EXT. OPEN COUNTRY – DAY

FADE IN

The sky is pure blue, exquisitely blemished by huge cumulus clouds, floating lazily. A single bird sails past. From the sky the CAMERA MOVES TO earth. Here, too, all is tranquil. The trees, bright green in the sunlight, move only to slight but constant breeze. Now the CAMERA MOVES DOWN, revealing a wagon to which is hitched a team of horses beside the road. The wagon is at an awkward angle, but is wedged between two rocks where the horses have pulled it as they tried to reach some forage. Its seat is empty. In the bed of the wagon several sacks lie, bearing the legend:

From: Argus Mine – Rock Pass
To: U.S. Assay Office
San Francisco

The sacks are empty and slashed as by a knife. The ropes that bound them are cleanly severed. The disorder in
wagon indicates haste. Two horses are hitched to it, munching grass or the high leaves of a tree overhead. All that or unnatural is that the reins have fallen askew and trail the ground.

Now the CAMERA MOVES AWAY and ALONG tracks made by the wagon when it left the road. ON THE ROAD two horses stand. These are saddled, but riderless. The rifle holsters are empty.

CAMERA MOVES TO the ground. There on the road lies the rifle. The dust is slightly blowing across it, moved by the persistent summery little breeze. From the rifle, the CAMERA MOVES ON A LITTLE and STOPS ABRUPTLY ON the sprawled figure of a soldier, then another, face down in the road.

CLOSE SHOT of the dead soldiers, as the CAMERA HOLDS ON them. Near the hand of one a revolver lies, the fine dust coating it. Dust blowing over the uniforms, as though seeking to hide the shame of a murder. As it blows over their still figures, the SOUND of BIRDS coming over:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

ROCK PASS - NIGHT

This is a western mining town of the Eighties that has mushroomed up around a gold strike. On the streets prospectors and miners mingle with merchants. As the CAMERA PICKS UP the scene, a lumber wagon passes, bearing logs, a ten team wagon, bearing its trailer filled with ore from the stamp mills and the legend: ARGUS MINE. A stage coach comes in as we:
INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

On the hotel clerk, as he sits behind the desk, playing guitar and singing pensively the ballad of the story. As he sings, JOHN HAVEN, newly arrived on the stagecoach, walks in, gazes at the clerk with a slight smile, finding the clerk completely indifferent to the arrival of anybody, at last leaves the bag and saunters out.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

As Haven leaves the hotel and has reached the saloon, a well-lighted, plush-looking spot, illumined by kerosene flares. Sticking a pipe in his mouth, Haven saunters in.

INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - EVENING

It is a huge elaborate room, lit by overhead chandeliers. A long mahogany bar runs the length of it. To one side is a big stove and the gambling tables. Beyond can be seen pool tables in an alcove. To another side, a man grinds away at a piano. A stairway near the end of the bar leads to upper floor. The place is crowded and noisy with people. Haven saunters towards the dice table, pauses, watches; he is looking the crowd over carefully -- missing no detail of the place or the people in it. When his turn comes, he picks up the dice, bets all over the place -- on the line, on
odds, on the seven, then on the come, the hard way, point is eight.

**STICKMAN**
Eight the hard way! Pay the line!

Haven bets again, doubling all over the table.

**STICKMAN**
Seven a winner.

Players glance at the newcomer. Prince appears from nowhere, standing behind the stickman, watching. Prince is slender, black-haired, handsome and impassive. Haven throws Stellman, an Army officer, watches curiously. There is a little rising murmur as Haven tosses another natural. He does it without enthusiasm or any lost movement. The bettors get down on him. Prince touches the stickman's arm; the man stands aside and Prince takes his place with the stick. He tosses the dice back to Haven. Haven's eyes are fixed on him. With a little smile, Haven throws the dice to the next man, picks up his winnings.

**HAVEN**
No, thanks...

His eyes meet Prince's again and then he turns away, gaze following him curiously, Stellman looks at Prince.

**STELLMAN**
Know him?

**PRINCE**
No. Why?

**STELLMAN**
He just seems kind of free with that money.
CAMERA FOLLOWS Haven, as still smiling slightly, he heads towards the bar, searching the faces of the crowd as he goes. Two miners are squared off for a fight and Haven, going his way, walks between them, very indifferent, not even glancing back at the SOUND of scuffle behind him.

AT THE BAR - Haven alone is not watching the fight. All others have turned to see it; even the barman is busy watching. But Haven's eyes are resting on the figure of a woman now at the piano, singing. Softly, as if to herself and for her own enjoyment. He is near the end of the bar and near the piano, and since no one else listens to her at this moment, she sings, half smiling, directly for him, and self-consciously, she stops and turns to sit at a table, as Haven watches her. Behind them the fight is being stopped and Charlie's eyes follow the huge bouncer, Mick Marion, as he drags the offenders out to the door and the street. All is as usual. The bartender is back at work. As Haven turns, he finds that the place beside him is now occupied by the young Lieutenant (Phil Stellman). Haven glances at the uniform, then at the pleasant face of the officer, as the barman comes up.

HAVEN
(to barman)
Whiskey -- like you'd pour it for yourself.

A girl sidles up to him, blonde, brash and pretty.

BLONDE
Don't you know it's no fun to drink alone?

HAVEN
Not till after the first one.

He turns his back to her; she gives him a look and saunters off. The barman produces the drinks -- a beer for Stellman, the young officer. The barman folds his arms. Stellman looks at Haven.

STELLMAN
You a stranger here?

HAVEN
(to barman, after gulping it in one gulp)
What kind of whiskey was that?

BARMAN
On the bottle it says Rye -- but the way you take it, I don't see what difference it makes.

Haven smiles at him.

HAVEN
Another Rye.

The barman turns to get it. Stellman is still looking at Haven.

STELLMAN
(easily)
You didn't answer my question.

HAVEN
I'm a stranger everywhere.

STELLMAN
Got a job?

The barman gives Haven another Rye.

HAVEN
Listen, soldier. I know that one, too. Got a job, stranger? No? Why don't you join the Army? Three meals a day, a place to sleep, a nice warm uniform --
STELLMAN
It has a little more than that.

HAVEN
(deliberately)
Yeah, it has one thing more, and that's what I could never take -- (looking at Stellman's stripes)
It's got Second-Lieutenants.

The barman, listening, senses trouble and signals with his eyes to a big bouncer down the bar. The bouncer moves up quietly.

STELLMAN
If you want to make it a personal matter --

HAVEN
(coldly)
I don't make it anything, soldier. You tried to sell something and I didn't buy it -- so why don't you just beat it?

They stare at each other for a long second, then Stellman speaks icily:

STELLMAN
If I weren't in uniform, I might teach you some manners.

HAVEN
If you could teach me anything, you wouldn't be in a uniform.

Stellman's jaw tightens; then he turns and exits abruptly. The barman sighs with relief; the bouncer turns away.

BARMAN
You couldn't be looking for trouble, could you?

HAVEN
I could, but I'm not.

BARMAN
That's fine, because this is one of the best places West of the Atlantic Ocean to find it.

HAVEN
That was my first impression.

BARMAN
(as Haven looks at him)
That Lieutenant's a nice young boy.

HAVEN
I don't doubt it, but his mouth is too big -- like your ears.

He turns away from the bar, after flipping a coin on to it, while the barman stands there not knowing whether to be angry or philosophical.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Haven, as he threads his way through the tables towards the door. His eyes catch sight of the girl who sang at the piano, Charlie. She is sitting at a table with Prince. Prince murmurs to her and she glances at Haven, then away again. Haven notes it. As he comes near the table, the blonde who spoke to him at the bar, accosts him again.

BLONDE
How is it now?

HAVEN
What?

BLONDE
Drinking alone?

HAVEN
(flipping her a coin)
It's all right -- try it.

Haven is looking at Charlie. She is checking a stack of the blonde has turned in to her. She glances up with a fleeting smile at Haven.
CHARLIE
It's not a good habit if it makes you pick fights.

HAVEN
Only with Second Lieutenants.

CHARLIE
We like Second Lieutenants here.

Their gazes meet and Prince notes it with narrowing eyes. The gaze holds like a spell, and then Charlie's smile comes back, from nowhere.

CHARLIE
You see -- here everybody fights, except the Army.

Haven looks at her, fascinated. She can feel a fascination herself. Now Haven smiles a little.

HAVEN
I wouldn't know --

CHARLIE
(still smiling)
So anyone who doesn't like the Army --

HAVEN
I know what you mean, but I'm afraid I'll have to come back. I like the way you sing.

She looks at him in a second's silence. Haven turns and leaves. She watches him go. Prince studies her face, his own grim. A croupier comes up and places a paper before her. She hardly notices it.

CROUPIER
Okay, Charlie?

Charlie snaps out of it long enough to initial the paper.

CHARLIE
That's his limit.
There's a sucker getting hot with the dice at Ed's table.

He turns away. Prince sits still, his eyes on Charlie, his slim fingers at an habitual trick, that of idly stacking dice in a little pillar and then picking the pillar aloft by holding the lowest dice pinched between the thumb and forefinger, NOT by the edges, but by the sides. Now he does it as he watches Charlie's face. Her eyes glance again at the disappearing back of Haven. The sense of fascination seems to have gotten her, too. Then she realizes the presence of Prince and his shrewd gaze. She looks at him coolly.

Well -- cool him off.

Prince flips the dice into his palm and rises...

The board sidewalk has given way to a rutty dirt road. The racket of the saloon street is just a ghost of the road dark and silent. Haven has emerged from the saloon. He glances up the street. Fifty yards ahead, Stellman is walking slowly. Stellman pauses, shoots a quick glance backwards, then goes on. Haven follows, going leisurely up the street after Stellman.

ANGLE on a corner as Stellman turns it, pauses and waits. When Haven reaches it, Stellman goes on in silence.

As Stellman reaches it, pauses and glances behind him, he rings a bell. Haven comes up and waits in silence,
at the dark interior. A woman's face now peers through the door window and then the door opens. Stellman enters quickly and Haven follows.

INT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN - NIGHT

As Stellman and Haven follow Mrs. Caslon to a rear door. Looking around, Haven notes in the shadows a desk and in a subsequent scene. (This room is described in a them and quickly shuts the door.

INT. MRS. CASLON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It is remarkably neat and elegant inside. As Haven, glancing around, pauses inside, he finds himself facing a burly uniformed cavalry officer, captain's bars gleaming on the side of his collar. The captain is big and broad and scowling. He is standing by the fireplace and his eyes are boring into steps Haven's with curiosity and perhaps, suspicion. Stellman forward as Haven and the captain are measuring each other.

STELLMAN
Captain Iles -- the Commanding Officer of the Post.

Haven gives a casual nod.

STELLMAN
Mr. Haven -- sir.

Iles looks him up and down. Haven hands him an envelope which he slips into his tunic without removing his gaze from Haven.

ILES
I see you finally got here.
HAVEN
(pleasantly)
I seem to finally get everywhere.

They eye each other, Iles scowling, Haven thinly smiling.
The sense of conflict is already between them.

ILES
(introducing)
Mrs. Caslon, -- Mr. Haven.

She nods and smiles warmly.

ILES
You've met Mr. Stellman.

Haven nods.

STELLMAN
It came off beautifully. He picks a very good fight. In fact, I think I'm still a little sore at him.

ILES
(grunting)
Sit down, Mr. Haven.

HAVEN
Thank you, Captain.

He sits down. Iles is still studying Haven.

ILES
So you're operating under sealed orders.

Haven nods agreeably.

ILES
(disgruntled)
All this mumbo jumbo is characteristic of the Military Information Department.

HAVEN
We use it as sparingly as possible.

Iles pulls out a cigar, lights it, sizing Haven up.

ILES
I've been in this territory for a
number of years -- and I think it might be a little rougher here than a suburb of Washington, D.C.

HAVEN
Very possibly.

ILES
Then why is M.I.D. sending you out here?

HAVEN
Because two soldiers have been murdered.

ILES
And they think I can't handle that?

HAVEN
They merely know you haven't.

There is a tight little silence, while Iles formulates his dislike for this newcomer.

ILES
I have only ninety-four men on the post, with Indian trouble up north. The War Department has refused to send reinforcements, or am I boring you?

HAVEN
(looking bored)
I'm not the War Department.

ILES
(explaining)
The two soldiers were killed while escorting one of the gold stages.

HAVEN
(quietly)
Is escorting gold a function of your command?

ILES
Young man, the functions of my command look very pretty on paper, but they're not very practical in a territory like this. Do you have any illusions about that?
HAVEN
I have no illusions about anything.

Haven takes out his pipe and fills it.

HAVEN
What's happening to the gold?

ILES
I've permitted it to be stored in a warehouse on the post. Now everybody is waiting to see what I do next.

HAVEN
What do you do next?

ILES
(with sarcasm)
Aren't you here to tell me?

HAVEN
(lightning the pipe)
Captain, you're in a bad way.
(going over to discard the match)
Wells Fargo won't convoy gold. You tried and failed and two men are dead. The gold is piling up on the post and you can't move it. Your post is under-manned. You want the Quartermaster at Platte to replace seventy uniforms sent to the freight office at West Rim City --

ILES
The freight building burned down with the uniforms! I'm not operating a fire department -- and if I was, West Rim City is sixty miles away!

HAVEN
That doesn't concern me either.

ILES
What does?

HAVEN
The killing of two soldiers.

ILES
They were my men, Haven, and I'm
trying every way I know to find out who murdered them.

**HAVEN**

So will I.

For the first time Iles looks amicably at him, as though realizing that after all the man isn't there to criticize him.

**ILES**

You'll find it harder than you think. I don't know how you operate, but it's a dangerous job that can get you killed.

He smiles slightly at Iles, who gives him a slight smile in return, somehow intrigued by this nonchalance. Haven rises from the chair, lighting the dead pipe in vain.

**HAVEN**

Perhaps I can get some help from the Sheriff.

**ILES**

You can forget him. He's a miserable man that somebody is using to keep the law a joke.

**HAVEN**

You make it sound very difficult. Why don't you just wrap up your flag and take it back East with you?

**ILES**

(smarting)
Tell me, how will I know what you're doing?

**HAVEN**

I'll let you know from time to time.

**ILES**

(coldly)
That's very obliging of you.

**HAVEN**

But I don't want to visit the Army
ILES
Then report to me through Mrs. Caslon here. You can be a friend of her husband's. He owned the Argus mine and died last year. If that meets your approval.

Haven glances at Mrs. Caslon, smiles back at Iles.

HAVEN
Only if it meets with hers.

MRS. CASLON
I'd be delighted to help. (she smiles at Haven)

ILES
(grim at the smile)
Is that all?

HAVEN
I think so.

Iles marches out abruptly, followed by Stellman. The door shuts. Haven smiles after him, then at Mrs. Caslon.

MRS. CASLON
He really isn't that abrupt -- he --

The door opens again, smartly, Iles marches back in, kisses Mrs. Caslon on the cheek.

ILES
Goodnight, Mary.

MRS. CASLON
(warmly)
Goodnight, George.

Then he marches out again, shutting the door after him.

MRS. CASLON
You see?

HAVEN
I see.

MRS. CASLON
I think he secretly likes you.

HAVEN
He's a man who can sure keep a secret.

MRS. CASLON
(smiles)
Would you like a little sherry?

HAVEN
Only if you have some too.

She goes over to a sideboard and pours a little from a decanter into two wine glasses. Haven watches her. For the first time he realizes she is a very attractive woman. She smiles as she brings him the wine.

HAVEN
Thank you.

MRS. CASLON
To your good luck.

Haven nods and they sip.

HAVEN
What mine did the two soldiers try to convoy the gold from?

MRS. CASLON
My mine -- The Argus.

HAVEN
(smiling a little)
That brings me to a question I decided not to ask.

MRS. CASLON
(smiling back at him)
Then I'll answer it first. Captain Iles has asked me to marry him.

HAVEN
I can understand that.

MRS. CASLON
(quietly)
But you can't understand why Captain Iles should be involved in the gold business.
HAVEN

(smiling)
I do now.

MRS. CASLON
It isn't just mine. You must realize there's a lot of gold from all over the territory stored at the post warehouse.

HAVEN
How much.

MRS. CASLON
Perhaps as much as half a million.
(worried now)
In fact, I have about fifty thousand in my safe now.

HAVEN
Who is doing all this?

MRS. CASLON
I don't know... that's the worst part of it... not knowing.

HAVEN
.puts down the glass, pats her shoulder with casual reassurance)
I might find out.

He starts for the door and she follows him. At the open door he pauses.

MRS. CASLON
Don't get into trouble --

HAVEN
That's why I'm here.

MRS. CASLON
I know, but --

HAVEN
Don't worry about it. Trouble and I are old enemies. We understand each other.
(he grins at her)
Goodnight.

MRS. CASLON
(smiling again)
Good luck.

Haven walks out and she closes the door thoughtfully and turns away. In a moment the door opens and Haven reenters and crosses to her much in the manner that we have seen Captain Iles do so. Haven stops.

HAVEN
You didn't tell me your husband's name.

MRS. CASLON
Ben.

HAVEN
(repeating it)
Ben.

He turns and goes out the door. Mrs. Caslon stands smiling after him. The smile fades for a moment -- then she dismisses it with a shrug.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

As Haven saunters along. He pauses, glances up at a sign that reads: HOTEL. Then he enters the dingy building.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

As Haven enters the small dismal lobby, and goes over to the desk, where a little man, Orville Weekly sits, singing himself softly and strumming an accompaniment on a battered guitar. As Haven stands there the clerk finishes the verse about the stranger. Haven nods approval. The clerk looks at him shrewdly.
ORVILLE
Evenin' stranger.

HAVEN
You must know everybody in town.

ORVILLE
Everybody but one. I don't know you.

HAVEN
What's your name? You seem to be a pretty clever fellow.

ORVILLE
Orville Weekly, and I can't be a total blank. I been here six years and I ain't dead yet.

HAVEN
Have you got a vacant room?

ORVILLE
Day, week, month?

HAVEN
I don't always know. And the way you talk a man couldn't be very sure.

ORVILLE
Then it's eight bucks, cash in advance.

Haven puts down the money; the clerk spins the registry to him, watches as Haven signs it. And he can read that way.

ORVILLE
From Arizona, huh?

HAVEN
No -- I always put down where I'm going next -- so I won't forget.

The clerk spits, hands him a key.

ORVILLE
Room ten -- end of the hall. Make your own bed. Furnish your own towels. Your bag's over there.
HAVEN
(picking up the key)
Thanks a lot for the key. I'll be back later.

Haven crosses to exit into the street.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - NIGHT

As Haven enters. It is crowded. Haven pauses by a table. He sees Charlie at the piano singing. He sees Mick cross to Prince and say something, then Prince gazes in his direction. Haven's eyes meet those of Prince suddenly turned to cold as glass. Charlie, seeing that Haven is watching and listening to her impromptu singing, stops and makes her way through the crowd towards a booth off the dance floor. Haven's eyes follow her.

MED. SHOT - of booth as Charlie sits down. A sandwich is waiting for her. She takes a bite of it, then glances up to see Haven standing beside the table.

HAVEN
How about eating alone? Is that a bad habit too?

CHARLIE
Just when you have to pay for it.

HAVEN
It's only money.
(sitting down)
I've changed my mind since I left here awhile ago. I don't want to pick a fight -- or break the bank -- or --

CHARLIE
(evenly)
What changed your mind?
HAVEN
(grins)
That's what I came back to find out.

Charlie glances at him, then at the crowd where Mick stands beside Prince. Both are looking coldly towards the booth. Haven's gaze follows hers towards Mick, as Prince leaves the big man.

CHARLIE
Maybe it would be better if you found another girl.

HAVEN
(smiling)
No, it wouldn't... I looked.

She smiles slightly back at him, glances away towards Mick. Haven looks too, curiously. Mick is still watching, coldly. Others glance too, as though this were an unexpected thing. One Mick takes a drink from a passing waiter; kills it in gulp. Haven looks back at Charlie's face and smiles.

HAVEN
That man in ape's clothing -- could he be Charlie?

CHARLIE
No.

HAVEN
His eyes follow you around like a couple of flies.

CHARLIE
They follow me to see that strangers don't annoy me.

HAVEN
Only strangers?

CHARLIE
No one else would be so foolish.
HAVEN
First, you're beautiful. Then I like the way you sing -- and now you're a woman of mystery.
(to a passing waiter)
Champagne?

The waiter nods and leaves. Charlie is still gazing at Haven with that slight provocative smile.

HAVEN
I don't want to be a stranger, so I'll have to be foolish.

CHARLIE
You like to take chances, don't you?

HAVEN
If I feel lucky.

CHARLIE
Then I'd advise you to try the dice table.

HAVEN
I'd rather get lucky here.

CHARLIE
(shrugging)
Every man has a right to go to his own funeral.

HAVEN
(as the waiter sets down the champagne and glasses)
I could be your cousin from Waxahatchio. I could be cousin John, a missionary on his way to China.

The waiter leaves, as Charlie still regards Haven with a curious interest. Haven is glancing again toward Mick, just as that animal barrels down another whiskey.

HAVEN
He seems to be a lot of man.

CHARLIE
The most in town.
At this moment Prince comes into scene and sits at the table. Haven looks at him but Charlie offers no introduction.

HAVEN
It's a very small town.
(he sips and gazes around)
You could get it all in this saloon.

CHARLIE
We usually do.

HAVEN
So Charlie probably runs the town.

PRINCE
(toying with his dice)
Why do you care?

HAVEN
I'm going to spend some time here. I want to know who winds the clock.

He glances up and a slow smile comes over his face as Mick Marion is seen approaching deliberately and with cold menace. Her eyes follow his, then back to his face.

CHARLIE
It's been a nice conversation. I hate to have it end.

Blank-faced and big, Mick arrives at the booth. He stares from Charlie to Haven. Haven looks at him then at Charlie. Charlie watches Haven's face, but the smile remains. It seems to sway her, this little test of expression.

MICK
Who's this?

CHARLIE
(after a taut pause)
Mick -- this is -- cousin John.

HAVEN
(relieved)
From Waxahatchie.

Mick is not quite sure.

**MICK**

What's keeping him?

**PRINCE**

I think he's wondering if he couldn't do more good here.

Haven senses now it is a little game they're playing on him. His smile remains. He reaches for the bottle, hand grasping the base of it, just as Mick reaches for too, clenching the top. Mick lifts at it; Haven's hand holds. They look at each other as this little game of strength goes on.

**MICK**

You aren't very friendly, are you, mister?

**HAVEN**

(quoting)
A friend to all is a friend to none.

**PRINCE**

You ought to learn not to pick 'em so easy, like you do your cousins.

**HAVEN**

(indicating Charlie)
Ask her?

**CHARLIE**

(coolly)
I never saw him before in my life.

That does it. Mick wrenches at the bottle, and as he so, Haven releases his grip. The bottle shoots up. The wine spills over Mick's face and clothes. Infuriated, Mick flings the bottle at Haven, but Haven ducks as he comes out of
The bottle crashes against the wall, and Haven's fist crashes against Mick. The big man grunts and staggers but he doesn't drop. As Haven sets himself, he is pinned from behind by two bouncers. Mick stands still, at him, his cut lip bleeding.

**MICK**  
(icily)  
You're too little to make that big a mistake.

**HAVEN**  
You want to correct me or just bleed at the mouth?

There is a dead silence. At the crap table the dice read seven but no one looks at them, all turning toward the scene. A minor rises and the girl on his lap hits the floor. A drunk steals a drink and no one sees him. (Business with glass) Prince looks on coldly. Mark Bristow, moving up from the dice table, pauses and stares.

**MICK**  
(coldly)  
Bring him outside.

The two bouncers start with Haven toward the door, Mick following. A rear rises and men begin following in their silent wake. Only the guy at the piano keeps on never stops.

ANGLE on Charlie as she rises. Bristow and Prince have sauntered over to her as the place empties, leaving only the piano player.

**BRISTOW**  
What happened?

**CHARLIE**  
(casually)
A misunderstanding.

**PRINCE**
Did you find out what he wants?

**CHARLIE**
(starting out)
He wanted to be my cousin.
(they follow her)
Only I haven't any aunts or uncles.
(still casually)
But you never know -- and the least I can do is bury him.

Prince lets go with one of his rare smiles as he looks admiringly at Charlie. They reach the door. The crowd opens for them a little.

**EXT. SALOON - NIGHT**

As Mick and Haven come out; the crowd makes a noisy clearing. There are bets going down. As soon as the crowd has formed an open space, Haven wheels and smacks Mick across the face, hitting with the heel of the hand, so that Mick rocks back almost going down. There is dead silence. Mick sets for the Kill, as he peels his coat. Bristow is shaking with excitement.

**BRISTOW**
Mick will kill him.

**CHARLIE**
That's ten to one.

**BRISTOW**
(grinning)
I don't like the other fellow's chances, but I'm a sucker for odds.

**CHARLIE**
You should always bet on a champion. Then you can only lose once.

**BRISTOW**
You give ten to one...?
(she nods)
I'll take it.

**CHARLIE**
You're down. A thousand to a hundred.

As they stare at the fight --

FULL SHOT - fight scene. As Mick is slowly advancing toward Haven. He suddenly swings a haymaker which Haven easily ducks, another and another that Haven evades.

**HAVEN**
Don't miss so much. You'll got tired.

Mick misses again, fiercely and Haven cracks him one in the midriff. Then steps out fast and waits.

Mick charges and Haven catches him full in the mouth. It stops Mick, and then Haven socks him again, this time with the butt of his hand -- open palm -- on the nose. Mick is surprised, tasting the blood on his hurt lips.

ANGLE on Charlie, Mark and Prince, as they watch. Charlie's eyes are fixed with a kind of admiration on Haven. Prince watches without interest. Mark is tense and excited.

**BRISTOW**
He can fight a little.

**CHARLIE**
A little won't be enough.

But you feel she wishes it might...

ANGLE on the fight.

**MICK**
Stand still and fight.

As Mick closes again, Haven stops quickly to one side, clipping him behind the ear as he goes by. But this time
Mick keeps after Haven and finally connects. It is more of a push than a clean hit, but even so the force of it drives Haven off balance and he sprawls on his back. As Mick, sensing victory, charges, Haven knows he can't get to his feet in time, so he turns his body and springs at Mick's knees shoulder first. The impact spills Mick on his face; he can recover, Haven dives on him, hands flat on his own chest and palms turned out. His body crashes heavily, angling across Mick's head, and Haven's savagely pushing hands mash the other man's face into the hard ground. Then he rolls clear and comes to his feet, breathing easily, waiting. He gets up, shaking his head to clear it, mad and hurt. As he closes ponderously in on Haven, his booted foot shoots out. Haven twists his knee cap away but takes the blow on the inside of his thigh, numbing the leg so almost goes down. And now Mick gets to him. His great arms close around Haven's waist, his hands locked in the small of Haven's back. Haven braces himself against the crushing squeeze, tensing his back muscles and stiffening his spine, but there is nothing he can do against the implacable power of the other man.

The sweat stands out on Haven's face as Mick's great strength bends him over farther and farther. He must do something, and soon, or his back will be cracked like a barrel. Suddenly he bends his knees and lifts his feet up from the ground. Mick, suddenly finding Haven's full weight pulling him forward, crashes down on top of him. With all the
left in him, Haven brings his knee to the pit of Mick's stomach; as Mick's hold breaks, Haven rolls clear.

Now they are both hurt. Haven's ribs and chest are so bruised that it is agony to take a breath. He knows it has to quickly or he is done for, and he goes all out. As Mick tries to close with him again, he stands his ground and throws pile-driver punches to Mick's midsection; as Mick finally lowers his arms to cover his body, Haven shifts his attack to the face. This is not Mick's style of fighting, but lashes back clumsily and angrily, each time he touches it is with punishing power. Toe to toe, they slug it out, both men groggy but both refusing to go down. Finally Mick is helpless to protect himself, but Haven hasn't got power left to knock him off those sturdy legs. Gathering himself, Haven hurls his body shoulder first at Mick's chest but he miscalculates, glances off and falls flat on his face. As he rolls dogged and slow with exhaustion, he sees that his weight has staggered Mick; the big man has taken a step back, and he starts to walk forward. Dazed and blind with pain, passes Haven, staggers forward until the tie-rail stops. There he stands, his hands on the rail, moving his head side to side like a wounded animal.

The crowd is silent now, waiting. Haven gets to his feet, but hasn't the strength to whirl him around. He braces
with one hand against the tie-rail, and almost in slow
motion pulls Mick around and clips him one last time with his
remaining strength. Mick goes down.

MICK
(getting up very slow)
You can't do this.

Before he is up he goes down again, unable to make it.

MICK
(in the dirt)
Nobody can do this... to me.

The crowd is transfixed. They can't even cheer. The two
bouncers lean over the fallen Mick.

BOUNCER
Somebody just did.

They pick up Mick as Haven stupidly watches. Then as
turns and goes away, swaying and weak, the roar rises.
pushes aside people who try to assist him. They move
and watch him leave. The crowd goes back in the saloon
the vanquished Mick...

ANGLE on Charlie, Bristow and Prince. Prince watches
beaten Mick go by with a smile of contempt. Charlie's
are fixed on the vanishing lonely figure of Haven.
eyes are dancing.

BRISTOW
I can't believe it. Mick Marion losing
a fight and me winning a thousand!

CHARLIE
(to Prince)
Give it to him, Prince -- in chips.

Bristow follows Prince, wiping his forehead. Charlie
remaining, looking down the now empty street where Haven vanished,
strange soft look in her eyes, a slow smile mounting
her lips.

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

Orville behind his desk is strumming softly on the
guitar, his eyes following Haven as the latter slowly and
painfully walks in and across the lobby. All the way to
desk the clerk watches Haven, strumming softly. Haven
pauses and smiles very faintly at him. The clerk puts the
guitar aside. There is a coffee pot and cup on the desk.

**ORVILLE**

Have some coffee?

**HAVEN**

(leaning on the desk)

Thanks.

Orville pours it quickly.

**ORVILLE**

(turning back to pick up a pitcher and a bottle)

They told me who was fightin'. I was getting ready to rent your room. Cream or sugar?

**HAVEN**

Cream.

Orville pours the "cream" from a whiskey bottle. Haven
sips gingerly.

**ORVILLE**

(looking with mild curiosity and admiration)

Myself, I'd rather fight a forest fire.

**HAVEN**

(softly)

So would I...
He finishes the coffee, turns and starts for his room. Orville tosses two towels on Haven's shoulder as the latter goes. Strumming the guitar again softly, he watches with admiration the retreating form of Haven.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Haven stands in the darkness only lighted by lights of the saloon next door. He stands there looking vaguely out the window, sucking his knuckles absently as he listens to the piano playing. Then he goes wearily to the bed and it gratefully, shutting his eyes, the towels still across his shoulder. There is a moment of silence and then a soft knock at the door. Another knock, and painfully Haven lifts himself on one elbow and drags out his gun. The door opens and Charlie enters. She shuts it behind her and stands at him. He lets the gun fall and turns over on his back. Charlie walks across to the bed and stands looking down at him.

**CHARLIE**

> How do you feel?

**HAVEN**

> Like a million dollars.

**CHARLIE**

> You just cost me a thousand. You lost your pipe in the fight. I brought it to you.

She puts it on the table beside the bed. Haven's eyes follow her. She sees the towels, takes them to the washstand, soaks them and brings them back and compresses them gently on
Haven's bruised face. When she takes the towel away, he pulls himself up a little, propped against the pillow, looking at her curiously. She sits down on the edge of the bed.

**HAVEN**
Do you always get sweet with the men who fight over you?

**CHARLIE**
Only the winners.

He watches her as she wets the towels again, returns and wraps his hands in them, sitting again on the edge of the bed.

**HAVEN**
Tell me something --

**CHARLIE**
(quietly, smiling)
What?

**HAVEN**
(he lies back)
That fellow might have killed me --
(sleepily)
Where do you bury the losers?

He is almost asleep. She takes the now unused towel and puts it back in the basin, soaks it, returns with it and tucks it against the side of his face.

**CHARLIE**
You talk too much.

**HAVEN**
(bitterly)
What do you want -- the next dance?

**CHARLIE**
I think you'd better sit this one out.

He is sound asleep the next second. She stares at him; rises, puts the blanket over him and goes quietly out.
FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Haven comes to the desk from his room. Orville is singing another verse of the ballad. The clerk favors Haven with an admiring smile. The coffee pot is there.

ORVILLE
Have some coffee?

HAVEN
Thanks.

Orville strums the strings as Haven drinks, having a little trouble with his sore hands.

HAVEN
The way you run this dump I knew you must be good at something else.

ORVILLE
Some call me the town poet -- and some the village idiot. Who am I to question either? How you feel today?

HAVEN
Like I crawled here from Kansas City.

ORVILLE
Well, it figures to make you pretty famous. Fact, people been askin' for you already.

HAVEN
Who?

ORVILLE
That gold mine lady -- Mrs. Caslon.

HAVEN
That's nice.

ORVILLE
Couldn't do better. And Charlie.
HAVEN
Charlie?

ORVILLE
No. less.

HAVEN
You seem impressed.

ORVILLE
Why not? Charlie owns a piece of everything, includin' the undertaker and the sheriff.

HAVEN
The stage line too?

ORVILLE
Everything but the Wednesday Bible Class. Even owns a piece of me.
(grins)
Takes your money while you're here, and makes you pay to leave.

HAVEN
(putting down the cup)
When you get the next verse I'd like to hear it.

ORVILLE
Can't find no word to rhyme with Mick Marion.

HAVEN
(as he turns away)
Carrion.

He walks off. Orville ponders this, scowling into space.

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN
Iles is pacing the floor. Mrs. Caslon is occupied with some minor domestic chore. Stellman is standing by the door. Iles is a ball of fire.
ILES
Of all the stupid bonehead plays! What did he fight about -- don't tell me a woman?

STELLMAN
That's what they tell me.

ILES
Who started it?

STELLMAN
I don't know, but Haven finished it.

ILES
That probably strikes you as a very admirable thing.

Stellman shrugs.

ILES
Well, I don't think so! I have men who can use their fists. Why didn't they send a man who could use his brains!

There is a knock at the door. Iles gives her a look; then glares at Stellman.

ILES
Well -- open it up!

Stellman opens the door and Haven walks in. He pauses, glances around and smiles. Mrs. Caslon smiles at him.

HAVEN
Hello, Mrs. Caslon.

She smiles and nods. Irons. Haven can feel the surcharged air. Deliberately he assumes that casual manner that so burns the Captain.

HAVEN
Captain... Lieutenant...

ILES
(coldly)
Mr. Haven, we may not have very much
around here that pleases you, but we do have a strict post regulation against brawling in the town. Now would you like to explain what happened last night?

HAVEN

(smiling)
I came here to return Mrs. Caslon's call.

Iles glances sharply at Mrs. Caslon, and then to Haven.

ILES

(indicating a chair)
Sit down.

Haven sits, wincing a little. But he beams at Iles, who now picks a book off the table.

ILES

This book I have in my hand is the Army Register, 1882.

Haven inspects his knuckles.

ILES

I am now going to read from it.
(finds the place; reads)
"Haven, John Martin, born Ohio 1852. Appointed Second Lieutenant. Promoted First Lieutenant 20th Infantry, March 1880; reduced in rank to 2nd Lieutenant January 12, 1881."

He tosses the book on the table, glaring at Haven.

ILES

Is that correct?

HAVEN

It's the Army Register.

ILES

Haven, you've lost your rank once. It may very well happen again.

HAVEN

To almost anybody.
MRS. CASLON
Maybe if you'd let him explain... He might have a good reason.

ILES
Even a bad reason would delight me.

HAVEN
What would you like to know?

ILES
Did you pick that fight?

HAVEN
Those things can become very vague.

Iles scowls to him.

ILES
(shrewdly)
And where do you expect all this to get you?

HAVEN
(rising wearily)
That is a question I prefer not to answer.

ILES
(snaps it)
I think you're trying to carry your authority too far.

Haven goes to the door, gently touching his sore jaw. At the door he turns.

HAVEN
Perhaps, but there's one thing, Captain Iles... We had an arrangement that we wouldn't meet -- you and I -- except through Mrs. Caslon... I think it's important to keep it that way...
(one more glance back)
And I like it better.

He smiles and leaves, closing the door as he goes. Iles stands there frozen with rage a moment. Then his face relaxes in a grim smile. He glances at Stellman as he takes a cigar
and bites it off.

DISSOLVE

INT. SALOON - DAY

Business is slack. Girls drink coffee and knit at a table. Ernie polishes glasses at the bar. A colored man cleans a crap table. All look up with curiosity and esteem as Haven enters; all but Sam, the piano player, who goes on playing.

Haven goes to the bar. Ernie nods at him.

HAVEN
 Doesn't he ever stop playing?

ERNIE
 Sam? It don't bother him. He's deaf.

HAVEN
 Where do I find the boss?

ERNIE
 First door top of the stairs.

HAVEN
 Mick been around?

ERNIE
 He's undisposed.

Haven goes to the stairs. The eyes of the girls follow him. Top of the stairs -- as Haven reaches the door, wincing at the climb. He KNOCKS with the heel of his hand, hurts it, then uses his boot toe.

PRINCE'S VOICE

Come in.

Haven opens the door.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY
This is a big corner room, the windows of which look over the main street. The chairs are big and there is a roll-top desk in the corner, a big leather sofa, and on the walls some framed pictures. At a table Prince sits. He has six dice stacked on top of each other and he is lifting the column. Charlie is seated behind the desk smiling. Haven looks from one to the other.

Haven
(to Prince)
You wanted to see me?

Charlie
I did.

Haven
They said Charlie --

Charlie
Yes.

She seems to enjoy Haven's momentary confusion. Prince is indifferent.

Haven
You're Charlie?

Charlie
That's right.
(nods toward Prince)
This is Prince. Don't ever gamble with him.

Haven
You mean with his equipment?

Prince gives him a thin smile and rises.

Prince
She means either.
(he crosses to door)
See you later, Charlie.

Prince saunters out.
Haven sits in a big chair, very gingerly; takes out his pipe and tobacco.

**HAVEN**
You surround yourself with very affable characters.

**CHARLIE**
It makes me feel at home.

**HAVEN**
You're not that sinister. Last night with the wet towels you were Florence Nightingale in silk stockings.
(stretching his legs, looking at her)
Have you got a match?

She comes over with one and lights his pipe.

**HAVEN**
There's one in my pocket but I hate to reach for it... thanks.

She takes his hand and looks at the cut knuckle.

**CHARLIE**
Sit there.

She walks out of the room and he watches her; then around the room. In a moment she returns, pulls up a chair in front of him and sits down. She has bandages and a little jar of ointment.

**HAVEN**
(smiles)
Now you're Florence Nightingale again.

She takes one of his bruised hands, and as she bandages his hands slowly, carefully and rather expertly, they talk.

**CHARLIE**
Why did you pick that fight?

**HAVEN**
I thought you did.
CHARLIE
(smilin)
Really?

HAVEN
You could have insisted I was your cousin.

CHARLIE
Perhaps that isn't the way I felt about you.

HAVEN
(as his knuckle hurts)
Ouch!

She smiles at him and then goes on.

HAVEN
Where did you get the name of Charlie?

CHARLIE
It was my father's. My name is Charlene, but --

He watches her face.

HAVEN
I like that better... Charlene...
(she doesn't answer)
This'll be the first time I ever worked for a woman.

CHARLIE
(giving him a glance)
What makes you think you're going to work for me?

HAVEN
You sent for me.

CHARLIE
(finishing the bandage)
How's that?

She stands up. Haven looks at her and ignores his bandaged hands.

HAVEN
Beautiful.
CHARLIE
(walking towards the window)
All right, I sent for you. I was doing a nice quiet business. That was because everybody was afraid of Mick. Now every time a man has enough drinks in him to feel rugged he'll try to do what you did.

HAVEN
I wouldn't.

CHARLIE
But they will.

HAVEN
That's not the job I want. I don't intend to start at the bottom. I've been there. It's too crowded.

CHARLIE
(coolly)
Where do you want to start?

HAVEN
With the money.

CHARLIE
And what will you do for it?

HAVEN
Anything -- except hang. How did you get -- all this?

CHARLIE
I learned one thing from my father. As long as men think they can beat the tables, all you have to do is get a table. Sometimes they run out of cash and I find myself with new responsibilities.

HAVEN
Such as --

CHARLIE
A couple of stores for one thing.

HAVEN
I can't see myself behind a counter.
CHARLIE
A sawmill, and a logging camp. The logging camp's a long way from town.

Haven gets the meaning and shakes his head.

CHARLIE
I own the stage line from here to West Rim City, but that's a dud.

HAVEN
Why?

CHARLIE
Outlaws. The money was in gold shipments. Now the mines won't ship it.

HAVEN
I'll take that job.

CHARLIE
You mean ride shot-gun?

HAVEN
I mean run the line.

CHARLIE
Don't force your luck. You won a fight last night. You could lose one tonight.

HAVEN
Today I'd hate to tangle with a butterfly.

CHARLIE
What do you think you'll get out of running the stage line?

HAVEN
A commission on all the gold I get through.

CHARLIE
That should buy you a small beer.

HAVEN
Glad to get it.

CHARLIE
It's pretty dangerous. Even Wells
Fargo locked up their station and quit trying.

HAVEN
(leveling)
Who steals the gold?

CHARLIE
Who doesn't? All they have to do is put a mask on and they all look like Black Bart.

HAVEN
(rising)
Give me a letter of authorization.

CHARLIE
(going to the desk)
I can't bet against you twice, can I?

As she writes out the authorization, Haven saunters to the window, then over to the desk. Charlie finishes and him the paper. Haven scans it, pockets it.

CHARLIE
(smiling at him)
You know I forgot to ask you one thing.

HAVEN
I'm working for you now. You can ask me anything.

Haven is moving to the door and she beside him. They pause.

CHARLIE
How do I know I can trust you?

HAVEN
You don't.

CHARLIE
Can I?

He looks at her face, neck and hair. She looks pretty good.

HAVEN
Only with money.

Haven looks squarely at her a moment, then smiles. He reaches out one bandaged hand and pats her shoulder.

HAVEN  
(quietly)  
Okay, boss?

He walks out, and Charlie remains standing there, after him, just a little hazily.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAGE LINE DEPOT - DAY

As Haven walks through the wide gate into a compound. There are several unhitched stages and freight wagons, one or two in partial disassembly and being serviced. A colored boy is readying a horse and buggy and beside him, overlooking yard activities, is a bespectacled man with rubber garters. He is the manager. He has eyes like Armadillo claw-like hands; otherwise, he could be your loan man. Seeing Haven he crosses to him.

HAVEN  
(looking him over)  
Are you the manager?

MANAGER  
I am.

HAVEN  
My name's Haven.

MANAGER  
I've heard about you. You're the fellah who took Mick Marion apart.  
(looking at him)  
Almost knocked me off my feet. But my feet ain't been any good since I followed Stonewall Jackson.
(keenly)
What business you got with me?

HAVEN
(handing him the note)
I'm the new boss.

The manager glances at the note, after moving his
spectacles
out of the way. He gives it back without a word, and
turns
toward the rear office door. Haven halts him.

HAVEN
Wait a minute. You're not fired.

MANAGER
I got to be. There ain't enough work
around here for one man, let alone
two.

HAVEN
Two can loaf as easy as one.

Jim Goddard and Jerry enter from the rear office door.

Jerry
is the younger. Goddard walks a little stiffly with the
aid
of a cane.

JERRY
Mr. Leonard!

They halt and look at Haven. The Manager jerks a thumb
at
Haven.

MANAGER
Talk to him. He just took the reins.
(indicating the two
lads)
This is Jim Goddard. He's a regular
stage driver. Jerry here runs freight
to the sawmill. Boys, your new boss.

HAVEN
Hello, boys.

JERRY
(with a grin of hero
worship)
I gotta start out of here for the
sawmill before daybreak. Is that all right, Mr. Haven?

Haven nods, after a glance at the manager.

**JERRY**
I seen that fight last night. It was sure a beauty.

**HAVEN**
Glad you enjoyed it.

**JERRY**
What I liked was the way you --

**HAVEN**
Let's not talk about it. Right now it hurts my hands to listen.

**JERRY**
Yes, sir.

He walks out, looking back with an awesome smile. Haven curiously at Goddard, who has been standing in silence, thin smile on his lips.

**HAVEN**
What happened to you?

**GODDARD**
My last run. I stopped a bullet.

**HAVEN**
Did you get a look at them?

**GODDARD**
I wish I had.

**HAVEN**
I think I'm going to need you and not on one leg. So sit down and give it a rest.

**GODDARD**
(slowly smiling)
Yes, sir.

He obeys. Haven watches and then turns to the manager.

**HAVEN**
I'm coming back later and sit behind your desk. I'll need the keys.

**MANAGER**
(taking keys from his pocket)
Only things here that work.

The manager, gives them to him. Then looks at him.

**MANAGER**
Son, I waste my time. I might as well waste some advice. You're full of blood and vinegar, but this whole thing has got something wrong with it. Goddard only got nicked in the shin. You might not be so lucky...

**HAVEN**
I might depend on something besides luck.

**MANAGER**
Like for instance?

**HAVEN**
Well the fact that they don't seem to shoot too straight.

**MANAGER**
They don't need to when they shoot so often.

He turns, takes a few steps -- and turns back to Haven.

**MANAGER**
Worry it over.

The manager turns to go, shaking his head.

**EXT. OFFICER COMPOUND**

Haven, whistling softly, crosses to the colored boy who is polishing the last specks of dust off the buggy. It is a beautiful buggy attached to a beautiful horse. Haven pauses and gazes at it.

**HAVEN**
What's this?
The colored boy steps back and admires his work.

**COLORED BOY**
Sumpin', ain't it?

**HAVEN**
Who's it for?

**COLORED BOY**
Miss Charlie, Mr. Haven.

**HAVEN**
Where do you drive her?

**COLORED BOY**
Same places. Around the hills, down the river, every afternoon.

**HAVEN**
I think I'll give you this afternoon off.

**COLORED BOY**
I shouldn't let you do this, suh...
(looking Haven over, especially the bandaged hands)
But ah am.

Haven climbs in the buggy, and the Colored Boy watches him go.

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlie is dressed to go somewhere. She looks much nicer in these clothes than in her show garments of the night. She is listening to Prince who sits in a chair, the inevitable dice in his fingers, two this time. There is a silence rattle of the cubes. Then Prince speaks coldly.

**PRINCE**
Does this Haven move me out? Is that the plan?
CHARLIE
Prince, you know I wouldn't part with you.

PRINCE
But I always come up empty.

CHARLIE
Not quite empty. I gave you what is probably the one honest feeling you ever had in your life.

PRINCE
I keep forgetting that. Pardon me.

CHARLIE
What's the matter, Prince?

PRINCE
I don't like John Haven or anything about him.

CHARLIE
You've said that.

PRINCE
What do you know about him?

CHARLIE
You want me to have him looked up in the Social Register?

She gets up, goes to the window testily. Prince looks at her coldly as she gazes at the street.

PRINCE
A man walks in out of nowhere --

CHARLIE
(turning)
And went against your table. Did he play like a gambler?

PRINCE
He knew something.

CHARLIE
Yes -- and he took Mick.

PRINCE
So he can fight.

(shrewdly)

You like that part, don't you?

He looks straight at her and she stares back, staring down at last. As his eyes lower, she turns again to the window.

CHARLIE

I'll tell you one thing, Prince, I don't like this part.

She is silent and Prince gets up and walks out. She does not turn. Down in the street she can see Haven riding up in buggy, and the hard look on her face softens to a smile. Haven climbs out of the buggy. Some people passing him, and whisper together. His fame has spread. He walks inside, smiling a little.

INT. SALOON - DAY

As Haven enters. There is no play at the tables. Some prince at the bar. The deaf pianist is pounding the keys softly. Prince has just descended the stairs and gone to the dice table, where he leans, his cold eyes fixed on Haven as the latter goes to the foot of the stairs. At this moment Charlie appears and descends the stairs, adjusting her hat. Haven stares at her with admiration, as she descends, smiling at him.

MED. SHOT - Haven and Charlie, as she reaches the last step.

HAVEN

Stand there a second.

She looks at him.

HAVEN

Every time I see you, you look different, but you always look
beautiful. Why is that?

CHARLIE
I always have somebody to lie to me.

HAVEN
Take my hand --
(offering it)
But don't squeeze it.

She takes his arm instead and they walk towards the door.

MOVING SHOT - Charlie and Haven, as they go.

CHARLIE
Tell me what you're doing with my buggy.

HAVEN
My work. I'm the new transportation boss. You hired me.

MED. SHOT of Prince, as he stands at the table, watching them go.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BUGGY - DAY

As Haven helps Charlie into the carriage.

HAVEN
I presume you're going shopping?

CHARLIE
I wouldn't wear anything sold this side of Chicago. I'm going to call on a gentleman.

HAVEN
At this hour?

CHARLIE
His name is Mark Bristow -- and any hour, it would be strictly business.

He glances at her.

HAVEN
The way you say it -- he may need a lawyer.
CHARLIE
He's a lawyer himself, but it won't help him.

HAVEN
No?

CHARLIE
(with a smile)
What good is a lawyer if he never gets in a court?

HAVEN
Like a doctor in a graveyard. Where is this unlucky man?

CHARLIE
Across the street.

As Haven shrugs and turns the carriage to front of Bristow's office.

EXT. BRISTOW'S OFFICE - DAY
The letters on the window read:

Mark Bristow, Lawyer

As Haven pulls up in front of it with the carriage. He goes around and helps Charlie alight, making it a little slow for the sake of added intimacy and causing her to smile as though she didn't resent it.

HAVEN
Shall I take the horses back and rub them down?

CHARLIE
Do you think they've gone far enough?

HAVEN
I haven't.

CHARLIE
Then maybe you better wait and come with me.
As Charlie starts in, Mrs. Caslon comes out and they pass. Charlie, Mrs. Caslon pauses to smile and Haven tips his hat, flashing a backward look, sees this.

**EXT. BRISTOW'S OFFICE - DAY**

MED. SHOT of Haven and Mrs. Caslon. Haven is talking to her with apparent casualness because he realizes that Charlie can see him.

**HAVEN**

I wonder if you'd do me a favor?

**MRS. CASLON**

Why, surely.

**HAVEN**

It's a big favor, and I wouldn't blame you if you refused.

**MRS. CASLON**

What is it?

**HAVEN**

I want to haul some gold from your mine.

**MRS. CASLON**

That IS a big favor.

**HAVEN**

I know it seems impossible to you, but that's one reason why I'm here -- to find out what makes it impossible.

**MRS. CASLON**

Isn't that very risky?

**HAVEN**

That's why I couldn't go to anyone but you.

**MRS. CASLON**

(Hesitating)

I'm just wondering if we shouldn't speak to Captain Iles first.

**HAVEN**
You know what he'd say.  
    (she smiles grimly  
    and nods)  
He'd advise against it -- but if it  
works my way, it may clear everything  
up -- for all of us -- and for Iles  
too. The War Department doesn't like  
all that gold around an Army Post.

He watches her face as she thinks it over.

    HAVEN  
    (softly)  
We're working too much in the dark.  
This may be the only way to see  
something. It's a risk -- but someone  
has to take it...

    MRS. CASLON  
    (firmly)  
Who else will know of it?

    HAVEN  
Just us. That'll be all who know --  
and that's the idea.

    MRS. CASLON  
    (simply)  
I'll arrange it.

    HAVEN  
    (grinning)  
Don't look so grim. It's only your  
gold and my skin. And smile when you  
walk away as though we'd been talking  
about what a dry summer it's been.

She smiles and Haven pats her shoulder.

    INT. OFFICE - DAY  
As Bristow is talking. Charlie, looking through the  
window, sees Haven and Mrs. Caslon part, Haven patting her  
shoulder with that familiar gesture of his, then coming into the  
office with door.

    BRISTOW  
...You know I'll always cooperate --  
as much as possible. But I haven't
the money.

Haven has entered in silence, seated himself in a chair.

Charlie does not look at him; her face, hard now, looks straight at Bristow. He pauses as he glances at Haven with a little nod Haven doesn't return.

**CHARLIE**

(rising and going to the desk with a sheaf of papers, which she places on his desk)

These are I.O.U.s for gambling. They add up to six thousand dollars. Do you want to count them?

**BRISTOW**

No.

**CHARLIE**

(returning them to her pocket)

Your credit's over, Mark.

**BRISTOW**

My luck can turn, can't it?

**CHARLIE**

Not on my tables.

**BRISTOW**

I've seen other people fall in this trap -- but I didn't think it would get me.

He is sweating a little.

**CHARLIE**

Nobody does. I'll have Prince drop in and go over your books. Maybe we can work something out.

**BRISTOW**

But I told you --

**CHARLIE**

That's the way it is, Mark. I pay off on the line and I expect to get paid. Give it some thought.
She whirls and walks out the door. Haven, fumbling for his pipe and putting it in his teeth, follows her with a parting glance at Bristow. For a long minute Bristow sits there alone, his eyes staring at nothing; then as he mops the mildew sweat from his forehead:

WIPE

INT. CHARLIE'S CARRIAGE - DAY

As Charlie and Haven drive in the country. The road winds between hills now and a stream tumbles along beside the winding road. The horse is moving at a snail's pace and Charlie is gazing around at the scenery, relaxed and thoughtful.

HAVEN
You know, you remind me a little -- back there -- of a character I once read in a book.

CHARLIE
I had an idea you'd read a book. What was the character?

HAVEN
Simon Legree.

CHARLIE
Mark is mixed up. He's either crooked without being smart, or honest without being lucky. And that's no good.

HAVEN
I don't think I'd want to owe you money -- even if I was honest.

CHARLIE
Even?

HAVEN
When I was seven I robbed my own piggy bank.

CHARLIE
It's hard to imagine you being seven.
HAVEN
I was very fat and ate a lot of candy.

CHARLIE
Is that why you robbed your bank?

HAVEN
No... I robbed it to run away from home.

CHARLIE
Did you do it?

HAVEN
Yeah, but I had to go back.

CHARLIE
Why?

HAVEN
It got dark.

She laughs. They stop and get out.

DISSOLVE

STREAM BANK - DAY

FULL SHOT as Haven helps her down the bank to the edge of the water. She sits on the edge of a huge flat boulder and Haven stretches out beside her.

MED. SHOT of Haven and Charlie. As she looks at the stream and then at him.

CHARLIE
This is my favorite place in the world... I always come here to think about it.

HAVEN
What?

CHARLIE
The rook here and the stream. The stream is always running away and the rock is always watching it go.
It's two ways to be -- and I always wonder which is the best.

HAVEN
They probably envy each other.

CHARLIE
Do you suppose any woman could envy me?

HAVEN
I know it.

CHARLIE
But not a good woman?

HAVEN
Nobody is any good. You mean respectable.

CHARLIE
Maybe.

HAVEN
Respectable people are very useful -- but they bore me.

CHARLIE
With certain exceptions.

HAVEN
(curiously)
Like who?

CHARLIE
Like Mary Caslon...

HAVEN
I thought we might get to that.

CHARLIE
How did you happen to know her?

HAVEN
I knew her husband.

CHARLIE
That's curious, considering --

HAVEN
Considering what?
CHARLIE
Ben Caslon was a very upright citizen.

HAVEN
Meaning I'm not?

CHARLIE
(adds thoughtfully)
She's certainly not hard to look at -- and now she has the money and is -- (looking away) -- also very respectable.

HAVEN
Then why would she be interested in me?

CHARLIE
Because you're no good. And good women like men who are bad for them.

HAVEN
Flattery will get you nowhere.

CHARLIE
Fooling with her will get you nowhere too -- except in trouble.

HAVEN
With whom?

CHARLIE
The army. Why is it you're always getting mixed up with the army?

Haven has been idly flipping pebbles into the stream. He sees a leaf float by.

HAVEN
(idly)
What are the odds I hit the leaf?

CHARLIE
(absently)
Four to one.

HAVEN
Pass -- (he flips the pebble, misses) What's the army got to do with Mrs.
Caslon?

CHARLIE
She's engaged to Captain Iles.

HAVEN
Iles?

CHARLIE
He's the army boss here.

HAVEN
(smiling)
If you're going to frighten me, the least you can do is hold my hand.

He holds out his hand and takes hers. Abruptly she starts to rise, very piqued and unable to disguise it. Haven too. Takes her hand to help her from the boulder. Then and gazes at her, smiling.

HAVEN
This is where you ought to slip -- and I should catch you and kiss you.

CHARLIE
No chance.

She starts down; Haven moves too, but it is he who slides and around him. His around her. Before he can act himself, she holds him tight and kisses him. It is a long kiss and on it we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Orville is strumming the guitar as Haven enters. He pauses as Haven comes near on the way to his room.

ORVILLE
Hey.

Haven halts, walks over.

HAVEN
You finish that song?

ORVILLE
Never do.

HAVEN
Why not?

ORVILLE
It's my fatality. I never finish nothin'.

HAVEN
Maybe it's just as well.

ORVILLE
Maybe so. I thought I'd tell you. Goin' back to your room will be a waste of time.

HAVEN
It will?

ORVILLE
I don't know what happened on that buggy ride, but somebody came and took all your truck.

He strums the strings.

HAVEN
And, naturally, you didn't do anything about it?

ORVILLE
What could I do?

HAVEN
You could have called the sheriff.

ORVILLE
Set a thief to catch a thief, eh?

HAVEN
I paid my rent and I think I'm entitled to know who stole my clothes.
He starts to his room.

ORVILLE
(calling after him)
A man couldn't ask for no prettier thief.

INT. HAVEN'S ROOM

Haven enters, glances around, sees the bag is missing. He goes to the window, sees Charlie at saloon window across the areaway. He leans out.

HAVEN
Hey!

Charlie moves the window, smiling.

CHARLIE
(leaning out) Hello... I've been wondering where you were.

HAVEN
I lost my shirt.

CHARLIE
You didn't imagine that I'd let you live in that hotel, did you? I want you available -- in case of trouble.

HAVEN
Where did I move?

CHARLIE
In a very nice room upstairs.

HAVEN
(taking out his pipe) When can you get my things back to the hotel, Charlie?

She stares at him, the smile fading on her face.

CHARLIE
Why don't you take them yourself?

HAVEN
(calmly) Because that's not how they got here.
A slight pause.

CHARLIE
You're really hard -- aren't you?

HAVEN
No.

CHARLIE
You have to play everything alone?

HAVEN
This hotel is no good. The service is bad. The clerk's a poet, and the mattress is not quite as soft as a marble slab. But I'm beginning to like it... and if I open this window, and hear you singing...

CHARLIE
Is that the way you want it?

HAVEN
That's the way.

CHARLIE
They'll be there.

She turns abruptly from the window. Haven smiles and turns away.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAGE LINE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Haven is finishing preparations for the ride. ANGLE ON Goddard as he stands in shadow, watching. He carries a shotgun.

Goddard moves from the shadow, Haven whirls, going for his gun -- then relaxing as he recognizes the other man.

MED. SHOT of Haven and Goddard.

HAVEN
What brings you here?

GODDARD
(smiling)
I had a dream.

HAVEN
Yeah?

GODDARD
That you'd be back here tonight.

HAVEN
Why?

GODDARD
Maybe because you took the keys.

HAVEN
Don't they go with the job?

Haven stares at him a long moment; Goddard returns the
stare steadily.

GODDARD
You know how it is with dreams. I
got the crazy idea you were going to
try something --

HAVEN
How crazy?

GODDARD
Like running a shipment.

HAVEN
Then what happened?

GODDARD
I wanted to be some help with it.

HAVEN
All right -- you've been some help.
Now you can go back to sleep and
I'll finish the dream for you.

The coach is ready. Goddard doesn't move.

GODDARD
I'm riding with you, Haven.

HAVEN
You are?
GODDARD
(grimly)
I'm riding.

HAVEN
(slowly)
You got more than your leg hurt, didn't you?

GODDARD
Maybe I just like to ride in the moonlight if nothing happens.

HAVEN
And if it does?

GODDARD
Then I think I got a little better right than you to be there.

HAVEN
(gazing at him)
I was just thinking -- a nice guy like you probably has a nice girl somewhere -- or a wife.

GODDARD
What are we gonna do -- have a little chat about women?

Haven slowly grins at him; Goddard smiles back.

HAVEN
Some other time -- Let's go -- out the back gate.

Goddard climbs up with his shotgun as Haven clambers up into the driver's seat. As the coach turns and heads for the back of the corral.

WIPE

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - the stagecoach, travelling across open flat country, heading toward the distant hills.

CLOSE SHOT - Haven and Goddard in the driver's box,
an eye about him as the teams gallop along in the moonlight.

HAVEN
What makes you so anxious to take this chance?

GODDARD
What makes you?

HAVEN
I'm on commission. With me it's a matter of money.

GODDARD
And you think it's something else with me?

HAVEN
I can't think of anything else -- except curiosity.

GODDARD
(gazing out drily)
Some moonlight after all...

FULL SHOT as the stage rockets off into the darkness.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - NIGHT

The stage is now heading uphill, the gentle slope at the beginning of the foothills.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - NIGHT

The road is steeper now, and winding.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The road is cut out of the side of the mountain, leaving a sheer slope on one side, and high, thick trees and brush on the other. As the stage follows a bend in the road, a rider leaps out and grabs the lead horse. The stage lurches crazily and almost overturns as it slows to a stop. Before Haven can free his hands from the reins to go
for his gun, two shadowy figures, handkerchiefs helping darkness mask their faces, have jumped out onto the ahead and have him covered.

**BANDIT**

All right -- stretch!

Haven and Goddard raise their arms. Another bandit, from the hillside, calls out:

**SECOND BANDIT**

Pile out with the hands up.

Two shotgun barrels cover the side of the stags.

Goddard gets off, hands in air.

**FIRST BANDIT**

(to Haven)
Get down.

Haven obeys, to join Goddard in the road, as the converge on the stage. There are five or six of them. Two come up behind Haven and Goddard.

**FIRST BANDIT**

Turn around and keep 'em high.

The sacks are being loaded on a pack horse. Haven turns around.

**HAVEN**

Take it easy. They hang you just the same.

**SECOND BANDIT**

You, Goddard, start walking.

He gives Goddard a none too gentle shove. Goddard moves up the road in the darkness.

A FEW YARDS UP THE ROAD. Mick is waiting by his horse, gun drawn. We hear the steps of Goddard and the bandit.

**SECOND BANDIT'S VOICE**
That's far enough.

The footsteps halt. Mick aims and fires.

BY WAGON. There is a half grunt, half groan from Goddard. Haven turns as if to protest and then crumples as a gun fells him.

CLOSE SHOT - Haven, lying face down on the ground, unconscious.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SKY

As day breaks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN

CLOSE SHOT - Haven. Haven comes to, gradually clearing the cobwebs. Then suddenly he remembers Goddard and the shot. He makes his way to where Goddard's body lies a few feet up the road. Goddard's right hand is half in his hip pocket, as if in his last dying moment he was reaching for something.

Haven pulls the hand out, he sees that Goddard's fingers have closed around his wallet. Puzzled, Haven opens the wallet. There is a stiff-backed daguerreotype of his wife, an expired Union Pacific Railroad pass, an express receipt, a souvenir bank-note of the Confederacy, and a small, closely-folded piece of paper. Unfolding this, Haven sees the line:

"To Whom It May Concern"

HE READS FURTHER:
"This certifies that the bearer, James Goddard, is operating as a legally deputized detective for Wells Fargo Stage Express Company."

Haven replaces the papers and lifts Goddard's body, carries it to the stage and places it on the floor. He removes Goddard's gun and shell belt and straps it on, closing the stage door. Haven's face is grim as he studies the ground nearby. The sticky mud shows clearly the new tracks of bandits' horses. As he starts unhitching one of his horses from the wagon traces, we

DISOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - MORNING

A tiny clearing on a brush-filled knoll, where the remains of a cooking fire are still visible, the ashes scattered over the tamped-down ground. CAMERA PANS OVER TO Haven, on horseback, as he studies the scene. This is where he evidently made camp for the night. He dismounts, sifts the ashes through his fingers to feel their warmth. He cannot be far behind. Then he turns his attention to the trail loading away. Inspection reveals that it divides, one group of fresh tracks heading towards town, another smaller group further into the mountains. He decides to follow the latter. As he rides off:

DISOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - MORNING

A high spot from which Haven can get a good view. Off
distance he sees:

LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE. A lone rider, leading a horse, barely visible through the timber. He is heading from him.

CLOSE SHOT - Haven. He spurs his horse forward.

FULL SHOT - Haven, in pursuit of the man ahead.

**EXT. STREAM - MORNING**

The bandit, unaware of his pursuer, puts his horse and gold-laden pack horse through the stream. He comes out a meadow on the other side.

PAN SHOT - WITH Haven, as he comes to the stream. Half way across, his horse momentarily loses his footing on the slippery rocks.

MED. SHOT - bandit. Hearing the noise of Haven's horse, he turns and sees his pursuer, takes a quick shot back at then heads for the other side of the meadow where there will be shelter, firing back as he rides.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Haven. He takes careful and deliberate aim and fires.

FULL SHOT - FROM Haven's ANGLE. The bandit is almost at the edge of the woods when Haven's shot gets him. He tumbles from the saddle. Haven rides forward, gun ready in case it is a trick.

**EXT. MEADOW - MORNING**

It is no trick. The bandit is down where he fell. When Haven turns him over, the man's eyes are already glazed. Haven puts his lips close to the dying man's ear.
HAVEN

Who sent you?

The man only glares up at him. Haven tries again.

HAVEN

You're a goner, brother -- you can talk.

The man holds Haven's gaze defiantly and silently as life goes out of him. Haven lowers him back to the ground, he before. He goes up to them, ties up the loose lead reins, draws his belt off, and gives them each a sharp crack on the rump with the buckle. They take off across the meadow at a gallop. Haven lets them get a good start before he mounts his own horse, and follows after them.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - DAY

As Haven rides up to the edge of a downslope, gazes over a broad valley, and sees: LONG VIEW of a sawmill, nestled in the valley. It comprises several sheds and buildings, with a long rank of stacked logs beside the biggest shed, and all this is serviced by a dirt road along which the two horses canter up to the camp. Haven observes several men come out of the main office and snag the two horses.
EXT. CAMP OFFICE - DAY

As two men who have snagged the horses now take off the gold bags. In front of the office Pete, the camp boss, Ben and Sam, two tough-looking accomplices, stand watching and glancing up the road down which the horses came. There is a frown on Pete's face.

BEN
Where's Joe?
(as Pete doesn't answer)
Something's gone wrong, Pete.

Pete looks thoughtfully at Joe's horse, pats his neck, again locks up the road.

PETE
I know one thing. He was born on a horse and he didn't just fall off this one... go and take a look.

Two men mount and start away.

CLOSE SHOT of Haven. As he moves back out of sight.

Obviously he can't move into the camp now. Glancing off down the valley he sees in the distance a work wagon approaching. It is still hidden from sight of the sawmill by high ground between. He puts his horse down the slope towards the approaching wagon, at a tangent to the camp.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SAWMILL ROAD - DAY

As the work wagon lumbers along. Its markings identify it as belonging to the stageline Haven now manages. We recognize Jerry the driver as Haven rides up. Jerry gives him a grin and a salute.
JERRY
Hello there, Mr. Haven!

HAVEN
Hello, Jerry. What's the haul?

JERRY
This is that load of grub for the sawmill.

HAVEN
Want to ride my horse back to town?

JERRY
What about the wagon here?

HAVEN
I'll finish the haul.

JERRY
You're the boss.

He climbs down as Haven dismounts and turns the horse over to Jerry.

HAVEN
(throwing it away)
Any excitement in town?

JERRY
(grins)
Don't know, Mr. Haven. I left before daybreak.

HAVEN
(relieved)
Take him easy. He's tired.

JERRY
I'll give him a good rubdown.

Haven watches him ride away, then climbs aboard the wagon. Picking up the reins, he notices the bandages on his hands and, not wanting to be identified by them, rips them off. Blowing on his still sore knuckles, he drives toward the sawmill.
EXT. SAWMILL CAMP SITE - DAY

As Haven's wagon lumbers in. He looks curiously at the main office. No one is in sight, but as he draws nearer, the swarthy hard-faced man, Pete, comes out on to the porch.

PETE
Hey, you!

Haven looks at him.

PETE
You see a rider comin' up?

HAVEN
Nope.

PETE
You sure?

HAVEN
Haven't even seen a lizard. Where do I put this stuff?

PETE
Where did you put it before?

HAVEN
I never did. I'm a new driver. I think it's grub.

PETE
Take it to the cook shack.

Haven flicks the reins, moves on. Pete watches suspiciously. Haven moves on to the cook shack outside of which the cook is busy dumping a pail of slop.

HAVEN
(pulling up)
You the cook?

COOK
Nah. I just wear this hat to keep
the flies out of my hair.

HAVEN
It don't matter to me, brother. I just haul this grub. I'd just as soon haul it back.

COOK
Take it next door.

Haven pulls up by the warehouse next door and gets down. There is nobody around, so he starts wrestling with the food crates himself, taking the first one into the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY
It is big, barnlike, piled with provisions and equipment. Haven stares around; carries the crate to where a stack of crates are piled. Lowering the crate he notes a shiny object, picks it up. It is a button from an army uniform. He pockets it as his attention is distracted by two horsemen passing outside. Haven goes out to continue unloading.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY
As the two horsemen ride up to Pete and dismount. Ben and Sam are standing there.

PETE
(to the horsemen)
Any luck?

BEN
No sign of Joe. But there's the tracks of another horse, circling the mill and coming back on the road just north.

(he points)

PETE
That's bad.

He glances toward the wagon where Haven is working.
PETE
Let's go and look at this guy again.

The five men move down to Haven's wagon.

ANGLE ON wagon and Haven, as he sees them come. His lip tightens; then he relaxes and goes on lifting a crate.

He pauses as they come up and stand around him, their eyes fixed on:

PETE
You --

Haven looks at him.

PETE
You sure you didn't see no rider?

HAVEN
Look -- you want me to say I saw a rider? I'll say it. I'll say I saw a ghost. It don't make any difference to me.

PETE
When did you get this job?

HAVEN
Yesterday.

PETE
What for?

HAVEN
It's the system. If I don't work I don't eat. I never been able to find any way to beat it.

PETE
Who hired you?

HAVEN
(blandly)
Mr. Haven.

PETE
The guy that had the fight?

HAVEN
It is a risky little moment; Haven eases both bruised hands into his coat pockets.

PETE
Friend of yours?

HAVEN
(innocently)
Who?

PETE
This Haven.

HAVEN
Any man who gives me a job is my friend. Look, I'm working, I haul this stuff out here. Nobody wants to tell me where to dump it. Everybody wants to know what I'm doin' and what I haven't seen. I don't know. I get thirty cents an hour. How smart does that have to make me?

PETE
Don't get hot.

Pete's face relaxes; as do the grim faces of the others.

HAVEN
(grinning)
I ain't hot. I'm just mixed up.

PETE
Forget it. I got a load for you to take back when you're done here.

HAVEN
Sure.

PETE
How soon?

HAVEN
Well, I haven't eaten anything but dust since sun-up.

PETE
All right -- grab it quick.
(to the others)
Work on this stuff.
They start unloading and Haven goes to the cook house. Pete watches him go. Ben notes it.

BEN
What do you think?

PETE
We risk him, that's all.

BEN
He don't look right to me.

PETE
He don't look any worse than the rest of it looks right now. (turning)
Come on, get this junk out.

He lends a hand with Ben and Sam.

INT. COOKHOUSE - DAY
A big pot of stew is simmering on the fire. The cook is busy slicing french fries. Haven enters.

HAVEN
How about a handout?

COOK
Help yourself.

Haven begins ladling out some stew into a bowl, tastes it.

HAVEN
You cook pretty good.

COOK
I ought to. I used to cook for six hundred men a day.

HAVEN
Where was that?

COOK
Leavenworth.
Haven shrugs and takes more stew; the cook goes on cutting the potatoes.

HAVEN
This used to be my mother's special dish. She made it right out of the world.

COOK
My old woman couldn't boil a potato.

Haven takes another gulp in the silence that follows. Then he says carelessly:

HAVEN
Who's boss around here?

COOK
I am.

HAVEN
I mean the whole works.

COOK
You talked to the man when you came in.

HAVEN
Real tough-looking fellah.

COOK
(spits)
They're all tough till they get to Mick Marion.

HAVEN
Mick come out here?

COOK
Last night -- and he looked like somebody got to him.

HAVEN
How's that?

COOK
Face all beat up --
(casually)
Like your knuckles.
HAVEN
I had bad luck with a crate of cauliflower.

COOK
That's what he brought down here -- a cauliflower face.
(casually)
You fight him?

HAVEN
(smiling blandly)
Mick? Do I look like I would?

COOK
(looking at him)
Just the knuckles.

Ben's head appears in the doorway.

BEN
Hurry it up, driver!

HAVEN
Comin'.

Haven takes a last mouthful, turns toward the door.

HAVEN
Not many of the hands here, are there?

COOK
All up at the logging camp.

HAVEN
Much obliged. That was real fine mulligan.

The cook isn't interested; he spits as he slices a potato.

EXT. SAWMILL OFFICE - DAY

Pete, Sam and Ben are waiting beside the gear box as we see Haven bringing the wagon up.

BEN
Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

PETE
Who said it was? I just want that
They watch Haven as he pulls up the wagon. Pete looks hard at his face. Haven has the pipe in his mouth again, looking very blandly at them.

**PETE**

You see this box?

**HAVEN**

Sure.

**PETE**

It goes to Prince. Know who Prince is?

**HAVEN**

Nope.

**PETE**

He runs things for Charlie. Know who Charlie is?

**HAVEN**

Sure.

Haven climbs aboard. They look hard at him. He has stuck his pipe in his mouth. He smiles at them and he picks up the reins.

**PETE**

One thing...

Haven pauses.

**PETE**

That's a gear box you're hauling back and it's got to be repaired. And you tell Charlie that if it ain't repaired we might have to shut down quick. You got that?

**HAVEN**

I got it.

**PETE**

All right -- then get out of here!
Haven flicks the reins, grins at them and drives off. Ben is still worried and stares after the departing wagon.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY**

This is deserted country on the way to town. When the land slopes steeply from the road down into a kind of wash, Haven halts the wagon. He glances around. No sign of life. He takes a hammer and chisel out of the tool box beside the seat, crawls to the crate and prys it open. His cargo is gold. Satisfied, he replaces the pried board, then pushes the crate over the side. It topples down the bank, vanishes in brush at the bottom of the wash. With one more glance around, Haven resumes his seat in the wagon, puts a match to pipe, and sends the horses forward at a faster clip.

**DISSOLVE**

**LONG SHOT OF POST - DAY**

**DISSOLVE**

**INT. CAPTAIN ILES' OFFICE - POST**

Iles is pacing up and down as Stellman enters quietly. Iles promptly faces him.

**ILES**

Well -- what have you found out?

** STELLMAN**

Goddard's body -- shot in the back.

**ILES**

And no sign of Haven?
STELLMAN
One horse was missing. They might have taken him away on that. They wouldn't kidnap him if they'd killed him.

ILES
Why would they kill Goddard?

STELLMAN
He was a Wells Fargo Detective.

ILES
I see... he was a man they couldn't handle, so they shot him. But Haven wasn't killed.

STELLMAN
He may have followed them on the missing horse.

ILES
And he may be fishing for trout in the Verde River. Why do I always learn everything last? Why must everything be common gossip by the time it reaches me?

STELLMAN
I don't know, sir.

ILES
Neither do I, but I'll find out. The Army didn't banish me out here to set up a listening post. Bring the man in, dead or alive. If he's alive, arrest him.

STELLMAN
But can you arrest him?

ILES
No, but I can take any living human being into custody -- or am I mistaken in this too?

STELLMAN
No, sir.

ILES
Then go and do it!
STELLMAN

Yes, sir.

Stellman turns and leaves obediently.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING

SHOT FROM Haven's ANGLE to include street activity. As Mark approaches, opens the door and enters.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING

As Mark enters in the semi-darkness and pauses, stiff with fright at the sight of Haven sitting in the chair, a gun in his hand. Mark opens his mouth but can't speak.

HAVEN

Draw those blinds, Bristow.

Numbly, Mark obeys; then turns.

HAVEN

All right -- light it up.

Mark lights the lamp. His voice is small and quavering.

BRISTOW

(indicating gun)

Can't you put that firearm away.

HAVEN

I can -- but it quiets my nerves.

Mark pours a drink shakily from a decanter by his law library.

BRISTOW

Drink?

HAVEN

(flattly)

No.

Mark gulps his in an ominous silence.
BRISTOW  
We'd given you up for dead -- we --

HAVEN  
(idly rotating the cylinders of the gun)  
Who?

BRISTOW  
Who?

HAVEN  
Yeh.

BRISTOW  
Why, everybody. They found Goddard's boy -- didn't you know that? What happened? Tell me about it.

HAVEN  
(smiling)  
I'm glad you got your voice back.

BRISTOW  
If you're trying to imply that you frightened me, coming here like this, you're right. I'm neither a hero nor a fool.  
(he sits down)  
(shrewdly)  
They killed Goddard -- Why didn't they kill you?

HAVEN  
Somebody must have wanted me saved.

BRISTOW  
What for?

HAVEN  
I don't know. Maybe a rainy day.  
(dryly)  
Only it might never rain.

Haven puts the gun away; rises, walks to the desk, pours a drink for himself. Mark watches him shrewdly.

BRISTOW  
(himself again)  
And what do you want from me?
HAVEN
I'm going to make a statement, which you will write and notarize.

BRISTOW
Is that all?

HAVEN
Yes -- except that you put it away where it can't be stolen or tampered with.

BRISTOW
I have a safe --

HAVEN
I can see you have.

BRISTOW
Meaning you don't trust me.

HAVEN
I do -- but I don't think you trust yourself.

BRISTOW
Where do you want it?

HAVEN
Mrs. Caslon has a safe -- a nice fat one.

BRISTOW
I think I can arrange it.

HAVEN
All right -- here's the statement.

He saunters to the window -- glances through the crack of the shades. When he turns, he notes that Mark has paper and pencil ready.

HAVEN
I solemnly swear that on Thursday last, about eleven p.m. the stagecoach in which I was riding was held up by five armed bandits. The gold I was hauling was stolen and James Goddard, the guard, was murdered in cold blood.
He pauses, looks stonily at the face of Mark, who is staring at him curiously and waiting.

**HAVEN**
I trailed the bandits, caught up with one and -- killed him.

Mark stares in amazement.

**HAVEN**
Put it down.
(as Mark obeys)
I then followed the horses bearing the gold to a sawmill --

**EXT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - EVENING**

Mick is standing outside, holding the arm of Jerry as he talks to the kid. Beside him stands Pete Yore's man, Ben.

**MICK**
You sure it was Haven you met?

**JERRY**
Don't I know my own boss?

**MICK**
(giving him a shove)
Go in and get a beer.

**INT. MARK'S OFFICE - EVENING**

As Haven finishes his statement. He is again at the window, glancing out. Perhaps he has seen the incident with Jerry across the crowded street.

**HAVEN**
...After I left there, I opened the crate. The gold was in it.

He turns back into the room. Mark is looking at him with puzzled wonder, his face drawn and tense.

**HAVEN**
That's all.
He smiles slightly. The wonder leaves Mark's face. Urbane cunning replaces it.

**BRISTOW**
Not quite.

**HAVEN**
No.

**BRISTOW**
What did you do about the gold?

**HAVEN**
I came to the conclusion that I finally had enough money to need a lawyer.

Mark smiles thinly, licking his lips.

**BRISTOW**
(needling a drink again)
Have you seen the sheriff?

**HAVEN**
I've heard about him, and I still came to you.

**BRISTOW**
I see. Well, as a lawyer, my advice would be --

**HAVEN**
I didn't come here for advice.

**BRISTOW**
I'm wondering what you get out of this.

**HAVEN**
It makes me more valuable to somebody alive than dead.

**BRISTOW**
Who?

**HAVEN**
I don't know... yet.

**BRISTOW**
(levelly)
Now I'm wondering what I get out of
ORVILLE
They been here lookin' for you, the men.

HAVEN
I thought they might.

ORVILLE
I told them you was out.

HAVEN
I was. I just came in the back way.

Haven lights the pipe.

HAVEN
You finish that song?

ORVILLE
I had her finished, but what good is it? It was about your death.

HAVEN
Keep it a couple of days -- may be you can still use it.

He strolls back towards his room and CAMERA FOLLOWS strumming of the guitar again SOUNING in the b.g.

INT. HAVEN'S ROOM - EVENING

Haven shuts the door, pulls off his boots and gun belt, lies on the bed and stares at the ceiling. His face is sad and he looks tired. The MUSIC from the saloon comes over, Charlie's song... he closes his eyes and in a moment falls asleep...

WIPE

EXT. MRS. CASLON'S MINE-CABIN - EVENING

As iles rides up. He is just about to enter, after dismounting, when Mark Bristow comes out of the office. Mark smiles and nods at the officer.
BRISTOW
Good evening, Captain.

ILES
(grimly)
Any news about Haven in town?

BRISTOW
I just saw Haven.

ILES
(abruptly)
Alive?

BRISTOW
(smiling)
Very much.

Mark mounts his horse, drives away.

INT. MRS. CASLON’S MINE CABIN – EVENING

As Iles opens the door and enters. Mrs. Caslon is her usual cool self as she sits at her desk. Iles crosses to her and gives her a peck on the cheek as she fondly pats his hand.

ILES
Good evening, Mary.

MRS. CASLON
Good evening, George.

ILES
I just passed Bristow.

MRS. CASLON
(ignoring this)
Why don't you sit down. You look tired.

ILES
I should.

He sits in a comfortable chair, conscious of the fact that she had ignored his reference to Bristow.

MRS. CASLON
I suppose you've heard the news. The holdup and poor Jim Goddard.

ILES
I heard it -- last, as usual.

MRS. CASLON
(delaying)
Why don't you smoke?

ILES
Iles gives her a surly look, takes a cheroot out of his tunic.

MRS. CASLON
(taking a match and crossing to light his cigar)
I'm afraid you're going to be angry with me.

ILES
(puffing)
Why?

MRS. CASLON
The gold Haven tried to run was from the Argus, darling

ILES
It was?
(then reacting)
Yours!

Iles is about to yell something at her, then holds himself in check, while she wipes the spilled ashes from his uniform. In this interlude he changes to an icy man.

MRS. CASLON
Now don't excite yourself.

ILES
I am very calm, and I calmly ask you how you could allow that scoundrel to transport gold from your mine when --

MRS. CASLON
The man you call a scoundrel may be dead at this moment.
ILES
And he may be in town at this moment --
where, in fact, he is.
(looks at her)
How you could do this without telling me --

MRS. CASLON
I only did it for your sake.

ILES
MY sake?

MRS. CASLON
After all, Mr. Haven represents the
U.S. Government.

ILES
Who do you think I represent?

MRS. CASLON
I told you, George, I was only trying
to help you.

ILES
(containing his fury)
And while we're on the subject, who
does Mark Bristow represent?

MRS. CASLON
You know perfectly well that he's my
lawyer.

ILES
I know perfectly well he's a scoundrel
too.
(rises)
Is he also trying to help me?

He walks to the door. She stands there frigidly.

ILES
(at the door, a ball
of cold fire)
Thank you, Mary.

He turns and fumbles with the knob, but he can't do it.
He

heels

ILES
I'm sorry. I'd say that I lost my
head if I believed that I had one.

**MRS. CASLON**
(kissing him fondly)
It's my fault George.
(turning)
Mark left me something.

She turns to the desk and hands him the long legal
envelope.

Iles takes it and stares at it. He starts to open it.

**MRS. CASLON**
You're not going to open it?

**ILES**
To whom it may concern. That's what
it says here.
(going on)
Well, it may concern me.

He opens it, looks.

**ILES**
It does.

He hands it to her. She reads.

**ILES**
(grimly)
My business isn't jammed up enough --
so they send this harebrained demoted
lieutenant pry around in it... They
want to help me too.

He takes back the paper from her, thrusts a blank sheet
in
the envelope, tosses the envelope back on the desk.

**MRS. CASLON**
George -- you're getting to be a
hard man to deal with.

**ILES**
I'm getting to deal with some hard
men.

Iron-faced, he starts out, remembers again, softens
against
and
his will, comes back from the door and kisses her cheek.
then leaves. CAMERA stays on Mrs. Caslon as she watches him go. She smiles slightly, puts the envelope in the safe, then from it takes a six-gun, looks at it and begins dusting it with her handkerchief as we

DISSOLVE

BRISTOW
You certainly are a careful man.

HAVEN
I have to be. I live a careless life.

Haven begins washing his face in the washbowl, and then combing his hair and readjusting his somewhat rumpled shirt. Mark watches him.

HAVEN
What about the deposition?

BRISTOW
She has it. It's in her safe.

HAVEN
Good.

BRISTOW
What do we do now?

HAVEN
We call on Charlie.

There is a little nervous sweat on Mark's hands; he wipes them on his coat.

BRISTOW
It's a dangerous play, Haven.

HAVEN
Is it?

BRISTOW
What if she doesn't believe you?

HAVEN
Then she'll have to believe you.
BRISTOW
That deposition could be a lie. It might not stand up in a court.

HAVEN
You're sure of that?

BRISTOW
Well -- not exactly.

HAVEN
That's it. You're a lawyer and you're not sure. Then how can she gamble on it, either?

BRISTOW
Because she's a gambler.

HAVEN
No, she isn't.
(ready to go)
We're the gamblers, Mark. Lot's go.

A little shaken and uncertain, Mark obeys.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

As Haven and Mark come out. They walk towards the saloon. People look at them curiously. Suddenly, down the street, the sheriff appears, approaching Haven slowly and ominously. Sensing a gun fight, people vanish. Purely from instinct, Mark deserts Haven's side in a hurried walk towards the saloon, eyeing both. Haven comes on leisurely. The sheriff has stopped in his tracks and has his gun out. A woman clutches her child to her skirt. Men stand stockstill, watching. A crowd forms at the entrance to Charlie's. Haven walks slowly forward until he reaches the waiting sheriff. He looks him over with a smile of contempt.

SHERIFF
You're under arrest!
HAVEN

(pausing)
For what?

SHERIFF
For the murder of James Goddard -- and robbery under arms!

HAVEN
(casually)
I've heard about you. You don't appear to understand the functions of your office.
(taking sheriff's gun and breaking it open)
You've missed the whole point of your profession.
(showing him)
Even your gun isn't loaded.
(Haven loads it as it goes on)
I suggest that you start all over again, with this point in mind: the duty of a peace officer is to arrest the culprit of a crime -- not the victim.

Haven hands him back the now loaded gun and walks away towards the saloon, leaving the sheriff standing there, a completely dumbfounded and bepuzzled man.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - NIGHT

The place is roaring. Haven enters, followed by Mark. The guy at the piano is playing as always. Haven and Mark go slowly to the bar, eyes following them. The noise softens almost to silence, except the piano, Cowering, Mark sticks close to Haven.

At the dice table, Prince stares coldly, hands another man
the stick and walks away to the stairway, his eyes seeking Mick Marion who is also staring at Haven. Prince nods to Mick as he goes.

MED. SHOT at bar -- as Haven and Mark loan against it. Ernie is looking at him curiously; then towards Mick. Haven doesn't follow the glance, but Mark does.

**ERNIE**

Rye?

**HAVEN**

Two.

Ernie gets them. Haven glances at the piano. Mick who had stood there has now vanished. Haven smiles. The drinks arrive.

**BRISTOW**

(gulping his drink)
This is no good.

**HAVEN**

The bourbon is just as bad.

**BRISTOW**

I don't mean that.

**HAVEN**

You want to leave?

**BRISTOW**

I just don't like it.
(taking another drink)
I'm a nervous man. Something's going to happen. I can feel it.

**HAVEN**

That's right.

**BRISTOW**

Then why don't we do something.

**HAVEN**

We're doing something.

**BRISTOW**
What?

HAVEN
Waiting for something to happen.
(smiling at Mark)

Mark finishes off his second. A stickman comes up.

Nudges

Haven.

STICKMAN
Charlie wants to see you. Upstairs.

HAVEN
(to Mark)
See?

The stickman moves away. Mark looks at Haven.

BRISTOW
Do I go with you?

HAVEN
Can you make it?

Haven turns away towards the stairs. Mark hesitates, bites his lip, swallows another drink and then grimly follows.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Charlie is behind her desk, as Haven walks in. Behind him, sweating now, comes Mark. As the two are in the room door behind them slams shut. Mick is there with a gun. The Prince moves slightly out of a shadow. Mark backs against a wall. Charlie looks up from her fingernails. Haven smiles and glances around. His eyes fix on Mick and the gun.

HAVEN
I see you found the difference.

Mick says nothing, his face a blank hatred. Haven sits down in a big chair.

HAVEN
Looks like a board meeting.
Another door opens and Pete, the sawmill foreman, enters, who stands silently. Haven glances at him, then at Charlie smiles thinly back.

CHARLIE
(indicating Mark)
What's he doing with you?

HAVEN
I thought I might need a lawyer.

CHARLIE
I doubt it.

HAVEN
I can realize how seldom legal technicalities annoy you -- but I have one that might.
(taking out his pipe)
Besides, he knows all about it.

PRINCE
About what?

HAVEN
About a gear box I failed to deliver.

BRISTOW
I don't know anything! I merely --

PRINCE
Shut up!

Mark relapses into a perspiring silence.

HAVEN
(quietly)
Mark is right. He doesn't know anything. He just knows what I dictated to him in a deposition.

CHARLIE
And what was that?

HAVEN
It was just a story. About a man who got murdered, a thief who got shot, and a gear box that got lost. Probably nobody would believe it --
(glancing up)
...unless I got killed for it.

Charlie stares at him a moment. Then she glances at Pete.

CHARLIE
Go downstairs, Pete. Watch the stairway.

Pete walks out.

CHARLIE
(to Haven)
Who else have you told?

HAVEN
No one. Mark I had to have. He's a witness and a notary. He makes it stick. He stands it up in court.

CHARLIE
(always watching his face)
What keeps it from getting to a court?

HAVEN
A cut.

MICK
He's running a bluff!

HAVEN
I ran one on you.


CHARLIE
You brought your lawyer. Ask him if this doesn't sound like blackmail.

HAVEN
He can't think very clearly in the presence of a gun.

PRINCE
But it doesn't bother you?

HAVEN
(coldly)
No, it doesn't.
PRINCE
What you want is money.

Haven nods.

CHARLIE
I don't see how going to the law will get it for you.

HAVEN
If you did see how, I'd never get there, would I?

CHARLIE
I'm afraid not.

HAVEN
So it boils down to this: we can make a deal, and all be happy together.

PRINCE
Not as long as you always have something on us.

HAVEN
Unless you also have something on me.

CHARLIE
And how would that be?

HAVEN
When I deliver the gold to you.

CHARLIE
You mean the gear box?

HAVEN
I can even forget I looked inside.
So I stole a gear box... I'm still a thief.

Charlie is silent a moment. Haven lights his pipe.

Charlie looks at Mark, pale by the wall.

PRINCE
(indicating Mark)
What does he get?

HAVEN
He gets even with you.

**PRINCE**
Have you lost your mind!

**HAVEN**
It was all right when he lost his money.

**CHARLIE**
All right... I'll give him the IOU's... when the gear box is delivered.

**PRINCE**
(smiling)
You don't realize how important it is when a piece of machinery breaks down. It could close the entire sawmill.

**HAVEN**
I guess I didn't realize it.

She looks coolly at Mick and Mark.

**CHARLIE**
I think that's all.

Mark glances at Haven who nods and Mark leaves in the wake of the grimly departing Mick. Prince lingers.

**CHARLIE**
(to Haven)
You can stay.

**HAVEN**
(to Prince)
I think she was talking to me.

Prince gets up grimly, his lips tight, the dice held hard in his fingers. He stares at Haven.

**PRINCE**
You roll nice dice and you bet them jamb up, but some day you'll slip. And when you do, I'll be around to catch you.

He turns and walks out. Haven watches him go.
HAVEN
You know, I think he will.

CHARLIE
Then you should be more careful.

HAVEN
The poorhouses are filled with careful men...
(knocking out his pipe)
...And so are the graveyards.

Charlie comes around and sits on the arm of his chair.

HAVEN
You've got a nice perfume.

CHARLIE
Carnation.
/she ruffles his hair with her hand/
I almost had to have you killed. I'd have hated it.

HAVEN
So would I.

CHARLIE
I'd have missed you... too much.

HAVEN
And too long.

She brushes his cheek with her lips.

CHARLIE
/she smiles at him/
Did you ever tell a woman you loved her?

HAVEN
All of them.

CHARLIE
How did you get away?

HAVEN
I was always in the doorway when I said it.
CHARLIE
You never said it to me.

HAVEN
Let's go over to the doorway.

He rises and so does she. She picks up a scarf in silence and anger, crosses and goes out the door, Haven following her.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

As Haven and Charlie descend. Her face is hard.

CHARLIE
I seem to always end up like this with you. I take you for granted. You like it that way. It goes with loaded dice and crimped cards and fixed wheels.

HAVEN
Isn't that your business.

CHARLIE
It isn't my life.

As they descend, Stellman can be seen in the bar crowd, watching them.

MED. SHOT of Charlie and Haven at foot of stairs. Haven is smiling at her, but her face is serious and her eyes hard.

CHARLIE
You told me once you might be a missionary on your way to China. And that's as much as I've ever found out about you. You're working for me, but for all I know you could be working for somebody else.

HAVEN
Like Goddard?

CHARLIE
Why not?

Haven smiles. He can see Stellman approaching.
HAVEN
I think I better bring you that gold.

He starts away, but Stellman halts him.

STELLMAN
Haven.

Haven looks at him. Charlie watches.

HAVEN
Don't tell me you're still recruiting?

STELLMAN
Yes, we still want you. But this is a little different.

HAVEN
And how's that?

STELLMAN
Captain Iles has asked me to take you into custody, Haven.

Haven stares at him, then looks at Charlie. A slow smile dawns on her face.

CHARLIE
(quietly)
You heard the man.

STELLMAN
Best thing for you is to come along, Haven.

HAVEN
That's what I like -- the best thing for me.

He pats Charlie's shoulder and then walks out with Stellman. Charlie watches them go. Prince appears beside her.

PRINCE
Very friendly with everybody -- isn't he? Wells Fargo detectives, and now the Army. How far can he go?

CHARLIE
Exactly where he's headed now -- to
jail.

She walks away towards the piano. Prince stands there, watching Haven go.

DISSOLVE

Note: Pick up two night exteriors of the post.

INT. ILES' OFFICE - NIGHT

There is a sergeant inside facing Iles who sits behind his desk. Stellman and Haven pause at the door.

SERGEANT
(to Iles)
The Quartermaster at Platte wants three sworn statements before he'll replace those seventy uniforms, sir.

ILES
Three sworn statements! I told him all I know. They were in the freight office at West Rim City. The building burned down... you sure he doesn't want me to send him the ashes too?
(seeing Stellman)
All right, have Stam fix the papers.

The Sergeant exits. Iles looks calmly and with relish at Haven.

ILES
(pleasantly)
Come in.

Haven and Stellman enter. Stellman closes the door and stands near it. Haven smiles and nods at Iles, then sits down unbidden.

ILES
Nice to see you alive.

HAVEN
Dumb luck.

ILES
You seem to have been living quite
an adventurous life.

HAVEN
Is that why I'm under arrest?

ILES
That's indefinite. I wanted to talk to you.

HAVEN
If you consult the Army Blue Book it might enable you to be more definite.

ILES
(grimly)
Curiously enough, you got me into the habit of reading myself. You're quite right about The Blue Book --
(fiercely)
UNLESS that officer should get himself about one-half as far out of line as you have!

HAVEN
How far is that?

Iles picks up the deposition, extends it.

IVES
Right here in your own statement!

Haven glances at him, then at the statement, and then tosses it on the desk and inhales.

HAVEN
I see you did what I expected.

IVES
You've gotten a man killed and Mrs. Caslon's gold stolen. Is that far enough?

HAVEN
Not quite.

IVES
(rising slowly)
Haven -- as far as I'm concerned, this deposition is good enough for me.

(indicates the
deposition)
I want these people arrested. This is all the evidence we need.

HAVEN
I need more.

ILES
For what reason?

HAVEN
For the reason I came here... to get the murderers of two soldiers -- not to save somebody's gold. That's a mistake you made. I still don't know who killed them, but I'm going to find out. And when the net is hauled in, they're all going to be in it.

(rising)
That's my fish -- and you can have the minnows.

ILES
(demandingly)
When are you returning Mrs. Caslon's gold?

HAVEN
(firmly)
That's a matter between myself and Mrs. Caslon.

They look hard at each other in silence.

ILES
I don't particularly like you -- but I see no reason why you should get yourself deliberately killed.

HAVEN
(smiling again)
It won't be deliberate.

ILES
What difference does it make how you get killed? Where does it leave me?

HAVEN
Where does it leave me?

ILES
(meaning it)
Understand this, Haven. You're heading for bad trouble -- and when it comes don't expect any help from me. Is that clear?

HAVEN
(smiling thinly)
From the beginning.

Haven turns and walks out; the door closes behind him. Iles slumps down into his chair. Stellman is smiling faintly at him.

STELLMAN
Anything else, Sir?

ILES
(glumly)
Yes, three cigars, a pint of whiskey, and a copy of that confounded Blue Book.

As Stellman turns away.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

As Haven saunters in. Orville is, as always, behind the desk. Haven nods at him.

HAVEN
What's the good word?

ORVILLE
For you it's not good. You're in bad trouble.

HAVEN
I don't know how you can know so much and move so little. (turning to go) I think I'll try it myself.

ORVILLE
Want to leave a call?

HAVEN
That's very nice of you.

ORVILLE
What time?

HAVEN
When you're sure everybody in town is in bed -- call me. And if anybody asks for me -- I went to jail.

He goes and Orville strums a little jail song.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. COUNTRY - DAY

Haven, driving a wagon and team of horses, is retracing the road he took back from the sawmill looking for the place where he dumped the bullion.

CLOSER VIEW of Haven, as he looks for the landmarks. He is whistling softly the tune that Charlie always sings. At last he stops, alights and makes his way down the steep slope, a couple of gunny sacks slung across his shoulder. Bottom of the gulley as Haven gets there and locates the crate at rest in a clump of brush. The crate has broken from the fall. Haven loads the buckskin bags of gold into the gunny sack and scrambles back up the slope.

Side of slope as Haven scrambles to the top, he finds himself looking into a six-shooter held in the unwavering hand of Mrs. Caslon. Her eyes are hard and a grim smile plays corners of her mouth.

MRS. CASLON
Drop it.
Haven obeys.

**MRS. CASLON**

Turn around with your hands up.

Haven turns. She takes his gun and tosses it in the wagon; then glances inside the sack, sees the gold. She backs off a step or two.

**MRS. CASLON**

All right -- put it in the wagon.

Haven turns to obey. He manages a smile at her.

**HAVEN**

Is this a hold-up?

**MRS. CASLON**

You want to put it in the wagon?

**HAVEN**

(looking at her hard eyes)

Yes.

He struggles with the sack, swings it onto the wagon in which he came. Then stands back, looking at her.

**MRS. CASLON**

Now was there something you wanted to say?

**HAVEN**

I trailed one of the bandits here where they cached it. I couldn't haul it on horseback, so I came here with the wagon.

**MRS. CASLON**

I know that's a lie.

**HAVEN**

Some of it's true.

**MRS. CASLON**

But not nearly enough.

**HAVEN**

I'll try it again. I cached it here
myself. I was going to turn it over to them. I wanted to buy a membership in their club. This was the initiation fee.

MRS. CASLON
Fifty thousand dollars?

HAVEN
Well, you see, I thought it was worth it.

MRS. CASLON
Well, you see, I don't.

She climbs to the seat of the wagon watching him warily.

Haven doesn't move.

HAVEN
(quietly)
What you're doing may get me into serious trouble.

MRS. CASLON
If you're still in town in twenty-four hours, I promise what I do may get you hanged.

She grabs the rein of her own horse, flicks the reins of the wagon team and rides away, leaving Haven on the road, horseless and very much discountenanced. He watches grimly as she rides away. At a distance from him she tosses his gun beside the road.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHARLIE'S SALOON - DAY

As Haven enters. He is dusty and tired from his long walk.

The place is moderately busy.

MED. SHOT of Haven as he sits tiredly at a table where Charlie and Prince are sitting. She smiles at him.

CHARLIE
I thought you were in jail.

HAVEN
I talked my way out.

CHARLIE
You're a very glib man. You seem to talk your way out of everything.

HAVEN
Up to a certain point.

CHARLIE
What's that?

HAVEN
A gun.
(to the waiter)
Champagne.

The waiter exits. Charlie looks at Haven curiously.

PRINCE
Are we celebrating something?

HAVEN
(to Charlie)
You know, the first time I talked to you we had champagne.
(smiling at her)
I think I should have been a missionary and gone to China after all.

He takes out the pipe, twirls it in his fingers. The waiter puts down the champagne. Charlie is looking at Haven puzzlement and curiosity. The waiter goes...

CHARLIE
Didn't you bring me something?

HAVEN
No.

CHARLIE
But you will?

HAVEN
No.
Her face changes; hardens. She glances across at Prince.

Haven watches Prince with a smile.

**PRINCE**
(quietly)
No -- just like that?

**HAVEN**
It's easy to explain. It's just a little hard to believe.

**CHARLIE**
Make it as credible as you can.

**HAVEN**
(smiling grimly)
I can't.
(filling the pipe)
I went to get it, and it was there. But so was somebody else.

**CHARLIE**
Who?

**HAVEN**
Mrs. Caslon.

**CHARLIE**
Alone?

**HAVEN**
No... she had a gun with her.

**PRINCE**
Did you have one too?

**HAVEN**
The one she had was in her hand.

There is a silence. Prince stares idly at the dice cubes in his hand. Charlie stares straight at Haven. Haven glances at Prince.

**HAVEN**
This could be that slip you mentioned.

Prince just stares at him.

**CHARLIE**
(to Haven)
So this nice lady held you up and took the gold, is that it?

HAVEN
It's like saying I got robbed at Sunday school. It's no good, is it?

PRINCE
(looking at him)
No, it isn't.

HAVEN
I even had to walk back to town. I think that may be one of the longest walks I ever took.

PRINCE
And one of the last.

Haven takes a sip of the champagne, Charlie's whole manner has now changed. It is cold and very quiet.

PRINCE
Mick might have killed you, but you fought him with your fists. The sheriff had a gun but you took it away from him. Ben had a gun last night but it didn't seem to scare you. Now this genteel petticoat waves a pistol and you run for your life.

HAVEN
(twirling the wineglass, glancing at Charlie)
He makes it sound very silly.

PRINCE
Or I make it sound like what it is: a lie!

Haven reaches in his pocket for a match. Prince, mistaking the gesture, swiftly extracts a small pistol from his belt, covers him.

PRINCE
No.
Haven extracts the match, with a glance of contempt at Prince; then lights the pipe again.

**HAVEN**  
(smiling faintly)  
My word doesn't seem very good around here.

**PRINCE**  
You've only got one thing left that's any good here - and that's some gold.

**HAVEN**  
(to Charlie)  
Is that all I've got?

**CHARLIE**  
Not quite. You've got some time.  
You've got two hours to get it here.

There is a brief silence that punctuates this statement. It has an air of fatal finality, marked by the idle MUSIC of the deaf pianist. Haven puts his pipe away, carefully so that Prince won't get any mistaken ideas.

**HAVEN**  
You want me to fatten you up before you kill me? Is that what you mean?

**CHARLIE**  
I said what I meant -- two hours.

Haven rises. He brushes some dust off his coat, smiles thinly at Charlie.

**HAVEN**  
I once knew a guy who stole a dime tip from a lunch counter and parlayed it into fifty thousand. I might try that -- but not in two hours.

She says nothing; her face carved out of ice. Prince smiles thinly. Haven looks at him, shrugs. He hesitates; then pats Charlie's frigid shoulder.
HAVEN
(to Charlie)
You're sweet.

He turns and walks slowly out. The dirge of the piano follows him. Prince fingers his pistol a little, tempted. At a look from Charlie he puts it away. Haven goes out. Charlie suddenly leaves the tables and goes quickly up the stairs. Prince watches her with a slow smile, picks up Haven's gun and pockets it...

WIPE

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Haven leaves the saloon. He pauses, looks around, up at the sky, then down the street. He takes out his pipe and beginning filling it slowly with tobacco, as Mark Bristow comes hurrying across the street. MOVING SHOT of Haven as he walks very slowly, filling the pipe, and Mark comes alongside and walks with him. Haven hardly glances at him.

BRISTOW
I've been looking for you. Where have you been?

HAVEN
I took a walk in the country.

BRISTOW
Did you get it for her?

HAVEN
No.
(pause)
(pausing in front of the hotel)
Sorry.
MED. SHOT of Haven and Mark outside the hotel. Mark is afraid and puzzled. He keeps staring at Haven's face.

BRISTOW
But that was the deal. You agreed to --

He pauses as two men walk by.

BRISTOW
If you're trying to pull something --

HAVEN
(finished with the pipe)
You want to listen?

BRISTOW
(calming himself)
All right.

HAVEN
(explicitly)
I can't deliver it because I no longer have it. It was taken away from me by Mrs. Caslon. I've told Charlie, and she's very unhappy. I have two hours to produce the loot. You haven't any idea where a man could raise fifty thousand quickly, have you?

Mark's mouth pops open.

HAVEN
I thought not.

Haven lights the pipe. Mark stands there, mouth open; fear draining the blood from his face. His voice is a mere whisper.

BRISTOW
What are you going to do...?

HAVEN
Nothing, Mark. The boat just sailed.

BRISTOW
What about me?

HAVEN
You'll have to think of something
very good.

Mark stares at him, then looks off. His face becomes grim.

He almost glares back at Haven.

BRISTOW
I can think of something.

HAVEN
(patting his shoulder with a slight smile)
Go ahead, Mark. Go ahead and do it.

Mark stares at him, then turns abruptly away. He hurries across the street. Haven watches him as he goes off in the direction of Mrs. Caslon. Haven smiles and walks inside the hotel.

WIPE

INT. HAVEN'S ROOM - DAY

He enters, locks the door. Pulls the shade at the window, takes off his shoes and coat and lies down on the bed. He gazes towards the wall, thoughtfully. He gets up, goes to the window, opens it softly; then looks out. Down the alley, at the corner, a man is lounging; an ugly looking character, whose eyes watch the alleyway. Haven smiles wryly, goes back to the bed and lies down. The piano music starts next.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Showing the deaf pianist at the piano, playing. CAMERA PICKS UP Pete as he enters, FOLLOWS him as he walks up the stairs.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SALOON

As Pete knocks on Charlie's office door, then enters.
INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Pete enters. He looks around. Mick is sitting there and Prince. Charlie is standing at the window. By another door as another grim character stands in silence. Charlie turns Peter enters.

CHARLIE
Everything ready?

PETE
All set.

PRINCE
Got enough men at the sawmill?

PETE
Plenty.

PRINCE
All right. Go back out there and get them into the uniforms. We'll hit the post just before midnight.

Pete turns and walks out, shutting the door behind him. There is silence. Charlie looks out the window again. Prince with the dice. Mick stands stolidly near the door. At the silence is broken over the ticking of the wall clock.

PRINCE
I don't know what we're waiting for.

CHARLIE
I gave him some time. He's in the hotel. He's not doing anything. I gave him some time. I don't care what he does with it.

She has not turned from the window. The clock ticks. From behind her Mick's voice comes, quiet and deadly.

MICK
And I don't care when, but I'll get
him.

CHARLIE

Again?

Mick is silent. Charlie smiles thinly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Mark hurries into the saloon, a desperate look on his face.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Charlie turns from the window.

CHARLIE

Bristow's here.

PRINCE

This should be good.

CHARLIE

(to Mick)

Let him in.

Mick goes to the door, opens it; just as Mark arrives breathlessly at the door. Mark enters, a little surprised at the door opening for him, glancing back as Mick quietly shuts it. Charlie looks coldly at the lawyer who is sweating again.

Mark stands there, silent a moment, gathering himself together.

CHARLIE

You want the I.O.U's?

BRISTOW

You mean --

She has turned to the safe; now she turns with them and as Mark reaches for them, Charlie drops them at his feet. They scatter. He bends to pick them up. Prince smiles at him contemptuously. Mark is picking them up one at a time
suddenly he pauses, stands erect, and looks at them with fear and suspicion.

BRISTOW
Why? Did Haven --

PRINCE
No, he didn't.

BRISTOW
Then I don't understand --

PRINCE
We don't think they're going to be any good.

Mark stands there. The papers slip from his fingers. He knows what Prince means. But his mouth hardens in an effort.

BRISTOW
I didn't have anything to do with it. All I did was write it. I'm not in on this. I can still make them good.

(he puts a couple back on the desk)
Or I can --

CHARLIE
What?

BRISTOW
I can do business.

(fumbling in his pocket)
I got it somewhere. I -- Here -- take a look at this -- the deposition --

(bringing out the deposition)
The only copy.

CHARLIE
(coldly)
Let's have it.

BRISTOW
(eagerly)
Here.

Hands it to her.
PRINCE
What do you want?

BRISTOW
(as Charlie opens the envelope)
Nothing. I just want to get out of it. I never had any part of it. This ought to prove that!

CHARLIE
This?
She hands him the paper from the envelope. Marks takes it and stares at it. It is absolutely a blank piece of paper. He stands there, bites his lips. He looks wearily around at them, fear making him weak, making him unable to hold the piece of paper, so that it floats to the carpet.

BRISTOW
(at last)
It's -- it's a trick. I --
(trying to pull himself together)
I'll see about this! He can't do this to me!
(moving back towards the door)
I'll go and see about this!

CHARLIE
Sure, you see about it.
He stops dead in his tracks as Charlie moves towards him with a little pistol, pearl-handled. But she only gives it to him. She has to take his hand and put it in his palm.

CHARLIE
Take this along.
He backs out, the little gun in his hand. Mick opens the door. In sudden relief and haste Mark barrels out. They
hear his quick feet on the stairs outside. Prince looks at Charlie.

PRINCE
Something left to wait for?

CHARLIE
(slowly)
No.

Prince gets up and leaves, and Mick, with a grim smile of anticipation follows. Charlie sits slowly down in the chair.

The music comes up the stairs and through the door.

INT. HAVEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Haven is lying on the bed, his arms under his head, his eyes on the ceiling. There is a SOUND in the hallway and then a hurried knock at the door. Haven slowly rises, walks to the door. He stands there. The knock SOUNDS again.

HAVEN
Who is it?

MARK'S VOICE
It's me -- Bristow -- let me in.

Haven opens the door. Mark enters swiftly, the little gun in his hand. Haven shuts the door and locks it. He turns and faces Mark, now pointing the gun. Without a word Haven walks over to the bed and lies down again, looking at the ceiling. Mark follows him with the gun.

HAVEN
You going to shoot me, Mark?

BRISTOW
You double crossed me, Haven.

HAVEN
I did?
BRISTOW
I got the deposition back. I took it to them.

Haven leans on one elbow, looking at him.

BRISTOW
It wasn't there! It was a piece of blank paper!

Haven lies back with a short laugh. Mark stares at him in fury.

BRISTOW
Don't you laugh at me! I ought to kill you!

HAVEN
They want you to, Mark.

Haven again leans on one elbow, looking at Mark and the trembling hand that holds the gun.

HAVEN
And it may be your only out, if you do. But I doubt it. You know why? Because even if you took them my scalp, it wouldn't buy your life. You're in debt and you're broke and you're scared -- and you know far too much. There isn't any way they use you -- alive. Can you think of one?

Mark sits slowly back in the chair, beaten.

BRISTOW
They're going to do it. I know it. They're going to kill me --
(his hand trembles)
Why do they have to kill me?

HAVEN
Us, Mark...

Haven gets up slowly, reaches over and takes the little gun, smiles at it.

HAVEN
This must be hers.
BRISTOW
(dully)
Yes.

HAVEN
She's sweet.

He puts the gun on the table. Mark's teeth are chattering. He is almost ready to cry. Haven gets a bottle and pours him a drink in a dusty glass. He hands it to Mark.

HAVEN
There's one thing, Mark.

BRISTOW
(gulping the drink)
There is?

HAVEN
You might get out of town.

BRISTOW
There isn't a chance in a thousand.

HAVEN
If there's one in a million, it's the only one you have.

Mark gets up waveringly. Takes another hooker.

BRISTOW
Yes -- we might get away with it. We might...

HAVEN
I'm not going.

Mark stares at him. Haven smiles grimly back.

HAVEN
I have to stay.

BRISTOW
But you can't stay. You said yourself --

HAVEN
If you must do this, go straight to your horse. Don't stop for anything.
BRISTOW
-- I've got a lot of important papers --

HAVEN
You haven't got anything important left, Mark -- except your life, and very little time to keep it. You do it very fast and you might be lucky.

BRISTOW
(trying to pull himself together)
Yes. I might be. I'll try it.

Mark hurries out into the hall. Goes. Haven turns back and looks at the room, picks up the little pistol, smiles shrugs and then slips into his coat and exits, too.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY
As Haven enters. SHOOTING FROM his ANGLE, we can see, does, Mark crossing the street, apparently towards his office. He is in such a hurry that he falls down, little, gets up, runs. Just as he reaches the office just as his hand touches the knob, a shot rings out and crumples. He still tries, then his hand slips from the and he lies there dead. The vacant street is empty with death. Haven stares. He takes a match from the counter, applies it to his pipe -- then finding the pipe empty, thinly and pockets it.

HAVEN
(softly; turning to the clerk)
You didn't throw away that verse?

ORVILLE
No.

HAVEN
You won't have to change it much.
He takes the little pistol from his pocket and glances at it. The clerk, watching, idly strumming the guitar string.

**ORVILLE**
You ain't going out there with that?

**HAVEN**
Not much, is it?

**ORVILLE**
You'll never get closer to having nothin' --

**HAVEN**
(staring out)
No -- I won't.

**ORVILLE**
Say --

**HAVEN**
Yeh?

**ORVILLE**
I'm naturally sentimental, bein' a sort of poet.

**HAVEN**
Naturally.

**ORVILLE**
I keep a bunch of gimeracks -- an oldtime sheriff's gun, a bullet from a dead bandit, a rosary from some guy they hanged.

**HAVEN**
That's nice. A hobby?

**ORVILLE**
In a way -- Want to leave me something?

Haven smiles. He feels in his pocket, comes out with the army button gotten at the sawmill.

**HAVEN**
This is all I seem to have.
ORVILLE
(taking it)
Army button.
(puzzled)
Where's the uniform that goes with it?

HAVEN
What do you want for --
(he pauses as the idea hits him)
Yeh? A very good question.

The clerk stares at him; Haven smiles grimly. He breaks the little gun, checks it.

HAVEN
I might even know. I think I'll try to go and find out.

He starts to the door, the little gun in hand; very slowly. Haven walks very slowly. He opens the door and hesitates. Just as he is about to step out, looking up and down the street, there is a furor and the sheriff rides up outside and dismounts. Starts over to inspect Mark's body. He turns as Haven walks on to the street, hands held high.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Haven emerges and the Sheriff holds a gun on him. ANGLE on Mick as down the street, with disgust, he lowers his gun. ANGLE on Prince as from a doorway he watches. Stopping a shake of his head the intent of a man beside him to shoot. FULL SHOT -- street -- as Haven surrenders to the sheriff.

SHERIFF
All right, you -- march.
Haven obeys, walking up the street -- the sheriff and
sheriff's horse behind him. People watch, appearing now
safety. The sheriff is pretty pleased.

MOVING SHOT -- of Haven and Sheriff. As they go,
Haven's hands still aloft.

HAVEN
You loaded your gun for this?

SHERIFF
No -- you did.

Back of them can now be seen the figures of Mick and
and the other gunman, following at a little distance.
leisurely, now Haven slows his pace so that the sheriff
closer behind him.

SHERIFF
Come on, you! Keep moving!

Haven suddenly drops to his knees. The sheriff almost
over him. The sheriff stumbles with an oath. Haven
with him. Haven snatches his gun, drags him by a
the horse, flings him aside and then mounts. A second
he is away. Shots RING OUT as Mick and Prince and the
shoot. Haven rides on, bent low, out of town. The
hides his bulk in the dust as the bullets fly.

ANGLE from Charlie's office -- as she goes to the
stares out at the flying form of Haven. A slow smile
over her face, bitter and grim, yet somehow faintly
admiring... She sees Mick mount a horse and start after
Haven.

Then she turns abruptly away.
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

As Haven slows down his horse, but goes on at a fair clip after looking warily back. He breaks open the sheriff's gun, finds it loaded. He reacts and whistles softly. As he swings his horse off the travelled road to head crosscountry for the sawmill.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NEAR SAWMILL - NIGHT

As Haven sits on his horse at a point in the woods where he can look down on the sawmill. Around the mill office there seems to be signs of unusual activity. Haven sees Mick Marion going by on the road towards the mill. Mick passes not far away and is riding hard. Haven watches as Mick arrives and Pete can be seen in conference with him. Other men -- too many -- are gathered around. At last Haven dismounts and makes his way carefully on foot towards the warehouse.

EXT. WOODS IN BACK OF WAREHOUSE

As Haven leaves his horse in the brush and trees and breaks it with a stone; then waits tensely to see if the sound attracted any attention, gun in hand now. It doesn't. Haven replaces the gun in his holster, opens the window and crawls inside.
INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Haven surveys the piles of crates, boxes and equipment. He starts his search methodically and swiftly. Suddenly a shaft of light comes from the front doors opened now by two men. Haven shrinks back, drawing his gun. The men start to enter when Pete's voice is heard.

PETE'S VOICE
Where you guys goin'?  

MAN
You want them uniforms out, don't you?

PETE'S VOICE
I'll tell you when.

The men turn and leave. Haven relaxes. He goes back to work, pulls back a big canvas tarpaulin one of the men had approached, and there before him is revealed the army uniforms, stacked in neat piles. He looks and smiles grimly. Outside is the SOUND of horses and more men arriving. Haven goes slowly around the warehouse now, looking for something. At last he finds it: a can of kerosene. He takes it over to the uniforms, pours it liberally on them. At just this moment a figure appears at the door.

MAN
What you think you're doin'?  

Haven lights a match and tosses it on the soaked bales of uniforms. They blaze up instantly. The man shoots as Haven ducks away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As the shot RINGS out. Pete and Mick, surrounded by many
men, turn swiftly. Flame and smoke emerge from the
warehouse. They start swiftly across, drawing guns. The man at the
door shoots again into the smoking interior. An answering
SHOT from Haven fells him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As Haven makes his way back to the open window. He
crawls out swiftly. Now the building is in flames. He can hear
men shouting and, as he moves away, the useless attempt of
to put out the blaze, working with buckets of water.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As Haven starts for the woods. The flames now light the
ground around, and Pete appears around the side of the
building. Pete fires and Haven draws and shoots. Pete whirls
away, hit but still on his feet, driving forward, trying to shoot
again and this time Haven drills him clean and Pete goes down
to stay. Other men come up as Haven makes for the woods, disappears.

Suddenly Mick Marion and a dozen men appear, shooting. Mick
horse changes his mind, turns past the body of Pete, gets his
and heads back to town full tilt.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

As Haven watches the flaming building. The slowly
approaching figures of the men are illumined in the big light of
fire. Haven smiles, turns to the horse and moves slowly
through the trees to a place where he can mount; then
mounts and rides for it, SHOTS following him as he breaks into
clear some hundred yards away and heads for the road
Mick Marion took back to town. Bent low, Haven rides for his life -- and makes it...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. ARMY POST - DAWN

As Haven rides up, a detachment of men supervised by Stellman is forming beside mounts in the parade ground. Haven dismounts and starts inside. He glances at his wagon parked outside. It is the one Mrs. Caslon took from him. He smiles slightly as he notes it.

INT. ARMY POST - ILES' OFFICES - DAWN

Haven walks in, brushes past the desk sergeant with a cursory nod and enters Iles' sanctum.

INT. ILES' OFFICE - DAWN

As Haven enters. Mrs. Caslon is there, and Iles, in full field uniform. They look at him quickly as he enters; he pauses, glances at Mrs. Caslon and then faces the explosive Iles.

ILES
That's all right. Just barge right in! I'm going to tell you something...

HAVEN
(abruptly)
No, you're not. You're going to listen.

As Iles stares, dumbfounded, at this impertinence:

HAVEN
You lost some uniforms? You thought they were burned?
ILES
They were.

HAVEN
No, they weren't, but they are now because I just set fire to them.

ILES
(rising)
What's this?

HAVEN
They're smouldering right now in the warehouse at the sawmill, and there are about seventy men down there who were ready to wear them.

ILES
Wear them? What for?

HAVEN
What other reason? To get in the post and take the gold from you.

Iles gawks at him.

HAVEN
You were taking a detachment up north on an Indian scare?

Iles nods vaguely.

HAVEN
Well, that scare is a fake. A ruse. So you know where to send them now.

ILES
Look here, Lieutenant --

HAVEN
Correction.

Haven dips into a lining pocket under his arm and tosses a paper at Iles. Iles glances at it, then looks, thunderstruck, at Haven.

ILES
Major?

HAVEN
You better get down to that sawmill, Captain. They may try it anyway.

ILES' expression slowly changes. He smiles at last.

ILES
I guess I owe you an apology.

HAVEN
(extend his hand)
I'll take it.

He shakes hands with Iles for second, then Iles goes out abruptly. Outside we can hear abrupt commands to the Sergeant before the door closes. Haven takes out his pipe, looks at the silent, dumb-struck Mrs Caslon. He smiles at her slightly. She gets her voice at last.

MRS. CASLON
I guess I owe you something too.

HAVEN
Only fifty thousand.

Outside "To Horse" is sounding. Haven glances out the window, hardly aware of Mrs Caslon's presence.

MRS. CASLON
I wish there was something I could say or do.

HAVEN
There is. You can give me back my gun.

She goes to the desk, gets it and hands it to him. He takes the gun from his holster and hands it to her.

HAVEN
And you can give this one back to the sheriff.

She takes it.

MRS. CASLON
I'll always remember what a fool I
made of myself.

HAVEN
(smiling)
I always try to forget.

He puts his own gun in holster. Glances out the window.

MRS. CASLON
(watching his face)
Are you going too?

HAVEN
Not with them...

He pats her shoulder in a gesture of goodbye and walks out the door. She stands watching him, then moves to the window and looks out.

EXT. POST - DAWN

As Haven walks outside towards his waiting horse. He pauses, pipe in mouth, lighting the pipe now, his face intensely interested as he watches the men form on the parade ground in front of the mounted Iles and Stellman.

FULL SHOT of soldiers. As they mount to a brisk command, and the color bearer takes position. Iles barks out a command; the column forms into marching order. On the double quick, the cavalry company starts out and on the way.

CLOSE SHOT of Haven as he watches; his eyes lighting a little, the pipe in hand. We feel that he'd like to go too in this moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE from Haven's view, as the column of cavalry departs. Haven waves his hand, a half salute, a half gesture to Iles as Iles salutes him in passing. Then only the dust
remains and Haven's gaze lingers. His face changes. It becomes grim. He slowly knocks the ashes from the pipe, pockets it. He slowly mounts the horse. He takes out his gun and checks it. Then slowly he rides away, like a man on a mission he dislikes but cannot evade.

INT. ILES OFFICE - DAWN

As Mrs. Caslon looks out the window. Her face, tense, watches the lonely figure go; her hand waves slightly.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN

Charlie is standing by the desk and window. Prince is sitting there, talking, the inevitable dice in his fingers.

PRINCE
There's seventy men ready for any kind of play. I say we can still swing it -- and get out of town.

THERE is SOUND of massed horses outside and Charlie looks out. Prince walks to the window. They look in silence.

CHARLIE
Can we?

EXT. STREET - DAWN

As Iles rides by at full gallop, followed by a troop of cavalry, headed for the sawmill.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN

As they watch. Prince turns away.

PRINCE
You wanted to give Haven time. Well, he took it.

CHARLIE
You better get out before he takes
By that I presume you intend to remain.

CHARLIE
(wistfully)
I've been here as long as I remember.

Prince crosses to the window and stands looking at Charlie.

PRINCE
I asked you once if Haven moved me out.
(he smiles)
I think he's moved us both out -- together.

Charlie looks at him but does not answer and then she turns to the window, and smiles slightly. Prince follows her gaze to the street. His face is grim.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Haven, mounted, is coming up the street. Slowly and carefully he progresses to the front of the saloon.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN

As Charlie glances at Prince.

PRINCE
(softly)
This is the way I wanted it... and when I've finished you will too... as though Haven had never been here.

He turns and goes quietly and swiftly from the room. Charlie stands thoughtfully. There is nothing in her look or slightest impression on her.

EXT. STREET - DAWN
As Haven comes up to the saloon door.

**INT. SALOON DAWN**

As Prince moves into a shadowy corner.

Sees no one. The place seems utterly deserted. It is soundless.

Camera follows Haven as he moves slowly. He has replaced the gun, but he is alert.

Angle on Prince as he watches Haven, now a perfect target, not looking in his direction. Prince raises the gun a little, but the dice in his over hand click ever so faintly.

Shot of Haven as he stops dead in his tracks, hand on gun again, alert at the slight sound of the dice. Now facing towards the shadow where Prince is hidden. He stands ready and rigid for a long still moment. When there is no sound or movement, he goes on towards the stairs.

Angle on Prince as he moves slightly from the shadow as he goes to the stairs. Prince is ready to shoot again, but the angle on Haven up the stairs is no good. He lowers the gun with disgust, then moves softly out of the shadow.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**

She gets a gun out of the drawer, looks at it, smiles, drops it back into the drawer, moves around the desk and door, composing herself and waiting.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S DOOR**

As Haven pauses, pushes it open. Then walks slowly in.

**INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAWN**
She is standing with her back to the desk, her fingers tight on the edge of the desk as Haven walks in. He stops and looks around and then at her. There is a slight smile on her face.

**CHARLIE**
You cause me an awful lot of trouble.

**HAVEN**
Yeh... but I finally brought you something.

He hands her the little derringer she had given to Mark.

**HAVEN**
You didn't really think Mark would use it, did you?

**CHARLIE**
Maybe I just wanted to send you a gun.

**HAVEN**
(thoughtfully)
Maybe.

**CHARLIE**
Isn't it a little late to make any difference?

**HAVEN**
It's pretty late.

**CHARLIE**
Why?

**HAVEN**
I have to arrest you.

**CHARLIE**
For what?

**HAVEN**
Murder.

**CHARLIE**
I could have killed you from the window -- but I didn't. And I didn't kill the two men -- or Goodard.
HAVEN

Who did?

CHARLIE

Maybe Mick -- maybe Prince -- who knows.

HAVEN

You know.

She puts the little gun on the desk.

CHARLIE

You'd almost as soon be killed as arrest me, wouldn't you?

HAVEN

Almost.

CHARLIE

Which are you -- Wells Fargo or Army?

HAVEN

Army.

He hands her the paper he showed Iles. She just glances at it without touching it. Smiles at him.

CHARLIE

I guess it's my turn to wish you'd gone to China.

HAVEN

I wish I had too.

CHARLIE

(quietly)
If you still have that gold, and I think you do, we might make it yet. You see I believe that every man has his price.

HAVEN

Some men don't believe that.

CHARLIE

But every woman knows it.

Her eyes pass him towards the door behind him.
HAVEN

Only there wouldn't be any women on my jury.

(taking out his pipe)
And that's why you're not as bad off as you might think... I could find twelve men who might think you capable of almost anything -- but I wouldn't bet they'd vote that way after staring at you through a trial.

(he notes her eyes go past him)
Mick is dead for the murders and Prince can be hung for the rest of it...

At the bare rustle of SOUND behind him (and the memory of her eyes going past him) Haven whirls, stopping aside drawing as he does so. And just as he does so, Prince, the doorway, fires. Haven shoots so that the shots RING almost simultaneously. Prince topples forward on his and then his face. The dice roll out of his unclenched hand.

MED. SHOT of Haven and Charlie as their eyes read the dice. Haven puts away the gun. Charlie is still leaning against the desk, but there is a strange look on her face. A smile for Haven. Now she sags a little and Haven she has been hit. He starts to her and she turns away the couch. He catches her as she sags again, and helps down gently on the couch.

ANGLE on couch as Haven kneels beside her. He starts to pull away the top of her dress, but the wound is close to her heart. She shakes her head.

CHARLIE

It's no good...
Haven knows it. He takes her hand and squeezes it.

HAVEN
I'll get someone --

CHARLIE
Stay here.

Haven stares grimly at her face. She gives him a faint smile.

CHARLIE
Tell me something...

HAVEN
Sure.

CHARLIE
This gets us all. This doesn't count.

HAVEN
(softly)
No...

CHARLIE
Tell me something -- on the square.

She holds herself tight a moment; then looks at him again, the faint smile returning.

CHARLIE
Did you ever -- love me?

HAVEN
All the time.

CHARLIE
(a whisper)
Tell it.

HAVEN
From the first night and the first time of the song. I tried to get away from it, but every time it came back. Every time I tried to get it out of my brain I just pushed it deeper into my heart. It had to be either you or me.

CHARLIE
It's all right. I love you... (as he looks hard at her)
Well -- say it.

HAVEN
(softly)
I love you.

She starts to die. He takes her shoulders in his hands as though to kiss her or hold her back to life. Her voice is almost a whisper.

CHARLIE
See you... in China.

She goes, slumping back. He sits there, pats her shoulder in a familiar absent-minded way, then slowly rises. Haven walks out of the room.

MOVING SHOT as Haven goes down the stairway. The deaf pianist is playing as always.

INT. HOTEL
Orville is at his old seat behind the desk. He is playing the last verse of the ballad. Haven enters and crosses to his bag, his face blank and grim. He picks up his bag, and walks out, as though not hearing the guitar and the ballad. As he goes into the street --

FADE OUT

THE END