LARAMIE

"THE IRON CAPTAIN"

Robert Loggia

(6-30-59)

6-24-59

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12212
June 24, 1959
REV. 6/26/59
2nd REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59

LARAMIE

"THE IRON CAPTAIN"

By

E. Jack Neuman



PROPERTY OF:

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12212
June 24, 1959
REV. 6/26/59
2nd REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59
REV. 7/2/59

LARAMIE

"THE IRON CAPTAIN"

By

E. Jack Neuman

PROPERTY OF:

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

LARAMIE

"THE IRON CAPTAIN"

PROD. #12212
June 24, 1959

C A S T

SLIM
JESS
ANDY
SAM PRADO
JONESY
DIXIE ANDERSON
FINCH
JAKE STROHM
JOHNSON
LITA MCA
SHERIFF HALEY

BITS:

DUSTY
JOE
CLEM WATERS
CHECKERED SHIRT
SOBER FACE
RANCHER
DANCE HALL GIRL

SILENT:

VARIOUS OUTLAWS
CULLY
GRANGE
TOWNSPEOPLE
POSSE

S E T S

INTERIORS:

LARAMIE SALOON
SWEETWATER PALACE
SHERMAN BARN & LOFT

EXTERIORS:

SHERMAN RANCH & RELAY STATION
BOTTOM LAND NEAR RANCH
TOWN OF LARAMIE
LARAMIE SALOON
ATLAS HOTEL
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
MOUNTAIN TRAIL
S-O RANCH
RANCHHOUSE PORCH
SWEETWATER, WYO.
SWEETWATER PALACE
CREEKSIDE

"THE IRON CAPTAIN"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH & RELAY STATION - COMPREHENSIVE SHOT - DAY 1

A merciless summer sun pounds down on land and buildings giving everything a parched, forlorn look. In the close f.g. a sign: "Sherman Ranch & Relay Station". When a screen door SLAMS shut o.s. the CAMERA SWINGS ABOUT, locating ANDY as he emerges from the rear door of the ranch house with a wooden bucket in hand. He crosses the wide yard, heading for the main pump located near the corral.

2 WIDE ANGLE BY THE CORRAL 2

A dozen or so fine looking relay horses stomp and twitch restlessly with the heat and flies as Andy comes up. He dips his bucket into the watering trough, then pours this priming water into the top of the pump, working the handle up and down. When water begins to flow, he fixes the bucket to the spigot and pumps vigorously. For a few moments the air resounds with the rusty noise of the pump and the flowing water. When the bucket is filled, Andy disengages it and starts back toward the house. A sharp WHINNY comes over. But the perspective is not with any of the animals in the corral. Andy looks o.s. Then his eyes widen with a slow fear.

3 GROUND LEVEL SHOT - WHAT HE SEES 3

CAMERA PANS up slowly past the hooves and legs and lathered bellies and torn flanks of a pair of riderless horses wearing Army brands and saddles.

4 REVERSE ANGLE OVER HORSES - TOWARD ANDY 4

He licks his lips.

ANDY
Jonesy! Jonesy!
(yells)
Jonesy!

PRADO (O.S.)
Who's Jonesy, boy?

Andy looks in the direction of the voice, drops his bucket of water, and bolts for the house.

5 DIFFERENT ANGLE 5

A pair of MEN block his path. The tall, rangy man wearing cavalry boots and hat, and an issue sidearm is SAM PRADO. Broad-shouldered and harshly handsome, he

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED (contd) 5

is in direct contrast to the second man, DIXIE ANDERSON, who is thick-set and gorilla-like in appearance. Both men are streaked with perspiration and trail dust, their clothing plastered to their backs and legs. We have the feeling they have been reconnoitering the place. Dixie carries a six-shooter loosely in one hand.

DIXIE
(rasps)
The Cap'n ast you a question, boy.

Andy is too frightened to answer. Prado points a riding quirt at Andy.

PRADO
Anyone else here besides you and "Jonesy"?

Dixie grabs Andy roughly.

DIXIE
Answer up, boy!

ANDY
Jus' me ... and Jonesy... and...

JONESY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Get your hands off that boy!

Sam Prado jumps back to flatten himself against the side of the building against a stack of feed sacks. JONESY comes bursting out the door with a meat cleaver in hand and an apron tied about his middle.

6 SHOT - BY REAR DOOR OF RANCH 6

Jonesy raises his meat cleaver, charging Dixie. Andy tries to shout a warning, but he is too late.

JONESY
I said get your hands offa that---

Prado heaves a sack of grain at Jonesy, hitting him squarely in the back. Jonesy pitches forward face down in the dirt.

ANDY
Jonesy!

Dixie releases him and Andy runs over to go down beside Jonesy.

7 WIDE ANGLE 7

Andy begins crying as he attempts to roll Jonesy over and revive him. Dixie comes up to him, holstering his gun.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED 7

PRADO
(crisply)
Get busy.

Dixie takes the order with a nod and goes off toward the corral. Prado shoves his hat back on his head, leans against the building, bends one booted leg to catch the heel against the building and digs a black cigarillo from his shirt pocket.

ANDY
(crying)
Jonesy!

Prado gives Andy an indifferent look, fits the cigarillo between his teeth, swipes a match against the building, lights his cigarillo, and exhales gratefully. Andy continues to cry, and Jonesy lies still.

FADE OUT

TITLES AND COMMERCIAL

ACT I

FADE IN:

8 EXT. BOTTOM LAND NEAR THE RANCH - DAY - PAN SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 8
Grimy and sweaty, they ride TOWARD CAMERA, both men easy in the saddle and dressed for the hard, hot, workaday on the range. When they are in the TWO SHOT the CAMERA TRUCKS with them. Jess mops at the perspiration streaking his face and neck. Slim reins up abruptly, his expression showing that he's seen something o.s. Jess reins in, following his gaze.

9 ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE 9
A saddle-less horse standing in the middle of the meadow regarding them curiously. OVER the SHOT:

JESS' VOICE (O.S.)
Somebody left the corral open.

10 SLIM & JESS 10

SLIM
And "somebody" ought to get a tanning for it.

JESS
Oughtn't be too hard to dab a loop on him.

11 WIDE ANGLE SHOT 11
Slim and Jess approach the horse from two sides, shaking out their nooses. When they are quite near, the horse shies away from Slim. Jess spurs his horse forward, crowding the frightened animal into position for Slim. Slim twirls his lasso and expertly sets a loop over the horse's neck and tautens it. Jess dismounts, follows the rope up to the aniaml, ad-libbing as he approaches.

12 JESS & HORSE 12
As Jess gentles the horse down and Slim rides up, frowning. Jess indicates the Army brand on the flank.

JESS
Not one of ours.

SLIM
Army?

JESS
Yeah.

Slim dismounts and examines the bloody flanks that have been raked with spurs, the caked white residue of sweat, then announces:

SLIM
Somebody's run him almost to death in this neat.

A NEIGHING comes over. Both look off.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE 13
showing a second horse approaching the meadow. Like the first one, he too is caked and bloody.

JESS
Same brand on him.

SLIM
Yeah.

14 SLIM & JESS - TWO SHOT 14
Slim frees his rope from the horse. A sudden urgency in his manner.

CLIM
C'mon!

They mount up and ride off at a fast gallop.

15 WIDE ANGLE SHOT 15
as they race across the bottom land, heading for the ranch. The CAMERA WHIP PANS ahead of them, over a small rise of ground, to SHOW the ranch.

16 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT 16
Andy has dragged Jonesy over into the shade near the house and is feeding him a dipperful of water. Jonesy is conscious now. They HEAR the approaching HOOFBEATS and look off with awakening hope.

17 SHOT BY CORRAL 17
Prado and Dixie have helped themselves to a pair of Slim's relays, which are saddled and bridled. Prado is tightening his cinch as Dixie adjusts his bridle. Both react, HEARING the approaching HOOFBEATS.

18 FULL SHOT - ANDY IN F.G. 18
Slim and Jess appear at the top of the rise. Andy stands up and shouts.

ANDY
Slim! Look out!

19 PRADO & DIXIE 19
Both men cast angry glances in Andy's direction. Dixie pulls his six-shooter.

DIXIE
That kid---

Prado reaches for the carbine in his saddle scabbard.

PRADO
No good at this range -- use your rifle!

Dixie jumps to do as ordered, but he is too late. His horse shies away as Jess and Slim, coming on hard, fire their first bullets. Dixie jerks out his six-shooter and returns fire. Prado, cool and expert, levers a shell into his rifle, drops to one knee and takes aim. He fires once and the rifle jams. He thrusts it away angrily and grabs out his forty-five.

PRADO (contd)
Take cover!

20 FULL SHOT - FAVORING SLIM & JESS 20
Galloping toward the corral, with their six-shooters blazing. Dixie dives for the watering trough while Prado scurries for the barn. Jess and Slim come in, spewing bullets in the corral area.

21 SHOT BY PUMP 21
Dixie fires back haphazardly until he takes a bullet in the arm and drops his gun in the watering trough with a cry of pain.

22 WIDE ANGLE SHOT 22
Slim and Jess come on fast. Prado sees that it is useless without Dixie. He throws his gun down and raises his hands. Slim and Jess rein up on their plunging horses and hold their guns to cover Prado and Dixie.

ANDY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(shouts)
Jess! Slim!
(coming on)
They were trying to steal our horses!

Jess steers his horse over to Dixie and waves his gun.

JESS
Over there -- with him!

Dixie gives Jess a dark look, and, still holding his wounded arm, shuffles over toward Prado.

23 SLIM & PRADO 23
Holding his gun on Prado, Slim dismounts, as Jess, still mounted, herds Dixie up alongside him. Andy comes running, followed by Jonesy. Slim puts an arm on the boy's shoulder.

SLIM
You all right?

ANDY
I'm all right!

Slim looks at the cut on Jonesy's forehead.

JONESY
Me too, more or less.

24 TIGHT GROUP SHOT 24
Jess dismounts and addresses himself to Dixie.

JESS
Who're you?

DIXIE
My name's Dixie Anderson.

JESS
(to Prado)
You?

Prado says nothing.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (contd) 24

DIXIE
(darkly)
His name's Prado.

Jess reacts slightly and regards Prado with more interest.

JESS
Sam Prado, eh?

PRADO
(soft manner)
Captain Sam Prado.

SLIM
You know him?

JESS
I know about him. He swiped an Army payroll and killed three men doin' it.

Prado laughs softly.

SLIM
Something funny about murdering, Mister?

PRADO
I'm a much-maligned man, my friend. Besides, they were only enlisted men.

25 REACTIONS SHOT - JESS, SLIM, ANDY, JONESY 25

26 GROUP SHOT 26
Prado gestures with his arms.

PRADO
May I lower my arms?

JESS
Yeah. Right behind your back.
(to Dixie)
You, too.

Jess hands his gun over to Slim, who covers them. Jess reaches for a rope.

JESS
Reckon they can convict you for murder in Laramie as well as anyplace else.

CONTINUED

26A INT. SHERMAN RANCH - KITCHEN AREA - MED. SHOT - (DAY)
Jess enters from outside. He is cleaned up and wears his best clothes. He does not see Slim at first. Slim is stripped to the waist and shaving in front of a mirror in the kitchen.

JESS
Slim...

SLIM
(half-turning)
In here.

CAMERA MOVES IN AS JESS ENTERS.

JESS
(moving in)
Thought you'd be ready by now. Andy and Jonesy are waitin' outside.

SLIM
What's all the rush? Prado's trial's not scheduled for another three hours.

JESS
(half-smiling)
Try telling that to Andy. He's been buzzing around here all morning like a fly that won't light.

SLIM
I know. He's never been in court before.
(then thoughtfully)
I'm not even sure we ought to be takin' him along.

JESS
Why not?

SLIM
Well, he'll sit there and listen to all the crimes that man's done. Then he'll hear the judge sentence him to die.
(shakes his head)
I don't know if it's right to expose a boy to things like that.

26 CONTINUED (contd) 26

Prado gives him a shrug.

PRADO
They can try.

Jess looks at him sharply. Prado smiles softly. Jess begins tying his hands as we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

27 EXT. LARAMIE, WYOMING - DAY - FULL SHOT 27
The street would ordinarily be abustle with people and animals, but now it is strangely quiet and deserted. Saddle horses and a few buckboards are hitched up and tied into the main racks.

28 EXT. LARAMIE SALOON - DAY - FULL SHOT 28
A cluster of MEN and WOMEN gathered near the entrance, speaking in quiet groups. A crude sign above the swinging doors explains: "COURTROOM TODAY".

29 MED. SHOT - NEAR THE ENTRANCE 29
Slim, Jess, Andy and Jonesy are somewhat shined up for the occasion. Andy's hair is carefully combed. Jonesy wears a stiff celluloid collar and his ever-present hat; Slim and Jess wear clean shirts and are smooth-shaven. No gun belts on either of them or any of the other men in the group. Andy fidgets:

ANDY
What happens now?

JONESY
The Jury'll come back in and tell us if they're guilty or not.

30 ANGLE FAVORING SLIM & JESS 30
Slim scans the street sourly.

SLIM
Don't see why it'd take them over two minutes to make up their minds. Lotsa things to get done at the ranch today.

JESS
Did you ever think how it'd be not to get anything done?

CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

JESS
(watching as Slim finishes shaving)
He isn't going to be a boy forever. He's gotta learn sometime to take the bad along with the good.

SLIM
But why rush it, Jess? It's a wonderful thing, being a boy -- a good time of life. Maybe even the best time.

JESS
One thing's sure. If we don't take him with us, you're gonna have a real fight on your hands. Andy's got his heart set on goin'.

SLIM
(starting to get a clean shirt on)
I've been thinkin' about that, too.
(half-smiles)
This being an older brother isn't exactly all it's cracked up to be.

JESS
You'll do.
(then indicating a newspaper nearby)
Did you see this? Prado's sayin' no Laramie court can convict him. He's demandin' a federal trial.

SLIM
They'll find him guilty -- no matter where he's tried.
(running a comb through his hair, he stops abruptly)
There's something wrong with that man, Jess. You look in his eyes and there's nothing there.

JESS
Yeah. I've seen eyes like that before, feedin' on killin' and lovin' every minute of it.

CONTINUED

(CONTINUED)

SLIM
Guess there are all kinds of ways of bein' sick. Only in Sam Prado's case, there's no cure.

JESS
(evenly)
The jury'll find one. Permanent.

Slim nods almost imperceptibly and starts out with Jess toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

JAIL SEQUENCE.

30 CONTINUED (contd) 30

A man behind them, FINCH, lean and harsh, looks o.s., scowling darkly.

FINCH
He's the one, all right! Him and his guerillas burned us out!

The Spectators pause in their conversations, looking o.s. Some mutter darkly, AD LIBBING.

JESS
(looking off)
Jury must be in...

SLIM
Yeah.

All look o.s.

31 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - REVERSE ANGLE 31
SHERIFF HALEY and his DEPUTY, JIM, herding Sam Prado and Dixie Anderson ahead of them down the center of the main street. Prado and Dixie are manacled to each other with a short length of chain.

32 SHOT FEATURING PRADO 32
He appears fresh and rested and completely unconcerned as he walks along enjoying the morning. As the group nears the saloon entrance the CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include the Spectators clustered near the doors.

33 CLOSER ANGLE 33
as Prado and Dixie mount the steps and start to enter the saloon Prado gives Jess and Slim a significant look.

FINCH (O.S.)
You dirty killer!

Finch jumps into shot, aiming a blow at Prado. Prado sidesteps but Finch locks with him for a brief moment before Haley and Jim step in. In a short flash we SEE Finch transfer a small, deadly two-barreled derringer to Prado. Then Haley and Jim are shoving Finch away and thrusting Prado and Dixie ahead of them through the swinging doors. Slim, Jess, Andy and Jonesy and the other Spectators enter after them, removing their hats. The CAMERA MOVES past the swinging doors and into the saloon.

34 INT. LARAMIE SALOON - DAY - FULL SHOT 34
Slim, Jess, Andy and Jonesy find their seats. There are perhaps a half a hundred or so spectators, seated or

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED (contd) 34
standing facing the main bar area. They murmur among themselves as Prado and Dixie are led down the aisle by Sheriff Haley and Jim. The CAMERA SWEEPS the room, LINGERS momentarily on the rack of gunbelts and rifles stacked and hanging in the close f.g. in an area provided for them; then MOVES down the aisle of spectators -- none of whom carry holsters or guns. The seating arrangement has been designed to give the place some aspect of dignity. Bottles and glasses behind the bar have been covered with a huge American flag, bearing the proper number of stars for the time era. The Judge's "bench" is a table and chair on a pedestal in front of the bar.

HALEY
(calls out)
Hear ye! This court is now in session!

35 ANGLE - SLIM, JESS, ANDY, JONESY 35
as they watch Sheriff Haley, performing as bailiff, standing by the bench rapping the Judge's gavel. The Twelve Jurors have taken their positions to the left of the "bench". Dixie Anderson and Prado have been halted in position to face the bench.

HALEY
Everybody be quiet.

They quiet down. Haley raps the gavel.

HALEY (contd)
Everybody rise for his Honor -- The Judge!

The Spectators climb to their feet, all heads turning toward the office door of the saloon, which is the temporary chambers of the Judge.

36 ANGLE - FEATURING PRADO 36
He watches with an amused little smile as everyone waits. Then Haley frowns, nods, and the Deputy Jim steps over toward the door. Jim opens the door -- reacts -- as does everyone.

37 SHOT BY OFFICE DOOR 37
The JUDGE is securely tied into a chair, bound and gagged. Beyond him an open window leading to the street.

PRADO (O.S.)
Be seated.

All eyes turn to Prado.

38 ANGLE FEATURING PRADO 38
The Derringer is in his hand and fitted into Haley's back.

PRADO
I said -- be seated.

The Spectators are too stunned to do anything -- but as commanded. Several of them remain standing. Ten men have drawn guns from under their shirts and coats. Mean, determined, hard-faced outlaws who move swiftly and expertly into position, covering doors and windows carefully. Dixie reaches into Haley's vest, gets the key and unlocks their manacles. Finch steps up, handing Prado his service belt and forty-five; he gives Dixie a gun. Prado buckles on his gun, puts on his hat, raps the gavel sharply as a few people begin to stir.

PRADO
This court's still in session. I'll let you know when it's adjourned.

The hardness of the man, plus the presence of the other, silent, armed men quiets the stir.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - SALOON 39
Prado, calm and military, raps out orders to various of his men. To a pair closest to the door, he orders:

PRADO
You two -- get horses. Pick the best you can.

The men so ordered make their exit quietly, putting their guns away as they do so. Prado turns to Finch and Dusty, nearby, points to Slim and Jess.

PRADO (cont'd)
I want the two key witnesses. Tie their hands in front of them so they can ride.
(to man at window)
How is it on the street?

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED (contd) 39

Johnson, the outlaw at the window, answers:

JOHNSON
Quiet, Cap'n.

CUT:

40 EXT. SALOON - MEDIUM SHOT 40

The men detailed to get horses are doing so, without fuss, untying various animals and leading them toward the saloon door. As one man passes CAMERA, he looks off at:

41 EXT. GENERAL STORE - MEDIUM LONG SHOT 41

From this angle, it can be seen that there is hardly any activity on the street. Two women, too far away to be heard, are chatting as they walk onto the porch of the General Store, where they are greeted by an aproned STOREKEEPER pleasantly; they either go into the store or remain on the porch examining various wares there.

42 INT. SALOON - MEDIUM SHOT 42

Prado is now near the door, moving as the scene opens. Behind him, hands bound, Jess and Slim are being shoved by Finch and Dusty. To two more outlaws, Prado orders:

PRADO
You men keep this place covered until we're all mounted.
(looks around bleakly)
I want one more hostage.

43 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY, JONESY 43

Both are very upset because of Slim and Jess; however, an outlaw not too far from them is too much of a menace for either of them to move.

PRADO (cont'd)
You -- the jury foreman. You'll do fine.

44 MEDIUM SHOT 44
The jury foreman, a bespectacled, troubled man named WATERS, protests weakly:

WATERS
Please -- Just a moment. I --

PRADO
Quiet!

The outlaw nearest begins to tie Waters' hands roughly. From the window, Johnson says:

JOHNSON
Horses are ready, Cap'n.

PRADO
All right. We go.
(to Jess, Slim and Waters)
You first.

Prado, Finch and another outlaw, guns in their hands, move close behind Jess, Slim and Waters as they exit from the saloon. Other outlaws begin exiting, also, except for the two men stationed as guards.

45 EXT. SALOON - MEDIUM SHOT 45
The two men detailed to gather the horses are both mounted now and hold the reins of the other horses. Prado, very close behind Slim, orders, simply:

PRADO
Up.

Slim has no choice. He begins to mount, grabbing the saddle horn with his tied hands. Jess and Waters do the same.

46 EXT. GENERAL STORE - MEDIUM CLOSE 46
The Storekeeper seen earlier is opening the door for his two women customers to exit; he looks off across the street, at:

47 MEDIUM SHOT 47
Jess, Slim, Waters and some of the other outlaws are mounted now. Prado can be seen clearly, as he swings into the saddle.

48 MEDIUM CLOSE - STOREKEEPER 48
He stares for an instant, then shouts as loudly as he can:

STOREKEEPER
It's Sam Prado! Prado's loose!

He disappears immediately, diving into his store.

49 MEDIUM SHOT - PRADO 49
as he reacts to this sudden development. To two of the outlaws still on the ground, he orders:

PRADO
Cut the other horses away!
Spook 'em!

The outlaws rush to do as they have been ordered. Prado turns to look hard at the store across the street.

50 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - STORE FRONT 50
The women have disappeared by now; the Storekeeper emerges, levering a shell into a rifle. He lifts it to his shoulder and fires hurriedly.

51 MEDIUM GROUP - PRADO AND OTHERS 51
An outlaw near Jess gets hit and falls; Prado raises his .45 and triggers off one SHOT.

52 MEDIUM SHOT - STOREKEEPER 52
Prado's shot kills him where he stands.

53 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT 53
The two guards detailed by Prado are backing toward the door rapidly. Prado's voice comes over from outside:

PRADO'S VOICE
All right -- let's go!

A man nearest the pile of guns makes a grab for one; one of the outlaws kills him. Both back out to the street.

Prod. #12212
Rev. 6/30/59 *

54 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT 54
With yells and shots, the horses not being used are stampeded in all directions. The outlaws still dismounted race for mounts now. Prado, alert, overseeing everything, waits for his men.

INTERCUT:

55 MEDIUM SHOT - UP THE STREET 55
A man in a Checkered Shirt appears, running, drops to his knee and fires a rifle at the outlaw group.

56 MEDIUM GROUP 56
The outlaw who has just killed the man inside the saloon is dropped by Checkered Shirt's shot. The other Guard, mounted, is having trouble with his horse, as Prado leads his group off now, in a dead run down the street.

57 MEDIUM CLOSE - OUTLAW ON REARING HORSE 57
The horse throws the outlaw, who scrambles to his feet, pulls his gun and faces the saloon door just as it bursts open and a half-dozen men emerge, all armed and firing. The outlaw is riddled and drops to the dirt.

58 EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF STREET - MEDIUM PAN SHOT 58
Prado, his remaining men and the hostages-- whom Prado keeps very close to-- are all tearing down the street, firing to both sides to keep would-be snipers pinned down.

INTERCUT:

59 EXT. BARBER SHOP - MEDIUM CLOSE 59
A BARBER appears, steadying a six-gun against the door-jamb, fires once. Return fire kills him where he stands.

INTERCUT:

59A MEDIUM PAN SHOT 59A
An outlaw in the pack riding near Slim is killed by the Barber's shot. Finch and Prado both fire in the direction of the Barber. CAMERA PANS the outlaw group around a corner and out of sight.

59B FULL SHOT - NEAR SALOON 59B
Several are still firing after the fleeing gang; the street is full of rearing, loose horses.

59C MEDIUM GROUP 59C
Jonesy, amongst a group of excited citizens, shouts to a man still firing futilely:

JONESY
Don't! You'll hit Slim or Jess or Waters!!

Sheriff Haley, shoving his way through the disorder, shouts:

CONTINUED

Prod. #12212
Rev. 6/30/59 *

59C CONTINUED (contd) 59C

HALEY
Wait, you people -- wait!
(to nearby men)
Jim -- Wally -- get some o'
those horses!
(to another)
Give him a hand!

He also chases after the nearest horse, grabbing its reins.

60 JONESY AND ANDY 60
standing in front of the saloon, numbed and dazed, as the tragic aftermath of the escape is played out all around them. Some of the loose horses have been caught and men are now leading them toward the Sheriff's office. And then Haley's voice booms out clearly:

HALEY'S VOICE (o.s.)
I want a dozen men!

Jonesy and Andy look off toward the Sheriff's office.

61 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT 61
Haley is strapping on his guns, speaking to a crowd of irate citizens. A sober-faced MAN with a stern look steps up.

SOBER FACE
You can have every man in town, Sheriff!

The crowd of men assent sternly.

HALEY
A dozen'll do -- any more'd be in the way.
(selects quickly)
You...you...you...you...and you... get your horses ready.

Jonesy pushes up followed by Andy.

JONESY
I'll ride with you, Sheriff.

62 CLOSER ANGLE - JONESY AND HALEY 62
Haley looks surprised.

JONESY
They've got my friends. The way these people are thinking and talking they won't care who they shoot right now -- so long as they get a shot at somebody.

Haley touches his shoulder briskly.

HALEY
Mebbe you're right.
(to Deputy Jim)
Get him a horse, Jim.

Haley steps away. Others who are going to ride in the posse are making last minute preparations with animals and guns, mounting up.

63 JONESY AND ANDY 63
Jonesy turns to Andy.

ANDY
How about me?

JONESY
I want you to take the buckboard and drive back to the ranch and ---

ANDY
Jonesy ---

JONESY
-- and you wait there until I come back with Slim and Jess. Water the stock -- change the teams when the stage comes in ---

ANDY
No, Jonesy! I ---

JONESY
(firm but gentle)
It takes a real man to just wait, Andy. A real man.

ANDY
(pause)
All right, Jonesy. I'll go back to the ranch. I'll wait.

Jonesy hugs him by the shoulders. Jim steps INTO SHOT, hands Jonesy a gun belt and the reins of a horse.

JONESY
Thanks.

64 FULL SHOT 64
Jim steps away. Jonesy mounts his horse awkwardly as Andy watches. All about them now, men are mounting up with shouts and angry, impatient threats. Haley is already mounted and plunges his horse up front.

HALEY
A dozen men -- that's all I want!

A bony-faced RANCHER shouts from his horse:

RANCHER
We're all going, Sheriff, it's our town, too!

HALEY
But I tell ya' that ---

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/30/59
(contd)

64 CONTINUED 64

SOBER FACE
What're we waiting for? C'mon!

RANCHER
Let's ride!

It is useless for Haley to talk to them now. He gives a signal and they ride out at fast gallop. The Townspeople, caring for the wounded, trying to restore order, pause, watching them ride out.

65 MAIN STREET - LONG SHOT OVER ANDY 65
He stands with other Townspeople watching the posse ride away in a cloud of dust. Then he turns slowly and heads for the buckboard.

DISSOLVE

66 EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY - FULL SHOT 66
Prade, his hostages and his outlaws, riding hard. Ahead of them a range of steep mountains rising sharply.

67 MED. SHOT - FEATURING PRADO 67
as they reach a small stream edged with spruce and cottonwoods Prado lifts his hand; stops his men.

68 GROUP SHOT 68
Prado is flanked by Finch and Johnson. Slim, Waters and Jess riding behind them herded by Dusty, Grange and Cully. Prado looks ahead where the trail slopes upward.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED (contd) 68

Finch wipes his brow, looks back, then says with something of admiration in his voice:

FINCH
Worked good, Cap'm. Gener'l Lee couldn't've figured it out much better.

Prado is not displeased; he answers dryly:

PRADO
Make that General Grant. He was on the winning side.

Finch grins; Prado looks thoughtful, then right at Finch; lower voice now:

PRADO (contd)
How were things in Sweetwater?

FINCH
Well -- she was still there, two days ago.

Prado swings a leg over his saddle to ease his position, lights up one of his cigarillos. Finch grows nervous.

FINCH (contd)
If it's all the same to you, Cap'm, we ought to be movin'. A posse'd --

PRADO
-- stop right here. That's what this posse will do. I guarantee it.
(he turns to Waters)
Your name?

WATERS
Clem Waters.

PRADO
You're not much of a horseman, are you, Mr. Waters?

His conversational tone makes Waters even more nervous than he already is.

WATERS
No -- no, I'm not.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED (contd) 68

PRADO
Why don't you dismount, then?

Hesitantly, Waters does so; Prado regards him a moment; then:

PRADO (contd)
By the time your friends get here, Mr. Waters, they'll be tired enough and sore enough to listen to you. I want you to tell them something.
(points to Slim, Jess)
Tell them these two will be killed if this pursuit continues.

SLIM
That won't work, Prado. Not after what you just did in Laramie.

PRADO
For your sake, I hope it does work.
(to Finch)
See that Mr. Waters waits here.

Finch, in position, slams his gun down on Waters' head. Waters crumples to the ground without a sound. Prado whips his horse into movement, and the entire group moves out.

69 LOW ANGLE - WATERS IN F.G. 69
SHOOTING OVER his crumpled form as the group rides away at a rapid gallop.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN

70 EXT. S-O RANCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT 70
It is a small, dumpy-looking spread nestled against the slope of a mountain. A battered barn and a corral to one side. The only sign of life is the dozen or so horses milling in the corral. Then faintly over scene the RUMBLE of approaching HOOFBEATS.

71 MED. CLOSE SHOT - NEAR BARN 71
JAKE STROHM emerges from the barn and takes a stance looking offstage, shielding his eyes and squinting into the sunlight. Jake is a hulking brute with massive shoulders and hands, dark and balding. As the HOOFBEATS come nearer he tosses away the rolled cigarette hanging limp in his mouth.

72 REVERSE SHOT - WHAT HE SEES ALONG TRAIL TO THE RANCH 72
Jake is watching Prado, Finch, Johnson, Dusty, Cully and Grange and the two hostages, Slim and Jess, as they come into view riding hard. They slow their horses nearing the ranch.

73 WIDE ANGLE - NEAR THE BARN 73
Jake gives them a wave of greeting and steps forward. Finch dismounts. Prado remains mounted studying Jake.

JAKE
Came off all right, did it?

FINCH
Most of it.

JAKE
(to Prado)
You must be Sam Prado.

PRADO
(pointedly)
Captain Prado.

Jake grins evilly.

JAKE
Sure. I'm Jake Strohm.

Jake extends his hand. Prado ignores it with a chilly look and gestures toward the corral.

PRADO
Those the horses?

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED (contd) 73

JAKE
That's them, Cap'm. Fresh and fed and ready to be runnin'.

Prado shoves his quirt in his boot.

74 GROUP SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE 74
Prado dismounts.

PRADO
Where'd you get them?

JAKE
I got 'em. That's all you gotta know.

Prado gives Jake a sharp glance.

JAKE (contd)
But I don't mind tellin' ya' horseflesh as good as that ain't easy t'come by. I took a big chance.

PRADO
You're being paid for it.

The other outlaws begin to dismount.

JAKE
One thousand dollars.

Jake's glance goes beyond Prado and his face falls. Everyone has dismounted but Slim and Jess who still sit their horses with bound hands.

JAKE
What is this....?

SLIM
Hello, Jake.

JESS
Hiya, Jake.
(to Slim)
He always looked like a horsethief to me, Slim.

SLIM
Yeah. At least he's good at somethin'.

Jake turns on Prado and Finch.

JAKE
Whad'ya bring them here for -- they can make trouble for me.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED (contd) 74

Prado nods to Cully and Grange. They start dragging Slim and Jess from their saddles.

PRADO
(blandly)
Can you cook, Mister Strohm?

JAKE
(scowls)
Whazzat?

PRADO
I asked: can you cook?

JAKE
The wife does all the cookin' -- she's away.

PRADO
Then you'll undertake the cooking, Mister Strohm.

JAKE
What?

PRADO
I'm hungry.

75 ANOTHER ANGLE 75

Jake sets his jaw grimly. Finch and the others are enjoying this. Jake sets himself and indicates Finch and the others:

JAKE
(hard)
You may be worth breakin' outta jail t'them, and that's their business. I heard ya wuz supposed t'be somethin' special. But t'Jake Strohm yer jus' one more hombre hittin' th' long trail with a posse after ya' and I'm not pig-tailin' grub fer you or anybody else.

Prado studies Jake for a long moment then without warning drives a short, hard punch lightning-fast and straight from the shoulder. Jake sits down hard in his tracks, stunned and surprised. Then he tugs for his gun. Prado moves up beside him -- almost effortlessly.

76 CLOSER ANGLE 76

Prado stomps the gun out of Jake's hand and then lifts his boot aiming his sharp, star-pointed spur directly

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED (contd) 76

at Jake's throat. Jake freezes, his eyes widening in terror. Prado can merely rake backwards and tear him open.

PRADO
(slowly, evenly)
Before you begin in the kitchen,
I want you to wash up.

Jake gulps, nods weakly. The ANGLE WIDENS as Prado steps away and lets him get up. Prado snaps his fingers. Jake bends down, picks up his gun, butt-first, and hands it to Prado. Prado tosses the gun lightly to Cully.

PRADO (contd)
A nice meal, Mister Strohm, something
tasty.

Strohm glares at him, wipes some of the grime from his face, turns, and heads for the ranch house. Finch indicates Slim and Jess who have been dragged up side by side.

FINCH
What about these two, Cap'm?

Prado shoves back his hat, rubs his chin, scowls, thoughtfully.

77 ANGLE FEATURING SLIM AND JESS AND PRADO 77

Prado confronting them. Then makes his decision.

PRADO
Get your rifles.

Finch grins knowingly and he and the other outlaws disburse to drag rifles from their scabbards. Slim and Jess react slightly to this unbelievable charade. Prado studies their faces with amusement as they see the outlaws form a line with their rifles.

FINCH
(calls)
Any time, Cap'm.

JESS
(sneers)
Where were you ever a Captain?

PRADO
For the Union and the Confederacy --
at one time or another.

JESS
At the same time, probably.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED (contd) 77

PRADO
(chuckles appreciatively)
Very good. I admire your fearless attitude. Men like you deserve a dignified execution like this -- not a hanging, like you planned for me.
(gestures toward Finch)
And you don't have to worry about their marksmanship. They've been with me a long time.

JESS
Why?

PRADO
Why?

JESS
Why would anybody -- even this bunch of rattlesnakes -- stick with you?

PRADO
Loyalty, my friend. And in return they have my leadership. Are you gentlemen ready?

SLIM
If you're going to do it, get it over with.

PRADO
An admirable attitude.
(glance sunward)
Not exactly the classic time of day for this sort of thing.
(touches neckerchief)
Blindfold?

JESS
Keep it. Blow your nose sometime.

Prado smiles easily looks at Slim; Slim stares back levelly. Prado touches his shirt pocket where he keeps his cigarillos.

PRADO
Last smoke?

Slim and Jess only stare at him. Prado, enjoying himself, says:

PRADO
Well...then perhaps we had better proceed.

78 SHOT OVER SLIM AND JESS TOWARD "FIRING SQUAD" 78
The outlaws are aligned and ready with their rifles. Prado smiles at Slim and Jess, steps back into position.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED (contd) 78

PRADO

Ready!

The outlaws set their rifles to their shoulders. Prado waits interminably long, his eyes darting from Slim to Jess studying their reactions. They stand steady, unflinching.

PRADO (contd)

Aim!

There is the irregular CLICK of five rifle hammers being thumbed back.

79 TIGHT ON JESS AND SLIM 79
waiting, sweating it out, facing the firing squad. They exchange looks. Prado waits longer this time.

80 EFFECT SHOT OF THE "FIRING SQUAD" 80
Aligned, aiming at Slim and Jess; Prado to one side. He raises his quirt mocking a saber.

81 OUTSIDE S-O RANCH HOUSE BY DOORWAY - QUICK SHOT 81
Jake Strohm has stepped out the door, stands motionless and watches tensely.

82 FULL SHOT - FIRING SQUAD, SLIM AND JESS 82
Prado brings his quirt down sharply.

PRADO

Fire!

The Firing Squad fire -- into the air!

83 ANGLE FAVORING SLIM AND JESS 83
as they realize what has happened. Then Prado's LAUGHTER breaks over scene. He doubles up limply, convulsed, holding his sides. The other outlaws join him.

JESS
(a cry of rage)
You dirty --

SLIM

No, Jess!

Slim grabs Jess' belt, holding him back, as Prado waits, smiling alertly, ready to hit Jess with his quirt if he gets loose. Two of the outlaws move up to grab Jess, also. Prado relaxes, says slowly:

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED (contd) 83

PRADO
It's useful to know that you think so much of your friend.

Prado turns on his heels and heads toward the ranch house. Slim and Jess are being hauled toward the tree in the b.g. as we

DISSOLVE

84 EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY - FULL SHOT 84
The posse of twenty men or so at a stop; all clustered in a group near the base of a tree.

85 SLOW PAN SHOT 85
showing their lathered horses and their grim and serious faces as they stand motionlessly all staring toward the base of the tree. The CAMERA finally HALTS in a GROUP SHOT showing Jonesy kneeling on the ground beside Clem Waters who has a crude bandage wrapped around his head; Haley is on the other side; the Deputy, Jim, The Rancher, Sober Face and others watching and listening carefully.

WATERS
(weakly)
...And one thing you can count on --
He meant it. He wasn't bluffing.

RANCHER
(bitterly)
What're we waiting for, Sheriff?

HALEY
You heard what he just said.

Angry AD LIBS of protest break out. Haley raises both arms. Jonesy gets to his feet slowly.

HALEY
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

SOBER FACE
(angrily)
The longer we wait, the less chance we've got of getting him!

RANCHER
I'm for riding after him right now! The trail's easy to follow!

More AD LIBS, angry gestures, affirming this line of action. Haley shouts angrily:

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (contd) 85

HALEY
Sure the trail's easy to follow! Sure it is -- here! But up in those mountains it won't be so easy and he'll have a lookout watching every move we make. And he'd kill Slim and Jess the minute he knows we're on that trail. He's got us good! You know it! I know it! Everyone of us knows it!

86 ANGLE FAVORING JONESY 86
with his strange hat and his slight build, looking more out of place than ever among the bulking possemen. Haley turns to Jonesy.

HALEY
(softly)
Have you got any ideas, Jonesy? They're your friends.

JONESY
(nods up and down)
Yep. Yep. Best I got. Best I'll ever have. Do we keep on or do we turn back? I...I don't know. I know I don't want 'em killed. I know that. I...I don't know what to say. I'm not much of a hand at riding in a... posse. But...a lookout on the trail'd be expecting a lot of riders...if one man like me...rode up there...
(helplessly)
...lookout might not pay any attention... no one'd hardly pay any attention to me riding up there alone...maybe I....

Haley touches Jonesy's shoulder, shakes his head.

HALEY
(gently)
You're right, Jonesy, you ain't exactly a posseman.

JONESY
I...I just can't go back to Laramie and do nothing, Sheriff.

He prepares to move out alone, numb with worry. Haley stops him.

HALEY
You can do something. We can all do something. You gimme an idea.

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59

87 ANOTHER ANGLE 87
as Haley addresses the men.

HALEY
We'll break up in twos and threes -- spread out -- by nightfall we can have every rancher and Sheriff in the state on the lookout for him. At least it's a start.

There's a common assent from the possemen. They turn away to get their horses. Haley sets an arm on Jonesy's shoulders.

HALEY (contd)
You ride with me, Jonesy.

Jonesy nods, replaces his hat, they start for their horses.

DISSOLVE

88 EXT. S-O RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT - JESS AND SLIM 88 -
tied to the cottonwood tree, back-to-back. Jess and Slim are both dirty; both boys are apparently - asleep, sagging in their bonds. CAMERA DRIFTS OFF them to PICK UP the two outlaws guarding them, Dusty and Johnson. They are relaxing, talking. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER on them. Johnson stretches and yawns.

JOHNSON
Gettin' cooler.

Dusty, preoccupied, grunts in assent, then says:

DUSTY
Where's he got that Army payroll hid, d'you figure?

JOHNSON
Dunno. We just take our time -- we'll find out.

DUSTY
It better be soon. I'm gettin' mighty sick o' callin' him "Cap'm."

JOHNSON
Listen -- for my cut of eighty thousand dollars, I'll call him General if he wants.

88A MED. CLOSE - JESS, SLIM 88A -
Both have heard most of the o.s. conversation. Jess speaks in a low voice to Slim:

JESS
You hear all that, Slim?

SLIM
Yeah. Real loyal, aren't they?

JESS
Uh-huh. And all the time I thought it was Prado's personality 'n charm that held 'em together.

There is weary sarcasm in his voice. O.s., Finch is heard to yell, from the direction of the house.

FINCH (o.s.)
Dusty! Bring them two in here! Cap'm wants to see 'em!

JESS
(wearily)
Now, what?

SLIM
(dryly)
Lunch, maybe.

Dusty and Johnson ENTER THE SCENE and begin untying their bonds.

89 EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - DAY - MED. SHOT 89
A table has been set on the porch complete with cloth and utensils. Prado, who has just finished a leisurely meal now lolls back on the bench watching Jake Strohm who is clearing the table. Finch, Cully and Grange step into the SHOT from the direction of the corral. But Prado is watching Jake critically. As Jake turns to enter the house with an armful of dishes Prado calls out:

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

PRADO
Mr. Strohm!

Jake turns.

PRADO (contd)
It strikes me that you're not properly dressed.
(then, hard)
Be wearing an apron when I see you again.

Jake disappears inside.

FINCH
We're ready to go, Cap'm.

PRADO
(blandly)
Are you?

Then Prado looks beyond them. Finch and the others turn.

90 WIDER ANGLE 90
Slim and Jess being brought up with their hands still bound by Johnson and Dusty.

PRADO
Bring two horses over here.

Finch looks at the others puzzled.

PRADO (contd)
(measured)
That is an order, Mr. Finch!

Finch nods reluctantly to Cully and Grange who go off to do as ordered. Johnson and Dusty bring Slim and Jess in front of Prado. Jess is still caked with blood and grime, swollen and bruised.

91 TIGHT GROUP SHOT - ALL 91
Prado looks them over, picks up a sharp knife on the table, toys with it.

PRADO
We are about to make a bargain, you and I.

Finch and the others gape in surprise. Prado is always one for surprises.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED (contd) 91

JESS
You never made a bargain in your life.

SLIM
(tightly)
Or kept one, either.

Prado points the knife idly at Slim.

PRADO
I want you to ride into Sweetwater and bring someone back with you.

FINCH
Wait a minute, you can't ---

PRADO
(hard as Flint)
Please do not interrupt, Mr. Finch. I obviously can't take the chance of sending any of you.

FINCH
We're wasting good riding time right now -- it'd take another day to --

PRADO
(spacing his words; very firm)
I am not leaving without her. The sooner you all understand that, the sooner I will lead you to the payroll.

Finch subsides; the outlaws grumble darkly. Prado turns his attention on Slim again.

PRADO (contd)
You should be in Sweetwater by nightfall and back here tomorrow morning.

SLIM
Who is she?

PRADO
A young lady. A girl, really. And a woman, too. A lady, a girl, a woman <u>all</u> in one.

Something happens to Prado's eyes. A softening, a surprising gentleness and genuineness completely unexpected. Slim and Jess -- even Finch and Dusty and Johnson feel the change.

92 CLOSE ON PRADO 92
He stares off, musingly:

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59

92 CONTINUED (contd)

PRADO
Black hair and black eyes...and pretty -- but more than that, much more! She's wild and warm and restless -- with a taste for living and loving. You've never known a woman like her....

Slim says nothing. The softness drops from Prado as unexpectedly as it came. His voice turns flat and cold.

PRADO (contd)
And I own her. She's mine.

92A WIDER ANGLE 92A
In the b.g., Cully and Grange arrive with two saddled horses.

PRADO
Her name is Lita. You'll find her at the Eldorado.
(takes out knife)
Come here.

Slim moves forward, holding out his hands to Prado, so the latter can cut his bonds. Prado reaches out, takes one of Slim's hands. He says, as if he has just thought of it:

PRADO (contd)
Oh...there's one thing more.

With a sudden, rapid movement, Prado drops the knife on the table, picks up his .45 and slams it, butt down, on Slim's right hand. Slim cries out with the pain, jumping back a step, as Prado says:

PRADO
She's mine. Keep your hands off her.
(tosses knife, butt first, to Finch)
Cut him loose.

93 MED. GROUP 93
Finch obeys. Slim, momentarily shocked by the pain, stares at Prado. Jess, nearby, seems to feel the same pain. No one speaks for a moment. Slim starts to bind his throbbing hand with his neckerchief, as Prado resumes calmly, as if nothing has happened:

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59 *
REV. 6/30/59 *

93 CONTINUED (contd) 93

PRADO
You have twenty-four hours to bring her back here.
(indicates Jess with idle gesture of .45)
Otherwise, he's dead.

94 MED. SHOT - TOWARD DOORWAY TO KITCHEN 94
Jake, who has heard most of this, is quite troubled by it.

JAKE
Hey, Cap'm -- what about me? I mean -- you let him go into Sweetwater, he's liable to tell 'em about me!

Prado looks at Slim, then says rather idly:

PRADO
Oh...I don't think so.

JAKE
Well -- if it don't worry you, it does me. I'm gettin' out o' here, and right now.

He peels off his apron, glares at Prado, who says nothing to stop him; then Jake stalks toward the nearest horse. He loses some of his dignity as he reaches the animal, CAMERA PANNING him there. He gets a foot in the stirrup when two SHOTS RING OUT. They both hit Jake, in the back, and he drops in the dirt. INTERCUT:

94A CLOSE SHOT - PRADO 94A
Enjoying himself, he aims his .45 as if he were on a target range and squeezes off the two shots coolly.

95 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP 95
Prado turns to Slim, says gently:

PRADO
Twenty-four hours, Mr. Sherman.

Without a word, Slim walks to the horse, steps around Jake's body, mounts with difficulty because of his hand. He picks up the reins of the second horse and leads it OUT OF SCENE.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

96 EXT. SWEETWATER WYOMING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT 96
The light of a full moon casts long, indistinct shadows as Slim rides into the main street of the jerry-built town leading the extra horse. He looks about curiously at the deserted street, the darkened frontages then rides on out of SHOT.

A moment -- then the CAMERA ADJUSTS to show a rider has halted his horse on the edge of the street.

97 CLOSE ANGLE - THE HORSEMAN 97
is Finch. He works his jaw muscles then begins to light a cigarette.

98 EXT. MAIN STREET OF SWEETWATER - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 98
A blaze of light and the sounds of music, laughter and argument spill out from the front of the Eldorado. Slim reins up at the far end of the hitch-rack, ties off both horses, and enters. -

99 INT. ELDORADO - NIGHT 99 -
ESTABLISHING SHOT
A full length bar extends along one wall; dance hall GIRLS mingle with the CUSTOMERS; cowboys and miners pound on the bar calling for drinks. Slim looks about. The PIANO PLAYER is working up a sweat.

100 MED. SHOT - 100
A DANCE HALL GIRL sidles up with a professional smile.

DANCE HALL GIRL
How about a smile?

SLIM
Sure ... why not?

She takes Slim's arm and leads him to the bar.

101 SHOT BY BAR 101
Slim and the Dance Hall Girl signal the BARTENDER who nods knowingly. Slim turns away looking about the room.

DANCE HALL GIRL
Where you from?

SLIM
Near Laramie.

She looks at his hand, swollen and wrapped.

DANCE HALL GIRL
Trouble?

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED (contd) 101

SLIM
Some. Tell me...where do I find Lita?

DANCE HALL GIRL
(snaps indignantly)
I like that.

The bartender plunks their drinks down. Slim indicates the drink.

DANCE HALL GIRL (contd)
You can drink it yourself.

She starts off. Slim grabs her arm.

SLIM
Wait a minute.

A man carrying a small torch moves past them; Slim looks after him, curiously.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE 102
The man lights a circle of upright torches; others shove tables and chairs out of the circle. There are YIPS and OTHER SOUNDS of happy anticipation. A guitarist plays some introductory chords.

SLIM
What this all about?

DANCE HALL GIRL
Lita!

The Dance Hall Girl pulls away and disappears. The torches cast a bright circle of light on the middle of the floor. The place goes silent. Like the others, Slim looks toward the circle of light. A tambourine is HEARD now, over the guitar.

103 THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT 103
Then LITA leaps into the circle of light, barefooted, loose blouse, swirling skirt. She begins a slow, weaving dance accompanying herself on the tambourine. The rough crowd of miners and cowboys crowd up watching her.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED (cont'd) 103

Slim is fascinated. Lita is everything -- and more -- than Prado described. She performs a savage provacative dance that gathers intensity; when it comes to a whirling finish half a dozen MEN reel toward her, toasting her.

104 MED. SHOT 104

Lita laughingly, tauntingly, accepts favors from no one, eludes their grasping hands. Slim sees it is useless to try to get to her, steps away from the crowd.

---

105 INT. HALLWAY - MED. SHOT 105 -

Slim takes up a position in the shadows. In another moment Lita comes past, entering a curtained dressing room. Slim moves after her, quickly. CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the curtained room. Aware of his entrance almost immediately, Lita starts to scream. Slim covers her mouth with his bandaged hand.

SLIM
(low)
Prado sent me for you, m'am.

He lets that sink in then removes his hand from her mouth.

LITA
He's good at that -- sending for people. Well, you tell him for me that --

SLIM
You'll have to tell him yourself, ma'am. Come on.

LITA
No!

SLIM
(curiously)
You're his -- a friend of his, aren't you?

LITA
He's got no friends. Including me. Especially including me.

SLIM
Well -- that's too bad. Because you're goin'.

LITA
Am I?

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59
(cont'd)

105 CONTINUED 105

SLIM
Yes, ma'am.

Slim claps his hand over her mouth, picks her up, and struggles her through a door leading directly outside. She - kicks and tries to yell, pounds at him with her fists.

106 EXT. ELDORADO - MED. CLOSE 106.
Slim carrying the struggling girl out into the dark. He handles her expertly, avoiding her flailing arms and legs and stopping her from screaming out. CAMERA ADJUSTS as he carries her around to the end of the hitchrack where both horses are tied in.

107 SHOT BY HITCHRACK 107
Slim manages to untie reins on both horses then hoists her up swiftly and sets her down -- especially hard -- on one saddle. Then he leaps up behind her.

108 CLOSE ANGLE - SLIM & LITA 108
Jarred by the rough treatment of mounting Lita is just ready to cry out when Slim claps his hand on her mouth once again.

SLIM
You can ride with me peaceful
or you can ride like this.
Which do you want to do?

Lita struggles all the more. Slim shrugs, takes the reins on the other horse and sets in his spurs.

109 FULL SHOT 109
Slim jerks the extra horse around and starts riding away at a fast, teeth-jarring trot; Lita struggling.

110, 111 OMIT (omitted) 110, - 111 -

DISSOLVE

112 EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF TRAIL FROM SWEETWATER - NIGHT 112
FULL SHOT
Slim and Lita riding along, still both on the same horse. Slim slows the horses to a walk; then to a stop. They are by a small stream.

113 MED. SHOT - SLIM AND LITA 113

LITA
(angrily)
What now?

SLIM
(politely)
Water

Lita watches as he climbs off his horse.

SLIM
You want water, don't you?

LITA
Those rocks look sharp.

Slim shrugs, grabs her off the horse, carries her lightly in his arms to the creekside.

114 MED CLOSE - CREEKSIDE 114
Slim sets her down on her feet. Lita stands and looks angrily while Slim goes down on his belly. She watches him suspend himself over the water and drink. She sinks down beside him, miserably. She begins to scoop handfuls of water to her mouth.

Slim glances at her awkward action as he unbinds his swollen hand and bathes it in the cold water.

SLIM
Where you from?

LITA
What do you care?

SLIM
Wherever it is they sure didn't teach you how to get a good drink of water.

Slim shakes his hand -- kneading it tenderly.

SLIM
I'd get one for you but that's something you can only do for yourself, ma'am.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED (cont'd) 114

Lita gives him a savage look; then goes down on her stomach to drink water as Slim has done. She has some trouble holding her long black hair away from her face but she manages. When she finishes, Slim is re-binding his hand.

115 NEW ANGLE 115

The hand is very tender. Slim winces. He has to use his teeth to tie the knot.

LITA
He do that?

SLIM
(nods)
Told me to keep my hands off you, ma'am.

Lita reacts slightly; then reaches forward. Slim looks at her in surprise. She ties the know for him. As she is doing it Slim studies her.

LITA
What else did he tell you about me?

SLIM
Said you belonged to him, ma'am.

LITA
I don't!

SLIM
Don't get mad at me. Straighten it out with him.

Lita finishes knotting the bandage.

SLIM
Thanks.

LITA
What else did he say?

SLIM
Said to come getcha.

LITA
I mean about me?

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED (contd) 115

SLIM
He talked like a poet, I guess you'd say. Said what you looked like.

Lita's expression does not change.

Slim looks at her appraisingly.

LITA
Well... ?

SLIM
He was right.

Slim gets to his feet, stoops, picks her up lightly. Then he turns.

FINCH
(quietly)
Cap'm'll like to know about this.

Slim and Lita react.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE 116
Finch is standing spread-legged, a gun in his hand. His horse behind him. He moves up closer.

FINCH
(to Lita)
The Cap'n knew Mister Sherman here'd get you out of Sweetwater. Only he asked me to make sure you got to him all right.

Slim bends slowly, setting Lita on her feet. As he does so, he scoops up a rock from the creekside and throws it at Finch. The rock causes Finch to fire wildly -- and gives Slim time to lunge for him. He uses his one good hand to slap at the gun and throws his other elbow into Finch's ribs. The gun drops. Then Slim lashes out with his good hand sending Finch staggering.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE 117
Slim wards off Finch's counter blow with his elbow and manages to land a solid blow to Finch's face. Finch reels; pounding with his good hand Slim finally brings him down; then he scoops up the gun, sticks it in his belt, jerks the rifle from Finch's scabbard and flings it in the creek. Finch begins to stir.

Slim draws the gun and stands over him. Finch cringes.

118 FINCH TO SLIM 118
Slim's face is angry; he is still panting from the exertion.

SLIM
I'd enjoy pullin' this trigger -- but I've got use for you. Get on your feet! I'm makin' an orderly out o' you.

Finch drags himself up unsteadily.

SLIM
You ride back to your captain -- tell him I'm giving orders now' Tell him I'll be at my ranch waitin'! Tell him he can have her when he shows up with Jess! Now ... ride...!

Finch mounts up. He slaps the horses' rump and Finch is off. When is out of SHOT Slim looks around -- reacts -- and starts running --

119 WIDE ANGLE 119
Lita has managed to crawl away and mount of their horses and is now trying to get it started. As she charges out Slim reaches -- grabs her by a leg, and pulls her off as the horse gallops on. Lita scrambles away -- Slim follows.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON THE GROUND 120
Slim tackles her, rolls, and struggles with her on the ground. Finally, he pinions her arms and she can only stare at him furiously.

SLIM
Sorry, ma'am. But I figure you're the only thing about him that's human.

Lita stares at him -- strangely -- aware of his tallness and his arms.

SLIM
Guess we're gonna have to keep ridin' double.

Slim stands, lifts her up into the saddle; then climbs up after her. He reaches around for the reins and clucks the horse into movement. They ride out.

DISSOLVE

121 EXT. S-O RANCH - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - JESS 121

Jess, tied with his back to the tree, is still grimy and sweaty. A boot SCUFFS a rock quite near. ANGLE WIDENS to show Prado standing quietly, smoking, looking at Jess.

122 CLOSE ON PRADO 122

His face is serious, thoughtful, shades of anxiety around his eyes and mouth.

123 TWO SHOT - JESS & PRADO 123

PRADO
Good evening.

JESS
Not to me, it isn't.

PRADO
You know, I'm not so sure you were cut out to work on a ranch.

Jess responds cautiously, curious about what will come next.

JESS
Neither am I.

PRADO
In the army?

JESS
Once.

PRADO
Then what?

JESS
They stopped havin' a war. I kinda drifted after that. I like gambling. Didn't like surveying.

PRADO
Do you like ranching?

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED (cont'd) 123

JESS
Some.

PRADO
Fast with a gun?

JESS
Why?

PRADO
You stike me as a resourceful man -- and you have stamina.

JESS
Maybe I wouldn't be loyal -- in case you were thinkin' of making me a proposition.

PRADO
Maybe I'm thinking precisely that.

JESS
Don't, Cap'm. There's something you wouldn't like about me.

PRADO
What's that?

JESS
If I could get at ya I'd stomp your head off.

Prado puffs smoke thoughtfully, not insulted.

Prado smirks, tosses his cigarillo away, glances up at the moon.

PRADO
You tried that, remember?

Prado turns and walks out of SHOT. CAMERA HOLDS on Jess. He stares after Prado for a time -- then looks up at the moon.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

PROD.#12212
Rev. 6/30/59

ACT IV

FADE IN

124 EXT. S-O RANCH - EARLY MORNING - FULL SHOT 124
FEATURING Jess in the very close f.g. He is tied as before with his back to the cottonwood tree. But now he sags limply against the ropes with his head hanging down on his chest. The SOUNDS of morning come over. A distant COCK-CROW, a dog BARKING, some NEIGHING from the horses in the corral, etc.

Jess lifts his head slowly. Besides the evidence of the beating still with him, dark circles have appeared under his eyes as well as a heavy subble of beard.

As he rolls his tongue over his lips we get the idea that he has been given neither food nor water. The CAMERA ADJUSTS (still holding Jess in the close f.g.) to include the front of the ranch house. Prado paces up and down on the porch smoking nervously. Cully, Grange and Dusty and Johnson seated or standing nearby.

125 MED. SHOT OF PORCH 125
Prado pacing and smoking nervously.

Then, galloping HOOFBEATS o.s. All alert. Prado stops his pacing, looking offstage. His face contorts with a disappointed scowl. He steps off the porch quickly followed by the others.

126 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JESS 126
who is also looking off in the direction of the hoofbeats. Prado, striding briskly out ot meet Finch, tailed by Cully, Johnson, Dusty and Grange appears in the b.g. of the shot.

127 FINCH 127
as he slows his horse and then the ANGLE WIDENS to show Jess reacting as he sees that Finch is gunless and bruised up. Prado and the others come up opposite the cottonwood as Finch reins up.

128 GROUP SHOT - ALL 128
Prado grabs the reins on Finch's horse, angrily demands:

PRADO
Where is she?

FINCH
She's with him, Cap'm.

Finch dismounts. Prado glares at him, coldly.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED (contd) 128

PRADO
I take it your gun's with him, too. It was nice of him to let you have your pants.

FINCH
He bushwacked me on the trail, Cap'm.
(indicating Jess)
Said to bring him to the ranch if you want the girl.

Prado's face hardens purposefully.

PRADO
(to group)
Mount up.

The outlaws start to move.

FINCH
Hold on.

They pause. Prado turns in surprise.

FINCH
Let's straighten out something else first. When we gonna pick up that payroll?

Prado looks about feeling the mute endorsement from the other outlaws; then he smiles.

PRADO
When we get Lita. The payroll's at the same place. I buried it there.

FINCH
(astounded)
At...the...Sherman ranch?

PRADO
At least you still have your hearing.
(snaps)
The order is -- mount up!

Finch nods; then steps away with the others leading his horse. Prado turns watching them go.

129 TWO SHOT - JESS AND PRADO 129
Prado watching the outlaws head for the corral.

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
Rev. 6/30/59

129 CONTINUED (contd) 129

JESS
(softly)
Loyalty seems kinda thin-like today, Cap'm....

Prado gives ~~Jess a level look~~, starts to untie Jess as we,

DISSOLVE

130 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH AND RELAY STATION - DAY - HIGH CAMERA 130
In the f.g., the weathered arm of a tall spruce tree partially interrupts this view of the Sherman spread far below. The morning sunlight gleams off the barn, the house, the repair depot.

131 INT. THE BARN - DAY - CLOSEUP - THE MARE 131
as seen in a shaft of overhead sunlight that presses through a loft opening. She is lying on her side on a bed of straw; Andy is kneeling beside her, stroking her gently.

ANDY
(miserably)
I want to help you. I can't help anybody...
(sniffs)
All I can do is...wait...wait.

He chokes back a sob then leans forward and buries his face in the mare's neck. After a moment his body stiffens. He alerts, listening:

LITA (o.s.)
I can get down by myself!

132 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT 132
Slim stands beside the horse. Lita is still mounted. He is reaching up to help her down. She is tousled and sullen.

She climbs down from the horse. Slim releases the bridle. She looks around disdainfully.

LITA (contd)
What is this place?

SLIM
My ranch.

Andy comes running out of the barn.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED (contd) 132

ANDY
Slim!

Slim turns as Andy runs up, catches him in his arms.

ANDY
Slim! Slim! Are you all right - where's Jess?

SLIM
I'll tell you about that in a minute. Want to talk to Jonesy first.

ANDY
He's riding with the posse - I --

Andy looks a Lita puzzled.

SLIM
This is Lita....

ANDY
(politely)
M'am.
(directly)
Where's Jess?

SLIM
Prado's still got him. I'm pretty sure he's on his way here. Now I want you to ride into Laramie and tell that to Sheriff Haley or anybody else you can find.

Andy looks at Slim solemnly.

ANDY
Don't you think I ought to stay here to help you if --

SLIM
-- you can help me more by riding into Laramie.

Slim helps him onto the horse.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE 133
Andy mounted. He hesitates a moment.

ANDY
If Prado's still got Jess...how do you know he's all right?

Slim can't answer him.

CONTINUED

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59

133 CONTINUED (contd) 133

SLIM
Ride fast, boy.

Slim slaps the horse on the rump. Andy rides off. Slim looks after him.

134 EXT. HILLY COUNTRY - DAY - MED. PAN SHOT 134-
Prado and his men, with Jess in the group and still with his hands tied, ride through some rugged terrain at a good clip. Prado rides straight-backed at the front. As he passes CAMERA, Jess looks at Prado's back with grim hatred.

DISSOLVE

135 INT. SHERMAN BARN - DAY - CLOSE SHOT OF LITA 135
standing by the loft opening looking out, searching the approach to the ranch. Then she turns away and the CAMERA FOLLOWS her gaze to Slim who is kneeling beside a freshly born foal and using burlap wrapping to wipe it down. The foal is sprawled grotesquely and wide-eyed near the mare -- its legs awkwardly thrust in all directions. Slim finishes, rises, and steps toward Lita, rolling down his sleeves. Lita continues to look toward the foal and the mare as Slim comes up.

LITA
His legs won't hold him.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED (contd) 135

SLIM
They will in a couple of hours when he figures out what he's got 'em for.

LITA
(as colt NEIGHS)
He's crying?

SLIM
Nope. Just trying out his new voice.

Slim reaches past her to the doors of a cabinet; inside can be seen a shotgun, a six-shooter, a carbine and a small derringer. Slim scowls at this meager arsenal, reaches for the six-gun and manages to load it awkwardly with his smashed hand. Lita watches his face.

LITA
You're afraid of Prado.

SLIM
Afraid he might kill my friend.

LITA
What are you going to do when he comes?

SLIM
I'm not sure. I got one bad hand and a couple of rusty guns...and a notion about Prado...
(looks at Lita gravely)
He's got one weak spot.

LITA
(disbelieving)
Prado? Not him.

SLIM
Yes, he does. You. He probably wants me dead, all right -- but he wants you alive more. At least that's the way I figure it.

He finishes loading, tests it with his bad hand, winces, shoves the six-gun into his belt and picks up the carbine. Lita broods over his words, then says:

LITA
He wants you dead and me alive... Well, that's what'll happen, then. He always gets what he wants -- everything.

Slim is having the same trouble loading the carbine.

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/30/59REV. 6/26/59

135 CONTINUED (contd) 135

SLIM

Maybe not this time.
(thoughtfully)
I tried to understand him -- try to understand everybody -- but I can't understand a man getting a kick out of killing. But then maybe he couldn't understand me getting a kick out of...that little foal over there coming into life.

Lita looks over.

SLIM
Don't understand you either.

LITA
What...?

SLIM
Tying in with Sam Prado?

LITA
I never tied in with him. That was his idea -- not mine!

SLIM
Ever seen him kill a man?

LITA
No!

SLIM
You will. He can't go long without doing it. I feel kind of sorry for you.

LITA
(after a pause; hopelessly)
I feel sorry for us both, Slim.

They look at each other gravely; the moment is broken by SOUNDS of horses arriving, o.s. They both look outside.

SLIM
Looks like it worked. He's here.

136 THEIR POV - THE BLUFF 136
Far off and high up, the figures of mounted men, winding single file down toward the ranch.

PROD. #12212
REV. 6/26/59
REV. 6/30/59 *

136A INT. BARN - TWO SHOT - LITA, SLIM 136A
She looks back to Slim, says with some bitterness:

LITA
You're very smart. You should be proud of yourself.

Slim looks at her, frowning a bit, then back to the window.

PROD. #12212

137 EXT. TRAIL FROM THE BLUFF - DAY - FULL SHOT 137
Prado with Jess leading the outlaws downward toward the Sherman Ranch. Prado holds up his hands and stops the group.

138 MED. SHOT 138
Prado studies the area below. Nothing moves or stirs. Finch looks about uncomfortably. Prado gives the signal and they continue downward.

139 BACK TO THE BARN - MED. CLOSE - SLIM AND LITA 139
Slim watches the approaching riders. Lita beside him.

140 THEIR POV - THE RIDERS APPROACHING 140
Prado comes up boldly; just outside of gun range he halts the group.

141 GROUP SHOT - PRADO AND ALL 141
Prado looks the place over with a keen eye.

PRADO
Sherman!

142 SLIM AND LITA INSIDE BARN 142
Slim goes to the opening.

143 POV SHOT FROM BARN 143
Prado turns his attention to that direction.

SLIM
(calls out)
Jess!

JESS
Yo, Slim!

144 GROUP SHOT - PRADO AND OTHERS - FEATURING JESS 144

SLIM'S VOICE (o.s.)
Cut his hands loose, Prado!

Prado stiffens. Finch whips out a knife.

PRADO
Hold that!
(calls)
Where is she?

SLIM'S VOICE (o.s.)
In here with me. Do what I tell ya'!

Finch looks at Prado, cuts Jess' hands loose.

145 INSIDE BARN - THEIR POV 145
as Slim and Lita watch Prado and others.

SLIM
I'll take him first!

146 GROUP SHOT - PRADO AND OTHERS 146

PRADO
Move out!

Jess chafes his wrists for a moment, glances disdainfully at Prado and the others, sets spurs to his horse and canters down the hill toward the bar.

147 SHOT BY BARN DOOR 147
as Jess reins up and dismounts. Slim appears at the door. Jess steps inside quickly.

148 INT. BARN - SLIM, JESS & LITA 148
Slim and Jess shake hands. Jess gives Lita an admiring look.

JESS
Can't say as I blame him for wanting you.

LITA
(to Slim, pleading)
You're not going to make me go with him!?

PRADO'S VOICE (o.s.)
Sherman!

149 BACK TO GROUP - PRADO & OTHERS 149
Prado staring toward the barn.

PRADO
Sherman!

Finch shifts in the saddle uneasily.

150 BACK TO INSIDE BARN 150
Slim gives Lita a shove.

SLIM
Get over there and stay down!

Jess picks up the carbine, steps to the partially open door.

JESS
Prado!

151 PRADO & OTHERS 151
Prado reacts, hearing:

JESS' VOICE (o.s.)
She don't wanna come with ya-- she likes it here!

Prado reaches for the rifle in his sling.

PRADO
Two of you-- take rifles and cover us! You two--

152 INT. BARN - DAY - SHOT OF JESS & SLIM 152
By the loft opening ready with the rifle and six-shooter. Lita huddles nearby.

153 BACK TO GROUP - THEIR POV 153
Prado and his men disperse in three directions to get in position to storm the barn. A pair of outlaws cross out of sight to circle the other side of the barn.

154 MED. SHOT INSIDE LOFT 154
Slim moves swiftly to the other side to take up a position at the slot there. A bullet SMACKS into the ledge, splintering wood. Slim FIRES back. Across from him, Jess begins FIRING.

155 thru 160 SERIES OF SHOTS - OUTSIDE BARN 155 thru 160
Showing Prado, Dusty, Johnson, Finch, Cully and Grange in different covered positions pouring RIFLE FIRE into the barn.

161 162 SERIES OF SHOTS - INSIDE BARN, LOFT 161 162
Jess and Slim attemptihg to fight back the superior fire power of the outlaws.

163 164 INTERCUTS 163 164
A number of SHOTS of the various individuals engaged in the fight.

165 LITA 165
As she comes alongside Slim during a lull in the fighting.

LITA
He won't give up, will he?

SLIM
He doesn't have to give up.
He knows we won't kill you and--

A brisk series of SHOTS pepper the ledge, splintering wood. Slim cringes down. Lita runs for the door.

SLIM
(yells)
Catch her!

Jess jumps from his position-- but too late--

166 EXT. BARN - DAY - FULL SHOT 166
Lita comes running.

LITA
Stop! Stop! I'll come with you!
Stop!

167 PRADO 167
Signals them to hold their fire as Lita runs out. Finch moves into SHOT.

FINCH
(growls)
All right. You got her. Where is it?

PRADO
(gestures)
Behind the ranch house. An old well.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED (contd) 167

Finch moves away followed by Dusty and Johnson. Prado turns and shouts to Cully and Grange.

PRADO
Burn the place down!

They jump to do as ordered; then Prado turns to meet Lita with a smile.

PRADO
Lita!

ANGIE WIDENS as Lita comes toward him. The smile changes on Prado's face as she fires the derringer-- both barrels. Prado doubles with the impact, dropping his gun. A sudden roar of HOOFBEATS. The outlaws, all frozen in their tracks at what has happened, look offstage.

168 EXT. TRAIL TO SHERMAN RANCH - LONG SHOT 168
Haley and the possemen riding hard. Among them we spot Andy and Jonesy.

169 WIDE ANGLE 169
Lita stands stunned, looking down at Prado who has fallen at her feet. Around her the other outlaws have mounted up and are riding out led by Finch waving a pair of saddle bags. Firing breaks out. ANGLE ADJUSTS showing Slim and Jess running from the barn throwing shots after the outlaws. Finch topples from his horse with the saddlebags. The others scramble away, riding hard.

170 EXT. BOTTOM LAND OF SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT 170
The band of outlaws riding hard; the posse veering from their trail and sweeping after them; FIRING. Two figures pull out of the posse-- Andy and Jonesy-- and spur their horses toward the ranch house.

171 CLOSE ON DUSTY 171
As he reels off the saddle, dead under a head wound.

172 CLOSE ON JOHNSON 172
As he rolls off under the impact of a bullet.

173 BACK TO BARN - WIDE ANGLE 173
Jonesy and Andy hove into view. Jonesy reins up sharply.

174 EFFECT SHOT - FEATURING SLIM, JESS & LITA 174
Slim looks awkward as he puts an arm about her, holds her as she starts to sag. Andy and Jonesy look at Prado's body. There's an exchange of looks. Then the three of them watch as Slim starts walking Lita toward the house with an arm about her waist.

DISSOLVE

175 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT AT Slim, his hand now encased in a clean ba Lita into the stagecoach. Lita is quite

LITA
Maybe you'll be in Sweetwater again, Slim.

SLIM
(nods)
Maybe so. One of these days. Good luck, Lita.

She kisses him very quickly on the cheek, then disappears into the coach. The coach pulls out. Slim looks after it, lost in thought. After a moment, Jess and Andy come to his side and also look after it. Jess has a glint of humor in his eyes as he glances at Slim. Slim feels the glance, assumes sternness and becomes very business-like.

SLIM
We got a lot of catchin'-up to do around here.

JESS
(straight-faced)
Yessir, Cap'n, we sure do.

Slim glares at him until Jess breaks into a wide grin. Slim struggles with his own face until it, too, splits into a big smile. He throws an arm over Jess' shoulder, the other over Andy's, and they move toward the house, as we

FADE OUT

- THE END -

173 CONTINUED (contd) 173
Jess shakes his head. Then, looking in a slightly different direction, he tenses, snaps:

JESS
There they go!

Slim turns his attention to the same point; both men follow o.s. moving targets and begin to fire carefully. INTERCUT:

174 LONG SHOT - OUTLAWS - THEIR POV 174
With Finch somewhere in the group, still hanging onto the saddlebags, they are all mounted and going. They cross an open area as the guns from the barn begin to bark. One man falls immediately.

175 CLOSER ANGLE - FINCH 175
Finch is mortally hit; however, he manages to hang on briefly. His slumping body pulls the horse to one side. CAMERA PANS Finch and the horse right past Lita and Prado -- where Finch loses his hold and falls, dropping the saddlebags just before he hits the ground. The bags fall almost at Prado's feet.

176 EXT. APPROACH ROAD - LONG SHOT - POSSE 176
Led by Haley and Jonesy, a good-sized posse is tearing over a rise. Haley points o.s., and the posse picks up speed.

177 FULL SHOT - CHASE 177
The outlaws still alive can be seen on the road, with the big posse closing in on them. Jonesy and Andy break off from the group and head for the ranch house, coming toward CAMERA.

178 MED. PAN SHOT - SLIM, JESS 178
Slim, a few yards ahead of Jess, moves cautiously from the barn; he rounds it or another building and sees:

179 MED. SHOT - LITA 179
She has not moved. She stands looking down at Prado's body. She turns as Slim walks INTO THE SHOT; her expression is vague, almost numb. She looks at the gun in her hand and gives it silently to Slim. Jess enters to stand next to Slim; both men look down at Prado.

180 MED. CLOSE - PRADO 180
He is face down. The saddlebags partly open so some of the stolen money -- or moneybags -- can be seen, inches from his lifeless hand. On this,

FADE OUT

- THE END -