EXT. DESERT - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The sun, spinning up from behind the dark eastern hills, is bleaching the cloudless, morning sky. This is volcanic country, barren, desolate, forbidding. There is no sign of life, no sound. Then on a distant hill, a man appears, to be followed by two others. They walk steadily forward.

DISSOLVE

EXT. NARROW CANYON - DAWN

MED. SHOT. A dry watercourse threads its way through the cut in the treeless hills. The sun is not high enough as yet to drive night from the canyon. A man appears around a bend; Lednov, clad in prison clothes, hatless, their heads closely cropped. As Lednov's face comes into a closeup,
LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. A narrow valley lies below. It runs a cottonwood-bordered stream. Smoke curls up the trees. Horses graze in a small meadow near the creek. From O.O. comes the SOUND of heavy boots crunching across the dry, eroded earth. The three men file past camera to stop in the immediate F.g. and look down into the valley. They exchange glances and start down.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH willows. A bearded man, Cal Forster, and two young fellows in their late teens squat beside a campfire eating breakfast. O.s. there is the SOUND of movement. Lednov moves cautiously into the scene. He has a revolver in his hand. Forster turns toward camera and fear comes into his expression. Lednov fires. Forster crumples near the fire. The two boys jump to their feet and reach for rifles. Lednov fires again and again. McCall and Peters come into the scene, both firing revolvers.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAWN

MED SHOT - ANGLED ACROSS campfire. On the fire smoulders the prison clothes the convicts had worn. Smoke spirals up. The B.B. Lednov, Peters and McCall, now wearing the clothes of the three Forsters, saddle the horses. CAMERA PANS AROUND and ANGLES DOWN. The bodies of Forster and his sons,
clad in underwear are sprawled by the fire. Forster's arm lies close to the smouldering clothing.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. CREEK - DAWN**

MED. LONG SHOT. Smoke climbs above the trees. Into the clearing ride the three convicts, to cross it and move westward. They disappear over the hill. A dust cloud marks their passage. CAMERA HOLDS ON the scene and over the shot comes the MAIN TITLE CARD:

ROUGHSHOD

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

LONG SHOT. A buckboard drawn by two horses comes along the road. Graham, a middle-aged rancher, is driving. As the horses trot forward and dust rises above the road, the NEXT TITLE CARD is shown.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. CREEK - DAY**

LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Graham's buckboard moves down the road toward the clearing, as the TITLE CARDS follow and change. When the buckboard reaches the creek, the LAST TITLE CARD is ended.

**EXT. MEADOW - DAY**

MED. SHOT. Graham drives the horses through the creek and be reins. As the horses stop, he twists the reins around the whip
grabs his rifle from under the seat, leaps out and
forward toward the camp.

EXT. FORSTER CAMP - DAY

MED. SHOT. Graham hurries through the trees to stop in
near the dead men. Then very slowly he moves forward to
smouldering fire. Stooping he lifts Forster's arm away
the fire, then picks up one of the prison coats and
it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

MED. LONG SHOT. The surrounding hills are covered with
pinon pine and mesquite. Graham's buckboard, moving
up a hill, passes camera, which PANS WITH it. In the
covered by a tarp, are the three bodies. The narrow,
road climbs easily up the gentle hill. Beyond, a dust
rises. As Graham's buckboard nears the crest, a surrey
and starts down. Graham pulls his team into the bank,
to make room for the surrey.

MED. SHOT

There are four women in the two-seated surrey, which is
heavily loaded with trunks, hatboxes, etc. Mary Wells,
loveliest of the four, is driving. She is more poised,
self-assured than the others. Her clothes, though a
showy, are attractive. She wears a large spectacular
Helen Carter, showier, harder and more cynical, sits
her. In the seat behind are Marcia Paine, placid,
looking than her years, and Elaine Ross, a striking blonde with a pale haunted face. Elaine is obviously ill. Mary is riding the brake and holding the team back.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

SHOOTING PAST Graham.

**GRAHAM**

(annoyed)
What in thunderation --
(calling)
Wait a minute -- stop --

He jerks on the reins and tries to make room for the surrey. A steep bank is on camera left. On camera right, the road drops off into a gulley. As the surrey comes up Mary reins the team in. The women all look frightened. Graham, trying to force his team to pull the vehicle up the bank, is too occupied to recognize the women at once. Having made just enough room for the surrey, he turns and looks at the women.

**GRAHAM**

All right --
(then surprised)
What are you girls doin' way out here?

Mary looks ahead at the narrow road and the canyon to her left.

**MARY**

Until you came along we were going to Sonora.

**GRAHAM**

What do you know about that. Did you sell your place?

**MARY**

(dryly)
Not exactly. They decided gambling
and dancing were bad for people.
(pointing)
Can I make it?

GRAHAM
Depends on how good you drive.

HELEN
She's a little out of practice.

Graham jumps over the wheel.

MED. CLOSE ON SURREY

Graham reaches the surrey.

GRAHAM
(cheerfully)
Slide over.

HELEN
(getting up)
I'm slidin' all the way over.

She climbs out. Marcia looks at the narrow space ahead.

MARCIA
(rising)
So am I. Come on Elaine.

Elaine leans back against the cushions and shakes her head.

ELAINE
(flat)
What's the difference if we fall in the canyon.

MARCIA
Don't talk like that.

Helen is out on the road now. Mary has moved over and Graham picks up the reins. Marcia gives up and jumps out.

GRAHAM
Nothin' to it --

He releases the brake.

GRAHAM
-- once you know how. Trouble is,
never was a woman knew how to handle a team. Shouldn't let 'em loose on the roads. No disrespect meant, Miss Wells.

Mary isn't listening. She is looking at the road. Elaine closes her eyes. Helen and Marcia scurry back out of way.

**GRAHAM**

Get up.

Adroitly he drives the surrey past.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

featuring buckboard. Helen and Marcia start along the road past the buckboard. Helen stops and looks at its cargo in horror. She grabs Marcia's arm. The girls look at each other and hurry after the surrey which has stopped below the buckboard.

**MED. SHOT**

on surrey. Graham jumps out.

**GRAHAM**

There you are. Now take it easy and you'll be all right.

**MARY**

Thank you, Mr. Graham.

Helen and Marcia hurry up. Marcia motions back.

**MARCIA**

(aghast)

There's -- dead men -- in your wagon!

**GRAHAM**

That's right. You had me so busy I forgot --

(worried)

Come to think of it you better turn around and drive right back to Aspen.
The women exchange glances. Elaine is sitting up, her eyes open.

**GRAHAM**
They were murdered. I found the bodies on Alder Crick, northeast of here. Like I said if I was you, I'd go back, because the men who killed them might be on this road.

**ELAINE**
(bitterly)
Back to what?

**GRAHAM**
Why, back to Aspen, where you came from.

As Mary speaks, Helen pushes Marcia into the surrey and climbs up beside Mary.

**MARY**
Aspen doesn't want us Mr. Graham. They threw us out.

**GRAHAM**
(distressed)
They shouldn't have done that.

**MARY**
We tried to point that out. But there were some pretty nosey citizens who wouldn't listen to reason. They said Aspen had outgrown us. It's all right to play poker in your own home but not in a saloon.

**GRAHAM**
(sadly)
I knew something would happen when they started puttin' up fences and passin' laws.

Mary unwraps the reins from the whipstock.

**MARY**
Goodbye and thanks.

**GRAHAM**
I don't like to see you go.
Mary releases the brake and the surrey starts rolling forward.

**GRAHAM**
But that's the way it is. The live ones go out and the dead ones come in.

The surrey starts down the hill. Graham looks after it, then turns to go back to the buckboard, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. ASPEN - DAY - (MATTE SHOT)**

The town lies in a lush green valley. It is surrounded by meadowland and shaded by cottonwoods, alders and aspen. In the F.g. Graham's buckboard moves fast down hill.

**DISSOLVE OUT**

**EXT. ASPEN STREET - DAY DISSOLVE IN**

FULL SHOT. In the F.g. a smallish crowd, mostly men and children idle in the street in front of Mary Wells' Gambling and Dance Hall. The wooden sidewalk is cluttered with those articles belonging to the women that were too bulky to get into the surrey. Several women stand on the porch supervising the locking up of the place and the removal of the sign of Mary Wells' name on it. Graham's buckboard rounds a corner at a fast trot. He slows the team to let the people get out of the way.

**MED. SHOT ON BUCKBOARD**

The team has slowed to a walk. The people give their attention
to the buckboard. A boy clambers up over the tailboard, sees the cargo and jumps off with a frightened yell. The crowd turns from the dance hall and follows the buckboard leaving the women and their pious male assistants on the porch.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE – DAY**

MED. FULL SHOT – ANGLED to include blacksmith shop across the street. Far down the street comes Graham's buckboard followed by the small crowd. The sheriff's office is a one-story wooden structure. Next to it is the general store. In front of the blacksmith shop stands a wagon with one wheel off. In the corral alongside are eleven blooded mares. Clay Phillips, his brother Steve and the blacksmith are inside the shop. Clay's saddle horse is tethered to the hitching rail beside two harnessed work horses.

**INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP – DAY**

ANGLED to include sheriff's office. The blacksmith, Sam Ellis, an elderly bent man in a leather apron stands at the forge in which he is heating the rim from the big wheel which lies on the table nearby. Clay, a long-legged wrangler in clean but faded work clothes stands near the forge pumping bellows and watching his brother, a freckled kid of sixteen trying to roll a cigarette. Steve has progressed to the most difficult step, that of licking and sealing the paper. Clay reaches over and takes it from him. He puts the skinny cylinder in his mouth and Steve lights it for him. The first third of the cigarette burns with one quick flare.

*STEVE*
How does she draw?

CLAY
A little hot.

Sam lifts the rim to the wheel.

SAM
You want to get out of here before noon, maybe you should lend me a hand.

Clay, the cigarette dangling from his lips, moves over to the table, picks up a hammer and helps Sam hammer the rim on the wheel. Steve stands watching.

CLAY
Rate you're goin', we'll be here until winter.

Together they lift the wheel and plunge it into the tub of water. Steam rises to fill the blackened shed.

SAM
(amiably grumbling)
Account of you, I miss out on the only excitement Aspen's had for months.

CLAY
You're too old to watch such goin's on.

STEVE
And I'm too young.

Clay and Sam spin the wheel in the tub.

CLAY
That's right.

STEVE
I don't see no sense to makin' people leave town if they don't want to leave.

SAM
I don't either -- when people are that good-lookin'. Maybe that's why --
they were too good-lookin'.

(philosophically)
But there'll be others along to take their place after a while when this quiets down. And everything will be fine until some busybody starts stirring up trouble.

CLAY

(mildly)
Don't you ever run down?

SAM

(to Steve)
Some people just have to run other people's lives. Now take Clay. You want to amble up the street and see the fun and what does he say?

CLAY

(good-natured)
You stick to your blacksmithin' and let me take care of Steve.

From O.s. comes the SOUND of the approaching buckboard and crowd. Steve hears the noise and moves to the front of the shed.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MED. FULL SHOT - Steve's angle. Graham pulls his buckboard up, jumps out and hurries into the sheriff's office. Some kids run up to stand on the porch chattering excitedly. Members of the crowd straggle up.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

ANGLED PAST Steve. Clay comes up to stand beside Steve. Sam joins them. Steve looks up at Clay hopefully.

CLAY

We'll both take a look. Anything's better than listenin' to Sam.

(to Sam)
Don't forget to shoe the mule.
Clay and Steve exit. Sam looks after them, shrugs disgustedly and goes back to the wheel.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE – DAY**

MED. SHOT – featuring buckboard. The crowd around the wagon stands in shocked silence looking at the bodies under the tarp. Clay and Steve come up, glance in the buckboard then at each other. Clay speaks to a man near him.

**CLAY**
Who are they?

**MAN**
Don't know. Graham brought 'em in.

The sheriff calls from O.s.

**GARDNER’S VOICE**
Clay, come up here a minute.

**ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING PORCH**

Sheriff Gardner, who has seen Clay through the window, comes out of his office on to the porch followed by Jeb Graham and a young deputy. In his hand Gardner holds the burned prison jacket. Clay goes up the steps to the porch. Steve to the foot of the steps to stand watching. The crowd around the wagon gives its attention to the men on the porch.

**MED. SHOT**

Gardner is neatly dressed with his star hidden under his coat. His deputy wears jeans, shirt, and leather jacket.

**CLAY**
Hello Graham -- Joe -- Mr. Gardner.

**GARDNER**
Graham's got something to tell you might interest you.
GRAHAM  
(motioning toward wagon)  
Cal Forster and his sons. Somebody killed 'em.

He pauses to let that sink in.

GRAHAM  
You know that cottonwood grove on Alder Crick? They must have been eatin' breakfast the way it looked, sittin' by the fire eatin' breakfast and when I got there nothin' but them lyin' dead in their underdrawers. No horses or guns or grub.

CLAY  
(shocked)  
Forster never did anyone any harm.  
(puzzled)  
But what's that got to do with me? I came into town from the south.

Gardner holds out the burned jacket.

GARDNER  
This was smoulderin' on the fire.

Clay moves over to glance down at the jacket.

CLAY  
I still don't see.

From his pocket, Gardner takes several communications, thumbs through them and passes one over. It is a telegram, of the period.

GARDNER  
I got it day before yesterday.

Clay reads it.

INSERT TELEGRAM OF THE PERIOD:

SHERIFF GARDNER: ASPEN, NEV.  
BE ADVISED OF ESCAPE OF LEDNOV, PETERS AND McCALL CONVICTED MURDERERS SERVING LIFE TERMS.
BELIEVED HEADED FOR CALIFORNIA.

L.B. GROVE, WARDEN STATE PENITENTIARY NORTON, NEV.

BACK TO SCENE. Clay hands the telegram back.

GARDNER
Now are you interested?

Clay nods.

GARDNER
You should be. Maybe Lednov heard about that Sonora ranch of yours.

CLAY
Maybe he did.

GARDNER
We're going to look for him. Want to come along?

CLAY
I've got eleven horses to get over the mountains before snow catches me and covers the feed.

GARDNER
(dryly)
And that's more important than finding Lednov?

CLAY
Like you said, maybe he knows where my ranch is. If he does, he'll be waiting on the porch.

He turns toward the steps.

GARDNER
(with irony)
I'll drop the sheriff in Sonora a line to sort of look around for him.

Clay speaks over his shoulder as he goes down.

CLAY
Thanks.

ANOTHER ANGLE
As Clay starts away, Steve follows him. Clay doesn't cross to the blacksmith shop. He goes along the sidewalk the general store. Steve hurries to catch up with him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

MOVING SHOT. Clay, deep in thought, seems unaware of his brother at his side.

STEVE
Who's Lednov?

CLAY
A man I used to know.

They walk in silence to the General store and Clay goes up the steps and across the porch. Steve follows close behind.

FULL SHOT

The store is a typical general store of the period, selling everything from buggies to baby clothes. In one corner is the postoffice. The storekeeper, Hayes, is unpacking a case of canned goods, stacking the cans on the shelf. Clay, followed by Steve, enters. Hayes glances over.

MED. SHOT

Clay crosses to the shelf where the rifle and shotgun shells are kept and takes down a half dozen boxes of 30 30 cartridges.

HAYES
Forget somethin', Clay?

CLAY
Shells. How much for six boxes?

HAYES
Six times six bits. But wait until I finish this.

Besides Clay, Steve is inspecting a rack of guns.
STEVE
You might tell a fellow things, 'specially if the fellow's your brother, seems to me.

CLAY
Like what?

Steve picks up a rifle, puts it to his shoulder and squints along the barrel.

STEVE
Like why you're buyin' a whole slew of 30 30 shells all of a sudden.

CLAY
I don't want to run short.

STEVE
You never said this Lednov's name before, that I can remember.

CLAY
No call to. That jail looked pretty solid to me.
   (pointing to rifle)
   How's she feel?

STEVE
Nice.

He pulls the hammer back and snaps the trigger. Hayes comes across and takes the gun from him.

HAYES
You know bettern' to do that, Steve. Unless you're figurin' on buyin' it.

CLAY
One he's got, more his size.

STEVE
But it's leaded up and anyway a 22's no good for real huntin'. You shoot a man with a 22 and where are you?

CLAY
The thing to do is stick to rabbits.
He hands Hayes some money for the shells. Hayes crosses to another part of the store to get change. Clay and has picked up the rifle again, move over to the counter.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**STEVE**
What was he in jail for?

**CLAY**
You sure worry that bone. He killed a fellow.

**STEVE**
In a fight?

**CLAY**
The other fellow wasn't even lookin'.

**STEVE**
This is an awful nice gun.
(sighting it)
Certainly come in handy when there's men around who shoot people that aren't lookin'.

Clay grins. Hayes comes up with the change. Clay takes out some bills and gives them to the storekeeper.

**CLAY**
(points to rifle)
I may as well buy it for him. Otherwise he'll be crying all the way over the hill.

Steve's expression shows his gratitude and delight. He covers up with banter.

**STEVE**
You must be plenty worried about Lednov sneakin' up on us.
(hopefully)
Think he will?

**CLAY**
Yes.
STEVE
At the ranch maybe?

CLAY
Maybe at the ranch. Maybe sooner than that.

STEVE
(annoyed)
Do you have to be so close-mouthed?
I'm your brother. And I'm ridin' with you. Remember?

CLAY
(smiling)
All right. I'll tell you.

He puts one of the boxes of shells on the end of the counter.

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

CLAY
Let's say this is the penitentiary.

He reaches down into one of the barrels in front of the counter. The barrels are filled with beans, nails, dried apples, hardtack, etc. Clay takes a handful of beans and makes a trail ending in a little pile.

CLAY
Here's Alder Crick.

He puts another box of shells on the other side of the counter.

CLAY
And here we are in Aspen.

He runs a trail of beans away from "Aspen" toward the end of the counter. He runs another trail from "Alder Crick" cross the Aspen trail. He puts another box of shells on the far end of the counter.

CLAY
That's Sonora.
He reaches down without looking and brings up a hardtack.

**CLAY**

motioning) Lednov gets out of jail and comes along here to Alder Crick. Then goes along here toward the Sonora road.

Clay drops the hardtack back from where the bean trails cross.

**CLAY**

That's Lednov!

(tracing)

We come along here.

**STEVE**

(pointing)

And meet him there.

**CLAY**

Unless the sheriff gets too close and he holes up.

He holds out his hand and Hayes hands him his change.

**CLAY**

So let's go.

Steve tucks his gun under his arm. As he passes the counter, he picks up the hardtack and starts eating it.

**EXT. GENERAL STORE**

MED. SHOT - ANGLED TOWARD Sheriff's office. Up the street men are gathering around the sheriff's office. Some are mounted. Some are tightening their cinches. Clay and Steve come out of the store to look up the street. Steve munches the hardtack.

**STEVE**

(motioning)

Sure a lot of guys lookin' for Lednov.

**CLAY**

Yeah -- and Lednov's only lookin' for one man. Me.
STEVE

Why?

CLAY

He doesn't like me. What you eatin'?

STEVE

Lednov.

He glances at the remaining piece of hardtack and then pitches it away.

STEVE

I don't like him.

Clay laughs. As they start up the street, the sheriff mounts his horse and, followed by his men, rides forward.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

CLOSE SHOT. A woman's hat lies on the rocky earth. It is a big, elaborate affair. O.s. there is the SOUND of the SQUEAL of a wagon brake and the JANGLE of harness. PULLS BACK and ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Clay's wagon coming down a very steep hill. Steve is driving, holding the reins and riding the brake. Seeing the hat, he yells to Clay.

STEVE

Another one, Clay.

Clay rides over and, swinging down, picks it up.

MED. SHOT

ANGELED DOWN hill. The road twists tortuously down. Near the wash. bottom it swings sharply at right angles into a dry
The banks shut out further view of the road. Near where the road turns a trunk lies at the side. It has broken open and some of the contents are spilled out in the dust. Clay rides to it, reins in his horse and looks down. Steve, with difficulty, pulls the mules to a stop alongside.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

featuring trunk and wagon. Clay swings out of his saddle, starts tossing the clothes back in the trunk. Steve jumps down.

**STEVE**

They sure must have been travelin'. This keeps up we can start a store.

**CLAY**

Things get tough next winter, you'll have somethin' to wear.

Steve holds up a petticoat close to his body and grins.

**STEVE**

I'd look good doin' the ploughin' in this.

Clay takes it from him, puts it in the trunk and shuts the lid. Steve helps him hoist the trunk into the wagon bed. Steve gets back in the seat. Just as Clay is about to mount, he stops and picks up a small folding daguerrotype case delicately ornamented. He lifts his eyebrow, tucks the case into his pocket, then mounts and starts ahead around the bend.

**MED. LONG SHOT**

Clay's ANGLE. Ahead, off the road in the wash is the surrey that passed Graham's buckboard at the fork. Clay spurs his horse forward.
Méd. Shot

on surrey. The back wheel is broken and the bed of the rest on the ground. The horses have been taken from traces and stand dejectedly in the hot sun. A blanket spread in the scant shade thrown by the surrey. On it Elaine and, sitting beside her, is Marcia. A damp cloth spread across Elaine's forehead. A water bag hangs from surrey. Elaine's head is pillowed on a dainty satin Helen and Mary have risen at Clay's approach and now by the road.

Another Angle

Clay gallops forward to pull up near the surrey. In the b.g. Steve drives the wagon around the bend. Clay dismounts.

Méd. Group Shot

Clay drops his reins and hurries up.

Clay

Anybody hurt?

Mary

No. We came down the hill a little fast and...

(rueful)

...the wheel broke.

(hopefully)

Can you fix it for us?

Clay bends over Elaine.

Clay

What's the matter with her?

Mary

(dryly)

Too much excitement. How about the surrey. Can you fix it?
Clay turns from Elaine and gives his attention to the surrey.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

on rear of surrey. In the B.g. Steve pulls the wagon to a stop, jumps off, and comes running over.

**STEVE**

Jimininy. You sure were lucky, just bustin' a wheel.

Helen moves toward Clay. She miles without humor.

**HELEN**

(rubbing thigh)
You think that's all we busted -- You should see...

Clay stops her with a look, goes around, and kicks the unbroken back wheel. The spokes rattle.

**CLAY**

This must have been in the family a long time.

**MARY**

(dryly)
It was a gift from the citizens of Aspen. I'm Mary Wells.

She looks at him to see if the name registers.

**MARY**

And this is Helen Carter.

**CLAY**

I'm Clay Phillips.

(motioning)
My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

**STEVE**

(shy)
Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

(brightly)
We found your trunk. Were you doin' the driven'?
I was at first. Then I was hanging on.
(to Clay)
Are you going far?

CLAY
Yes, ma'am.

MARY
As far as -- Sonora?

CLAY
Just about.

Mary and Helen exchange glances.

MARY
We're going to Sonora, too, so that solves everything.

Clay takes the makings from his pocket, starts to roll a cigarette.

MARY
We can ride in your wagon.

Steve looks at Clay hopefully. He likes the prospect of having these lovely women along.

MARY
We wouldn't think of asking you to take us for nothing.

Clay finishes the cigarette, starts to put the makings back.
Mary holds out her hand. Clay gives her the makings. Mary speaks as she casually rolls a cigarette.

MARY
There's only four of us.

Clay motions to the remuda that grazes in the b.g.

CLAY
I've got eleven horses.

STEVE
(proudly)
Morgan blood. The beat in Nevada.
Clay and me have a place on the Toulomne River. We're going to raise horses like these.

Mary has finished rolling her cigarette. She passes the bag to Helen, who starts rolling one.

MARY
They won't be riding in the wagon.

CLAY
(dryly)
Did you ever try taking a bunch of horses over Sonora Pass? It's quite a job.

MARY
You can't leave us here.

CLAY
Course I can't. I'll give you a lift to the first ranch.

Helen has finished her cigarette. She passes the makings to Steve. He hesitates, looks at his brother and, when he sees Clay is occupied with Mary, starts rolling one.

MARY
What good is it going to do us to go to some ranch?

CLAY
(amiably)
You can stay here if you like.

MARY
We have to get to Sonora. There are jobs waiting for us there. We'll pay you for your trouble.

CLAY
I'm not running a stage line, ma'am, and I can't take a chance on losing the horses.

Steve finishes his cigarette. Again he hesitates, then not wanting to seem young in front of these women he takes
bold step and lights it. Clay reaches over and takes it
from
him. Mary watches the byplay.

   CLAY
   When you're old enough to smoke,
   I'll tell you.
   (kind)
   Get the horses started on ahead,
   will you, Steve?

Steve, embarrassed and hurt, turns quickly away. Helen
looks
after the boy.

   HELEN
   Afraid it will stop him growin'?

   CLAY
   (turning)
   Let's get your stuff in the wagon.
   Like I said, I'll take you to the
   first ranch. I wish I could carry
   you all the way, but I can't. It's a
tough trip and women would be in the
way.

   MARY
   (dryly)
   Our kind of women?

   CLAY
   (ignores that)
   You'll have to drive — except down
   hill.

He lifts some things out of the surrey and carries them
toward
the wagon.

   HELEN
   Maybe you're going about this all
wrong. Why not try telling him we'll
do the cookin' and mendin' and washin'
for him. That usually works.
   (then shocked at the
   thought)
   Yeah, but suppose he took us up on
   it. Where would we be?

   MARY
   Maybe in Sonora.
She starts around the surrey. Helen follows.

Clay bends over Elaine.

**CLAY**

What's the matter with her?

**MARY**

(dryly)

Too much excitement. Or maybe it's just the heat. How about the surrey. Can you fix it?

As Clay turns from Elaine, Marcia joins the other two, their attention on Clay and the surrey. Left alone, Elaine is suddenly alert and no longer sick. She glances around, unobserved slides out from under the shade of the surrey.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

on rear of surrey. In the B.g. Steve pulls the wagon to stop, jumps off, and comes running over. Elaine stands moment, searching the ground with her eyes.

**STEVE**

Jiminy. You sure were lucky, just bustin' a wheel.

Helen moves toward Clay. She smiles without humor. With this new diversion, Elaine, still unnoticed, starts away -- toward where they dropped the trunk.

**HELEN**

(rubbing thigh)

You think that's all we busted --

You should see...

**MARY**

(sees Elaine)

Now where's she goin'? --

**ELAINE**

(half-turns without stopping)
I -- lost something.

CLAY
It wouldn't happen to be this...

Elaine stops now and turns as Clay takes the folding daguerrotype case from his pocket. Elaine, her eyes wide and frightened, starts back as Mary takes the case from Clay and opens it.

MARY
Who's the old folks?

ELAINE
(frantic)
Give it to me!

She jerks the case from Mary's hands, snaps it shut, and stands staring at Mary with a strange mixture of anger and hysteria. Mary glances around as if to say did-I-do? To cover the embarrassed silence, Clay kicks unbroken back wheel. The spokes rattle.

CLAY
This must have been in the family a long time.

Elaine glances at him as though he had insulted her, and starts toward the blanket again.

MARY
(dryly)
It was a gift from the citizens of Aspen. I'm Mary Wells.

She looks at him to see if the name registers. At the side, Elaine is abruptly weak again. She leans against it for support. Mareia moves to her as she slides back the blanket, clutching the case.

MARY
And this is Helen Carter.
CLAY
I'm Clay Phillips.
(motioning)
My brother Steve.

Steve tugs at his battered hat.

STEVE
(shy)
Pleased to meet you, ma'am.
(brightly)
We found your trunk. Were you doin' the drivin'?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary and Helen come around the end of the surrey to where Elaine lies. Mary bends beside the sick girl and lifts the cloth from the girl's forehead.

MARY
Come on, Honeybunch. We're changing trains.

The sick girl sits up. She looks around her dully.

MARY
A nice, kind wrangler is letting us ride in his wagon...

Assisted by Mary, Elaine gets to her feet. Mary puts her arm around her.

MARY
...as far as the first ranch. From then on --

Elaine stops. She looks fearfully up at Helen.

ELAINE
What ranch?

MARY
What's the difference?

She tries to lead the girl toward the wagon.

ELAINE
(fierce)
Ask him what ranch --

MARY
There's plenty of time for that.
(sharp)
Come on, now. You've got to lie down out of this sun. Stop worrying. I'll find out what ranch after a while.

She pulls the girl with her toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

on wagon. Clay, in the wagon bed, is stowing his gear back. Mary, supporting Elaine, reaches the wagon.

Seeing the girls, Clay reaches down and gently lifts Elaine up. Mary climbs in beside him.

MED. CLOSE

wagon bed. Clay has unrolled a bedroll under the seat where there is a little shade.

CLAY
(kind)
Stretch out under the seat, Miss.

ELAINE
(desperate)
Which ranch?

CLAY
How's that?

MARY
She's worried about where you're taking us.

As she speaks, Mary helps the girl down under the seat, then rises to face Clay.

MARY
(dryly)
So am I.

CLAY
It's a nice place owned by an old couple named Wyatt.

CLOSE SHOT

Elaine as she hears the name. She is shocked.

CLAY'S VOICE

They'll take you in until you can make other arrangements.

TWO SHOT

Clay and Mary. Clay vaults out of the wagon, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS, he looks up.

CLAY

So both of you stop worrying.

He turns away and hurries back to the surrey.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

FULL SHOT. Dust rises over the road as the cavalcade moves forward. Clay, rifle across his lap, rides in front. The wagon, with Mary driving and Helen beside her on the seat, follows. The two horses that pulled the surrey are tied to the tail gate. Then comes the remuda with Steve bringing up the rear.

CLOSE SHOT

Marcia and Elaine. PROCESS. Marcia sits in the bed of the wagon looking back. Elaine lies under the seat.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve. Steve proudly carries his new rifle across his lap. He whistles happily as he scans the desert country Hopefully for the enemy.
EXT. CAMP SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

FULL SHOT. Long shadows of the hills lie on the grassy meadow along the stream that is bordered by cottonwoods and willows. A knoll overlooks the camp site. The caravan can be seen as it halts in the lush grass a few yards from the stream. The girls sit lifelessly on the wagon; they seem too tired to mount. Then, finally, Marcia helps Elaine to climb down. With the exception of Mary they all let themselves down in the grass. Mary walks to the head of the team and starts fumbling with the harness. Steve comes into the scene, dismounts quickly and pulls the saddle off his horse. The remuda has fanned out, the horses moving toward the water. Steve crosses to Mary and takes over the job of unbuckling the harness. Mary smiles gratefully and rubs her hand across her face.

CLAY'S VOICE
Steve, see the horses don't drink too much --

Steve straightens, looks towards the horses and moves off. He speaks to Mary over his shoulder.

STEVE
Leave that unharnessing for me, Ma'am.

Mary smiles after him, then moves across the grass, DOLLYING AHEAD of her. She sinks to her knees in the patch of sand by the stream and leans down and puts her face under the water. Then, sitting up, she wipes the water and dust from her face with a handkerchief. Clay rides up from behind,
dismounts, scoops up some water from the river in the brim of his hat and drinks it. For a second he watches Mary.

CLAY
There's a place down a ways, where you and the girls can wash some of that dust off.

Mary's manner is business-like. She and the girls are along for the ride. She wants no favors -- wants to do her part.

MARY
Thanks. And isn't there something we can do about supper -- or making the beds?

CLAY
(half-smile)
Steve and me, we use a saddle for a pillow and roll up in a tarp.

MARY
(curts)
But you eat, don't you?

CLAY
Mostly, we open a can of beans and boil some coffee.

MARY
Where do you keep the can opener?

CLAY
In the grub box.
(softening)
Toward morning the dew gets kind of heavy so maybe you better fix up a bed under the wagon. Spread some bunch grass under the tarp and the ground won't be so hard.

He turns and leads his horse back to the wagon, stands there unsaddling it. Mary rises.

MARY
Marcia -- all of you. Come on.

She starts downstream.
MED. SHOT

ANGLED PAST wagon. Clay tosses the saddle into the bed, slaps his mare on the rump. She trots off.

Climbing up on the wheel, he gets the grub box under the seat and lifts it down. Steve comes from out of scene and starts the team.

STEVE
(trying to be casual)
Where'd they go?

CLAY
Swimming.

Clay comes past him, carrying the grub box. He puts it down near where some stones make a crude firebox.

STEVE
It's sort of nice having company along. Not so lonesome.

Clay squats by the stones and starts building a fire.

CLAY
When you get the team watered, rustle up some wood.

He fans the small flame with his hat. Steve leads the mules down toward the stream.

MED. SHOT

ANGLED PAST Clay. In the B.g. Steve stands by the stream, letting the team drink. O.s. the women can be heard laughing and splashing. Steve gives all his attention to what is going on downstream. Clay puts wood on the fire, opens the grub box. He sees Steve, takes the coffee pot out of the box and heads for the stream.
MED. LONG SHOT

ANGLED PAST Steve downstream. Behind the willows the girls are bathing. However they are too far away to be seen clearly and the willows make a fairly effective screen. Clay walks upstream and fills the coffee pot, then comes back to stand for a moment beside Steve. Steve, who hadn't seen Clay until now, suddenly gets very busy giving all his attention to the mules.

STEVE
(to mules)
You boys have had enough.

He jerks them from the water and leads them away. Clay frowns after him, then goes back to the wagon.

MED. SHOT

on wagon and fire. As Clay passes the wagon, he reaches into the bed and gets a couple of strips of scrap iron. These he carries to the fire. He puts the iron strips across the blaze, sets the coffee pot on, feeds the fire with some more wood, then going back to the wagon, he takes his rifle out, throws a shell into the chamber and starts off up the knoll.

DISOLVE

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. It is a moonlight night. Clay squats on his heels, seen with the campfire, and the shadowy forms of the girls as Steve's help they make up a bed under the wagon and cook the
evening meal. Clay suddenly reacts as O.s. a horse whinnies. Standing he looks off into the darkness.

**LONG SHOT**

ANGLED PAST Clay. In the moonlight the trail stretches back over rolling hills. Faintly can be heard the SOUND of hoofbeats. Below, where the remuda grazes, a horse whinnies again. Clay moves down toward the camp.

**MED. SHOT**

the camp. As Clay approaches. Steve squats by the fire. He has spread out a tarp in the circle of firelight and Mary is setting the tin plates, cups, etc., out. Elaine, a blanket around her, sits near the fire. She looks tired and ill. Marcia and Helen are struggling with bed-making under the wagon.

**HELEN'S VOICE**

And I'm the girl who used to complain to my mother about helping with the wash.

Steve and Mary look up as Clay strides up. Clay starts kicking dirt over the fire.

**CLAY**

Get your rifle.

Steve jumps up and hurries to the wagon. Clay continues kicking dirt over the fire.

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)**

LONG SHOT - ANGLES PAST horseman. The horseman, who has been approaching from the east, tops a rise and looks off at the moment, camp. He is a shadowy figure in the palo dark. For a moment, as the fire still blazes, figures are visible in the
Then the fire goes out. The horseman dismounts, pulling his rifle from his scabbard. Moving to his horse's head he puts a hand on the animal's nostrils. He looks toward the camp for a moment then starts cautiously along the road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH willows PAST Clay and Steve. The brothers have taken up a post overlooking the road. The horseman walks cautiously toward them. He stops, then he drops his reins and comes forward stealthily. The horse stands.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clay and Steve. Steve, finger on trigger gives Clay a questioning glance. Clay shakes his head.

CLAY

(calling)

Hold it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

on road. The man, now seen clearly for the first time, stops. He is Jim Clayton, a man in his twenties, chunky, round-faced, stolid and not too imaginative. He wears the well-worn jeans and blue shirt of the farmer. Clay and Steve come out willows toward him. Both have their rifles ready.

CLAY

Drop your gun.

Clayton hesitates, then lets his rifle butt drop to the road.

CLAYTON

(mildly)

Drop yours. I'm gunshy.

CLAY

Then don't come sneakin' around a
CLAYTON
A fellow sees a fire go out all of a sudden, he don't take chances. My name's Clayton and I'm looking for someone.

Clay and Steve lower their rifles.

CLAYTON
I found their surrey --

CLAY
So did I. They were in it.

CLAYTON
She's a friend -- took off this morning sort of sudden while I wasn't around.

Clay moves closer and extends his hand. They shake.

CLAY
(very cordial)
I'm glad you came along.
(introducing)
My brother, Steve. I'm Phillips.

Steve shakes Jim's hand.

CLAY
I gave the girls a lift. Didn't know what else to do with them. Get your horse and come on.

Clayton turns back toward his horse. Clay and Steve wait for him.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)

MED. SHOT - ANGLED BACK ALONG the trail. Mary and Helen, tense and worried, stand at the edge of the camp, looking off. Marcia is with Elaine under the wagon. From o.s. comes the SOUNDOF men's voices. Clay, Steve and Clayton, leading his horse, come into view.
CLOSE SHOT ON WAGON
Marcia kneeling on the tarp by Elaine, is staring ahead.
Suddenly her face lights up. She springs to her feet.

MARCIA'S ANGLE
Clay, Steve and Jim are now close to Mary.

CLAY
(genial)
Here's a man says he's looking for you girls.

CLAYTON
Hello, Miss Wells.

Hearing his voice, Marcia runs toward them.

GROUP SHOT
Marcia throws herself into Jim's arms.

MARCIA
Jim.

MED. CLOSE
Clayton kisses her.

CLAYTON
I was roundin' up some stock. That's why I didn't come sooner.

Marcia hugs him. In the B.g. Clay goes over to the fire, kicks the dirt off the embers and piles on wood. The fire flares up.

CLAYTON
What do you mean running off without a word.

TWO SHOT
Mary and Helen.

MARCIA'S VOICE
I didn't know who to tell, it all happened so sudden, those people
comin' and throwin' us out on the street.

**JIM'S VOICE**
Don't you think about it, darlin'.
Don't you think about anythin' but us.

**HELEN**
(quietly)
Looks like we lose a good piano player.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Marcia and Jim come forward. The fire now burns briskly. Clay rejoins the group.

**MARCIA**
(happily)
Jim came after me, Mary.

**MARY**
(dryly)
I see he did.

**HELEN**
With a milk pail in one hand and a marriage license in the other.

**MARY**
(sharp)
Why didn't you say you wanted to get married back in Aspen. I told the man in Sonora there were four of us. If only three show up, he might call the whole deal off. We've got to stick together. Like we've always done.

**MARCIA**
I've got a chance to get married.

**MARY**
(quickly)
That's what I'm gettin' at. It never works. Don't forget we were thrown out of Aspen.

**MARCIA**
Jim doesn't care, do you, Jim?

Mary speaks before Jim can answer.
MARY
But Jim isn't the only one you're marrying. He has folks and friends. What are they going to say? And how're they going to feel? I tell you, it won't work.

The joy goes out of Marcia's expression. She looks up at Jim, her eyes begging him to tell her it will work.

Jim, a naturally shy man, loses his tongue momentarily. Clay jumps into the breach.

CLAY
Of course it'll work. You can get another girl to fill out the act.

MARY
(ignoring him)
And look at it this way. How about Jim -- it puts him in a sort of tough spot.

JIM
I know what I'm doing. My folks got nothin' to do with it --

MARY
You've talked this over with them?

JIM
They know about Marcia.

MARY
(quickly)
And they don't like the idea!

CLAY
Suppose they don't. This is his problem. He's over twenty-one. He wants to marry Marcia and Marcia wants to marry him so let 'em alone.

Mary turns on Clay.

TWO SHOT
Clay and Mary. The others in the b.g.
MARY
If you were in his shoes would you take one of us home?

CLAY
I'm not in his shoes, so leave me out of it.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he turns back to the fire, embarrassed
by the spot he's in, and throws wood on it, Mary watching
him. Steve comes over to Mary.

STEVE
(friendly)
I would!

Clay swings around and comes back.

CLAY
(hurriedly; smiles)
Steve maybe you better get some wood for the fire.

MARY
Would you, Mr. Phillips?

CLAY
(to Steve)
Go on, there's a good boy.

Clay gives Steve a gentle push. Steve exits.

MARY
(bitter)
Don't you want him to hear your answer? Well, I know what it is. For the other fellow it's all right -- but not you. All you want is to get rid of one of us.

JIM
Wait a minute.

Jim, his arm around Marcia, moves closer. Helen is in the B.g., watching.

JIM
No need of you two arguin' about this. We know what we want to do,
and nothin' either of you says makes any difference. We want to go home --

    (to Clay)
Will you sell me one of your horses?

    CLAY
I'm sorry. I can't do that. I went a long way to get those horses.

    JIM
All right, we'll ride double. Come on, Marcia.

Taking her arm he leads her to where the horse stands at the edge of the camp.

    ANOTHER ANGLE

featuring Marcia and Jim. In the B.g. Mary comes after them.

    MARY
No need to do that, Marcia.

Jim and Marcia turn.

    MARY
We've got two horses and they're four of us. So half of one of 'em is yours.
        (smiling)
The other half's a wedding present.

Marcia comes over to hug Mary. As Marcia and Jim leave, Mary moves to Clay.

    MARY
Big-hearted fella. Can't see young love thwarted -- especially if it makes one less girl to worry about. That's all you really want, isn't it.

    DISSOLVE

    EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT
MED. SHOT. Mary stands in the moonlight by the wagon, looking out across the meadow. Below, near the creek, the horses graze. There is the soft jangle of a bell as the bell mare moves her head. Clay comes walking up from the creek, in hand. He passes without noticing Mary. Mary turns.

REVERSE SHOT

Mary in close F.g. The campfire burns low. Steve lies on his stomach close to it. Clay stops beside him to glance down, then moves on to sit on a rock above the fire. Mary starts toward the fire.

MED. CLOSE

Steve. Open in front of him is a copy of Leslie's Weekly, a woman's journal: pictures of baby basinettes, whale-bone corsets, fancy oil lamps, etc. Mary comes into scene to stand above him, looking down. Steve glances up and smiles.

MARY
Is that your kind of reading, Steve?

STEVE
I can't read, Ma'am. I just look at the pictures.

MED. SHOT

ANGLED DOWN PAST Clay.

MARY
You can't read?

She glances up where Clay sits.

MARY
Your brother's always looked after you, hasn't he?

STEVE
Since I can remember, Ma'am.
MARY
But he just never troubled to have you get any schooling?

CLOSE SHOT
Clay. He listens, perturbed.

MED. SHOT
Mary and Steve.

STEVE
It wasn't Clay's fault. We've been moving around most all the time -- mebbe when we get the ranch and stay in one place I can learn my letters then --

MARY
Don't you even know your letters?

CLOSE SHOT
Clay. He winces at!

STEVE'S VOICE
No, Ma'am.

MED. SHOT
Mary, Steve and Clay. Behind them, Clay rises and comes down nearer the fire.

MARY
Would you like to learn them?

STEVE
I sure would.

MARY
Maybe I could start you out.

STEVE
That'd be swell.
(shyly)
You know, you're an awful lot different than I thought you'd be.

She gives him a quick look of inquiry.
STEVE
You're so nice.

MARY
Did someone say I wasn't nice?

STEVE
Oh no. Nobody said nothing to me. Only I got the idea that -- well Clay and me used to be walking through town and there was your place and through the window I could see you dancing, but Clay always took me over to the other side of the street.

CLAY
(interrupting)
Time to go to bed, Steve.

Steve looks up, then rises reluctantly.

STEVE
Good night, Miss Wells.

MARY
Good night, Steve.

Steve exits. Mary looks after him, then up at Clay.

MARY
(soft)
There's a nice boy.

CLAY
Yeah.

MARY
(sharp)
That why you always took him on the other side of the street?

Clay kicks loose embers into the fire.

MARY
(sharper)
Maybe I don't make the grade in some ways, but I know enough to teach a kid his letters.

Clay turns from the fire to stand above her.
CLAY

(quiet)
He doesn't know his letters, no -- but he knows the names of animals... he knows what roots to eat when you're clear out of food... He knows the difference between a possum and a coon just by lookin' at the tracks... more than most trappers know... and he can tell whether she'll rain or shine tomorrow by smelling the air tonight. There's a lot of things he doesn't know, I hope he'll never learn.

He pauses, looking down.

MARY

Like what?

CLAY

(turning away)
Like sticking his nose into other people's business.

Clay moves out of the circle of firelight to stop and pick up his rifle, tarp and blanket, then climbs the knoll. Mary stares into the fire, then rising she starts toward the wagon.

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

MED. SHOT. Clay reaches the top of the knoll and stands looking off. Below him the campfire burns low. Mary reaches the wagon.

EXT. WAGON - MOONLIGHT - NIGHT

MED. SHOT ANGLED PAST Mary TOWARD Clay. Mary stops, looking up. A match flares as Clay lights a cigarette. O.s. the SOUND of the bell mare's bell, the SOUND of horses moving restlessly. Mary turns, looks under the wagon.

MED. CLOSE DOWN ANGLE
knees on the tarp and shakes Helen in wakefulness.

MARY
Where's Elaine?

Helen sits up and looks over at Elaine's side of the bed.

HELEN
She was here a while ago.

Mary straightens, moves down past the wagon, CAMERA PANNING WITH her. She calls softly.

MARY
(softly)
Elaine!

MED. CLOSE
Clay. He looks down toward the wagon as Mary calls Elaine's name again, this time louder.

MARY'S VOICE
Elaine.
(then)
Clay -- Elaine's gone.

Clay frowns, pitches his cigarette away and starts down toward the wagon.

MED. CLOSE
Steve. He is sitting up, pulling on his boots. From under the bedclothes he takes his rifle and starts toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT
Clay stands with Mary at the wagon as Steve comes up.

Helen is sitting up in bed, a comforter pulled around her.

HELEN
She can't have gone far. I wasn't
asleep long.

CLAY
What would she run off for?

MARY
(excited)
Because she's sick.

She starts away into the darkness.

CLAY
(sharp)
Stay here. One woman wanderin' off's enough.

Mary turns back.

STEVE
Don't you worry, Miss Wells. We'll find her.

Clay picks up his saddle and bridle.

CLAY
(to Mary)
Build the fire up and stick close to it. Come on, Steve.

He starts down toward the meadow. Steve follows. Helen scrambles out from under the wagon.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

Clay stops by the creek. Behind him the fire smoulders near the wagon. Mary's shadowy figure can be seen climbing the knoll where Clay's bedroll is. Helen is near the fire.

CLAY
(annoyed)
Look around. She can't have gone far.

Steve nods and splashes across the creek to follow the road leading west. Clay starts toward the meadow where the horses graze.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)
MED. SHOT. Steve moves slowly along the road away from camp. He is scanning the dust for Elaine's footprints.

**EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)**

LONG SHOT - ANGLED PAST Mary. Mary stands on the knoll off. Far below, in the meadow, Clay saddles his horse.

MARY
(calling)
Elaine -- Elaine -- Elaine.

**EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT**

MED. SHOT. Clay swings into the saddle, and rides east. Mary calls:

MARY'S VOICE
Elaine -- Elaine.

As the call echoes across the hills.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)**

MED. SHOT. This is rough country, the rocky hills sparsely with scrub pinon pine and brush. Steve stands on a rise. He looks around for a moment, then turning starts down the slope. Suddenly he stops and listens, as from comes the SOUND of distant sobbing.

CLOSE SHOT
Steve. He listens, trying to locate the sound then he hurries down into a dry wash.

**EXT. WASH**
Steve crashes through the brush into the wash, to stop beside
Elaine who sits with her head buried in her arms, sobbing.

**MED. CLOSE**

Steve and Elaine. Steve drops on his knees beside her. Elaine doesn't look up. Steve shakes her.

**STEVE**
Ma'am -- you shouldn't have run off like that. Why I was just about to give up lookin'. Come on, now.

Elaine doesn't move.

**STEVE**
You can't stay here. There's snakes and it's cold and you'll just get sicker.

**ELAINE**
I don't care.

**STEVE**
Suppose that Lednov was to have found you, instead of me. Why you wouldn't have had a chance.

**ELAINE**
(sharp)
I said I didn't care.

**STEVE**
What's botherin' you, anyway?

He pulls her up.

**STEVE**
Runnin' off and worryin' people. Makin' it tougher on Clay than it is already.

**ELAINE**
(hysterical)
Don't ask me because I won't tell you! I won't tell anybody! Go away!

**STEVE**
Don't act so -- crazy.

**ELAINE**
I'm sorry. Let's go.

STEVE (relieved)
That's a good girl.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he tucks her arm in the crook of his own and starts up the other side of the wash.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Steve, holding Elaine's arm, scrambles up the bank and through the brush.

STEVE
That's it. Watch out where you're steppin' --

He stops and looks off. Faintly O.s. is heard the SOUND of hoofbeats.

STEVE
That oughta be -- (then sharp)

He shoves the girl down.

LONG SHOT
their ANGLE. Over a hill comes a horseman to be followed by another and then a third.

CLOSE SHOT
Steve and Elaine.

STEVE
Lednov --

Excitedly he swings the rifle to his shoulder and fires.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT
FULL SHOT - Clay reins his horse in and turns to look off in
the direction from which the shot came. Faintly o.s. shot echoes across the hills, then another and another. spurs his horse and gallops off.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

Clay gallops up the hill to rein his horse in suddenly.

MED. LONG SHOT

his ANGLE. Riding toward him are several horsemen. The horses move at a walk. One carries a double burden. Steve walks along behind. Clay spurs his horse and rides down them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay, in the B.g., comes down the hill. The horsemen, seven of them, with Sheriff Gardner in the lead, followed by a deputy, carrying Elaine in front of him, file past Steve, hands in his pockets, walks dejectedly in the cloud kicked up by the horses.

MED. SHOT

featuring Clay and Gardner. Clay reins in his horse beside Gardner, who also stops. The others rein in. Steve stops a short distance away.

GARDNER
Want to take her off our hands?

Clay rides closer. The deputy rides forward and lifts Elaine into his arms. Clay settles her in front of him.

CLAY
Who shot who?

GARDNER
Nobody. The light was bad.
There are two rifles in his saddle holster. He pulls out, hands it over.

**GARDNER**

Steve's!

Clay shoves it in his saddle holster.

**GARDNER**

What's she doin' runnin' around the country at night.

**CLAY**

I wouldn't know. Did you ask her?

**GARDNER**

All I can get out of her is she don't care about livin'.

**CLAY**

Look of things, she doesn't.

**GARDNER**

Yeah. Keep a closer eye on her --
(motioning to Steve)
And him. Shootin' going on, we'll never find Lednov.

He wheels his horse and rides off, followed by the others

Clay watches him go. Reluctantly Steve moves slowly up to

stand near Clay.

**STEVE**

There was only three of them at first.
I guess I lost my head.

**CLAY**

(dryly)
How'd you happen to miss?

**STEVE**

They were quite a ways off and the wind was blowin'. I didn't have them to aim.

**CLAY**

Good thing you didn't.
He reins his horse around.

STEVE

Clay --

Clay looks back.

STEVE

A man can't help gettin' excited once in a while.

CLAY

That's right, Steve.

STEVE

Can I have my gun back?

CLAY

Sure. You'll find it under the wagon seat. Like I said before, a twenty-two's more your size.

FADE OUT

EXT. TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

EXTREME LONG SHOT. West are the Sierras and clouds are in untidy heaps on the range. The dusty trail runs through rolling country. Pinon pine and brush clothe the wagon and horses are the moving center of a white cloud dust.

FULL SHOT

Clay's party. Clay rides in the lead. The wagon follows Steve is riding beside the wagon. Behind is the remuda, the horses are straying off the road in search of grass.

MED. SHOT

wagon - (MOVING). Featuring Steve and Mary. Elaine lies under the seat and Helen sits beside her. Steve is reciting
alphabet to a simple melody usually sung by children of six or seven.

STEVE
(stumbles embarrassedly)
Gee, I can't.

MARY
Why not? You went farther than that last time.

STEVE
I'm too old for it, Miss Wells... That's for little kids.

MARY
Don't be silly... Nobody's too old to learn.

STEVE
(resolutely)
Okay. A-B-C -- D-E-F -- G-H-I --

CLOSE SHOT
Clay. He turns in his saddle where he rides ahead of the team. He notices Steve riding at Mary's side and reins in his horse.

CLAY
(mildly)
Oh, Steve!

MED. SHOT
Steve and Mary. Steve stops his letters. looks off. The wagon moves up to Clay and stops.

CLAY
Get back to the horses. They're straggling.

MARY
He's learning his letters.

CLAY
Yeah. While the horses wander all over the country.
Steve hesitates hoping he'll change his mind.

CLAY
(sternly)
Do like I said.

Steve wheels his horse and rides back. Mary looks over at Clay.

MARY
(dryly)
Learnin' to read has nothing to do with the right or the wrong side of the street.

CLAY
(motioning)
Are the horses stragglin' or aren't they?

MARY
(after a backward glance)
They're stragglin'.

CLAY
His letters will keep.

He wheels his horse and rides after Steve.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve is driving the horses back into the road. Clay rides up to help him. The horses fall in behind the wagon. Steve takes up his position in the rear. Clay rides over beside him.

MED. SHOT

CLAY AND STEVE. (MOVING)

CLAY
Steve -- I want you to learn to read. I meant to teach you but I never seemed to find time. I figured when we got settled on the ranch we'd get around to it.
They ride in silence for a moment.

**CLAY**
It's all right with me if she teaches you, but I don't want you forgettin' your job.

**STEVE**
.flat
I won't again.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

One of the horses strays out of line and Clay rides out and gets the animal back in the road. Then he returns to Steve.

**TWO SHOT - (MOVING)**

**CLAY**
This isn't like other trips we've taken. For one thing, we've got a wagonload of women. For another there's a guy wanderin' around hopin' to put a bullet in my back.

Steve looks over at his brother and finds a wry grin.

**STEVE**
Okeh, I was wrong. But you can't expect a fellow who never saw Lednov and never heard his name until a while ago to do too much worryin'. You've been sorta close mouthed about him.

**CLAY**
I guess I have. You were pretty little when they locked him up. I don't suppose you even remember that time I was gone two months.

**STEVE**
Sure I remember. You went to Mexico lookin' for cattle.

**CLAY**
.nods; then, after a moment
You remember Jeff Rawson? -- We used
to go fishing and hunting with him when you were so high.

STEVE
(offended)
Sure I do. Went off down to Mexico or something...

CLAY
That's what I told you then. Only he didn't. Lednov killed him.

STEVE
Oh... that's the time you went away.

CLAY
(nods)
I caught up with Lednov in Nogales. He didn't like the idea of comin' back across the border but he came. I turned him over to the sheriff and -- that's the story.

STEVE
(looking off)
Maybe you shoulda killed him.

CLAY
Maybe I should. But I was never much on killin'. Anyway, he moved too quick and I just got him through the shoulder.
(glances off)
Looks pretty peaceful up ahead.

STEVE
Yeah, it does.

CLAY
But you never can tell. Why don't you get that new rifle out of the wagon?

Steve smiles warmly at him.

CLAY
And while you're there you might as well find out what comes after K.

DISSOLVE
EXTREME LONG SHOT
Cavalcade. It moves through dry barren hills. Far off, Sierras rise against the sky. Thunder heads are piled in heaps on the range.

DISSOLVE OUT

EFFECT SHOT DISSOLVE IN
sky. Dark rain clouds blown by a high wind. SOUND of thunder.

FULL SHOT
rain -- the caravan. Clay leads it through a rain that filled the ruts in the trail, soaked the horses to black -- and obscures all view of the country through they are passing. SOUND of rain falling is loud. Clay and Steve both wear slickers, gleaming from their shoulders to the rumps of their horses. Mary, a tarp around her shoulders, drives. Elaine and Helen huddle under a tarpaulin in the wagon bed.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
rain -- DOWN ANGLE -- wagon moving. Elaine sits up and, in her delirium, throws off the tarp. Helen tries to pull down.

HELEN
(crying out)
Elaine -- stop it --

CLOSE SHOT
rain -- Clay. He wheels his horse at the SOUND of Helen's voice and rides back through the rain toward the wagon.
MED. CLOSE SHOT

rain -- wagon. Mary pulls on the reins and the mules stop.
Twisting them around the whip-stock, she swings back into the wagon bed. She looks up at Clay.

MARY
She should be in bed where it's dry.
In her anxiety, her tone is accusing. Clay drops the reins, climbs into the wagon and bends down beside Elaine. He puts his hand on her forehead.

MED. CLOSE

rain - DOWN ANGLE - featuring Clay and Mary.

CLAY
(dryly)
Yes, Ma'am, she should...
He starts fixing the tarp so it gives more protection to the sick girl.

CLAY
But the nearest shelter's the Wyatt ranch and that's maybe five hours away.

MARY
Can we get a doctor at that ranch?

CLAY
(straightening)
No, Ma'am, we can't. We can get a roof and a fire and maybe Mrs. Wyatt knows something about taking care of sick people.

ANOTHER ANGLE

rain. Clay vaults out of the wagon and mounts his horse. Mary rises and climbs back into the seat. She lashes the mules with the reins. The wagon jolts forward.
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Then, without a word, he strips off his slicker, tosses it on the seat and rides off. Mary looks after him, then
sleener. She hesitates, not wanting to take favors from
Then she pulls the slicker around her. Taking the whip,
hits the mules. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and CAMERA HOLDS.
team breaks into a trot. The cavalcade moves away from
through drenching rain.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WYATT RANCH - DAY

The ranch is nestled in a valley at the base of the
Green meadowland surrounds the farm buildings which
of a cabin, barn and sheds, all in good repair and
washed, as are the corral fences and the picket fence
the house, which stands in a clump of trees. The wind
pushed the clouds back over the hills, but far off
still thunder. The gate in front f.g. is of barbed
is closed. On the fence post a board is tacked. Neatly
lettered on the board is the name:

ED WYATT

From o.s. comes the SOUND of horses moving restlessly
the creaking of saddle leather, as a man swings out of
saddle. Footsteps approach. A man's head and shoulders,
to camera, comes into scene. He unloops the strand of
wire and lets the gate fall open, then turns and we see his face. He is Lednov. His cheek and jowls have a dark growth of beard. He wears a black leather jacket and a grey hat. The clothes Forster was wearing. As he moves to his horse, CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS AROUND.

His companions, McCall and Peters, also wear black leather jackets, sombre, dusty pants and hats. They are mounted on matched roans. The horses are winded, lathered and is obvious they have ridden hard. Lednov strides forward and as he reaches for the reins the horse shies away. Brutally he jerks on the reins. The horse rears. He snatches his hat from his head and whacks the horse across the nose. McCall rides over and grabs the reins. Lednov scrambles into the saddle.

MED. SHOT

ANGLED TOWARD gate. Lednov rides forward through the His horse is limping badly. The others follow. They do not stop to put the gate back up.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

LONG SHOT. Clay's cavalcade moves forward along the trail. There are cloud patches overhead and faintly in the country thunder rumbles. The mules pull the jolting wagons forward in a slow trot. Clay rides ahead. Steve and the remuda follow.
FULL SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride into the yard and up to the horses' trough. The horses plunge their deep into the trough. As the men dismount, Wyatt, a little man, hurries from the direction of the barn.

MED. SHOT

at horse trough. Wyatt, smiling his pleasure, comes up the three men dismount.

WYATT
(happily)
My name's Wyatt. Certainly glad you boys dropped in.

He extends his hand to Lednov. Lednov ignores it. The men are looking around them. Two work horses, fat and amble across the corral to nuzzle the roans through the

LEDNOV
Those the only horses you got?

Wyatt is a little taken aback by Lednov's manner.

WYATT
Why, yes. They're all I need...

LEDNOV
Mine's gone lame. Take a look at him.

Wyatt frowns up at Lednov, angered by the order.

LEDNOV
Go on, we haven't got all day.

McCall and Peters move closer to Wyatt, who glances worriedly. Realizing he better do as he's told, he goes
the roan and rubs his ears.

**WYATT**
Whoa, boy. Let's have a look.

Bending, he lifts the horse's hoof. Lednov, McCall and Peters watch him. He drops the hoof, straightens.

**WYATT**
He dropped a shoe. You shouldn't be ridin' him.

**LEDNOV**
Put on another one.

**WYATT**
That won't help the stone bruise. You ain't been around horses much, looks like.

**LEDNOV**
Will you quit gabbin' and do what you're told.

Wyatt hesitates. Lednov steps toward him.

**WYATT**
(frightened, bewildered)
All right, but it won't do much good.

He picks up the roan's reins and starts leading him into the corral. Lednov, with a jerk of his thumb, indicates that McCall is to go with him. McCall follows. Lednov and Peters turn toward the house.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

As Lednov and Peters start for the house, Mrs. Wyatt, a woman of about fifty, small, plump, browned from the sun and from work, comes out on the porch. She has taken off her apron and holds it in her hand. She smiles at the two men.

**MED. SHOT**
ANGLED PAST Mrs. Wyatt. She starts down the steps as Lednov and Peters come up.

MRS. WYATT
I was up to my elbows in flour when you boys rode up, that's why I didn't come out sooner. I hope Ed asked you to stay the night?

LEDNOV
All we want's supper.

At his tone, the welcoming smile leaves her face. She looks from one to the other. Lednov pushes past her up the steps and into the house. Mrs. Wyatt follows him with her glance. McCall motions.

MCCALL
We're in a hurry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL
LONG SHOT. In the f.g. the cavalcade moves along the trail. Now the Sierras back of the Wyatt ranch are much closer. The sun has set but it is still light.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY
MED. SHOT. Peters sprawls on the ground, smoking. He looks up as Wyatt and McCall cross from the direction of the barn.

PETERS
Take care of that horse?

WYATT
(gruffly)
Yeah. The best I could.
Wyatt goes on past and hurries up the steps.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE**

- a living room and kitchen combined: wood-stove against wall, a sink with a pump against another, a fireplace, simple furniture and, hanging from one of the rough walls, a concertina. Through an open doorway can be seen the Wyatt's bedroom. The house has a warm, well-scrubbed look. Wyatt enters.

Mrs. Wyatt, stoking the stove, turns. She glances nervously in the direction of the bedroom. Wyatt shifts his glance to the fireplace -- there is no gun hanging from the hooks above the mantel. Lednov appears in the doorway of the bedroom.

**WYATT**

What are you doin' --

**LEDNOV**

Lookin' around.

He crosses to the fireplace. He is carrying Wyatt's rifle, gun belt and six gun.

**LEDNOV**

These all the shells you got?

Wyatt has had as much of this as he can stand. He starts angrily across the room.

**WYATT**

Put my guns down and get out of here --

**MRS. WYATT**

Ed -- no, Ed.

She crosses to him and stands in his way. Wyatt pushes past
her and grabs for the guns. Lednov gives him a swipe
with
the back of his hand, knocking him away easily.

LEDNOV
Your old woman's got sense -- you
listen to her.

Mrs. Wyatt helps Ed to his feet. She puts an arm around
him.

LEDNOV
I asked you -- these all the shells
you got?

MRS. WYATT
(quickly)
They's a box in the cupboard over
the sink.

Lednov crosses to the cupboard and opens it. Finding
the box
of shells, he slips it in his pocket.

LEDNOV
(to Ed)
Get on about your chores.
(to Mrs. Wyatt)
And hurry that grub up.

Wyatt and his wife look at each other. Then meekly they
obey.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT DISSOLVE IN

MED. SHOT. Here the trail starts down into the valley.

From
o.s. comes the SOUND of the cavalcade approaching. Clay
rides
into the scene and stops on the hilltop to glance
ahead.

LONG SHOT
Clay's ANGLE. A light can be seen ahead in the valley.

REVERSE ANGLE
Clay turns and rides back toward the wagon. The mules have slowed to a walk in the climb up the hill.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

on wagon - (MOVING). Clay rides up alongside. Mary is hunched forward on the seat.

**CLAY**

Only a little ways now -- maybe a mile.

He glances down into the wagon bed where Helen is sitting by Elaine.

**CLAY**

How's she makin' out?

**HELEN**

(dryly)

If she feels worse than I do, she's dyin'.

Clay rides back toward the rear.

**CLAY**

(calling)

Steve --

**STEVE’S VOICE**

Yo --

**MED. FULL SHOT**

The wagon reaches the crest of the hill. Mary hits the mules with the reins. The mules break into a trot. Behind, the remuda comes into view. Clay sits his horse by the side of the trail and watches.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT**

**MED. SHOT.** Mrs. Wyatt stands by the stove, watching the three men at the table. Wyatt sits in a chair by the stove.

**MCCALL**
I'll have some more of that coffee.

Lednov pushes his chair back and rises.

**LEDNOV**

We got to get movin'.

**MCCALL**

What for?

**LEDNOV**

Because there's a man I want to see.

**MCCALL**

He can wait. Let's stay here until morning.

Wyatt and his wife exchange frightened glances. That's the last thing they want.

**LEDNOV**

(rising)

I said let's go.

**MCCALL**

(protesting)

One night more won't matter. Your friend'll be there. Anyway I don't think so much of the idea of prowling around his ranch. He knows you're out so he ain't going to sit still for it.

**LEDNOV**

(fierce)

I said I had a guy to see and I'm going to see him.

With the fingers of his right hand he automatically rubs his shoulder just above the heart.

**LEDNOV**

He gave me something once so I wouldn't forget.

**PETERS**

(rising)

He says go, we go.
Grudgingly, McCall gives in. They exit. Wyatt stares after them raging at his impotence.

**WYATT**
If they'd only left me a gun, I'd fix 'em.

**MRS. WYATT**
Hush, Ed. Hush. They might come back.

**EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT**
MED. FULL SHOT. The three men mount their horse, dig spurs in and ride away. As they ride toward the gate, Wyatt comes out on the steps.

**EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT**
LONG SHOT. Here the trail passes through a narrow draw, then climbs a small rise which overlooks the gate. Clay's caravan jogs along the trail.

**EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT**
LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. The caravan climbs toward camera. Through the gate ride Lednov, McCall and Peters. They stop for a moment then turn right and trot along the fence. As they disappear, the SOUND of the caravan's approach is heard o.s.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. WYATT RANCH - NIGHT - (MOONLIGHT)**
MED. FULL SHOT. Clay gallops into the yard and swings out of the saddle. The farmhouse is dark.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**
ANGLED THROUGH window, PAST Wyatt. Clay opens the gate and hurries up the steps and across the porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Clay raps on the door.

CLAY

Mr. Wyatt.

WYATT'S VOICE

Who is it?

CLAY

Clay Phillips.

The door opens. Wyatt comes out. He pumps Clay's hand.

WYATT

(calling)

You can light the lamp.

(to Clay)

I'm sure glad it's you. We were afraid those killers might come back.

CLAY

Three men on matched roans?

In the kitchen a match flares as Mrs. Wyatt lights the lamp.

WYATT

Yeah, how did you know?

CLAY

The whole state's lookin' for 'em.

(dryly)

And they're lookin' for me.

Mrs. Wyatt comes out to stand in the doorway. She shakes Clay's hand.

MRS. WYATT

You don't know how good it is to see you.

CLAY

Maybe you won't feel that way after I tell you what I stopped in for.
He turns and motions off.

**LONG SHOT**

ANOTHER ANGLE. Clay, Wyatt and Mrs. Wyatt in f.g. The wagon is coming toward the yard followed by the remuda.

**CLAY**

I picked up some women on the road.

**THREE SHOT**

Clay, Mrs. Wyatt and Wyatt. O.s. the wagon and horses can be heard.

**MRS. WYATT**

Tell them to come on in.

**CLAY**

But I'm going to have to leave 'em here. They're --- well they're not the sort of people you're used to.

**MRS. WYATT**

(a reprimand)

It doesn't matter who they are.

**CLAY**

(lamely)

And one of 'em is sick.

**MRS. WYATT**

Why didn't you say so. Go right out and get her. Ed. build the fire up.

She turns back into the kitchen. Clay looks after her, then hurries down the steps. Wyatt follows his wife inside.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wyatt goes to the stove and starts stoking the fire.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Wyatt takes the lamp from the wall bracket and goes to bed.
FULL SHOT. It is a pleasant room with a large, handmade, double bed, white flour sack curtains at wide windows. Mrs. Wyatt puts the lamp on the dresser. Going to the bed she pulls back the covers, feels the sheets.

MRS. WYATT
(calling)
Wrap a stove lid in dish towels and bring it in here. This bed's like ice.

MED. SHOT
Turning from the bed, she crosses to the dresser. Beside the dresser is a camel-back trunk. She starts to open a drawer, pauses and looks down at the trunk. Moving to the trunk, she hesitates. Then making up her mind, she bends down and throws open the trunk.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
DOWN ANGLE. A girl's clothing is neatly packed in the trunk. A framed picture is face down on top of the clothing. Wyatt kneels by the trunk, pushes the dresses aside and finds a nightgown. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as she rises and shakes it out. It is frilly, dainty, very feminino; obviously the nightdress of a young girl. She closes the trunk, turns as she goes to the bed, Wyatt comes through the door carrying the towel-wrapped stove lid. She lays the nightgown on bed, takes the stove lid and puts it between the sheets. Wyatt is staring down at the garment.

WYATT
(cold)
Put it back.

They face each other. Wyatt reaches out and takes the
nightgown.

MRS. WYATT
Someone might as well get some good out of it. Wyatt crosses to the trunk.

MRS. WYATT
It isn't as if she was dead.

Wyatt opens the trunk, puts the nightgown in and closes the lid.

WYATT
(cold)
It stays there, understand!

The slamming of a door o.s. interrupts them. They turn and start for the door.

MRS. WYATT
(calling)
Right in here, Mr. Phillips.

She follows Wyatt to the doorway, CAMERA DOLLYING WITH her.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANGLED PAST Mrs. Wyatt. Clay, carrying Elaine, bundled in blankets, comes forward. Wyatt has stopped just inside kitchen. Mary and Helen follow Clay through the door.

MRS. WYATT
The bed's all ready and warm --

She stops, staring at the girl.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The Wyatts in the doorway. They recognize the girl. Wyatt's expression hardens. Clay, carrying Elaine, pushes them into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
MED. SHOT. Clay carries the girl to the bed and gently puts her down. Her eyes are closed. Slowly the Wyatts enter the room to stand close together staring at the girl on the bed. Clay suddenly realizes that something is wrong. He glances up. Elaine opens her eyes and looks up at her mother and father.

MRS. WYATT
(softly to Wyatt)
Go out and make some coffee.

Wyatt doesn't move.

MRS. WYATT
Go on. You too, Mr Phillips.

As Clay waits, Wyatt moves through the door unable to argue back.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FULL SHOT. Mary and Helen stand close to the steeve, looking anxiously toward the bedroom door as Clay and Wyatt come out. Clay closes the door. Wyatt, dazed by the shock of seeing his daughter again, stands momentarily staring at the closed door. Then very slowly he turns and looks at Helen and Mary.

MED. SHOT

his ANGLE. Mary and Helen, seeing the two men's expressions, look from one to the other, puzzled.

MARY
Is she very sick?

WYATT
(cold, flat)
Get 'em out of here. I won't have 'em in this house.
He crosses to the kitchen door, exits, slamming the door behind him.

MARY  
(softly)  
So that was why she tried to run away.

CLAY  
(sharp)  
Didn't you know she had a father and mother out here?

MARY  
(hurt and angry)  
I didn't know anything about her except she wanted a job because some man had left her stranded. I couldn't leave her in the street. Let's go.

CLAY  
Hold on.

MARY  
We can't stay here!

CLAY  
It's a long walk back to Aspen.

Turning from them, he exits. Mary and Helen look at each other. Then Helen grins wryly and goes over to the cupboard.

HELEN  
I don't know about you. But I'm not being thrown out on an empty stomach.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Wyatt in the f.g. stands by the horse trough. His face is set, his expression hard, unyielding. Clay comes across the yard past the wagon. Wyatt doesn't look at him as Clay comes up.

TWO SHOT
Clay and Wyatt. Clay takes the makings from his pocket, rolls a cigarette, lights it.

**CLAY**
I'm sorry about this, Mr. Wyatt. I didn't know who she was.

**WYATT**
(quiet)
All right, you didn't know.

**CLAY**
I can't take her with me.

**WYATT**
Nobody asked you to.

O.s. Steve whistles the tune of the A B C song as he comes out of the barn.

**WYATT**
Just get those two out of here.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**
Steve approaches from the barn.

**CLAY**
You're not bein' quite fair.

**WYATT**
What's there to be fair about?

**TWO SHOT**
Clay and Wyatt. Clay takes the making from his pocket, rolls a cigarette, lights it.

**CLAY**
I'm sorry about this, Mr. Wyatt. I didn't know you had a daughter.

**WYATT**
(quiet)
All right, you didn't know.

**CLAY**
I can't take her with me.
WYATT
Nobody asked you to.

O.s. Steve whistles the tune of the A B C song as he comes out of the barn.

WYATT
Just get these two out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Steve approaches from the barn.

CLAY
You're not bein' quite fair.

WYATT
What's there to be fair about?

Steve comes up.

STEVE
Hello, Mr. Wyatt.

He starts whistling again as he continues toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT
wagon. Steve picks up a couple of valises and some blankets and heads for the house, still whistling. In the b.g. can be heard the mutter of voices as Clay and Wyatt talk.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT
Helen is sitting at the table, eating a piece of bread and drinking coffee. Mary stands at the window. Steve is coming up the steps and across the porch. He pushes the door open and enters.

STEVE
(cheerfully)
Where do I put your things?

Mary turns from the window.
MARY

Back in the wagon.

Steve stands with his arms full, looking at Mary.

STEVE

Aren't we stayin'?

MARY

No. We're not stayin' --

She crosses to him and smiles wryly.

MARY

Everything's all mixed up, so don't ask questions.

Steve hesitates.

MARY

(soft)

Go on, Steve.

Steve exits.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE. Steve stops on the porch. He is puzzled, worried, and he glances back then over toward the fence where Wyatt and Clay are talking. He shrugs and starts off toward the wagon.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Mary crosses to the stove.

HELEN

Sit down and eat, why don't you?

Mary lifts the stove lid and puts a stick in the firebox.

HELEN

It isn't like this was the first place we were ever thrown out of.

MARY

That's not what's worryin' me. Why didn't she tell us? Maybe we could have done somethin' -- gone somewhere
else -- puttin' a poor sick kid
through this --

HELEN
Quit worryin' about Elaine.

She motions to the bedroom door.

HELEN
She's home, isn't she? So worry about
us. We want to get to Sonora.

Footsteps across the porch. The two girls look toward
the
doors.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

SHOOTING PAST Mary. The door slowly opens. Wyatt
crosses to the bedroom door, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

It is
as though he doesn't see the two women. He stands in
front
of the door, staring at it. Then his hand moves to the
knob.

Slowly he turns the knob and opens the door. The two

girls
watch him as he hesitates on the threshold. Then he

enters
and
closes the door softly. Helen looks over at Mary

smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT as Wyatt stops, looking at Elaine, resting
back
against the pillow, seeming very young in the
nightgown. For
a moment it is difficult to know what is in Wyatt's

mind.

Then he sees the twin tintypes. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD

Wyatt's
face as tears come to his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MED. SHOT as footsteps cross the porch and the screen
creaks open. Clay enters the kitchen, carrying the
suitcases and some blankets. He nods to the girls, then
goes
to the door leading to the other bedroom. There he
stops.

**CLAY**
This will be your room until Mr.
Wyatt finds time to take you to the
nearest stage station.

As he carries their belongings in:

**DISOLVE OUT**

**INT. MARY'S AND HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT DISSOLVE IN**

The room is lighted only by the moonlight. Mary and
are in the big four poster bed, close to the window.
Clay's footsteps are heard on the porch. The kitchen door
softly. There is the rattle of a stove lid being

**HELEN**
(whispering)
That sounds like him.

Mary slides out of bed and slips into a robe.

**HELEN**
This time don't talk about cooking!

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Clay turns from the stove to the cupboard over the sink
takes down a coffee cup. The door into Elaine's bedroom
closed. The door into Mary's bedroom opens and Mary
the kitchen. He turns back to the stove and fills his
Mary comes up.

**CLAY**
Coffee?

**MARY**
No, thanks.
I hope we won't be a burden to them.

CLAY
I hope so, too.

He picks up his coffee and goes out on the porch. Mary hesitates, then follows.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

ANGLED PAST Clay. Mary comes out. Clay sits on the bench by the door, drinking his coffee.

CLAY
(quiet)
If you're figuring on asking me to take you, it's no use.

Mary crosses to stand above him.

MARY
A time like this people ought to be alone. Having us around is going to make it sort of hard on 'em.

Mary sighs, sits beside him. From the pocket of her robe she takes tobacco, rolls a cigarette and lights it. She passes the tobacco to Clay. He rolls one.

CLAY
(on the defensive)
I'm sorry, but that's how it's got to be.

MARY
I suppose it is.

CLAY
And it's not only because the trip's a tough one --

Mary strikes a match and holds the flame to his cigarette.

MARY
(softly)
You don't have to explain. Did I
tell you how grateful I am for what you've done?

CLAY
I couldn't leave you sitting by the road.

MARY
You could have treated us like they did in Aspen. No. You wouldn't do a thing like that -- it isn't in you to be mean or cruel.

Mary rises to move to the edge of the porch.

MED. CLOSE

Mary in f.g.

MARY
(softly)
No man who brings up a kid like you've brought up Steve could ever be cruel to people.

Turning, she leans against the post that supports the porch.

MARY
I hope you get everything you want out of life --

CLAY
(wary)
Thanks.

MARY
You've earned it -- the horse ranch on the Toulomoe -- the girl in the spotted gingham.

CLAY
The who?

MARY
You should know. She's in your dream.

Clay puts his cup down, looks up. She is very lovely standing in the moonlight, her body arched back, the robe open a little.
MARY
Ever since you've looked after Steve you've had the dream -- a ranch on the river -- good grass, good water, barn corral and house --- that part you've shared with Steve. The girl in gingham you plan sneakin' in when he isn't looking.
(she pauses)

CLAY
(enigmatic)
Go on. Tell me more about her.

MARY
She wears this gingham dress -- cooks popovers -- makes jam in season -- makes her own soap from pig fat and wood ashes and has cheeks the color of red apples.

CLAY
(dryly)
I'll make the soap myself.

MARY
But the rest is right.

CLAY
Will she be dark or fair?

MARY
Blonde as a new mop. And beautiful as the girl on a feed store calendar.

Straightening, she crosses the porch to pause momentarily close to Clay.

MARY
(softly)
I hope you find her -- because, like I said, you've earned your dream. Goodnight.

faintly.

She enters the house. Clay looks after her, smiling faintly.

He knows she is up to something but not what.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT
MED. SHOT. Save for the moonlight coming through the window, the room is dark. Mary enters softly, throws off her robe and slips into bed beside Helen.

MED. CLOSE

on bed. Moonlight falls across the bed. Mary pulls the covers up. Helen turns her head.

HELEN
Did you make it interesting?

Mary snuggles down on the pillow.

MARY
I tried my best, but these things take time.

HELEN
And we're running out of that.

MARY
There's still tomorrow morning.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH window PAST Mary. The early morning sun fills the yard. Steve is in the corral harnessing the mules. Clay and Wyatt are taking Mary's and Helen's trunks out of the wagon.

HELEN'S VOICE
Those trunks look like ours.

Mary, who was in profile, turns.

MARY
They are.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Helen is seated at the table. Mary stands with her back to
the window near the sink.

HELEN
How long do you think we'll have to stay here?

MARY
Until Pa gets around to driving us to Minden.

HELEN
We don't want to go there.

MARY
No we don't. But that's where we're going. From Minden we take a stage to Reno, then another one over to Auburn and another one to Placerville. Then it's a day's trip to Sonora.

HELEN
Clay could save us an awful lot of time.

MARY
He certainly could. About a month.

HELEN
What are you waiting for? Do something.

Mary comes over to stand by the table. Her expression is thoughtful.

HELEN
(sharp)
You're not giving up?

MARY
How many ways can a man say no.

Helen rises. Her manner is determined.

HELEN
(crosses to door)
Maybe I better start working on him.

MARY
You'd think he'd do it for Elaine's sake, at least...
as she stops, apparently inspired by Mary's last remark. She looks out into the yard where Clay is working on the wagon.

SHOOTING TOWARD Elaine's bedroom door. Helen crosses to Mary.

HELEN
(sweetly)
If you can't bring him around, nobody can.

She puts her arm around Mary's shoulder.

HELEN
Go on. Have another try at him.

MARY
What's the use.

HELEN
(cajoling)
Please. Maybe he'll take a good look at you and stop thinking so much about his horses.

As she speaks she edges Mary to the door leading outside.

HELEN
A man has only so many no's in him.

Mary smiles at her, shrugs and exits. Helen looks after her. Mary's footsteps are heard going down the steps. Then Helen swings around and going to Elaine's door, opens it.

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

MED. SHOT. Elaine is sitting up in bed. There is a small table by the bed and on it is a breakfast tray. Mrs. Wyatt sits by the bed. Elaine looks happy for the first time.
Wyatt is holding a cup to her lips. Helen enters and closes the door.

**HELEN**
Look at you, sitting up already.

Crossing to the bed she takes the cup from Mrs. Wyatt.

**HELEN**
Let me do this while you get some breakfast.

**MRS. WYATT**
But I like to do it.

**HELEN**
You're worn out.

As she pushes Mrs. Wyatt toward the door.

**HELEN**
Now don't argue. You've got two able-bodied girls to help you so take advantage of it. And don't let me catch you touching the dishes.

She closes the door behind Mrs. Wyatt and comes back, sits on the edge of the bed and holds the cup to Elaine's lips.

**HELEN**
Well -- it's going to be good for all of us -- having a nice long rest here. After all -- Sonora will still be there next month. Maybe we can rehearse a new number -- try it out on your folks.

Elaine tries not to show her panic at this suggestion.

**ELAINE**
Helen -- why don't you and Mary go on with Clay?

**HELEN**
He won't take us.
(then, hurt)
Don't you want us around?

**ELAINE**
Of course I do -- but it'd be better for you -- and the house is kind of small --

**HELEN**
If you're worried about Mary and me talkin' too much, don't. No matter how many questions your old man asks. We know how to keep our mouths shut.

**ELAINE**
It isn't that --

**HELEN**
Don't talk -- eat -- we want to get you well quick as we can so we can all get out of here.

**ELAINE**
But I want to stay.

**HELEN**
Drink this and stop being silly. Why would anyone want to live in this place. You might as well be dead and buried. Nothing to do but look at mountains. In a week you'd be talking to yourself.

(then, brightly)
Maybe that's what got you started in the first place.

Elaine pushes the cup away, sits up straighter.

**ELAINE**
(distraught)
I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here where I belong.

**HELEN**
Not if I know Mary. When she rides into Sonora, you'll be with her. And mighty glad to be there after this. I don't see how you stood it as long as you did.

**ELAINE**
(sobbing)
Stop it -- stop it.

**HELEN**
(contrite)
Darling -- now I've got you all upset.

Elaine buries her head in the pillow.

**ELAINE**

Go away -- please.

**HELEN**

That's right -- you go back to sleep. Tomorrow when you feel better things will look a whole lot different. Don't you worry about anything -- Mary's going to talk things over with your folks --

Elaine sits up and grabs Helen's arm.

**ELAINE**

(fiercely)

She mustn't -- don't you let her --

**HELEN**

There, there. Don't you upset yourself --

**ELAINE**

(wildly)

If she says anything to them I'll kill her.

The door opens and Mrs. Wyatt enters. She hurries over to the bed, pushes Helen aside, and takes the sobbing girl in her arms.

**ELAINE**

(sobbing)

I don't want to leave you, ever.

Mrs. Wyatt flares at Helen.

**MRS. WYATT**

What did you do to her?

**HELEN**

Nothing. The poor child's worried about Mary --

Turning, she goes to the door.

**HELEN**

I won't let her say anything --
She exits.

**INT. KITCHEN**

MED. SHOT. Leaving the door open, Helen enters the kitchen. She glances back at the bedroom, half smiling, then crosses to the window and looks out.

**EXT. YARD**

ANGLED past Helen THROUGH window. Clay is crossing the yard toward the house.

**INT. KITCHEN**

MED. SHOT. Helen turns from the window and walks hurriedly to the second bedroom door. Clay's footsteps cross the porch. Helen enters the bedroom and closes the door as Clay comes in. Clay looks around, then seeing the open bedroom door, crosses to it.

**INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM**

ANGLED PAST Clay in doorway. Mrs. Wyatt is holding the sobbing girl in her arms. She looks over at Clay.

**CLAY**

Well, I'm off --

Then realizing that something is wrong he steps into the bedroom.

**MED. SHOT**

**CLAY**

(puzzled)

What's the matter?

Hearing his voice, Elaine lifts her head from her mother's shoulder.
ELAINE
Don't let them stay here, Mr. Phillips. They'll spoil everything.

Clay looks from one to the other, frowning. Elaine tries to get out of bed. Her mother holds her.

ELAINE
(wildly)
Take them with you -- Mary's going to talk to dad -- she's going to keep talking and talking to me until maybe I won't want to stay here --

MRS. WYATT
Please take them.

CLAY
I can't --

ELAINE
You've got to -- don't you understand -- they want me with them and they'll fix it so I have to go --

CLAY
(sharp)
No they won't.

Turning, he exits. Mrs. Wyatt holds Elaine close.

EXT. PORCH

MED. SHOT. Helen stands on the porch in the sunlight. She glances back. Clay, his expression hard and angry comes out. He doesn't look at Helen but stalks down the steps toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT ON WAGON

STEVE
What comes after Z?

MARY
That's the end of the line.

STEVE
(happily)
Then I know my alphabet.

MARY
From A to Z. All you have to do now is figure out what they mean put together in words.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay comes toward the wagon. Helen stands on the porch.

STEVE
And that's tough, isn't it?

MARY
Without someone to teach you, it's tough.

Clay appears behind her. Mary turns and smiles.

MARY
He knows his alphabet.

CLAY
That's fine.

STEVE
I'll bet I'd be reading in a week if --

He catches Clay's glance and his face falls.

MARY
Maybe Clay will take up where I left off.

Steve gets some courage. He comes over to his brother and faces him.

STEVE
I don't think it's fair --

He pauses; Clay waits.

STEVE
Leaving them here when we could just as well take them. We got plenty of room in the wagon. And -- and -- they cook and drive the mules. They don't bother anybody.

CLAY
Finished, son?

**STEVE**
(weakly)
There's only two of them now.

Clay moves past them toward the corral. Mary looks after him, then turning, motions to Helen. Helen starts toward the wagon.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Clay's horse stands saddled at the fence. He vaults saddle, turns the horse.

**CLAY**

I'll round up the horses. Throw that junk in the wagon.

He rides off. Steve, delighted, runs to start loading the girls' things. Helen hurries into the scene.

**MED. CLOSE**

Mary and Helen. Mary smiles at Helen.

**MARY**
(happily)

You were right -- a man has only so many no's in him. But he had me worried -- that last one sounded so final.

Helen nods, looking at Mary as though in admiration.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. WYATT RANCH**

LONG SHOT - the wagon, followed by the remuda and with Clay riding ahead moves slowly up the canyon back of the ranch.

**FADE OUT**
EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY FADE IN

LONG SHOT - ANGLED WEST. The forest is fairly open, yellow pine, lodgepole and fir. To the West can be seen the red granite domes of the higher range. O.s. there is SOUND of the cavalcade approaching. CAMERA PANS AROUND ANGLES PAST. Toward camera, comes the cavalcade, climbing slowly. Far in the distance and down can be seen the waste of desert and the barren hills of Nevada. Clay, a rifle across his legs, is riding on one side of the wagon. Steve rides beside Mary, who is driving. The remuda trails behind. Helen, lying in the wagon bed, cannot be seen.

MED. TRUCKING SHOT

ANGLED PAST Steve. Steve has a copy of Leslie's Weekly open on the pommel. Helen lies full length in the wagon bed, occupying herself by giving herself a manicure with an orange stick.

STEVE

It's a lot tougher than I figured. Knowin' my letters is one thing. But makin' sense out of words is harder'n trackin' weasel after rain.

Clay glances over at his brother. Mary sees him watching. Their eyes meet. She smiles. He doesn't return the smile.

STEVE

-- and even if I do learn to read, what use'll it be? I'm goin' to live on a ranch!

MARY

There's plenty of use for reading -- you'll see.
He sighs and scowls down at the page. He puts his finger on a word and starts to spell it out.

STEVE
U-n-i-c-o-r-n... What in heck's that?

MARY
Unicorn -- a kind of animal --

STEVE
What do they look like?

MARY
Hmmm... sort of like a horse -- with a horn in the center of its forehead.

STEVE
Horses with horns! Huh! Do we have 'em in Nevada?

MARY
No.

STEVE
How about California?

MARY
Would they be good to eat?

MARY
(not too sure)
Kind of tough, I guess... But you're not liable to hunt them -- I don't think there's any alive now, anyways -- and I'm not sure but I don't think there ever were...

STEVE
Then if they wasn't alive, how can they be an animal?...

Mary starts to protest -- Steve goes on.

STEVE
An' if you can't hunt 'em and even if you could they'd be tough, what's the use of knowin' how to spell them?

MARY
You don't read to fill your stomach...
Poetry, for instance. All the poems in the world wouldn't fill you half as much as a bowl of eatmeal -- but they make you feel good.

STEVE
(stubbornly)
I feel good anyways.

REVERSE SHOT

ANGLED PAST Clay.

CLAY
Don't go arguing with your teacher.

STEVE
I'm not, but there's some of it I don't see any sense to.

CLAY
There's a lot of things I don't see any sense to. But make up your mind. Learn to read or --
(motioning)
-- go back and watch the horses.

He touches his horse with his spurs and rides on ahead.

MED. CLOSE

ANGLED PAST Mary. Steve in the b.g. Mary looks after Clay, puzzled, wondering. Then she looks over at Steve.

MARY
Well, Steve?

STEVE
(grinning)
Now I know what a unicorn is, what do we do next?

EXT. FOREST TRAIL

Here the forest has thinned out. The trail climbs a rise, then drops down. Clay jogs along the trail, his rifle across his knees. As he reaches the edge of the forest at the
of the rise, he suddenly pulls his horse to a stop, around and rides back into the trees. Throwing the over the horse's head, he swings out of the saddle and cautiously to the crest of the hill.

**LONG SHOT**

Clay's ANGLE. The trail leads down through open country big meadow ringed with lodgepole pine, and across the to start climbing toward another, higher range of

Three horsemen on roans, Lednov, Peters and McCall, are crossing the meadow slowly.

**MED. SHOT**

DOWN ANGLE. Lednov, Peters and McCall as they ride the meadow.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Clay, as he peers down. He cocks his rifle. The voices of Mary and Steve and the SOUND of the approaching wagon can be heard o.s. Clay turns his head.

**FULL SHOT**

the cavalcade. Mary and Helen are in the seat of the wagon. Steve rides alongside.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Clay. He lowers his rifle, waves at them to stop and be quiet, rises and hurries down the hill, CAMERA PANNING WITH

**EXT. MEADOW**

MED. SHOT of Lednov as he pulls in his limping horse, steps, looking back over his shoulder as though he sensed an
unfamiliar presence. The other two watch him, frowning. He shrugs and glances down at the bad leg of his mount.

**LEDNOV**

We'll camp on up ahead away. That leg ain't good...

As they start away, moving slowly toward the trees in the distance...

**MED. FULL SHOT**

Clay motions to Mary to stop as he hurries toward the wagon. Mary reins in the mules.

**CLAY**

We're staying here until dark.

(motioning)

Pull over to the woods.

(to Steve)

You put hobbles on the horses -- all of 'em. Get goin'.

**DISSOLVE OUT**

**EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK DISSOLVE IN**

LONg SHOT. Clay, in close foreground, stands, leaning on his rifle. The sun has set and the valley below is in shadow. There is the silence of dusk. No wind stirs the trees. There is some light outlining the high mountains -- treeless crags and domes and spires. Clay turns.

**REVERSE SHOT**

Down the hill in the forest, is the wagon. Beyond it the horses stand. Steve is stretched out on his stomach studying his magazine. Helen is sitting on a tarp playing solitaire. Clay starts down the hill toward the camp.

**MED. SHOT - UP ANGLE**
Clay walks through the trees. As he comes around a big yellow pine, he stops suddenly and looks down.

**MED. CLOSE**

ANGLED DOWN PAST Clay. Mary lies on the carpet of pine needles, her head pillowed on her arms, her dress pulled taut across her chest. She is looking up through the trees at the fading sky.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Clay stares down at Mary. She does not look at him. She is aware of his presence, but she doesn't show it. In the soft light of dusk she is very lovely. Clay is conscious of her loveliness. He would like to drop down beside her.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Mary. She turns her face to look at him. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Clay stands above her, looking down. For a moment their eyes meet. Clay starts away. CAMERA HOLDS ON Mary.

**MARY**

Where you goin'? Over to the other side of the street?

**MED. SHOT**

ANGLED PAST Mary, who rises slowly. Clay looks back, hesitates, then crosses to where the horses are tethered and through the trees. Clay tightens the cinch. Mary moves down toward him.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Mary moves up to stand beside him.

**MARY**

Are we leaving?
CLAY
It's too light yet.

He swings into the saddle, pulls the rifle out of the scabbard and lays it across the pommel.

CLAY
Better go on back and get some more sleep. You'll need it later on.

MARY
(soberly)
You're not going out to look for them?

CLAY
No, I'm not. All I want 'em to do is keep ahead of us -- a long way ahead. So I'm riding up the line aways to pick us out a new trail.

He touches the mare with his spurs and trots down the hill.
He disappears around a bend in the trail.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Mary, in the f.g., is staring after Clay. Helen is watching her. Steve has risen and walks up behind her. He smiles at her.

STEVE
Nobody's gonna catch him sleeping. Don't worry about him.

MARY
(turning)
Oh, I wasn't worrying. (flustered)
I saw him saddling up and thought he was ready to leave.

She starts down toward the wagon, Steve walking beside her and CAMERA TRUCKING WITH them THROUGH the forest.

STEVE
(softly)
You were worryin'.

Mary glances over.

**STEVE**

Sometimes not knowin' how to read has its points. You can't read books so you look at people and figure 'em out.

**MARY**

And you've got me all figured out?

**STEVE**

Sure.

They have passed Helen, playing solitaire on the canvas, and have reached the place where the grub box stands. Steve spreads a tarp for her.

**STEVE**

I'll fix us somethin' to eat.

Mary sits down. Steve opens the grub box and takes out some plates, tinned food and hardtack.

**STEVE**

Like when you were standin' there looking after Clay. I knew right off what you were thinking. Because I've been watching you.

**MARY**

You were supposed to be reading words.

**STEVE**

I was doin' both. Here.

He hands her a plate of food, takes another and goes over to Helen.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Helen looks up from her card game, takes the plate with a smile.

**HELEN**

Thanks, Steve.
He grins at her, turns and comes back to Mary who is watching him.

**MARY**
Better not let Clay catch you waitin' on us.

Steve sits on the edge of the grub box and picks up his plate.

**STEVE**
Don't pay any attention to him. That's his way and I've found he's sure easy to get along with. I don't recollect him havin' hit me more'n a couple of times and I guess I had it comin'.

**MARY**
But you're his brother.

**STEVE**
He'll treat his wife just as good. Maybe better. Ever see him use a bull snake on the mules like other wranglers?

Mary shakes her head.

**STEVE**
Yes sir, Clay's nice to be around.

(the clincher)
He don't chew much and when he does he spits outside.

**HELEN**
(dryly)
You make him sound wonderful... Go on. Tell Mary more about him.

Steve looks over at her, embarrassed, a little hurt by her tone. He rises, takes Mary's empty plate and his own and goes over to the little spring to wash them. Mary looks sharply at Helen. Helen shrugs. Mary rises and follows Steve over to the spring.

**MED. CLOSE ON SPRING**
Steve kneels by the little pool, washing the plates in the run off. Mary stops above him.

MARY
She was only teasin'.

STEVE
(offhand)
Oh, sure.

MARY
Let me do that.

She kneels beside him. Steve looks over at her.

STEVE
I like to do things for you. Didn't you know?

She looks down at the water bubbling up into the little moss lined pool.

MARY
(softly)
I know now.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. O.s. there is the SOUND of the cavalcade moving. A wheel passes camera, then another.

CAMERA
PULLS BACK to reveal the wagon passing in the moonlit darkness. Mary is driving.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay rides into the shot, his rifle ready. The wagon follows. Then the remuda with Steve bringing up the rear. Steve also holds his rifle ready. Both men are wary, watchful, apprehensive.

DISSOLVE
EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH the leaves of a quaking aspen. The cavalcade moves on along the trail.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The east is grey with the approaching dawn. The terrain is treeless, forbidding. Granite crags rise all around. The trail leads up through a canyon then narrows. The cavalcade toils forward. Clay, in the lead, stops and waits for the wagon to come abreast.

MED. SHOT

As the wagon comes abreast, Clay dismounts, loops the reins over the tail gate, then swings up into the seat, motioning for Mary to move over. He takes the reins, puts his rifle down in front of him.

MED. CLOSE - MOVING (PROCESS)

Clay and Mary. Helen is sleeping in the bed of the wagon.

MARY

Don't you trust me?

CLAY

Not on this trail, I don't. I've been over it before. Anyway, you ought to be pretty sleepy. Why don't you climb in back.

Mary glances ahead.

MARY

I like to see where I'm going.

She picks up the rifle and holds it across her knees.
CLAY  
(dryly)  
Did you ever care where you were  
goin' or where you'd been?

Mary glances over at him wonderingly.

MARY  
Maybe not! But I want to get there  
in one piece.

They ride along in silence for a moment. The trail is  
rough.  
The jolting wagon throws them together. Their shoulders  
touch.

MARY  
(softly)  
Why did you change your mind about  
bringing us along?

CLAY  
Why do you think?

MARY  
(soberly)  
I don't know. I thought I did. Now  
I'm not sure. I thought it had  
something to do with me.

CLAY  
Oh, it did. It had a great deal to  
do with you.

Mary studies him, trying to figure out what he means.

MARY  
Just how do you mean that?

Clay is busy with driving down the rough road. He  
 speaks  
without looking at her.

CLAY  
You know so much about me -- figure  
it out.

MARY  
So that's it --  
(he glances over)  
You think I was making fun of your
CLOSE SHOT

Helen. She lies in the bed of the wagon, looking up.

MARY'S VOICE
I wasn't. And I wasn't making fun of you or your dream.

She waits for an answer, but getting none, continues.

MARY'S VOICE
Of course, maybe I was trying to get you to do something you didn't want to do.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING (PROCESS)

Clay and Mary. Clay busies himself with the brake and the reins.

CLAY
You wouldn't do a thing like that, would you?

MARY
(softly)
Yes. But -- that was the other night. Now -- I don't think I would.

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED AHEAD

Clay and Mary in f.g. The trail now goes down a slope to a river, which boils out of a narrow canyon, then follows river through the canyon. Clay hands the reins to Mary, his rifle.

CLAY
That's the West Walker. Take it easy now.

MED. SHOT

Clay swings down. The wagon moves past him. He frees his horse, swings into the saddle and gallops down toward
canyon.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She looks after him.

FULL SHOT

The wagon moves down toward the river. Clay disappears into the canyon. Steve and the remuda follow the wagon.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL

ANGLED TOWARD mouth of canyon. Clay rides along the trail, his rifle at the ready. Now he moves warily, keeping a sharp lookout. The canyon is dark, sinister.

REVERSE SHOT

The cavalcade enters the canyon.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN

Clay rides toward camera. The trail curves around a cliff.

MED. SHOT

Clay. He rides around the bend in the trail. He hears something. He reins the horse in. Some pebbles rattle down the cliff. He looks up.

FROM CLAY'S ANGLE

The muzzle of a rifle is visible. Clay starts to bring his gun up.

FOWLER'S VOICE

Hold it!

DOWN ANGLE

Clay lets his rifle rest across his knees. He looks up. Fowler, a well-set-up young man in jeans, blue shirt and worn jacket and wearing a battered hat, moves into scene.
CLOSE SHOT

Clay. He is wary, puzzled as to the man's identity. For all he knows it may be one of Lednov's men.

MED. SHOT

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER
What are you doin' on this trail?

CLAY
Followin' it. Any reason I shouldn't?

MED. LONG SHOT

SHOOTING PAST Fowler. Into view comes the wagon and the remuda. Fowler lowers his rifle. He slides down the cliff to stand beside Clay.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Fowler.

FOWLER
My name's Fowler. I'm camped up a ways.

He extends his hand. Clay shakes it.

CLAY
Clay Phillips of Aspen. Been havin' trouble?

FOWLER
Nope. But I don't want any.

CLAY
Neither do we. That's why we took this trail instead of the main road, and drove all night.

FOWLER
You're welcome to use my camp.

He motions ahead, starts walking. Clay rides beside him.
DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

FULL SHOT. The river is beyond the meadow. In the pine forest at the edge of the meadow is Fowler's camp. The cavalcade is driving up to the camp. There are two horses tethered in the meadow.

EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP

MED. FULL SHOT. A tarp is stretched over the camp. There is a crude stone fireplace, a rough table and two benches. Shelves are nailed between the trees. In a small lean-to there is a bunk with Fowler's bedroll on it. Fowler watching Mary and Holen as they get out of the wagon. The horses spread out across the meadow. Steve and Clay dismount. Both unsaddle. Helen, Mary and Fowler exchange glances. The two women walk toward the camp, which is behind a screen of trees.

MED. CLOSE ON CAMP

Helen and Mary enter the camp.

MARY

We might as well start a fire.

HELEN

Go ahead. (nodding off)

Get in training for the pioneer life. I'm finding the nearest body of water and climbing into it.

She goes off and across the meadow. Mary looks after her, shrugs and going to the fireplace, takes moss and twigs from the pile and puts them in. Clay, carrying saddle bags
canteens, enters.

MARY

Got a light?

He puts them down, goes over to the fireplace and

kneels to

light the moss. Mary has stepped back.

CLOSE SHOT - LOW

As he lights the fire, the lower portion of Mary's body

comes into the shot. Clay becomes aware of her closeness. He

rises slowly. CAMERA ANGLES UP. Mary is standing facing him,

almost touching him. They stare at each other without

speaking.

SOUND

Both suddenly move together. They kiss. There is a

over shot and they step apart, looking off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve has come into scene and is looking at them. He

smiles with pleasure and surprise.

STEVE

(innocently)

Want the wagon unloaded, Clay?

CLAY

(upset)

Just the grub box and bed rolls.

Steve nods, smiles at both of them and goes out of

scene.

Clay and Mary face each other. Suddenly Clay swings

around and goes out of shot after his brother.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

She looks after him, clearly in love, disappointed that

they were interrupted. Then she turns to the fire.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
Clay and Steve. CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of them as they walk toward the wagon. Steve has begun to whistle blithely. Clay looks sideways at him. Steve whistles even louder. They stop the wagon. CAMERA HOLDS. Steve climbs inside and hands the grub box.

STEVE
I -- I think it'll be swell.

Clay puts the grub box on the ground. Steve tosses out the bed rolls, then jumps out. He grins up at Clay.

MED. CLOSE
Clay, embarrassed, puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

CLAY
When you get older you'll understand things better. Like women and men. Just because a man kisses a woman, doesn't always mean -- well, he can kiss her and not want to -- have her around all the time.

Steve watches him, puzzled. His exuberance has gone.

CLAY
We got a lot to do, you and I. Gettin' that ranch started and everything. We've been getting along fine, all these years. For a while I want to keep it the way it is.

Abruptly Clay turns and indicates the grub box. Steve watches him.

CLAY
Take that in and help her get breakfast, will you?

Steve nods and carries the grub box out of the scene. Clay moves around the wagon.
ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay in the f.g. In front of Clay stretches the meadow with the river beyond. The horses are grazing in the meadow. can be seen hurrying toward the aspens and alders that the river.

EXT. RIVER BANK

MED. SHOT. Here the river moves quietly down. The bank is sandy. Alders and aspens screen it from the meadow. Helen sits on the sand taking off her shoes and stockings. Her toilet box is beside her. Something on the bank catches attention, she rises and climbs the bank. Some branches of aspen cover an object. She pulls the branches away, revealing a crud, miner's cradle or rocker.

MED. CLOSE

Helen stares down at the cradle. She doesn't know what it is.

FOWLER'S VOICE

(sharp)
What are you doing down here?

Helen, startled, turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Fowler and Helen. They stare at each other.

FOWLER

(curts)
You got no business snoopin' around --

HELEN

(hart)
Me snoopin'? I came down here to take a bath.

She glances from Fowler to the cradle.
HELEN
That something I shouldn't see?

FOWLER
(flustered)
No. But it's mine and I didn't want anyone foolin' with it.

Hurriedly he covers it with branches again. Helen watches him, curious, interested.

HELEN
What is it?

FOWLER
Just a thing I was workin' on.

HELEN
The way you act, it must be something pretty secret.

When Fowler doesn't explain she moves on down the bank and sits on the sand.

FOWLER
Go on. Take your bath. I'll beat it.

HELEN
You wouldn't have a smoke on you, would you?

Fowler comes over and sits down beside her. He takes [a] sack of tobacco and papers from his pocket. She reaches for them. He watches her wide-eyed as she rolls a cigarette. He holds a match for her.

HELEN
Thanks.

She turns to the toilet case on the sand beside her, takes out a comb. He glances at the box, then reaches over from it takes her powder box. He sniffs it. Without irritation, as though borrowing a toy from a child,
takes the powder box from him.

FOWLER
That sure smells good.

HELEN
I like it.

FOWLER
Up here in the hills, a man gets a hankering to smell powder.

HELEN
Then why stay in the hills.

She looks at him then up the bank where the cradle is.

HELEN
That why?

Fowler hesitates. Helen hands him back the powder box as matter-of-factly as she took it. He accepts it gratefully, again putting it to his nose. Now he looks up at her, regarding her calculatingly for a moment or two. Their eyes meet.

FOWLER
I guess you can keep a secret. That's a gold rocker. I'm doin' a little placer mining in a place nobody ever thought to look for gold before.

He reaches to his throat and lifts over his head a braided loop of rawhide. Attached to the loop is a small, plump, soft-leather poke. Still holding the powder box, he passes her the poke. She starts to work with the thong.

FOWLER
Look at her -- see her shine. One week's work.

Helen still struggles with the thong. He takes the poke, pulls it open, pouring grains of gold into his palm.
looks at the shining heap in his hand. Then she takes the poke and pours some of the grains in her own palm. She looks down at it. Her expression is calculating. She looks up at Fowler and then the hard look goes away. She gives him a soft smile.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

CLOSE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Mary is asleep in the shade of a pine. She lies on a tarp using a folded blanket for a pillow. It is very quiet. She stirs, opens her eyes. Her expression changes. A soft smile plays around her lips as CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and we see Clay sitting near her, leaning against the bole of a pine. He isn't looking at her. Mary watches for a moment.

MARY

(softly)
Roll me a cigarette, Clay.

Clay looks over at her. Then rising he moves closer, squats and rolls a cigarette. He holds it out. She licks it, puts it in her mouth. Clay lights a match, holds it out. She catches his hand and holds the flame to her cigarette.

MARY

Thanks.

She still holds his hand. They look at each other.

MARY

Why didn't you wake me?

Clay doesn't answer.

MARY
You should have. I don't like leaving things unfinished.

**CLAY**
(quiet)
Maybe it's better that way.

**MARY**
(intense)
You don't mean that Clay.

She holds his hand, smiling up. Clay hesitates, then for her is more than he can bear, so he takes her in arms. They kiss, holding the kiss for a long while.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**
They break. She lies looking up. He half lies, half sits beside her.

**MARY**
(a whisper)
Tell me, darling.

**CLAY**
What?

**MARY**
What does a man usually tell a girl?

For answer, Clay kisses her again -- hard, ruthlessly. His hands crush her shoulders. Mary holds the kiss for a then draws back, waiting for him to say the words she to hear. His hands pull her toward him. Mary wants the but she also wants a declaration of love. She makes one try to get it.

**MARY**
Tell me -- please --

Clay's grip on her shoulders tightens. She searches his face with a glance -- stares into his eyes -- then pushes
away and sits up.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. She is hurt by his silence.

MARY
All right you don't love me. So let it go at that.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Clay's expression hardens. He drops his hands from her shoulders.

CLAY
What did you expect? Speeches I don't mean?

MARY
I don't expect anything. A minute ago I hadn't quite waked up.

She stands. He rises to face her.

MARY
I'm awake now. Go on. Say what you want to say. I'll listen.

CLAY
If it's pretty speeches you want, you won't be hearing them. Even when I mean 'em, they don't come easy.

MARY
Save 'em for the girl in gingham. Just tell me I'm not good enough for you. Go on. Say a woman like me can't change.

CLAY
All right -- it's said!

MARY
Then let's get started. The sooner I get to Sonora, the better I'll like it.

Turning she starts down toward camp.

MED. LONG SHOT
ANGLED PAST Clay. Below is the camp. Beyond the camp, through the trees, stands the wagon and Steve is hitching up mules. Clay hesitates, then follows.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

Mary. Tears form in her eyes. She blinks them away, composing herself with an effort.

EXT. CAMP

MED. SHOT – Helen and Fowler in f.g. Helen sits at one side of the table, Fowler on the other. Helen holds the soft leather poke. In the b.g. Mary approaches. Behind her comes Clay.

HELEN
You're sure there's more where this came from?

FOWLER
Plenty more.
(motioning)
And somewhere up there's the lode, the rock rotten with it.

Helen pours the gold out in her palm as Mary comes up. Mary stands looking down.

HELEN
Pretty, isn't it? And all you have to do is shovel sand into a thing and the river does the work.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay enters the scene and goes over to pick up his saddle bags.

MARY
(quiet)
Give it back to him. We're leavin'.

HELEN
Maybe you are. I'm not.
She reaches over and pats Fowler's hand.

HELEN
I'm stayin' here with Jed.

Mary looks from Helen to Fowler.

FOWLER
(shyly)
I figure we'll get along just fine.

HELEN
Well cheer, why don't you? No more responsibilities, Mary. Marcia -- Elaine -- me -- all taken care of. Down there feeding horses and raising kids, you won't have a thing to worry about.

Mary stands looking down at Helen. Lovingly Helen pours the gold back in the poke.

MARY
I'm not raising horses or kids for anybody. I'm opening the slickest gambling house in California with a crystal chandelier, the biggest you ever saw --

Clay, saddle bags in hand, straightens. Mary directs the rest of the speech at him.

MARY
-- Gaslights and a dance floor and a big bar. Cash registers with bells and a couple of boys with armbands just to keep 'em ringing. What do you think of that?

HELEN
Sounds fine. Only that isn't how it's going to be.

Helen juggles the poke in her hand.

HELEN
I'm sure of this. But not of you.  
(shakes head)
You won't open any joint. I've been
watching you change. You're mad now and you think you can change back. But you can't. You'll end up making beds in a boarding house.

MARY
(furious)
That's it then.

FOWLER
(the master)
That's it. She's staying with me -- for keeps.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve has entered the camp and is standing looking at them open-mouthed. Mary moves over to Fowler and holds out her hand.

MARY
If there were more men like you, there wouldn't be so many of us.

FOWLER
Thanks.

MARY
It's nice to meet a man who doesn't want to own a woman from the day she was born. I never had the luck. The only kind I've run into were tramps or dirty-minded hypocrites.

Clay moves up beside Mary.

MED. CLOSE

Clay, Mary and Fowler.

CLAY
(to Fowler)
She's amin' at me, but her aim's bad.

(to Mary)
Want to know why I changed my mind about bringing you? Because I talked to Elaine -- because I was afraid to leave you with decent people, that's why. And you'll open your joint all
right. You wouldn't fit anywhere else.

He moves on past her, motions to Steve.

**CLAY**

Let's round up the horses.

Steve hesitates.

**CLAY**

(sharp)

Come on -- we don't want to keep the people in Sonora waiting.

He stalks away, followed by Steve. Mary turns and looks after him.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Mary. She wants to break windows.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Mary, Fowler and Helen. Helen is staring at Mary. She crosses to her and puts her arm around her shoulders.

**HELEN**

Mary, Honey. I talked too much, like always -- he thinks you told Elaine the things I told her.

**MARY**

(furious)

I don't care what he thinks.

Mary throws her arm off and moves after Clay and Steve. Helen looks at Fowler and shrugs.

**MED. SHOT**

the wagon. As Mary hurries up to stand by the tail gate, Clay and Steve, now mounted, spur their horses and start across the meadow.

**CLOSE SHOT**
Mary. She stares after them, raging. Then she glances at the wagon.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Mary in f.g. The mules stand in their traces, waiting. Mary makes up her mind what to do. Climbing into the bed, she heaves out pack saddles, bed rolls, ropes, etc. Clay and Stove can be seen in b.g. riding down toward where the horses graze.

**MED. SHOT**

ANGLED TOWARD camp. Into the scene come pack saddles, bed rolls. Helen and Fowler, in b.g., walk toward the wagon. Mary straightens, looks off, then climbs into the seat and picks up the reins and the whip. She lashes the mules with the whip. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. The mules gallop off. Fowler and Helen come into the scene.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

the wagon, pulled by the galloping mules, is disappearing in a cloud of dust.

**MED. SHOT**

the meadow. Clay and Steve have almost reached the horses. Steve turns.

**STEVE**

Clay -- look!

Clay swings around.

**LONG SHOT**
their ANGLE. Mary drives the wagon around a bend in the trail.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

ON Clay. He glances after Mary, then reins his horse and gallops after her, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

**EXT. TRAIL**

MOVING SHOT. Mary drives the wagon along the trail.

Ahead beyond the river, the mountains rise. The river is running bank full. The trail leads down to a rocky, dangerous bank.

Mary pulls the mules in at the bank.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Mary. She looks toward the river. She is frightened, about to abandon the whole foolish enterprise. She glances back.

**LONG SHOT**

FROM Mary's ANGLE. Clay gallops around a bend in the trail.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Mary. She looks in Clay's direction, then turns and stares at the river.

**MED. SHOT**

ANGLED PAST Mary. She makes up her mind to go through it and lashes the mules with the whip. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. The mules balk when they reach the river. Mary lashes them again. They jump forward into the torrent.

**REVERSE SHOT**

Clay gallops toward the river. Steve comes around the bend in the trail.
MED. FULL SHOT

the river. The mules flounder, start swimming. The current catches the wagon. It starts drifting downstream. Mary

whips the mules. They swim, the current pulls them. Then the goes over. Mary is thrown into the water. The mules

wagon kick themselves free and swim to the other bank. Mary goes under, into the current pulls them. Then the

derive the SHOT. His mare hesitates at the bank. Clay spurs the SHOT. His mare hesitates at the bank. Clay spurs

kick herself free and swim to the other bank. Mary goes under, into the current pulls them. Then the

down

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the other bank. Mary goes under, into the current pulls them. Then the

down

ANKER ANGLE

Clay swims his horse toward Mary who is floundering in stream.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary. The current sweeps her against a rock. Stunned -- goes under.

MED. SHOT

Clay swims his horse to her, reaches down and lifts her in front of him.

ANKER ANGLE

Clay's horse, with the double burden, fights her way out of the stream and scrambles up the bank to stop on level ground.

MED. CLOSE

Clay and Mary. Clay, his expression anxious, stares down at the stunned Mary. He swings out of the saddle, holding
tenderly to him. The brush with death has made him realize how much she means to him. Gently, he puts her down on sand, stoops beside her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Clay and Mary in f.g. Steve swims his horse across and up the bank to dismount near them.

CLAY

Mary --

MED. CLOSE - DOWN ANGLE

Mary opens her eyes and sits up

CLAY

(anxiously)
Are you all right?

Mary is humiliated, bedraggled and wet, still angry and fighting back tears.

MARY

(sharp)
No, I'm not all right. I'm soaked and I hit myself against that rock.

CLAY

(netted at her tone)
I suppose that's my fault.

Mary gets to her feet. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Steve stands in the b.g. She looks out at the river.

MARY

(wailing)
All my clothes --

CLAY

That's right -- worry about your clothes --

ANOTHER ANGLE

to include wagon in river. Clay, suddenly furious, points to the wagon.
CLAY
What about my wagon. Of all the crazy
fool things to do. You lose a man's
wagon because you're stupid and then
yell about your clothes.

This is the last straw. Mary turns her back, digs into
her stocking and pulls out some bills. She hands them to
him.

MARY
For the wagon.

Clay looks at Mary, then down at the money.

MARY
Go on, take it. Then you can't spend
the rest of the trip expecting to
get paid.

CLAY
(furious)
There won't be any rest of the trip.
Over the hill is a stage road and
when we hit it you get dumped into
the first stage that comes along. So
keep your money. You'll need it for
the fare. I'm fed up with you. I was
fed up with you before we started.

He turns and sees Steve standing scowling at him. He
takes the rest of his anger out on Steve.

CLAY
Don't just stand there. Go on back
and get the packs on the horses.
We've lost all the time we're going
to because of a woman.

Clay strides over to his horse and swings into the
saddle. Steve stands looking at Mary.

CLAY
Come on. Didn't you hear me?

As he plunges his horse into the stream:
DISSOLVE

EXT. RIVER

FULL SHOT - the lower ford. Where the main road crosses the river, it flows gently, with sand banks on either side. Three horsemen appear around a bend in the trail and ride the riverbank. They are Lednov, McCall and Peters. Lednov's horse is limping badly. They ride into the river.

REVERSE ANGLE

The horses swim to shore and flounder up the bank, Lednov's horse last. As the horse starts up the bank Lednov sees something o.s. and reins the horse in.

MED. SHOT

FROM Lednov's ANGLE. A piece of clothing floats down the river. Lednov rides down the bank into the water. He reaches awkwardly and gets the piece of clothing, then and rides back up the bank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The two others have turned and are watching him. He rides up to them, holding out one of Mary's undergarments.

MCCALL
We got company. Female company.

LEDNOV
(looking at the garment)
Yeah, we sure have.

He turns to scan the river.

ANGLED PAST THEM - AT RIVER

Mary's trunk comes floating by. The three men look at each
other, then Lednov turns his horse and starts up the bank of the river. The others follow.

DISOLVE

EXT. PEAKS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

EXTREME LONG SHOT. The long pine-covered approaches, with a glistening summit; the early snow covering the rocks thin layer of white. CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM the heights of the mountains, TO the narrow trail that winds among the trees. Clay passes, and behind him the pack-horses and the romuda. Following the remuda comes Mary. She is dressed in a pair of Steve's pants and wears one of his shirts under her own coat.

MED. SHOT

Mary, as she swings with the movement of the horse. She is tired. She wears no makeup. But she looks as unaffectedly beautiful as we have ever seen her.

MED. FULL SHOT

Clay is directly above her. He looks down at her, but she disregards his glance. We feel that he might speak, but her cold restraint prevents him. The wind whistles through the trees. The slow plodding noise of the horses becomes more distant.

DISOLVE

EXT. UPPER FORD - NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

MED. FULL SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride slowly through
the brush to where the trail enters the river.

wedged in the rocks is the wagon. The three men look at the wagon, then turn to look back along the trail.

**LONG SHOT**

their ANGLE. Fowler's campfire flickers through the trees.

**MED. CLOSE**

the three men. They look at each other. Lednov motions in the direction of Fowler's camp. They start back along the trail.

**EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT. The three men ride along the trail toward the camp. Through the trees the campfire flickers.

**EXT. FOWLER'S CAMP - NIGHT**

MED. SHOT. Fowler is putting the supper dishes up on shelves beside the fireplace. The camp is cleaner than was earlier in the day. It is evident that he has gone to great pains to make his visitor comfortable.

A mirror has been tacked up on a tree, and under it is a wash basin. Fowler's rifle and shotgun are in a rack near the fireplace. Helen's trunk stands open near the lean-to.

Helen, wearing a robe, takes some clothing from it, closes the trunk.

**HELEN**

You can put this out of the way, Jed. It's empty.

Fowler turns and smiles. Helen pushes through the curtains
Fowler puts the last of the dishes on the shelf, crosses to the trunk and moves it over to the side of the lean-to. Turning to go back to the fireplace, he stops.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Fowler in the f.g. Lednov, rifle in hand, stands just inside the camp on the meadow side.

**FOWLER**

(turning slowly)

What do you want?

Lednov moves slowly forward to stand near the table. He looks around him. Fowler starts slowly toward the fireplace.

**LEDNOV**

I saw your fire and dropped by to say hello.

**FOWLER**

Well, say it.

Trying to be casual, Fowler moves closer to where the guns are racked.

**LEDNOV**

What's the matter -- restless?

**FOWLER**

Yes, people make me restless.

**LEDNOV**

Even women?

**FOWLER**

There aren't any women here.

**LEDNOV**

I suppose that's your wagon in the river.

**FOWLER**

Some people who went by this way lost it.

(nervously)
Two men and some women. They packed their stuff on horses and went on.

LEDNOV
And you're all alone.

FOWLER
Yeah.

He has edged closer to the gun rack. Lednov seems unaware that he is near the guns. His interest is centered on the lean-to. He moves to the entrance, stands with his hand on the canvas.

LEDNOV
Suppose I take a look.

FOWLER
Go ahead.

Lednov pulls back the flap. His back is to Fowler, who quickly for the tree, only to stop as McCall comes out from behind it.

MCCALL
Looking for something?

Fowler drops his hands to his side. Lednov turns, grins at Fowler, and enters the lean-to.

INT. LEAN-TO - NIGHT

The shelter is dark. Lednov strikes a match and looks around. The place is empty. There is a bunk, made up. On the left wall a curtain of gunny sacks covers the clothes hanging there. The match burns down to Lednov's fingers. There is a SOUND of a scuffle outside a blow, and a groan. Lednov drops the match and hurries out.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT
Lednov comes out of the lean-to. Fowler is sprawled by the table. McCall stands over him, rifle raised.

**LEDNOV**

Hold it, Mac.

**EXT. BACK OF LEAN-TO - NIGHT**

**MED. CLOSE SHOT.** Helen stands flattened against a tree.

**LEDNOV'S VOICE**

Get up.

Cautiously Helen starts moving away.

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

**MED. SHOT.** Fowler pulls himself to his feet. Mac stands near him.

**LEDNOV**

Come on. Where'd the women go?

Fowler sinks on a bench, his head in his hands. Lednov moves closer.

**LEDNOV**

When I ask questions, I like to hear answers.

**FOWLER**

They went on like I told you.

**EXT. FOREST - MOONLIGHT**

**MED. SHOT.** Helen cautiously moves away from the camp.

**LEDNOV'S VOICE**

How long ago?

**FOWLER**

Five, six hours.

A twig snaps underfoot. Helen freezes.

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

**MED. SHOT.** Lednov is staring off in the direction of Helen.
McCall moves to the edge of the lean-to, looking off.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Helen starts forward again, more cautiously than ever. She reaches a tree, turns to look back.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Helen, back to camera, is in immediate f.g. Through the trees can be seen the camp and the flickering fire. She turns, and then fright comes into her expression.

**REVERSE SHOT**

Peters stands in front of her. As he reaches out for her, she tries to get away. He grabs her, wrapping his arms around her.

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

MED. SHOT. From o.s. comes the SOUND of Helen and Peters struggling. Fowler, hearing the SOUND, gets to his feet. Lednov and McCall turn on him.

**LEDNOV**

Sit down.
(calling)
All right, Peters, come on over here.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

MED. SHOT. Peters, carrying the struggling Helen, heads for the camp.

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

ANOTHER ANGLE. Fowler makes a futile dive for Lednov. McCall drags the struggling Helen around the lean-to into the camp.

**LEDNOV**
(to Fowler)
So you were all alone.

He moves forward to meet Helen and Peters. Lednov reaches out for Helen. Peters pulls her away.

**PETERS**
(sharp)
You keep your hands off.

McCall has taken his attention from Fowler and gives it to Helen. Unnoticed now, Fowler is struggling back to consciousness. He tries to pull himself up. McCall turns back and kicks him again.

**HELEN**
(yelling)
Let him alone!

She rakes Peters' face with her fingernails, tries to free. Lednov reaches out and grabs her arm. Peters knocks his arm down. Free for the moment, Helen launches an attack on McCall, who is getting ready to boot Fowler again. She is on him like a cat, swarming all over him. He defends himself. Helen is yelling furiously as she fights McCall.

**HELEN**
Kick a guy, would you! You scum! You won't do any kickin' when they come back.

Lednov has reached her now. He wraps his arms around her and pulls her away from McCall. Helen tries to fight him.

**HELEN**
You dirty murderers... killin' people when they're sleepin'...

Lednov pinions her arms.

**LEDNOV**
How do you know who we are?
HELEN
Everybody knows --

LEDNOV
(excited)
Who brought you here?

Helen doesn't answer. Lednov starts twisting her arms.

LEDNOV
You said somebody was comin' back --
who's comin' back?

HELEN
(moaning)
Stop it --

As the pain increases she blurts out Clay's name.

HELEN
Clay Phillips.

LEDNOV
Where is he?

HELEN
Up the trail.

In a fury, Lednov crushes her arm.

LEDNOV
How far up the trail?

HELEN
(moaning)
I don't know -- I don't know.

He hurls her from him. She goes back against the table.

Fowler is trying to struggle to his feet. In blind rage,
Lednov raises his gun and fires. Fowler crumples. Helen looks
down, too horrified and terrified to scream. Lednov looks at
her, then almost casually he shoots her. McCall and Peters
stand watching as though frozen.

PETERS
(huskily)
You didn't have to do that.
LEDNOV

(deadly)
Why not? She might have got to Clay Phillips before I did.

AS HE TURNS,

FADE OUT

EXT. OPEN RIDGE FADE IN

The trail which has dipped down into a canyon comes up to the ridge a ways and then drops down again. Lednov, and Peters ride along the trail. Lednov, in the lead, suddenly and looks off.

EXTREME LONG SHOT

DOWN ANGLE from Lednov's point of view. Far below is a meadow and crossing it is a wagon road. This is the road from Yosemite to Sonora. The road comes down the hill to the south and, as the forest is open at this point, anything along the road can be seen for some distance. It crosses the meadow and continues into the northwest. In the meadow is a snake-rail corral. Clay's pack train comes out of the above the meadow and starts down.

MED. SHOT

McCall, Lednov and Peters. Lednov motions to his men and they hurriedly ride forward into the shelter of some trees.

MED. SHOT
the pack train. Mary, half asleep, slumps forward. Her
horse
has stopped. Steve rides up alongside and looks over at
her, anxiously.

**STEVE**
Are you all right?

Mary starts into wakefulness. She smiles at Steve.

**MARY**
For the last ten miles I've been trying to figure out how to sleep
sitting up. I'm getting to the point where I don't think there's any place
named Sonora.

**STEVE**
It's a long ways yet.
(arrogantly, to Clay)
I figure we ought to camp. She's tired.

**CLAY**
So am I and so are the horses.

He rides on ahead. Steve looks after him, annoyed, then follows with Mary.

**EXT. MEADOW**
Clay leads the pack train out into the clearing and
toward the road. A small creek threads its way through the
meadow. Clay rides up to the creek and swings out of the
saddle. He is taking the saddle off as the others ride up.

**CLAY**
(to Steve)
Take the packs off. And run the horses into the corral.

He throws the saddle down, takes his rifle out of the
scabbard. Steve doesn't move.

**CLAY**
I said take the packs off.

He starts off past Mary, glances up.
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mary leans wearily forward on the pommel, too tired to dismount.

CLAY
(gruffly)
I figure we'll make better time, letting the horses rest for a spell.

Mary looks down at him. She is hoping he will reach up and lift her down.

CLAY
So grab yourself some sleep while you have the chance.

MARY
If you want to go on, I can make it all right.

CLAY
Like I said, I was thinkin' of the horses.

He turns a way abruptly and goes toward the road. Mary looks after him, disappointed. Steve comes over and helps her down.

MED. SHOT

Steve and Mary. Steve spreads a tarp on the grass.

STEVE
You stretch out. I'll fix something to eat.

MARY
(sitting)
Thanks, Steve.

Steve goes back and starts unpacking the horses. Mary looks off in Clay's direction, then stretches out and pillows head on her arm. Now the sun is coming up and driving darkness out of the meadow. In the distance Clay can be seen
climbing up on a rise.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Clay. He climbs up on an eminence and looks back toward the hills.

**LONG SHOT**

his ANGLE. The open ridge. There is no sign of Lednov.

**ANGLED PAST CLAY**

INTO the meadow. Steve has unpacked the horses. They graze inside the crude corral. Steve is collecting wood for a fire. Clay hurries down toward him.

**MED. SHOT**

Steve squats beside the pile of needles, twigs and pine cones. He strikes a match and sets the needles aflame. Clay hurries into the scene and roughly kicks the fire out. Steve rises.

**CLAY**

(angrily)
If you want 'em to find us, why don't you go up on the hill and wave your shirt or fire your rifle.

Steve is ashamed of his thoughtlessness and for a moment is apologetic.

**STEVE**

I didn't stop to think, Clay.

**CLAY**

(short)
You better start.

Clay turns and goes over to where the packs lie. He kneels beside the pack, rummages in them for hardtack and tinned food. Steve looks after him.
CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He is hurt and angry. Knowing he was in the wrong about the fire doesn't help matters. He'd like to go off in the woods and cry, but that's out of the question. Instead he follows Clay and stands above him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

STEVE

Maybe you and me better split up when we hit Sonora.

Clay speaks without looking up.

CLAY

(mildly)

All right, I hurt your feelings. But you know better than to go lightin' fires.

STEVE

That ain't why. I just figure it's about time to start runnin' my own life.

Clay spreads the food on a tarp, sits down and starts eating a hardtack.

CLAY

Maybe you're not hungry, but I am.

Steve stares down at him angrier, more hurt than ever.

CLAY

Come on. We got a couple hours to eat and get some sleep.

STEVE

I'll eat when I'm good and ready.

CLAY

Kind of feeling your oats this morning. I haven't laid a hand on you for quite a while, but that doesn't mean you're too old.

STEVE
What makes you think you're so almighty? Telling people what to do and how to act when you don't even know how yourself.

[As this scene continues, there is heard, faintly o.s. the SOUND of little bells, the kind that teamsters put on hames of their horses. Over the hill, in the direction Yosemite, a stage is approaching. It is coming slowly. Soon it will be visible on the rise about a mile south of the meadow.]

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING TOWARD Steve and Clay PAST Mary. She is asleep.

STEVE
You ain't even man enough to own up when you're wrong.

Clay rises and stands facing Steve.

STEVE
Go on, hit me.

CLAY
Sit down and eat. Till I say the word, you're doing what you're told.

STEVE
You oughta say you're sorry -- that's what you oughta do.

CLAY
You keep your nose out of my life, young fella.

STEVE
Maybe I haven't lived as long as you have, but I know a sight more about people and I wouldn't talk to a mule like you talked to her and, if I did, I'd say how sorry I was. I'd be man enough to do that.
Steve's voice rises during this speech. In f.g. Mary stirs and opens her eyes. Then she sits up.

**CLAY**
I said keep your nose out of my life.
No kid is going to tell me how to run it.

**STEVE**
You think you're so smighty -- smart --
Who are you to sit up there and say
nobody's good enough for you, like
you said yesterday -- just because a
man kisses a woman --

Mary has risen. She is listening to Steve. She is also listening to the bells.

**LONG SHOT**
her ANGLE. Over the rise comes the stage. It is still a long way off.

**STEVE'S VOICE**
-- doesn't mean he wants to marry her.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**
to include all three. The brothers still don't see Mary.

**STEVE**
Well, if you didn't mean it, why did you kiss her?

Clay is ashamed but won't show it. He puts his hand on Steve's shoulder and pushes him.

**CLAY**
Shut up and eat.

Steve swings for his chin. Clay ducks the blow, grabs Steve's wrist. Steve swings with his left, hitting Clay ineffectually. Clay pins Steve's arms to his side.

**MARY**
(sharply)  
Stop it -- both of you.

She walks toward them as Clay releases Steve and steps back. Steve puts his hands up, making ready for another round.

MARY
I won't have you fighting over me.

CLAY  
(to Steve)
I'm sorry.

STEVE
You don't know what it is to be sorry.

MARY  
(sharp)
Steve --

Steve turns abruptly and moves away. He is on the verge of tears.

MARY  
(to Clay)
Mind sortin' out my things -- I'm leaving.

She motions off. Clay is suddenly aware of the approaching stage. He looks in that direction.

LONG SHOT
FROM his ANGLE. The stage drives along the road.

MARY
Maybe it isn't going to Sonora, but it's going somewhere, which is all right with me.

CLAY
It's going to Sonora.

MARY
Fine -- maybe I'll see you there sometime.
She turns and starts going through the kyacks, looking for her things. Clay frowns down at her.

MARY
Because as you said, that's where I belong.

Mary's attention is on the kyacks. From where Clay stands near her he can see the trail leading down through open country toward the meadow.

CLAY
I said a lot of things -- some of 'em --

Something o.s. catches his attention, then he pauses to look off.

EXT. TRAIL
LONG SHOT - his ANGLE. Up on the ridge there is the flash of sun on metal.

EXT. RIDGE
MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters ride through the trees.

CLOSE SHOT
Clay. He looks up anxiously, then turns. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS back to include Mary and she straightens and faces him, her back to the trail.

MARY
Some of 'em you didn't mean but most of 'em you did. I don't blame you because I understand your way of thinking and why you think that way. You want your women on pedestals. But they have to be born on 'em -- they can fall off but they can't climb back up.

CLAY
(sharply)
I can't help how I think. You're trained a certain way when you're a kid and you can't change.

He bends down and picks up her things.

**CLAY**
If you're gonna catch this stage, come on.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

The stage has speeded up and is coming fast down the road.

Mary looks up at Clay hurt and shocked by his sudden sharpness. She had hoped he wouldn't let her go.

**MARY**
I can't change either. Not unless somebody wants me enough to give me a hand.

**CLAY**
Hurry up.

He starts off, Mary following.

**MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

Mary makes one last attempt to get him to change his mind.

**MARY**
(softly)
I'm fool enough to believe that one of these days somebody will. Somebody who wants me as I am will maybe walk into the place where I'm working and take me out of there.

**CLAY**
Maybe they will.

He waves for the stage to stop.

**ANGLED PAST STAGE**

The driver sees Clay waving and pulls the horses in. The stage moves down to the edge of the meadow.

**MED. SHOT**
The stage. It is a small one, a double-seated buckboard with one woman passenger and the driver an elderly man. On the side of the vehicle is painted: "Yosemite-Sonora Stage Line".

The woman, middle-aged and rather drab, looks at Mary curiously.

CLAY
Mind giving a lady a lift into town?

DRIVER
(to Mary)
Climb right in.

He jumps out of the stage and follows Clay, carrying Mary's belongings, around back of the stage. Mary gets into stage beside the woman who moves over for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE
on back of stage. The driver opens the boot and Clay hands him Mary's belongings. He starts stowing them in the boot.

CLAY
Will you be seeing the sheriff?

DRIVER
Depot's right next to his office.

Clay starts scribbling a note. In the b.g. Steve has moved up beside the stage. He stands looking up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE
featuring Mary and Steve.

STEVE
(shyly)
Goodbye, ma'am.

Mary reaches down and takes his hand.

MARY
(quietly)
Goodbye, Steve. Don't fight with him any more.

Steve's expression hardens. He glances toward the back of the stage, then at Mary.

MARY

It's not his fault, just you remember that. It's mine. Don't ask me why because you couldn't understand now. Some day you will.

Clay and the driver come around the stage. Steve steps back. The driver climbs into the seat. Clay and Mary look at each other.

MARY

Goodbye. Thanks for the lift.

CLAY

Goodbye, Mary.

MARY

By the way, if you ever go past the Wyatt ranch, have another talk with Elaine.

Before Clay can speak, the driver snaps his whip and the stage jerks away down the road. Mary doesn't look back. in f.g., looks after it. Dust rises. It disappears bend in the road. Clay turns and starts across the Steve looks after Clay, hesitates, then follows.

MED. CLOSE

as Clay reaches the spot where the kyacks and saddles are thrown. Steve comes up to him.

STEVE

You know what she asked me?

CLAY

I don't care what she asked you.
**STEVE**
She told me not to fight with you anymore. She said it wasn't your fault, but -- I figure different...

Clay is looking off, hardly listening.

**STEVE**
It is so your fault and... and I guess maybe when we hit the ranch... you and me better...

**CLAY**
(sharply)
You want to split up? --

Clay's eyes are narrow, peering toward:

**EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - DAY**

LONG SHOT (Clay's ANGLE) of the shadowed slope.

Something moves, indistinct, and then the sun catches a gun barrel as it disappears.

**MED. CLOSE**

Clay and Steve as Clay turns sharply.

**CLAY**
-- Why wait? Go on, saddle up now and beat it.

Steve looks over toward the horses, stalling.

**STEVE**
Half of them are mine.

**CLAY**
(hard)
You'll get your share. Go on. I don't want you around.

Turning, he crosses to where Steve's horse stands.

**CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS.** He loads the horse back, throws a blanket saddle on and cinches up the saddle. Steve watches, and hurt. Clay steps back.
CLAY
There you are.

MED. CLOSE

the two brothers. They stare at each other. Steve is on the verge of tears. Hurriedly, he swings into the saddle.

MED. SHOT

He glances down to Clay and digs his spurs in and gallops after the stage. Clay's stern expression leaves his face. He looks after the boy, smiles softly and then starts carrying the pack-saddle into the shelter of the forest.

EXT. ROAD

MED. SHOT. Steve rides along the road. He pulls his horse in, then glances back.

EXT. MEADOW

LONG SHOT - Steve's ANGLE. Clay is carrying the belongings into the shelter of the forest. CAMERA PANS OVER and Momentarily a horseman is seen riding into an open space.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve as he stares. Then understanding his brother's actions, he jerks the reins and swings the horse around and rides back toward the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT - Steve gallops across the meadow to the corral, swings off and starts unsaddling. Clay is inside the forest lighting the fire.

MED. CLOSE
Clay. He looks over toward Steve, then rises and hurries toward him.

**MED. CLOSE**

Clay and Steve. Steve takes down the bars and puts the horse in the corral. Clay comes up to him as he's putting the bars back up.

**CLAY**

What did you come back for?

**STEVE**

Like I told you, half those horses are mine. I'm makin' sure they get to the ranch safe. So let's quit arguing and do whatever you figure on doin'.

The two brothers stare at each other.

**CLAY**

(softly)

Is that the only reason you came back?

**STEVE**

(gruff)

Sure. What other reason would there be?

**CLAY**

(smiling)

I just wondered. Let's go.

**EXT. MEADOW**

LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE. Above the pines smoke rises. The horses graze inside the corral. In the shadowy forest by the creek, Clay's camp can be seen. A tarp has been stretched over the camp. Lednov moves into the right hand side of frame and looks down.

**REVERSE SHOT**
Lednov stands on a rocky hill looking down in the meadow. Behind him are McCall and Peters. They are screened from the meadow by the rocks. Lednov turns and starts off through the rocks to circle above the camp. The two men follow. All are on foot.

**EXT. ROCK**

LONG SHOT SHOOTING PAST Clay and along his rifle. Clay, hidden behind a wall of rock, is watching the trail where it down into the meadow. Something moves on the rocky hill and to his left. He looks up, waiting. The movement stops. Clay glances around.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Below Clay, Steve lies in a cut in the rocks, watching the camp. Clay motions toward the hill. Steve nods.

**EXT. ROCK**

PAN SHOT - FROM Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA, SHOOTING THROUGH the rifle sights, SEARCHES the forest and meadow. As a flight of birds suddenly rises above a section of the forest, the CAMERA HOLDs.

**EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP**

MED. SHOT. Lednov, McCall and Peters have stopped, halted by the sudden flight of the birds.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Below is the camp. Lednov motions.

**LEDNOV**

(to Peters)

Go on down and have a look.
PETERS
(scoffing)
And get my head blown off! Not me.

Lednov looks at McCall. From his pocket, McCall takes a coin.

MCCALL
Call it.

PETERS
Heads.

McCall flips the coin, shows it to Peters. Peters shrugs and starts moving cautiously down toward the camp.

MED. CLOSE
Lednov and McCall.

LEDNOV
And you! Get going.

McCall moves off to circle around in back of where Clay and Steve wait. Lednov watches him go then, moving to the shelter of the rocks, waits.

ANOTHER ANGLE
His position commands the meadow, where the horses are corralled, and the camp.

EXT. ROCK
LONG SHOT - Clay's ANGLE. The forest is silent. Then, momentarily, Peters is in the open. Clay brings his rifle up, trying to get him in the sights. Wheeler disappears.

EXT. PETERS' POSITION
MED. SHOT. Stealthily, Peters makes his way down toward the camp.

LONG SHOT
ANGLED PAST Peters. Peters, sheltered by a tree trunk, raises his rifle, then his eye catches a movement. He fires.

EXT. ROCK

LONG SHOT - PAST Clay. Clay has Peters in his sights. He fires.

MED. CLOSE

Peters. Peters is stretched on the needle-covered earth, dead.

EXT. ROCK

MED. CLOSE - Clay. Clay throws the empty cartridge out and another in. O.s. there is a SHOT. A bullet hits near him. Clay looks off in the direction where Lednov is waiting on the hill west of the camp. Another SHOT is heard. A bullet smacks into the rock close to Clay. It comes from McCall's position southwest of the camp. Clay ducks.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - Lednov's ANGLE. Lednov is trying to get his sights. He fires as Clay is seen momentarily.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - McCall's ANGLE. McCall fires at Clay.

EXT. ROCK

Clay and Steve crawl down and away from Lednov and McCall's positions. Steve grins at Clay. He is enjoying this.

CLAY

(quietly)

Stick here.

Moving cautiously he starts in McCall's direction.
EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT. McCall, rifle ready looks down toward the base of the log where Steve now waits. A twig snaps. He sights the rifle, waiting.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

MED. CLOSE. Clay stands still. The forest is silent again.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT. Lednov, sheltered by a tree, has his rifle trained on Clay's position.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION

MOVING SHOT. Clay, walking cautiously, climbs toward McCall's position. Ahead is an open area. Stooping, Clay picks up a rock and draws back his arm to throw it.

EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. LONG SHOT - ANGLED TOWARD open area below. The stone thrown by Clay, crashes in the brush across the open area. McCall fires.

EXT. CLAY'S POSITION


EXT. MCCALL'S POSITION

MED. SHOT. McCall tries to struggle to his feet. Failing, he brings his rifle up. Clay in b.g. runs to the shelter of a tree. McCall fires. Clay's rifle barrel emerges from
tree. McCall tries to drag himself to safety. Clay fires. McCall goes down on his face. From Lednov's position the SOUND of a shot.

LONG PAN SHOT

Clay's ANGLE. CAMERA SEARCHES Lednov's position for some movement. There is none.

EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

DOWN ANGLE PAST Lednov. Below in the corral the horses are hunched together. Lednov looks down, then raising his rifle, he brings one of the horses into the beads of the sights. It is the bell mare.

LEDNOV

(calling)
Come on out, Phillips.

His voice echoes again and again. Clay's answer is a shot. It cuts the branches above Lednov's head.

CLOSE SHOT

Lednov. He ducks lower, steadies his rifle.

LEDNOV

(his voice echoing)
Those horses down there -- they don't amount to much to me. Look at the one with the bell.

LONG SHOT

ANGLED THROUGH sights. The sights center on the bell mare.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He is standing recklessly trying to find Lednov in the rocks above.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
Clay. He stares down at the horses. A shot is heard.

**EXT. CORRAL**

MED. SHOT. The bell mare rears as the bullet strikes the bell. The horses mill around the corral.

**EXT. LEDNOV’S POSITION**

MED. CLOSE SHOT.

**LEDNOV**

(calling; echoing)

Next time I won’t miss.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Clay. He starts forward, face set with rage.

**LEDNOV’S VOICE**

(echoing)

Watch the one with the white face.

Recklessly Clay raises his rifle and fires three shots at Lednov’s position.

**EXT. ROCKS**

MED. FULL SHOT as Clay fires, Steve starts running down. He crosses the creek.

**EXT. LEDNOV’S POSITION**

LONG SHOT - DOWN. Lednov sees Steve running. He swings his rifle away from the horses and tries to get the boy in sights. Clay fires again. A bullet smacks into the tree. Lednov flinches. Then again he tries to center on Steve.

**EXT. MEADOW**

MED. SHOT. Steve runs, bending low, toward the rail fence. A bullet kicks up dirt near him.
EXT. LEDNOV'S POSITION

LONG SHOT - DOWN. Steve has almost reached the fence. Lednov fires. Steve stumbles and goes down.

MED. CLOSE

Steve. He lies still a moment, then painfully he crawls to the rails and with a great effort tries to tear the down. Lednov fires. The bullet whistles past. Steve the fence down, crawls away from the opening. The milling around the corral break through. Steve lies face down.

FULL SHOT

The meadow, ANGLED PAST Clay. The horses scatter across the meadow.

MED. SHOT

Clay, now the hunter, moves toward Lednov's position. Lednov fires. Clay runs and jumps into the creek. Sheltered by the bank he makes his way up the creek.

MED. CLOSE

Lednov. He waits, his rifle ready. O.s. a twig snaps. Cautiously he looks ahead. There is silence.

MED. SHOT

his ANGLE. A light wind runs through the great trees. Shafts of light filter through the trees, making patterns on the forest floor. The light is dim, deceptive. Lednov, ready, searches for some sign of Clay. Then from another direction comes the SOUND of movement. Lednov swings his rifle in that direction, waits. The SOUND has stopped.
CLAY'S VOICE

I'm here Lednov.

His voice echoes across the hills. Lednov sights along his rifle at the direction from which the SOUND of Clay's voice came. Momentarily Clay is seen as he runs from one tree to another. Lednov fires.

MED. CLOSE

Clay. Clay cautiously edges around the base of a tree. He picks up a stick, stops.

CLAY

Come on out.

His voice can be heard echoing across the hills. He tosses the stick. Lednov fires at the SOUND of the falling stick.

LEDNOV'S VOICE

Come and get me.

As his voice echoes across the hills Clay quickly moves into the open and fires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lednov crumples forward as his echoing voice fades out. Clay moves over to him to stand looking down.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW

MED. SHOT. Steve sits propped up against the fence rail. His shirt is off and his shoulder is crudely bandaged. Clay, who has been putting the bandage on, stands and takes a sack of tobacco from his pocket.
CLAY
(rrolling cigarette)
How's that?

STEVE
Kind of sore.

CLAY
You'll live.

STEVE
(shyly)
Guess maybe I'm old enough to hold my own in a fight, huh?

CLAY
Yeah -- but don't make a habit of it.

STEVE
So -- maybe I'm old enough to tell you how to run your life?

CLAY
(stares down at him, then)
I guess so -- but don't make a habit of it.

STEVE
Well, then, I know it takes three -- four weeks for you to come round to admit when you're wrong... But by that time she's liable to be in China...

Clay looks at him for a moment, not angry, but not admitting he's wrong yet.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. SONORA - NIGHT (STOCK)

EXT. SONORA STREET - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - featuring hotel and doctor's office. The sheriff's posse, the bodies of Lednov, McCall and Wheeler slung across
the backs of horses, and Clay's remuda, trot down the street. People come out of the hotel to watch the cavalcade pass.

Clay and Steve are not with the posse. Clay's horse is tethered in front of the doctor's office which is next door to the hotel.

**EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

MED. SHOT - ANGLED THROUGH window. Clay, back to camera, is holding a kerosine lamp. The doctor, a lanky, middle-aged man, is working over Steve, who is stretched out on a table.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

MED. SHOT. Shelves filled with bottles line the room, for the doctor is also the druggist. There is a glass cabinet in which are the doctor's instruments. The room is cluttered. The lamp, held by Clay, throws a circle of pale light down on Steve. The doctor is working on Steve's shoulder and arm.

**MED. CLOSE - UP ANGLE**

featuring Clay. Clay suddenly averts his glance and wincing as the doctor probes the wound in Steve's arm. Steve groans. The lamp wavers.

**DOCTOR**

(sharply)

Hold her steady. I'm not hurting him.

**STEVE**

Maybe you're not, but I'll sure be glad when you stop pokin' me.

Footsteps are HEARD approaching. Clay tries to steady his shaking hand. He is focusing his attention on a far wall. A
woman's hand comes in the scene and takes the lamp from him.
He reacts. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mary, who has
moved in beside him.

CLOSE SHOT

Steve. He smiles up at Mary.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

ANGLES PAST doctor.

MARY
Is it very bad?

DOCTOR
(grumbling)
Course not. A scratch.

He suddenly realizes that a strange woman is in the
reacts.

DOCTOR
What are you doin' here?

MARY
Holding the lamp.

DOCTOR
Then hold it a little lower.

Mary lowers the lamp.

CLOSE SHOT

Clay and Mary. UP ANGLE PAST lamp.

CLAY
Thanks for taking over.

MARY
(softly)
Thanks for loading me on the stage.
I know now why you did it.

CLAY
Like I said, women get in the way sometimes.
**STEVE'S VOICE**
He tried to get rid of me, too, Miss Wells.

**DOCTOR**
Keep still, will you.

He straightens into the shot. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MED.

**SHOT.**
Steve is now bandaged.

**DOCTOR**
Put him over there on the cot.
Goodnight... He'll be all right.

As Clay lifts Steve to the cot the doctor exits. Mary watches Clay cover Steve. Then she goes to the door leading to the street, stops with her hand on the knob.

**MARY**
Goodnight.

**STEVE**
Goodnight, Miss Wells.

**MARY**
(looking back)
If you need me, I'll be --

Clay straightens and turns.

**CLAY**
Where you going?

**MARY**
To the other side of the street.

She opens the door and starts out.

**EXT. PORCH - DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

**MED. SHOT.** Mary starts to close the door behind her.

Clay forces it open. Clay comes out. Mary starts toward the steps.

**CLAY**
Mary.
Mary stops at the edge of the porch. Clay comes up beside her.

CLOSE SHOT

Mary waits, looking up at him.

CLAY
That job you were talkin' about, did you get it yet?

MARY
Why?

CLAY
(haltily)
Because... well, you said you wanted a man to think enough of you to walk in the place you were working and take you out of there... tonight I was sort of tied up with Steve... but tomorrow I figured on doing just that.

MARY
(softly)
I haven't got the job yet.

They look at each other.

MARY
But if you want to wait until tomorrow --

For answer, Clay takes her in his arms.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

ANGLED PAST Steve on cot. In the b.g. through the open doorway, Clay and Mary kiss. Steve watches a moment, then turns his head toward camera. He smiles and closes his eyes.

EXT. PORCH

TWO SHOT - Mary and Clay. They break from the kiss. Clay looks down at Mary.

CLAY
(softly)
Is there any place in town a man could buy some gingham?

FADE OUT

THE END