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PROD. #763A
October 17, 1958

THE RESTLESS GUN

" SHADOW OF A GUNFIGHTER "

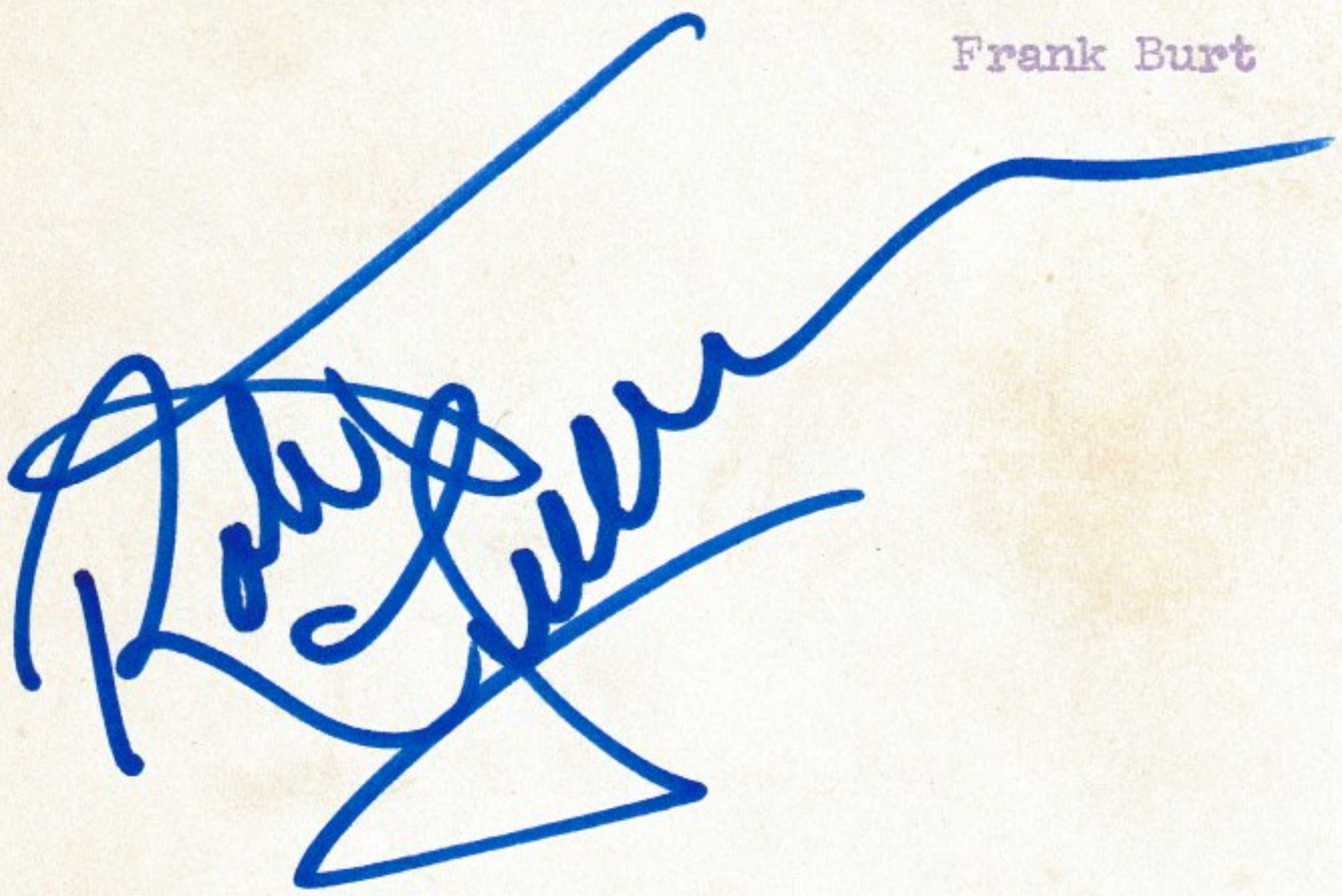
Story and Teleplay

by

Herman J. Groves

Based on a character created by

Frank Burt



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THE RESTLESS GUN

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"SHADOW OF A GUNFIGHTER"

C A S T

VINT BONNER	
CAL WINFIELD	An ex-gunfighter. A vigorous man in his middle forties.
JIM WINFIELD	His son, 18 - 19.
DELLA	A woman of the saloon, in her late twenties.
CLAY LAWSON	A gunslinger, very smooth.
PETE LAWSON	His brother, also a gunslinger, not so smooth.
ELIJAH	An old prospector.
BARTENDER	
SHERIFF PETERSON	A rather weak and fun loving man.

S E T S

INTERIORS:

SALOON (CUCHILLA)
BONNER'S HOTEL ROOM
JIM'S HOTEL ROOM
HALLWAY & STAIR CASE OF HOTEL
WINFIELD BARN
GHOST TOWN SALOON

EXTERIORS:

GHOST MINING CAMP
WINFIELD RANCH AND BARN

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"SHADOW OF A GUNFIGHTER"

FADE IN:

1 INT. SALOON AT CUCHILLA, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT 1
Cuchilla is a railhead town. Its population is a nebulous group, composed mostly of transients -- drifters, gamblers, cowhands at the end of a drive with a pocketful of money and a big thirst. The sheriff, a squat, porcine man is seated at one of the tables with a plump and powdered lady. Other powdered ladies went their way through the crowd.

2 CLOSER ANGLE - AT THE BAR 2
Jim Winfield is in the center of a particularly uproarious group of men at the bar. He is perhaps 18 years old, lean and dusty, with a pleasant, youthful face. He has had too much to drink. In front of him, draped across the bar, are his saddlebags, out of which several fresh gold coins spill out upon the bar. Surrounding Jim is a varied assortment of riff-raff and drifters. Jim slams his fist down on the bar and orders another round of drinks. The order is greeted by enthusiastic AD LIBS from the mob.

3 TWO SHOT - AT A NEARBY TABLE 3
Two men, PETE and CLAY LAWSON, are seated at a table watching the antics of Jim Winfield. Clay is the eldest, in his middle thirties. He is a thin, wiry man; his clothes are neat, his hair slicked down and parted. He wears his gun high on his waist in a finely-tooled leather holster. It is a handsome weapon, custom made, sleek and lethal. Pete, in contrast to his brother, wears an ordinary gun, low and loose. There is something brutal in the half-smile that never leaves Pete's face.

CLAY
(to Pete, in undertones)
When he gets ready to leave,
we'll be waitin' for him at
the hotel.

PETE
(nods)
The horses are ready....

CLAY
Must be close to ten thousand
dollars in gold in them saddle bags ---

PETE
And a kid tendin' it all ---

4 AT THE SWINGING DOORS 4
They push open and VINT BONNER enters the saloon. Strangers turn no heads in Cuchilla, except, perhaps, those of the powdered ladies. CAMERA PANS with Vint as he moves toward the end of the bar.

5 AT THE BAR 5
Bonner moves up to the bar and turns to look at the mob. The bartender, who has finished filling the glasses along the length of the bar, slides a glass in front of Bonner.

BARTENDER
Better have one, mister...Best forty-rod bourbon in the territory... Compliments of the young cowboy at the end of the bar....

BONNER
Thanks...I will....

The bartender fills Bonner's glass. Then, he turns back toward the group surrounding young Winfield.

6 MED. SHOT - BONNER 6
His eyes follow the bartender, then shift to the glass of bourbon. He picks it up, thoughtfully. His thoughts are interrupted by an o.s. VOICE.

DELLA (o.s.)
Go ahead, mister....

Bonner turns in the direction of the voice.

7 CLOSE ANGIE - FAVORING DEILA 7
One of the powdered ladies, who has moved up close to him. DELLA hasn't rounded out her twenties yet, but the fatigue of her profession has begun to take its toll. There are fading traces of a handsome woman.

DELLA
Like the man said -- best forty-rod bourbon in the territory.

8 TWO SHOT - BONNER AND DELLA 8
With a smile, Bonner tosses the drink off.

DELLA
I'm Della.

BONNER
Hello, Della -- I'm Vint Bonner.

DELLA
Just passin' through, or are
(contd)

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED (contd) 8

DELLA
(contd)
you plannin' to spend some time in our fair little town?

BONNER
Just passing through...
(with a look toward the end of the bar)
What's the occasion?

DELLA
(with a smile)
The kid's celebratin' growin' up, I guess...Just trail-bossed his first cattle drive for his father....

BONNER
Where from?

DELLA
The north...San Mateo range...
'bout a day's ride....

BONNER
(thoughtful)
San Mateo? -- What's the kid's name?

DELLA
Jim Winfield...
(noting Bonner's reaction)
Know him?

BONNER
I knew his father. Years ago....

DELLA
You mean Cal Winfield? The Gunfighter....

BONNER
Ex-gunfighter.
(after a beat)
Where are the rest of the hands that were on the drive?

DELLA
Who knows? Guess they headed back to the ranch....

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED (contd) 8

BONNER
(scanning the
neighboring tables)
Somebody'd better get him out of here...Way he's going he'll wake up in the morning with a hangover and his saddlebags empty.

DELLA
So you're thinkin' about that gold, too....

Bonner looks her over, searchingly.

BONNER
Not the way you think....

Della takes it in stride, shrugs.

DELLA
Our good sheriff will protect him.

Cynically, Della nods in the direction of the sheriff.

9 WIDE ANGLE - THE SHERIFF 9
In a tete-a-tete at the table of his female friend.

10 RESUME - BONNER AND DELLA 10
Bonner returns Della's smile, as if sharing her viewpoint.

BONNER
He doesn't look like he could protect himself....

DELLA
It shows, doesn't it?
(philosophically, turning
back to the bar)
You know, if I was ten years younger, I might try for that gold myself....

Again Bonner looks at her, turns to the boy at the other end of the bar.

BONNER
Before you get any ideas, I'm going to get him out of here....

DELLA
Why?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (contd) 10

BONNER
Because Cal Winfield can't stand to lose the money his kid is throwing away...
(pushing past Della)
Excuse me.

Della looks after Bonner as he MOVES OUT OF FRAME.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT 11
Bonner pushes his way through the group of men to a position in front of the kid.

12 CLOSER ANGLE - GROUP 12
Jim, with a broad smile, notices the late arrival. He also notices the sobriety of his countenance. He gestures to the bartender with a wide sweep of his hand.

JIM
(to Bonner)
You got a lot of catchin' up to do, mister...
(extending his hand)
Name's Jim Winfield....

BONNER
(shaking hands)
Vint Bonner.

Bonner's name is familiar to the kid. For a moment, he loses some of his exuberance.

JIM
I've heard my old man talk about you.
(then, attempting to resume the gaiety)
Come on...Have a drink....

BONNER
(soberly)
I think you'd better call it a night, son....

Bonner's words incite a BUZZ of disapproval from the mob. The kid takes a wider, more arrogant stance, and holds up his hands for silence.

13 TWO SHOT - CLAY AND PETE LAWSON 13
They have watched the proceedings with interest. Clay nudges his brother. The two exchange a glance and rise from the table. They turn in the direction of the swinging doors.

14 RESUME - GROUP - AT THE BAR 14
The mob quiets down.

JIM
So you think I ought to leave, huh, Mister Bonner? Well, I'll just tell you somethin'. I'm not leavin' here until I'm good and ready to....

In a sudden move, Bonner snatches the saddlebags from the bar.

BONNER
That's right now, son....

A burly, sweating man intervenes. He clamps a meaty hand on Bonner's arm, attempting to wrest the saddlebags from him. Reacting quickly, Bonner swings the bags in a vicious arc, catching the man across the bridge of the nose. With his free hand, Bonner pumps one quick blow into the burly man's solar plexus. He sinks to the floor gasping for air, his fight gone.

BONNER
(to Jim)
Let's move out....

15 ANOTHER ANGLE 15
Sheriff Peterson pushes into the f.g.

SHERIFF
Wait a minute! You've got no right to force that boy to leave here against his will....

BONNER
Sheriff, this boy's drunk...His father and I have been friends for a long time...He worked hard for that money...I don't aim to see it thrown away like this.

SHERIFF
(backing down)
Well, I reckon he has had too much to drink....

Bonner's action has had some appreciable measure of sobering up the young man. His eyes shift indecisively. Bonner hastens his decision with a shove in the direction of the swinging doors.

BONNER
Let's go...I've got a room at the hotel.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED (contd) 15

Reluctantly, the kid stumbles in the direction of the doors. Bonner moves after him. CAMERA PANS with them.

DISSOLVE

16 INT. BONNER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 16

The room is plain and tidy. There is a washbowl on a stand in one corner, an ancient dresser with mirror, a bed against one wall, and two or three crude, straight-backed chairs. Bonner and Jim enter the dimly-lit room. Jim slumps in one of the chairs as Bonner turns up the lamp and deposits the saddlebags on the dresser. Then, he crosses to the washbowl where he begins to gather his personals. The kid's eyes follow him curiously.

JIM
What are you doing?

BONNER
I think we've both had enough of this town...we're pulling out.

JIM
We?

BONNER
I'm going to see that this money gets back to your father....

JIM
(stubbornly)
I'm not goin' till I'm ready...
Not before morning.

BONNER
(turning to face the kid squarely)
Jim -- I got a good look at some of the men in that saloon tonight. They couldn't take their eyes off that money...you'd be ambushed before you got ten miles out of town....

JIM
(with a smirk)
I wouldn't have to worry none with you ridin' 'long with me...
My old man said you was a pretty good shot....

BONNER
I'm not a fool.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (contd) 16

JIM
I just ain't pullin' out tonight, Mister Bonner.

With a glance at the kid, Bonner crosses to the dresser, tosses his personals beside the saddlebags. Then once more he turns his back to Jim, still trying to get through to him.

BONNER
Jim, I haven't seen your father in years.

Jim twists away in a kind of savage contempt.

JIM
You mean since he reformed?

BONNER
(patiently)
I got a letter from him a few weeks back, inviting me to see his place. It was a proud letter. He's proud of the spread he built up out of nothing -- and mighty proud of you, Jim...Said he couldn't have done it without you.

JIM
(sardonically)
That sounds like him.

BONNER
He's just starting to show his head above water. He's staked everything he's built up on you. Letting you trail-boss that cattle drive...He needs the money for those cattle -- every penny of it -- to buy winter feed and pay his wages. He said so in his letter.

JIM
(pulling himself slowly to his feet)
Now that you've said your piece, I'll say mine...Did he say in that letter 'bout how it is to be raised on a place where everybody knows your father was a killer? A hired gun?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (contd) 16

BONNER
He wasn't a hired gun, Jim. He was fast with a gun and just couldn't outride his reputation. Every gunfighter he'd meet up with had to call him out -- to make him prove it.

JIM
All except you.

BONNER
We're a lot alike, your father and I...There's always somebody pushing...
(after a beat)
The fact that he laid down his guns, makes him the stronger for it.

ANOTHER THING I BET JIM HE DIDNT TELL YA
~~Did he say in that letter~~ 'bout how no decent folks come to visit -- and, how the girl I used to have won't even talk to me no more -- ever since she found out my father was the famous gunfighter, Cal Winfield? How many men was it he killed, Mister Bonner? Eighteen?

BONNER
That's the past, Jim....

Slowly, Jim turns back to face Bonner.

JIM
I will never be proud of my father...no matter what you say. I made up my mind on the drive -- never to go back there...
(turning toward the door)
Take him the gold if you want to...I won't be ridin' with you.

Jim opens the door. He turns back to Bonner before exiting.

17 CLOSE SHOT - JIM 17
His eyes falter.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED (contd) 17

JIM
Tell him -- when you see him -- that I cut out for California -- Tell him -- I might see him again. Someday....

18 CLOSE SHOT - BONNER 18

BONNER
If that's the way you want it, kid....

19 CLOSE SHOT - JIM 19

JIM
(softly)
That's the way I want it....

Jim closes the door quietly behind him.

20 CLOSE SHOT - BONNER 20
For a protracted moment, he stands looking after the kid. Then, his mind already set on a course of action, he grabs his personal belongings and the saddlebags from the dresser. He turns down the lamp and crosses to the door. CAMERA SHIFTS with him. He exits.

21 INT. THE HALLWAY - HOTEL 21
Jim opens the door to his own room and enters.

22 INT. JIM'S ROOM 22
It is much the same as Bonner's. Jim crosses to the bed and picks up the makings of a smoke from among his personals. He walks to the window. It is opened and starched curtains flutter.

23 CLOSER ANGLE - AT THE WINDOW 23
Jim spreads the cigarette paper in his fingers. Then, he spills out a portion of tobacco. As he starts to wet the paper with his tongue, he notices something in the street below. He looks out of the window, his face troubled, perhaps remorseful.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - JIM'S POV 24
Bonner has mounted up. He swings his horse in the direction of the trail leading northward out of Cuchilla. The horse is urged quickly into a gallop.

25 RESUME - JIM 25
He follows the rider with his eyes. Then, with a resolute sigh, he moves the makings to his lips and wets the paper.

26 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL 26
Two men emerge from the shadows at the end of the hall. We recognize them to be Clay and Pete Lawson. They move stealthily down the hall TOWARD CAMERA and stop in front of the door to Jim Winfield's room in the f.g. Clay draws his sleek, custom-made gunfrom its holster and with his free hand opens the door to Jim's room and steps inside. Pete moves quickly after him and closes the door. For a moment, all is silent. Then a gunshot blasts and reverberates!

27 INT. JIM'S ROOM - FULL SHOT 27
The kid is sprawled out in front of the window. Clay and Pete are ripping the room apart in search of the saddlebags.

28 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JIM 28
He is dead. He had drawn, but not quickly enough. His fingers are clenched in a death-grip around the handle of his six-gun.

29 RESUME - FULL SHOT 29
It has taken only a matter of seconds to search the barren room.

PETE
(alarmingly)
They ain't here!

CLAY
They got to be here!

PETE
Bonner must 'a took 'em with him...

This suggestion causes Clay to suddenly desist in the futile search for the saddlebags. He hurries to the window and looks out across the street. Pete moves up behind him and looks over his shoulder. From outside in the street WE HEAR (o.s.) VOICES of some of the mob from the saloon as they approach the hotel.

30 ANOTHER ANGLE 30
Pete is ready to run for it. He turns excitedly in the direction of the door.

PETE
Come on, Clay... Let's git...

Clay spins his brother around with his hand.

CLAY
Not now, you fool! The kid was last seen with Bonner. So were them saddlebags.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED (contd) 30

PETE
You mean...?

CLAY
(interrupting)
Just let me do the talkin'. We might have a chance at that gold yet... Come on...

The two men cross to the door. Clay removes his gun from the holster enroute. He replaces the spent shell with a new one as Pete opens the door. The ejected cartridge drops to the threadbare rug on the floor.

31 FULL SHOT - TOP OF HOTEL STAIRCASE 31
Pete and Clay emerge from the room, join up with a few men from the saloon, spearheaded by the sheriff.

SHERIFF
What's going on up here?

CLAY
Kid's been shot... He's dead...

Two or three of the mob push past Clay and Pete and move in the direction of the kid's room.

SHERIFF
(suspiciously)
Know who did it?

Clay looks at his brother, shrugs, then back to Sheriff Peterson.

CLAY
Me and Pete were tendin' our horses out back 'a the hotel... We heard the shot and run up here. The kid was dead and them saddlebags he had over at the saloon were gone.

SHERIFF
Didn't you see anybody?

CLAY
I heard a horse ridin' fast out 'a town. I looked out the window 'a the kid's room. It was the man who called hisself Vint Bonner.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE 32
Della pushes forward up the stairs into the f.g.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED (contd) 32

DELLA
(to sheriff)
How do we know them two didn't do it?

CLAY
(quick with an answer)
Then why ain't we got the gold? 'Sides -- we ain't fired no shots.. Show 'em your gun, Pete.

33 FULL FIG. - PETE 33
He draws his gun, frees the cylinder and spins it, revealing six unused shells.

34 RESUME - GROUP 34
Clay imitates his brother's action. The sheriff weighs the facts and circumstances carefully in his mind as the group moves down the hall in the direction of the kids room.

35 INT. JIM'S ROOM 35
The sheriff leads the way into the room. He walks over to the kid's body and looks down at it. One of the men who have entered the room earlier crosses to him.

MAN
Saddlebags are gone, all right.

SHERIFF
(resignedly)
Whoever killed the kid must 'a done it for the gold. The gold is gone and so is Bonner. Think we'd better be goin' after him.

CLAY
(moving in)
We don't like to see no kid killed -- me and Pete. If it's all right with you, we'd like to ride with you.

SHERIFF
Glad to have you, bosy... Let's git movin'.

The sheriff and the Lawson Brothers turn and exit from the room. The others follow. All except Della. She looks after the departing men for a moment, then, leaning softly backward, she allows her weight to close the door.

36 CLOSE SHOT - DELLA 36
There is a look of pity in her eyes as she stares across

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (contd) 36
the room at the kid.

DELLA
(softly)
Well, kid... Least you had a goin' away party for yourself tonight...

37 ANGLE - JIM - DELLA'S POV 37
The kid is sprawled out grotesquely in front of the window.

38 RESUME - DELLA 38
Her eyes drop slowly, narrow at something she sees and reacts to. She takes a hesitant step forward and kneels on the floor.

39 INSERT - ON THE RUG 39
We SEE the empty shell that had been hastily ejected by Clay Lawson. A glint of moonlight accentuates the gleaming case.

40 RESUME - DELLA 40
She picks up the shell and turns it over in her fingers. Her eyes register thoughtfully. Then, resolutely, she pulls herself to her feet. She drops the shellcase into the ample cleavage of her bodice and turns, crosses to the door.

FADE OUT

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

FADE IN

41 LONG SHOT - DAY - EXT. A STRETCH OF RANGELAND (STOCK) 41
CAMERA FRAMES on a LONG SHOT of a rider as he moves across a stretch of rangeland. His destination is the SMALL ABANDONED MINING TOWN - SANTA LISA, which lies nestled in the foothills beyond our view. The rider is Vint Bonner.

42 CLOSER ANGLE - BONNER 42
His horse moves in a slow canter, AWAY FROM CAMERA. In the b.g. WE SEE the somber, windswept gray buildings of the ghost mining town.

QUICK DISSOLVE

43 EXT. WITHIN THE TOWN - HOLDING THE ROAD LEADING IN 43
Bonner enters the town. He looks about at the wanton damage inflicted by the merciless elements. The town is composed simply of three or four small buildings, one of which is an assay office with a sign that has been

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED 43
rattled loose by wind and time. There is a small saloon. On the boardwalk in front of the saloon is seated a soiled and grizzled old man called ELIJAH. His mule, patched and ancient, is hitched to the broken hitching post. The gear that is strapped to the old mule's back would indicate that Elijah is a prospector.

44 CLOSER ANGLE - ELIJAH 44
He squints his eyes narrowly as he regards the approaching stranger. He wipes the back of a gnarled hand across a mouth that is stained with tobacco juice.

45 CLOSER ANGLE 45
Noticing the old man seated in the shade of the saloon, he moves his horse toward him and reins up beside the mule. His eyes encompass the town in a slow study.

BONNER
What did this place used to be called?

Elijah takes another careful squint before replying.

ELIJAH
Santa Lisa...

BONNER
Gold camp?

ELIJAH
Silver. 'Fore she run out...

BONNER
And when the silver ran out, so did everybody else.

ELIJAH
(sagely)
Reckon that's what makes ghost towns, mister...

Elijah takes a plug and a knife from his pocket and carves himself a liberal hunk of tobacco. Bonner turns his attention to the tattered, time-worn mule.

BONNER
What do you call that?

46 POV - THE MULE 46
His eyes are closed. He appears to be cat-napping.

47 RESUME - FORMER ANGLE 47
Elijah shifts his eyes to his faithful old mule.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (contd) 47

ELIJAH
Well, you might call him a mule... Only, You'd be wrong...He's jist 'a over-sized burro... and he might look like a heap 'a bones, but he's still got plenty a' spunk left....

BONNER
You live here?

ELIJAH
Yep...I guess I'm what you could call Santa Lisa's only remaining citizen. I git enough out of the ole mine to buy my beans --

BONNER
(with a smile)
Just taking today off, are you?

ELIJAH
Nope...Today's somethin' special. I figger t'see myself a gunfight... Might be a good'urn, too... 'Tween Cal Winfield -- and a feller name 'a---?
(scratching at his greying, sweat-matted head)
---Vint Bonner.

48 CLOSE SHOT - BONNER 48
The old man's statement comes as something of a shock to him.

49 RESUME FORMER ANGLE 49
Elijah rolls the cud of tobacco from one grizzled cheek to the other as he eyes the stranger.

ELIJAH
Ever hear 'a him?

BONNER
Yes, I've heard of him....

ELIJAH
(with a trace of eagerness)
Is he fast?

BONNER
Yes. He's fast....

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED (contd) 49

ELIJAH
He better be, else Cal Winfield'll cut him in half 'fore he gits a good start....

BONNER
I thought Winfield had quit gun-fighting.

ELIJAH
One of Cal's hands was by here this mornin', said Bonner had killed his boy -- Jim...Over't the hotel at Cuchilla...Took the pay -- in gold -- for over five hunnert head....

BONNER
Somebody see him do it?

ELIJAH
I reckon...Anyhow, Sheriff an' two riders come here lookin' fur him... Maybe they done caught him by now....

BONNER
Maybe....

ELIJAH
If he is caught up to, Bonner's a dead man...Cal swore he'd never leave the territory alive...

BONNER
(slowly)
How do you get to Cal Winfield's spread from here?

ELIJAH
(looking off)
See that big ole hill -- looks like saw teeth -- on your way in?

BONNER
(following Elijah's look)
I remember it....

ELIJAH
If you was t'stand a'top that hill an' turn once around, ever'thing yore eyes could see-- ever' stump, ever' bush, ever' head 'a cattle -- b'longs to Cal Winfield....

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED (contd) 49

BONNER
Where's the ranchhouse?

ELIJAH
Back up agin' the hill....

Bonner swings his horse's head around.

ELIJAH
You seem mighty int'rested in ever'thing...who would you be, Mister?

BONNER
(over his shoulder)
Name's Vint Bonner....

50 CLOSE SHOT - ELIJAH 50
Bonner's response to the question incites the old prospector to chew his wad of tobacco at a greatly accelerated pace.

51 EXT. STREET - SANTA LISA 51
CAMERA PANS WITH Bonner, as he rides away down the street.

DISSOLVE

52 EXT. BARN AT WINFIELD RANCH - DAY - FULL SHOT 52
The barn is situated amidst lesser buildings to the rear of the Winfield ranchhouse. A lone rider, Sheriff Peterson, moves his horse around the corral fence and reins up outside the barn. CAMERA PANS with him. He dismounts and moves toward the barn doors. They are swung open.

53 INT. THE BARN - HOLDING THE OPENED DOORS 53
The Sheriff enters. He hesitates for a moment as his eyes, unaccustomed to the darkness, search the barn interior.

54 ANOTHER ANGLE - BARN 54
It is murky and humid in the barn. One can almost feel the steam rising from the moist hay that mats the earthen floor. Horses' stalls line one side of the barn. In front of the stalls a man, CAL WINFIELD, is in the midst of changing horses. Cal is early middle-aged. He is a strong, broad-shouldered man. There is strength in his face, an inscrutable grit in his bearing. He's the type who makes you feel that you'd rather be on his side. He is wearing a gun. Cal turns toward the barn doors, TOWARD CAMERA.

CAL
Any luck, sheriff?

55 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHERIFF AND CAL 55
as the Sheriff crosses toward Cal Winfield.

SHERIFF
We've searched most of the valley --
We'll find him.

Cal slips the bridle over one horse's head, transfers it to the other.

CAL
Just remember. I don't want no shootin' when you find him. Less it's me doin' it....

SHERIFF
(regarding the unbridled horse)
What happened to the horse?

CAL
Come close to bowin' a tendon....

SHERIFF
No wonder...Way you been drivin' him all night...
(after a beat)
I know how you feel, Winfield... But, you ought to let the law handle this....

CAL
Meanin'? -- you? This is a federal territory, Sheriff...You haven't got anymore jurisdiction here than I have...And don't you forget it....

SHERIFF
If I was to take him back to Cuchilla, he'd be in my jurisdiction....

Cal pauses momentarily in his work.

CAL
I heard there was an election comin' up in Cuchilla. I heard tell you don't stand much chance of winnin' it. If you was to bring Bonner in, that'd be a feather in your bonnet, wouldn't it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF
Suppose it would...A killer'd still be tried accordin' to the law....

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED (contd) 55

CAL
(icily, his eyes narrowing)
I'm goin' to kill Bonner my way...
The same way he killed my boy....
(touching the handle of his gun)
With this...Not a rope...It was eight years ago that Bonner talked me into hangin' up my gun...For the sake of my son, Jim, he said...For his future....

SHERIFF
Haven't you seen him since?

CAL
No...But when I do -- one of us is goin' to be a dead man!

The Sheriff shifts his weight uneasily. In his face we can see that he doubts his chances of ever returning to Cuchilla with Bonner his prisoner. Cal swings his saddle from one horse to the other and buckles the girth strap. The Sheriff leads the unsaddled horse into an empty stall.

CAL
Where are the two Lawson boys that was ridin' with you?

SHERIFF
They're waitin' down at that little mining town -- Santa Lisa...'Case Bonner comes through that way....

CAL
With my hands coverin' the rangeland north, we ought to have Bonner someplace in between....

By this time, the horse is saddled. Cal takes the reins and swings his head around in the direction of the opened doors.

CAL (contd)
We'll catch up to him 'fore sundown....

The two men are interrupted by an O.S. VOICE.

BONNER (o.s.)
Winfield!

56 CLOSE SHOT - BONNER 56
He stands silhouetted against the daylight, framed in the opened doors of the barn. The Winfield saddlebags are slung across one arm. His feet are slightly spread; his gun hand is free. Bonner tosses the saddlebags in front of him, TOWARD CAMERA.

BONNER
I want to talk to you....

57 TWO SHOT - CAL AND THE SHERIFF 57
Cal drops the reins of the horse. He slaps him on the rump, forcing him into a vacant stall. Then, he turns his attention to the Sheriff, who stands shifting his eyes nervously between the two men.

CAL
Get out of here, sheriff!

For a moment, the sheriff doesn't know quite how to react.

CAL (contd)
(harshly)
I said -- get out of here!

The sheriff moves apprehensively in the directi on of the barn doors, and OUT OF FRAME.

CAL (contd)
Get on your horse and off my place!

We have the feeling that the sheriff will comply.

58 FULL FIGURE - BONNER 58
He has watched the proceedings with no registry of emotion.

59 CLOSE SHOT - CAL WINFIELD 59
He takes a small, black cigar from his shirt pocket, all the while his eyes fixed steadily on Bonner. Then, he strikes a match against the stall beside him and lights up. Perspiration glistens on his cheeks and forehead. Cal takes several rapid puffs on the slender cigar.

CAL
Remember how I used to do it in
Julesburg, Bonner?

60 INT. BARN - FULL SHOT 60
The humidity and tension within the barn begins to take effect. Both men begin to sweat a little.

BONNER
I remember....

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED (contd) 60

Cal holds the cigar out in front of his eyes, between thumb and forefinger.

CAL
When the ashes fall....

BONNER
So you're going to pick up right where you left off eight years ago?

CAL
(matter-of-factly)
Right where I left off....

BONNER
I didn't kill your son....

Cal's eyes flash angrily.

CAL
You're lyin'! I told you, Jim was bringin' in the gold -- in that letter...You couldn't resist....

Again, Winfield examines the lengthening white ashes.

BONNER
You're wrong...Jim wasn't planning on coming back here....

CAL
(coldly)
You're a dirty liar!

Cal moves slowly to an empty shipping crate, halfway between his former position and Bonner's. Carefully, he places the cigar on top of the box with the ashes protruding over the side. Then, he begins to back up slowly. His eyes never leave Bonner.

CAL
(softly)
You got maybe one more minute of talkin', Bonner....

Bonner's eyes move from the cigar to Cal Winfield.

BONNER
The last thing he said to me was that he was heading for California... He asked me to bring the gold back here to you....

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED (contd) 60

Cal doesn't want to hear anymore. He doesn't want to believe that Bonner is innocent of killing his son. He doesn't want to believe his son was deserting him.

CAL
(explosively)
You expect me to believe that!?
With this place and every head of
cattle his some day!?

BONNER
(hard, leveling)
He didn't want your cattle. He didn't
want this place, either -- Not any part
of it!

CAL
You expect me to believe that?

BONNER
It's the truth, Cal -- the boy was
pulling out on you. I think you knew
that, too.
(a beat)
You think killing the wrong man is
going to even the score?

Cal shifts his eyes to the burning cigar.

CAL
Bonner -- you're runnin' out of time --

61 INSERT - THE CIGAR 61

The ashes have burned back almost to the box. With the slightest breath, they look as if they would fall.

62 RESUME - FORMER ANGLE 62

Bonner takes a deep breath.

BONNER
I guess -- I don't have anything
else to say....

63 OVER CAL'S SHOULDER - HOLDING BONNER AND THE DOORS IN B.G. 63

The tension in the murky barn mounts as the two men wait. Between them, a column of twisting blue smoke spirals upward. Seconds remain. Then, WE SEE someone move into the frame of light at the barn doors.

64 FULL FIG. - DELLA 64

She is dressed in jeans and a plaid shirt. Her hair is tied behind her head and she has abondoned most of her cosmetics. Her eyes quickly encompass the situation. She moves forward into the barn.

65 INSERT - THE CIGAR 65

The white ashes are still intact, curling downward. Blue smoke rises.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE 66

Della stops in a position between the two men. Her eyes move from one to the other, then to the cigar on the box beside her.

DELLA
Looks like somebody's liable to set the barn on fire...
(turning to Cal)
I've seen this little game before. Sombody always ends up gettin' killed...But you two got no reason for playin' it...

CAL
(angrily impatient)
Who are you? What business is this of yours?

DELLA
Maybe none...and who am I?
(tight laugh)
That's not important. What's important is that Vint Bonner here didn't kill your son.
(a beat)
I know who did.

Slowly and deliverately Della reaches out with her hand, knocks the ashes from the cigar. Then she turns to Bonner.

DELLA
You're a hard man to catch up with. Specially for somebody that hasn't been on a horse for years.
(contd)

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED (contd) 66

DELLA (contd)
(contd)
(rubbing her posterior)
Even if you were to offer me a chair, I don't think I could sit down.

67 FULL FIG. - BONNER 67
He is breathing easier. A slight, humorless smile wrinkles the corners of his mouth.

68 FULL FIG. - CAL WINFIELD 68
He, too, is breathing easier. But, his eyes still glitter coldly.

CAL
You better know what you're talkin' about!

69 ANOTHER ANGLE 69
CAMERA PANS with Della as she crosses to Cal. She removes the shell from her pocket. When she arrives, we HOLD a MED. TWO SHOT.

DELLA
(extending the shell)
Know what this is? Gunsmith at Cuchilla says it's a thirty-eight caliber shell. I found it in the hotel room where --
(her voice softening)
-- where Jim was killed. I've been around saloons -- and men -- long enough to know that Vint Bonner was wearin' a forty-five caliber Colt... This couldn't have come from his gun.

70 CLOSE SHOT - CAL 70
He turns the shell over slowly in his fingers. He finds it difficult to raise his eyes to meet Bonner's.

CAL
I don't guess you ever wore anything but a forty-five, Vint.. all the years I've known you.
(raising his eyes)
Vint--I'm --I'm sorry...

71 CLOSE SHOT - BONNER 71
He says nothing. He understands.

72 CLOSE SHOT - CAL 72

CAL
(softly, brokenly)
It's just that my son was the only thing I ever gave much of a durn for... This ranch -- everything I own I was goin' to leave to him. I figured on pullin' out of here when the yearlings was put out to graze. So's he could think about maybe marryin' and settlin' down -- without bein' 'shamed of the name and history of his father... When he was shot -- and they told me you don it -- I didn't question it. I reckon I didn't think too straight...

Cal shifts his weight and turns to Della.

CAL (contd)
You said you know who killed Jim ---

73 FULL SHOT - GROUP 73

DELLA
Two men were in that hotel before the rest of us got there. They're the ones who blamed Vint Bonner. One of 'em was wearin' a fancy gun. They left Cuchilla with the sheriff.

CALL
(tightening)
And they were here -- on my place -- last night. They'll be down at Santa Lisa now. Reckon I'll ride on down.

74 GROUP SHOT 74
Bonner and the girl exchange glances, as Cal turns into the stall, takes the reins of his horse. He backs him out of the stall and starts in the direction of the doors.

BONNER
There are two of them, Cal...
I'd like to ride with you...

Cal pauses with his horse. There is a moment of silence in the steaming barn. He turns slowly to face Bonner.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED (contd) 74

CAL
After what I said--? After the way I---?
(swallowing hard)
I'd be proud to have you, Vint --

Bonner starts out after him.

75 REACTION - DELLA 75
She smiles warmly, through what might be contrued the mist of tears.

DELLA
Wait for me...

76 TWO SHOT - CAL AND BONNER 76
They turn back TOWARD CAMERA

CAL
(slowly)
Well, come on...

77 FULL SHOT - INT. - THE BARN 77
Della joins the two men and CAMERA PANS with them as they move out of the barn and OUT OF FRAME.

78 INSERT - THE CIGAR 78
It has burned out.

DISSOLVE

79 INT. - SALOON - SANTA LISA - DAY 79
Desert winds have settled fine sand and dust over the bleached and splintered bar and over the graying, broken chairs and tables ahat litter the main floor. Behind the bar, a once golden-gilded mirror is shattered. To the rear of the saloon, seated at one of the broken tables, are Clay and Pete Lawson. Sheriff Peterson stands over them. Clay is spinning a shot glass on the table, and, as we DISSOLVE IN, the noise of the clattering glass is the only SOUND within the saloon.

80 CLOSER ANGLE - AT THE TABLE 80
Clay spins the glass again. All three men watch the glass as it comes to a slow stop. Clay looks up at the sheriff.

CLAY
So you sent for the federal marshal?

SHERIFF
I figured I had to... This is his jurisdiction...

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED (contd) 80

CLAY
You had to?

SHERIFF
Suppose Bonner outdrawed Winfield?
We'd be right back where we started...
Only Bonner'd have two killin's
behind him...

CLAY
You think Bonner had a chance?
Against Cal Winfield?

SHERIFF
I don't know. But I'd say -- the
way Bonner handles himself --
he'd have a chance against anybody...

PETE
He'd still be only one man...
There're three of us. Them are
good odds...

Sheriff shakes his head, turns away.

SHERIFF
(resignedly)
This is probably my last job as
sheriff 'a Cuchilla... I don't
suppose I've been the greatest of
sheriffs, but before I turn in
this star, I want to see this
thing through...even if I can't
do it, I want to see Bonner
brought in.
(a long beat)
That's why I sent for the
federal marshal...

CLAY
(pulling himself
to his feet)
That case, sheriff, Pete and
me'll head out. We got a date
in Mexico. Ain't we, Pete?

PETE
(with an oily
smile)
We sure have...

The sheriff regards the two men questioningly. As the Lawson brothers turn away from the table their motion is simultaneously arrested by something they

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED (contd) 80
see in the direction of the swinging doors.

81 CLOSE ANGLE - BONNER AND WINFIELD 81
As they push through the doors.

82 REACTION - SHERIFF PETERSON 82
He, too, has turned toward the two men. He doesn't know what to make of the appearance of Bonner and Winfield -- together...

SHERIFF
Winfield, what are you doing with---?

83 RESUME - WINFIELD AND BONNER 83

CAL
(interrupting)
Vint Bonner didn't kill my son, sheriff. He was shot with a thirty-eight caliber shell. It would 'a had to come from a special gun. A custom-made gun... Like Clay Lawson there's wearin'.

84 REACTION - TWO SHOT - THE LAWSON BROTHERS 84
They spread out a little. It looks like the show-down has come. Clay wets his dried lips with the tip of his tongue.

CLAY
You accusin' me, Winfield?

85 MED. CLOSE SHOT - WINFIELD 85

CAL
I guess maybe I am. If the shell fits your gun.
(turning his head slightly, in the direction of the sheriff)
Sheriff, I'm goin' to have to ask you to step outside...There'll be a young lady out there. She'll tell you 'bout that shell. You'll have two prisoners to take back to Cuchilla. They'll be ridin' without guns -- or stretched out wearin' 'em.
(turning back to the Lawson brothers)
That'll be up to them.

86 REACTION - TWO SHOT - THE LAWSON BROTHERS 86
They exchange a look. Pete seems to rely on Clay for

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (contd) 86
the course of action.

87 REACTION - BONNER 87
He watches the proceedings with cool inexpression.

88 ANGLE OVER CLAY'S SHOULDER - HOLDING CAL WINDIELD 88

CAL
You can either drop your gunbelts or make your move. And if you want to know who you're drawin' on, I'll tell you...Vint Bonner here is the only livin' man they said was as fast as me...

89 FULL SHOT - INT. SALOON 87
Clay doesn't want any part of the contest. He wets his lips again, then moves his hand slowly to the buckle of his gunbelt. Pete's eyes follow this movement. His brother's action seems incredulous. Pete's gun hand trembles; he needs the assurance of his brother.

PETE
(screaming)
Clay, you ain't goin' to do it? Clay! We'll swing for killin' that boy!

Clay's gunbelt slides to the floor.

CLAY
(softly)
We got to take our chances...

Slowly, Pete begins to back up into the corner of the saloon. His gun hand is spread in front of him. He wants to draw; he'd rather die this way. But, he is afraid tommake the move.

PETE
(whining)
Clay -- ain't no man ever backed you down before...

CAL
You've still got your choice...

Pete backs up until he brushes against the table where he had formerly been seated. He is breathing heavily, like an animal at the end of a chase.

PETE
(still whining)
Clay, what did you have to go
(contd)

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED 89

PETE (contd)
and drop your gunbelt for?
Two against one, Clay. Them
ain't very good odds.

CAL
(softly)
They're the same odds you gave
my son.

Pete bites at his lip, takes a deep breath, and unbuckles his gunbelt. It clatters to the floor. There is silence after that in the abandoned saloon.

89A ANGLE - AT DOOR 89A-
As Sheriff enters, his gun drawn, pauses just inside the door. Bonner looks at the two men, nods to the Sheriff.

BONNER
(quietly, firmly)
Sheriff's waitin' for you.

The Lawson brothers move toward the swinging doors, under the watchful guise of Sheriff Peterson, exit, the Sheriff following close behind.

90 TWO SHOT - WINFIELD AND BONNER 90
Cal follows the two men with his eyes.

CAL
I should 'a killed 'em, Vint...
I don't know why I didn't....

BONNER
It's like I was telling your boy.
It takes a bigger man to hang up
his guns -- than to use them....

CAL
I never thought about goin' back to
the ranch -- after this was done
with. Just don't seem like any
reason to go back there now....

BONNER
You've still got a life to live ---

91 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DELLA 91 -
As she enters the saloon, crosses to Cal and Bonner, the CAMERA PANNING with her.

DELLA
Sure hate to think about ridin'
all the way back to Cuchilla...
'Specially, in that company out
there....

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92 TIGHT THREE SHOT
As Della arrives in the proximity of the two men, looks up at Cal.

DELLA (contd)
I was born and raised on a ranch. Til my folks passed on...

BONNER
(with a meaningful look to Cal)
I'll bet she can still turn a pretty fair biscuit...

CAL
I been eatin' out of cans for so long I've forgot what it's like to be served a meal by a -- a lady.

DELLA
(laughs)
Mister Winfield...I accept your kind offer...

Bonner looks at them, smiles, crosses to the door.

93 EXT. STREET OF SANTA LISA - DAY
Riding up in front of Cooker's saloon, astride his tired and antique mule, is Elijah. He pulls up to the hitching post in front of the saloon as Bonner exits through the swinging doors.

94 CLOSER ANGLE - EXT. THE SALOON
Elijah chews at his ubiquitous wad of tobacco as Bonner crosses to his horse and mounts up.

ELIJAH
Well, did you meet up with Cal Winfield?

BONNER
We met...

ELIJAH
(excitedly)
You did? Well -- what happened?

BONNER
(swinging his horse around)
I guess you might call it -- a draw...

95 CLOSE SHOT - ELIJAH 95
He rolls the tobacco over his tongue.

ELIJAH
I ain't never hear'd of a draw
before... Not in a gunfight, I ain't...

96 FULL SHOT - STREET 96
Bonner smiles back at the old man as he moves his horse slowly down the street leading out of town.

FADE OUT

THE END