LARAMIE

"THE LONESOME GUN"

Robert Lewis

(8-6-59)

7-16-59

REVUE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #12220
JULY 16, 1959
REV. 8/6/59

LARAMIE

"THE LONESOME GUN"

Teleplay

by

Arthur Browne, Jr.

Story

by

Dan Ullman

PROPERTY OF:

REVUE PRODUCTIONS

PLEASE RETURN

WESTERN

LARAMIE

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CAST

JONESY	
SLIM	
ANDY	
JESS	
ED FARRELL	As described on page 16.
Charlie	Stage driver
Sam	Stage driver
Hotel Clerk	
Bartender	
Marshal	
Henry	A miserly livery stable owner.

Non-speaking:

Man in bar.
Two shotguns.

Various stage passengers and townspeople for background color.

SETS

INTERIORS:

RANCH HOUSE LIVING ROOM
JONESY'S BEDROOM
ANDY'S BEDROOM
BARN (POSSIBLY CAN BE SHOT EXT.)
STAGE COACH
HOTEL LOBBY
SALOON
ONE CELL JAIL

EXTERIORS:

RANCH YARD
RANGE ROAD
TOWN STREET (CASPER)
(Angles in town: Hotel,
saloon, street, marshal's
office, livery stable)
RANGE
STREAM

"THE LONESOME GUN"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT - ESTABLISHING and REVEALING the Mail Stage drawn up before the ranch house. Passengers are climbing back into the coach, assisted by the Shotgun as the Driver resumes his seat and takes up the reins. ANDY is leading the exhausted stage horses into the corral as SLIM and JESS complete hitching up the fresh team. There are general AD LIBS as the boys complete their work and the stage prepares to leave. 1

2 CLOSER ANGLE 2
As the last of the passengers enter the coach and the Shotgun mounts the seat. Jess and Slim step back and look up at the driver. Slim holds a packet of letters in his hand which he waves.

SLIM
All set, Charlie. Thanks...

DRIVER
Same to you, Slim... Mebbe by the next time we come around, you'll have all them letters read.
(tongue in cheek)
What'd you do?... Write to one o' them lonely female's clubs?

Slim grins as there is general laughter at this homespun bit of humor. Slim waves them off as the driver and shotgun, laughing hiyup the team and the stage lurches off down the road.

3 MED. SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 3
As they watch the stage depart, then Jess, grinning, turns to Slim indicating the letters.

JESS
Did you?

SLIM
Did I what?

JESS
What he said... write to one of them...

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

He gets no further as Slim makes as if to cuff him. Jess ducks and comes up laughing as CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE Andy as he runs in.

ANDY
What'd we get?

SLIM
Well, let's see...
(sorts letters)
Feed bill... one for Jonesy...
(wryly)
Get this... Animals Can Be Your Friends Society of St. Louis...
(they react)
That's what it says... right here in the corner.
(they laugh)
Money order from the stage line...
(suddenly sobers)

JESS
What's the matter?

SLIM
(holds up letter)
This one's for Pa... Matthew Sherman, care of this ranch.

ANDY
(reacting)
How... how can that be?

SLIM
(opening letter)
It's postmarked from Casper . . I guess it's from somebody who don't know that Pa died.
(reads silently; reacts)
Listen... Dear Matt... I'm going to kill you!

4 CLOSE THREE SHOT 4
As Slim looks up and all exchange glances. Slim continues:

SLIM
I haven't decided when... or how... but it will be soon... and you will die violently... for... what you did... to me fifteen years ago.
(looks up)
Signed... Edward J. Farrell.
(shakes his head)
The name doesn't mean anything at all to me.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED (contd) 4

Andy is speechless. Jess is uncomfortable. Slim thinks a moment, then regards Jess.

SLIM
It might to Jonesy, though.

JESS
(starting off quickly, anxious to help)
He's down at the creek, takin' a bath. I'll get him.

SLIM
(gratefully)
Thanks.

Jess nods and immediately moves off.

5 FULL SHOT 5
With Andy and Slim in immediate f.g. as Jess runs to a saddled horse at the corral, mounts and rides off. Andy and Slim look after him, then Andy slowly turns to his brother. He is a very troubled boy.

ANDY
Slim?... What could Pa have done to that man? So long ago?

Slim slowly looks at him, shakes his head, as troubled as Andy is. Then, placing his arm about him, turns and leads him toward the house, CAMERA PANNING with them. As they enter, HOLD for a moment, then

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ACT I

FADE IN

6 EXT. RANGE - DAY - FULL SHOT - JESS 6
Mounted, as he urges his horse at top speed, CAMERA PANNING with him.

7 FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE 7
As he suddenly brakes his horse to a sudden stop.

8 CLOSER ANGLE 8
As he gets the animal under control and looks o.s., a curiously surprised expression on his face.

JONESY'S VOICE O.S.
Come on, now, Horse! I'm tellin' you!

9 MED. LONG SHOT - HORSE - POV 9
Saddled and trotting idly through the scrub brush near a stream. Jonesy's clothes are draped over the saddle. CAMERA PANS with the horse, then whips to HOLD on Jonesy as he emerges from some bushes, soaking wet and clad only in the bottoms of his long johns. He continues yelling after the horse.

JONESY
I ever get my hands on you--!
Come on! You bring them clothes
back 'fore I catch 'pneumonia!

10 MED. SHOT - JESS 10
As he cannot help but laugh. He nudges his horse toward the o.s. Jonesy.

11 FULL SHOT - JONESY 11
As he runs up to CAMERA, stopping exasperatedly and yelling after the o.s. horse. In b.g., Jess approaches.

JONESY
Doggone you! That's far enough!

He grimaces, then turns, seeing Jess as he rides up and stops.

JESS
Jonesy-- Slim wants you... right away.

JONESY
What's the matter?... Trouble?

JESS
He'll tell you 'bout it.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED (contd) 11

JONESY
Well, it couldn't be no more trouble than I got now...
(indicates o.s. horse)
Fetch that animal, will you...
'fore he takes my clothes clear to Canada!

Jess grins, then urges his horse o.s. Jonesy looks after him, shaking his head. He talks to himself.

JONESY
I try. So help me, I try--
the best I know how to get along with horses, but they just won't cooperate.

He breaks off, then hitching up his long-johns, half shuffles, half runs, CAMERA PANNING with him to INCLUDE Jess as he gets Jonesy's horse, turns him and starts back.

LAP

12 INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - LETTER 12
Held in Jonesy's left hand as his right hand fingers tap the letter annoyedly. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Jonesy as he turns and faces Slim, standing to one side of Andy, who is seated at the table. Jess stands in b.g.

JONESY
Ed Farrell'd never write a thing like this! It must be some sorta joke...

JESS
Threatenin' to kill a man is no joke...

Jonesy glances over at him, trying to make light of the situation. He cannot. He nods soberly and turns, placing his hands on the mantle and staring into the fireplace.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE 13
As Andy glances at Slim, then slowly stands.

ANDY
Jonesy...?

Jonesy turns and looks at him.

ANDY
What happened fifteen years ago?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (contd) 13

JONESY
(wave of hand)
Aw... it wasn't anything. I mean, it didn't have nothin' to do with your Pa.

Andy, Slim and Jess exchange glances. Jonesy regards them and knows he is licked. He must tell. He shrugs with his hands, then moves to a coffee pot on the table and pours a cup of coffee. The others watch him intently. Jonesy sips the coffee, then regards them.

14 CLOSER ANGLE 14
FAVORING Jonesy.

JONESY
Well... maybe it did.
(quickly)
But it wasn't your Pa's fault!

SLIM
(exasperatedly)
What wasn't?

Jonesy looks at him, then pulling out a chair, sits at the table. He contemplates his coffee cup.

JONESY
You remember when you was about seven...eight, Slim? When Matt, your Pa, was ramroddin' them cattle herds up outta Texas?

SLIM
Yeah... I remember somethin' about it... not too much.

JONESY
(nods; to Andy)
That was 'fore you was born, Andy...
(a beat)
Well, anyhow... Ed Farrel was your Pa's segundo... You know, second in command... and your Pa wouldn't a had it any other way.

15 ANOTHER ANGLE 15
As the boys exchange glances and continue to listen.

JONESY
Them two... I never seen better friends... Know'd each other all their lives, they did.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED (contd) 15

SLIM
Come on, Jonesy... get to the point.

JONESY
Well, there was this one drive... I was on it with 'em... doin' the cookin' 'n drivin' the chuck wagon... things like that.
(directly to Slim)
You was there, too.

Slim reacts slightly as though tryin' to remember.

JONESY
(continuing)
So was Mike Farrell... Ed's boy.
(to Slim)
You was 'bout the same age. Both your dads figgered it's be somethin' for you to remember... bringin' you boys along.

16 ANOTHER ANGLE 16
FAVORING Slim as Andy looks at him.

JONESY
Anyhow, Ed Farrel was ridin' point one day... Slim 'n little Mike, they was with Matt... Nobody knowed rightfully just what did happen... 'cept them steers took off all of a sudden... Could'a been a snake spooked one of 'em... gust o' wind... anything. Well, Matt did the onlyest thing that was natural... He grabbed up Slim here and... well, he just did get outta the way o' them rannies in time.

ANDY
Somebody get Mike?

JONESY
(downbeat)
No....
(all react and look down a moment)
Ed Farrel blamed it on Matt... Said he coulda saved both of the boys if he'd tried. I seen it all and I told Ed... but he wouldn't listen. He never said another word to your Pa after that. He just buried little Mike... and left. Nobody ever heard from him again...
(indicates letter)
'til this...

17 WIDER ANGLE 17
As all relax somewhat.

SLIM
So... All this time, it's been eatin' at him... twistin' him up inside.

JONESY
I guess...

ANDY
(after a beat)
How come he's waited fifteen years?

JONESY
I'm wonderin' the same thing. Must be some reason...

He starts off.

SLIM
Where're you goin'?

JONESY
(stops; regards him)
To pack my bag. The northbound'll be through in half an hour. I'm goin' up to Helena... have a talk with Ed. I can straighten him out.

He starts off again. Jess stops him.

18 CLOSER ANGLE 18

JESS
Don't stick your neck out, Jonesy. Any man who'd write a letter like that... Well, he... You might get yourself hurt!

JONESY
(waves it off)
Aaaah! Ed ain't got nothin' 'gainst me. We was always friendly.
(to others)
'Sides... he oughta know your Pa's dead. I feel like I owe it to him... 'n to your Pa too.

He glances at each of them, then continues on toward the door to his room. As the boys look after him, then exchange glances,

DISSOLVE

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19 EXT. ROAD - DAY - FULL SHOT - STAGE COACH 19
Rocking along, CAMERA PANNING with it.

20 INT. STAGECOACH - DAY - MED. SHOT - JONESY 20
Looking out the window, a frown on his face. He sits back and takes the letter from inside his coat. He regards it, opens it, and reads. He drops his hands into his lap and looks off thoughtfully and worriedly.

21 EXT. ROAD - DAY - FULL SHOT - STAGECOACH 21
Continuing along.

LAP TO:

22 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - STAGE COACH 22
As it jogs through a rocky area.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE 23
As the stage APPROACHES CAMERA, CAMERA PANNING with it as it passes, to HOLD on a weathered road sign reading:

CASPER - 65 mi.

An arrow underneath indicates the direction.

LAP TO:

24 EXT. MAIN STREET - CASPER - DAY - FULL SHOT 24
As the stagecoach turns into the street and draws up in front of the hotel. A sign over the porch reads:

"CASPER HOTEL"

25 CLOSER ANGLE 25
As the driver sets the reins and jumps down. The shotgun tosses down Jonesy's bag. The driver opens the door and Jonesy, red-eyed and sleepy, emerges and looks about.

JONESY
(to driver)
Any place 'round here to get some breakfast?

DRIVER (SAM)
(indicates hotel)
You're standin' right in front of it, Jonesy.

Jonesy looks up at the sign, nods and, tipping his hat to the driver, picks up his bag and moves into the hotel, CAMERA PANNING with him.

26 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - JONESY 26
As he moves across the sparcely furnished lobby and up to the desk. An entryway to one side reveals an empty dining room beyond.

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27 CLOSER ANGLE 27
As Jonesy stops at the desk and looks about, then leans over the desk as loud snoring is HEARD. CAMERA ANGLES to INCLUDE the CLERK, asleep in a chair behind the desk. Jonesy regards him, then bangs on the desk bell. The clerk snorts and comes out of it. From o.s. the SOUND of the stage driving off is HEARD as the clerk regards Jonesy sleepily, glances past him, then back to him.

CLERK
You... you the only passenger?

JONESY
Looks that way.

The clerk is somewhat relieved.

CLERK
Wanta room?

JONESY
Maybe... First, I wanta know somethin'.
(clerk regards him)
You got a fella name o' Farrell stayin' here? Ed Farrell?

CLERK
(thinks a minute)
Farrell...?
(shakes head)
Nope...

Jonesy takes out the letter and indicates it.

JONESY
This here letter was written from Casper .. says so... right at the top.

The clerk leans over and regards the letter, then nods.

CLERK
Yep... sure does... But we ain't got no Farrell... Course, that don't mean nothin'. He could be here.
(Jonesy is curious)
Shucks, mister... people change their names in this part of the country more'n they change their underwear.

Jonesy thinks this over, then nods.

JONESY
When's the next stage... southbound?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (contd) 27

CLERK
'Bout half an hour. Uh... you gonna leave?

JONESY
Mebbe... Right now, I'm gonna eat.

He starts to turn, then stops as the clerk speaks:

CLERK
Uh... you can't do that...
(indicates)
Dinin' room don't open 'til six.
(Jonesy shrugs)
(Clerk indicates)
Might try the saloon, though. It don't never close.

JONESY
That figures...
(hands him bag)
Hold this for me, will you?

CLERK
(takes bag)
Sure... That'll be twenty-five cents.

Jonesy reacts, then takes out a quarter and tosses it resignedly onto the counter, then turns and moves off. The clerk picks up the coin, regards it, bites it, then seeming satisfied, pocket it and drops Jonesy's bag behind the counter.

28 EXT. HOTEL - DAY - FULL SHOT - JONESY 28
As he comes from the hotel onto the street. He stops and looks about, noting that the street is deserted at this early hour. Then, CAMERA PANS with him as he heads at an angle toward the saloon across the street.

29 EXT. SALOON - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - JONESY 29
As he comes UP TO CAMERA, stops and looks about, then pushes through the batwings.

30 INT. SALOON - DAY - FULL SHOT - JONESY 30
As he comes through the batwings and ambles slowly up to the bar. To one side, three men continue what has apparently been an all night poker game. At another table, a drunk is asleep. The bartender is cleaning glasses as Jonesy moves up to him.

31 CLOSER ANGLE 31
As the bartender puts down his towel and a glass and steps up to Jonesy.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

JONESY
(shakes head)
Too early in the mornin' for me, friend...

Jonesy turns and glances about the room. The bartender shrugs and starts to move off. Jonesy looks back and stops him with:

JONESY
... But I was wonderin' if you could help me out?
(glances about again)
I'm lookin' for a friend of mine... fella name o'...
(sees something; freezes)

32 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 32
As he tenses. His words trail off.

JONESY
Ed... Farrell...

33 MED. SHOT - ED FARRELL - POV 33
Seated at a back table, partially concealed by a partitioning wall. He is a gaunt man in his late fifties, garbed in weatherbeaten range clothes. His revolver hangs low on his hip. He idly plays a game of solitaire. There is a bottle and a glass on the table. He has apparently been watching Jonesy all this time. He makes a play with the cards, then glances up slightly, then continues to play. He sips from the half full glass of whiskey.

34 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 34
With the bartender in b.g. as Jonesy glances at him, then back at Farrell, CAMERA PULLING BACK to a WIDER ANGLE and PANNING with Jonesy as he thoughtfully rubs his chin, then starts toward Farrell.

35 MED. SHOT - JONESY 35
As he comes up to Farrell's table. Farrell does not look up. He contemplates his solitaire game.

FARRELL
Hello, Jonesy...

JONESY
(slight nod)
How are you, Ed?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED (contd) 35

FARRELL
I'm fine... just fine...

Without looking at Jonesy, he glances toward the batwings, then back to the cards.

FARRELL
Where's Matt?

JONESY
He ain't comin'.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE 36
As Farrell tenses slightly, then continues to play.

FARRELL
Why not? He send you in his place?...
(looks up; slowly)
'Cause if he did, I'll kill you, too, Jonesy.

He smiles slightly, then resumes his card playing. Jonesy studies him, then pulls out a chair and sits, leaning over toward Farrell and placing his hand over the cards. CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSER ANGLE as Farrell slowly regards him.

JONESY
(after a pause)
Matt's dead... has been...
a long time now.

Farrell's face shows nothing. Then, slowly, his mouth becomes firm. Jonesy studies him.

JONESY
There's nothin' you can do, Ed.

Farrell looks off, then slowly back at him.

FARRELL
You ever been in Yuma Prison...
anywheres near it?
(Jonesy reacts slightly, then shakes his head)
You can smell it, Jonesy... fifty miles away you can smell it...
a rotten, stinking hole... that's what it is...and that's where they put me!

JONESY
What're you talkin' about? Why?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (contd) 36

FARRELL
Why? On account o' Matt Sherman... that's why... On account o' him and what he done. Killin' my boy!

JONESY
Ed...

37 CLOSER ANGLE 37
FAVORING Farrell.

FARRELL
It was like cuttin' me half in two... killin' little Mike... lettin' them cows run him down... trample him into dirt...
(a beat)
For five years, I carried that sight...
(taps head)
... up here... couldn't lose it. Dream about it all night... night after night after night... 'n then I took to liquor... and that didn't help... 'n then I took to fightin'... anybody...anywhere... mean, they called me... loco...
(a beat)
Down to Laredo, I near killed a man.. so they sent me to Juma... ten years...

JONESY
I'm... I'm sorry...

FARRELL
For what? Me... sittin' in that hole... ten years... thinkin' 'bout it... and thinkin' 'bout Matt Sherman. I made up my mind then... I was gonna kill him... make him pay... so when they let me out, I came here... and I wrote that letter. Every day since, I been 'spectin' Matt Sherman to come through those batwings... but no...
(eyes widen)
You come...
(voice rises, clenches fist)
You come and <u>you tell me he's dead</u>?

His face becomes livid and with one sweep he clears the table of cards, glass, bottle. He half stands, grabbing the back of his chair for support.

FARRELL
You're lyin' to me, Jonesy!
You're lyin'!

38 ANOTHER ANGLE 38
As the others in the room watch intently. Jonesy can only shake his head.

JONESY
(shakes head slowly)
No lie, Ed... You know me better'n that...
(Farrell slides back into his chair)
I was right there when he died... Later, Slim 'n me... we dug his grave and put him in it.
(a beat)
You don't lie about things like that.

39 MED. SHOT 39
As Jonesy regards him, then looks down and idly fingers the one or two cards left on the table. Farrell studies him, his anger slowly subsiding.

FARRELL
No... no, you wouldn't lie about that. You wouldn't lie about someone you love.
(Jonesy looks up)
You loved him... and I hated him... and now, we've both been cheated.

JONESY
(after a beat)
Yeah...

He starts to get up. Farrell reaches out and stops him.

FARRELL
Wait... please. I... Well, I guess I was wrong.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE 40
As Jonesy sits again, his face showing some relief as he regards Farrell, who has apparently lost his anger.

FARRELL
(slight smile)
Fifteen years... and now, this. I... I'm glad you came, Jonesy. I'm glad you told me. Maybe now... I can live with myself.

JONESY
That sounds more like the Ed Farrell I used to know.

Farrell regards him, nods and slowly smiles.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (contd) 40

FARRELL
It's good to see you, Jonesy... Reminds me of the old days... all them trail drives... Tell me somethin'. You still as bad a cook as you were then?

Jonesy laughs. He is tremendously relieved.

JONESY
Worse... 'least that's what Slim and Andy tell me.

FARRELL
(slight reaction)
Andy?

JONESY
Yeah... Matt had another son.
(slight beat)
'Course, you wouldn't know that.

FARRELL
No...
(grins)
... but that Slim. Let's see...? I reckon he'd be...what? Twenty-eight, now, huh?

JONESY
Yeah... He's a full blown man now. Dead ringer for Matt too... and he's doin' a fine job... runnin' the ranch... takin' over right where his Pa left off.

41 CLOSER ANGLE 41
Favoring Farrell as he tenses slightly. Jonesy does not notice.

FARRELL
Yeah... I guess he'd be doin' that all right. Twenty-eight years old...
(evenly)
Same age my boy'd be... if Matt had let him live.

Jonesy reacts, noting the even tone of the Farrell statement.

JONESY
Look, Ed... I thought you said...

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED (contd) 41

FARRELL
(cuts him off; bitterly)
I know what you thought... and I know what I said. Lemme tell you somethin', Jonesy. You're just as stupid as you always were. You come in here and you told me all I want to know.

JONESY
But... Ed!

FARRELL
(taps chest)
Listen to me, Jonesy... I got it inside o' me to kill Matt Sherman... Well, he's already dead... so now that son o' his who looks just like him-- he'll do fine... he'll do just fine!

42 ANOTHER ANGLE 42
As Jonesy cannot believe this. Farrell rises slowly and indicates:

FARRELL
Now, you go on back and you tell him. You tell that Slim that I'm comin'... He won't know when... but I'm comin'... Sooner or later, one of these days... I'm gonna ride into that ranch and I'm gonna kill him... just like his father did my boy! Now, git!

Jonesy slides back in his chair, stumbling to his feet as Farrell leans over and half pushes him off.

JONESY
Ed! Listen to me.!... You... you...

FARRELL
(draws gun)
I said for you to git!

He fires the gun into the floor. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE as his face becomes livid again. He continues to fire into the floor, near Jonesy's feet. The little man can do nothing but turn and head for the door.

43 MED. FULL SHOT - JONESY 43
As he stops by the batwings and looks back. A shot rings out o.s. and wood splinters near Jonesy's head. That's all he needs. He rushes through the batwings.

44 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 44
He coldly holsters his gun, sits heavily and stares straight ahead, his eyes burning.

45 EXT. STREET - DAY - FULL SHOT - JONESY 45
As he comes into the street, UP TO CAMERA. He looks back at the saloon, looks about helplessly. In b.g., the stage is readying to pull out from the hotel. Jonesy sees it and, turning, waves his arms.

JONESY
Hey! Hold up there! Wait for me!

As he runs off toward the stage, CAMERA PANNING with him,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

46 EXT. SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT - ESTABLISHING 46

LAP TO:

47 INT. JONESY'S BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - OPEN SATCHEL 57
on the bed as Jonesy's hands unpack it, taking out a pair of rolled up long-johns, CAMERA PULLING BACK TO INCLUDE Jonesy as he turns to the dresser to put the item away. Slim is standing to one side of the dresser and Andy is half lying on the bed. Jess is not about.

JONESY
(as if continuing)
So...that's about all there was to it.
(stops, turns, regards them)
I saw Ed Farrell, told him 'bout your Pa...'n came home.

SLIM
He didn't do anything? Say anything?

48 ANOTHER ANGLE 48
FAVORING Jonesy as his face betrays nothing.

JONESY
Oh...he said he was sorry.

ANDY
Sorry he wrote the letter or sorry Pa's dead?

JONESY
Well --- both. You gotta understand Ed Farrell...the kind 'o man he is.

CAMERA PANS with Jonesy as, still holding the rolled up long-johns, he moves back to the bed, sits and faces Andy.

JONESY
Soon's I told him, all that bitterness and that hate that he'd been keepin' inside 'o him...well, it just sorta drained out. Don't forget, Ed 'n your Pa...they was good friends. Why, I...I don't think Ed ever really meant the things he wrote. He's a lonely man and he had the death of his own boy eatin' away at him...

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED (contd) 48
He breaks off as he regards first Andy, then Slim, noting whether they believe him. Apparently they do.

49 WIDER ANGLE 49
as Jonesy stands and starts for the dresser again.

JONESY
I reckon he realized that with your Pa gone...he was more lonely than ever.

He starts to put the long-johns away, hesitates and looks at Slim.

JONESY
Why...even seein' me...that made him feel better. We got to talkin' about old times, things we did.
(slight beat)
'N when I left, he shook my hand. Yes, sir...he shook my hand...and he apologised!

Jonesy lets go of the long-johns with one hand, which he holds up to indicate how he shook hands. As he does, a pint bottle slides out from between the folds of the underwear. Instant reflexes cause Jonesy to drop his hand, go for the bottle, catch it, juggle it and finally get a firm grip on it. Slim grins, indicating the bottle.

SLIM
Was that part of the apology?

50 CLOSER ANGLE 50
as Jonesy regards him ruefully.

JONESY
Now, you know this had nothin' to do with it. I only took it 'cause...well, I mighta got a germ or somethin'....

SLIM
Yeah...or somethin'.

He reaches out and punches Jonesy playfully, then starts past him. He stops and regards Jonesy admiringly.

SLIM (contd)
Thanks, Jonesy.

JONESY
(nods; slight grin)
Shucks...wasn't anything...

He turns and puts the long-johns in the drawer.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE 51
As Andy gets off the bed to join Slim. He stops and looks at Jonesy.

ANDY
Me, too, Jonesy...thanks.

Jonesy nods.

ANDY (contd)
Soon's you're finished unpackin' ...come on out and look at the cows...I took real good care of 'em for you.

Jonesy looks after him as he and Slim go out the door.

JONESY
Yeah...I'll be right there.

CAMERA ANGLES IN ON Jonesy as he looks after them, his smile fading as the impact of his gross lie comes home to him.

DISSOLVE

51A INT. KITCHEN - SHERMAN RANCH - DAY - MED. SHOT - JONESY 51A -
Jonesy, with his apron on, is preparing a meal. He is serious about what he is doing, but he is preoccupied and thoughtful. He comes into the f.g. so CAMERA IS ON his worried face. As he stirs something on the stove, he continues to think. Then, he moves from the stove to a table, picks up a bowl full of batter and starts to move elsewhere with it -- when, suddenly, outside and close by there is a shot -- then another! Jonesy drops the bowl on the floor, races for the kitchen door. Over the door is the shotgun; Jonesy grabs it and pushes the door open.

51B EXT. KITCHEN DOOR - MED. CLOSE - JONESY 51B -
Wide-eyed, expecting to see the worst, Jonesy stops in the doorway, staring off at:

51C MED. LONG SHOT - ANDY AND JESS 51C -
Jess is checking the load in the pistol and says, as he hands it back to Andy:

JESS
Not bad, Andy. Now try it again -- and remember what I told you. Don't aim it. Point it just like you point your finger. All right.

Andy looks off toward a tin can on a post, or some other appropriate target, lifts the gun and fires. He misses, but by only about eight inches, below the can.

JESS
Good! Much better!

51D CLOSE SHOT - JONESY - IN DOORWAY 51D -
He closes his eyes, briefly, in sheer relief, quietly re-enters the kitchen, as another shot SOUNDS, and we:

DISSOLVE

52 EXT. RANCH YARD - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - COW 52
standing with the others in the barnyard. It MOO'S SOFTLY and contentedly as FROM O.S. the faint, easy STRUMMING of a GUITAR is HEARD. CAMERA SLOWLY ANGLES to INCLUDE the ranchhouse in b.g.

53 EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 53
sitting on the porch rail, leaning against a support post as he strums an idle tune on his guitar and sings softly. (NOTE: The song itself should deal with the love of the outdoors, springtime, fishing, etc., to set mood for ensuing dialogue.) Slim is seated on the porch steps, lounging back, and Andy, close by, is whittling a piece of wood.

JONESY
(nostalgically; eyes them)
Sure is a pretty night.

Slim grunts satisfiedly.

JONESY (contd)
(breathes deeply)
Mmmmm...smell that spring air....

In b.g., Jess, rolling down his sleeves, stops in the doorway and leans against the frame.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED (contd) 53

JESS
I didn't smell any spring air in there while I was doin' the dishes...

JONESY
Well, smell it out here then...

54 ANOTHER ANGLE 54
as Jess grins and continues to lean against the frame, breathing deeply. He exhales, looks at Jonesy and nods approval. Jonesy eyes him, then strikes a strong chord on the guitar, causing Slim and Andy to look around. Jonesy leans forward enthusiastically.

JONESY
You know what! I bet them trout fish is justa jumpin' outta the streams back up in the hills there...
(looks off)
Yes, sir...fella could find himself a cool spot 'o shade...lie there a daydreamin' ... an afore he'd know what was happenin'...he'd be covered with fish. No effort a'tall.

Andy and Slim grin with Andy waving a joshing hand at him. Jonesy sits back ruefully.

JONESY (contd)
What's the matter? Don't you believe me? Why, when I was comin' back from Casper, I saw streams so crowded with fish, there was hardly room for the water. 'N all kinds of animals...deer, bobcat...even rabbits... ...just walkin' across them streams and never gettin' their feet wet!

55 MED. SHOT 55
FAVORING Andy and Slim as they exchange glances and look at Jonesy disbelievingly.

SLIM
You sure you haven't been...

JONESY
(quickly)
Not a drop!
(a beat)
All I'm tellin' ya is what I saw... 'n you don't believe me, then whyn't you two go see for yourself. 'Sides, way Andy likes to fish, I think it's about time you both took yourselves a little holiday.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55
He looks at Jess for confirmation.

JONESY
Don't you think so, Jess? You'n me could take care 'o the place by ourselves for a while.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE 56
as Jess considers this, stepping forward a pace or two.

JESS
(shrugs)
'S okay with me...

He eyes Jonesy as the little man turns back to the others.

JONESY
You see. There's nothin' to stop ya!

Andy brightens and turns to Slim.

ANDY
How 'bout it, Slim?

Slim is swayed, but then thinks better of it.

SLIM
No...we couldn't leave the station. There's too much work to be done.

JONESY
No there ain't...You just let Jess'n me worry 'bout that. You go on...stay as long as you want. Week...even longer. Do you both good...brothers goin' off together.

57 WIDER ANGLE 57
as Slim looks at him, then at the excited expression on Andy's face, then at Jess.

SLIM
You think you could handle it? You and Jonesy?

58 CLOSE ANGLE 58
FAVORING Jess as he regards Slim, then Jonesy.

JESS
Sure. No strain at all.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED (contd) 58

SLIM
(decisively)
All right -- we'll do it.

ANDY
(exuberantly)
Yippee!

SLIM
Let's see -- what's today? Thursday. The only thing that's really pressing is the fences... we'll concentrate on them and get 'em in shape. We should be able to leave next week -- say a week from today. How's that sound, Andy?

ANDY
Wonderful!

59 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 59

This is not at all what he wants; he manages to cover up his agitation, saying with a shake of his head:

JONESY
The fishin' won't be as good by then. Might not be any good at all.

SLIM
(smiling)
We'll take the chance, Jonesy.

After a pause, Jonesy shakes his head again.

JONESY
Well -- maybe you're willin' to take a chance, but I'm not. I won't be able to sleep, thinkin' about those streams -- I tell you, I never saw anything like it!

The others laugh at his earnest enthusiasm. Jonesy gets up, his face serious.

JONESY (contd)
It's no laughin' matter -- not to me, anyway. Look -- I ain't had any time off for a while, and I'm kinda tired from that stage ride. I'm gonna catch me some o' them trout -- and not next week, when maybe they'll be somewheres else. Tomorrow!

CONTINUED

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59 CONTINUED (contd) 59

He turns and walks into the house. There is a silence, during which Andy begins to look worried. Finally:

ANDY
D'you suppose he's right, Slim? I mean -- that the trout might be gone by next week?

60 INT. HOUSE - NEAR DOOR - CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 60

He is listening intently, to:

SLIM'S VOICE
(laughs indulgently)
'Course not! There'll be plenty left for us, don't worry...but if you want, you can go with Jonesy.

Jonesy tenses. After a pause:

ANDY'S VOICE
Well...I'd rather go with you, Slim. I don't mind waitin'.

Jonesy relaxes. Slim is pleased at Andy's answer.

SLIM'S VOICE
Okay. A week from tomorrow. Let's get some sleep, huh?

As footsteps SOUND on the porch, Jonesy slips away, quietly, and we:

DISSOLVE

61 OMIT (omitted) 61

62 INT. JONESY'S ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - DRESSER DRAWER 62
as Jonesy's hands enter and open the drawer, going inside and reaching about. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Jonesy as he withdraws a large Navy Colt revolver. The weapon is heavy and unfamiliar in his hands. He regards it, checks the cylinder, then, thoughtfully, looks o.s. Coming out of it, he shoves the gun into his belt. CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the bed, picks up his hat, then goes out.

63 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT 63
Jonesy enters from his room. CAMERA PANS with him as he tiptoes to Andy's bed and stops.

64 CLOSE SHOT - ANDY - JONESY'S POV 64
asleep in bed.

65 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 65
looking at Andy.

JONESY
(softly)
You take care o' my cows, now...
and God bless you.

He crosses to the door and exits.

66 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANDY 66
as he turns over restlessly, then sleeps on.

DISSOLVE

67 EXT. RANGE ROAD - DAY - FULL SHOT - STAGECOACH 67
moving at top speed, the driver hiyupping the horses loudly, CAMERA PANNING with it as it passes close by.

68 INT. STAGECOACH - DAY - MED. SHOT - JONESY 68
looking out the window thoughtfully.

69 EXT. RANGE ROAD - DAY (SAME AS SC. 23) - FULL SHOT - STAGE 69
COACH as it passes, CAMERA HOLDING ON the road sign reading: "CASPER - 65 mi." As the SOUNDS of the stagecoach are HEARD TO DIMINISH:

LAP TO:

70 EXT. MAIN STREET (CASPER) - DAY - FULL SHOT 70 -
FAVORING the saloon.

71 INT. SALOON - DAY - CLOSE SHOT WHISKEY BOTTLE ON BAR 71
as Jonesy's hands reach in and pour a shot glass full, CAMERA PULLING BACK TO INCLUDE Jonesy with the bartender looking on. Jonesy is obviously tipsy as he drinks the drink. He pours another, emptying the bottle. He eyes the glass, then indicates to the bartender.

JONESY
'Nother bottle ...

The bartender moves to him.

BARTENDER
Mister..ain't you had enough?

JONESY
Not for what I got to do. Come on...'nother bottle.

The bartender shrugs resignedly, turns and gets another bottle.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE 72
as Jonesy pulls the Navy Colt from his belt inside his coat. He drunkenly tries to check the chamber as the bartender turns back to him and reacts on seeing the gun.

BARTENDER
Hey...put that thing away!

JONESY
Don't worry...'S'not for you.

He looks toward the batwings, then back at the bartender.

JONESY
You sure that fella ain't been around... one I was talkin' to the other day?

BARTENDER
I ain't seen him...not since last night.

He sets the bottle down, eyeing Jonesy who lays the gun down on the bar and starts to drink. The bartender looks off to another man standing down the bar a ways watching them. The bartender nods with his head, indicating the man to leave. The man nods back and moves off.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE 73
as Jonesy finishes the drink. He reaches in his pocket and dumps a handful of money on the bar.

JONESY
I'm tired 'o waitin' for him...
(starts off; stops)
But...I'll be back.
(taps chest)
Feel like I might be catchin' somethin'...

He starts off again, then remembers the gun. He stumbles back to the bar and picks it up. He grins sheepishly at the bartender.

JONESY
Can't do much without this...can I?

He turns and waving the gun, heads for the batwings.

74 EXT. SALOON - DAY - MED SHOT - JONESY 74
as he half staggers through the batwings, stops and looks about, weaving. He shrugs, then turns and starts down the street. The bartender appears at the batwings and looks after him. then off o s

75 EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY - FULL SHOT 75
as the door opens and the man from the bar appears, followed by a young Deputy. They stop and look off, then the man indicates.

76 MED. LONG SHOT - JONESY - POV 76
staggering down the opposite sidewalk, gun in hand.

77 MED. SHOT - DEPUTY AND MAN 77
as they start after Jonesy.

78 EXT. HOTEL - DAY - FULL SHOT - JONESY 78
as he turns to cross the street, approaching the hotel. Suddenly, he looks up and reacts.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE 79
as Farrell, adjusting his hat, exits the hotel.

80 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 80
his face working. He yells.

JONESY
Ed!

81 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 81
as he stops and looks about.

JONESY'S VOICE o.s.
Over here, Ed...

Farrell looks off, CAMERA ANGLING TO INCLUDE Jonesy in the middle of the street. In b.g., the Deputy approaches. Jonesy brings up the gun.

FARRELL
What're you doing?

82 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 82
as he tries to aim the gun. It wavers.

JONESY
I'm...I'm sorry, Ed.

He pulls the trigger, the recoil throwing him back. CAMERA WIDENS TO INCLUDE the Deputy as he runs up behind Jonesy and brings his gun butt down hard on Jonesy's head. The little man collapses into the dirt, then the Deputy looks off at Farrell o.s. and moves off toward him.

83 MED. FULL SHOT - FARRELL 83
standing his ground, apparently not hit. CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSER ANGLE as the Deputy runs up to him.

DEPUTY
You hit?

FARRELL
No...no, of course not. He was wild...

DEPUTY
(indicates Jonesy)
You know him?

FARRELL
(after a beat)
I never saw him before in my life... He must have mistaken me for someone else.

DEPUTY
(reacts)
He was trying to kill you! You want to press charges?

FARRELL
No...poor little man. Why don't you just lock him up for a few days...let him sleep it off.

He smiles at the Deputy, turns and goes into the hotel.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED (contd) 83

The Deputy looks after him, a perplexed expression on his face, then shrugging, turns and moves out to Jonesy, CAMERA PANNING with him. Enlisting the aid of some onlookers, they heft him up and cart him off down the street.

84 INT. HOTEL - DAY - CLOSE SHOT CLERK 84

behind the desk as he turns to the counter. He holds a stage ticket.

CLERK
There you are...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Farrell as he pays for the ticket.

CLERK
(cont:g)
One ticket to Laramie...Stage'll be leaving right after lunch.

Farrell nods, takes the ticket.

FARRELL
Thank you...thank you very much.

He turns, CAMERA PANNING with him as he leisurely strolls out the door.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

FADE IN

85 INT. JAIL - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - JONESY 85
Jonesy is lying on a cot in the cell. His head is bandaged fairly neatly, but otherwise he is something of a mess. His clothes are dirty; he needs a shave. After a moment, his eyes open slowly. He looks slowly about without moving. Then, as realization and recollection occur, he starts to sit up suddenly. The combination of hangover and hurt head is almost too much for him. He moans and falls back on the cot.

86 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARSHAL 86
seated at his desk, is a large, calm-looking man of middle age -- MARSHAL BEN BROWN. He hears Jonesy's moan, looks toward the cell, shakes his head and rises to pour some coffee from a pot on a nearby stove. INTERCUT:

87 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 87
He manages to struggle to a sitting position --very carefully and painfully. He holds his aching head. The Marshal ENTERS to a TWO SHOT, carrying a cup of steaming coffee which he shoves silently through the bars under Jonesy's nose. Jonesy's eyes are closed against the ache, but the coffee aroma opens them. He looks at the cup, inches from his nose, then up to the silent, grave-looking Marshal. He takes the coffee and says gratefully:

JONESY
Thank you, Ben.

As he sips, the Marshal says very gravely:

MARSHAL
Well, Jonesy...what do you have to say for yourself?

Jonesy sighs, winces again from his head pain.

JONESY
Not much a man <u>can</u> say after he's done a thing like I have, Ben.
(after a pause)
You got a date set for the trial?

88 CLOSE SHOT - MARSHAL 88
He is mildly surprised and perhaps just a little bit amused by this. He considers his answer, then says:

MARSHAL
Haven't really thought about that.

89 CLOSE TWO SHOT 89

JONESY
Well...it don't much matter, I guess.
(a beat; than)
I hope he didn't suffer much, Ben. Poor man suffered enough all these years.

MARSHAL
To tell the truth -- he didn't feel a thing, Jonesy.

JONESY
Good.

There is another silence, while Jonesy works on the coffee.

MARSHAL
Why did you do it?

JONESY
(sighs)
I had to.

MARSHAL
Why?

JONESY
Doesn't matter. It's over -- that's all that counts.

MARSHAL
(slightly stern)
I hope so -- for your sake and mine, Jonesy.
(shakes his head)
For a man who don't drink, you really tied one on last night.

JONESY
I had to do that, too, Ben.

BEN
Oh, sure: Well -- next time you get an urge like that, do me a favor: Do your drinkin' back in Laramie and not here. I got enough to worry about without --

Jonesy is staring at him as he talks, interrupts finally with:

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

JONESY
What're you sayin', Ben?

MARSHAL
I'm sayin' a man your age should have better sense than to take up drinkin' and shootin' up peaceful communities! And if I catch you tryin' it in my town again I'm gonna lock you up for a month!

Jonesy gets to his feet, staggering a bit as his head gives him another spasm of pain. However, his incredulity is greater than his pain at the moment.

JONESY
Ben! You're lettin' me go?

The Marshal looks him over, frowning.

MARSHAL
If you're sober enough.

JONESY
(shocked)
Then -- I didn't kill him!

MARSHAL
Of course not. You missed him by a good three feet. You're lucky.

JONESY
Lucky!? Do you know who that was?

MARSHAL
No, and neither do you. You take it from me, Jonesy -- whiskey and you just don't get along. If I was you --

JONESY
(gripping bars)
Where is he now?

MARSHAL
Who?

JONESY
(impatient; upset)
Ed Farrell! The man I shot -- I mean, the man I missed!

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

MARSHAL
Gone, and I don't blame him. When a man can't walk down the street without some drunken --

JONESY
Where'd he go? Tell me, Ben!

MARSHAL
How do I know? He took the stage.

JONESY
Which one?

MARSHAL
Southbound, I think.
(frowns)
You know, Jonesy, I think you're still --

JONESY
Ben -- that man's dangerous! He's sick! He wants to kill --

MARSHAL
(ominously)
Jonesy. As I was saying -- I think you're still under the influence, and furthermore --

JONESY
Ben!

MARSHAL
(going right on)
-- and furthermore, I don't think you should be runnin' around loose until you calm down.

There is firmness in his tone that is unmistakable. Jonesy takes a deep breath and lets it out, slowly. Then, in a carefully-controlled voice, Jonesy says:

JONESY
I'm perfectly calm, Ben. And I'm sorry. I won't trouble you any more.

MARSHAL
Now you sound more like the Jonesy I know.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED (contd) 89

He turns and walks back to his desk. CAMERA HOLDS ON Jonesy, who follows him with his eyes. Still with control, Jonesy asks:

JONESY
You'll let me out, then, won't you?

90 WIDER ANGLE - MARSHAL IN F.G. 90

The Marshal slumps into his chair, puts his feet on the desk and smiles across the room to Jonesy.

MARSHAL
I guess so, Jonesy -- if you're sure you're all right.

JONESY
I'm sure, Ben. Get your keys, will you, please?

MARSHAL
It's not locked. Just push the door open.

91 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 91

He stares at the door, pushes it -- and it swings open. Jonesy grabs his hat and starts out, CAMERA PANNING. He is in a big hurry as he goes past the desk.

JONESY
Thanks, Ben.

MARSHAL
What's your hurry? The next southbound stage isn't until tomorrow.

Jonesy stops dead, near the door, turns, looks up at a clock on the wall. He licks his lips, still careful about appearing too excited lest he be incarcerated again.

JONESY
I've gotta get back to the ranch. The -- the boys'll be worried about me. Can you lend me a horse, Ben?

MARSHAL
Now, Jonesy -- you're no horseman. Even when you're in good shape -- which you aren't right now.

JONESY
(approaching desperation)
Please, Ben. I'll see that you get it back. You can trust me!

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED (contd) 91

The Marshal sees Jonesy really means every word. Slowly, indulgently, he gets his feet off the desk and stands up.

MARSHAL
All right. I've got one I can lend you. Come on.

With his arm around Jonesy's shoulders, he leads him to the door and we

LAP DISSOLVE

92 EXT. NEAR STABLE - DAY - MED. SHOT 92

SCENE BEGINS on a large, placid work horse -- the draft type, with heavy, powerful legs and a broad back. The horse is saddled. CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL Jonesy and the Marshal; the Marshal is talking.

MARSHAL
She'll get you there, Jonesy. You treat her right and she'll take you home.

Jonesy, agitated and in a hurry and trying to hide both, nods and puts out his hand to shake with the Marshal.

JONESY
Thanks, Ben -- thanks very much.

The Marshal holds on to Jonesy's had and points with his left hand at Jonesy's big gun, which is tucked into his waistband again. He admonishes Jonesy:

MARSHAL
You be careful where you point that thing, now, Jonesy -- you hear?

JONESY
Sure, Ben -- sure.

The Marshal lets his hand go and Jonesy starts to climb aboard the big horse. With a friendly smile, the Marshal gives him a boost into the saddle.

MARSHAL
There you go.

JONESY
Thanks again.
(kicks horse)
Let's go -- c'mon!

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED (contd) 92

MARSHAL
(still smiling)
Her name's Isabel.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAN SHOT 93
Jonesy nods, kicks harder, and the horse starts to move unhurriedly.

JONESY
All right, Isabel! Let's be goin'! C'mon!

He kicks and urges, and finally Isabel breaks into a lumbering trot -- a sort of stately gait. CAMERA FOLLOWS Jonesy and the horse, with the Marshal smiling indulgently after them. The big horse and the little man disappear around a corner.

DISSOLVE

94 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY - HIGH ANGLE SHOT - COACH WHEELS as the stage halts before the house, CAMERA TILTING UP to INCLUDE Slim, Jess and Andy as they come from the house to meet it, waving and ad libing greetings to Charlie, the driver. 94

95 ANOTHER ANGLE
FAVORING the coach door as Charlie climbs down and opens the door. 95

CHARLIE
(into coach)
Sherman station...far as you go, mister....

A moment later, Ed Farrell, carrying a blanket roll, emerges and looks about.

96 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING ANDY
as he glances at Slim. 96

ANDY
What's he mean....?

Before Slim can answer, CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE Farrell as he comes toward them.

FARRELL
(in friendly tones)
Adams is my name...Bill Adams....
(indicates Charlie)
What the driver means is...well, my ticket only carried me this far. My funds were not...let's say ample to carry me all the way to Laramie.

SLIM
That's too bad, mister...It's a long walk.

FARRELL
(hesitantly)
Walk? Yes...well, I suppose it is... but,
(looks about)
I was wondering if perhaps...What I mean is...
(indicates)
I notice some of your fences are in need of repair...and, uh...I am a good hand with animals.

JESS
You lookin' for a job?

97, 98 ANOTHER ANGLE
as Farrell regards him.

97, 98

FARRELL
Well, as a matter of fact...I'm not much for walking...I thought if I earned my ticket the rest of the way....

SLIM
I'm sorry Mr. Adams....

FARRELL
Bill....

SLIM
Yeah...Bill...but you see, we got all the help we need and....

ANDY
(cuts him off)
We don't either...not with Jonesy gone.

FARRELL
(quickly)
It'd only be for a day or so....

Slim regards him, then Andy, then looks at Jess who shrugs as if to say, "It's up to you." Slim looks back at Farrell and extends his hand.

SLIM
Slim Sherman...This is my brother, Andy... This here's Jess.

FARRELL
(shaking hands)
Thank you, thank you, Mr. Sherman...
(a beat)
...and it's a pleasure to know you... all of you.

SLIM
(nods; to Andy)
Show him where he can sleep, Andy...
(to Farrell)
You can start on that fence...soon's you're settled.

FARRELL
Thank you again.

ANDY
Come on...there's a cot in the barn....

CONTINUED

97, 98 CONTINUED (contd) 97, 98

Hefting his blanket roll, Farrell follows after Andy who runs off. Slim and Jess look after them, then to Charlie who completes checking the harness and starts to remount his seat.

99 THREE SHOT 99

as Slim and Jess move up to him. Charlie looks about.

CHARLIE
Where's Jonesy?

SLIM
Aw...he took off to the woods...wanted to get in some fishin'....

CHARLIE
Fishin'! Oh, brother...some people have all the luck.

Slim and Jess grin and wave to Charlie as he climbs into the seat, picks up the reins, then looks down at them.

CHARLIE (contd)
(shakes head)
Fishin'...I sure wish I was in his shoes....

He snaps at the team and drives off.

QUICK LAP TO

100 EXT. ROAD NEAR STREAM - DAY - FULL SHOT 100 -

Jonesy, aboard Isabel, is urging her to go faster. She is lumbering ahead at a pretty fair clip, but by no means flying.

101 RUNNING INSERT - MED. CLOSE - JONESY 101 -

His face is determined, and desperate. He kicks his heels into the horse's sides now and then, shakes the reins, urges:

JONESY
Come on, now -- you can go faster'n this! Let's go, girl!

102 MED. SHOT - NEAR STREAM 102 -

Isabel and Jonesy round a slight curve and head for a shallow stream crossing the trail or road. Jonesy is still kicking and urging as they approach. At the very edge of the stream, Isabel stops abruptly, but Jonesy does not. He goes right over the horse's head and lands with a splash, in about two feet of water.

103 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 103
to cover the action of his fall.

104 MED. SHOT - MASTER 104
Snorting, soaking wet, seated in the stream, Jonesy stares at the horse, which is still stopped at the stream's edge.

JONESY
(outraged)
You -- you miserable animal!
Why'd you wanta go and do that for?

He retrieves his hat and, soaked, scrambles to his feet.

105 MED. CLOSE - ISABEL 105
regarding him gravely from her position. Then, unhurriedly, she turns around and starts back the way she has come, lumbering sedately, without looking back. Jonesy's frantic voice follows her:

JONESY
Isabel! Come back here, you!
You can't leave me here like
this! Isabel! Is-a-bel!

105A CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 105A
He is furious, and desperate. After one more angry look at the departing horse, Jonesy pours water out of his hat, clamps it on his head and wades to the opposite shore of the stream. With a final, grim glance at the o.s. Isabel, Jonesy begins to walk, plodding along as fast as he can. His back hurts; he is wet and dirty, and bandaged, but he is determined. CAMERA PANS him on his way.

DISSOLVE

106 EXT. RANCH YARD - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - SLIM AND FARRELL 106
As Farrell chops wood on a chopping block. Slim is gathering up the pieces and making them into a pile. He turns to Farrell.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED (contd) 106

SLIM
That's about the last of it.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE 107
INCLUDING Andy and Jess as they pass by.

SLIM
Where're you two goin'?

ANDY
Fetch the cows. Jonesy wouldn't ever forgive us if we didn't milk 'em on time.

Slim nods and they continue on. Slim starts to gather up some of the wood.

108 CLOSER ANGLE 108
as Slim indicates to Farrell.

SLIM
Help me load this in the wood bin, huh?.

Farrell looks off after Andy and Jess, then back at Slim.

FARRELL
I don't see any cows?

SLIM
Aaah...they probably wandered up into the back pasture. Come on...grab a load.

FARRELL
(thoughtfully)
Yeah...sure...just let me get a drink of water first.

Slim nods as he continues to gather the wood. Farrell moves off.

109 EXT. BARN - DAY - MED. SHOT - FARRELL 109
as he goes to the barn door, stops and looks off.

110 LONG SHOT - ANDY AND JESS - POV 110
as they mount two horses near the corral and turn them, starting to ride out.

111 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 111
as he looks from Andy and Jess to Slim o.s.

112 MED. LONG SHOT - SLIM 112
arms loaded with wood as he heads toward the house.

113 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 113
as his face hardens and his eyes narrow. He turns and enters the barn.

114 INT. BARN - DAY - FULL SHOT - FARRELL 114
as he approaches a cot set up in a corner in f.g. He stops by the cot, looks back, then reaching down, flips open the bedroll lying on the cot, revealing a rifle and a six-gun lying there-in. He deliberates, then picks up the six-gun, checks the cylinder, then turns and moves off.

115 MED. CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 115
as he reaches the door, then cautiously peers out.

116 MED. LONG SHOT - SLIM - POV 116
gathering up more wood. He turns, exposing his back to Farrell o.s.

117 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 117
as he brings up his gun and sights carefully. As he is about to pull the trigger, Andy is HEARD faintly o.s. hiyuppin'. Farrell reacts and looks off, quickly lowering the gun.

118 LONG SHOT - ANDY AND JESS 118
approaching the ranch, herding the cows ahead of them.

119 MED. CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 119
as he bites his lip disappointedly, then turns and moves into the barn.

120 EXT. RANCH YARD - DAY - FULL SHOT - ANDY AND JESS 120
as they hiyup the cows toward the barn. Slim steps out to meet them. They rein in.

ANDY
Jonesy's sure got these cows trained! They were headin' in all by themselves.

SLIM
I wish somebody'd make my work that easy. Say! You don't suppose that fence'd come in by itself, do you?

ANDY
What fence?

SLIM
The one up on the north quarter...I gotta go up there in the mornin' and fix the gate on it.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED (contd) 120
Andy waves a joshing hand at him as Jess grins. They nudge their horses off after the cows, CAMERA ANGLING TO INCLUDE Farrell as he approaches Slim from the barn.

FARRELL
I hear you say there was more fence mendin' to be done?

121 MED. TWO SHOT 121
as he stops by Slim.

SLIM
Just some rusted hinges....

FARRELL
I'd be glad to help...those gates are pretty heavy.

SLIM
(friendly)
I can handle it...'Sides, it's a long way out there...and I'm not payin' you to set easy in a saddle half the mornin'....

FARRELL
(grins)
Yeah...that's right....

Slim turns and starts gathering more wood as Farrell regards him, his face becoming tense and thoughtful. He looks off across the range, and CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on his face, as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

122 EXT. BARN - DAY - FULL SHOT - SLIM AND JESS 122
as Jess helps Slim load the buckboard with tools, a few spare fence posts, etc. Andy comes from the house and up to them.

123 CLOSER ANGLE 123
as Andy looks about.

ANDY
Where's Mr. Adams?

SLIM
Cleanin' out the barn...

ANDY
That's Jonesy's job...
(catches himself)
I mean...if Jonesy was here.

SLIM
Yeah...what've you been doin'?

ANDY
Washin' the breakfast dishes...

JESS
I thought that was Jonesy's job too...?

SLIM
His turn'll come. I can feel those fish pullin' on my line right now!

ANDY
Me, too!

They grin. Slim tosses the last of the tools into the wagon and mounts the seat.

SLIM
I'll be back for lunch...

He waves, snaps at the horse and drives off. Andy and Jess watch him go. Andy yells after him.

ANDY
I'll see you up there in a bit. I'm ridin' fence this mornin'...

124 MED TWO SHOT - ANDY AND JESS 124
as Jess looks at him.

JESS
You're not ridin' anywhere's...not 'til you've helped me with the laundry.

ANDY
(reacts)
But..that's Jonesy's...

He breaks off, catching himself. Jess eyes him with a wry look on his face. The two turn and move off, CAMERA PANNING with them as they enter the house. CAMERA DRIFTS to the barn door where Farrell appears cautiously and looks out.

125 INT. BARN - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 125
as he looks after Andy and Jess, then o.s. toward Slim.

126 LONG SHOT - SLIM - POV 126-
in the buckboard, heading away from the ranch, up and over the hill.

127 MED.SHOT - FARRELL 127
as he turns and heads to a horse stall where a horse is saddled and waiting.

128 MED. FULL SHOT 128-
as Farrell pulls the horse from the stall His blanket roll is tied to the rear of the saddle. Farrell reaches into it and extracts his rifle, then ties the blanket down tight. He quietly leads the horse out of the side door of the barn, CAMERA PANNING with him.

129 EXT. BARN - DAY - FULL SHOT - FARRELL 129-
as he looks about, noting the empty ranch yard, then continues to lead the horse off, CAMERA PANNING with him. When he gets a good distance across the yard, he looks back. then mounts and continues on out, up the same hill taken by Slim.

DISSOLVE

130 EXT. RANGE - DAY - FULL SHOT - JONESY 130
staggering along, stumbling through the scrub-brush. He is tired, bearded, dirty and ragged.

131 CLOSER ANGLE - JONESY 131
as he continues on, CAMERA PANNING with him TO INCLUDE

131 CONTINUED (contd) 131
a range road in the distance.

JONESY
(muttering to himself)
Horses...If I ever get my hands on that animal...Ow!

He yelps as he stumbles across a log, barking his shin. He hops along on one foot, trying to hold the bruised shin.

132 ANOTHER ANGLE 132
INCLUDING a stage coach in far b.g. approaching down the road. Jonesy looks up, sees it and brightens a bit. He starts waving his arms and running toward it.

JONESY
Ho! Hold up there!

133 FULL SHOT - STAGE COACH 133
as it approaches. Jonesy stumbles toward it from an angle, waving and yelling. The shotgun sees him and points him out to the driver. The driver starts pulling up.

134 MED. SHOT - JONESY 134
as he staggers toward the stage coach which comes to a halt.

SAM
Jonesy!

Jonesy comes up alongside.

JONESY
Don't you ask me what I'm doin' out here 'cause I don't know myself!

SAM
We heard back in Helena that you was in all kinds 'o trouble..shootin' 'n drinkin' and carryin' on...?

JONESY
Fabrication! Pure fabrication!

He starts for the coach, then looks back at Sam.

JONESY
Get her goin', Sam...fast as you can!

He opens the door and climbs into the coach.

135 INT. COACH - DAY - MED. SHOT 135
as Jonesy wedges in between the passengers who regard him and his condition as if he were a madman.

136 EXT. COACH - DAY - MED. TWO SHOT - SAM AND SHOTGUN 136
as they look from the coach door to each other, completely non-plussed. Sam shrugs and hiyups to the team.

137 FULL SHOT 137
as the coach lurches off down the road.

DISSOLVE

138 EXT. RANGE - DAY - FULL SHOT - SLIM 138
as he draws his wagon up beside a sagging fence gate. As he dismounts and goes to the rear, starting to unload the tools, CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE Farrell in far b.g. slowly approaching CAMERA HOLDS for a moment, then continues TO PAN TO INCLUDE the stage approaching over a distant rise.

139 INT. STAGE - DAY - MED. SHOT - JONESY 139
jogging along. The other passengers are as far away from him as possible, turning up their noses. Jonesy idly looks out the window, then reacts. He scrambles half over a man sitting next to him and peers out for a better look.

140 LONG SHOT- FARRELL - POV FROM MOVING STAGE 140
as he rides slowly along down a rise.

141 EXT. MOVING STAGE - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - JONESY 141
as he yells up to Sam in the seat.

JONESY
Sam! Stop! Ya hear me! Stop!

Sam looks back down at Jonesy, reacting.

SAM
What's the matter?

JONESY
I gotta get off! Quick! Right now!

142 MED. TWO SHOT - SAM AND SHOTGUN (MOVING) 142
as they exchange glances.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED (contd) 142

SHOTGUN
Maybe ya better..way he looked..
what we heard in Helena...

SAM
Yeah...We're almost to the station...
I'll tell Slim where he is and he
can come get him.

He starts reining in.

143 FULL SHOT 143
as the stage comes to a halt. The coach door opens and Jonesy jumps out. He waves at Sam and starts down the embankment, waving his Navy Colt in his hand.

144 TWO SHOT - SAM AND SHOTGUN 144
as they shake their heads.

SAM
Lookit him... plum loco...

He snaps at the team.

145 LOW ANGLE SHOT - JONESY 145
as he approaches some boulders and takes refuge. In b.g., the stage drives off. Jonesy glances after it, then continues on PAST CAMERA.

146 EXT. RANCH YARD - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - JESS 146
hanging out a line of wet clothes. In b.g., Andy is mounting his horse. He yells over to Jess.

ANDY
I'll come back with Slim for
lunch.

JESS
Okay...

Andy grins, turns his horse and rides off. Jess shakes his head and picking up the empty laundry basket, moves off.

147 EXT. RANGE - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT - FARRELL 147
riding doggedly along, a grim expression on his face. He brings up his rifle and cocks it, then continues.

148 MED. SHOT - JONESY 148
as he slides down behind a rock and peers o.s.

149 LONG SHOT - FARRELL'S POV 149
riding toward Jonesy o.s.

150 MED. SHOT - JONESY 150
as he regards his gun, then moving out from behind the rock, takes aim.

151 ANOTHER ANGLE 151
with Jonesy in f.g., Farrell in b.g., as Jonesy fires.

152 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 152
as his horse starts from the moise of the shot. Farrell looks about quickly, then fires o.s.

153 MED. SHOT - JONESY 153
as he is apparently hit. He falls hard and lies still.

154 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 154
as he looks off at Jonesy, then about. He quickly dismounts and takes up a position in some scrub-brush after slapping his horse off.

155 MED. SHOT - ANDY 155
near a fence as he turns his mount, looking in all directions, then digs in and heads out.

156 FULL SHOT - SLIM 156
mounting his wagon, he snaps at the horse and drives off at a fast clip.

157 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 157
crouching behind the scrub-brush, his rifle ready. He looks all about, then drops down lower as the sound of approaching hoofbeats is HEARD o.s. CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE Andy as he approaches.

158 MED. SHOT - ANDY 158
as he reins in and reacts at what he sees.

159 MED. LONG SHOT - JONESY 159
lying face down in the dirt.

ANDY'S VOICE O.S.
(hysterical)
Jonesy!

160 MED. SHOT - ANDY 160
as he yells again.

ANDY
Jonesy!!!

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED (contd) 160

He spurs his horse, CAMERA PANNING with him, HOLDING ON the scrub-brush as Farrell peers out satisfiedly. Then, he ducks back as he sees something o.s.

161 FULL SHOT - JONESY 161
lying in the dirt in f.g. with Andy approaching and dismounting on the run, coming up to him and kneeling down. Andy starts to roll him over, then reacts horrifiedly. He looks off as the sound of the approaching wagon is HEARD o.s. Andy scrambles to his feet and runs off.

162 FULL SHOT - SLIM 162
as he drives the wagon toward Andy who runs to meet him, screaming.

ANDY
Slim! Slim! It's Jonesy! He's dead! Somebody shot him!

Slim starts to rein in.

163 MED. SHOT - FARRELL 163
as he half stands behind the scrub-brush and brings up his rifle, following the o.s. Slim in his sights.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE 164
INCLUDING Slim and Andy in b.g. Farrell tenses, aims in and starts to fire. Suddenly, an o.s. shot rings out. Farrell's rifle tilts up. He slowly stands, turns, facing Camera, an expression of utter disbelief on his face. CAMERA TILTS DOWN with him as he crumples in the dirt and lies still. A small hole is visible in his left chest.

165 MED. TWO SHOT - SLIM AND ANDY 165
as they look about reacting, then o.s.

ANDY
Jonesy!

He starts off, Slim jumping off the wagon and following, CAMERA PANNING with them TO INCLUDE Jonesy in b.g. slowly getting to his feet, his revolver hanging limply in his hand.

166 MED. SHOT- JONESY 166
weaving and shaky as Slim and Andy run in to him.

ANDY
I thought...I thought... You were dead!

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED (contd) 166

JONESY
So did he ...

He turns and looks off. Slim and Andy do likewise.

167 MED. LONG SHOT - FARRELL 167
lying dead in the dirt.

168 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JONESY, SLIM AND ANDY 168
as Slim and Andy turn back to Jonesy.

SLIM
Farrell? Ed Farrell?

Jonesy looks at him, then Andy, then slowly back at Slim. He smiles...then his eyelids flutter and he passes out cold, into Slim's arms. As CAMERA PULLS BACK,

FADE OUT:

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

TAG

FADE IN:

169 INT. RANCH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY - HIGH ANGLE CLOSE 169
SHOT JONESY'S FEET.
emersed in a tub of steaming water. It is pure enjoyment for Jonesy as he wiggles his toes and rubs one foot with the other. CAMERA slowly TILTS UP TO INCLUDE Jonesy, a fresh bandage on his head, shaved and generally cleaned up. Slim is standing just beside him, looking down at him admiringly as Jess and Andy, seated nearby, laugh at his recollections.

JONESY
So...there I was...sittin' on
that miserable animal...

He sips from a mug he is holding. Not satisfied, he reaches to the table and picks up a pint bottle and laces the mug. He replaces the bottle and tastes. Satisfied, he continues.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED (contd) 169

JONESY
Ah...that's better.
(a beat)
Anyhow...her name was Isabel ...
Now, can you imagine anybody callin'
a horse Isabel .. ..'specially me?

Jess and Andy double over.

JONESY
Well...that beast knew exactly
what she was doin' every minute!
She dumped me in that stream like
she'd planned it from the start!
And then she laughed at me! So
help me...she laughed!

Andy, holding his sides holds up his hands.

ANDY
Oh, stop...please...

JESS
That's the funniest thing I ever
heard.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE 170
as Jonesy laughs along with them, then glances up at Slim who is only smiling slightly.

JONESY
What's the matter with you?
Everybody else thinks it's funny.

Still without smiling, in a very gentle voice, Slim answers:

SLIM
Oh...it's funny, all right. But...
I was just thinkin' about something
else.

171 CLOSE SHOT - SLIM 171
His voice is soft, still, as he puts a hand on Jonesy's shoulder and continues:

SLIM
I was thinkin' about the right
way to thank you, Jonesy. But
there just aren't any words that

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED (contd) 171

SLIM
are good enough.
(there are tears in
his eyes, briefly)
I think you're just about the bravest man I ever knew.

172 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 172
He looks up at Slim; he is enormously pleased and touched, and there is the suggestion of tears in his eyes, also. He smiles at Slim -- a small, but proud, smile.

173 WIDER ANGLE - GROUP 173
Slim takes a deep breath, attempts to grow business-like, and breaks the tenderness of the moment with:

SLIM
Well .. like always, there's work to do. Let's be gettin' at it.

Jess and Andy get to their feet quickly; Slim turns back to Jonesy.

SLIM
You take it easy for a while, Jonesy...
(beat, while Jonesy grins)
...couple of hours, anyway.

He turns and moves toward the door, followed by Jess and Andy. Jonesy's voice, protesting, stops them:

JONESY
Hey...wait a minute...Just what do you mean.. a coupla hours?

SLIM
That's what I said...You had your chance to rest up...when you went.. "fishin'".

He grins and disappears o.s.

CONTINUED

174 CLOSE SHOT - JONESY 174
as he reacts.

JONESY
But...I...I...

Suddenly, he breaks into a broad grin. Shaking his head, he reseats himself, picks up his mug and drinks. He wiggles his toes and sloshes his feet in the hot water. He sits back.

JONESY
(in pure pleasure)
Ahhhhhhh.....

As CAMERA PULLS BACK And HOLDS for a moment,

FADE OUT

THE END