER ANGLE 90
Andy turns from his fascinated stare after the hobbling Calder, says quietly in answer:

ANDY
Sure, Jonesy.

Boy and man walk to the barn. Both look back before entering, at Calder. INTERCUT:

CONTINUED

91 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - CALDER 91
He is still hobbling doggedly with the cane, moving now into the house once more. He stops to glance off at Andy once, then enters, and we

DISSOLVE

92 INT. BARN - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY 92
Andy and Jonesy are both working industriously, sweeping, washing down the floor with buckets filled with water, etc. The barn interior looks fairly neat now. Jonesy puts down his broom, straightens up cautiously. Andy keeps working, quite serious. Jonesy moves to a rear area of the barn and starts putting together an arrangement of kettles, pots, kerosene stove, etc.

93 CLOSER ANGLE - JONESY 93
Featuring him and his assortment of ingredients, pots, etc. He lights the small stove and begins measuring various things from bottles and cans into a main pot. As he works, he glances off occasionally at Andy, o.s.

94 MEDIUM SHOT - ANDY 94
Andy finishes a last portion, near the door, puts his broom or bucket away and wipes his perspiring forehead. Pre-occupied, he looks off soberly toward the house.

95 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 95
He clears his throat and says somewhat casually:

JONESY
Seems like as good a day as any
to do a little replenishin'.

96 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ANDY 96
Andy turns, not having heard Jonesy.

ANDY
What'd you say, Jonesy?

Jonesy indicates the mixture on the stove, which is beginning to give off smoke and fumes.

JONESY
We're gettin' low on liniment.

Andy comes closer, answers rather off-handedly, still with his mind on Calder:

ANDY
There's a whole half-gallon
in the kitchen.

JONESY
Never can have too much on hand.
Greatest insurance in the world.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED (contd) 96

Jonesy is bustling about all this time, briskly. Andy, watching him gravely, interrupts quietly with:

ANDY

Jonesy.
(Jonesy looks at him questioningly)
You're just tryin' to keep me busy, aren't you? So I won't be spendin' too much time with him.

He looks in the direction of the house. Jonesy looks at Andy for a long moment, then says gently:

JONESY

You're gettin' to be a pretty smart young feller. Smart enough even to stay away from men like Ed Calder, without me havin' to invent chores for you, I'll bet.

ANDY
(nods gravely)
I don't want to talk to him. It's kinda -- well, it's kinda scarey, even bein' around him, you know?

JONESY
(nodding agreement)
I do.

ANDY

What makes a man do what he does, Jonesy?

JONESY
(shakes his head)
It beats me, Andy. I dunno. I guess no one really knows. Maybe... maybe someday somebody'll find some answers to why people turn out like him. If that day ever comes, it'll surely be a much better world.

97 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE TWO 97

Both are silent for a moment, with their thoughts. The mixture on the small kerosene stove is bubbling now; Jonesy stirs it briefly, sniffs it professionally, if somewhat abstractedly.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED (cont'd) 97

JONESY
Ah-huh. I haven't been payin' too much attention to what I been puttin' in here, but it sniffs just right.

Andy comes a bit closer, smell it also and wrinkles his nose in distaste.

ANDY
Sure does. It's every bit as bad as it ever was.

Jonesy frowns, then chuckles; Andy smiles back. There is a brief moment of warm understanding and affection. Then:

JONESY
Well -- I'm gonna go get the makings for supper. You keep your eye on this for me, huh?

ANDY
Sure.

Andy by now is near the stove, watches Jonesy pick up a gunny-sack from a nail and exit.

98 EXT. BARN & HOUSE - MED. PAN SHOT - JONESY 98
Jonesy moves from the barn, walks past the house somewhat briskly, carrying his potato sack. Calder can be seen seated in a chair on the porch, his leg held straight in front of him.

99 CLOSER ANGLE - AT PORCH 99
Jonesy moves briskly by Calder, nodding very briefly but not speaking. Before he gets completely past, Calder says in a conversational tone:

CALDER
Working hard, eh, Jonesy?

Jonesy stops, impatient to be gone, but not quite impatient enough to be outwardly impolite.

JONESY
Always lots of work to do on a ranch.

CALDER
Sure.
(beat)
If I didn't know better, I'd think you're trying to avoid me.
(more)

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED (cont'd) 99

CALDER
(cont'd)
(no answer; Jonesy merely looks at him gravely, the answer in his eyes.)
The boy, too.

JONESY
(quietly)
'Guess you must be used to such things, Mr. Calder.

Calder nods, expressionlessly, saying:

CALDER
Yeah.

Jonesy exits; Calder looks after him for a time, then settles back, his face hard and still expressionless, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

100 INT. BARN - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - STOVE 100
The bubbling brew on the stove is boiling strongly; so strongly in fact, that it is just beginning to boil over a bit. CAMERA SWINGS OFF it to PICK UP Andy, all the way across the bar, near the door, peering out.

101 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 101
His face is brooding and curious as he looks just past the edge of the open door, at:

102 EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - LONG SHOT - CALDER - ANDY'S POV 102
The silent, grim-looking man is seated on the porch, looking off into space.

103 INT. BARN - CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 103
He continues to watch the O.S. gunman for another moment, then slowly turns away; CUT TO:

104 CLOSE SHOT - STOVE 104
The liquid bubbles over completely; as it contacts the stove top there is a sizzling, hissing sound. A sudden, thick cloud of smoke forms.

105 MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT - ANDY 105
He hears the SOUND, see the smoke billowing up and rushes toward the stove to correct it. The smoke is so dense he cannot entirely see the way. His foot hits something when he is almost there, and he trips; he falls forward, throwing his hands out automatically to break his fall.

106 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDY'S FALL 106
Andy hits his head on the corner of a stall, or some other hard object; his outstretched hands or perhaps his falling body knocks over the stove, the kettle, everything.

107 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 107
As his head strikes the hard object. Stunned, and more than half knocked-out, he crumples in a heap.

108 CLOSE SHOT - STOVE 108
The kerosene is spilled, ignites almost immediately. The fire races along the floor; some hay catches right away, and smoke from the burning material begins to join the other smoke made by the spilt mixture.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE - BARN INTERIOR 109
Showing smoke and flame. The fire has not reached Andy, but the smoke begins to do so very quickly. CUT TO:

110 EXT. MEADOW - MED. SHOT - DAY - SLIM 110
Visible in the blg. are a few young steers. In the f.g. Slim rides up into CAMERA, where there is a gate. He leans forward in the saddle, unhooks the gate, rides through, pulls the gate closed and is securing it when something o.s. catches his eye. INTERCUT:

111 LONG SHOT - RANCH BUILDINGS - SLIM'S POV 111
Smoke can be seen coming from the barn. It is a considerable distance away.

112 MED. PAN SHOT - SLIM 112
He kicks his horse into a gallop and races off toward the ranch.

113 EXT. PORCH OF RANCH HOUSE - MED. CLOSE - CALDER 113
He is half-dozing in the warm sunshine. He awakens, having smelled the smoke. He looks around to find from whence it is coming -- not particularly alarmed, at first. Then, he sees:

114 MED. LONG SHOT - THE BARN - CALDER'S POV 114
Heavy smoke is coming from the open door. Perhaps some flames can be seen, also-- the beginnings of a major conflagration.

115 MED. CLOSE - CALDER 115
He stares, then shouts:

CALDER
Jonesy! Jonesy!

At the same time, with considerable effort and pain, he pulls himself to his feet, grabs his cane and starts to move as rapidly as he can toward the barn shouting Jonesy's name a time or two more as he goes. INTERCUT:

116 EXT. FIELD - MED. SHOT - JONESY 116
Jonesy is in a sort of garden, perhaps two hundred yards or more from the house and barn. There is evidence of various growing things -- corn, potatoes, etc. Jonesy is at the moment carefully digging some potatoes out. From the distance, Calder's voice is heard, faintly. Jonesy is not sure he has heard it at all, but he looks up, and reacts to:

117 LONG SHOT - HOUSE, BARN, ETC. - JONESY'S POV 117
Establishing that the distance is considerable, for a man on foot. The smoke from the barn can be seen plainly.

118 MED. CLOSE - JONESY 118
He forgets the potatoes and jumps to his feet, running as fast as he can toward the ranch buildings. If possible, the burning barn can also be seen in this shot, in the b.g.

119 INT. BARN - MED. CLOSE 119
Showing that the fire has spread, is reaching Andy. Andy is stirring now, not entirely conscious; he is affected by the smoke. He staggers toward CAMERA, inhales another lungful of smoke and is overcome by it. He falls again, face down.

120 EXT. BARN - MED. PAN SHOT - CALDER 120
Calder hobbles to the barn entrance, from which smoke is now literally billowing. Calder's face is wet with sweat; the effort of moving fast is telling on him. He calls into the barn:

CALDER
Andy! Andy-- you in there?

There is no answer. Calder, shielding his face with an upraised arm, gets closer and peers in through smoke and flame.

121 INT. BARN - MEDIUM SHOT - CALDER'S POV 121
Through the swirling smoke and tongues of flame, Calder catches a glimpse of Andy's still figure on the barn floor. The crackling fire is getting close to him.

122 EXT. BARN - MED. SHOT - CALDER 122
His ordinary impassive features reflect real and immediate concern for Andy. He looks around very briefly to see if anyone else is about; no one is. Then, with his forearm across his face and eyes, Calder plunges right into the flaming barn. In moments, he is obscured by the smoke.

123 INT. BARN - MED. SHOT 123
Calder, scarcely able to see, gets to Andy, finds he cannot manage both the boy and the can at the same time. He needs both hands. He throws the cane away. He falls
(more)

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED (cont'd) 123
down as he tries to pick up Andy. He struggles upright, finally, with the boy in his arms. He is coughing; his eyes are streaming, and he is frantically determined to get Andy out. INTERCUT:

124 EXT. BARN - FULL SHOT 124
Jonesy, running and exhausted almost to the point of collapse rounds the corner of the house, heading for the barn, at almost the same time as Slim arrives on horseback and skids to a stop. Tottering toward him, Jonesy points to the barn and gasps:

JONESY
Andy-- Andy--inside!

Slim's face mirrors his shock, and he heads for the barn immediately at a run.

125 MED. SHOT - NEAR BARN DOOR 125
Seconds before Slim's flying figure reaches the smoking entrance, Calder, hopping desperately on one foot, carrying Andy's limp form in his two arms, emerges from the fire. He is bent over; his eyes are closed, and parts of his clothing are smouldering.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. SHOT 126
A few feet from the doorway, Slim grabs Andy from Calder just as the latter collapses in the dirt. Jonesy hurries in, still near exhaustion, and bends to drag Calder completely away from the barn. Slim carries Andy toward the house at a run, CAMERA PANNING with him.

DISSOLVE

127 EXT. BARN - FULL SHOT - DUSK 127
It is almost dark. The charred remains of one side and part of the roof of the barn are still smouldering. After a moment, CAMERA PANS OFF the barn to pick up Jonesy and Slim, at the trough. Jonesy is reasonably clean, but the towel he is drying himself with is quite blackened. Slim is washing his arms and face, removing smudges, etc. Both show great weariness. As Slim finishes, Jonesy hands him a fresh towel. Slim nods his thanks; both walk toward the house, with a sober, backward glance at the barn. CAMERA PANS THEM.

128 INT. RANCH HOUSE - MED. SHOT - NIGHT 128
Seated in a chair, his leg out straight, is Calder. He is completely relaxed, dozing, breathing deeply. CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY TO PICK UP Andy as the boy emerges from his room. Andy looks somewhat pale, is dressed in robe and slippers, and has apparently been resting. He pads in almost noiselessly -- but Calder's eyes snap open.

129 CLOSER ANGLE - ANDY 129
He lights a lamp on a table, looks and sees Calder watching him.

130 WIDER ANGLE 130
Calder speaks quietly:

CALDER
Feeling better, Andy?

ANDY
Yes, thanks...I'm hungry.

CALDER
(slight smile)
Good sign.

ANDY
(hesitantly)
Mr. Calder...

At this moment, Slim and Jonesy enter wearily. Both are pleased to see Andy on his feet.

JONESY
Well, look who's up and around, all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed!

Slim puts his arm around Andy's shoulder briefly.

SLIM
How's the head, Andy?

ANDY
(rubbing his head)
I got a pretty good lump on it, but it's just tender, that's all.

SLIM
(smiling)
You'll have trouble gettin' your hat on and off for a while.

ANDY
Slim...
(pause)
I'm sorry about the barn.

SLIM
(quietly)
I am, too. But we can fix it. And even if we had to put up a new one, a barn's much easier to replace than a brother.

They smile at one another, then look off with one accord at the silent listening Calder, still in his chair across the room. Slim steps away from Andy and crosses to Calder.

131 CLOSE TWO SHOT - CALDER, SLIM 131
As Slim stops in front of Calder's chair.

SLIM
I'm indebted to you, Calder.

CALDER
(quietly)
Glad to do it, Sherman.
(slight smile)
That makes us about even, I'd day...wouldn't you?

Slim looks at him for another moment, then nods slowly, turns and exits toward the kitchen. Jonesy and Andy follow.

132 CLOSE SHOT - CALDER 132
His smile fades as he watches Slim go, leaving his face hard and sinister, as before, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. BEDROOM - MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - CALDER 133
Calder is seated on his bed, his gun and a rag, etc, in his hands. Beside him, on the low talbe, are the shells from the gun. Calder's movements as he cleans the weapon are expert and swift, though his brooding expression indicates his mind is not entirely on the work. Someone's approach is heard, and Calder looks up. There is a knock.

CALDER
Yes? Come in.

The door opens and Andy, dressed as before, in robe and slippers, stands gravely in the doorway. His eyes take in the gun in Calder's hands. He moves forward, hesitantly, troubled by his thoughts.

134 CLOSE TWO - ANDY, CALDER 134
Calder's expression, as always, seems to soften a trifle in Andy's presence.

ANDY
I haven't thanked you properly, yet, Mr. Calder.

CALDER
You're welcome, Andy. I'm glad I was able to do what I did. I mean that.

Andy's eyes are still on the gun; Calder loads it deftly, spins the cylinder, shoves it into its holster. After a pause:

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED (cont'd) 134

ANDY
I -- I guess I'm not old enough to understand all the things I should--about people, I mean.

CALDER
(half-smile)
Nobody everygets old enough to do that.
(looks silently at Andy for a moment; then)
Just what people are you talking about?

ANDY
You.

Calder nods, not surprised.

CALDER
Well -- I'll tell you something, boy. To understand others, you first have to learn about yourself. And that generally takes a lifetime.
(slight smile again)
So you see -- it doesn't pay. Not really. Trying to figure other people out. A man has all he can do just to handle his own problems.

ANDY
You know all about yourself.

CALDER
(thinks it over)
I guess I do, at that.

ANDY
Don't you-- ever ask yourself questions?

Calder can sense what is coming; he grows distant.

CALDER
(shortly)
No. Not any more.
(quiet bluntness)
I'm tired, Andy. I want to go to sleep.

Andy nods, moves toward the door.

135 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 135
He stops at the door, turning back, very troubled. There are the beginnings of tears in his eyes, which grow as he talks. The words burst out of him, suddenly:

ANDY
If it wasn't for you, I'd probably be dead! I know that! But--I wish you hadn't done it! I wish we'd both gotten burnt up--

CALDER
(interrupting quietly)
Andy.

136 CLOSE SHOT - CALDER 136
As remote as he would like to be, he is affected by Andy's emotional outburst.

CALDER
Boy. Don't wish for death. It comes soon enough to all of us.

137 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING BOTH 137
Andy's tear-filled eyes stray again to the gun, near Calder. His voice is filled with loathing.

ANDY
It --it comes sooner to a lot o' people on account o' you!

Instead of leaving with this line, Andy stands there, staring with accusation. Calder frowns; he is now in the position of defending himself verbally against a child.

CALDER
You're talking foolishness. You can say the same thing about soldiers. They kill..and for money, too.

ANDY
They don't <u>enjoy</u> doin' it!

CALDER
(voice rising)
Do you think <u>I</u> do?

ANDY
(shouting)
Why else would you keep doing it?

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (cont'd) 137

With that, he turns and bursts out of the room. From the adjoining room, he can be heard crying. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Calder's face -- tormented, now, as we have never seen it before. The muffled sobs of the boy come over. CAMERA HOLDS ON Calder as he fights self-loathing, finally succeeds in resuming his flat, expressionless look -- this time with the addition of some savage determination. He is angry at himself for allowing the boy to upset him. On his face,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

138 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MED. PAN SHOT - DAY 138
Jonesy emerges from the house (back door) and moves quickly toward the barn, CAMERA PANNING.

139 MED. SHOT - NEAR BARN 139
Slim and Andy come out of the barn; Slim is leading Calder's horse, all saddled, as Jonesy reaches him.

JONESY
He's finished his breakfast.

SLIM
Good.

CAMERA PANS AROUND WITH THEM as Slim walks with the horse toward the house.

140 MED. SHOT - ON PORCH 140
Calder emerges, not using a cane but still favoring his hurt leg. He can put more weight on it,than before, but he still limps. He is not wearing his hat, but his gun is belted around his waist. His face is devoid of expression; he looks as deadly as he has at any time. His eyes locate the approaching group, and he leans idly against a post with his left shoulder. His right arm and side are completely free.

141 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING OTHERS 141
Jonesy and Andy separate somewhat from Slim, with Jonesy drifting unobtrusively toward the kitchen door. Slim stops, with the horse, not too far from Calder, who remains where he is.

SLIM
I saddled your horse for you, Mr. Calder.

142 CLOSER ANGLE - LOOSE TWO - FAVORING CALDER 142
Calder's voice is not loud, but it has a flat, cold quality.

CALDER
I didn't ask you to.

SLIM
(evenly)
No trouble.

CALDER
(to Slim)
Maybe I'm not ready to ride yet.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE 143
Slim is aware of the hardness in Calder's tone, but he keeps his own voice almost conversational as he suggests:

SLIM
One of us'll drive you to town in the buckboard, then.

CALDER
Hospitality's running mighty low all of a sudden, seems to me.

144 MED. LONG - CALDER IN F.G. 144
Slim lets go of the horse's reins and stands still, not moving a muscle. In the far b.g., Jonesy begins to sidle toward the kitchen door. Calder, without turning to look at Jonesy directly, can see him perpherhally and snaps:

CALDER
That's far enough.

Jonesy stops moving.

145 MEDIUM CLOSE - SLIM 145
He takes a long, slow, breath, then asks:

SLIM
((slowly)
Shall I hitch up the buckboard?

146 LOOSE TWO - CALDER, SLIM 146
Andy, nearby, is transfixed and staring.

CALDER
No.
((beat)
I like it here.
((slow smile)
I don't like you much, but I like the place. I think I'll stay for a while.

SLIM
((tight, strained voice)
For how long?

CALDER
Day or two, I guess. Shouldn't take much longer than that.

SLIM
Move away, Andy.

147 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 147
He does not obey; instead, he stares from his brother to Calder.

ANDY
Mr. Calder --

148 WIDER ANGLE - TWO SHOT 148

CALDER
Shut up!

His tone is more annoyed in talking to Andy than at any time before. Slim's voice is even tighter with strain, now.

SLIM
I'm tellin' you to leave.

CALDER
And I'm telling you --no.
(beat)
It's your next move.

For an interminable moment, Slim stares at the man -- and then, with all the speed he is capable of, he goes for his gun. His hand has scarcely touched it when Calder's gun is out, hammer back, aimed at Slim's chest.

ANDY
(screaming)
No!!

149 CLOSE SHOT - CALDER 149
To overlap previous action; his draw is unbelievably fast. He has his gun out in no time. Slowly, he moves away from the post against which he has been leaning.

150 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 150
He is frozen where he stands, his hand just touching his gun-butt, staring into Calder's gun.

151 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 151
A quick flash of Jonesy, staring.

152 WIDER ANGLE - GROUP 152
It is, for a moment, a tableau. Nobody moves. Then, slowly, Calder steps off the porch, limping, walks right into a big HEAD, on CAMERA. Slowly, the piercing light leaves his eyes, and they grow somewhat surprised as he realizes he cannot pull the trigger.

153 MEDIUM GROUP 153
Abruptly, Calder spins his gun and drops it into his holster.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED (Cont'd) 153
CAMERA FOLLOWS Calder as he limps toward the horse, which is a few yards away. Calder puts his good leg up, foot into a stirrup, then swings his injured leg up and over the saddle. He looks gravely down at Slim for a moment, then at Andy.

CALDER
(to Andy)
Take care of yourself, boy.

He turns the horse and rides away without looking back.

154 TWO SHOT - SLIM, ANDY 154
Andy stops looking after Calder and turns to look at Slim. He takes Slim's arm with both of his hands, staring up into the older brother's face.

ANDY
Slim....

He cannot speak. He merely shakes his head and takes a deep shuddering breath. Slim nods in fervent agreement, puts his arm around the boy. Jonesy moves into the shot, is about to speak, when he notices something O.S. He stares off at:

155 EXT. ROAD - JONESY'S POV - CALDER & JESS 155
Calder is going away from the ranch as Jess tops a rise and is seen to be riding towards the ranch. In seconds they will meet.

156 MEDIUM GROUP - NEAR HOUSE 156

JONESY
Look -- that's Jess!

The others look, also.

157 LONG SHOT - THEIR POV 157
Jess slows his horse down, warily. Calder does not. He scarcely looks at Jess; he nods slightly and keeps going. Jess, stopped now, turns to look after him, then spurs his horse down hill toward the ranch and toward CAMERA. INTERCUT:

158 MEDIUM GROUP - AT RANCH HOUSE 158
All have seen the two men pass each other; all are tremendously relieved. They exchange glances, as Jess's rapid hoofbeats sound o.s. and they move to meet him.

159 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE JESS'S ARRIVAL 159
He comes in fast, yanks his horse to askidding stop and jumps to the ground. He is amazed and excited.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED (Cont'd) 159

JESS
Do you know who that was?

SLIM
(wearily)
Yeah.

JESS
What was he doin' here?
(grabs Slim's arm)
Slim -- did he try to bait you into a gunfight?

SLIM
(nods)
He tried...and succeeded.
Fastest draw I've ever seen.

ANDY
He was gonna shoot -- but then he didn't! He put his gun away and rode off.

JONESY
Strange...he didn't seem to be able to pull the trigger.

SLIM
(remembering)
It seemed like he wanted to kill me, all right -- but not badly enough. I guess he didn't have a good enough reason.

JESS
(grimly)
He had his usual reason -- money.

SLIM
What're you talking about?

JESS
Do you remember testifying against three rustlers a few years ago? Named Don and Luke Elkins -- and Sam Shaw?

SLIM
Yeah --sure! They were put away for something like ten years.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED (cont'd) 159

JESS
They're out. Time off for good behavior. And they're in Laramie right now...probably waitin' to pay Ed Calder for killin' you.

There is an exchange of glances during a brief silence.

JONESY
You don't know that for sure. Its just a guess isn't it?

JESS
(watching Slim)
There are some things I don't have to guess about.

SLIM
(thoughtfully)
He won't be collecting any money...but he might collect somethin' else from those people. Like six feet of ground in boot hill.

ANDY
Him? Why, he's so fast that---

SLIM
There are three o' them and one o' him, Andy.
(beat)
I'm goin' in to Laramie.

JESS
(quietly)
Why?

SLIM
Take too long to explain. But nobody's getting killed on my account.

Slim starts off toward the barn. Jess follows, leading his horse.

JESS
(to Slim)
I just hope you know what you're doing-- because I don't.

160 CLOSE TWO SHOT - JONESY, ANDY 160
Andy is bewildered by their actions.

ANDY
Are they gonna help Calder?

JONESY
Looks like. It's a cinch nobody else will.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 INT. CORNER OF SALOON - DAY - CLOSE SHOT 161-
Calder is in the process of dropping some paper money on a table. Present, when CAMERA PULLS BACK, are the Elkins Brothers and Shaw.

SHAW
What happened?

CALDER
(coolly)
Not a thing. The deal is off, that's all.

DON
I don't understand it.

CALDER
Don't try.

He limps away. Before he moves two steps, Luke says:

LUKE
I thought you were supposed to be the best in the business!

CALDER
I was. I'm not in the business any more.

SHAW
(shade of contempt)
Nerves, Calder?

There is a silence. The three men seem to tense a bit. They are all facing Calder; they move slightly apart. Calder, at the door, looks at them and smiles thinly.

162 CLOSE SHOT - CALDER 162
Almost negligently, he pulls his gun in his incredibly fast manner. He holds it on the group.

163 WIDER ANGLE 163

CALDER
A good question, Mr. Shaw.
Does the answer satisfy you?

Shaw nods, wordlessly. Calder spins his gun back into his holster, **heads for the door and is gone. There is a brief silence.**

LUKE
(finally)
All he has to do is open his mouth -- and we'll be back in prison for life.

Don starts to rise as Shaw drifts to the window.

DON
I say -- let's get out o' here right now. As far away as we can.

SHAW
(thoughtfully; looking out window)
I think we ought to perform a little public service first.

With this, INTERCUT:

164 EXT. STREET - **MED. LONG SHOT - SHAW'S POV** 164
Calder can be seen, moving slowly because of his limp, toward the livery stable at the far end of the street.

165 **INT. CORNER OF SALOON - MED. GROUP** 165
Shaw is joined by the others, now.

SHAW
When he gets his horse saddled and comes out of the stable, I don't see why three high-minded citizens couldn't cut him down.

LUKE
Now that's something I'd enjoy. I always wanted to be a high-minded citizen.

The three of them head for the door.

166 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - DAY 166
Establishing that the street is fairly well-filled with townspeople. Slim and Jess are picked up riding into
(cont'd)

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED (cont'd) 166
town from the opposite end -- the end where the livery stable is.

167 MED. PAN SHOT - HOTEL EXTERIOR 167
Shaw and Elkins brothers are seen to exit quickly, move toward the livery stable.

168 CLOSER ANGLE - SLIM, JESS 168
As they approach the stable and pull their horses to a walk, looking sharply around.

169 EXT. LIVERY STABLE - MED. SHOT - CALDER 169
He leads his saddled horse to the doorway, gets on painfully, starts into the street from there.
CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

170 BACK TO SLIM & JESS 170
as they spot Calder, and abruptly rein to a halt.

171 WIDER ANGLE 171
as Calder hesitates, looks cautiously from left to right, then reacts as he sees Slim and Jess, fifteen or twenty yards away from him.

172 CLOSER ANGLE - CALDER 172
as his eyes narrow and he looks behind again.

173 LONG SHOT - CALDER'S POV 173
as he catches a quick glimpse of Don Elins' boots; the rest of his figure being concealed behind the side of the stable.

174 BACK TO CALDER 174
as the faint suspicion of a smile crosses his face.

175 WIDER ANGLE 175
as he starts to ride towards Slim and Jess.

176 NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST SLIM & JESS TOWARDS CALDER 176
as he slowly approaches them. Don Elkins, unable to restrain himself any longer, moves out from behind the stable, his gun in his hand.

SLIM
(shouting)
Calder! Look out!

The words are no sooner out of Slim's mouth when Calder swings around in his saddle, draws, and fires from the hip, shooting Don. Simultaneously, Luke and Shaw emerge from their hiding positions and in a matter of seconds, the air is filled with lead.

177 NEW ANGLE 177
as Townspeople scramble wildly in all directions to get out of range. By now, Slim, Jess and Calder have all dismounted and are firing back at Shaw and Luke.

178 CLOSE SHOT - JESS 178
as he aims and wings Shaw.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST LUKE 179
as he fires wildly at Slim who returns the shot. Con-currently, Calder continues to throw lead, sending another bullet into Shaw.

180 NEW ANGLE 180
GUNNING on Don Elkins, mortally wounded, raising his pistol and firing at Calder.

181 WIDER ANGLE 181
as the bullet plows into Calder just as Slim finishes off Luke with a final burst of fire. During the above, Calder crumples to his knees and as Slim and Jess reach his side, he sprawls out in the grotesque position of death.

182 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE TOWNSPEOPLE 182
slowly beginning to emerge back into the area, strangely silent, now that the firing has ceased.

183 ANOTHER ANGLE 183
as the Sheriff moves INTO SCENE alongside Jess and Slim and stares down at Calder.

SHERIFF
(quietly)
Good riddance.

Without replying, Slim and Jess exchange glances. The Sheriff indicates off towards the Elkins Brothers and Shaw.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Think he was after them?

During the above, Jess has reached down to pick up a letter lying alongside Calder's body, O.S., CAMERA PANNING with the movement. Jess ignores the Sheriff's question, takes the letter out of the envelope, glances at it, then silently hands it to Slim.

184 INSERT - LETTER 184
in Slim's hands. Printed on a single sheet is the following:

SLIM SHERMAN

185 BACK TO SCENE 185
Slim and Jess again exchange glances, then look off towards Calder's body, o.s.

SLIM
(quietly)
Doesn't matter now.

Abruptly, Slim rips the letter to shreds as we---

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: (TAG)

186 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - MED. LONG SHOT - BARN - DAY 186
Repair of the barn is well under way. The roof is patched. Jess and Slim are busy on various parts of the structure with hammers and nails; perhaps one of them is sawing a board to length, etc. CAMERA PICKS UP Jonesy and Andy, carrying a length of siding from a pile of lumber toward the barn itself.

187 CLOSER ANGLE - 187
Jonesy and Andy, assisted by Slim, put the piece of siding in place. It fits quite well. Slim remarks to Jonesy:

SLIM
Perfect fit, Jonesy. You're pretty good at this stuff, aren't you?

JONESY
(pleased)
Well...I guess I do have kind of a knack, at that.

He looks at the place where the next piece of siding is supposed to go. Slim nails the first piece into place, and Jonesy measures the next one by eye--holding a thumb up and regarding the space over it, like a painter judging the size of a landscape. Then, his thumb is still in position, he turns and walks off, back to the lumber pile. Jess enters to Slim and Andy, remarks to Jonesy:

JESS
I dunno how he does it.

Andy is not listening; he is lost in thought as he looks at the new barn going up. Slim notices his preoccupation. Under the ensuing dialogue, Jonesy can be heard sawing a board O.S.

SLIM
Gonna be a neat job, don't you think?

187 CONTINUED (cont'd) 187

ANDY
I kinda wish Mr. Calder was still alive to see it.

Jess and Slim exchange glances. Then, quietly:

JESS
We did our best for him.

ANDY
I know.

Slim drops a hand on Andy's shoulder and explains quietly:

SLIM
Andy...he saw something through your eyes that he couldn't see through his own--himself. But it was too late. I'm sure that man would never have died in bed. He had to die the way he lived...with a gun in his hand.

Jess nods his thoughtful agreement to this. As Andy digests the thought, Jonesy struggles into the scene with another board. Only no one, being momentarily lost in their own thoughts, pays Jonesy any attention. Frowning, he puts board up in place by himself.

188 CLOSE GROUP 188
Jonesy is sweating hard and visibly annoyed at the spectacular lack of help he is receiving.

JONESY
(to the group)
Say, I'm not going to have to build this all by myself, am I?

Thus jarred into awareness of Jonesy, they can't help laughing at his stricken expression. Finally, they all pitch in to the task at hand.

FADE OUT

- THE END -