EXT. GARDEN CITY STATION - DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- station signboard. It reads:

"GARDEN CITY"

CAMERA PANS to show the dusty platform of a typical small Arizona town of the late nineties. CAMERA TRUCKS ALONG platform PAST a line of sleeping figures, consisting of a couple of drunks, an Indian, two Mexicans and a mongrel dog. CAMERA STOPS on the window of the ticket office. Inside the chair window. The opens his office can be glimpsed the Station Agent dozing in a with his feet up against the grill of the ticket clicking of the signal indicator is heard. The agent his eyes, flips up the indicator and begins to get to feet sleepily.

MED. SHOT
line of sleeping figures, with dog in f.g. The sound of
distant train whistle is heard o.s. The dog, which up
might have been dead, opens one eye and looks past

**LONG SHOT**

railway track with the three-car train approaching.

**MED. SHOT**

line of sleeping figures. The dog jumps up barking
and runs out of shot past camera. The sleeping figures
to life and look toward camera. At the same time, the
of the ticket office opens and the agent appears.

**FULL SHOT**

railway track. The train is now almost at the station.

**EXT. PLATFORM - DAY**

FULL SHOT -- with the line of men now standing on the
of the platform looking toward camera. Train steams
in past camera, and stops, with a tall, wide-shouldered
of about 28 (Rocklin), dressed in new store clothes, and a broad-brimmed white hat, in f.g. standing on
day coach with a small valise and saddle in his hands.
Rocklin a conductor.

**MED. SHOT**

baggage car. The baggageman is standing at the open
the car with two sacks of mail. He drops them to the
and waves to the conductor o.s. and begins to close the
of the baggage car.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**
on Station Agent and conductors. The latter signals the engineer. The train whistle sounds again o.s. and the shadow of the moving train begins to pass across the Station Agent's face.

**TRUCKING SHOT**

As Rocklin comes along the platform carrying the valise in one hand and balancing the saddle on his shoulder with the other, a man behind him picks up the two mail sacks and exits from scene. The station bums look at Rocklin curiously. His expression giving no encouragement, they slink back out of the sun and begin to settle down in their old places again.

At the ticket office, Rocklin pauses and looks around uncertainly.

**STATION AGENT**

(at office door)
Expectin' someone?

**ROCKLIN**

(after a second's pause)
I guess not. Where's the stagecoach office?

**STATION AGENT**

(pointing)
Back of the depot.

**EXT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY**

The stage is drawn up in front of the depot, over which is a sign --

**RED ROCK STAGE**

J. Harolday Proprietor

Rocklin, making his way along the walk, almost reaches
depot when his attention is arrested by the sight of the stage driver, who has just rounded in front of the horses. He pauses close to one horse's head. Rocklin Dave take a bottle from his person, uncork it as he around, and raise it to drink. The bottle is almost to lips when the horse shies, swinging its head. The knocked from the old fellow's hands and smashes on the Now Rocklin witnesses a scene of intense fury, which he amusing despite its seriousness. Old Dave rants and beats his thighs, his heads, flings his arms wildly and exhibits his utter disgust generally.

DAVE
(to horse)
Consarn you, Blossom -- lookit that --
(jus' lookit what you done --)
(some more pantomime)
I'm tellin' you, Blossom that --
(indicating broken bottle)
-- makes you the most aggravatin'
female as ever I had a despise fer --
I've got a good notion to pizen you --
an' what's more --

He stops talking abruptly because his hand has, quite chance, felt the spare bottle he carries, which he has forgotten in his anger. A most satisfying smile lights bewhiskered face as he brings the bottle into view. He it, and stepping a few paces from the horse, raises the bottle.

DAVE
(to Blossom)
Heh-heh -- fooled you, didn't I? --
(chuckles)
Fooled myself, too.

ON ROCKLIN
who has been watching Dave's performance. He smiles his amusement and now proceeds toward the stage office.

**INT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY**

PAN SHOT. Rocklin enters and moves over to the counter, behind which is the stage agent, a mild-looking man with pebble-lens glasses. During the scene, the character who picked up the mail sacks from the platform, comes in, dumps the sacks on the counter and leaves.

**STAGE AGENT**
(to Rocklin)
Howdy.

**ROCKLIN**
(indicating stage)
That the stage for Santa Inez?

**STAGE AGENT**
(nods)
Leaving any minute.

Rocklin puts his saddle on the counter, and taking out a wad of bills, drops them on the counter. The Stage Agent counts out the fare.

**STAGE AGENT**
Santa Inez -- seventeen-fifty --
(returning the balance)
Name?

**ROCKLIN**
Rocklin.

The Stage Agent turns to make out the ticket. Rocklin takes some tobacco and paper from his vest pocket as he glances outside.

**ROCKLIN**
Mind if I ride alongside the driver?

**STAGE AGENT**
(over his specs)
It's all right with me -- if it's all right with Dave -- He's mad -- His last trip -- Had a row with Harolday, the boss -- Old-timer, Dave -- an' a grumpy old cuss.

ROCKLIN
(soberly)
I like grumpy old cusses -- Hope to live long enough to be one.

STAGE AGENT
(puzzled)
Yeah?

He shakes his head and hands Rocklin the ticket, and moves over to the door with one of the mail sacks in his hand.

EXT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY
The Stage Agent, carrying a mail sack, and Rocklin come from the stage depot and reach the stage as Dave is in the act of climbing up to the driver's seat.

STAGE AGENT
Here's your mail, Dave --
Dave looks over his shoulder at the Agent and steps to the ground, as Rocklin climbs up to the driver's seat.

ROCKLIN
(as he steps up to the seat) -- and a passenger.

Dave glares at Rocklin climbing up to the seat, and he is about to order him down when Rocklin, now seated, looks at him and asks rather wistfully --

ROCKLIN
Mind if I ride up here?

Dave does mind, but his better judgment tells him to
carefully in his attitude toward this stranger, who does things first, then asks permission. His only answer to Rocklin is a characteristic grimace which is eloquent enough. And his only answer to Rocklin is a characteristic grimace which is eloquent enough. And now Dave turns on the Agent, who becomes the target of pent-up wrath.

**Dave**

Where's them wimmen?

**Stage Agent**

Up at the hotel.

**Dave**

(yanking mail sack from Agent)

Why ain't they here? -- This is the stage depot, ain't it -- ?

(heaves sack into boot)

Ain't it?

**Stage Agent**

You can pick 'em up there -- it's only up the street --

**Dave**

On'y up the street -- an' they cain't walk it -- What's the matter -- don't Easterners have laigs like other folks?

Dave stalks around the rear of the coach. The Agent stretches himself up toward Rocklin.

**Stage Agent**

(so Dave won't hear)

Hold tight when you git in the mountains, mister -- When he gits riled you can hear the passengers prayin' for miles.

Dave has climbed to his seat, and now the coach lurches away, leaving the Agent shaking his head dubiously.

**Ext. Garden City Hotel - Day**
From the porch of the hotel. We see the stage
approaching as the hotel handyman brings a trunk and a couple of bags
from the hotel to the street. The coach pulls up and stops.

DAVE
(to handyman)
Whar's them wimmen? -- They waitin' for you to carry 'em out?

Before the handyman can answer, Dave's attention is
taken by someone calling his name from across the street.
Meantime, an Indian squaw wobbles from the hotel with bow and
arrow, etc. Rocklin buys bow and arrow.

SADDLER
(as he comes to Dave)
Dave -- Dave -- tell Arly Harolday her saddle ain't ready yet, will ya?

DAVE
(getting to the ground)
I ain't tellin' that crazy female nothin' -- Last time I seen her she threatened to rip the hide off'n me and bat me dizzy with it.

Dave goes to the rear of the coach.

SADDLER
(looks up to Rocklin)
Mister -- will you tell the Agent at Santa Inez to tell Miss Harolday her saddle ain't ready yet?

ROCKLIN
(nods)
I'll say that.

PORCH OF HOTEL

Miss Martin steps out onto the porch followed by Clara and a
gentleman, presumably the hotel manager or clerk. The
women are obviously Easterners and are attired in the good
of the period. Miss Martin is a domineering woman, middle age. Her niece, Clara, is a well-bred, attractive girl of twenty-one and completely under the influence of the older woman.

CLERK
(as group comes through door)
By next year, madam, we expect to have a bathtub on each floor.

Miss Martin stops short and looks o.s.

ON DAVE AT REAR OF THE COUCH

having a time lifting the trunk up into the boot. Miss Martin and the others come into the scene.

MISS MARTIN
Now don't drop it --

Dave pauses to see who is talking.

MISS MARTIN
At your age you'd best not be lifting things so heavy.

DAVE
(grimaces)
Mebbe you're young enough to hoist her up your own self.
(tries to lift trunk again)

CLOSE SHOT

on Clara. She is looking rather timidly up at Rocklin.

CLOSE SHOT

on Rocklin. He is grinning appreciatively at old Dave. Now he notices Clara and regards her soberly a moment.

FULL SHOT

Dave has heaved the trunk in place and is securing it.
Miss Martin, about to enter the coach, notices Clara staring up at Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN

Clara!

Clara snaps her attention from Rocklin to her aunt. The Clerk steps to the side of the coach and opens the door. He assists Clara inside -- and now Miss Martin.

INT. COACH - DAY

Miss Martin and Clara. Miss Martin is just sitting. She looks coldly at Clara.

MISS MARTIN

(in low voice)
Staring as though you'd never seen a man before.

EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - DAY

Dave, Rocklin and Clerk. Dave is at the moment climbing to his seat on the other side of the coach. The Clerk swings the door closed and looks up to Rocklin and speaks more or less confidentially.

CLERK

Try to hold him down or he'll scare the women to death.

ON ROCKLIN

He is looking down at the Clerk and answers quite casually, but loud enough to be heard by the women.

ROCKLIN

I never feel sorry for anything that happens to a woman.

INT. COACH - DAY

THROUGH window of door -- Miss Martin and Clara. The
have obviously overheard Rocklin's remark. Miss Martin smiles vindictively at Clara, who flushes.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Clerk, who moves to the coach door.

**CLERK**
Well, I hope you have a nice trip, ladies.

**MISS MARTIN**
I hope we get there -- wouldn't surprise me if we didn't.

**EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - DAY**

On Dave and Rocklin.

**DAVE**
(mutters)
Wait till I get you on the road, you old buzzard, you'll be surprised all right.

He takes up the reins and shouts the team away.

**DISSOLVE OUT**

**DISSOLVE IN**

**EXT. ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY**

EXTREME LONG SHOT -- with the stage hardly more than a black dot below, its curl of rising dust in the midst of the whole broad expanse. As the coach disappears from shot, the two mounted men appear riding at an easy pace and continue in the same direction as the coach.

**EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF COACH - DAY**

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Dave and Rocklin, the latter staring straight ahead. As they roll with the roll of the coach, Dave steals a look at his companion.
DAVE
I wonder why a young feller who don't have to wants to come into this God danged country?

Rocklin ignores Dave's question and continues staring ahead.

Dave glances down toward the women.

DAVE
Say -- did you mean what you said back there about wimmen?

ROCKLIN
(grimly)
Every word of it.

DAVE
(chuckling)
Then you're smarter than most.

ROCKLIN
Maybe I seen more of 'em than most.

DAVE
(looking at him admiringly)
Shouldn't be surprised. Shouldn't be a leetle bit surprised.
(reflectively)
All the same...

He breaks off and chuckles again.

ROCKLIN
(unsmilingly)
All the same -- what?

Dave doesn't reply, but lifting the pint of whiskey, jerks out the cork with one movement of his thumbnail.

DAVE
(offering bottle to Rocklin)
Take a slug.

Rocklin drinks and gives the bottle back to Dave, who all but empties it in one pull.

DAVE
(holding up the bottle and squinting through it)
Whiskey and wimmen -- ever think how much alike they are? Both fool you, but you never figger out how to do without 'em.

Rocklin makes no reply. Dave offers the bottle again.

**DAVE**
Take another.

**ROCKLIN**
Not just yet.

**DAVE**
(unoffended)
Well...
(putting the bottle to his lips)
Here's to her.

**ROCKLIN**
Who?

**DAVE**
The next one that fools you.

He empties the bottle and shies it away. At the same time, the coach hits a particularly bad patch of road and muffled exclamation from inside the coach. Dave leans and looks down o.s.

**INT. COACH - DAY**
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Clara and Miss Martin. The former is showing the effects of the rough ride, but the old lady is hanging on grimly.

**EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - DAY**
Dave straightens up, grinning.

**DAVE**
(with relish)
Mighty rough stretch along here.
He whips up the team, at the same time weaving a little unsteadily in his seat.

ROCKLIN
Like me to speel you a while?

DAVE
Nope. I've had a few snorts but that don't make no difference. Leas'ways, never has...
   (after a second's pause)
Don't ever git wore out, and useless, like me.

ROCKLIN
Who're them as say you are?

DAVE
Harolday, for one. Oh, I ain't belly-achin'. Reckon he's entitled to his opinion. But him and me never did see eye to eye.

ROCKLIN
What's wrong?

DAVE
It's constitootional, I reckon. Like that step-daughter of his is crazy -- he's too sane. Believes In law and order.

ROCKLIN
(grinning)
What's wrong with law and order?

DAVE
Depends on who's a-dishin' it out. Never was good at takin' orders meself. As for the law -- well, you'll soon find out what that means 'round these parts.

The coach hits a particularly bad bit of road and there is an exclamation from inside. Dave grins and urges the team on cheerfully.

DISSOLVE OUT
DISSOLVE IN

EXT. RIM - ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY

FULL SHOT -- as Dave pulls up the stage at the top of a long downgrade and looks out appreciatively at the view. From this crest of the rim, a vast expanse of country is visible.

CLOSE SHOT

stage. Miss Martin thrusts her head out of the window.

MISS MARTIN
Driver? Driver, what's the matter?

DAVE
Nothin'. Restin' hosses. Git out and stretch yore laigs if you want.

MISS MARTIN
Resting horses? What for? I can see with my own eyes it's downhill.

Dave brightens visibly at this challenge.

DAVE
You in such an all-fired hurry, lady?

MISS MARTIN
Certainly, we are in a hurry.

DAVE
(beaming)
Well -- we'll hurry some.

His whip cracks like a rifle shot and the startled horses literally jerk the heavy stage over the rim and down grade.

LONG SHOT

grade, with the stagecoach bounding and reeling down the narrow road and around the sharp bends.

CLOSE FULL SHOT
Dave and Rocklin on stage as it thunders downhill. Dave is leaning out and listening hopefully for the outcries within. None come. Rocklin is hanging on with both hands and mildly amused.

**INT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

The two women are really being scrambled.

**EXT. STAGECOACH - ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY**

CLOSE TWO SHOT -- Dave and Rocklin. Rocklin is as calm as if he were walking. Dave is more and more pleased with himself. He again leans out to listen.

**LONG SHOT**

grade, with coach approaching in b.g. In f.g. the road narrows and makes a sharp turn at the very edge of a precipice. There is no possible way of getting the coach safely around this turn except at a walk.

**LONG SHOT**

road, from point of view of driver's seat, establishing the same menace ahead.

**CLOSE TWO SHOT**

Dave and Rocklin, as Rocklin glances out of the corner of his eyes as if wondering whether or not Dave is too drunk to perceive the disaster. He makes no move, however, to advise or interfere.

**FULL SHOT**

road; at danger corner, as stage comes in. At the very last
second, Dave pulls in the horses and negotiates the
safety.

CLOSE SHOT
stage. Dave grins at Rocklin, then listens for the
expects from the women within. The old lady's head bobs
of the window.

MISS MARTIN
(fiercely)
Now what's the matter. Why are we
stopping again?

Old Dave's mouth drops open, and as Rocklin begins to
at his discomfiture.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - DAY
FULL SHOT of lonely adobe which serves as a combination
roadhouse, stage station and bar. As the coach rolls
f.g., a little Mexican boy (Pablo) runs out to change
horses.

PABLO
(as Rocklin swings
down)
Buenas noches, senor.

ROCKLIN
Buenas noches, amigo.

PABLO
(grinning at the
friendly tone)
Ha llegado anticipadamente, senor.

ROCKLIN
Tuvimos suerte en haber llegado.

He glances pointedly at Dave who is climbing down
and Pablo bursts out laughing.
MED. CLOSE SHOT

on door of coach. As Dave comes into shot, Miss Martin's head pops out of the window.

DAVE
(gruffly)
We stop here.

MISS MARTIN
Why do we stop here?

DAVE
If you wanta eat and stretch yore laigs.

MISS MARTIN
Will you please stop referring to my legs!

DAVE
You got some, ain't you?

He turns and lurches toward the roadhouse.

INT. STAN'S PLACE - DAY

FULL SHOT from doorway. It is a large barn-like room on one side of which is a bar. On the other side is a fireplace and a partition behind which is a rough dining table and benches. Standing at the bar drinking with his back to the door is a wizened little man, dressed in an odd assortment of garments of unrecognizable origin. On the counter is a travelling prospector's pack, to which is strapped an assortment of prospector's equipment, including a pick and shovel. As Dave enters, the man (Zeke) turns around and reveals a face even hairier than Dave's.

ZEKE
(holding out his arms)
Dave!

DAVE
(letting out a yell and rushing to Zeke)
Why, Zeke, you two-legged old coot!

CLOSE SHOT

Zeke and Dave as they beat one another on the back.

DAVE
Whar you been all these months?

ZEKE
Up in the hills workin' my way down the biggest hole you ever seed.

DAVE
Good -- What's at the bottom of it?

ZEKE
Nothin'!

DAVE
(roaring with laughter)
What, again!!

MED. SHOT

Rocklin has entered and moved to the fire. Miss Martin and Clara enter and stand in the doorway watching the scene at the bar. A pale-faced, dyspeptic-looking man of about 45 (Stan) comes from the kitchen and approaches them ingratiatingly.

STAN
Good evening, ladies. How about something to eat?

MISS MARTIN
(with a dubious look toward the pair at the bar)
Well -- if it won't take too long.

STAN
(leading the way toward the partition)
This way, ladies.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
bar. Dave has just fitted a cylindrical record of "She
Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" to an old-type
phonograph.

DAVE
Yep -- this is my last trip.

ZEKE
Why?

DAVE
Old Harolday won't take back what he said.

ZEKE
What'd he say?

DAVE
"You're fired."

They both yell with laughter and slap one another on
the back.

MED. SHOT
from fireplace. Rocklin is standing in f.g. looking
down at the fire and making the inevitable cigarette from his
dip. Seated at the table are Clara and Miss Martin.

From o.s. comes the sound of Zeke and Dave singing to the
phonograph record. Miss Martin glares indignantly in
direction of the bar, obviously about to make a
protest. At this moment Stan comes from the kitchen with a large
dish in his hand which he dumps on the table.

STAN
There you are, folks. Dig in and
help y'rselves.

Miss Martin, sitting forward eagerly, suddenly sees the
dish of meat and freezes.

CLOSE SHOT
dish of meat. It is swimming in greasy brown gravy.

**MED. SHOT**

Miss Martin as she shudders dyspeptically and closes her eyes.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

bar, as Stan comes from the table to Dave and Zeke.

**STAN**

Supper, Dave?

**DAVE**

(noisily)

I'm drinkin' mine. Set 'em up.

**MED. SHOT**

table. Clara has filled a plate with food, which she offers to her aunt.

**CLARA**

Auntie --

**MISS MARTIN**

With my dyspepsia? Do you want to kill me?

Clara hesitates for a second, then looks across to Rocklin.

**CLARA**

Aren't you going to have any supper?

**ROCKLIN**

Reckon so.

He comes to table and begins to help himself. There is a loud burst of laughter from the bar.

**MISS MARTIN**

Young man, that driver's had all the liquor he can take.

**ROCKLIN**

Has he?
MISS MARTIN
You know he has. You're not a complete fool, are you?

ROCKLIN
Frequently.

MISS MARTIN
(to Clara, furiously)
The rudeness of people in these parts is appalling!

Clara looks apologetically at Rocklin, then away again nervously. Suddenly, she sees something o.s. and drops her knife and fork with a little start.

MED. CLOSE SHOT
window. A thin, unpleasant-looking face is seen through the glass. The windowpane is defective and so distorts the lower part of the face into a hideous smile. It is the younger of the two men who were watching the coach outside the hotel.

PANNING SHOT
on kitchen door as Stan comes through with a dish of potatoes. A man's voice is heard o.s. and he pulls up abruptly.

BOB CLEWS' VOICE
Well, well -- smells like a mighty nice bit of veal.

CAMERA HAS PANNED TO include the side door next to the window and almost opposite to the dining table. The owner of face at the window (Bob Clews) is now standing in the doorway. Behind him is the man with the sheriff's badge on his dirty vest (Jackson). As they come forward toward Stan, the latter shows obvious signs of nervousness.

BOB CLEWS
Doin' yourself well these days, Stan.
STAN
A friend of mine was by an' sold me a quarter of beef.

JACKSON
(insinuatingly)
The same friend as sold you that hide Bob, here, found stashed in your barn yesterday?

STAN
Hide -- What hide?

BOB CLEWS
The one that might send you to the penitentiary.

JACKSON
(smugly)
What did you do with it, Stan?

STAN
I never had no hide stashed --

BOB CLEWS
(harshly)
I saw it yesterday under the hay.

STAN
Then it must still be there.

JACKSON
No it ain't -- we looked -- Where is it?

STAN
I tell ya --

MISS MARTIN
(who has been an interested witness)
What is all this?

Jackson, as though noticing the women for the first time, raises his hat.

JACKSON
Afternoon ma'am. Miz Caldwell ain't it?
MISS MARTIN
No -- Martin -- Miss Martin -- This is Miss Caldwell.

JACKSON
(to Clara)
Glad to know you, miss -- Been expectin' you at Santa Inez. I'm Sheriff Jackson. Any relation of Red Caldwell's a friend of mine.

BOB CLEWS
(that oily smile)
You're sure gonna brighten things up considerable around the K.C. Ranch.

Miss Martin gives Clews an icy stare and snaps her eyes to Jackson.

MISS MARTIN
(indicating Stan)
What's going on with him?

JACKSON
Just a little matter of the law.

BOB CLEWS
(hastily)
Rustlin'.

MISS MARTIN
Wrestling?

BOB CLEWS
Rustlin' -- cattle stealin'.

MISS MARTIN
Oh -- a thief --

STAN
(visibly worried)
I tell ya I never --

BOB CLEWS
(quickly)
Save it --

JACKSON
(to Miss Martin)
Matter of fact -- Bob, here, says that the hide he saw yesterday had
the K.C. brand on it.

MISS MARTIN
Oh -- hmmm -- well, what do you intend doing about it?

BOB CLEWS
(looking at Stan)
Law's pretty harsh 'round here on cattle thieves.

JACKSON
(being the kind man)
Course, we don't want to make a mistake with an old-timer, but --

Rocklin speaks from where he leans against the wall, casually smoking.

ROCKLIN
How about the owner of that beef -- mightn't he have somethin' to say about it?

There's a pause in which all have turned their attention to Rocklin.

JACKSON
Meanin'?

ROCKLIN
Red Caldwell -- he's the owner of the K.C., ain't he?

BOB CLEWS
(after a short chuckle)
You're 'way behind the herd, mister -- Red Caldwell died three weeks ago.

MISS MARTIN
(glaring at Clews)
Was murdered, you mean.

JACKSON
That's right -- shot in the back -- not far from here.

BOB CLEWS
(significantly to Stan)
Maybe he was gettin' on to things about the cattle that's been missin' from the K.C. lately.

**STAN**

I tell ya I ain't never had any hide --

**BOB CLEWS**

(quickly)
Well, you got beef --

**STAN**

(meekly defiant)
Yes -- an' I got a bill of sale fer it, too.

Jackson and Clews exchange a quick glance.

**JACKSON**

S'pose you let me see that bill of sale.

**STAN**

(starts for kitchen)

It's right out here.

Jackson follows, looking at the women.

**JACKSON**

Like I said -- I wouldn't want to make a mistake with an ole-timer.

Jackson follows Stan into the kitchen. Clews moves to the fire and lunges there picking his teeth and eyeing Clara, who stirs uneasily under the man's gaze.

**MED. SHOT**

as Rocklin comes out of the thoughtful mood in which he has been plunged by the information about Red Caldwell and the by-play between Clews and Clara. He frowns and makes a movement as if about to rise. At the same time, Dave Zeke, whose voices have been heard throughout In the stagger into the shot.
DAVE
(chuckling and pointing to Miss Martin)
See that one?
(confidentially)
She ain't got no laigs.

MISS MARTIN
Hold your tongue.
(to Zeke, who is gaping at her)
And you -- stop staring as if we were monsters.

Zeke takes it and staggers into the b.g. near Bob Clews.

DAVE
(to Rocklin)
Where's Stan? We got to have another drink.

ROCKLIN
He's outside tryin' to explain away a hide.

DAVE
Eh?

ROCKLIN
(indicating food)
Seems we're eatin' stolen beef.

DAVE
Somebody's loco. Stan might have given house-room to bit o' dead beef, but he'd never be fool enough to leave the hide lyin' around.
(to Zeke)
How 'bout it, Zeke?

Zeke opens his mouth to speak, and slowly folds up, sliding down the wall to the floor.

MED. SHOT

as Clews comes from the fireplace and joins the group.

BOB CLEWS
That's the way it is, Dave.
Dave has gone to Zeke's aid and now peers at Clews closely, recognizing him for the first time.

**DAVE**

(disgustedly)

Oh -- it's you.

**BOB CLEWS**

That's right -- your old pal Bob Clews.

**DAVE**

(shoves Clews)

Git away from me -- you two-timin' horse thief.

**BOB CLEWS**

(grinning)

Them's fightin' words, pardner.

Stan and Jackson come from the kitchen. Dave is again picking up Zeke, but seeing Stan, lets Zeke drop.

**DAVE**

(moving to Stan)

Hey, Stan -- don't let 'em hang nothin' on you, you ain't done. They're just a couple of fourflushers -- the pair of 'em, everybody knows that.

Jackson addresses everyone present with an indulgent Smile.

**JACKSON**

Crazy drunk.

**DAVE**

(wheels on Jackson)

Mebbe I am drunk -- mebbe that's why I'm tellin' the truth -- I'm drunk an' I'll say what I think -- I'll say what I know.

Zeke, on the floor, takes up Dave's belligerent mood for a flash.

**ZEKE**

So will -- I --
(goes out again)

Jackson goes to Dave.

**JACKSON**

Don't act up this ways, Dave -- They's women watchin'.

Clews moves in to Jackson and Dave, and now both men urge Dave toward the door.

**DAVE**

(attempting to throw them off)

Git your hands off me --

**BOB CLEWS**

(to company in general)

What he needs is a short lay-down.

**ROCKLIN**

(taking a step forward)

I'll lend a hand.

**JACKSON**

(brushing past him)

Me an' Bob'll look after him. We're his friends -- come on, Bob.

(as they steer Dave through door)

Careful now -- don't hurt him.

They exit. Rocklin stands frowning a second, then turns toward the table where Stan is making a show of clearing dishes, etc.

**ROCKLIN**

(quietly to Stan)

How are things standin' now between you an' the law?

(indicates direction Jackson went out)

**STAN**

(not wanting to talk about it particularly)

All right, I reckon --

(looks at Rocklin; more confidently)
I guess this bill of sale --
(indicates it in Vest pocket)
-- kinda winded him.

Rocklin's lips curl in a wise smile.

**ROCKLIN**
Good thing you saved it.

Zeke is discovered on all fours crawling around on the floor near the table where the women sit. He seems to be looking for something.

**MISS MARTIN**
(mystified)
What are you doing?

Zeke turns his hairy face up toward Miss Martin.

**ZEKE**
Musta been dreamin' -- Thought I was sittin' on a pot of gold.

**STAN**
(wearily)
There ain't no gold here.

**ZEKE**
(takes it)
There ain't even a pot.

The door leading from the barn opens and Jackson enters followed by Clews a few steps behind.

**ROCKLIN**
How is he?

**JACKSON**
Went to sleep soon's we laid him down.

   (pulling off hat again)
Sorry to have a ruckus in front of you ladies. Dave's an ornery old cuss when he gets goin' -- No shape to drive on, I'm afraid.

**MISS MARTIN**
(this is a fine kettle of fish)
Hmmm --

JACKSON
Don't worry, ma'am. Bob, here, 'll take you on in -- knows every inch of the road -- Don't you?

BOB CLEWS
(grins)
You bet.

Rocklin has been listening intently.

ROCKLIN
I'm drivin'.

CLOSE SHOT
of the group, with Clews looking significantly at Jackson, who is obviously checkmated by Rocklin's remark.

JACKSON
(finally speaks)
But if anything was to happen to the ladies, I'd feel -- to blame.

ROCKLIN
Don't.

He turns abruptly and walks out the front door to the coach. Jackson stares after him a moment, uncertain. Now he turns to the women.

JACKSON
You ladies want he should drive?

Miss Martin hesitates.

BOB CLEWS
I'll be more'n glad to accommodate you --
(smiles at Clara)

MISS MARTIN
(resenting Clews' familiarity)
He's going with us anyway -- he may as well drive.
JACKSON
Anything you say, ma'am.

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT -- coach as Rocklin moves toward it from the house. A crudely made arrow shoots in and hits Rocklin lightly. A warning hiss is heard o.s. and he turns quickly in the direction of the sound.

EXT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT -- door of stable. The little Mexican who attended the horses is peering out from the stable.

MEXICAN
(in a whisper)
Venga con migo, senor.

The kid disappears inside the stable. Rocklin comes shot from the direction of the coach and enters the stable.

INT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rocklin comes through the door and moves toward the boy, who is standing looking downward into some hay. CAMERA PANS DOWN to show Dave unconscious, with a nasty cut in his scalp. Rocklin kneels into the shot. Over the scene comes the sound of retreating hoofbeats.

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

LONG SHOT -- from Rocklin's ANGLE in the stable, of Jackson and Bob Clews riding away.

INT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON SHOT.

ROCKLIN
(to boy)
Did they do it?

MEXICAN
Si, senor. They hit him with a pistola.

ROCKLIN
(matte)s
His friends, eh?

He kneels again, picks Dave up, and prepares to carry him out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROAD TO SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of stagecoach traveling.

CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin on the driver's seat, handling the reins expertly.

INT. COACH - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT -- with Miss Martin and Clara now seated next to one another. Clara is half asleep with her head against the side of the coach. Miss Martin is sitting bolt upright but her eyes are closed and her head nods. CAMERA PANS to include the other side of the coach where Dave is sprawled in the seat, his head on a cushion, his mouth open, asleep. Suddenly he snores violently, and Miss Martin wakes with a start and glares at him angrily.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAGE DEPOT - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT on sign on window which reads:

RED ROCK STAGE SANTA INEZ DEPOT

Proprietor -- J. Harolday
CAMERA PANS to show the coach pulled up outside, with Rocklin lifting his saddle from the top of the coach, whilst a stableman holds up Dave.

**STABLEMAN**

What happened?

**ROCKLIN**

Bumped his head.

**STABLEMAN**

(skeptically)
Where -- on Iron Mountain?

**ROCKLIN**

Where's the best chance of a cheap room?

**STABLEMAN**

(pointing)
There's Cap's place across the Street -- the Sun-Up Saloon.

**ROCKLIN**

(with valise, indicates saddle)
I'll pick that up later.

**MISS MARTIN**

(to stableman)
This isn't the hotel.

**STABLEMAN**

No'm, lady. Hotel's up the street a piece.

**MISS MARTIN**

Are we expected to carry our bags at this time of night?

**STABLEMAN**

(to Rocklin)
Want to drive 'em on up?

**ROCKLIN**
(flatly)

Nope.

(offering a shoulder
to Dave)

Here -- catch aholt.

The two move out of shot across the road, followed by

the

indignant gaze of Miss Martin.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT -- opening on the sign over the door,

which

reads:

SUN-UP SALOON

CAMERA PANS to show Rocklin and Dave coming along the

boardwalk in front of the saloon. CAMERA PANS them to

the

swing-doors, which Rocklin pushes open, passing through

the saloon.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT -- SHOOTING FROM BEHIND the bar toward the

doors as Dave and Rocklin enter. The bartender (Cap), a

tallish man of about 50, studies them as they enter,

then

turns and calls across the room.

CAP

Hey Doc!

CAMERA PANS to show a group of poker players seated

around a
table. This consists of a well-dressed, powerful-

looking man

of about 45 (Judge Garvey), with a smooth face and an

weak

impressive manner; a flashily-dressed young man with a

35

face (Clint Harolday); a tough-looking cowboy of about

(Pap

Ab Jenkins); a pleasant-faced storekeeper of about 50

and

Fossler); and a little man with a weather-beaten face
intensely blue eyes (Doc Riding). Watching the game are Sam Haynes and Shorty Davis, the former a townsman and the latter a cowboy. As they all look toward the door, Cap's voice continues.

**CAP'S VOICE**
Customer --

Doc Riding looks quickly toward the door, taking in the situation.

**DOC RIDING**
(to Haynes)
Take my hand, Sammy.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Rocklin and Dave come to the bar. At the same time, Doc Riding comes into shot from the poker table.

**DOC RIDING**
What happened?

**ROCKLIN**
Bumped his head.

**DOC RIDING**
(dryly)
I see.
(examining the head)
Looks like he's going to need a couple or so stitches.
(to Cap)
Better get him upstairs.

The bartender looks dubious.

**ROCKLIN**
(nodding)
Okay. You can book me a room, too.

As Rocklin and Doc Riding begin to lead Dave toward the Stairs.

**DISSOLVE IN**

**INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**
lies in
bed, with his eyes closed. His head is swathed in a
bandage. He stirs and gives a little chuckle.

DAVE
(muttering)
No laigs.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Doc Riding at the bed and
beyond, standing in the connecting doorway between two
bedrooms. The latter has a face towel in his hands and
evidently been washing up. As Dave settles down
in the bed, Doc Riding closes his bag, nods to Rocklin
and
moves toward the second bedroom.

INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- as Doc Riding comes through the
doorway from Dave's room.

DOC RIDING
He'll be all right in the morning.

Rocklin closes door behind him.

DOC RIDING
How about a snort?

ROCKLIN
Don't mind if I do.

He moves across the room, followed by Rocklin, who
throws the towel down on the bed as he passes. For a second,
hesitates as if about to pick up the gun-belt which is
on the bed. Then, deciding to leave it, he follows the
through the door.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- at bar, with Cap Setting up glasses for Doc Riding and Rocklin. He nods to indicate the bedroom upstairs.

**CAP**
(with a grin)
Will he make it?

**DOC RIDING**
Sure he'll make it. Can't kill off a salty old hairpin like Dave that easy.

**CAP**
You're right. Reckon Saint Peter must be gitten' mighty tired of dustin' off that doormat for him. 
(to Rocklin)
By the way, how did you say it happened?

**ROCKLIN**
(stolidly)
I didn't.

**CAP**
(with a slight nod of approval)
That's right; you didn't. 
(casually)
Reason I ask is, a couple fellers was in saying how Dave was kickin' up a ruckus up at Stan's place. 
(to Doc Riding)
Sheriff Jackson it was and one of the Clewses.

**DOC RIDING**
(with a look of distaste)
Oh!

Cap reverts to Rocklin, still casually, but with an undertone of friendly warning.

**CAP**
Tough customers, the Clewses.

**DOC RIDING**
Yeah -- don't pay to start something
with 'em you don't intend to finish.

**CAP**
(to Doc Riding before Rocklin can answer)
By the way, Doc, they tell me George'll be out again.
(to Rocklin, with the same casual air)
That's Bob Clews' brother. Jest done a stretch in pen 'tentiary for horse stealin'.

**ROCKLIN**
They string 'em up for that where I come from.

**DOC RIDING**
(muttering into his drink)
Pity they didn't string him up while they wore about it.

**CAP**
That's what Arly Harolday was sayin' only this mornin'.
(to Rocklin)
You ain't met our Arly yet, I reckon?

**DOC RIDING**
He will, if he stays here long enough.
(chuckles)

**CAP**
Hell-fire in skirts.

**DOC RIDING**
(raises his glass; grinning)
Well, here's now.

They down the drinks. There is a burst of excited comment from o.s. and they all look around toward the poker table.

**MED. SHOT**
Poker table from bar. The flashily-dressed youngster is raking in the stakes triumphantly.
CLINT
What did I tell you? They gotta be big to beat me!

MED. CLOSE SHOT
Group at bar.

CAP
Clint Harolday's in luck tonight.

DOC RIDING
They're certainly running for him. About time, too. He's taken a beating this last week would shake a better man.

MED. SHOT
Poker table and including bar. Sammy Haynes has risen and is pushing back his chair.

SAMMY
Include me out.

CLINT
Aw -- come on. Can't you take it?

SAMMY
Not that sort o' luck, I can't. Besides, I on'y came in to oblige.

CLINT
(turning to bar and shouting)
Come on, Doc. I still got to take something from you.

DOC RIDING
(shaking his head)
No more tonight, son. I've a full day ahead.

Judge Garvey in foreground has been watching Rocklin, as if trying to sum him up. He now leans forward with an ingratiating smile.

GARVEY
How about you, sir? Care to sit in? I'm warnin' you, though -- our young
friend here has been holding phenomenal cards.

Rocklin smiles and begins to shake his head.

**CLINT**
(with a cocky grin)
Have a heart, Judge. This ain't no two-bit saddle-tramp's game. This is for real money.

Rocklin turns very slowly and stares at Clint. The others watch curiously. Without taking his eyes off Clint, he comes forward slowly and stands looking down at him. Then, unbuttoning the flap of his pocket, he takes out the wad of bills and drops it on the table, at the same time sinking into the chair vacated by Sammy. The tension amongst the onlookers relaxes and Clint grins at Garvey and winks significantly.

**GARVEY**
Fine! Oh -- this is Pap Fossler; Shorty Davis; Ab Jenkins; Mr. Harolday, and my name's Garvey -- Judge Garvey. I didn't get your name.

**ROCKLIN**
I didn't give it.
(to Pap, who is holding the cards)
Deal.

**DISSOLVE OUT**

**DISSOLVE IN**

**INT. SUN-UP BAR - NIGHT**

MED. SHOT -- poker table, including Cap, who is watching.
Pap Fossler is dealing. There is an atmosphere of tension around the table, and it is obvious that Clint has been losing. As he picks up his cards, he is unable to restrain a
smile of triumph. Rocklin makes a bet. Pap Fossler and the man next to him fold immediately.

CLINT
Raise you twenty.

This is more than Rocklin has in front of him.

PAP
(quietly)
Table stakes, Clint.

CLINT
Not if he wants to dig.

He stares challengingly at Rocklin. Rocklin takes out a wallet, from which he removes a bill and sees the raise.

GARVEY
(folding)
No place for me.

PAP
Cards?

ROCKLIN
One.

CLINT
(eagerly)
One for me.

He reaches for it almost before it is dealt and as a result the card, a Queen, falls face up. Clint looks at it gleefully, snatches it up and puts it in his hand. Rocklin watches him impassively.

ROCKLIN
Don't you know that Queen is dead?

CLINT
I can take it if I want it.

ROCKLIN
Sure -- if you want -- but you'll have to beat my hand with four cards.
CLINT
(hotly)
I'm playing these, mister!

Rocklin glances inquiringly at the other players. All are dead-panned, unwilling to interfere. Rocklin looks toward Cap, who stands near him.

CAP
(shaking his head)
I'm not settin' in.

GARVEY
(smoothly)
Why don't you split the pot?

CLINT
I'm not splitting -- I'm betting!

He shoves all the money in front of him into the pot.

CLINT
Are you calling?

ROCKLIN
(calmly)
No.

Clint excitedly starts to rake in the pot.

ROCKLIN
I'm raising.

He shoves in the money in front of him, which is more than Clint's and in addition takes from his wallet more bills.

ROCKLIN
Dig.

Clint, very excited, empties his pockets, which is not enough.

CLINT
(to other players)
Let me have some money

PAP
(speaking for all)
You're in deep enough, Clint.

CLINT
(disgusted, to Rocklin)
I've called for all I've got.
(spreads out his cards)
Full house.

ROCKLIN
No good.
(spreads his hand)
Kings up. Your third queen is dead.

Rocklin starts raking in the pot. Clint, almost hysterical, jumps up, draws his gun and thrusts it almost into Rocklin's face. The other players roll away from the line of fire.

CLINT
(screaming)
You -- mister -- get away from that table. And get out of here. Maybe from now on you'll know a full house beats two pairs -- four-flusher!

Rocklin, his hands outspread, slowly straightens up, and backs away. At the foot of the stairs, he turns deliberately and walks upstairs. When he disappears from view --

CLINT - WITH OTHERS AT THE POKER TABLE

Clint breaks the tension, looking from one to the other.

CLINT
No man can run a bluff on me.

There is a cold silence.

PAP
(finally)
He wasn't armed.

CAP
I don't like to tell men how to play cards unless I'm settin' in -- but I mebbe ought to have spoken up.
(directly to Clint)
That Queen was dead, Clint -- and you know it.

CLINT
(arrogantly)
When anybody plays poker with me, they play my game or not at all.

CAP
You can't just go makin' your own rules, Clint --
(starts for the bar -- stops and turns)
-- an' if I was you I'd hightail outa here before he comes back.

CLINT
(jolted)
Comes back?

CAP
(wearily)
He's the kind.

Cap turns and resumes his trek to the bar. Suddenly he stops before reaching it and is looking up, o.s.

THE TOP OF STAIRS FROM CAP'S ANGLE
Rocklin is standing there grimly surveying the situation. As he starts down the stairs...

THE GROUP AROUND THE POKER TABLE
They are staring o.s. Clint is very uneasy. And now Rocklin moves slowly into the scene.

ROCKLIN
(with deadly calm)
I've come for my money.

CLINT
(nervously pleasant)
It's all yours, mister -- Cap, there -- Cap is an old gambler -- he says you were right all the time.
Clint again looks around for approval, but gets no response. Rocklin comes slowly forward, picks up the money from the table and turns back to the stairs. As he reaches the foot of the stairs, he turns and looks straight at Garvey with a peculiar expression.

**ROCKLIN**

By the way, Judge -- the name is Rocklin.

FADE OUT

**INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY**

TRUCKING SHOT -- on a small cracked mirror in which can be seen the reflection of a man shaving. A voice is heard singing, atrociously off key.

**SINGER'S VOICE**

She was only a bird in a gilded cage...

(etc.)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that the owner of the voice is Rocklin, who has almost finished shaving. As he scrapes his chin and whistles, peering at himself in the little cracked mirror, he hears the sound of the door opening and then ducks quickly as a boot flies past him, just missing the mirror. There is the sound of the door slamming and Rocklin grins. He picks up the boot and goes to the door leading to Dave's room.

**INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY**

As Rocklin enters, Dave is discovered almost dressed sitting on the bed. Rocklin, glad to see him, smiles and tosses the boot to him.
ROCKLIN
How you feelin'?

DAVE
After that singin'? -- Thirsty.
(pulls on his boot)

ROCKLIN
How's your head?

DAVE
(evidently not aware of what happened)
Oh -- a mite hungover -- but I'll feel better once I git downstairs.

He hurries out the hall door. Rocklin, amused at the old coot, starts back into his room.

INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

Rocklin is just coming through the door and sees something o.s., stops and freezes.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Bob Clews leaning against the open ball door leading into Rocklin's room. He smiles as Rocklin sees him.

BOB CLEWS
I knocked, but guess you didn't hear me.

ROCKLIN
(closing door to Dave's room)
What do you want?

BOB CLEWS
(grinning)
Looks like you stirred things up around here last night, stranger.

ROCKLIN
That all you came to say?

BOB CLEWS
No. I got a message for you.
(getting no response)
From Old Man Harolday. Wants to see you out front.

ROCKLIN
What about?

BOB CLEWS
Maybe he wants to thank you for teaching that pup of his a lesson.

ROCKLIN
(after a second)
I'll be down.

Clews hesitates for a second as if anxious to wake sure he is coming, then, turning, he disappears into the hall. Rocklin wipes the last of the lather off his chin, buckles on his gun-belt and picking up his hat goes out, closing the door.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

MED. SHOT -- Dave, at the bar, grabbing a bottle, pours himself a drink which he sinks in one draught. He shudders and repeats the dose. During this, an excited murmur of voices has been heard o.s. Dave turns and looks toward the far side of the saloon and suddenly gapes.

MED. SHOT - FROM THE BAR

with Dave in f.g., and SHOOTING TOWARD the street. A group of men, including Cap, the bartender, is gathered round the window looking out into the street. Dave staggers them and begins to push his way to the window.

MED. SHOT

group at window as Dave pushes them aside to get a view of what is happening outside.

DAVE
What's goin' on here?
PAP FOSSLER
Arly Harolday's on the warpath.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

PANNING SHOT -- including Arly and Juan mounted in the stagecoach office, which is situated diagonally across the street from the Sun-Up.

CAMERA HOLDS ON one group standing in front of Pap Fossler's store, opposite the Sun-Up.

AD LIBS
Here he comes. Watch the fun. This should be good. Etc.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

ON the window. The men inside, including Dave and Cap, are pressed against the glass.

CAMERA MOVES BACK and PANS TO the alleyway at the side of the saloon. Rocklin is coming toward the street.

CLOSE SHOT
Rocklin, as he comes out of the shadow of the alleyway and stands blinking in the full sunlight. Sensing something unusual, he looks quickly around.

PANNING SHOT
from Rocklin's ANGLE. CAMERA PANS OVER the groups in the street, STOPPING ON one which includes Bob Clews. As he sees Rocklin, he nudges a bystander and looks toward the stagecoach office with a grin.

CAMERA PANS to include Arly and Juan.

TRUCKING SHOT ON
Rocklin as he takes in the situation. With a grim look, he begins to move along the sidewalk, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH him.

Suddenly, there is the clatter of a horse's hooves and Arly gallops into shot, forcing the mare up onto the sidewalk and barring Rocklin's progress.

**ARLY**  
(imperiously)  
Is your name Rocklin?

**ROCKLIN**  
(coldly)  
Yes.

**ARLY**  
(contemptuously)  
I want that money you took from my brother last night.

**ROCKLIN**  
(quietly)  
Are you crazy? Or just ignorant?

**ARLY**  
(flaming)  
You took it at the point of a gun --  
(suddenly whipping a revolver from her saddle holster)  
-- and I'm taking it back the same way!

**FLASH SHOT**

of group at window of Sun-Up Saloon.

**FLASH SHOT**

of group including Bob Clews, as Clint Harolday rides in and stares o.s.

**TRUCKING SHOT**

Rocklin, as he looks coldly from Arly to the run and back again. Calmly taking the reins, he forces the mare's head up...
and moves on. Furiously, Arly spurs the mare alongside, Trucking with them.

**ARLY**  
(furiously)  
Stop! You! stop, or I'll kill you!

**CLOSE MOVING SHOT**

Arly and Rocklin. Rocklin continues along the sidewalk.

**ARLY**  
(pulls up her horse)  
Turn around.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Arly. She raises her gun.

**ROCKLIN CONTINUES WALKING**

A shot comes from o.s. and strikes the building close to him. He stiffens but keeps on walking. Another shot comes even closer this time. He keeps walking.

**ON ARLY - SHE IS FURIOUS**

**ROCKLIN HAS REACHED THE SWINGING DOORS OF THE SUN-UP**

As he puts out his hand to push open the door,

**CLOSE SHOT**

Rocklin's hand on the door as four shots in quick succession spatter a line down the door close to his hand.

**INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY**

**TRUCKING SHOT** -- Rocklin, as he continues his forward movement through the swing-doors. **CAMERA PULLS BACK** in front of him into the saloon until it reaches the bar. Cap moves from window with crowd and goes behind bar.

**ROCKLIN**

Whiskey!
EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- Arley with the smoking gun still in her hand. She stares wildly after Rocklin for a second, then wheels her horse violently toward the group which includes Harolday and Bob Clews.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

group surrounding Clews and Clint Harolday. The clatter of hoofs is heard and Arly gallops furiously into shot.

CLINT

What happened?

ARLY

You lied to me, didn't you?

CLINT

I...

ARLY

Don't think I'll forget this. Making a fool of me in front of the whole town.

Before Clint can reply, she wheels the mare and gallops out of shot.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

MED. SHOT -- as the customers, with Dave in f.g., mill around Rocklin.

DAVE

Boy, oh boy, was that a near thing! She'd just as soon have hit you as missed. You don't know how lucky you were, son.

ROCKLIN

Don't I?

(indicating whiskey with a sickly grin)

Why d'you think I need this?
He sinks the whiskey and begins to pour himself another. At the same time, the swing-doors open and Bob Clews comes through. As Rocklin raises the glass to his lips, Bob hits him on the back, causing him to spill the whisky.

**BOB CLEWS**

Funniest sight I ever seen.

There is a moment's pause. Then with a slow, grim smile of satisfaction, Rocklin turns and knocks Bob Clews off his feet.

**MED. CLOSE SHOT**

with Bob Clews on the floor, tugging at his gun. As it comes free of the holster, Rocklin brings his heel down on Clews' wrist, grinding on it with his whole weights. Then, the gun out of reach, Rocklin steps back. Bob Clews sitting up, clutching his wrist and weaving back and forth.

**BOB CLEWS**

(moaning)

You broke it! You broke it!

**ROCKLIN**

Try another trick like that on me and it'll be worse.

**BOB CLEWS**

I never played you no trick. You broke my wrist.

**WIDER ANGLE**

without collapsing
to include the bystanders. They look at Bob Clews sympathetic. He gets to his feet and stumbles back, in a chair.

**CLOSE SHOT**
at bar, Dave has taken the bottle from Cap and is refilling Rocklin's and his own glass ecstatically.

DAVE  
(gurgling with delight)  
Oh boy -- has somebody come to town!

He sinks both drinks quickly and is about to refill them when Cap takes the bottle from him.

ROCKLIN  
(to Cap)  
Where'll I find Judge Garvey?

CAP  
He rooms behind his office down the street. Don't usually pull up the blinds till around noon, though.

ROCKLIN  
(putting down money)  
He will this morning.  
(to Dave)  
See you later, old-timer...

As he moves toward the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Clint Harolday is seen at the window peering furtively toward the Sun-Up Saloon. He suddenly notices something o.s. which prompts him to say something which we of course cannot hear. Now Garvey appears at the window.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

Rocklin, FROM Garvey's ANGLE as he leaves the Sun-Up and starts toward the Judge's office.

EXT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Garvey and Clint, at the window. From their expressions it
is apparent that anxious words are passing between
now Clint suddenly drops from sight.

ROCKLIN APPROACHES - LOOKS THE PLACE OVER - AND ENTERS

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

ON Arly and Juan, mounted. They see Rocklin going into Garvey's place.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT -- TOWARD door, with Garvey at desk in f.g.

The door opens and Rocklin enters.

GARVEY
(fffusively)
Oh, come in, Mr. Rocklin. Come right in.

Rocklin looks him over for a second, then comes quietly to
the desk.

ROCKLIN
I understand you were Red Caldwell's lawyer?

GARVEY
(immediately on guard)
I was.

ROCKLIN
Know anything about this?

He takes out a letter and hands it to Garvey. The latter
He takes it slowly, handling it as if it were dangerous.

looks from the letter to Rocklin and back again. Then
reluctantly, he opens it and begins to read.

LETTER -- It reads:

Dear Mr. Rocklin:

Glad you have made up your mind to take the job.

Enclosed find train fare and $150 advance on wages.
Yours faithfully,
J. Caldwell

**MED. SHOT**

Rocklin and Garvey. The latter looks up from the letter completely bewildered.

**GARVEY**
I don't understand. Job? What job?

**ROCKLIN**
Foreman.

**GARVEY**
(gaping)
On the "K.C."?
(trying to take it in)
But -- but why should he want you?

**ROCKLIN**
Why not? Good foremen don't grow on bushes.

There is a little pause, with Garvey still bewildered.

**GARVEY**
(thinking hard)
Is that your only motive for coming here?

**ROCKLIN**
What other motive could I have?

**GARVEY**
I don't know -- It's just that Red Caldwell was a peculiar man -- had a funny way of doing things.

He studies Rocklin a short moment, then sits back comfortably and relieved.

**GARVEY**
Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Rocklin, that you've been brought all this way on a fool's errand, but -- I'm afraid the deal's off.

**ROCKLIN**
Off?
GARVEY
I don't want to be too hard on you, but as executor of the estate I have to consider the interests of the new owner. How about, say, a hundred in full settlement?

ROCKLIN
(thoughtfully)
Well --

GARVEY
That's my last word -- think it over.

There is a knock on the door. Garvey rises and speaks on his way to the door.

GARVEY
Open the door, and Miss Martin stalks in followed by Clare.

GARVEY
(graciously)
How do you do, ladies --

MISS MARTIN
(icily)
You are Judge Garvey, I presume.

GARVEY
(nods)
Yes -- and you are --

MISS MARTIN
Miss Martin -- and my niece, Clara Caldwell.

GARVEY
(reaching for a chair)
of course -- of course --

Miss Martin sits stiffly as she eyes Rocklin coldly.

GARVEY
You came at a very opportune moment, madam. This gentleman claims to have some sort of a letter from the late Mr. Caldwell, engaging him as foreman of the "K.C."
MISS MARTIN
What!

ROCKLIN
(to Garvey)
What do you mean -- claims to have? --
You saw it, didn't you?

MISS MARTIN
(before Garvey can answer)
You can't hold us to account for every promise made by that man.
Everyone knows he wasn't responsible for his actions half the time. And if you think I'd have you as a foreman --

ROCKLIN
(finds it hard to control himself)
Listen, lady -- I'd rather walk for somebody else, than ride for you.

MISS MARTIN
(taken aback)
Well -- the impudence --

ROCKLIN
All I come for this morning was to pay beck the hundred and fifty Red Caldwell sent in advance.

CLARA
Oh, no

They all turn and stare at her.

MISS MARTIN
Don't interfere, Clara. Of course he must pay it back.

ROCKLIN
The railway fare -- well, I reckon we can check that up against the time lost and call it quits.
(throws down a roll of bills in front of Garvey)

CLARA
(summoning up her courage)
But, Mr. -- er -- I don't know your name...

ROCKLIN
(raising his hat)
Rocklin, miss.

CLARA
Mr. Rocklin, it isn't fair for you to pay anything back.

ROCKLIN
That's how I'd prefer it, If you don't mind, miss -- never did care fer owing favors to no one -- especially women.

CLARA
(as if she had been struck)
Oh!

The sound of rapid steps approaching from outside is heard and they all look toward the door.

MED. SHOT
on door, as it opens to admit Arly. Ignoring everyone in the room except Garvey, she comes abruptly to the desk, with the riding quirt dangling from her wrist.

ARLY
I've just heard they let George Clews out of penitentiary and that he's headed this way. You might tell him from me, if he sets foot on the Santee Ranch, I'll shoot him on sight.

GARVEY
But really, Miss Arly, why should you deliver your message through me?

ARLY
You have mutual friends.

GARVEY
If you're referring to Sheriff Jackson...
ARLY

I am.

GARVEY

But that's absurd. The fact that he employs one of the Clews brothers doesn't make the other his friend.

ARLY

(contemptuously)

Have it your own way; but it'd be fair to warn him, because I mean it.

For the first time, she appears to be conscious of the presence of the other women.

GARVEY

(hastening to change the conversation)

Oh, Miss Caldwell, this is Miss Harolday -- Miss Martin, Miss Caldwell's aunt. You should know one another, seeing you'll be neighbors. Miss Harolday runs the Santee Ranch for her stepfather. She's a famous -- ah -- horsewoman in these parts.

CLARA

(with ingenuous enthusiasm)

I know. I saw you ride into town this morning. You looked lovely. Just what I'd like to be.

Arly stares at her unbelievingly for a second.

ARLY

(slowly, a bit flustered)

Yes?

She looks slowly from Clara to Rocklin, as if suspecting collusion.

CLARA

(completely innocent)

Oh, this is Mr. Rocklin. He drove us in from Garden City last night. He...

ROCKLIN

(dead pan)
I already met Miss Harolday.

**CLARA**

Oh.

**ARLY**

(stonily, to Rocklin)

I've a message for you -- from Harolday.

**ROCKLIN**

(murmuring)

What, again?

**ARLY**

He wants you to come down to the office.

**ROCKLIN**

What for?

**ARLY**

He's got a proposition to make -- about riding for him. Sixty a month.

**ROCKLIN**

Hmmm -- That's a foreman's wages.

**ARLY**

(suddenly exploding)

I wouldn't offer you a red cent.

(controlling herself)

But it's his money.

(bitingly)

And the way things are shaping, maybe we could do with somebody as mean as you around the ranch.

**MISS MARTIN**

(push ing her way forward)

I warn you, you're making a great mistake. This man is no good.

**CLARA**

Auntie!

**ARLY**

(to Rocklin ignoring Miss Martin)

Well? D'you want the job?
CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin, as he stares at Arly with an enigmatic expression.

Suddenly, he seems to make up his mind.

ROCKLIN
(indicating the door)
Lead the way.

MED. SHOT

as Arly turns abruptly on her heel and exits the way she came. Rocklin makes a little gesture to the ladies with his hat and follows. As he goes, Juan, who has been leaning against the doorpost, follows, closing the door behind him.

CLARA
(after they have gone)
Auntie, why did you have to say that?
I simply don't understand you...

MISS MARTIN
(cutting in, grimly)
But I understand you.
(scathingly)
I'd be ashamed of myself. Throwing myself at a man like that.

CLARA
I... I...
(suddenly bursting into tears)
Oh, you're horrid -- horrid. I wish I'd never come.

She turns abruptly and drops onto the couch by the window.

CAMERA PANS TO HOLD A CLOSE TWO SHOT of Garvey and Miss Martin.

MISS MARTIN
You must excuse her. She's young.

GARVEY
And inexperienced.

Garvey leans back in his chair and smiles.
MISS MARTIN
(significantly)
And young people must be protected
from themselves at times -- don't
you agree?

Miss Martin throws him a quick look, which he returns
steadily.

GARVEY
(at last, with a grim
echo of a smile)
Exactly.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

Arly and Rocklin walking along the street, not far from
Harolday's office. Rocklin glances back toward Julio,
who is
following a few paces behind them. He rides his horse
and is
leading Arly's.

ROCKLIN
(to Arly, indicating
Julio)
Does he always follow you?

ARLY
(defiantly)
He's not following me -- he's with
me -- he's always with me.

ROCKLIN
(takes it mildly)
Oh -- just an old Indian friend.

ARLY
(straight at him)
The best friend I've got.

Rocklin nods, looks back again at Julio, then back to
Arly
as they go out of shot.

INT. SANTA INEZ STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY

PAINING SHOT -- as Arly comes to from the street,
followed
by Julio and Rocklin.
ARLY
(abruptly to Rocklin)
Wait here.

CAMERA PANS her over to a door marked "PRIVATE," which she opens without knocking.

INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT as Arly comes through from the outer office toward Harolday, who is seated at desk in f.g. At Arly's abrupt entrance, he looks up, startled.

ARLY
I've just hired a man named Rocklin and said you made me do it. Sixty dollars and he'll earn it -- while he lasts.

There is a little pause. Harolday's face is completely dead pan. He looks out of the window for a second, then back at Arly.

HAROLDAY
(quietly)
Why did you do it, Arly?

ARLY
So I can fire him. I hate him. Clint and he quarrelled last night. Clint lied about it and I made a fool of myself.

(nodding toward the outer office)
He's outside now.

HAROLDAY
(with a little sigh)
All right. Send him in.

Arly goes to the door and opens it.

ARLY
(calling)
Come in.
Rocklin comes in and Arly exits without a word, closing the door behind her.

**REVERSE SHOT**
as Rocklin comes from the doorway into f.g. of shot, facing Harolday, who is seated on the far side of the desk.

**HAROLDAY**
Mr. Rocklin, what happened between you and my son last night?

**ROCKLIN**
Poker.

**HAROLDAY**
Hmmm. About this suggestion of you working for me.

**ROCKLIN**
It's your suggestion, not mine.

**HAROLDAY**
Ye-es. Sixty dollars is big money.

**ROCKLIN**
(turning to go)
If you've changed your mind...

**HAROLDAY**
No, no.... Wait a minute. I take it you've had the experience.

**ROCKLIN**
Enough for Red Caldwell to hire me as foreman.

**HAROLDAY**
Oh -- had Caldwell hired you?

**ROCKLIN**
Yeah -- but I won't ride for the new owners -- so that leaves me open.

**HAROLDAY**
I see -- Were you a friend of Red's?

**ROCKLIN**
No -- I guess he just heard about me.
A sudden clatter of feet is heard and all eyes turn toward the door.

**MED. SHOT**

as Dave, followed by Arly and Juan, bursts in. His eyes go around the room quickly until he finds Rocklin.

**DAVE**

(as excited as a schoolboy)

George Clews is in town. He's seen what you done to Bob and he's a-lookin' for you.

They all look quickly toward the window.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

LONG SHOT -- from stagecoach office window. The center of the street is clear and men's heads are peering from doorways.

**INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY**

MED. SHOT -- group at window, looking into street.

**HAROLDAY**

The street is clear.

Dave turns and looks curiously at Rocklin, who frowns impatiently.

**ROCKLIN**

(to Dave irritably)

Tell him I'll be out in the street in front of the saloon.

**DAVE**

(dashing out, radiant)

Uh-huh!

**INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY**

The place is quite full and the atmosphere is one of expectancy despite the outward casualness of the patrons. A
group lolls near the window, looking toward the stage. At the door a couple of customers peer out over the swinging doors. The bar supports other customers engaged in various private conversations but all are mindful of the presence of George Clews who, with his brother, Bob, stands at the bar's center, morosely toying with a glass of whisky in front of him. He is quite conscious of the subtle glances of the others, but regards them all with disdain. He downs his drink, and speaks his thought to Bob.

GEORGE CLEWS
I'm gonna get his ears.

Suddenly Old Dave appears in a high state of excitement, and halts with the swinging doors half open.

DAVE
(loudly)
Hi you, George Clews --

George Clews turns.

DAVE
Rocklin says if you don't come out, he'll come in here after you, an' tear you apart.

George Clews frowns. His eye catches sight of a king-size glass of beer being slid across the bar to Shorty Davis, standing alongside him. That quick, Clews beats Shorty to the glass and hurls it at Dave, who ducks out. Cap, anticipating trouble, brings a sawed-off shotgun up from under the bar and now watches Clews and Shorty.

SHORTY
(taps Clews)
That was my beer, you know.

GEORGE CLEWS
(nastily)
If he comes in again -- I'll throw you.

Before Shorty can reply, Clews yanks his hat down over the little fellow's eyes, and gives him a backward shove that sends him sprawling into a corner where we leave him struggling to get his hat off. The crowd resents this, but doesn't dare do anything, except Cap, who holds his in sight.

**CAP**
(to the Clews)
That does it, boys -- you know where the door is.

**GEORGE CLEWS**
(to Bob)
Com-mon -- I'll get his ears.

**CAP**
Not until I get my money --

George and Bob Clews are now a few steps from the bar. They have turned as Cap spoke and are looking at the shotgun.

**CAP**
There's three drinks and a broken beer glass.

**GEORGE CLEWS**
(to Bob, after a second's deliberation)
Pay 'im.

George turns and starts for the doors as Bob comes back to the bar to settle up.

**GEORGE CLEWS**
I'll get his ears.

**ON PAP FOSSLER AND THE OTHERS AT WINDOW - AS GEORGE CLEWS BURSTS OUT THROUGH THE DOORS**

**PAP**
(quietly)
That Rocklin'll kill him for sure.

CUSTOMER
Le's hope.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

As George Clews steps outside, a mangy mongrel dog, basking close by, evidently recognizes him and tails it away, leaving George blinking at him.

LONG SHOT

Rocklin -- FROM George's ANGLE. He is walking slowly forward down the middle of the street.

MED. SHOT

George, looking baffled by the steady approach.

GEORGE CLEWS
(yelling)
I'm coming -- and you'd better run!

He steps down from the sidewalk into the street and stands still again.

CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin -- CAMERA MOVING WITH him as he comes slowly and steadily forward.

CLOSE SHOT

George. His hands are on his guns, but drunk or not, he has too much sense to draw too soon.

EXT. STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT -- Harolday watching from behind the window of his office. Behind Harolday are Julio and Arly. The latter makes a step as if about to move to the door, but Julio restrains
INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- as Garvey, Miss Martin and Clara watch the scene below -- Garvey and Miss Martin excitedly and in great distress.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

CLOSER SHOT -- men in hotel doorway, taut with excitement.

FULL SHOT

Rocklin -- SHOOTING PAST George, whose hands are on his gun butts. Rocklin's thumbs are hooked in his belt as he continues slowly forward, his eyes fixed on George's.

ROCKLIN

(quietly)
Draw a gun and I'll kill you.

MED. SHOT

George, as he stands bewildered and open-mouthed. Rocklin enters scene, suddenly whips out his gun and brings it crashing down alongside George's head. The barrel strikes though the crown of his hat and he goes down like a pole-axed steer.

INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- group at window. Arly gives an involuntary exclamation of pleasure, which she instantly checks, then she moves abruptly out of shot, followed by Juan. Harolday continues to stare frowningly out of the window.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- group at window, with Garvey obviously
disappointed, Miss Martin bridling and Clara showing obvious relief.

**EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY**

MED. SHOT -- Rocklin and crowd as they swirl around him offering congratulations. Dave pushes his way through the crowd and thumps Rocklin on the back in wild enthusiasm. At the same time, the sound of a horse cantering is heard, and Jackson comes into shot.

**JACKSON**
(to Rocklin)
Hey, you! What's this you been up to?

**ROCKLIN**
I just laid a gun barrel over the head of a drunk friend of yours -- same as you did over Dave's here yesterday.

**DAVE**
(surprised)
Eh?

**JACKSON**
(blustering)
I don't know what you're talking about.

**ROCKLIN**
(calmly)
You're a liar!

He turns contemptuously and begins to move back towards the stage office completely ignoring Jackson, who rides alongside blusteringly.

**JACKSON**
Now you lookee here, young feller. You go on talking that way and you'll find yourself in trouble.

The crowd which has been following now begins to razz him
openly. He turns and glares, but without effect. He
gives a
final shout to Rocklin.

**JACKSON**

Don't say you ain't been warned.

Pulling his horse around, he sets off in a lope up the
street.

**MED. SHOT**

as Miss Martin comes along the street, determinedly,
followed by Clara, until she is face to face with Rocklin
outside the
stage office where Arly and Juan are mounted ready to
move off.

**MISS MARTIN**

(ignoring everyone but Rocklin)

I saw you. I saw you strike that poor man.

**ROCKLIN**

Yes, ma'am. As hard as I could.

**MISS MARTIN**

You ruffian, you!

Clara pulls her sleeve imploringly.

**MISS MARTIN**

Let me go!

(to Rocklin)

I knew the sort you were the moment
I set eyes on you. You can't fool me! You're nothing but a common adventurer! Come, Clara!

She takes Clara by the arm and sweeps past them towards
the hotel. Rocklin looks after them with a grim expression
then up at Arly, who has been listening intently. She
returns his look steadily for a second. Then, with a mocking
smile, she wheels the mare and canters out of shot, followed
Juan. He looks after her for a second; then with the
same grim look, enters Harolday's office.

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

Harolday is standing at the window, looking toward the
door, having seen Rocklin approaching. The door opens and
enters and resumes his conversation as though it were
hardly interrupted.

**ROCKLIN**

-- Now what was that you were sayin'
about Caldwell?

**HAROLDAY**

You being hired by Red Caldwell only
confirm what I'd suspected -- he
was getting ready to fight.

**ROCKLIN**

(trying to get
information)
Fight? Who?

**HAROLDAY**

Organized rustling. Well at least --
that's my belief. Red was no friend
of mine. Too fond of taking the law
into his own hands. But he had my
sympathy. He'd been harder hit than
any of us. And on top of it all, he
lost his foreman.

**ROCKLIN**

You mean, he quit on him?

**HAROLDAY**

He was shot -- in the back -- with a
bullet from the same caliber rifle
as got Red.

**ROCKLIN**

Got any ideas?

**HAROLDAY**

No -- Except that the man you just
pistol-whipped is in on it somewhere.
(bitterly)
Pity you didn't kill him when you had the chance.

Rocklin realizes that maybe Harolday is trying to throw a curve -- trying to get him to talk.

ROCKLIN
Say -- it don't sound as if it's goin' to be too easy for them wimmen at the K.C.

HAROLDAY
(watching him keenly)
Want to go back and work for them?

ROCKLIN
No, sir. And I ain't jumping at this offer o' yours either because I don't hold with working for wimmen.

HAROLDAY
(quickly)
Oh, you mean my step-daughter. Well don't worry. She won't interfere with you...Rocklin -- I figure we've been losin' cattle over a place called Table Top -- it's the back way into the Topaz Ranch and the perfect route for rustlers -- I'm going to send you up to the line camp -- you don't mind working a lone hand -- do you?

ROCKLIN
(measuring)
-- I like workin' that way.

HAROLDAY
(rising and holding out a hand)
Good -- be ready to move out this afternoon.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

On Dave and Pap Fossler engaged in conversation in front of the Pap's store. In the b.g. -- across the street, we carry
entrance to the Sun-Up Saloon.

DAVE
(in his best sales talk)
-- now Pap -- I'm givin' you first call on me services. They's lots of other folks lookin' fer a good man, too -- you know. So if you want me, you better hurry and speak up because --

During Dave's speech Rocklin has come from the Sun-up carrying his valise. He pauses a moment, looking around. Dave sees him.

DAVE
'scuse me, Pap -- Be right back to find out when I start.

He hurries across the street toward Rocklin.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

On Rocklin just stepping off the curb. Dave comes in to him.

DAVE
What you off to?

ROCKLIN
I'm riding for the Topaz Ranch.

They start across the street, slowly toward the stage office.

DAVE
What! -- Have you gone plumb loco?

ROCKLIN
Good money -- sixty a month

DAVE
There ain't enough money in this town to make it worth your while to work for that gal.

Rocklin gives Dave a quizzical look, which Dave mistakes for weakening.
DAVE
When she gits goin' she can be meaner'n a skillet full o' snakes. She ain't goin' to forget the way you made a fool of her today -- in front of the whole town.

PAP FOSSLER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Dave.

DAVE
Be right with you.
(to Rocklin)

It's pizen that's what it is -- jus' plain --- What you want to hang around this town for anyways? --

Dave and Rocklin have reached middle of the street. Pap Fossler's voice comes again from o.s.

PAP FOSSLER'S VOICE

Hey, Dave.

Dave reacts with a squint in Pap's direction. He runs out toward Pap, but would rather stay with Rocklin. THE CAMERA follows Rocklin across the street to the stage office, where waiting for Rocklin. A third horse is standing by with Rocklin's saddle on it.

Rocklin, upon reaching the front of the stage office, pauses a moment, to look over the horse carrying his saddle -- glances up to Arly.

ROCKLIN

Be right with you.

He goes into the stage of office, as we

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. FORKED ROAD - DAY
LONG SHOT -- as Rocklin, Arly and Juan canter along a dirt road over open country with the mountain ranges in the distance.

CAMERA PANS to show a buggy on the road ahead, approaching a wooded dell where the road divides.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of the buggy, showing Miss Martin riding in front, beside Shorty Davis, who is driving, and Clara with her back to the driver, facing the oncoming trio. Miss Martin hears the sound of the approaching horses, and looks over her shoulder.

MED. SHOT Arly, Juan and Rocklin, with Miss Martin in F.g. The latter scowls and looks quickly to her front as the riders draw level with the buggy, Rocklin coining to the right, alongside Clara.

CLARA Good afternoon, Mr. Rocklin. (looking at the sky) Lovely day, isn't it?

ROCKLIN Reckon it is pretty nice. So you're moving in on the "K.C." eh?

CLARA (hesitating and throwing a look toward Miss Martin) We-el, not exactly moving in. You see...

MED. SHOT with Miss Martin in f.g. and SHOOTING OVER her shoulder to include Clara and Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN
(acidly, locking straight ahead)
Do you have to discuss our private affairs with every rag-tag-and-bobtail cow-person we meet, Clara?

CLARA
(in a low voice)
Auntie!

ROCKLIN
Sorry if I butted in, ma'am. Jest passing the time o'day.

MISS MARTIN
We can do very well without it -- thank you.
(with a look over her shoulder)
And you're keeping your lady friend waiting.

Rocklin looks quickly in the same direction.

MED. SHOT
from Rocklin's ANGLE, with Arly and Juan at the fork in the road. They are looking back towards the buggy which has taken the lower road to the right of the copse.

REVERSE SHOT
with Arly and Juan in f.g. and the buggy in the distance. Rocklin raises his hat to the women in the buggy and canters back to Arly, who has been watching with a peculiar expression.

ARLY
(coldly)
I thought maybe you'd changed your mind again.

ROCKLIN
(cheerfully)
Nope.

She looks at him angrily for a second as if about to say
something sarcastic. Then, repressing herself, she
wheels her horse and canters off along the side of the copse.
throws an amused glance, at Juan, who has been watching
an enigmatic expression. He returns Rocklin's look with
stern, menacing frown. Then, with a gentle flick of the
he urges his horse after Arly. Completely baffled,
scratches his head for a second, then follows.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - Santee Ranch - Late Afternoon

MED. SHOT -- as the three canter up the driveway to a
looking ranch house. Arly dismounts and throws her
reins to Juan.

ARLY
(over her shoulder to
Rocklin)
Juan'll show you the bunkhouse. I'll
talk to you about your duties in the
morning.

Before Rocklin can speak, she runs quickly up the steps
of the verandah and disappears into the house. Leading
Horse, Juan moves out of shot to the left of the ranch
and Rocklin follows.

EXT. CORRAL - Santee Ranch - Late Afternoon

MED. SHOT -- as Juan comes into shot leading the mare,
followed by Rocklin. They both dismount and begin to
saddle.

ROCKLIN
How far is the line-camp at Table-
Top?

JUAN
Twenty-five -- thirty mile.

ROCKLIN
I'm moving out there first thing in the morning.
(as Juan turns and stares)
Boss' orders. Care to show me the way?

There is a moment's pause. Then, what almost amounts to a
smile of relief, crosses Juan's face.

JUAN
I will show you.

DISSOLVE

EXT. Santee Ranch - Day

LONG SHOT -- as Rocklin and Juan ride out from the ranch through the early morning mist and turn off in the direction of the distant line of mountains.

DISSOLVE

EXT. Entrance to Canyon - Day

LONG SHOT -- as the two leave the open country and enter the mouth of a steep and narrow gorge at the foot of the mountain range.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Juan pulls up and dismounts, followed by Rocklin.

JUAN
(pointing ahead)
The trail is straight ahead. You will find the cabin at the top.
(turning back to his horse)
Adios, Senor.

ROCKLIN
For a second Juan does not reply. Then, as he speaks, he takes a tobacco pouch from his pocket. Rocklin, his mind on other things, does not take particular notice of the but we cannot help notice the pouch ornament -- a head of hammered silver.

**JUAN**
(during the above business)
Senor, that is true. I do not like you.

**ROCKLIN**
Why?

**JUAN**
(extend the pouch)
Permit that I offer you a cigarette.

Rocklin shakes his head. Juan, having spilled tobacco in a paper, now puts away the pouch and rolls his own.

**JUAN**
It is not your fault that your shadow is black. But you will only bring unhappiness to my senorita. I do not blame you, but I fear I must hate you.

He turns abruptly and mounts the waiting horse; then looks down from the saddle.

**JUAN**
Adios, Senor.

He rides quickly out of the shot.

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. TABLE-TO-PART - DAY**
MED. SHOT -- as Rocklin forces his horse up the last few feet of the steep trail at the top of the canyon, and pulls up at the top of the rise with a look of amazement.

FULL SHOT -- FROM ROCKLIN'S ANGLE

A rich meadow stretches ahead with a stream running through it, and a cabin at the far end. Steep escarpments surround the lush meadow land, making an idyllic scene. As Rocklin comes slowly into shot with the same look of startled appreciation on his face and begins to move toward the cabin,

DISSOLVE

EXT. APPROACH TO SANTEE RANCH -- DAY

LONG SHOT -- of Juan, as he canters across open country toward the ranch.

CAMERA PANS to include the road from Santa Inez along which approaches a smallish freight wagon, pulled by two horses. As the driver sees Juan and waves his whip, the Mexican swerves from his course and canters toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

wagon, which we now see is being driven by Dave. On the side of the wagon is written: TRANSPORT & GENERAL FREIGHTAGE Pap Fossler and Sons. Juan canters into shot and pulls alongside the wagon.

DAVE

Hiya there.

JUAN

Buenos dias, Senor Dave.
(looking at name on wagon)
You have found new employer, eh?

DAVE
Yeah. Haulin' freight for ole Pap Fossler. Got a letter here for that crazy galoot, Rocklin.
(with a little Wink)
From the little Caldwell girl. Seems mighty took up about sumpin'. Made me promise to deliver it personal.
(indicates letter)

JUAN
But Senor Rocklin is not here.

DAVE
Lordy -- he ain't quit already...

JUAN
(shakes head)
I have just accompany him to Table-Top.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. TOPAZ RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Shelley, a Negro servant of the Harolday household, is discovered sweeping the front porch. Behind him we see Clint open the door -- peer furtively out -- then cross the porch to its edge when he looks o.s. as though searching for someone.

Shelley, meantime, has noticed Clint, but goes right on with his sweeping. His only reaction is a disparaging glance over his shoulder.

CLINT
(turning to Shelley)
Have you seen Arly?

SHELLEY
No, suh, Ah didn't see Miss Arly today, but Ah seed her las' night, and she shore was mad.

To emphasize his point, Shelley puckers his mouth in a whistle.
SHELLEY

Plenty mad!

Clint's face tightens as he anticipates what is in store for him. Over the scene comes the gradually increasing sound of a feminine voice, gayly humming the notes of a popular tune of the period. Clint's strained features relax in a can't-be-Arly expression, while Shelley stops dead in the middle of a sweep, and now both stare incredulously, o.s.

ANGLE

From their ANGLE we first see only the corner of the house, while the owner of the voice approaches from the other side. Now Arly comes into view, entirely oblivious of Clint and Shelley watching her. She seems more attractive, in a feminine way, this morning. It may be the skirt and blouse she is wearing. Then again it may be the flower she is, even now, adjusting in her hair. The presence of the two men startles her. The song ends abruptly, while her hands fall quickly away from the flower.

ARLY

As Arly moves toward the porch, Shelley snaps back to life and resumes sweeping -- but furiously. Clint regards the girl in the vague manner of the puzzled gent he is.

CLINT

(not too definitely)
'Mornin', Arly --

Arly is coming toward Clint.

ARLY

(pleasantly)
'Mornin', Clint.

She steps close to Clint, and he slowly backs up a step, for he does not know she came up to him merely to pick up jacket lying on the ground near the step.

**CLINT**
(as Arly leans down to pick up the jacket)
You must be feeling pretty good.

Arly straightens up with the jacket in her hand, and the corner of her mouth curls in a faint smile. She turns now and starts along the walk, and takes only a few steps when Clint comes to her side.

**ARLY AND CLINT WALKING**

**CLINT**
say, Arly -- about that poker game, night before last, I ---

**ARLY**
tossing it off)
Forget it.

**CLINT**
did he hear correctly)
Forget it?

Arly pays no attention to Clint. She is looking o.s. and stops walking.

**EXT. GROUNDS NEAR TOPAZ RANCH HOUSE - DAY**

Tala, on his horse, as seen by Arly. Over the scene comes Arly's voice calling from a distance.

**ARLY**
calling)
Tala.

Tala reacts to the call by heading his horse at a slightly
differently.

**ARLY AND CLINT**

Arly is looking o.s. toward Tala. Clint is now eyeing his sister up and down quite openly. She turns her head now and catches Clint looking her over.

**ARLY**

(after a stilted pause)

Well --

**CLINT**

(with a perplexed smile)

What is this? --

A gesture of his hand indicates the way Arly has gotten herself up. That quick, Arly's hand goes to the flower in her hair. And, that quick, she guiltily withdraws it.

**ARLY**

(bravely nonchalant)

What do you mean?

**CLINT**

What do I mean? --

Before he can explain, Tala pulls up in his horse and we hear his voice over the scene.

**TALA'S VOICE**

Good morning, Arliete.

**ARLY, TALA AND CLINT**

Tala sitting astride his horse smiles down at the girl.

**ARLY**

Good morning, Tala.

**TALA**

You have make yourself very pretty today.

Arly is jolted by Tala's innocent remark, and she can't help
giving Clint a little side glance in the way of
reaction. Clint has not missed Tala's crack nor Arly's glance, and
when she gives it to him he says:

    CLINT
    (pleasantly)
    See what I mean?

He tosses her an altogether knowing look now, and leaves, going up the walk toward the house. Arly turns to Tala.

    ARLY
    Have my horse saddled and sent around right away -- will you?
    (then as a casual afterthought)
    You can have that Rocklin bring it.

She glances over her shoulder toward Clint going up the walk. And then, looking back to Tala, finds he hasn't moved, but remains smiling down at her.

    ARLY
    What's the matter?

    TALA
    (easily)
    Rocklin is not here.

    ARLY
    (breathlessly)
    He quit?

    TALA
    He has gone to the line camp at Table Top.

    ARLY
    What?

    TALA
    It was Mr. Harolday's orders.

Arly looks away. Her eyes stare blankly into space as she struggles with the mixed emotions of anger and disappointment.
Tala, aware of her plight, slowly dismounts and comes to the
girl's side.

**Tala**

*(in a fatherly manner)*

Why do you make your heart heavy
with thoughts of him, little one. --
He is not for you.

**Arly**

*(bitterly)*

Be quiet.

**Tala**

He has made the choice, Arliete.
With your own eyes you saw it yesterday.

**Arly**

*(impatiently)*

Oh --

**Tala**

And she, too, has opened her heart
to him -- Already she has summoned
him to her.

**Arly**

*(this turns her around)*

What do you mean?

**Tala**

Dave -- of the white beard -- carries
a letter to Rocklin -- It is from
her.

**Arly**

How do you know that?

**Tala**

I have just now met Dave, and he
tell me. -- So now he rides to Table
Top.

Arly is quiet a moment.

**Tala**

Little one you --

**Arly**

*(quickly, as she starts*
for the house)
    Oh, leave me alone.

LONG SHOT

entrance to ranch. Entering the driveway from the
direction
of Santa Inez, comes Harolday, still looking the
distinguished
citizen.

HAROLDAY RIDES UP TO THE PORCH - CLOSE TO ARLY AND

JULIO

HAROLDAY
    Good morning, Julio -- morning Arly. (to Julio as he
dismounts)
    Fetch my briefcase -- it's on my
desk.

Julio exits.

HAROLDAY TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO ARLY WHO

seems

still smarting under the disappointment about Rocklin,

speaks.

seems

lost in thought. After regarding her a moment Harolday

speaks.

HAROLDAY
    Looks like we're going to get that
    land we've been wanting along the
    river bottom.

Arly turns her eyes on Harolday, who continues.

HAROLDAY
    I didn't tell you -- but I bought
    the mortgage on the Hardman ranch,
    and it's due today -- On my way over
    there now.

Arly's eyes burn as she tosses her head slightly.

ARLY
    Did you send that Rocklin to Table-
    Top?

HAROLDAY
    I did.
ARLY
(furiously)
Well, let's get things straight.
This place was my mother's -- now it's mine and Clint's -- It's true you've been helping out -- but the way things are going we'll soon be able to pay you back every penny we owe. Meanwhile, I'm running this outfit and I expect to give the orders.

HAROLDAY
You generally do.

ARLY
Why did you send Rocklin up to Table-Top?

HAROLDAY
It seemed to me a good idea -- what with all this rustling going on --

ARLY
Who'd ever try driving cattle over Table-Top? -- Unless they were crazy.

HAROLDAY
(coldly)
I don't agree with you. In any case -- if you must have it -- I'd no intention of engaging a man at foreman's wages just to gratify the whims of a jealous woman!

ARLY
(dangerously)
You take care what you're saying.

HAROLDAY
(very controlled)
It's you should take care, my dear. I'm afraid there's one man you can't rawhide into jumping the way you want. You've made a fool of yourself over him once. Better watch out you don't do it again.

He turns abruptly and walks off the verandah.

MED. SHOT
as Haroldy comes from the verandah to his horse. Juan standing there with the briefcase which Haroldy takes a yank, mounts his horse and rides out. The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Arly, who stands in silence watching Haroldy ride away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CANYON ROAD ON THE WAY TO TABLE-TOP - DUSK

Old Dave is jogging along in his wagon. A rumble of thunder echoes through the canyon. Dave reacts with a look toward the sky.

SHOT

of storm clouds gathering.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR TABLE-TOP - DUSK

A night shot of the mountain road near Table-Top. It is a wooded section of the plateau, and occasional flashes of lightning illuminate the big trees skirting the road. Dave, in his wagon, looms out of the b.g., and as he nears the camera we hear him urging the team through the downpour. As he passes and continues hurriedly on his way, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
CLOSE SHOT on a soiled and wrinkled envelope lying on a table. It is addressed to:

Mr. Rocklin c/o Santee Ranch

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and Rocklin is revealed at the table, looking down at the letter. His hat is tipped back on his head, and his sleeves are rolled up. He is mixing dough in a bowl sitting on the table near the letter, and his hands are all gooey. Dave is discovered in front of the fireplace where his outer shirt and socks are drying. It is dark outside, but the storm has abated. Rocklin goes to a shelf near the fireplace to get a pan.

DAVE
(during the above)
Durn funny -- that storm quittin' just about the time I get here.

ROCKLIN
No funnier than you sloggin' through it, just to deliver a letter from a woman.

DAVE
(disgustedly)
Reckon I'm gettin' to be more of a fool the older I get.

Dave watches Rocklin at the table shaping the dough for biscuits and putting it in the pan.

DAVE
When are we gonna get around to readin' it?

Rocklin cannot help smiling a bit at the way Dave includes himself in.

ROCKLIN
Thought I'd wait till mornin' -- might be bad news an' I wouldn't be able to sleep.
Dave screws up his face in utter disgust and turns his attention to his drying clothes.

Rocklin, meanwhile, takes a flour sack from the table, wipes the dough from his hands and picks up the letter. He goes over to the fireplace, opening the letter the while, sits on the bench. Dave, seeing this, edges discreetly in back of Rocklin in order to see over his shoulder. The letter open, Rocklin takes out a roll of bills with the folded message. He lays the envelope on the bench.

DAVE
Mmmm -- dineroo.

Rocklin places the money in his shirt pocket for the moment, and opens the folded message.

LETTER. It begins with the usual Dear Mr. Rocklin.

Rocklin's voice is heard over the insert as he reads from here.

ROCKLIN'S VOICE
(reading)
Forgive me if this letter is a trifle incoherent, but I am terribly worried and unhappy.

BACK TO SCENE.

DAVE
Who wouldn't be -- livin' with that ole screech owl.

ROCKLIN
(continues to read)
I am desperately in need of help and advice from someone whom I feel I can trust, and I am appealing to you, because I regard you in the same way my Uncle surely must have. I heartily dislike and distrust Judge
Garvey --

DAVE  
(interrupting)  
Huh -- Smart girl --

ROCKLIN  
(going on)  
But my Aunt seems to have suddenly revised her opinion of him, and now wants me to place all my affairs in the Judge's hands and return east. Such is certainly not my wish.

DAVE  
(significantly)  
Looks kinda like she's formed an attachment.

Rocklin glares up to Dave.

DAVE  
(quickly)  
For the locality, I mean.

ROCKLIN  
(continues reading)  
I wanted so much to give ranch life a trial, but fear circumstances are against me, especially in view of the recent Indian trouble --

DAVE  
(explosively)  
Indian trouble --  
(in normal tone)  
Good Lord, they ain't been any Indian trouble around here in --

ROCKLIN  
(caustically)  
You want to hear the rest of this?

DAVE  
(getting the inference)  
Might's well -- come this far.

ROCKLIN  
(reading)  
I want to apologize for what took place this afternoon. And I am returning the 150, because I feel it
is rightfully yours. You must take it. Faithfully yours, Clara Caldwell.

The letter finished, Rocklin regards it a moment, then slowly returns it to the envelope as he gazes thoughtfully into the fire.

Dave meantime straightens up -- scratches his shaggy top, and turns his attention once more to his drying clothes.

DAVE
(feeling his socks)
Well -- what do you make of it?

Rocklin continues looking into the fire as he lays the letter back on the bench and takes out tobacco to roll a cigarette.

ROCKLIN
Somebody's sure bustin' to get her out of there.

Dave sits alongside Rocklin and begins putting on his socks.

DAVE
Indian trouble --

ROCKLIN
(after a pause)
Wonder why the old lady's playin' along?

DAVE
(sourly)
Baaa -- Wimmen -- Who can ever figure 'em?
(pause)
Got to admit though, I feel a mite sorry for the young'un -- nice little tyke.

ROCKLIN
Too nice for this country.

DAVE
(after a slight pause)
She's shore a pretty thing.

Rocklin has been mulling things over.

**ROCKLIN**
Don't know how I could help her --
even if I wanted to -- I don't know
any thing about this Garvey -- or
Caldwell -- or --

**DAVE**
Well, now -- I could mebbe help you
out some, there -- Fact, I could
tell you somethin' 'bout ole Red
that might be interestin'.

**ROCKLIN**
You must have known him pretty well --
What kind of a man was he?

Rocklin goes to the table and resumes molding biscuits.

Dave has his boots on and is putting on his outer

**DAVE**
Caldwell? -- The best -- cantankerous
cuss -- but a real cowman, believe
me -- He was a big feller, like
yourself -- Fact, you coulda passed
fer a blood relation, come to think
of it.

**ROCKLIN**
(casually, as he busies
himself with the
biscuits)
Was the Judge and Red friends?

**DAVE**
(anigmatically)
That's what you'd say. Garvey managed
all Red's business. Besides which
they was regular drinkin' pals --
played poker together most nights --
Tho' they do say Red got the worst
of it.

**ROCKLIN**
Red was a gambler, eh?

**DAVE**
Oh, yeah -- reckon a pretty poor one, tho' -- still you'd say him and Garvey was friends.

**ROCKLIN**

(after a side glance to Dave)
Anything ever happen to make you think they weren't?

**DAVE**

(moves close to Rocklin)
Rock -- I'm gonna tell you somethin' I ain't never told anybody.

**ROCKLIN**

(with a slight smile)
Think you can trust me?

Dave grimaces his confidence.

**DAVE**
The last time I seen Red was the day he died --

In the pause Rocklin remains silent.

**DAVE**

-- 'Twas in town -- he jus' come out of the stage office. Tried to book passage to Garden City but couldn't on account I had a full load. -- Well, sir, he took me aside and give me a printed sheet of paper and says, "Read it." I looked it over and fer as I could see it was a paper from one of them Chicago sportin' firms, tellin' how to manipulate trick playin' cards.

**ROCKLIN**
Marked cards.

**DAVE**

(nods)
Reckon so. -- Seems Red found some cards and this paper in a coat one of his friends loaned him one night.

**ROCKLIN**
Whose was it?
DAVE
Well, now that's just what I asked -- but all he said, was that it belonged to a good friend. Then he said he wasn't waitin' fer the next coach, but was ridin' over to see the district judge about it alone.

ROCKLIN
That's when they got him.

DAVE
Yes, sir -- 'bout a mile or so from Stan's place. A bullet in the back an' his pockets empty.

ROCKLIN
How come you never told this before?

DAVE
Who was there to tell? -- Sheriff Jackson? -- Him an' Garvey's thick as thieves.

ROCKLIN
How about what's his name -- Harolday? -- He's no friend of the Judge's, is he?

DAVE
Hates his guts -- sure riles him to see young Clint hangin' onto the Judge's coattails. All the same, I jus' decided to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open.

ROCKLIN
(after a pause)
Even if it was Garvey Red was talkin' about -- it don't follow that he killed him.

DAVE
No -- general opinion is that it was rustlers.

ROCKLIN
Why would rustlers take the evidence Caldwell had with him?

Rocklin moves away to a large earthen jug holding water as
Dave talks.

DAVE
Looks to me if you get the man who owned the marked cards, you get the killer.

ROCKLIN
(drinking)
Funny tho' -- first the K.C. foreman -- then Caldwell -- an' now these women.

DAVE
Lordy -- you ain't thinkin' somebody might try bumpin' them?

ROCKLIN
(slowly, to himself)
I'm not so sure somebody hasn't tried already --
(to Dave)
Remember, when we stopped to change horses on the way Over from Garden City --

DAVE
Shore -- you told me how Jackson and Clews tried to frame Stan.

ROCKLIN
(nods)
Yeah. Like they wanted to be sure he'd keep his mouth shut about something.

Dave sits down on a box sitting against the wall, directly under the large earthen jug of water.

DAVE
And layin' that gun across my skull -- an' offerin' to drive the coach themselves.

A SECTION OF THE CLEARING - MOONLIGHT
A dark, mysterious figure on a horse raises his rifle -

INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT
SHOT.
ROCKLIN
(nods)
It was almost as if --

A shot splinters the windowpane and shatters the
earthen jug on the shelf directly above Dave's head. The contents
pour down on Dave and he topples over. Rocklin meanwhile has
wiped the lantern off the table and ducked. They are both on
floor in the faint glow coming from the fireplace.

ROCKLIN
(going to Dave)
You all right?

DAVE
(blustering)
Will be if I ever get dry.

Rocklin takes off his hat and puts his finger through
two holes drilled by the bullet.

ROCKLIN
Lookit that --

DAVE
Good Lord --

Rocklin puts the hat aside -- crawls over to his gun
belt -- straps it on.

ROCKLIN
Come on --

He opens the door cautiously. Then sneaks out, followed
by Dave.

EXT. OF CABIN - MOONLIGHT - AFTER THE STORM

Rocklin and Dave stand close to the cabin, just clear
doors, tensely scanning the surrounding darkness.

Water can be heard dripping from the cabin roof, and an
hoots in a near-by tree.
The sound of neighing horses comes from the direction of the corral. Both men re-act.

**DAVE**

My team.

Almost immediately the neighing is repeated, but this time from another direction entirely -- and from a distance.

**ROCKLIN**

That's not your team.

He moves to the corner of the cabin, followed by Dave.

**HORSE IS STOMPING NERVOUSLY**

and now it starts away, galloping through the deep grass at the edge of the clearing. Only the lower part of the animal is seen, along with the legs of the rider.

**ROCKLIN AND DAVE HEAR THE SOUND OF RETREATING HOOF BEATS**

And they can barely make out their quarry riding hell-bent toward the deep blackness of the trees.

Rocklin fires and runs out into the moonlight in the clearing -- Dave close behind.

Rocklin halts -- fires again -- and again. Dave fires. The mysterious rider is now swallowed by the night.

Dave starts after him again. Looking back, he sees Rocklin has not moved.

**DAVE**

Come on --

**ROCKLIN**

No use -- he's gone.

**DAVE**
Mebbe we winged him.

He starts through the wet grass alone. Rocklin turns back toward the cabin.

**DAVE - PLOUGHING THROUGH THE GRASS**

He has reached the edge of the clearing where a slight embankment leads to the level of the trees. He is just starting up to higher ground when his eyes catch something on the embankment, shining in the moonlight. It proves to be a tobacco pouch bearing a steer's head of hammered sliver. It is dry, so has evidently just been dropped. Dave pockets it, and proceeds warily along the mystery rider's trail.

**ROCKLIN - WHO HAS JUST ABOUT REACHED THE CABIN**

He looks back in Dave's direction, and then looking toward the cabin, suddenly stops and tenses.

**THE CABIN DOOR IS PARTLY OPEN**

and through it Rocklin can plainly see an indistinct form moving in the faint glow of the dying fire.

**ROCKLIN DRAWS HIS GUN AND MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CABIN DOOR**

**INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT**

Rocklin has reached the entrance unheard, and silently watches the strange figure, its back to him, now headed for the fireplace with his saddlebag, taken from the bunk. He sees the intruder start emptying his saddlebag on the bench in the light of the fire. He sees him suddenly stop and pick up something hidden from his view.

At that instant, Rocklin slams the door shut.
The intruder whirls around.

It is Arly -- tense -- and now defiant.

The two regard each other like vicious animals in the same cage. Arly's heart is pounding, but you would never know it.

And now Rocklin, his gun away, starts closing in, slowly -- but Arly holds her ground -- her eyes never leaving his.

When Rocklin reaches Arly, he takes her one hand from behind her back, and slowly forcing it up sees what is obviously Clara's letter in her tightly clenched fist. He tries to open her hand, and Arly, knowing she lacks the strength to prevent it, suddenly whips out a knife with her free hand. But that quick, Rocklin grabs the knife hand, and without any apparent effort, wrenches it free of her grasp and tosses it across the room, where it lands on the bunk. Arly relaxes her grip on the letter meanwhile, and Rocklin gets it, tears it very deliberately, letting the pieces fall at her feet.

He turns his back on her now, going over to his hat on the floor.

Arly is furious in her helplessness and humiliation.

And Rocklin's smug manner isn't helping any. He picks up his hat and, glancing at Arly, puts his finger once more through the bullet holes.

ROCKLIN
(smiling wryly)
Not bad shootin'.
ARLY
(right back at him)
You think I did that?

ROCKLIN
Sure -- to draw us away from here.
(looks at his hat)
You know, you cut it mighty close --
Good thing I ain't got brains enough
to fill it.

Rocklin puts his hat on. He sees Arly looking down at
the torn letter.

ROCKLIN
(suppressing smile)
Too bad you had to come 'way up here
through that storm for nothin'.

ARLY
(affectedly)
I haven't minded a bit --
(harshly)
-- because I came up to fire you.

ROCKLIN
Oh --
(nods)
I see.

Rocklin goes toward the bunk with his saddlebag.

ARLY
Get out of here -- get off the Santee
and don't ever come back.

ROCKLIN
Mind if I wait for Dave? He ought to
be along any minute -- Be funny if
he winged that shadow of yours.

ARLY
If you mean Juan -- you're loco.
He's not even up here.

ROCKLIN
(mildly surprised)
You came up alone?

ARLY
Yes.
ROCKLIN
(half believing her)
Then who was that we took out after?

ARLY
The man who shot at you.

Rocklin sits on the bunk and casually picks up Arly's knife.

ROCKLIN
Who was he?

ARLY
I don't know.

ROCKLIN
You mean you won't tell.

ARLY
I mean I don't know -- Why should I lie to you?

That last from Arly brings a kind of smile to Rocklin's face -- a smile that says in effect -- "Are you kidding?" He gets up from the bunk to go to the door, and finding himself still seemingly and, back -- it, could be arms Rocklin's really entwine kiss around his
neck and puts her from him.

ROCKLIN
I guess you forgot -- you jes' fired me.

He goes to the bunk -- picks up his saddlebag, coat, etc., and starts for the door.

Arly has been silently watching.

ROCKLIN
(turning near the open door)
So long.

Dave's voice is heard just outside the cabin door.

DAVE'S VOICE
Hey, Rock --

Dave now rushes through the door, puffing and excited.

DAVE
-- He got away -- but guess what, I --

He sees Arly and pulls up abruptly.

ROCKLIN
(slowly to Dave)
You guess --

Rocklin gives Arly a disparaging side glance and starts out.

ROCKLIN
(to Dave, who is trying to figure things out)
Come on.

EXT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

Rocklin is headed for the corral as Dave catches up to him.

DAVE
(glancing back to the cabin)
Per a man who's got a despise fer wimmin, you sure do get all snaggled up with 'em.
INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

Arly, her back to us, is standing in the open doorway watching the two headed for the corral. Her mood is evidenced by the manner in which she suddenly slams shut the door. As she turns and leans against it, we see tears in her eyes, and hear suppressed sobs. Her eyes light on the bits of torn letter, and presently we see her face set itself grimly, and now she walks toward the fireplace and, passing the torn bite of paper, kicks at them viciously.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

As he is near the corner where the stage and Harolday's office is situated, the CAMERA MOVES IN, getting Rocklin and one of the Harolday employees repairing the wooden sidewalk near the hitching rail.

ROCKLIN (as he dismounts)
You work for Harolday?

The man nods.

ROCKLIN
Here's one of his horses -- I'll pick up my saddle later.

He enters the building.

INT. HAROLDAY'S OFFICE - DAY
PANNING SHOT on Harolday as he sits at the desk working on a ledger. The sound of a door opening is heard. Harolday looks up casually as if expecting a customer, then suddenly gapes.

CAMERA PANS to include doorway in which stands Rocklin.

ROCKLIN

Howdy...

HAROLDAY

(frowning)
I thought I sent you up to Table-Top.

ROCKLIN

That's right.

HAROLDAY

(slowly)
What happened?

ROCKLIN

(taking off his hat)
Well, this, for one thing.

He pokes a finger through the hole in the crown. Harolday's eyes narrow.

HAROLDAY

(after a little pause)
I told you you'd regret letting that rat Clews off so easy.

Rocklin looks at him with a queer expression without replying.

HAROLDAY

What's the matter? Don't you think it was him, then?

ROCKLIN

(slowly)
I been figurin'. Don't seem reasonable Clews was in condition to take that sort of chance alone... Besides -- how could he have known I was up there -- that soon. And -- George Clews ain't the only one I've run contrariwise to in this town.
There's that Mexican, for instance.

**HAROLDAY**

Juan?

**ROCKLIN**

He as good as told me yesterday that him and me was due for a run-in one of those days.

(suddenly nodding toward window)

And then there's him!

Harolday looks sharply toward the window.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY**

MED. SHOT from office window. Clint is hurrying across the direction of the Sun-Up Saloon toward the office.

**INT. OUTER STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY**

PANNING SHOT on Clint as he enters from street and crosses to the door of Harolday's office.

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

MED. SHOT on door of inner office with Harolday at desk in f.g. As the door opens it conceals Rocklin from Clint.

**CLINT**

(excitedly)

I just heard that -- that Rocklin was --

(see Rocklin)

**ROCKLIN**

(slowly)

Was what?

**CLINT**

(subdued)

Was shot at last night.

**HAROLDAY**

(very calm)

Mr. Rocklin was just telling me all about it.

(significantly)
Any idea who might have done it?

Clint looks quickly at Harolday and back at Rocklin with frightened eyes.

CLINT
Not me.

Rocklin makes no reply.

CLINT
You ain't trying to pin it on me? (his courage returning) 'Cause if you are, you're in for a big disappointment. I was over at the Sun-Up playing poker with the Judge and the rest of the boys till early morning. If you don't believe me, ask for yourself.

ROCKLIN
(after a pause) All right. I believe you. But that don't mean you couldn't tell a thing or two as would help -- if you wanted.

CLINT
(very nervous again) What d'you mean?

HAROLDAY
(sharply) Yes. What sort of thing would Clint here know about, that would help identify the man who tried to kill you last night?

ROCKLIN
This for one.

He pulls out the tobacco pouch which Dave found at Table-Top.

ROCKLIN
Ever seen it before?

CLOSE SHOT
Clint as he stares wide-eyed at the pouch.
MED. SHOT

group, with Rocklin and Harolday both watching Clint intently.

HAROLDAY

(harshly)

Well, go on -- speak up. Did you ever see it before?

CLINT

(avoiding Harolday's eye)

No. Course I didn't

(suddenly raging at Rocklin)

Quit riding me! I don't know nothin' about it I tell you. Jest because I had a run-in with you over a game o' cards, that don't mean I'd sneak up on you in the dark and...

Rocklin's disdainful smile takes the speech out of Clint, who just sort of runs out of words. Rocklin hesitates for a second then moves toward the door.

CLOSE SHOT

Harolday and Clint are at window looking past camera toward the street. They see Rocklin carrying his saddle, walking toward the Sun-Up. Shorty Davis hails Rocklin, says something to him and points to the Sun-Up. Rocklin leaves, walking faster.

HAROLDAY

(frowning deeply)

He means trouble.

He turns from camera toward the desk.

CLINT

(still at window)

Aw, what do I care.

HAROLDAY

(turning on him with
cold fury)
Listen, I never did have much use for you. You're a poor specimen at the best; but as a would-be bad man you're nothing but a laughing stock. Why, the way you lied about that pouch just now wouldn't have deceived a six-year old.

CLINT
I...

HAROLDAY
(harshly)
All right, let it go at that. But I got myself to think of. It wouldn't suit me at all just now to have you shown up in public for what you are by that trouble-shootin' cowhand. My advice to you is to get out of the district and stay out.
(taking a key from his vest pocket)
You'll find some money in the safe at the ranch. Take what you need and put the key in the desk drawer. Now get.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

Rocklin comes down the hall carrying his saddle and at the room numbers. As he nears the f.g. he locates the room he is looking for (it is a room facing toward the rear of the Sun-Up). He knocks. Almost immediately the door opens and Clara stands there -- flushed and embarrassed.

CLARA
Oh, Mr. Rocklin --

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

This is the room in which Clara has arranged to meet Rocklin, who later takes it as his own.

SHOT at door as Rocklin steps into the room.

CLARA
I'm so glad I've found you -- I was on my way to the Santee and learned you were in town.

ROCKLIN

(putting his saddle, etc., aside)

Just got in.

CLARA

I feel perfectly awful, running after you like this, but --

ROCKLIN

You got trouble, eh?

CLARA

My aunt found out I wrote you and made a terrible scene --

ROCKLIN

You haven't signed everything over to that Garvey, have you?

CLARA

No -- and because I refused, Auntie said she would sign an affidavit that I'm still underage, and then, as my guardian she can do what she likes.

ROCKLIN

Got anything to prove you're not underage?

CLARA

(after a slight pause)

No -- but Mr. Garvey has a letter that would prove it. My aunt wrote it before we came out here.

ROCKLIN

S'pose we could get it?

CLARA

He'd never give it to me.

ROCKLIN

(starts for door)

Wait here.

CLARA
Oh, please -- you --
(she hesitates, not quite sure what to say)
You won't go getting yourself in trouble -- I -- I'd rather give up everything -- I mean --

Rocklin notes her confusion. He regards her with a slight sympathetic smile. Then opens the door and exits.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- a letter written in a bold feminine hand. It reads:

DEAR MR. GARVEY:

In answer to your letter of the 25th, kindly be advised that my niece, Clara Caldwell, became of age January 11th of this year. And, although I am no longer her legal guardian, it behooves me, as her nearest kin, to show continued interest in her affairs --

The CAMERA HOLDS LONG ENOUGH for the letter to be read. And now the letter begins to be consumed in a flame as the CAMERA PULLS BACK showing the burning letter in Judge Garvey's hand. He is standing over the potbellied stove in his office, and Miss Martin is close to him watching the letter burn. Finally lets it fall from his fingers onto the top of stove. He lifts the lid, lets the remains fall inside, and smiles to Miss Martin.
GARVEY
That takes care of that --
(crosses to his desk)
Now, I'll draw up an affidavit right away and everything will be taken care of as we want it.

MISS MARTIN
(not too enthusiastic)
I certainly hope so -- it's not myself I'm concerned about --

GARVEY
(getting out the papers)
-- Of course not.

MISS MARTIN
I can't say I'm very happy about doing this -- I only hope it works out for the best.

GARVEY
It's the better choice of two evils -- now let's see --
(begins to write)
I, Elizabeth --
(looks at Miss Martin)
It is Elizabeth, isn't it?

MISS MARTIN
Yes --

GARVEY
-- Elizabeth Martin, of Danvers, Massachusetts, do hereby --

The door opens and Rocklin enters. Miss Martin, who has been pacing nervously, stops in her tracks. Garvey, taken completely by surprise, feigns an affected casualness. Rocklin eyes them both suspiciously as he slowly closes the door.

GARVEY
(leaning back in his chair)
Well, Mr. Rocklin, this is indeed a surprise. Didn't expect to see you so soon. I understood you were riding for the Santee.
ROCKLIN
(coldly)
That's right.

It is quite obvious to Garvey that Rocklin is here on business. He turns to Miss Martin.

GARVEY
(to Miss Martin)
Perhaps you'd better come back later --

Miss Martin is in accord with that suggestion, and after giving Rocklin the frigid eye, flounces out, slamming the door.

Garvey shakes his head, wipes his brow, and is returning to his desk.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

SHOT -- door to Garvey's office. Miss Martin has her ear glued to the panels. Over scene comes Rocklin's voice.

ROCKLIN'S VOICE
I came for that letter.

Miss Martin reacts.

INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

SHOT -- Garvey and Rocklin.

GARVEY
(calmly)
Did you say letter?

ROCKLIN
That's right -- the one Miss Caldwell's aunt wrote from out east sayin' she was of age. Remember?

GARVEY
No -- I'm afraid I don't.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY
SHOT -- door. Miss Martin reacts with nod of satisfaction and leaves.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rocklin goes to the filing cabinet where he opens the drawer marked "C." As he fingers through the papers, Garvey sits back in his chair, watching.

GARVEY
What is your interest in this letter?

ROCKLIN
My only interest is getting' it.

GARVEY
You realize what this is, don't you? -- Robbing -- armed robbery at that.

Rocklin pulls open the "M" drawer.

GARVEY
I warn you, you're in for a disappointment.

Not finding the letter in the "M" drawer, Rocklin goes to the desk and pulls the handle of one of the drawers. It is locked.

ROCKLIN
Open up.

GARVEY
(has had about enough)
Listens, you --
(suddenly controls himself)
There's nothing in there that'd interest you.

ROCKLIN
(grimly)
I'd like to make up my own mind about that.

GARVEY
(forces a chuckle)
All right -- I'll open it -- just to convince you I'm not hiding any letter.

Garvey unlocks the drawer and opens it. It is found to contain nothing but two brand new decks of playing cards. The UNOPENED DECKS OF CARDS.

BACK TO SCENE. Garvey seems a little too anxious to close the drawer, and before he can do so, Rocklin has one hand inside. Garvey, checked for a second, looks up at Rocklin.

GARVEY
What's the idea?

Rocklin slowly withdraws his hand, holding one of the decks.

ROCKLIN
These cards --

GARVEY
(attempting to bluff it out)
Anything wrong in a man having cards in his possession?

ROCKLIN
Depends on what kind they are -- 'specially when they're under lock and key.

The two regard each other silently a moment. Now Rocklin casually slips the deck he holds into his pocket.

GARVEY
(too politely)
You're taking those, I presume.

ROCKLIN
That's right.

He takes a step away. Garvey turns him by touching his arm.

GARVEY
(has had almost enough)
Now, you look here --

ROCKLIN
(soberly)
You're the one who better start lookin' -- lookin' for a way out for killin' Red Caldwell.

GARVEY
(blanches)
Caldwell --

ROCKLIN
(takes up one of the decks of cards)
He found out about these -- and you went and killed him.

GARVEY
(with an affected smile and unnatural calmness)
And you believe a story like that?

ROCKLIN
I will until I hear a better one.
(puts deck he holds, in his pocket)
I'll just take this along -- the district judge at Garden City should be mighty interested.

He starts around the desk toward the door. From the corner of his eye he catches Garvey reaching for a gun in the middle drawer. Before he can raise it, Rocklin is on him with a blow that sends Garvey reeling back toward the stove. Rocklin starts for the door again, and just misses being struck by a chair which Garvey hurls with vicious fury. The chair crashes against a window.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY
The sound of breaking glass attracts the attention of passers-
by, as well as Miss Martin seated in her surrey with Sammy, the K.C. China-boy.

**INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

The two are now fighting in earnest.

**VARYING FLASHES**

of the fight, intercut with townspeople gathering outside.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dave pulls up in his wagon.

**INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

It is pretty well wrecked. Rocklin has Garvey just about done in. He gives him one final Sunday punch and Garvey goes down and stays down. At that moment, Dave and Pap Fossler enter followed by other curious natives.

**DAVE**

Say -- looks like you two been disagreein' 'bout somethin' --

(to Fossler, who has gone over to Garvey)

He ain't daid, is he?

**PAP FOSSLER**

Not permanently, I don't reckon. -- What happened, anyways?

**DAVE**

(to Rocklin)

You musta found out somethin'.

**PAP FOSSLER**

(with a wink to Dave)

I reckon the Judge did, too.

They exit, and almost immediately Miss Martin enters, and sees himself after gaping in horror at the appearance of the place, the Judge, who, having regained consciousness, bestirs
on the floor.

**MISS MARTIN**
Oh, dear -- dear -- are you hurt?

**GARVEY**
(getting up painfully)
Get out of my way --

Garvey, on his feet now, makes for the door leading to his living quarters at the back of the office. Miss Martin follows him.

**MISS MARTIN**
(haughtily)
Now don't you use that tone of voice to me --
(going through doorway)
I'll have you understand I --

She sees the bed and shrieks upon realizing where she is, and backs out quickly, almost catching the door which Garvey slams in her face.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY**

Rocklin and Dave as they walk from Garvey's office.
Dave has a time hopping along against Rocklin's strides.

**DAVE**
-- Find out who owns that tobaccy pouch yet?

**ROCKLIN**
(staring straight ahead)
No -- but get hold of Clint Harolday.

**DAVE**
Clint -- Is he in on it?

**ROCKLIN**
Can't say for sure -- Bring him to the Sun-Up, and don't take no for an answer.
Dave leaves and exits from shot in the direction of the office. Rocklin goes off toward the Sun-Up.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

PANNING SHOT. Juan is lounging against the corner of building, soberly watching Rocklin's approach. As he comes into the scene he spots Juan, and stops a moment though deciding whether or not to question him. During this, Juan casually takes his ornamental tobacco pouch from pocket and begins to roll a cigarette.

The CAMERA PANS Rocklin to the side of the building and the outer stairs.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

Rocklin comes through the door and down the hall. He reaches his room, and is about to open the door when he hears a familiar voice inside. He listens.

ARLY'S VOICE
-- So now you know the truth. And if you think you can steal him away from me, you're welcome to try it.

Rocklin frowns and enters.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

Rocklin steps into the room, holding the door partly open as he focuses his attention on Arly. Clara, who has been sitting in the rocker near the window, gets up and is the first to speak.

CLARA
(anxiously)
Did you get it?

Rocklin closes the door.
ROCKLIN
No -- but I don't think it's gonna matter much -- you go on back to the K.C. and I'll be out in the mornin' and take you with me to Garden City to see the district judge.

CLARA
But I hate putting you to that trouble.

ROCKLIN
No trouble at all -- I'm going anyway.

ARLY
(casually)
You look like you've been fighting.

ROCKLIN
(soberly)
What are you doin' here?

ARLY
I was just telling Miss Caldwell about -- well -- you and me.

ROCKLIN
(his eyes narrowing)
What about, you an' me?

CLARA
(sensing the static in the atmosphere)
I think I'd better be going...

ROCKLIN
(turning quickly from Arly)
Just a minute --
(glances at Arly)
What all has she been tellin' you?

CLARA
(embarrassed)
Oh -- oh, really I'd rather not --

ARLY
(interrupting)
Go ahead, tell him --
(looks at Rocklin and goes on defiantly)
-- and I dare him to deny it.
ROCKLIN

Deny what?

CLARA

That she was with you last night at the cabin in the mountains.

ROCKLIN

Well -- why should I deny it?...

ARLY

(quickly)
And didn't you make love to me?

ROCKLIN

(this is getting a bit thick for him)
Make love to you --

ARLY

(forcing her point)
You didn't kiss me -- I suppose?

ROCKLIN

Did you expect me to deny that, too?

ARLY

(smiles at Clara)
You see?

ROCKLIN

(to Clara)
Now, maybe you ought to hear what I've got to say --

Clara is terribly hurt, but struggles to be grown-up about it.

CLARA

Please -- you needn't explain. After all, it really isn't any of my business, is it?

ROCKLIN

(in the pause he looks at Arly)
You little --

ARLY

(quickly)
That's it -- start swearin'--
(to Clara)
Just like a man.

**ROCKLIN**
If there wasn't a lady here, I'd do more to you than swear.

**CLARA**
I don't know how I can ever thank you for trying to help me. I do appreciate it ever so much --
(to Arly)
Don't think too harshly of me, will you -- I --

Clara can say no more without breaking. So she turns away quickly and hurries out the door. Rocklin does a slow burn as he glares at Arly.

**ARLY**
(sincerely -- after a pause)
She's lovely, isn't she? -- So sweet -- honest, and helpless.

Rocklin makes no reply.

**ARLY**
Pity you didn't fall in love with her, instead of me.

Arly is being ridiculous now. He ignores her remarks and concentrates his attention on one of his hands -- he may have sprained it slightly in the fight.

**ROCKLIN**
You might's well know right now that you or no woman is ever goin' to get me.

**ARLY**
Don't be so sure -- I don't think I'm doin' so badly.

**ROCKLIN**
Don't you?
ARLY
Don't you know?

ROCKLIN
I know there ain't a dirty trick you wouldn't play to get what you want.

ARLY
(smiling)
I always get what I want.

She takes a folded piece of paper out of her pocket and drops it on the dresser as Rocklin watches her.

ARLY
-- See?
   (opens the door)
   -- 'Bye now --

The door closes. Rocklin stands a moment. Now curiosity brings him to the dresser where he takes up the paper and unfolds it. CLARA'S LETTER. The torn pieces have all been sorted and pasted together on a sheet of paper BACK TO SCENE. Rocklin holds the letter. He is mad. He shakes his head -- What a gal --- Now he is almost smiling -- He folds the letter -- puts it in his pocket. Takes off gun-belt and hangs it over the rocker near the window, stretches out on the bed, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

ON Clara hurrying toward the front door in a suppressed state of excitement. She has presumably just arrived at the
in advance of Miss Martin. She enters the house after a
toward the gate.

**INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Clara enters hastily and beats a path to the door of
room.

**INT. CLARA'S ROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

The door flies open. Clara bursts in, closing the door
the same movement. Her eyes swing to someone o.s. and
freezes to the spot.

**ON**

Miss Martin, standing by the window, cold and
threatening. She has not taken the time to remove her hat. After a
pause, she moves slowly toward Clara.

The CAMERA PANS WITH her into a TWO SHOT. Clara, her
pressing harder and harder against the door, becomes
terrified at the other's approach. Miss Martin
girl a short moment and now suddenly slaps her hard
the face. Clara opens her mouth, about to scream, but
stifles this impulse under the cold stare of her aunt.

**MISS MARTIN**

(quietly but viciously)
Whatever is to become of you?

Clara can only stare as one under an hypnotic spell.

**MISS MARTIN**

Have you no sense of pride, or
decency? Throwing yourself at that --
that wretch, like any shameless hussy.

Clara hasn't moved.

**MISS MARTIN**
I thought we'd done with him -- but no -- you have to run to him and tell him all our business --

Clara merely gasps for a breath of air, but Miss Martin, thinking her about to speak, goes on, more forcefully now.

**MISS MARTIN**

Don't you dare deny it -- you know very well you told him about that letter I wrote Mr. Garvey.

Clara remains silent.

**MISS MARTIN**

Didn't you? --

Clara, now utterly broken, moves away. Miss Martin, her eyes still riveted on the girl, follows.

**MISS MARTIN**

Didn't you?

---

**DISOLVE**

**INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

The office has been more or less cleaned up since the fight. Garvey is discovered near the window. He has cleaned himself up but bears some evidence of the fight. He is reading a letter as Sammy, the K.C. China-boy, stands waiting near the door.

LETTER. The message is written in the same bold hand of Miss Martin already seen in the previous letter:

Mr. Garvey, I have just learned that despicable Rocklin person intends evidently to take Clara to Garden City in the morning --
have you investigated. I thought you had better know
it.

E.M.

BACK TO SCENE. Garvey puts the message in his pocket as
he
addresses Sammy.

GARVEY
Tell Miss Martin that I'll take care
of everything.

SAMMY
-- You take care of everything.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

On Rocklin, stretched across the bed, examining the
cards in
the light of a lamp.

EXT. REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Garvey comes from around the building's corner and
peers
furtively through the darkness toward the lighted
windows of
Rocklin's room.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

The area in front of the Sun-Up. Dave's wagon pulls up
to
the hitching rail in front of the saloon. Clint,
stripped of
his gun, is driving with Dave, alertly watching him.
They
get down from the wagon and Dave prods Clint toward the
corner
of the building.

EXT. SIDE OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Garvey has left the spot where we saw him look up to
window. We now see him as he rounds a rear corner of
building and goes toward the outer stairs leading to
Up's second floor. He starts up the steps and stops
immediately and stares o.s.

ANGEL

From Garvey's ANGLE as he sees Dave bringing Clint from
in front of the building toward the stairway.

CAMERA HOLDS

Garvey steps quickly to the ground and takes up a
around the roar corner. He watches the two men approach
stairway and go up. He moves out of the shot now, going
the street. The CAMERA HOLDS on the corner, and we see
come into view, as though from nowhere, and take the
position at the building's corner vacated by Garvey
moment before. It is apparent that he is watching
and after a momentary pause he too moves stealthily out
the scene.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT on Rocklin asleep. He is fully dressed, as
last saw him, with the exception of his boots. He is
full length on top of the covers. His gun-belt still
over the rocker, close to the open window. A knock on
door brings him to a sitting position.

ROCKLIN

Come in --

CAMERA PANS TO door as Clint enters reluctantly,
the triumphant Dave.
DAVE
Here he is, Rock. Caught him jist in time near the Santee. Headed fer out, I'd say.

ROCKLIN
Sit down, Clint.
(to Dave, as he reaches into his pocket)
How about goin' down below an' havin' one on me?

He tosses Dave a coin, who catches it. Then Rocklin puts on his boots.

DAVE
(delighted)
Well, now -- that's right thoughtful -- Holler if you need me.

Dave exits.

CLINT
(belligerently, as he stands near the window)
What's this all about?

ROCKLIN
(calmly, as he stands up)
It ain't gonna do you any good to get all het up and tough, kid --

Rocklin begins rolling a cigarette as he moves toward Clint.

ROCKLIN
I just want to ask you a few questions -- that's all.

EXT. SIDE OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT
An unidentifiable form is seen moving through the darkness toward the outer stairway. As it nears the stairway, the CAMERA MOVES IN so that as the mysterious figure begins stealthily up the stairs, we see only the feet through the rungs.
The camera then pans quickly and zooms into a close shot of Juan, across the alley. And now through Juan's eyes we watch the ascent of the mysterious intruder: The Mexican's line of vision gradually raises, then the eyes slowly move across the camera as the dark figure proceeds along to the rear portion of the verandah.

**INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

Rocklin finishes rolling his cigarette and lights it.

**CLINT**
I told you once, I don't know who owns that pouch-- and I don't know who shot you.

**ROCKLIN**
(calmly)
Forget it -- that's not what I want to talk to you about, anyway.

**CLINT**
(harshly)
Well, what do you want to talk about? Come on, get it over with.

**EXT. VERANDAH - REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

The mysterious form has moved past the darkened windows along the verandah and is nearing Rocklin's lighted room -- close to the open window.

**INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

SHOT -- Rocklin and Clint.

**ROCKLIN**
Clint -- I want you to tell me why Garvey murdered Red Caldwell --

Clint tenses -- stares -- finds breathing difficult.

**ROCKLIN**
You know -- don't you?
CLINT
(shaking)
Me? No!

ROCKLIN
Oh yes you do.
(advancing on him)
And you're going to tell me all about it.

CLINT
I don't know nothing, I tell you --
I --

Rocklin slaps Clint's face open-handed, throwing him off balance, then grabs him by the shirt front.

ROCKLIN
Talk!

CLINT
I tell ya, I...

ROCKLIN
(hitting him again)
Talk!

Completely terrified, Clint opens his mouth as if about to speak. Suddenly he sees something out of the shot over Rocklin's shoulder and his expression changes. Rocklin looks quickly in the same direction.

MED. SHOT
window. A gloved hand has come out of the dark and is reaching through the window for Rocklin's gun in the belt which is hanging over the chair.

CLOSE SHOT
Clint and Rocklin. The latter is still looking toward the window. With a swift movement Clint picks up the water jug from the washstand and brings it down on Rocklin's head. As
Rocklin falls out of shot, Clint turns to the window with a triumphant smile. Suddenly his expression changes.

**CLINT**

(in a hoarse scream)

No! No, don't!

There is a shot from o.s. and Clint's hands go to his stomach. With a gasp of pain he doubles up and collapses on the floor.

**SHOT**

The hand of the killer pitches the gun toward the window and disappears.

**INT. BAR - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

Lined up at the bar are Dave, Pap Fossler, Shorty Davis and a few others. Cap is in his usual place. At the poker table are Doc Riding, Sam Haynes, Ab Jenkins and one or two others.

The shot has evidently been heard, for everything seems to have stopped, and Dave and Pap Fussier are looking up toward the ceiling, as are others. Now Dave snaps back to life, gulps down his drink, and hurries toward the stairs. As he starts up, the others move slowly in the same direction.

**INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

Rocklin is on the floor, groggy. He shakes his head, his senses return, he picks up the gun and just gets to his feet as Dave rushes in.

Dave sees Clint's body on the floor -- notices the gun Rocklin's hand. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing
out. All he can do is stare and grimace. The sound of hurrying feet comes from the hall, and presently the mob closes crowding the room and the hall.

Pap Fossler, who has been one of the first to enter, kneels over Clint.

During this, there are general ad libs from the crowd.

**AD LIBS**

**PAP FOSSLER**
Where's Doc Riding?

**AD LIBS**
Get the Doc. Hey, Doc -- He was down below. Here he is.

Doc's voice is heard from the hall as he makes his way through the jam.

**DOC RIDING'S VOICE**
Here I am --

**AD LIBS**
Look out, men -- Let the Doc through. Etc.

Doc riding comes through the crowd, kneels beside Pap Fossler. He needs only a glance to know he can be of no use.

**DOC RIDING**
(breaking the silence)
Somebody better fetch Harolday.

**CAP**
Shorty's already gone for him.

**PAP FOSSLER**
(getting up)
Better get Arly, too.

A voice is heard from the hall.

**VOICE**
She was at the hotel a while ago.

**PAP FOSSLER**
(looking down at Clint and shaking his head)
He was only a kid.

CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin, still holding his gun as he stares down at Clint's body o.s. Now he studies the faces of the mob.

PANNING SHOT

of the crowd. There is nothing but a sea of hostile faces.

**JACKSON'S VOICE**
What's goin' on here -- gang way --

The crowd parts to admit Jackson, who comes stalking in followed by Judge Garvey.

**JACKSON**
What's the trouble here --

He stops abruptly as he sees Clint's body. Now he levels his eyes on Rocklin.

**JACKSON**
(with a bitter smile)
I warned you, didn't I? -- Well, I guess this is the last trouble you'll ever make in this town.  
(extend his hand)  
Hand over that gun.

**ROCKLIN**
Just a minute, now --

He steps back so no one is behind him. And there is something about his manner and tone that urges Jackson to use discretion.

**ROCKLIN**
(to the crowd, generally)  
I know it looks bad -- but I didn't kill the kid.
The crowd stares in skeptical silence. Even Dave thinks Rocklin is lying, and now does his best to protect his friend.

**DAVE**
I believe you.
(to the others)
His gun was layin' over there on the floor when I come in and --

**ROCKLIN**
(cutting in)
No it wasn't -- It was right in my hand -- like it is now.

Dave winces.

**JACKSON**
If you didn't know him -- then who did?

**ROCKLIN**
I don't know --
(looks at garvey)
But I'm going to find out.

**INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

Harolday, followed by Shorty Davis, is making his way down the hall from the inner stair landing. As he nears the crowd gathered at Rocklin's door, Juan comes into view down the hall, having just entered through the door leading out onto the verandah.

**HAROLDAY**
(as he nears Rocklin's door)
Where is he? -- Where's my boy?

**INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**

Harolday enters, over the ad libs of the mob, followed by Shorty Davis. During the following action, Juan enters and stands near the door, silently taking in everything.
CLOSE SHOT

Harolday, as he sees Clint's body and stops dead in horror.

He turns to Rocklin.

HAROLDAY
(with cold violence)
You murderer.

ROCKLIN
I didn't do it, Mr. Harolday.

HAROLDAY
(quickly)
Then who did?

VOICE
(from crowd)
He had a gun in his hand when we come in.

GARVEY
(smoothly)
And I'll bet it's the same one the bullet that killed Clint came out of.

Rocklin gives Garvey a hard, slow look.

HAROLDAY
Well, what do you say to that?

ROCKLIN
He's right.

GARVEY
You admit it.

ROCKLIN
Yeah -- but that still don't say I killed him.

AD LIBS
Aw, take him away -- Liar -- Lock him up, Sheriff -- The yellow-bellied -- Etc.

ON ARLY AS SHE PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD

She stares down at Clint. An expression of pity comes over
her. Now she looks coldly at Rocklin.

ARLY
(softly)
Why did you do it?

MED. SHOT

with Rocklin in f.g.

ROCKLIN
I didn't.

GARVEY
He admits it was his gun that shot him.

ARLY
(whose eyes haven't left Rocklin's)
But you didn't fire it.

ROCKLIN
That's right.

ARLY
What happened?

ROCKLIN
(slowly)
Clint and me was having a bit of an argument.

ARLY
(quickly)
What about?

ROCKLIN
(searching for words)
About whether he was going to help clear up a few things that's been bothering me and some others 'round these parts.
(looking at Garvey)
For instance -- who it was shot Red Caldwell.

JACKSON
Caldwell!

ROCKLIN
(still at Garvey)
And the K.C. foreman. And who took that shot at me up at Table-Top last night. And why certain people are so anxious to get rid of the Caldwell girl.

**PAP FOSSLER**
How would Clint know about all that?

**HAROLDAY**
(harshly)
He's lying. He's trying to cover up for killing my boy.

**JACKSON**
(encouraged by the support)
Quit stalling, Rocklin.

He makes a tentative movement toward Rocklin but Arly intervenes.

**ARLY**
Wait a minute -- he's get a right to be heard.
(to Rocklin)
Well, we're listenin'.

**ROCKLIN**
Well -- Clint was getting' all set to talk, when -- somebody snuck up along the verandah there and pulled the gun out o' my belt...
(indicating the belt on chair)
... and let him have it.

There is a moment's amazed silence. Then the crowd breaks into derisive comment.

**AD LIBS**
What a story! What an alibi! String him up, the heel! Etc.

**JACKSON**
(grinning)
You'll have to think up something better than that Rocklin.

**MED. SHOT**
with Garvey in f.g.

**GARVEY**

(smoothly)
Don't be a fool, Rocklin. You know you can't get away with a yarn like that. Why don't you save yourself and everyone else a lot of trouble by surrendering to the Sheriff? After all, it isn't such a crime in these parts to kill a man in self-defense.

**ROCKLIN**

Self-defense?

**GARVEY**

Everyone knows what Clint was like. He probably lost his head and pulled a gun on you, like he did at the Sun-Up that night. Wasn't that it?

**ROCKLIN**

(grimly; after a little pause)
No, that wasn't it. And till I do what I got to do, I ain't surrenderin' to anybody -- least of all to your pal here.

(indicates sheriff)
If I got to be shot for knowing too much, it ain't going to be in the back, in a framed-up jail-break.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Arly, who has been staring at Rocklin in frowning bewilderment.

**ARLY**

But if someone's trying to kill you, why didn't they do it just now? Why did they have to kill Clint?

**CLOSE SHOT**

Rocklin.

**ROCKLIN**

Guess they wanted to get Clint, too. Doin' it this way they get us both. Clint first -- an' me afterwards -- like I jus' said.
with Garvey in f.g. Close beside him are Pap and Dave, who watches Garvey closely.

**PAP FOSSLER**
Quit fancy talk. Who's "they?"

**ROCKLIN**
I might be able to tell you that later.

**JACKSON**
(quickly)
No you won't -- because you're comin' with me.

**ROCKLIN**
(raises his gun)
Am I?

The crowd tenses. Rocklin eyes them grimly.

**ROCKLIN**
The first one that moves -- gets it.

He moves over to the open window, and with his gun leveled on the mob, steps out onto the verandah. Once outside, suddenly lets the window fall and disappears. A shot Jackson's gun shatters a pane, during which time there has been a rush to the window. It is Arly and Dave who reach it first, and feigning an attempt to raise the window, momentarily delay pursuit.

**AT THE DOOR LEADING FROM THE ROOM**
There is the inevitable jam as the pushing, yelling all try to exit at once.

**EXT. REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT**
Rocklin, as he picks himself off the ground, having
from the verandah. He starts quickly away.

EXT. WINDOW OF ROCKLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHOOTING INTO the room, we see Arly and Dave shoved to side by Jackson and Garvey. The window goes up and steps out, followed by Garvey, Harolday, Arly, Dave, others.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

The human jam has been broken, and now the mob dashes wildly toward the stairway, and verandah exit in the b.g.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

The hitching rail in front of the Sun-Up. There are a dozen or so horses tied up to it and close to it is Dave's team and wagon. Rocklin comes from around the corner of the building and races to the hitching rail.

TOP OF OUTSIDE STAIRS

Jackson and Garvey come from around the corner of the porch followed by Harolday, Arly, Dave, and others. At the stairs they collide with some of the men who have raced down hall, only to reach the stairway at the same moment. There is another jam on the landing as the mob all try to get down at once.

ROCKLIN AT THE HITCHING RAIL

He has cut the lines of the horses tied to the rail. We see him cutting the last line and fire into the air. The horses rare and stampede.

THE MOB - WITH JACKSON AND GARVEY LEADING - COME FROM AROUND THE BUILDING
And now there is a state of utter confusion as the mob and horses rush in all directions as the men try to retrieve their mounts. Rocklin is no where in evidence.

GARVEY AND JACKSON - AS HAROLDAY JOINS THEM NEAR DAVE'S WAGON

HAROLDAY
(sarcastically)
Well, Sheriff -- you certainly are to be congratulated.

JACKSON
(harassed)
Look, Mr. Harolday -- you saw what happened --

GARVEY
(deeply concerned)
Never mind that -- Let's get going for Garden City -- that's where he's headed for.

HAROLDAY
You sure?

GARVEY
I'm positive.

Dave climbs into his wagon behind the group as Jackson exits quickly.

EXT. STAGE OFFICE - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

At hitching rail. There are four or five horses tied up here. Arly and Juan enter and mount their horses, and almost immediately Garvey and Harolday come hurrying into the scene after two of the other horses.

ARLY
(shouts from her horse)
Where do you think he's gone?

Before either of the two men can answer, Jackson's voice is heard shouting o.s.
JACKSON'S VOICE
All right, men -- follow me --

The CAMERA PANS AROUND, getting Jackson, now mounted, as others come riding in. He rare his horse around and away followed by the mob, including our principals. not get very far when Dave's wagon comes into the shot, hell-bent in pursuit.

EXT. ROAD NEAR EDGE OF SANTA INEZ - NIGHT
The posse riding hard, with Dave's wagon following.

CLOSE SHOT
Dave, half standing as he urges his team on. Behind him are the closed flaps of the wagon top.

WIDER ANGLE
as a hand reaches out from between the flaps and grasps reins. Dave takes it, and looks wildly around -- falls on the seat.

ON ROCKLIN - AS HIS HEAD COMES FROM BETWEEN THE FLAPS
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Dave, smiling broadly. Rocklin is pulling hard on the reins.

DAVE
I mighta knowed you'd do somethin' like this. (as Rocklin slows the team)
What are we doin'?

ROCKLIN
Headin' for the K.C.

With that Rocklin starts swinging the team around.

ON THE WAGON AS IT SWINGS AROUND AND BECOMES LOST IN
DISTANT NIGHT

WIPE

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Sammy, the China-boy, is nervously knocking on Miss
Martin's door. It opens and Miss Martin is seen slipping a robe
over her long Mother Hubbard nightgown, with cap to match.

MISS MARTIN
(impatiently)
Now -- what is it?

Sammy points o.s. -- Miss Martin looks and freezes.

As she moves down the hall, the CAMERA PANS WITH her
until it gets two men standing near the entrance door.

Now the CAMERA MOVES IN TO A THREE SHOT and we
recognize George Clews and his brother, Bob. Bob, his wrist
bandaged, takes off his hat at Miss Martin's approach, and George
noticing, does likewise.

GEORGE CLEWS
The name's Clews, ma'am -- Mr. Garvey sent us out --

BOB CLEWS
(eagerly)
Said you were expectin' trouble with that Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN
I am.
(acidly to George)
-- But I'm wondering if you're up to it. I noticed you didn't fare so
well with him yesterday.

BOB CLEWS
He was drunk --

GEORGE CLEWS
(quickly)
Yeah -- But I'm sober now.
MISS MARTIN
Well, see that you stay that way.

GEORGE CLEWS
Don't worry, ma'am -- I've jus' bin waitin' to get even with that saddle-bum.

He opens the door.

BOB CLEWS
(with that oily smile)
We'll be close-by.

GEORGE CLEWS
(confidently)
You bet.

They start out.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Clara is seen in her nightgown, listening at the door to her room. The sound of the outer door closing comes over the scene and she hurries to her bed and feigns sleep, and in time, for the door opens and Miss Martin sticks her head in, and satisfied that Clara is sleeping, exits.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROAD TO GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

A raspy voice is heard coming out of the darkness singing a ribald song of the periods. And now Old Zeke, riding his burro, comes into view. As he passes close to the camera, we PAN and get the posse coming out of the darkness in the opposite direction Zeke is travelling.

As the posse pulls up to Zeke, the CAMERA MOVES IN on a group including Zeke, Jackson, Garvey, Harolday.

JACKSON
Seen anybody ridin' hard for Garden City.

ZEKE
Bin on the road since sundown -- ain't seen a livin' soul -- be he man or beast.

JACKSON
He mighta taken the cutoff through Jaw Bone Canyon.

HAROLDAY
After that storm? -- He'd never make it.

GARVEY
There's only one other place he might have gone -- the K.C.

JACKSON
You think so?

GARVEY
(very definitely)
I'm positive.

HAROLDAY
That's what you said before.

JACKSON
(shouting to the posse milling around)
To the K.C., men.

The posse swings around and starts back toward Santa Inez.

ARLY AND JUAN

Arly watches the posse, then turns to Juan.

ARLY
(excitedly)
Take me through the canyon.

JUAN
It is dangerous, senorita.

ARLY
But if we get through we'll beat them to the K.C.
JUAN

You would risk your life for Senor Rocklin?

Arly does not answer in words. But Juan sees the answer in her eyes. Now she tosses her head defiantly and swings her horse off the road in the direction of the canyon. Juan watches a moment, then spurs his mount after her, as we

DISSOLVE

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

On Clara, tossing fitfully in her bed. Suddenly she sits up as an idea begins to take form in her mind. Now she hurries out of bed, moves stealthily to the door and goes out, leaving her door open.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

ON door to Miss Martin's room. Clara comes down the hall to opens the door. She puts her ear close and listens. Now she it cautiously and peers inside. The door to her room is slammed o.s. by a sporadic draft. It startles the girl and she quickly closes Miss Martin's door and hurries away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

ON the posse, riding hell-bent.

EXT. JAW BONE CANYON - DAWN

Arly and Julio, as they slowly pick their way along the leading difficult trail, skirting a roaring torrent. Julio is and close behind him Arly is having a time negotiating the unsteady ground of a landslide.

ARLY AND JULIO AS THEY STAND CLOSE TO A DANGEROUSLY FORBIDDING PORTION OF JAW BONE CANYON
She notices Julio staring o.s. and slowly shaking his head.

**ARLY**

Afraid?

Julio nods his head slowly, deliberately.

**JULIO**

Only for you -- you must not do this -- I will go through from here alone.

A faint smile of admiration brushes Arly's face.

**ARLY**

No, -- we're going through together.

Arly lashes her horse away. Julio realizes the futility of further pleading and now moves his horse out after Arly.

**EXT. ROAD NEAR KC RANCH - DAWN**

The wagon with Dave and Rocklin coming out of the night.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Dave is driving the team for all it is worth. Rocklin is looking back. He turns to Dave.

**ROCKLIN**

You can ease up now.

**DAVE**

We're just about there.

**WIPE OUT**

**WIPE IN**

**EXT. ENTRANCE TO KC RANCH - DAWN**

A wooden gate is swung closed across the roadway. On the gate is a crudely printed weather-beaten sign: K.C.
Over the scene comes the SOUND of the wagon approaching.

**THE WAGON PULLS UP TO THE GATE**

Rocklin hops out, opens the gate. Dave drives the wagon through. As Rocklin lets go the gate, it swings closed of its own accord.

**EXT. SHED - KC RANCH - DAWN**

The shed is a short distance from the Caldwell house. Bob Clews is standing at a corner of the shed looking o.s. Over the scene comes the SOUND of the wagon.

**BOB CLEWS**

(peering into shed)

Hey, George -- George, get up.

**EXT. KC RANCH - DAWN**

The wagon moving slowly through the cottonwoods, along the drive not far from the house. It stops now, and the CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to get Dave and Rocklin as they leave the team and start stealthily toward the house seen in the moonlight in the b.g.

**INT. CLARA’S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN**

We pick up Clara in the act of nervously pinning on her hat in the dim light of a small lamp. She is fully dressed, once the hat is on, she looks around anxiously for her top coat which she finds in the closet. She takes the coat and starts hurriedly toward the lamp, sitting on a small taboret near the door. As she bends over to blow it out, her eyes raise and she freezes.

**MISS MARTIN HAS JUST OPENED THE DOOR AND STANDS THERE**
ICILY FOR A LONG MOMENT

Now she snaps the door closed without removing her eyes from Clara, and starts forward.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the two. Clara stands as one under an hypnotic spell.

MISS MARTIN  
(in a very low tone)  
You vile, ungrateful strumpet -- running away in the night, like a deceitful sneak-thief --

CLARA  
(unrestrained)  
Yes -- I'm running away -- and it's all your fault -- you're the one who's been deceitful and sneaking -- and don't think I don't know what you intend doing.

MISS MARTIN  
(very controlled)  
-- And don't think I don't know what you intend doing.

CLARA  
(crying, as she moves away)  
I don't care -- I'm not ashamed of it -- and nothing you can say or do is going to stop me.

MISS MARTIN  
(hardly above a whisper)  
You little fool -- if you go to Garden City with that man -- you stand to lose everything.

CLARA  
(stops pacing)  
But why? -- Why are you being so secretive? -- If you know something, why don't you tell me?

ON DAVE AND ROCKLIN AT THE WINDOW LISTENING

DAVE  
(nods and mumbles to
himself)
Yeah -- why don't you? --

Rocklin quickly shushes Dave.

ON MISS MARTIN AND CLARA

MISS MARTIN
(Unmindful of the presence of the men)
All right, I'll tell you -- Rocklin is a nephew of the late Mr. Caldwell. And, as nearest of kin, he stands to get everything -- according to the will. Because you are not the old man's niece, but only his grand-niece.

Dave and Rocklin at the window listening - Rocklin

SOBERLY -

DAVE WILD-EYED

MISS MARTIN'S VOICE
Rocklin turned up unexpectedly --

CLARA'S VOICE
And you and Mr. Garvey knew the truth all the time?

MISS MARTIN'S VOICE
Yes.

If Dave keeps quiet any longer he'll burst. He spins around and speaks in his natural voice.

DAVE
-- And you knew the truth all the time, too -- didn't you? -- No wonder you stuck around --

From Rocklin's expression it is quite apparent to Dave that he is right.

CLARA AND MISS MARTIN

Both women are staring dumbly toward the window. Now the realization that she has been overheard staggers Miss Martin. She utters a stifled scream and, seeing Rocklin
through the window, runs from the room.

**ROCKLIN - JUST INSIDE THE ROOM - TURNS TO DAVE**

ROCKLIN
Get in here and take care of her.

Dave scrambles through the window and hurries in pursuit of Miss Martin. Rocklin is at Clara's side.

**EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN**

Bushes near the house. George and Bob Clews are watching.

**GEORGE CLEWS**
Come on --

They move out.

**EXT. ROAD BETWEEN SANTA INEZ AND THE KC RANCH - DAWN**

The posse riding hard.

**EXT. JAW BONE CANYON - DAWN**

We see Arly and Julio as they descend a steep embankment toward the raging torrent. They both are riding Julio's horse.

**CLOSE SHOT**

Arly and Julio; Arly seated behind Julio, considerably disheveled and sobbing.

**JULIO**
(comfortingly)
You are crying, senorita --?

**ARLY**
(lying bravely)
No.

**JULIO**
(knows she is)
It is too bad we lose your horse. She was good horse, for sure.

**ARLY**
If only we make it in time.

As they move away into a longer shot, a huge boulder comes crashing down the canyon side, across their path, and with a great roar and splash into the torrent.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Clara is talking feverishly to Rocklin.

CLARA
-- And I heard one of them tell my aunt not to worry, that he was just as anxious as she was to get even with you.

Dave enters from the hall carrying Miss Martin over his shoulder. He has her wrapped in a sheet and bound up in tassled curtain cord.

DAVE
(as Clara and Rocklin react)
This is the only way I could handle her.

ROCKLIN
The Clews are around here some place -- Garvey sent 'em out.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

George and Bob Clews at the window. George has his gun leveled, and a dirty smile twists his face.

GEORGE CLEWS
You bet we're around.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as George Clews climbs into the room, followed by Bob. They disarm both Rocklin and Dave as Clara watches helplessly, and Miss Martin struggles in her wrapping.

GEORGE CLEWS
(to Bob)
Untie her.

BOB CLEWS
(to Dave)
Untie her.

Dave puts Miss Martin down and begins undoing her as
Bob covers him with his gun.

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN SANTA INEZ AND THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse riding.

EXT. MOUTH OF JAW BONE CANYON - FLAT COUNTRY - DAWN

Arly and Juan leave the hazardous trail behind and now
start across the flat on a run.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Dave has unwrapped Miss Martin and she gets to her feet
bristling.

GEORGE CLEWS
(to Bob)
Now tie him up.
(indicates Dave)

MISS MARTIN
(quickly, as she picks
up the tassled cord)
I'll take part in this -- you -- you
hairy beast.

Bob Clews tosses the sheet over Dave's head. And as
Dave struggles,

ROCKLIN AND GEORGE CLEWS

Rocklin thinks he has George off guard and makes a pass
at him. But George is on the alert and strikes Rocklin on
the head with his pistol.

ON CLARA AS ROCKLIN GOES DOWN

She utters a choked cry and falls to the floor in a
faint.

WIDER ANGLE
as Miss Martin comes to Clara and kneels beside her.

MISS MARTIN
Help me get her to the bed.

FULL SHOT
of the room. Bob Clews has Dave securely tied, and now assists Miss Martin in getting Clara to the bed.

GEORGE CLEWS
(indicating Rocklin on the floor)
What'll we do with 'em?

MISS MARTIN
Take them in to Mr. Garvey and tell him I must see him at once.

BOB CLEWS
(triumphantly)
We'll dump them right in the Judge's lap.

George Clews picks up the unconscious Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN
 stil administering to Clara)
Hadn't you better tie him, too?

GEORGE CLEWS
(to Bob, after a second's pause)
Get some more rope.

Bob hurries to do so.

EXT. ROAD TO THE KC RANCH - DAWN
The posse riding.

EXT. KC RANCH - DAWN
Dave's wagon. Bob Clews is seen dumping Dave into the rear Rocklin's unconscious form over his shoulder. Now he puts Rocklin in.
GEORGE CLEWS
Get our horses and meet me at the gate.

Bob runs after the horses. George gets onto the wagon seat -- swings the team around and heads for the gate.

EXT. FLAT LAND NEAR THE KC RANCH -- DAWN
Arly and Juan riding hard.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE KC RANCH -- DAWN
George Clews sits in the wagon waiting for Bob, who now comes out of the darkness with their horses. He dismounts, ties the horses to the back of the wagon, comes around in front of the gate. He is about to swing it open when he looks past the camera at Arly and Juan, who now pull up to the outside of the gate. Arly dismounts quickly, her gun in her hand. Bob Clews backs up toward the wagon as Arly walks through gate.

CLOSE SHOT
of Arly.

CLOSE SHOT
George Clews on the wagon seat. He is smiling and is going to try to bluff it out.

GEORGE CLEWS
(to Arly)
What are you doin' with that gun, Arly?

CLOSE SHOT
Arly.

ARLY
Get down from there before I show you.
INT. OF WAGON - DAWN

Rocklin has regained consciousness and listens.

GEORGE CLEWS' VOICE
Now listen, Arly -- this ain't your wagon --

ARLY'S VOICE
Neither is it yours -- Get down out of there -- before I knock you down.

Rocklin recognizes Arly's voice. Now he raises himself up over the tailboard and falls out.

EXT. REAR OF WAGON - DAWN

The horses tied in back shy as Rocklin falls to the ground.

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN

Arly, as she takes it and starts toward the rear of the wagon.

BOB CLEWS - STANDING CLOSE TO GEORGE - WHO IS STILL ON THE SEAT - SEES HIS CHANCE TO GET ARLY AND SLOWLY REACHES HIS GUN

He no more than gets it out when a knife whirls in from o.s., getting him in the small of the back.

JUAN

He sits calmly astride his horse, his gun leveled on Clews.

EXT. REAR OF WAGON - DAWN

Arly is cutting the rope binding Rocklin.

ARLY
-- And they're headed this way and should get here any minute --
Rocklin gets to his feet. Arly notices something shining on the ground where Rocklin lay. She picks it up. It is the tobacco pouch with the steer's head of hammered silver.

ARLY
Where'd you get this?

ROCKLIN
(taking the pouch)
That belongs to the man who shot at me on Table-Top -- Dave found it.

INT. OF WAGON - DAWN
On Dave's Wrapped form, kicking the wagon tailboard. Arly's head appears between the flaps above the tailboard and Dave groans and kicks, she takes her knife and slits the rope binding him.

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN
Rocklin has come to George clew and we see him wrest the gun from his hand and yank George down from the wagon seat. Once down, he lets him have a hard right that sends him sprawling.

ON GEORGE CLEWS GETTING UP OFF THE GROUND AND ROCKLIN IN
They start fighting viciously. Arly rushes in crying wildly.

ARLY
(trying to stop Rocklin)
You've got to get away -- they'll be here -- they'll catch you --

CLOSE SHOT
Rocklin. There is but one thought in his enraged mind - Clews. He tears into him again.

ON ARLY AS DAVE JOINS HER
ARLY
(frantically)
You've got to stop him -- he's got
to get away.

THE FIGHT - AS DAVE AND ARLY FUTILELY ATTEMPT TO BREAK
IT UP

ON DAVE AS HE GETS IN THE WAY OF ONE THAT SITS HIM DOWN

ON THE FIGHT AS ROCKLIN GETS IN A SUNDAY PUNCH THAT
SENDS

GEORGE BACKWARD INTO A SHALLOW DITCH OUT OF SIGHT

ON GEORGE CLEWS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN THE DITCH

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse approaching.

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN

Rocklin, Arly, Dave, Rocklin is about done in from the

fight.

DAVE
(anxiously)
Come on -- let's git goin' --

ROCKLIN
(as he walks to wagon)
Where's the girl?

DAVE
Back at the house --

ROCKLIN
We've got to get her.

ARLY
You haven't time -- they're coming --
don't you believe me? --

ROCKLIN
(to Dave)
Come on --

Arly's plea goes unheeded and he starts away toward the	house
on the run.
DAVE
(mutters)
Stubborn as an ole mule.
(shouts)
You're puttin' a rope around your neck --

Dave runs after Rocklin.

ARLY AND JUAN - ARLY CLIMBING HURRIEDLY UP ONTO THE WAGON SEAT

ARLY
Get him --
(indicates Bob Clews)
-- out of sight, and follow me.

She takes up the reins now and swings the team around and off the road into the thickness of the trees.

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Rocklin and Dave. They are approaching the house warily.

DAVE
(softly)
But what'll we do with the ole lady?

ROCKLIN
Anything you like.

DAVE
I'd like to pizen her.

EXT. GROVE OF COTTONWOODS NEAR GATE - DAWN

Arly is seated on the wagon seat looking toward the gate as Juan comes in on his horse.

ARLY
(pointing o.s.)
Look.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO KC RANCH - DAWN

At gate. The posse rides up. The gate is swung open and they ride through.
EXT. GROVE OF COTTONWOODS NEAR GATE - DAWN

At wagon. Arly jumps to the ground and speaks to Juan.

   ARLY
   Come on.

As she starts toward the house, Juan dismounts and follows.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

The posse comes riding in. Jackson, Garvey, Harolday, and a few others dismount and go toward the door.

ARLY AND JUAN

as they move stealthily into a spot shielded by undergrowth, which gives them full view of the front and one side of the house.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Miss Martin is coming into the room with a glass and a pill for Clara, who is still stretched on the bed.

   MISS MARTIN
   If you'll just take this -- you'll go to sleep --

The sound of someone knocking on the front door comes over the scene. Miss Martin exits hurriedly.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

At front door. Miss Martin opens the door, confronting Jackson and the group. She is bewildered.

   JACKSON
   Evenin' ma'am -- hate to bother you like this, but --

   MISS MARTIN
   (seeing Garvey, interrupts)
I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Garvey, the most awful --
(as though seeing the crowd for the first time)
-- Why -- what are all these people doing here?

GARVEY
We're after Rocklin -- has he been here?

MISS MARTIN
(smugly)
Oh yes -- here and gone.

JACKSON
What!

GARVEY
(astounded)
Gone --

MISS MARTIN
(triumphantly)
Yes -- the two men you sent out are taking him and that horrid old man back to town.

GARVEY
The Cleweses -- funny we didn't see them.

JACKSON
Somethin' musta gone wrong -- We better fan out and see what's goin' on.

MISS MARTIN
(quickly)
Don't leave, Mr. Garvey -- I've got to talk with you, privately --

As all but Garvey and Harolday go back to their horses, Garvey speaks.

GARVEY
But, madam --

MISS MARTIN
It's very important.
Garvey looks at Harolday in a manner evidencing his distaste and impatience.

HAROLDAY  
We'll go on and meet you in town.

GARVEY  
Perhaps you'd better.  
(calls to Jackson o.s.)  
I'll meet you in town, Jackson.

JACKSON'S VOICE  
Right -- come on, men.

The sound of running horses comes over the scene as Harolday hurries away and Garvey enters the house.

ON HAROLDAY AS HE GOES TO HIS HORSE

He starts to mount, but instead leads the horse into the bushes close to where Juan and Arly are watching.

ARYL AND JUAN - WATCHING

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Miss Martin and Garvey have been talking. Garvey paces nervously.

GARVEY  
(quickly, as he turns to Miss Martin)  
-- And you're positive he knows everything?

MISS MARTIN  
Absolutely everything -- He was standing at the window all the time -- the scoundrel.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Rocklin has his ear glued to the door. He can't help but smile at Miss Martin's reference to him. Dave is behind the
curtain at the window, watching the outside. Clara is close to Rocklin.

ROCKLIN
(whispers)
You better get back on the bed -- in case they come in here.

Clara tiptoes away.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Arly and Juan, as they watch Harolday approach the house and go to the hall window.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Garvey and Miss Martin. Garvey is still pacing very nervously. He is trying to think of his next move.

MISS MARTIN
If you were to ask me, I think the best thing to do is --

Garvey stops and glares.

GARVEY
(irritably)
I'm not asking you -- and don't bother me with your silly questions -- we've got to do something besides talk.

MISS MARTIN
(drawing herself up)
You mean -- you have to do something.

Garvey stops and looks at her again.

MISS MARTIN
-- This was all your idea, remember.

GARVEY
(tossing it off)
My idea -- that's all you know about it.

THE DOOR TO CLARA'S BEDROOM

It is open and Rocklin stands there looking o.s.
ROCKLIN
If there's anybody else in on it --
speak up, Judge.

ON GARVEY AS HE WHIPS AROUND AND STARES AT ROCKLIN

ON MISS MARTIN - GAPING OPEN-MOUTHED

MISS MARTIN
Well -- I do declare --

She can say no more.

FULL SHOT

Rocklin steps away from the door, where Dave and Clara
now and
stand. He has Garvey covered. Dave is pointing his gun,
grimacing at Miss Martin.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

At hall window -- on Harolday watching.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Garvey is stepping back, in a cold sweat, toward Miss
as Rocklin advances toward him.

ROCKLIN
(to Garvey, quite casually)
Talk.

Miss Martin opens her mouth, about to speak.

FLASH

of Dave.

DAVE
(blasting, to Miss Martin)
Not you.

CLOSE SHOT

Miss Martin. Her mouth snaps shut like a trap.
THREE SHOT

Garvey, Rocklin, Miss Martin. Rocklin takes the tobacco pouch out of his pocket.

ROCKLIN
(to Garvey)
Ever see that before?

GARVEY
(blanches)
No -- it's not mine.

ROCKLIN
Tell me whose it is.

GARVEY
(shaking)
No -- no -- I don't know --

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Harolday at hall window. He raises his gun -- he is about to fire when a knife whirls out of nowhere and sticks in the window frame, inches from Harolday's head. He spins around and stares wildly here and there at the darkness.

GROUNDS AND BUSHES NEAR THE FRONT DOOR - FROM HAROLDAY'S ANGLE

There is no one in evidence.

ARLY'S VOICE
Drop that gun.

ON HAROLDAY AT THE HALL WINDOW - STARING HARD - TRYING TO LOCATE THE VOICE

He drops the gun. Arly and Juan come in to him. Arly has him covered.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE, getting the front door as it is opened by Rocklin, who evidently heard
AT FRONT DOOR

Arly is prodding Harolday into the scene.

ARLY
(to Rocklin)
He was just getting ready to finish you off, through that window.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Harolday is herded inside, close to Garvey and Miss Martin.

ROCKLIN
(almost enjoying this)
You seem to like to do business through windows, Mr. Harolday.

In the pause Harolday remains sneeringly silent.

ROCKLIN
You're not Clint's killer, by any chance --

ARLY
(cutting in)
By one bad chance --
(glares at Harolday)
Juan saw you do it.

Harolday looks at Juan, who slowly nods.

ROCKLIN
Well, now we're gettin' some place --

He brings up the tobacco pouch. But before he can ask about it, Arly speaks.

ARLY
That pouch is his --
(indicates Harolday)
Juan made it for him a long time ago.
(to Juan)
Didn't you?

Juan nods.
Rocklin, with a sudden transition, speaks to Harolday in a hard, threatening tone.

ROCKLIN
(to Harolday)
Why did you kill Caldwell?

Harolday doesn't answer. He finally looks at Garvey in desperation. Perspiration runs down Garvey's forehead. Suddenly Harolday makes a mad dash for the door.

Rocklin shoots, but Arly pushes his arm and sends the shot wild.

Rocklin looks at her in amazement. Julio hurries out.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

On Harolday as he rushes madly across the clearing toward the bushes where his horse waits.

The CAMERA SWINGS BACK to the porch in time to catch Julio crossing it in pursuit of Harolday. Arly and Rocklin come through the open door and stand on the porch watching.

THE BUSHES WHERE HAROLDAY'S HORSE IS HIDDEN - ARLY AND ROCKLIN'S ANGLE

They see Julio disappear in the brush. For a moment nothing happens; now Harolday's horse bolts out, riderless, and gallops away. Now Julio comes slowly into view. He moves slowly and deliberately back toward the house.

AT PORCH

Julio comes in to Rocklin and Arly. The three exchange significant glances as we

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

In the hall are Clara and Miss Martin, Rocklin, Arly and Julio, Dave and Garvey. Garvey is seated and has evidently
been talking in the way of confession.

GARVEY
-- Harolday wanted the K.C. like he wanted the Santee and the Hardman place, for his land scheme -- He planned on breaking up the ranches into small holdings and selling to dirt farmers. He pretended to be on the outs with me so I could get Caldwell's confidence. And when Red caught me with the crooked cards and threatened to expose me -- Harolday shot him.

ROCKLIN
Why did he kill Clint? An' not me?

GARVEY
That shot was an accident -- it was meant for you. We planned on getting the women to let me handle their business --

MISS MARTIN
(interrupting, furious)
-- And do us out of everything --
(moves close to Garvey)
You vile -- wicked -- despicable --

She is beside herself in her anger -- and taking up a large vase sitting nearby, she smashes it to pieces over Garvey's head. Garvey goes down unconscious. Miss Martin rushes her room screaming. Clara follows her.

ON DAVE GRINNING BROADLY - ROCKLIN COMES TO HIM

ROCKLIN
When he wakes up -- we'll have him put everything on paper.

DAVE
Well, you'll have to do the writin' -- 'cause I don't know how to write.

CLARA HURRIES BACK TO THE GROUP FROM UP THE HALL

CLARA
(genuinely concerned)
Oh, Mr. Rocklin -- please -- I think Auntie is out of her mind -- she's in her room -- laughing.

DAVE
(grimaces)
What that ole pelican needs is a good spankin'.

ARLY
(who has been silently listening)
And I'll bet you're just the one who can do it.

DAVE
(his eyes flash with an idea)
Yeah -- I believe I am.
(looks at the group)
I know I am.

He starts away down the hall, rolling up his sleeves. Rocklin's eyes wander to Clara, who seems quite at a loss. Now he moves slowly toward her. In the b.g. Arly watches Rocklin's every move.

ROCKLIN
I guess there's no rush for you to get to Garden City, now --

After a slight pause in which she becomes conscious of Arly, Clara speaks.

CLARA
No -- I don't suppose there's any -- rush --

There is another short pause. Rocklin glances at Arly, and Arly assuming they want to be alone, turns and goes out the door, leaving Julio attending Garvey.

CLARA
(after Arly goes)
If I was like her, I'd stay in the West.
ROCKLIN
That means you're goin' back East -- Cousin Clara?

CLARA
(smiles, nods)
It's where I belong -- I know that now --

ROCKLIN
It's good to know where you Belong, I reckon -- Wish I knew.

CLARA
(wistfully)
I can tell you -- you belong with her --

Rocklin takes it -- a faint smile brushes his face. He now and walks out.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. GROUNDS NEAR CALDWELL HOUSE - SUN-UP

Arly is seated on the shaft of an old wagon. The first rays of the morning sun streak through the trees across her as she smiles wistfully down at the antics of a little woodchuck cavorting on the ground close to her. In a moment Rocklin comes into view in the b.g. He spots Arly, who has her to him, and walks over. His approach frightens the woodchuck away, and turns Arly's head toward him. Neither has anything to say. Now Rocklin sits beside Arly, but faces the other way.

ROCKLIN
(after a pause)
Thanks.

ARLY
For what?

ROCKLIN
Everything.

There is another stilted pause.

ARLY
(his eyes sweeping
the morning)
Beautiful day.

ROCKLIN
(reflecting)
It didn't start out so beautiful.

ARLY
That's true of lots of things.

ROCKLIN
Fer instance?

ARLY
(hesitantly)
Well -- you and -- me.

There is another pause. But worlds are being said in
the
Rocklin's
language of eyes. Their heads move closer and now
arms sweep around the girl and they kiss.

GROUNDS NEAR ARLY AND ROCKLIN DAVE AND JULIO HURRYING
THROUGH
THE GRASS

DAVE
(shouting)
Hey, Rock -- Rock -- get out your
pencil and paper --

The two stop abruptly and look o.s.

ON ROCKLIN AND ARLY KISSING ON DAVE AND JULIO

DAVE
(grimacing)
Doggone it -- here Garvey is back in
this world -- an' they're out of it.

FADE OUT
THE END