

HIGH NOON

by  
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based on a story by  
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SOME NOTES ABOUT THIS STORY

THE TIME is about 1870 or 1875.

THE PLACE is HADLEYVILLE, population around 400, located in a Western territory still to be determined, a town just old enough to have become pleasantly aware of its existence, and to begin thinking of its appearance.

There is one street, a rambling, crooked affair that begins at the railroad station, meanders along through the town, ends a little way past the relatively new Commercial Hotel, and then becomes a narrow and disappearing path into the prairie. Most of the people in town, particularly those in better circumstances, have built houses away from the street, and some of them even have small lawns and flower patches, most of them rather pathetic.

Between the station and the hotel are to be found the majority of the settings for the action of the story: the Marshal's office and the courtroom, the Ramirez Bar, the barber shop, the general store, the livery stable. Other establishments that should be indicated but will not be used (as of this writing) will be in tune with the place and period: a bank, restaurants, rooming houses, a millinery shop, a hand laundry, etc. Almost all the buildings along the street have some kind of structures behind them, such as outhouses or sheds or, in some cases, living quarters.

Not so long ago, Hadleyville, like many other frontier towns that were at the mercy of nearby feudal barons, had been terrorized by Gil Jordan and his retainers. From his ranch, Gil Jordan had ruled Hadleyville, and ruled it ruthlessly and cruelly. There are still men -- and women, too -- who bear the physical marks of Jordan's maniacal rages. Five years ago, however, Marshal Will Doane, backed by a half a dozen hard-riding deputies, had broken the Jordan gang and arrested Jordan for murder. At his trial, he had been sentenced to hang, but Jordan's influential friends in the territorial capital had had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. Now, five years later, Hadleyville is a safe place for women and children. Law and order have been so firmly established that Doane now has only two deputies.

THE PEOPLE are MARSHAL WILL DOANE, HELEN RAMIREZ, AMY DOANE, HARVEY PELL and others.

WILL DOANE is in his middle thirties. Adequately educated, he is a second-generation westerner in a land that is still spreading out. Like most of the other citizens of Hadleyville, he is not a native of the town. He is direct, practical, not too

articulate. His approach to the job of peace officer is matter-of-fact, unromantic, but in the five years that he has been town marshal he has always liked it. He has enjoyed the prestige it has given him, and the knowledge that he is respected and liked by the townspeople. Now that he is being married, he is leaving the job and the town with some regret, but secure in the feeling that he is doing the sensible thing in moving to another town, where a general store should do good business.

He is, certainly, not an average man, but a very human one. Some two years ago he had a somewhat lengthy affair with:

**HELEN RAMIREZ.** She is two or three years older than Doane, a victim of an era and environment with rigid social standards. To begin with, Helen is half Mexican, and thus neither acceptable to the "pure" American women of the region, nor eligible for a "good" marriage. Consequently, in addition to being intelligent, shrewd and strong-willed, she is also hard and resentful. Physically, she is handsome, full-breasted, passionate. More, she has style, personality.

Some years ago, Helen had married Ramirez, the local saloon-keeper. After his death she had become Gil Jordan's mistress. With Jordan in jail for life, Helen had herself selected Will Doane as his successor, and Helen still cannot forgive Doane for ending the liason, for this is a privilege she reserves for herself. Recently, she has allowed herself to drift into an affair with Harvey Pell, Doane's friend and deputy. A good business woman, she has long since disposed of her interest in the Ramirez saloon, and is a silent partner in the town's general store.

**AMY DOANE** is, without knowing it, one of the new women of the period, women who are beginning to rebel against the limitations and restrictions of the Victorian epoch. Young, attractive, intelligent, strong-willed, Amy is determined not to be a sheltered toy-wife but a full partner in her marriage, and it is she who has planned their future. More, Amy has strong emotional and intellectual convictions against any form of violence, because her father and brothers were killed while taking part in Vigilante action, and she has since embraced the Quaker faith. Marriage to Doane would have been unthinkable had he remained a peace officer.

**HARVEY PELL** is younger than Doane, his deputy and friend. But beneath that friendship is a nagging sense of inferiority and an envy of Doane. Thus, although he has secretly taken Doane's place as Helen's lover, he has a feeling that he has not really replaced Doane. In addition, Harvey is ambitious, anxious to prove his manhood and importance. He has hoped to be appointed Marshal in Doane's place, and he has expected that Doane would secure the position for him. Since the promotion has not taken place, he is resentful towards Doane for this as well. Yet, with all this, there is a remnant of the old liking. Doane, however, is unaware of the change in Harvey's feelings toward him.

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OTHERS ARE: PERCY METTRICK, Justice of the Peace; JONAS HENDERSON, WILLIAM FULLER and MARTIN HOWE, selectmen; MILT JORDAN, PIERCE and COLEY, remnants of the Jordan gang; SAM, Helen's elderly retainer; TOBY, Doane's other deputy; and a surprising number of other bits.

METTRICK is urbane, cultured, cynical, unmarried, middle-aged.

HENDERSON AND FULLER, and their WIVES, are in the same age category, and very solid citizens.

MARTIN HOWE is about sixty, a bachelor. He has been a peace officer all his life, but age and the arthritis that has crippled his hands have caused his retirement some years before.

MILT JORDAN, Gil's younger brother, JAMES PIERCE and JACK COLEY are all that remain of the Jordan bunch. Milt is handsome, wild, with cruel eyes and a quick, meaningless smile. Colby is dour, remote, indrawn. Pierce, the oldest and the leader, is a chronically sour-tempered man, nervous and irritable.

SAM is a thin, leathery, taciturn man about Martin Howe's age. He looks as if he has known a considerable amount of violence and hard-living (and probably lawlessness) in his time, from which -- like Mart Howe -- he has retired, but in his own way. Helen Ramirez is the only person in town -- and perhaps the world -- for whom he has any feeling. You sense that he is intensely loyal and devoted, that he understands and admires her, and that he is content to be her watch-dog.

DR. MAHIN, the minister, is a sincere, devout, unworldly man, who has his share of human weakness.

TOBY, Doane's other Deputy, is about Harvey Pell's age. Lacking Harvey's tense drive, he is good-natured, easy-going, dependable in a fight.

Other characters will be described as we go along. However, while we are here, we may as well describe the settings for some of the scenes to follow.

These are: (1) the Commercial Hotel, (2) Helen Ramirez' rooms, (3) the courtroom, (4) the Marshal's office, (5) the Ramirez Bar, (6) the Barbershop, (7) the livery stable, (8) the Church, (9) the railroad station, (10) Martin Howe's home, (11) William Fuller's home, (12) the general store, and (13) Mendocoe's place.

The COMMERCIAL HOTEL would seem to be about six years old. It is a two-story building. The deck is in the center hall, on one side of which is the small lobby, and on the other, cut off from view by curtains or swinging doors, the dining room. From the hall, a stairway leads up to the second floor, where all rooms are entered from the hall.

HELEN RAMIREZ occupies two connecting rooms on the second floor of the hotel, toward the front. One is her bedroom and the other has been furnished as a kind of sitting room or what

was called a front room then. The front room overlooks the street. Her taste is fairly expensive, feminine and good.

WILL DOANE'S OFFICE, which he shares with Judge Mattrick, is a one-story building on the main street. On one side of the office is the COURTROOM and on the other the jail. The court-room is still a somewhat makeshift affair, but the bench, witness stand, jury box, attorney tables and spectators' section can be recognized. We will probably not see the jail. The Doane-Mattrick office should be large enough to contain two desks, chairs, etc. The "Gun-Fighter" had a very good marshal's office.

The RAMIREZ BAR is a typical small saloon of the period -- a bar and some tables, but no dance floor, no stage, no glittering gambling layouts.

THE CHURCH has a capacity of about 200, a small wooden structure. It has a small organ, or whatever they were called then, and behind the pulpit there hangs a large painted replica of the Ten Commandments.

THE BARBER SHOP has one chair and a round card table. The window bears the following legend; BARBER SHOP AND DENTIST. HOT BATHS. Then lower down, and in smaller letters: DIGNIFIED UNDERTAKING. H. LeSIEUR, PROP. Behind the shop are living quarters and space designed for Mr. LeSieur's other activities, but we will see none of these except the shed where coffins are built and stored.

MART HOWE'S HOME is small, simple, almost barren reflecting his bachelorhood. WILLIAM FULLER'S HOME is larger, more affluently furnished in the taste of the period, and fussy, showing the hand and taste of his wife. Although we will use both exteriors, we will probably see only the living-room of each house.

THE LIVERY STABLE fronts on the main street, but the stable part, where the horses are stalled, is at the rear, and out of sight and hearing from the street.

THE RAILROAD STATION, for our purposes, is one small building. Part of this is waiting room, and part has been partitioned off to be the Station-Master's Office. The office windows look out to the track and to a large bench outside. It is presently planned to play the material with Milt Jordan, Pierce and Colby outside the station house.

THE GENERAL STORE is a typical store of the period. If possible, it should be indicated that the store is a prosperous one. It shouldn't be too large, though.

MENDOZA'S PLACE is a stopping-off place some five or ten miles from town, containing rude accommodations for horses and humans. For our purposes, we will probably see only the corral, the exterior of the building and the interior of the combined bar and eating space -- in other words, one large room containing a bar, tables, a large fire-place, etc. It is not a fancy place. For a good picturization of this kind of establishment, you should see "Stage-Coach."

"HIGH NOON"

FADE IN:

- 1-8. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HADLEYVILLE -- DAY. It is not yet eleven A.M., and the sun is high and hot in a clear sky. Near a landmark of some kind -- a tree or an out-cropping of rock -- a Man on horseback waits. In the distance, another Rider appears, riding toward the waiting Man. Now, the MAIN and CREDIT TITLES APPEAR. Behind them, the Rider reaches the Man who is waiting. They recognize each other, wave briefly, wait together. The distant bells of an o.s. Church begin to toll. From ANOTHER ANGLE, a Third Rider gallops toward them. He reaches them. The First Man takes out his watch as the FINAL CARD APPEARS AND FADES. We are in CLOSE to the three Men now, close enough to see that they are travel-weary and grim, men who seem to be driven by a mixture of hatred and hunger. In the order of their appearance, they are JAMES PIERCE, JACK COLBY and MILT JORDAN. Pierce snaps his watch-case shut, puts it away, nods briefly to the others. He spurs his horse, and they follow him. CAMERA PANS and HOLDS as they ride out of scene in the direction of a church spire that can be seen above screening trees.
- 9-11. EXT. CHURCH. Its bell tolls calmly and unhurriedly, and the people going into it move torpidly, hot and uncomfortable in their Sunday best. Along the road that winds past the church, Jordan, Pierce and Colby appear and ride by. They are too far from the church to be recognized by any of the people going in, and when they pass the CAMERA as they ride away from it they seem oblivious to it. Although they are only cantering, they ride with purpose, and it is as if the church and the people do not even impinge themselves on their consciousnesses. As they move out of scene, they pass a wagon which has come to a stop in the f.g. A Man and his Wife are in the wagon, and as the Man starts to climb down, he sees the Three Riders. He looks after them thoughtfully.
12. EXT. MAIN STREET. It hakes in the sun, a rather crooked and winding street that seems deserted now in the Sunday calm. Jordan, Pierce and Colby canter into the scene and ride away from CAMERA.
13. EXT. FIRE-HOUSE. A Volunteer Fireman, his Sunday coat off, is lovingly polishing the bright new engine. As he pauses

to pour himself a glass of beer from a nearby can, the Three Riders pass. He looks after them with frowning recognition.

14. CLOSE SHOT --ANOTHER MAN -- staring o.s. at the passing riders. Troubled, he wipes his dripping forehead.
15. HEAD-ON TRUCK SHOT -- on Jordan, Pierce and Colby. They keep their eyes focused ahead of them, almost contemptuously easy in their saddles but unweveringly purposeful.
16. EXT. STREET -- SHOOTING TOWARD THE HOTEL -- far up the street, as the three men approach it. The shutters of a second-story window open, and the figure of a Woman can be seen.
17. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- HELEN RAMIREZ -- through the window into her sitting-room. She is in negligee, still languorous from sleep, her long black hair cascading down over her shoulders. She stretches luxuriously. There is the o.s. SOUND of the approaching horses. HARVEY PELL enters the scene from behind her, and draws her back into the room.
18. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Harvey draws Helen into his arms, and she accepts the familiar embrace. The purely physical attraction each has for the other is obvious. But the sound of the approaching horses comes nearer. Helen's gaze strays to the window. She recognizes the Three Riders below. She frowns, detaching herself from Harvey, moves back to the window. Harvey cranes his neck to follow her gaze.

HARVEY

Who's that?

HELEN

(abstracted)

You don't know them . . .

She follows the o.s. Riders with her eyes.

19. EXT. HAY AND GRAIN STORE. The Storekeeper, in his Sunday best, is locking the door as Jordan, Pierce and Colby ride by. He, too, recognizes them. He stares after them.
- 19A. EXT. STREET. An Elderly Mexican Woman is carrying a market basket, the CAMERA MOVING WITH her. As the Three Men ride by, she recognizes them and stops. Unselfconsciously, she crosses herself.

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20. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- as Jordan, Pierce and Colby ride by. Milt Jordan reins up, looking toward the Marshal's office, then deliberately rears his horse. The others have stopped.

PIERCE  
(angrily)  
You in a hurry?

MILT  
(smiling)  
I sure am . . .

PIERCE  
You're a fool! Come on --

He kicks his horse. Milt shrugs, grins.

21. INT. COURTROOM -- SHOOTING TOWARD the street. A wedding is in progress. WILL DOANE and AMY, behind them the HENDERSONS, the FULLERS and MARTIN HOWE, face JUDGE METTRICK. Most of the men are perspiring. Mrs. Henderson, a woman conscious of her own importance in this community, and Mrs. Fuller, a motherly-looking woman, make futile motions with their handkerchiefs. In the street beyond and unseen by the group, the three riders pass from view. Judge Mettrick finds his place in his book, looks down at Amy and Will with benign good humor, and begins.

METTRICK  
Will Doane and Amy Fowler, you have  
come before me in my capacity as  
Justice of the Peace of this town-  
ship . . .

22. LOW TRUCK SHOT -- of the Three Men as they ride toward CAMERA. They continue down the street, grim, implacable, deadly.
23. EXT. RAMIREZ BAR. Four Men, loafing in front of the bar, are staring o.a. GILLIS, who owns the bar, turns excitedly to the others.

GILLIS  
Did you see what I ssw?  
(to one of the Men)  
Open 'er up, Joe! We're going  
to have a big day today --



Grinning, he hands JOE the key.

23A. EXT. STREET. On a bench in the f.g., a little barefoot Mexican boy lies asleep. PAST him, the Three Men ride in and out of the scene. Above the waist they are out of frames, but their holster-guns and the rifles secured to their saddles are in plain and emphatic view. The little boy sleeps on.

24. INT. BARBERSHOP -- SHOOTING TO STREET. The Barber is shaving a man.

BARBER

Hot? You call this hot? . . .

He sees the Three Men ride by, and stops amazed.

BARBER

Well, I'll be -- !

MAN

What's the matter?

BARBER

Thought I saw Milt Jordan . . .

MAN

He's down in Texas, somewheres.

BARBER

I know . . .

(he resumes work)

Looked like Pierce and Colby, too.

Couldn't be, though . . .

(he shrugs)

25. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Harvey is in an easy chair, lighting a cigar. Near him, Helen is combing her hair before a mirror on the wall.

HARVEY

I thought they were all split up . . .

I heard Milt Jordan got killed down in Texas . . .

HELEN

(matter-of-factly)

Too bad he wasn't.

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He looks at her speculatively, then rises and goes to her. He leans against the wall, and, with almost unconscious fascination, reaches over and fingers the ends of her long hair.

HARVEY  
(carefully)  
Ever hear from his brother?  
From Guy?

He lets go as Helen stops, looks at him briefly, then continues.

HELEN  
(with finality)  
No.

Harvey senses that the discussion is closed. He puffs his cigar, then smiles suddenly.

HARVEY  
Hey, maybe it's a good thing  
Doane's leaving town today.

HELEN  
(idly)  
Maybe . . .

Harvey looks at her shrewdly. He reaches for a tendril of hair again. Unaware, Helen tosses her mane, and he withdraws his fingers.

26. INT. STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE. The Station-Master, a small citified-looking man, is taking down a telegram. The ticker stops. He reads what he has written.

STATIONMASTER  
(shocked)  
My goodness gracious -- !

Then, looking up, he sees -- through the window -- the Three Men. Dismounted, they are hitching their horses to the rail.

STATIONMASTER  
(really upset now)  
Oh, my goodness!

Now, to his increasing dismay, the three men turn and

approach him. Instinctively, he turns the message face down.

27. EXT. STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE. A weather-faded sign is nailed near the window. It reads:

THROUGH TRAIN -- 2 WHISTLES.  
STOP TRAIN -- 3 WHISTLES.

-o-

IF STATION-MASTER NOT IN OFFICE,  
BUY TICKET FROM CONDUCTOR.

Pierce, Jordan and Colby move stiffly to the window. They get there.

PIERCE  
(wiping his forehead  
with his sleeve)  
Noon train on time?

STATIONMASTER  
(nervously)  
Oh, yes, sir! . . . At least I think  
so, sir. Don't know any reason  
why it shouldn't be, Mr. Pierce . . .  
How are you, Mr. Pierce? . . . Mr.  
Jordan, Mr. Colby . . . ?

They stare him down, then turn and move toward a bench. They sprawl on it, remembering they are hot and tired, as they reach for tobacco. Pierce looks at his watch again.

28. INT. STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE. The Stationmaster watches them. When he is sure that he is unobserved, he slips furtively out by the rear door, carrying the telegram with him.

- 29-  
30. INT. COUREROOM -- as Mettrick concludes the ceremony.

METTRICK  
(to Doane)  
Do you, Will Doane, take Amy to  
be your lawful wedded wife, to  
have and to hold from this day  
forward, until death do you part?

DOANE

I do . . .

METTRICK

And do you, Amy, take Will to be your lawful husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, until death do you part?

AMY

I do . . .

METTRICK

The ring, please.

Doane gets it from Henderson, slips it on Amy's finger.

METTRICK

Then, by the authority vested in me by the laws of this territory I pronounce you man and wife.

There is the usual brief, tentative pause, with Doane very much aware of the others, and then he takes Amy in his arms and kisses her, rather briefly. The tension breaks. As the Men crowd around Doane and the Women surround Amy, Mettrick smilingly moves to Amy.

METTRICK

I can't speak for the rest of you men, but I claim an ancient privilege . . .

There is laughter as he kisses her.

31. EXT. STREET -- as the Stationmaster, clutching the telegram, hurries up the street, his passage occasioning curious stares from loafers and passerby.

32. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- The Two Old Men, sitting in the shade. They watch the Station-Master pass.

FIRST OLD MAN

Moving mighty fast for a Sunday . . .

33- INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. The door leading to the courtroom  
36. is open, and Doane is leading Amy through it. He shuts it firmly behind him.

AMY  
(embarrassed but amused)  
Will -- !

DOANE  
All those people . . .

He leads her away from the doorway toward his desk, where his holster and guns hang from a hook.

DOANE  
(as they move)  
Seems to me people ought to be  
alone when they get married . . .

He is half-serious, and Amy understands his urge to be away from the others.

AMY  
I know . . .

They are facing each other now, their eyes holding, very conscious of each other.

DOANE  
(awkwardly)  
Amy, I'm going to try . . . I'll  
do my best . . .

He is brushing aside the formal vows of the ceremony with his own promise, Amy understands.

AMY  
(softly)  
I will, too . . .

Their awareness of each other grows. This time, when they kiss, there is a healthy passion in the embrace, and they are both a little shaken when they part. The knock on the door startles them. Henderson opens the door and leans through.

HENDERSON  
(grinning)  
The honeymoon is officially over --  
(he turns and calls  
over his shoulder)  
Come on, everybody! . . .

HENDERSON (Cont'd.)

(as the others come  
through the doorway)  
And don't look so shocked, ladies.  
A man's entitled to some privacy  
on his wedding day --

METTRICK

That's debatable, Jo. However,  
one more ceremony, and Will's a  
free man. More or less . . .  
(he turns to Doane)  
Marshal, turn in your badge . . .

Laughing, smiling, the group has converged on Will and  
Amy at the desk. Doane understands Mettrick's reference,  
and his head goes up to his badge, then falls away. Uncon-  
sciously, he stalls a little.

DOANE

I was hoping Harvey and Tobe'd  
be here . . .  
(he grins)  
A man ought to be able to make  
a final speech to his deputies.  
And here they don't even show  
up for his wedding . . .

METTRICK

They'll be along before you leave.

Amy is watching Doane with quiet understanding.

DOANE

I guess so . . .  
(he reaches for his badge  
again, then stops)  
Tell the truth, I kind of hate to  
do this without your new marshal  
being here . . .

HENDERSON

(with mock solemnity)  
Will, Sam Fuller and Mart Howe and  
I are the entire board of selectman  
of this community. We are, also,  
your very good friends. And you've  
done such a fine job here, that I

HENDERSON (Cont'd.)

feel completely free to say -- and  
the Judge will bear me out --  
(he grins jovially  
for his punch line)  
that this town will be perfectly  
safe until tomorrow! . . .

Doane joins in the general laughter. His eyes meet Amy's  
and when he speaks it is to her.

DOANE

(ruefully)

You win.

(to the others)

But don't ever marry a Quaker.  
She'll have you running a store . . .

FULLER

Can't quite picture you doing that,  
Will . . .

AMY

(quietly)

I can . . .

HOWE

(soberly)

So can I. And a good thing, too.

AMY

(smiling at him)

Thank you, sir.

Doane looks at Howe quizzically.

DOANE

You didn't talk that way when  
you were wearing a star . . .

He shakes his head with mock sadness, and then a wicked  
glint comes into his eyes.

DOANE

Alright, it's coming off, but  
I got to be paid first.

Swiftly he sweeps Amy off her feet and holds her aloft.

AMY

Will, let me down!

DOANE

Not till you kiss me --

AMY

(laughing)

Let me down, you fool!

Then she gives in, and Doane lets her down. Grinning, he takes off his badge and pins it to his holster on the wall. The street door opens loudly, and as they turn to it, the Stationmaster hurries in.

STATIONMASTER

(breathless)

Marshal -- ! Telegram for you --

(as he hands it to Doane)

It's just terrible . . . ! It's shocking!

The others stare as Doane reads it.

DOANE

(unbelievably)

They -- they pardoned Guy Jordan . . .

AMY

What is it, Will?

HENDERSON

I don't believe it!

(he takes the wire  
from Doane)

A week ago, too . . . Nice of them  
to let you know . . .

STATIONMASTER

That ain't all. Milt Jordan's  
down at the depot with Jim Pierce  
and Jack Colby. . . . They asked about  
the noon train . . .

DOANE

(still dazed)

Noon train . . . ?

He turns to look at the wall clock, and the others follow



his gaze. It is twenty to eleven.

HENDERSON

You get out of here, Will! You  
get out of town this minute!

The others join him as he hustles Doane and Amy to the door.

AMY

What is it? What's the matter -- ?

HENDERSON

Never mind -- there's no time --

The office empties. There is a silence. Suddenly it is broken by the Sound of a lusty snore. CAMERA PANS TO the cell at the rear of the office. A DRUNK is sleeping it off on the cell cot. He sleeps on.

37. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- as the group emerges, and Doane helps Amy up into the buckboard at the hitching rail. He turns to the others.

HENDERSON

Go on --

FULLER

Yes, go on, Will!

Mart Howe has already unhitched the two horses and turned them to the street. Doane hesitates, then turns and climbs up into the buckboard.

HENDERSON

Good luck, boy, and hurry!

He slaps one of the horses on the rump. They start and move into a gallop. Henderson and the others wave anxiously, as the wagon moves o.s.

38. EXT. STREET. Pedestrians react as the buckboard rattles by, Doane whipping the horses with the reins.

39. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Harvey Pell is at the window, staring into the street. There is the o.s. rush and clatter of Doane's wagon rolling past.

HARVEY  
(aloud)  
That's funny . . .

HELEN'S VOICE  
What?

She comes into the scene and to the window.

HARVEY  
You can't see now, Doane and  
his new wife took off in a big  
hurry.

HELEN  
(not amused)  
What's so funny?

HARVEY  
I mean a big hurry. . . . Hey, you  
don't suppose Doane's scared  
of those three gunnies?

Helen looks at him skeptically.

HARVEY  
(irritated)  
Well, you didn't see him. I  
never saw him whip a horse  
that way.

Helen stares at him. Obviously, he is telling the truth.  
She frowns, then goes to the door, opens it.

40. INT. HALL -- as Helen comes out, goes to the room next  
door, knocks.

HELEN  
Sam -- ?

SAM'S VOICE  
Come on in, Helen --

She opens the door and goes in.

41. INT. HALL. In his shirtsleeves, SAM is seated at a table,  
cleaning a rifle. He looks up at Helen's entrance.

HELEN

(quietly)  
Milt Jordan's in town. He's  
got two of the old bunch with  
him.

Sam looks at her unwinkingly, then gets up slowly.

SAM

(simply)  
I guess I'll take a look around.

He starts to put on his coat.

42. EXT. STREET -- on the Stationmaster hurrying back to the  
station. As he reaches the Barber Shop, the Barber comes  
out, razor in hand.

BARBER

What's going on, Oliver?

STATIONMASTER

(not without pleasure  
in his role)  
Guy Jordan's been let go . . .

BARBER

(amazed)  
No! . . . Then that was Milt I seen  
just now --

STATIONMASTER

It sure was -- and Pierce and  
Colby, too . . .

BARBER

You don't say! . . . Where's Doane?

STATIONMASTER

He's left . . .

BARBER

That's a smart man . . .

They part, the Stationmaster going on down the street, the  
Barber returning into his shop.

BARBER

(as he goes in)  
Now, Mr. Thompson, didn't I tell you -- ?

CAMERA HOLDS on window of the shop.

43- EXT. PRAIRIE -- MED. LONG SHOT -- on the buckboard as it  
48. careens over the uneven plain, Doane keeping the horses  
at a wild gallop. But, then, gradually, as the wagon  
approaches the CAMERA, Doane begins to rein up.

49. EXT. PRAIRIE -- BUCKBOARD -- as Doane brings it to a halt.  
He is frowning with thought, struggling with himself.  
Amy stares at him.

AMY

Why are you stopping?

DOANE

(finally)  
It's no good. I've got to go  
back, Amy . . .

AMY

Why?

DOANE

This is crazy. I haven't even  
got any guns.

AMY

Then let's go on -- hurry!

DOANE

No. That's what I've been thinking.  
They're making me run. I  
never run from anybody before.

AMY

(frantic)  
Who? . . . I don't understand any  
of this.

DOANE

(taking out his watch)  
I haven't got time to tell you.

AMY

Then don't go back, Will . . .

DOANE

I've got to. That's the whole thing . . .

He whips the horses and turns them back toward the town.

50. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Milt Jordan, Pierce and Colby are on the bench. Milt is drinking from an almost depleted whiskey bottle. He hands it to Colby, who takes a swallow, and returns it. Milt offers it to Pierce, who shakes his head angrily.

PIERCE

I thought you'd grew up by now.

MILT

I thought your disposition might've sweetened a little down in Abilene. . . .  
Guess we were both wrong.

He takes another drink.

- 50A. INT. SALOON. Six more Men have joined the others. Gillis, flushed with drink and anticipation, is in the centre of a group at the bar. He pounds on it with his open hand for emphasis and attention.

GILLIS:

Hit the bar, all of you! I'm settin' 'em up!

They move to the bar in acceptance of his largesse.

51. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Helen and Harvey are facing Sam.

HELEN

How could they pardon Guy? He was in for life --

SAM

(shrugging)  
He's out . . .

HARVEY

(a glint of triumph

HARVEY (Cont'd.)  
in his eyes)  
So that's why Doane run away . . .

Helen looks at him, starts to say something, then stops.  
There is the o.s. CLATTER of hoofbeats in the streets.  
They turn to the window.

51A. EXT. STREET -- from Helen's point of view. Doane's buckboard  
can be seen clattering PAST TOWARD his office.

51B. BACK TO SCENE 51. Helen turns to the others and looks  
quizzically at Harvey. He scowls under the amusement  
in her eyes.

52. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- as the buckboard pulls up before it.

53. INT. BARBERSHOP. The Barber is finishing with his  
Customer. An Elderly Man (FRED) hurries in.

FRED  
(excited)  
Doane's back . . . !

The Customer sits up.

BARBER  
Don't believe it!

FRED  
Just seen him . . .

The Barber looks at the clock. It is ten minutes to  
eleven.

BARBER  
How many coffins we got?

FRED  
Two . . .

BARBER  
We're gonna need at least two  
more, no matter how you figure  
it. You better get busy, Fred.

Fred nods and hurries out through a rear door. The Barber  
remembers his customer, and removes the cloth with a flourish.

BARBER

All finished, Mr. Thompson.  
You look just fine! . . .

54-55. OUT.

56- INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy and Doane come in, and Doane  
60. goes quickly to where his guns hang on the wall. Amy  
watches him as he buckles them on. His mind is already  
in the future, and she knows it. Nevertheless, she  
perseveres.

AMY

Please, Will -- !

Doane looks at her, then goes on.

AMY

(desperately)

If you'd only tell me what this  
is all about . . .

DOANE

(checking his guns)

I sent a man up five years ago for  
murder. He was supposed to hang,  
but up north they commuted it to  
life. Now he's free -- I don't  
know how. Anyway, it looks like  
he's coming back.

AMY

I still don't understand --

DOANE

(choosing his words  
carefully)

He's a . . . he was always wild --  
kind of crazy. . . . He'll probably  
make trouble . . .

AMY

That's no concern of yours -- not  
anymore!

DOANE

I'm the one who sent him up.

AMY

That was part of your job. That's finished now. They've got a new marshal -- !

DOANE

Won't be here till tomorrow. Seems to me I've got to stay a while.  
(he reaches for his star)  
Anyway, I'm the same man -- with or without this . . .

He pins it on.

AMY

That isn't so.

DOANE

(patiently)

I expect he'll come looking for me. Three of his old bunch are waiting at the depot . . .

AMY

That's why we ought to go . . .

DOANE

(still patient)

They'll just come after us. . . .  
Four of them, and we'd be all alone on the prairie . . .

AMY

We've got an hour!

They both look at the clock. It shows nine minutes to eleven.

DOANE

What's an hour? . . .

AMY

We could reach --

DOANE

(cutting in)

What's a hundred miles, even?  
We'd never be able to keep that



DOANE (Cont'd.)

store, Amy. They'd come after us. We'd have to run again. Long as we live . . .

AMY

No, we wouldn't -- not if they didn't know where to find us!

Doane's face tightens. He starts toward the door. Amy stops him.

AMY

Will, I'm begging you -- please! . . .  
Let's go . . . !

DOANE

I can't . . .

AMY

(angry)  
Don't try to be a hero! You don't have to be a hero -- not for me!

DOANE

(losing his temper)  
I'm not trying to be a hero! If you think I like this, you're crazy!  
(he masters himself)  
Amy, look. This is my town. I've got friends here. Toby and Harvey'll be here. I'll swear in a bunch of special deputies. With a posse behind me, maybe there won't even be any trouble . . .

AMY

(defeated)  
You know there'll be trouble.

DOANE

Then it's better to have it here. . . .  
I'm sorry, honey. I know how you feel about it --

AMY

(harshly)  
Do you?

DOANE  
(awkwardly)  
Of course I do. I know it's against  
your religion and all -- Sure I know  
how you feel about it.

AMY  
(bitterly)  
But you're doing it just the same.

DOANE  
(helplessly)  
Amy . . .

Amy comes to him, her heart in her eyes, deliberately  
throwing all she has of magnetism and sex at him.

AMY  
Will, we were married just a few  
minutes ago -- doesn't that mean  
anything to you? We've got our  
whole lives ahead of us. . . .  
\* \* \* Doesn't that mean anything  
to you.

With an effort, Doane gently pushes her aside. Amy is  
shattered.

DOANE  
Amy, you know I've only got an  
hour . . . I've got things to do . . .  
You stay at the hotel till it's  
over.

With his hand at her elbow, he starts toward the door.  
Amy holds her ground.

AMY  
No! You're asking me to wait an  
hour to find out if I'm going to  
be a wife or a widow, and I say  
it's too long to wait! I won't  
do it!

DOANE

(stunned)

Amy . . .

AMY

I know -- you think I'm just saying it -- because I'm angry. But I mean it! If you won't go with me now -- I'll be on that train when it leaves here . . .

Their eyes meet and hold.

DOANE

(finally)

I've got to stay, Amy . . .

Amy tries to mask her hurt. Chin high, she moves past him to the door, and out. Doane stares after her a moment, then follows her out.

61- EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Judge Mettrick is tying his horse  
63. to the hitching rail as Amy emerges. Too blinded by tears of hurt and anger to see him, she climbs into the buckboard. Mettrick looks on impassively, first at Amy and then at Doane when the Marshal comes out. The two men watch as Amy turns the horses toward the station and whips them out of scene. Then, as Mettrick takes down his saddlebags, Doane comes toward him, his face lightening with relief.

DOANE

I'm glad you got here, Perce . . .

METTRICK

(evenly)

Are you?

Carrying the bags, he walks deliberately past Doane and into the office. Surprised, Doane follows him.

64. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Mettrick strides quickly across the room into the courtroom. Doane continues after him, puzzled.

65- INT. COURTROOM. Mettrick goes to the desk that serves  
68. as the bench, and quickly begins to stuff the saddle-

bags with papers, his gavel, and other belongings. During the course of the scene, he will also peck his legal books, and when the bags are full he will stack and tie the remainder of his books with rawhide thongs. Watching from the doorway, Doane stares at him with sick understanding. Mettrick is very much aware of Doane's eyes on him. Finally, he pauses in his work.

METTRICK

(sharply)

Are you forgetting I'm the man who passed sentence on Guy Jordan?

Doane shakes his head. Mettrick resumes his hurried pace.

METTRICK

You shouldn't have come back. It was stupid . . .

DOANE

I figured I had to. I figured it was better to stay.

METTRICK

You figured wrong.

DOANE

I can deputize a posse. Ten, twelve guns is all I'd need.

METTRICK

My intuition tells me otherwise.

DOANE

Why?

Mettrick looks up at the wall clock. It is seven minutes to eleven.

METTRICK

(bitterly)

There's no time for a lesson in civics, my boy.

On the wall behind the bench are an American flag of the period and a picture of Justice, with scales and blindfold. The Judge goes to them and starts to

take down and fold up the flag. Almost helplessly, he begins to talk.

MEMTRICK

(taking down the flag)

In the fifth century B.C., the citizens of Athens -- having suffered grievously under a tyrant -- managed to depose and banish him. However, when he returned after some years with an army of mercenaries, these same citizens not only opened the gates to him, but stood by while he executed the members of the legal government. . . . A similar thing took place about eight years ago in a town called Indian Falls. I escaped death only through the intercession of a lady of somewhat dubious reputation, and at the cost of a handsome ring that once belonged to my mother . . .

(he shrugs)

Unfortunately, I have no more rings . . .

He has neatly folded up the flag by now and has placed it in one of the saddlebags. He turns to the picture of Justice and takes it down.

DOANE

But you're a judge --

MEMTRICK

I've been a judge many times in many towns. I hope to be a judge again.

DOANE

(giving up)

I can't tell you what to do . . .

MEMTRICK

(harshly)

Will, why must you be such a fool! Have you forgotten what he is? Have you forgotten what he's done to people?

METTRICK (Cont'd.)

Have you forgotten that he's crazy?

He points to the vacant chair near the defense table.

METTRICK

Don't you remember when he sat in  
that chair there and said --

69. CLOSE SHOT -- VACANT CHAIR

METTRICK'S VOICE

(over)

You'll never hang me! I'll be  
back! I'll kill you, Doane!  
I swear it, I'll kill you!

70. BACK TO SCENE. Doane and Mettrick stare at each other.

DOANE

(after a pause)

Yeah. . . . I remember . . .

71. CLOSE UP -- WHISKEY BOTTLE as it shatters loudly on the  
railroad track, and the shards and splinters tumble and  
glitter in the sunlight. Then the CAMERA TILTS UP to  
REVEAL Jordan, Pierce and Colby in the h.g. Colby is  
staring at the broken glass with childlike interest.  
Pierce is scowling angrily at Milt, who is looking  
innocently off.

72- INT. STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE -- AMY AND THE STATIONMASTER.

74. Separated by the counter, they are both staring through  
the window at the three men on the platform outside,  
Amy with fascinated loathing, the Stationmaster worried.  
Then they exchange a quiet look, and the Stationmaster  
goes back to what he has been doing. He stamps Amy's  
ticket and hands it to her.

STATIONMASTER

(soberly)

Here you are, ma'am. This'll  
take you to St. Louis . . .

AMY

Thank you.

She starts to turn away to sit down, then realizes that she will have to share the station with Jordan, Pierce and Colby for the next hour. The Stationmaster senses her predicament.

STATIONMASTER

(kindly)

Maybe you'd rather wait somewhere else, ma'am? Like at the hotel, maybe. We'll get three whistles if the train's going to stop, and you'll have plenty of time to get down here.

AMY

(puzzled)

If the train stops?

STATIONMASTER

(he is embarrassed)

Yes, ma'am. It don't always, little town like this. I'd hate to tell you how many times she's just run right through my flag, 'specially if she's late. But she will stop to let off passengers . . .

AMY

I see. . . . Thank you . . . .

She turns and starts out.

STATIONMASTER

(sincerely)

I'm awful sorry about this, Mrs. Doane. . . . But the Marshal can handle himself alright.

AMY

(wryly)

Thank you very much . . . .

She goes out of scene.

75. EXT. PLATFORM -- GROUP SHOT -- JORDAN, PIERCE AND COLEY. Milt is looking off, and when Amy appears in the b.g. and goes to the buckboard, he follows her with his eyes.

MILT  
(lightly)  
That wasn't here five years  
ago . . . .

PIERCE  
So what?

MILT  
(smiling)  
Nothing . . . . Yet . . . . Maybe . . . .

His smile broadens as Pierce's irritation mounts, and he continues to watch Amy until she is out of sight.

76. INT. HELEN RAMIREZ' DINING ROOM. The table has been set, and Helen and Harvey are eating breakfast. Helen looks at the clock. It is five minutes to eleven.

HELEN  
(quietly)  
Don't you think Doane will be  
looking for you about now?

HARVEY  
(carelessly)  
Yeah . . . .

He continues eating. Helen watches him.

HELEN  
(mildly)  
You're really sore at him . . . .

HARVEY  
(pausing)  
Wouldn't you be, if you were me?

HELEN  
(gently)  
I suppose I would -- if I were you . . . .

Harvey looks at her, not quite certain of her meaning. Then he goes back to his food. Helen resumes eating. They eat in silence for a while. Then an idea begins to grow in him, and he smiles suddenly. He wipes his mouth and pushes away from the table.



HARVEY

I'll be back in a while --

Grinning now, he gets his hat and goes. Helen looks after him speculatively.

77. INT. HALL. Harvey comes out of the room. Down the hall Sam's door is open, and Sam can be seen sitting quiet guard in the doorway. He looks at Harvey without expression and without warmth or liking. But Harvey is too pleased with himself to care. Whistling softly, he goes to the stairs.
78. INT. STAIRWAY -- as Harvey comes down the stairs.
79. INT. LOBBY. The Hotel Clerk watches Harvey come down, cross the lobby and go out.
- 80- EXT. HOTEL. Harvey comes out and walks down the street.  
81. Two SMALL BOYS in their Sunday best run into the scene, to Harvey.

FIRST BOY

Hey Harvey -- !

Harvey turns to see them, grins.

SECOND BOY

You gonna shoot it out with Guy Jordan, Harvey? Are you?

FIRST BOY

You gonna kill him, Harvey?

HARVEY

(ruffling his hair)

I sure am.

Amy's buckboard clatters into the scene and past. Harvey, puzzled, watches her stop before the hotel and climb down.

SECOND BOY

(tugging at Harvey's shirt)

Hey, Harvey --

HARVEY

Go on, go on, you ought to be in church -- the both of you.

72 High Noon

He throws a final look at the hotel, which Amy has entered,  
and walks off.

82-  
83.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- at desk. The Clerk is staring at Amy.

AMY  
May I wait here for the noon  
train?  
(as the Clerk continues  
to stare at her)  
I said may I wait in the lobby  
until noon?

CLERK  
(unabashed)  
Sure, lady.

AMY  
(turning away)  
Thank you.

CLERK  
You're Mrs. Doana, ain't you?

AMY  
Yes.

CLERK  
And you're leaving on the noon  
train?

AMY  
(sharply)  
Yes.

CLERK  
(skeptically)  
But your husband ain't?

AMY  
(studying him)  
No. Why?

CLERK  
(coolly)  
No reason. But it's mighty  
interesting. . . . Now me, I wouldn't  
leave this town at noon for all

CLERK (Cont'd.)  
the tee in China.  
(he smiles vindictively)  
No sir. It's going to be quite  
a sight to see . . .

Amy stares at him, puzzled by his hostility, then goes  
to a chair near the window.

84- EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- at hitching rail. Doane watches  
86. the Judge make his saddlebags and books secure. Mettrick  
gives the straps a final tug, hesitates, then turns to  
face Doane.

METTRICK  
Goodby, Will . . .

DOANE  
(fletly)  
Goodby . . .

Mettrick is horribly ashamed. Doane tries to hide his  
own sick, still somewhat dezed, shock and disappointment.

METTRICK  
You think I'm letting you down,  
don't you?

DOANE  
No.

METTRICK  
Look, this is just a dirty little  
village in the middle of nowhere.  
Nothing that happens here is  
really important. . . . Get out!

DOANE  
There isn't time . . .

METTRICK  
(staring at him)  
What a waste . . .  
(gently)  
Good luck.

He turns, mounts, rides off. Doane looks after him a  
moment, then turns to go into his office. He sees a

74 High Noon

Boy of about fifteen who has been lounging curiously nearby, trying to overhear.

DOANE  
(calling him)  
Johnny --

Johnny come over to him. His wide eyes make it obvious that he knows what is going on.

DOANE  
Why aren't you in church?

JOHNNY  
Why ain't you?

Doane raises his arm in a mock threat, then drops it.

DOANE  
Do something for me. Find Joe Henderson, Mart Howe and Sam Fuller, and tell 'em I want 'em here. And then go find Harve Pell --

HARVEY'S VOICE  
Don't have to do that -- here I am . . .

Doane's face lights up as he turns and sees Harvey approaching them. Johnny takes off. Doane senses that Harvey needs no explanation.

DOANE  
(with gruff warmth)  
Where you been?

HARVEY  
(lightly)  
Busy . . .

Doane is able to smile. He knows what being 'busy' usually means for Harvey, and even at this moment his paternal feeling for the younger man can break through the situation. Then he sighs.

DOANE  
You know what's doing?

HARVEY

Sure.

DOANE

Come on. Lots to do . . .

He starts to go into the office, but Harvey stops him gently and leans against the door jamb.

HARVEY

Hold up a second.

(as Doane stares  
at him)

This ain't really your job, you know.

DOANE

(almost absently)

That's what everybody keeps telling me . . .

He starts in again, but Harvey bars his way with his arm.

HARVEY

Yeah, but when I tell you it means something. So you can listen a second.

DOANE

(humoring him)

Alright, I'm listening.

HARVEY

Now, the way I see it, if you'd gone, and with the new marshal not due till tomorrow, I'd be in charge around here. Right?

DOANE

(patiently)

Right.

HARVEY

Well, tell me this then. If I'm good enough to hold down the job when there's trouble, how come the city fathers didn't trust me with it permanent?

Doane stares at him, beginning to be disturbed.

DOANE  
I don't know.

HARVEY  
(thinly)  
Don't you?

DOANE  
(flatly)  
No.

HARVEY  
That's funny. I figured you  
carried a lot of weight.

DOANE  
Maybe they didn't ask me. . . . Maybe  
they thought you were too young.

HARVEY  
You think I'm too young, too?

Doane's irritation and his liking for Harvey struggle  
with each other. His liking wins.

DOANE  
You sure ect like it sometimes!  
Come on!

Grabbing Harvey, he shoves him inside ahead of him.

87-  
89. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane propels Harvey into the room.

HARVEY  
(triumphantly)  
Now here's what I want you to do,  
Will. When the old boys come, you  
tell 'em you want me to be Marshal,  
and tomorrow they can tell the new  
man they're sorry but the job's  
filled.

DOANE  
(stopping)  
You really mean it, don't you?

HARVEY

Sure.

DOANE

Well, I can't do it.

HARVEY

Why not?

DOANE

If you don't know, there's no use me telling you.

HARVEY

You mean you won't do it.

Doane looks at him helplessly, then turns away from him and goes toward the desk. The clock on the wall reads one minute to eleven.

DOANE

Have it your way . . .

HARVEY

(flaring)

Alright. The truth is you probely talked against me from the start. You been sore about me and Helen Ramirez right along, sin't you?

DOANE

(surprised)

You and Helen Ramirez? I don't --  
(he begins to understand)

It so heppens I didn't know, and it don't mean anything to me one way or another. You ought to know that.

HARVEY

Yeah? You been washed up for more than e year -- you go out and get yourself married -- only you can't stand anybody taking your place there, can you? Especially me!

DOANE  
(overwhelmed)  
You're --

He cannot find words. He turns and looks at the clock.  
It is two minutes after eleven.

DOANE  
I haven't got time, Harvey . . .

HARVEY  
Okay! Then let's get down to  
business. You want me to stick,  
you put the word in for me like  
I said.

DOANE  
(quietly)  
Sure. I want you to stick, but  
I'm not buying it. It's got to  
be up to you . . .

They look at each other as if across a chasm. Harvey  
sees that Doane means it. He cannot quite believe it,  
but he is committed now. He goes to the desk, takes  
off his gun belt and badge, puts them down, turns and  
goes out. Doane stares after him, sick at heart.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- MED. LONG SHOT -- on Two Riders  
galloping single-file toward CAMERA.

91. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. The Two Riders near the CAMERA. The  
Man in front (ED PETERSON) reins up. The other rider,  
who wears a star, pulls up beside him. This is TOBY,  
Doane's second deputy. Toby looks at Peterson warily.

PETERSON  
How about resting a minute?

TOBY  
I'm in a hurry.

PETERSON  
I ain't.



TOBY

I know. . . . Goddam you, I ought  
to be kissing a bride about  
now instead of riding herd on  
a mean old polecat like you.

PETERSON

Come on -- how about a smoke?

He raises his arms, and we see now that his wrists are  
bound by a rawhide thong.

TOBY

You gonna be a good boy?

PETERSON

You know me, Toby.

TOBY

Sure, I know you . . .

He takes out a knife and cuts the leather strap. Peterson  
reaches for his tobacco.

TOBY

Make it a quick one. I want to  
get to that wedding before it's  
over.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

92- INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM -- CLOSE SHOT -- HARVEY. He is  
96. red-faced, baffled. There is the o.s. sound of Helen's  
laughter.

HARVEY

What's so funny?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Helen. She pulls herself  
together somewhat.

HELEN

You didn't really think you could  
put that over on Doane, did you?

HARVEY

Why not?

HELEN

When are you going to grow up?

HARVEY

(angrily)

I'm getting tired of that kind of talk.

HELEN

(lightly)

Then grow up.

Harvey is increasingly irritated and confused under the goad of the almost maternal pity in her laughter and manner.

HARVEY

Cut it out!

HELEN

(gently)

Alright . . .

She pats his cheek placatingly, but Harvey shoves her hand away. Under her level look, he starts to pace angrily.

HARVEY

Why shouldn't he have gone for it? He needs me. He'll need me plenty when Jordan gets here.

HELEN

(watching him)

That's possible.

HARVEY

He should've had me made marshal to begin with. He's just sore, is all. He's sore about you and me.

HELEN

(frowning)

Is he?

HARVEY

Sure . . .

HELEN  
(quietly)  
You told him?

HARVEY  
(unaware of his danger)  
Sure.

HELEN  
(with controlled rage)  
You're a fool.

HARVEY  
(reacting to her tone)  
Why? Didn't you want him to know? . . .  
(with a blind impulse  
to hurt her)  
Say, who did the walking out anyway,  
you or him?

HELEN  
(flatly)  
Get out, Harvey.

Harvey begins to realize that he has made a fatal blunder.

HARVEY  
I might just do that.

HELEN  
(and she means it)  
Then do it.

HARVEY  
You don't mean that.

HELEN  
You think not?

HARVEY  
(beginning to  
bluster)  
You're going to talk different  
when Guy Jordan gets in. You  
might want somebody around you  
when you're explaining to him  
about Doane.

HELEN

I can take care of myself.

HARVEY

Sure. Only from what I've heard,  
you might not be so pretty when  
he gets through with you.

Helen looks at him with cold disgust, then goes to the  
door and opens it.

HARVEY

(his last attempt)  
I won't be back.

HELEN

(quietly)  
Good.

He slams the door as he goes. Alone, Helen paces the  
floor. She looks at the clock. It is five after eleven.  
She comes to a decision, goes to the door, opens it.

97. INT. HALL. In his room, Sam looks up as Helen's door  
opens.

HELEN

Sam --

He rises and goes to her.

HELEN

I think I have to talk to Mr.  
Weaver . . .

SAM

You're getting out?

HELEN

Yes.

He considers her answer, accepts it.

SAM

You want me to give Doane a  
hand?

Helen thinks it over, almost but not quite disguising her

inner struggle. Then she makes her decision.

HELEN  
(flatly)

No.

Sam nods, turns and goes.

98. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. She shuts the door, stands there a moment, thinking, then walks unhurriedly toward her bedroom. CAMERA PANS WITH her. Reflected in her dresser mirror, we can see her beginning to change.

99-101. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane is at his desk, lost in thought. There is the SOUND of his door opening, and he jerks into awareness and turns. A solidly-built, normally pleasant-looking, Man now scowling with indignation is coming in. His name is BAKER.

BAKER  
Will -- I just heard -- !

DOANE  
(rising)  
Hello, Herb --

BAKER  
You can count on me. You know that, don't you?

DOANE  
(his spirits rising)  
I figured I could.

BAKER  
Why, you cleaned this town up -- you made it fit for women and children to live in, and neither Jordan or nobody else is going to drag it down again!

DOANE  
I was hoping people'd feel that way . . .

BAKER  
What other way is there?  
(as Doane shrugs)

BAKER (Cont'd.)  
How many men you got lined up?

DOANE  
None, yet . . .

Baker looks at the clock. It is seven after eleven.

BAKER  
You better get going, man.  
(he starts out)  
I'll be back in ten minutes --  
(he grins)  
-- loaded for bear . . .

Doane looks after him, touched and encouraged. He looks up at the clock, then frowns as he remembers his scene with Harve Pell. He takes a wanted poster from a desk drawer, and on its back he writes:

"BACK IN FIVE MINUTES --

DOANE."

He props this up on his desk, and goes out.

102. EXT. SALOON. Harvey Pell, still seething, strides toward the saloon. He passes two Indians lounging before the saloon, and goes in.

103. INT. SALOON. It is crowded now, with an almost holiday atmosphere. Harvey comes in and goes to the bar. His entrance gains considerable attention. Some of the men nod, and Harvey returns the gesture briefly. The bartender comes to him with a bottle and glass, and Harvey pours himself a drink. Gillis, the owner, leaves the group he is with and comes over to the bar next to Harvey. Harvey ignores him as he drinks.

GILLIS  
Hi, Harve --

HARVEY  
How are you . . .

GILLIS  
Where's the tin star?

HARVEY

I turned it in. I quit . . .

GILLIS

Smart move.

HARVEY

I didn't ask for your opinion.

He takes the bottle and moves to a vacant table.  
Gillis looks after him wisely.

104. EXT. STREET. Doane walks steadily toward the hotel. The street seems empty except for him, but Doane has the feeling that eyes are watching him.

105. INT. ROOM OVERLOOKING STREET. A Man and a Woman, townspeople, are looking out of the window at Doane as he passes.

106. EXT. STREET -- TRUCK SHOT WITH Doane. The Two Little Boys we have seen before dash into the scene, one in pursuit of the other. The pursuer extends his arm and shoots.

FIRST BOY

Bang! Bang! -- You're dead,  
Doane! . . .

He turns and runs headlong into Doane, who holds and steadies him. The Boy looks up and recognizes Doane. His mouth goes wide in dazed panic. Then he jerks out of Doane's grasp and runs away, as the other Boy disappears as well. Doane continues up the street.

107. EXT. DEPOT -- JORDAN, PIERCE AND COLBY. Colby is playing a western folk tune on his harmonica. Milt takes a deep drag of his cigarette, then flips the butt away sharply and gets to his feet. Pierce watches him narrowly. Milt stretches.

MILT

You know what? Think I'll go  
get some liquor.

PIERCE

You have to have it?

MILT

Yep.

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PIERCE

If you're going after that  
woman --

MILT

I said I was going for liquor . . .

He starts to walk away.

PIERCE

You keep away from Doane! . . .

MILT

Sure. . . . I can wait . . .

He saunters on.

108. EXT HOTEL. As Doane nears the hotel, he sees the  
buckboard hitched before it. His face brightens  
and his pace quickens.

109- INT. HOTEL LOBBY. Amy, sitting near the window, sees  
110. Doane approaching. Believing he is coming to her, she  
is overjoyed. Rising, she hurries to the door, and is  
there waiting for him when he comes in. Doane takes  
her arms in his happily.

DOANE

Amy, you changed your mind --

Amy stares up at him, the joy ebbing out of her eyes as  
she begins to understand him. She disengages her arms.

AMY

(dully)

I'd thought you had changed  
yours. . . . No, Will, I have my  
ticket . . .

DOANE

(brought down)

I see . . .

He looks at her, his disappointment suddenly boiling  
over into anger, then turns from her and goes toward  
the desk. The Clerk is leaning on it, watching him  
come. There is no sympathy in his eyes. As Doane  
nears the desk, an Elderly Chambermaid comes in with



mop and pail, and reaches the desk at the same time as he does. Ignoring Doane, the Clerk gets a key and tosses it on the counter toward the Chambermaid.

CLERK

Open 19, and clean it up good.  
(deliberately)

Mr. Jordan's very particular . . .

As she takes the key and goes, he looks at Doane calmly. Doane's face tightens.

DOANE

Helen Ramirez in?

CLERK

Guess so . . .

Doane looks at him, turns and goes to the stairs.

CLERK

(meaningly)

Think you can find it alright?

Doane doesn't answer. He starts up the stairs. The Clerk grins. Amy is watching Doane as he goes, puzzled.

111. INT. STAIRWAY -- on Doane as he mounts the stairs.
112. INT. HALL -- on Doane as he comes to the landing and goes to Helen's door. He knocks.
113. INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. She is packing as she hears Doane's knock.

HELEN

Come --

114. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM -- as Doane enters, looks around, sees no one, waits.
115. INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. She stops, puzzled, then goes to the front room.
- 116-119. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Helen enters the room, stops short as she sees Doane. Their eyes meet and hold. The silent tension grows, seeming to fill the room as with an explosive gas. It is Helen who breaks the silence.

HELEN

(quietly)

What are you looking at? You think I've changed?

DOANE

No.

All the long-pent fury of her baffled anger and wounded pride overflows.

HELEN

Well, what do you want? You want me to help you? You want me to ask Guy to let you go? You want me to beg for you? Well, I won't do it. I won't lift a finger for you! You're on your own!

Doane has been waiting patiently for the storm to subside.

DOANE

(gently)

I came to tell you he was coming. I should've figured you'd know about it.

Helen has pulled herself together, angry and ashamed with herself.

HELEN

I know about it.

DOANE

I think you ought to get out of town. I might not be able to -- Well, anything can happen . . .

HELEN

(quietly)

I'm not afraid of him.

DOANE

I know you're not, but you know how he is.

HELEN

(dully)

I know how he is . . .

She turns away from him, goes to the window. They are both silent for a moment.

HELEN

(without hope)

Maybe he doesn't know . . .

DOANE

He probably got letters.

HELEN

Probably . . .

(she smiles without humor)

Nothing in life is free. . . . I'm getting out -- I'm packing now.

DOANE

That's good.

He hesitates, then turns to the door. Hearing him, she turns. Again, their eyes meet and hold.

HELEN

(in Spanish)

It's been more than a year . . .

DOANE

(also in Spanish)

Yes. I know . . .

There is a pause. Then, unable to help herself, Helen goes on, still in Spanish.

HELEN

Do you want to kiss me goodbye?

(but as Doane hesitates, she cuts in sharply, in English)

Never mind! Goodby . . .

DOANE

Goodbye, Helen . . .

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He turns to the door again.

HELEN

(flatly)

Doane --

(as he looks at her)

If you're smart, you'll get out yourself.

DOANE

I can't.

HELEN

I didn't think you would.

He goes out. Helen stares after him. For a moment her heart and soul are in her eyes, going after him.

HELEN

(to herself, in Spanish)

Do you want to kiss me goodbye . . . ?

She grimaces with self-contempt. Then, herself again, she turns and goes to her bedroom.

120. INT. HOTEL LOBBY. Amy, back at the window, and the Clerk, behind the desk, listen to Doane's footsteps as he comes down the steps. As he reaches the landing, his eyes go to the clock. It is 11:11. Deliberately, the Clerk takes his watch out, checks it with the clock, apparently adjusts it and then starts to wind it. Doane looks at him, then turns and goes to the door. As he passes her, Amy averts her head. Without breaking stride, Doane goes out.

121. EXT. SALOON. Milt Jordan approaches the saloon and goes inside.

122. INT. SALOON. The murmur of conversation and cards stops as the men recognize Milt. Unconcerned, he goes to the bar, takes out a silver dollar.

BARTENDER

(obsequiously)

How are you, Milt?

MILT

Alright. Give me a bottle.

BARTEENDER

Sure thing!

He turns away to get one. Gillis has sidled up to the bar.

GILLIS

It's been a long time, Milt!

Milt looks at him dryly.

GILLIS

Yess, sir! . . . How's Guy?

The Bartender returns with the bottle.

MILT

He's not complaining.

GILLIS

(jovially)

Well, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight, hey, Milt?

Milt looks at him, then grins suddenly.

MILT

I wouldn't be surprised.

123. INT. HOTEL LOBBY. Amy is still at the window, her face mirroring her inner struggle. Then, giving in, she turns and goes to the desk. The Clerk waits coolly for her approach.

AMY

(trying to cover her embarrassment)

May I ask you something?

CLERK

Sure.

AMY

Who is Miss Ramirez?

CLERK

(enjoying himself)

Mrs. Ramirez. . . . She used to be a

CLERK (Cont'd.)

friend of your husband's a while  
back. Before that, she was a  
friend of Guy Jordan's . . .

AMY

(off balance)

I see. . . . Thank you --

(she starts to go back  
to her place, stops)

You -- don't like my husband, do  
you?

CLERK

No.

AMY

Why?

CLERK

Lots of reasons. . . . One thing, this  
place was always busy when Guy  
Jordan was around. I'm not the  
only one -- there's plenty people  
around here think he's got a  
conspiracy coming. . . . You asked  
me, ma'am, so I'm telling you.

AMY

(quietly)

Thank you.

She goes back to the window thoughtfully.

124. CLOSEUP-- CLOCK IN MARSHAL'S OFFICE. It reads 11:16.  
CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal the empty room and the  
note still on Doane's desk. Then Doane enters, looks  
around and realizes that no one has come yet. He  
looks up at the clock worriedly. Then, frowning, he  
gets the note, goes back to the door, spikes the  
note on a nail on the outside of the door and goes  
out, closing the door behind him.
125. EXT. STREET -- TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE -- as he comes out  
and starts down the street. He approaches the  
saloon, hesitates, then goes on. He changes his  
mind, crosses the street and goes to the saloon.  
As he reaches the door and is about to go in, it

swings out and Milt Jordan emerges. Both men are taken off balance for an instant, and then they achieve control. Their eyes hold for a long moment. Then Milt's lips curl in a confident grin. Shifting his grip on his quart of whiskey, he turns and deliberately walks away, whistling softly. Doane looks after him, tight-lipped, then takes a deep breath, and pushes the door open. There is a burst of laughter from within.

126-  
130.

INT. SALOON. Doane's entrance is unnoticed at first except by those near the door. Gillis is in a small group, his back to the door.

GILLIS

(Loudly)

I'll give you odds Doane's dead  
five minutes after Guy gets off  
the train!

MAN

That's not much time . . .

GILLIS

That's all Guy'll need --  
because --

He becomes aware that everyone is looking past him to the entrance, turns and sees Doane standing there. The room has gone silent. Doane starts over slowly toward Gillis, his face tight. He has had enough. When he reaches Gillis, he stops, then swings from the hip. Gillis goes down to the floor. No one moves as he lies there a moment, then sits up dazedly, wiping the blood from his lips.

GILLIS

(thickly)

You carry a badge and a gun,  
Marshal. You had no call to  
do that.

Doane slumps, suddenly and obscurely ashamed.

DOANE

You're right . . .

He starts toward Gillis to help him up and Two Men step

out for the same purpose. But Gillis shoves the Marshal's proffered hand out of the way, and lets himself be helped by the others on his feet and to a table. The Bartender pours a drink for him and brings it to him. The customers wait silently for Doane to make his move. Doane looks at them. At his table near the window, Harvey is watching. Doane's eyes meet Harvey's, then move away.

DOANE  
(to all of them)  
I guess you all know why I'm here. I need deputies. I'll take as many as I can get.

He waits. There is no response.

GILLIS  
(suddenly)  
I ain't saying I'd've helped you before, but I sure ain't gonna now.

DOANE  
(ignoring him)  
Some of you were special deputies when we broke this bunch. I need you again -- now . . .

The Men in the room remain silent. One or two seem affected, but they look at the others, waiting for a lead. Doane waits, his heart sinking. The clock ticks loudly in the silence. Doane looks at it. Some of the other Men follow his eyes. It is 11:19.

DOANE  
(finally)  
Well? . . .

MAN AT BAR  
Things were different then, Doane. You had six steady deputies to start off with -- everyone a top gun. You ain't got but two now.

SECOND MAN  
You ain't got two. Harve Fell here says he quit. Why?

Everyone turns to look at Harvey. He stares them down.



DOANE

That's between the two of us.

FIRST MAN

And where's Toby?

DOANE

He's on his way in. He'll be here.

SECOND MAN

That's what you say. You're asking a lot, Doane, all things considered . . .

He turns to look at a Man alone at a table, and the others follow his glance. The Man at the table looks up. He is bleary-eyed, an obvious alcoholic, and he has a livid whip-lash scar across one eye and across his face.

DOANE

Alright, we all know what Jordan's like. That's why I'm here. . . . How about it?

GILLIS

(suddenly)

You must be crazy, coming in here to raise a posse. Guy's got friends in this room -- you ought to know that!

Doane ignores him, waits. The room is silent. The Two Men who have seemed to be disposed to join him shrink back among the others. Doane realizes there is nothing here. The Men watch him go in silence.

131. EXT. SALOON. The Two Indians have been listening from the outside door. They give way for Doane. He comes out, looks across the street toward his office.
132. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE-- from Doane's point of view. There are no horses at the rail, and Doane's note can be seen fluttering on the door.
133. EXT. SALOON. Doane turns and starts down the street, moving out of scene. The Indians watch him go. The Young Indian turns to the Older Indian and looks at him inquiringly. The Older Man shrugs.

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134- INT. CHURCH. It is well-filled, and the choir -- composed  
138. of six Men and six Women -- is singing a hymn. Sam comes  
in unobtrusively and unnoticed and searches the room with  
his eyes. Finally he sees the man he is looking for,  
WEAVER the storekeeper, singing in the choir. Their eyes  
meet, and Weaver gets the almost imperceptible signal  
Sam sends him with his lifted eyebrows. Weaver frowns with  
annoyance and worry, but when the hymn ends and  
while the rest of the choir is finding its seats again,  
he leans over to his pompous Wife, whispers to her, and  
slips out through the rear door. She, too, is puzzled  
and annoyed, but she covers his exit by dropping and  
retrieving her hymnal. With his usual impassivity, Sam  
turns and gets out as quietly as he came.

139. EXT. MART HOWE'S HOUSE. It is a small house, rather  
shabby in appearance, as if its owner is unwilling or  
unable to keep its paint and trim and flower beds in  
order, or perhaps just doesn't care. Doane enters the  
scene and walks to the door, sweating freely under the  
glare of the high sun. He knocks and waits. The door  
is opened by a stout Indian Woman well past middle age.  
She recognizes Doane wordlessly, and lets him in.

140- INT. MART HOWE'S HOUSE. This main room of the house,  
144. which serves as both living and dining room, is fairly  
clean and well kept, but like the exterior it is barren,  
unloved. Two large, old-fashioned guns hang on the wall  
beneath a badge mounted on a leather base. Mart Howe  
is sitting in the one comfortable chair in the room,  
staring at the floor. The Indian Woman goes to the  
chair at the eating table and resumes what she was doing  
before Doane's interruption -- rolling cigarettes by hand  
and mouth and adding them to the small pile already on  
the table. Doane goes toward Howe and stops, looking  
down at him. Howe finally looks up at him, his face  
wooden, his eyes hopeless.

DOANE

I sent a kid to find you. Didn't  
he come?

HOWE

(heavily)

He was here . . .

Doane stares down at him unbelievably, turns away  
helplessly, then to him again.

DOANE

(finding words)

You been my friend all my life. You got me this job! You made them send for me . . .

Howe's bent frame droops, but he remains silent.

DOANE

From the time I was a kid I wanted to be like you. . . .  
Mart, you been a law man your whole life -- !

HOWE

(bitterly)

Yeah . . . yeah, my whole life. A great life. You risk your skin catching killers and the juries let them go so they can come back and shoot at you again. If you're honest, you're poor your whole life, and in the end you wind up dying all alone in a dirty street. For what? For nothing. A tin star . . .

The Indian Woman picks up the handful of cigarettes she has made, comes over and puts them on the small table near Howe's chair, takes some wooden matches out of a pocket of her apron and puts them down alongside, then turns and shuffles out of the room. With difficulty, Howe picks up a cigarette in his gnarled fingers and strikes a match to it. Doane looks at him.

DOANE

Listen! The Judge left town. Harvey's quit. I'm having trouble getting deputies . . .

HOWE

It figures. . . . It's all happened too sudden. People have to talk themselves into law and order before they do anything about it. . . . They don't care. They really don't care.

The room goes silent. The two men look at each other. All barriers are down now. It is a time for complete honesty, for they will never again be this close to each other, this intimate.

DOANE

What should I do, Mart?

HOWE

I was hoping you wouldn't come back.

DOANE

You know why I came back.

HOWE

But not to commit suicide.

DOANE

Sometimes prison changes a man . . .

HOWE

Not him. . . .

(despairingly)

It's all planned, that's why they're all here. . . . Get out, Will! Get out! . . .

Doane turns away, wrestling it out with himself. Howe watches him for a moment, then averts his eyes. Finally Doane draws a deep, almost shuddering breath, and shakes his head. Howe understands that Doane has fought back.

DOANE

Will you go down to that station with me?

HOWE

(dully)

No . . .

(his cigarette drops to the floor, and after only a momentary hesitation he rubs it out under his shoe)

You know how I feel about you, but

HOWE (Cont'd.)

I won't go with you.

(he looks at his  
twisted fingers)

Seems like a man that already had  
busted knuckles didn't need ar-  
thritis, too, don't it?

(he shrugs hopelessly)

No. . . . I couldn't do anything  
for you. You'd be worried about  
me. You'd get yourself killed  
worrying about me. It's too  
one-sided the way it is . . .

DOANE

(tired)

So long, Mart . . .

HOWE

So long.

Doane turns and goes out.

HOWE

(hopelessly)

It's for nothing, Will. It's all  
for nothing . . .

But Doane's footsteps continue to fade in the distance.  
Howe looks at the clock. It is 11:26.

145-  
147.

EXT. HOWE'S HOUSE. Doane is walking steadily away from  
the house.

VOICE

(O.S.)

Doane -- !

Doane stops, turns. The Scarred Drunk from the saloon  
hurries into the scene and to the Marshal. Doane waits,  
surprise struggling with his impatience.

DOANE

What's the matter, Jimmy?

The Drunk is sweaty and breathless, but he carries  
himself with the deceptive steadiness of the confirmed  
alcoholic.

DRUNK

Nothing. . . . I been looking for you. . . . I want a gun. I want to be with you when that train comes in . . .

Doane stares at him.

DOANE

Can you handle a gun?

DRUNK

Sure I can. I used to be good. Honest . . .

DOANE

But why?

The Drunk is all too conscious of Doane's eyes searching his face, seeing the patch. His own fingers go up to it.

DRUNK

It ain't just getting even, no! . . . It's a chance, see? It's what I need. . . . Please, Doane . . . let me get in on this. . . .!

In his urgency he has reached out and clutched Doane's arm. Doane looks down at the hand gripping his forearm, sees the Drunk's fingers and arm trembling. The Drunk follows Doane's eyes. He pulls his hand away and tries desperately to stop the trembling. But his fingers continue to quiver until, in an agony of helplessness, he covers them with his other hand. Then his eyes meet Doane's again, bleak, ashamed and hopeless but with a last tiny spark of pleading.

DOANE

(gently)

Alright, Jim . . . I'll call you if I need you. . . .

(he reaches in his pocket for a silver dollar)

Get yourself a drink, meanwhile --

He forces the coin into the Drunk's hand, tries to bring sincerity into his smile, and turns and goes.

DRUNK

(dully)

Thanks . . . Will . . .

148. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE -- as he continues away, his face still set in the empty, meaningless smile. Then his lips tighten with helpless anger.

149. OUT.

150- INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. She is standing in the doorway  
151. to her bedroom as Sam comes in and closes the door behind him.

HELEN

Where is he?

SAM

Coming up the back way. . . .

(he allows himself the  
ghost of a smile)

That's a careful man . . .

There is the sound of approaching footsteps in the hall, and Sam nods. He turns and opens the door, catching Weaver as he is about to knock.

HELEN

Come in, Mr. Weaver.

Awkwardly, the storekeeper comes in, and Sam closes the door after him. Throughout the scene the business man is quite respectful towards Helen.

WEAVER

Anything wrong, Mrs. Ramirez?

HELEN

No.

WEAVER

Then why did you send for me?

HELEN

I'm leaving town. I want to sell my half of the store. You want to buy me out?

WEAVER  
(covering his surprise)  
How much did you want?

HELEN  
Two thousand. I think that's fair.

WEAVER  
Oh, it's fair alright, Mrs.  
Ramirez. But I couldn't raise  
that much right now.

HELEN  
How much can you raise?

WEAVER  
About a thousand . . .

HELEN  
Alright. You can pay Sam, here,  
the rest in six months, and he'll  
get it to me. A deal?

WEAVER  
(pleased)  
Yes, ma'am.

HELEN  
(dismissing him)  
Alright, Mr. Weaver . . .

WEAVER  
(somewhat embarrassed)  
Well, I'd like to thank you, Mrs.  
Ramirez -- for everything. . . .  
I mean, when you first called me  
in and put the deal to me -- about  
staking me in the store and being  
the silent partner -- my wife thought --  
(he realizes he is on  
dangerous ground)  
Well, what I really mean is, you've  
been real decent to me right along.  
And I want you to know I've been  
honest with you.

HELEN  
I know you have. Goodby, Mr. Weaver.



WEAVER

Goodby . . .

He turns to the door, stops and turns back to her.

WEAVER

(meaningly)

And good luck to you . . .

Helen nods. Weaver and Sam go out.

152. MED. LONG SHOT -- EXT. FULLER HOUSE. Doane is walking steadily toward the house, a larger, more-imposing, better-cared-for place than Mart Howe's. It has been painted recently, and the picket fence and flower beds are in good order. Doane nears the house.

153- INT. FRONT ROOM -- FULLER HOUSE. Sam Fuller is peering out  
157. through the window.

FULLER

(agitated)

Mildred -- ! Mildred! . . .

Mrs. Fuller hurries into the room. A simple woman, she knows the reason for his agitation, but she is bewildered, troubled.

FULLER

(leaving the window)

He's coming. . . . I knew he would . . .  
Now you do like I told you! I'm  
not home -- don't let him in! No  
matter what he says, I'm not home! . . .

MRS. FULLER

Sam, he's your friend --

FULLER

Don't argue with me! He'll be  
here in a second!

MRS. FULLER

He won't believe me. He'll know  
I'm lying --

FULLER

You do like I tell you -- !

Doane's footsteps can be heard on the porch approaching the door. Then he knocks. Fuller points a tense finger at his wife, then tiptoes to the bedroom and closes the door behind him. Doane knocks again. Frightened, wretched, Mrs. Fuller goes to the door and opens it about halfway.

MRS. FULLER

(with tremendous effort)

Oh . . . hello, Will . . .

Surprised at first by her manner and the unmistakable lack of welcome in the partly opened door, Doane quickly sees and understands her tension.

DOANE

Hello, Mrs. Fuller. Sam in?

MRS. FULLER

No. . . . No, he isn't . . .

Doane stares at her, convinced she is lying.

DOANE

(quietly)

Do you know where he is, Mrs. Fuller? It's important to me that I find him.

MRS. FULLER

(in agony)

I think he's in church, Will -- he's gone to church --

DOANE

Without you?

MRS. FULLER

I'm going in a little while -- as soon as I dress --

For a moment anger surges up in Doane, and then he checks it.

DOANE

(gently)

Thanks, Mrs. Fuller. . . . Goodby . . .

He turns and lets her shut the door after him.

158. EXT. FULLER HOUSE -- as Doane steps down the porch steps, stops a moment to stare up at the merciless sun. He wipes his face wearily, then continues down the steps and along the walk, his face grim.
159. INT. FRONT ROOM -- FULLER HOUSE. Mrs. Fuller has crept to a chair, where she slumps miserably. Fuller is at the window, watching Doane go. He turns finally, and looks at her stricken face.

FULLER

(shame-ridden)

Well, what do you want? You want me to get killed? You want to be a widow? Is that what you want?

Mrs. Fuller raises her eyes to his. She is torn, bewildered, miserable.

MRS. FULLER

No, Sam. . . . No . . . .

160. EXT. RAILROAD STATION -- CLOSE SHOT -- MILT -- as he drinks from the whiskey bottle. There is the O.S. MUSIC of Colby's harmonica, as he plays "Blue-Tail Fly." CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Pierce and Colby. Milt wipes his lips and then deliberately offers the bottle to Pierce, and grins as the latter looks at him darkly. Milt extends the bottle to Colby, who takes it and drinks. Pierce turns and looks down the track.
161. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK. The parallel lines of the track merge in the hazy distance.
162. GROUP SHOT. Pierce frowns to himself, takes out his watch, and looks at the time. Colby finishes his drink, hands the bottle back to Milt, then resumes his playing. Pierce gets up and goes over to the window in the b.g. The Stationmaster comes up to it.

PIERCE

Anything on the train?

STATIONMASTER

It's on time, far as I know. . . .

(as Pierce turns away)

If it don't stop, there's no more

STATIONMASTER (Cont'd.)  
southbonds till tomorrow --

Pierce looks at him coldly, then turns and comes back to the group, sits down and starts to roll a cigarette. Milt whistles softly to Colby's playing.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

163. EXT. PRAIRIE -- MED. LONG SHOT -- on Toby and Peterson as their horses gallop along the faint trail. Toby keeps his horse steadily at Peterson's flank.
164. MED. TRUCK SHOT -- on Toby and Peterson. Peterson's hands are still free. Toby moves up alongside Peterson and points c.s. They change direction and ride out of scene.
- 165-175. EXT. WATERHOLE. Toby and Peterson appear in the h.g., and ride down to the waterhole. They are both tired, hot, dusty. They dismount near the hole and lead their horses to the water. The horses drink greedily. Peterson looks over at Toby thoughtfully, then around him, sees a stone near his feet. Behind the cover of his horse, he bends quietly and picks it up. When Toby draws his horse from the water, then goes upstream a little way, Peterson follows suit, hiding the stone behind his back. Toby bends down and starts to drink. Peterson tenses and starts to swing the stone down on Toby's head. Almost in time, but not quite, Toby sees his reflection in the water, and tries to dodge. Peterson's fist and stone come down in a glancing blow on Toby's head and Toby goes face forward into the water. Peterson goes in after him. Toby manages to get to his feet before Peterson can wrestle him down into the water, and the two men begin swinging at each other. The horses rear and retreat from the waterhole. Toby and Peterson fight fiercely and soundlessly, except for their panting and choking breath. When they are on their feet they are waist-deep, but more often than not both men are out of sight in the roiling and threshing water. Finally, Peterson manages to knock Toby down, and he is on top of him in an instant, hitting him and ducking him until Toby goes limp and sinks under water. Peterson lets him go and scrambles breathlessly out and to his horse. Toby comes to, and with tremendous effort takes out after him. Peterson has trouble getting his frightened horse to stand still enough to mount, and Toby catches him from behind and drags him down. They roll over and over into a rocky growth and a right hand from Toby sends Peterson's

head back against a rock. He is hurt. Toby continues to bang Peterson's head against the stone until he caves in. Toby rolls off and lies there, trying to recapture his breath and strength. Finally, he is able to get up. He pulls Peterson to his feet, turns him around, and kicks him toward the waterhole. Peterson staggers forward and falls. Toby picks him up again and kicks him all the way to the hole, where Peterson finally falls face down at the edge of the hole. Toby looks down at the waterhole. The water is muddy and thick with silt.

TOBY

(glaring at Peterson)

Now see what you went and done!  
That water won't be fit to drink  
for hours --

Disgusted, he whistles for his horse.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

176.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. The front door bangs open, and Harvey strides in, liquor-flushed. Again Amy has looked up hopefully. She recognizes Harvey, but he is too full of his errand to see her. Ignoring the Clerk as well, he goes across the lobby and up the stairs.

CLERK

(drily)

There's another one of Mrs.  
Ramirez's friends . . .

AMY

(puzzled)

Oh? . . .

CLERK

(grinning)

Yap. . . . I'd say she's got some  
explaining to do when that  
train gets in . . .

Amy looks at him with increasing dislike, but she is very thoughtful as she turns away.

177-  
182.

INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. She is putting the final touches to her packing as a knock sounds on the door.

HELEN

Come in, Sam --

The door opens and Harvey enters. He is stunned when he sees the suitcases. Then Helen looks up and sees him. She braces herself for the unpleasantness to come.

HARVEY

You leaving town -- ?

Helen looks at him, but does not bother to answer. She fastens the last buckle.

HARVEY

Where you going?

HELEN

I don't know yet.

She moves past him, checking the room for things she may have forgotten to pack. Baffled and frustrated by her manner, Harvey follows her.

HARVEY

That doesn't make much sense.

Helen shrugs.

HELEN

I'll think of somewhere, once I'm on the train.

HARVEY

You're afraid, huh? You're afraid of Jordan . . .

HELEN

(honestly)

No . . . .

HARVEY

Sure you are, or you wouldn't be running. You got nothing to be afraid of as long as I'm around -- you know that. I'm not scared of Jordan. I'll take him on any time!

HELEN  
(matter-of-fact)  
I believe you . . .

She goes to the window now and looks out. Harvey stares sullenly at her insolent back, his rage mounting.

HARVEY  
Then why are you going?  
(as Helen shrugs)  
Are you cutting out with Doane?

Helen turns and looks at him. She smiles with weary contempt.

HELEN  
Oh, Harvey . . .

HARVEY  
Then why are you going?

HELEN  
What difference does it make?

HARVEY  
(furiously)  
It's Doane, it's Doane! I know  
it's Doane!

HELEN  
It isn't Doane!  
(she stops, then  
goes on)

But I'm going to tell you something about you and your friend Doane. You're a nice looking boy. You have big wide shoulders. But he's a man. . . . It takes more than big wide shoulders to make a man, Harvey. And you've got a long way to go. . . . You know something? I don't think you'll ever make it . . .

She turns away from him. Exploding, Harvey comes after her, grabs her and turns her to him. Helen is passive in his arms.

HARVEY

(huskily)

Now I'll tell you something.  
You're not going anywhere --  
you're staying here with me --  
It's going to be just like before --

He kisses her brutally. Helen remains completely and coolly unresponsive, unresisting, untouched. Harvey lets her go uncertainly.

HELEN

(quietly)

You want to know why I'm getting out? Then listen. . . . Doane will be a dead man in half an hour, and nobody is going to do anything about it. Don't ask me how I know. I know. And when he dies, this town dies, too. It smells dead to me already. And I'm a widow. I'm all alone in the world. I have to make a living. So -- I'm going somewhere else. That's all . . .

(she studies him a moment,  
then goes on softly)

And as for you -- I don't like anybody to put their hands on me unless I want them to. . . . And I don't want you to . . . anymore --

Stung, Harvey reaches for her. She slaps him sharply, viciously.

183. MED. LONG SHOT -- EXT. CHURCH. Doane can be seen climbing the hill toward the church. The distant strains of a small organ can be heard.

184. MED. SHOT -- EXT. CHURCH -- as Doane walks through the churchyard to the church. The organ music within comes to a stop. Doane opens the doors.

185-195. INT. CHURCH. The Minister is beginning his sermon.

MINISTER

Our text today is from Malachi,  
chapter four . . .



Doane enters and stands near the doorway.

MINISTER

(reading from the bible)

. . . For, behold, the day cometh,  
that shall burn as an oven; and  
all the proud, yea, and all that  
do wickedly shall be as --

He has looked up, seen Doane, and stopped. The congregation, seeing him stare, turns toward the entrance. There is a rustle, a shuffle, a whispering, and then silence. Some of the people seem aware of Doane's mission, others are puzzled. Jo Henderson seems honestly surprised to see Doane.

MINISTER

(to Doane, frowning)

Yes?

DOANE

(awkwardly)

I'm sorry, parson. I don't want  
to disturb the service --

MINISTER

(irritated)

You already have . . .

(now he gives away the  
real cause of his anger)

You don't come to this church very  
often, Marshal. And when you got  
married today, you didn't see fit  
to be married here. What could be  
so important to bring you here now?

DOANE

I need help.

He strides up front to the pulpit.

DOANE

(to Minister)

It's true I haven't been a church-  
going man, and that's maybe a bad  
thing. And I wasn't married here  
today because my wife's . . .

(he suddenly remembers  
Amy with a pang of pain)

DOANE (Cont'd.)

my wife's a Quaker. . . . But I've  
come here for help because there  
are people here . . .

The Minister, a good man who already regrets his display  
of temper, has been staring at him with growing shame.

MINISTER

I'm sorry, Marshal. Say what  
you have to say.

Doane turns to the people.

DOANE

Maybe some of you already know.  
If you don't, it looks like Guy  
Jordan's coming back on the noon  
train. I need as many special  
deputies as I can get.

There is a momentary pause, as those to whom this is news  
take it in. The Minister is shocked. He hasn't known.  
Then a Man (SCOTT) in a rear pew rises.

SCOTT

What are we waiting for? Let's  
go! . . .

He starts toward the aisle and to Doane. There seems to be  
a fairly general movement to follow him. Then Another Man  
(COOPER) near the rear of church, rises and yells  
through the jumble of voices.

COOPER

Hold it! Hold it a minute! . . .

The crowd is held. They turn to him.

COOPER

That's right -- hold it! Before  
we go rushing out into some-  
thing that ain't going to be so  
pleasant -- let's be sure we know  
what this is all about . . .

The room is silent. Some of the Men sit down. Doane is  
watching Cooper, frowning.

COOPER

What I want to know is this --  
ain't it true that Doane ain't  
the Marshal anymore? And ain't  
it true that there's personal  
trouble between him and Jordan?

Men jump to their feet. There is a jumble of outcries,  
some in protest, some in agreement. But Cooper's charge  
has had its effect. Jo Henderson hurries up front and  
comes beside Doane.

HENDERSON

(over the crowd)

Alright, alright! . . . Quiet,  
everybody -- !

Henderson commands the crowd's attention. The noise  
subsides.

HENDERSON

If there's difference of opinion,  
let everybody have his say. . . . But  
let's get all the kids out of  
the building . . .

Men on their feet find seats. Parents push their children  
toward the aisles. One Boy about twelve, highly intrigued,  
tries to hang back. His Father jerks him to his feet and  
helps him along with a slap on the behind. There is a  
movement of children to the doors. Henderson puts his  
hand on Doane's arm, and Doane looks at him gratefully.

196. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Pierce is pacing tensely. Milt is  
sprawled lazily. Colby is playing his harmonica. Pierce  
stares out into the distance.

197. EXT. TRACKS. They stretch out emptily.

198-  
208. INT. CHURCH. Scott is speaking.

SCOTT

(angrily)

I say it don't matter if there  
is anything personal between  
Jordan and the Marshal here.  
We all know who Jordan is and

SCOTT (Cont'd.)

what he is! What's more, we're  
wasting time! . . .

Doane, Henderson and the Parson are listening and watching intently. From outside, there is the SOUND of children's voices, singing. Hands shoot up as Scott finishes. Henderson recognizes another Man.

HENDERSON

Alright, Coy --

COY

(rising)

Yeah, we all know who Jordan is, but we put him away once. Who saved him from hanging? The politicians up north. This is their mess -- let them take care of it . . .

He sits. There are more hands. Henderson recognizes another Man.

HENDERSON

Savvyer --

SAWYER

(rising)

What I got to say is this -- we've been paying good money right along for a marshal and deputies. But the first time there's trouble, we got to take care of it ourselves! What we been paying for all this time? I say we're not peace officers here! This ain't our job . . .

There are cries of assent and disagreement. A Man (LEWIS) jumps to his feet.

LEWIS

(over noise)

I been saying right along we ought to have more deputies! If we did, we wouldn't be facing this now! . . .

HENDERSON

(loudly)

Just a minute now -- let's keep it orderly! Everybody, quiet down! . . .

(as they do)

You had your hand up, Ezra . . .

The Man named Ezra gets up, quivering with indignation.

EZRA

I can't believe I've heard some of the things that've been said here. You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Sure, we paid this man, and he was the best marshal this town ever had. And it ain't his trouble, it's ours. I tell you if we don't do what's right, we're going to have plenty more trouble. So there ain't but one thing to do now, and you all know what that is!

Another Man shoots his hand into the air. Henderson nods to him.

HENDERSON

Go ahead, Kibbee --

KIBBEE

(stupidly)

Been a lot of talk about what our duty is. . . . Well, this is Sunday, and I don't hold with no killing on the Sabbath . . .

He sits down, highly satisfied with himself. Doane stares at him in amazement. Henderson hides a wry smile.

209-  
212.

EXT. CHURCH. Some of the older children are trying to peer in through a window. The rest are playing a game brought out from Kentucky and Tennessee by the early pioneers. They have formed a circle, and hand in hand they are passing under a bridge formed by the raised arms of two taller children, a Boy and a husky, rawboned girl. They are the Captains. As the circle revolves, they sing these words:

"The needle's eye that does supply  
The thread that runs so true,  
Many a beau I have let go  
Because I wanted you.  
Many a dark and stormy night  
When I went home with you,  
I stumped my toe and down I go  
Because I wanted you. . . ."

The Captains let their arms drop around one of the Boys in the circle, stopping it. They take him away from the circle.

BOY CAPTAIN

What you going to be, injun or  
white man?

LITTLE BOY

Injun . . .

They return to the others. The Boy and Girl form the bridge again, the Little Boy standing behind the taller Boy. The children in the circle form hands again and resume the game.

213-  
228.

INT. CHURCH. A Man (TRUMBULL) is on his feet, talking.

TRUMBULL

. . . This whole thing's been handled  
wrong. Here's those three killers  
walking the street bold as brass.  
Why didn't you arrest them, Marshal?  
Why ain't they behind bars? Then  
we'd only have Jordan to worry about,  
instead of the four of 'em! . . .

DOANE

(simply)

I didn't have nothing to arrest 'em  
for, Mr. Trumbull. . . . They haven't  
done anything. There's no law  
against them sitting on a bench at  
the depot . . .

A Woman (MRS. SIMPSON) jumps to her feet.

MRS. SIMPSON

(excited)

I can't listen to any more of this!  
-What's the matter with you people?

MRS. SIMPSON (Cont'd.)

Don't you remember when a decent woman couldn't walk down the street in broad daylight? Don't you remember when this wasn't a fit place to bring up a child? How can you sit here and talk -- and talk and talk like this?

Another Woman, (MRS. FLENCHEER) older, rises.

MRS. FLENCHEER

That's easy for you to say, Mrs. Simpson -- your husband's a hundred miles away. . . . Still, I ain't saying you're wrong. Only, those fellows are mighty bad. We need the strongest men we've got -- young men --

A Very Young Woman, sitting beside her Young Husband, bursts out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sure, let the young men do it! It's always the young men who have to do it, have to go out and do the killing and get killed before they do any living! Why don't the old men do it for once? They're king of walk when things are good! . . .

There is an outburst of sound. A Man leaps to his feet.

MAN

(over)

What are we all getting excited about? How do we know Jordan's on that train, anyway?

HENDERSON

(quietly)

I think we can be pretty sure he's on it. . . .

(he takes out his watch, looks at it)

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HENDERSON (Cont'd.)

Time's getting short.

(he turns to the Minister)

Parson, you got anything to say?

MINISTER

(slowly)

I don't know. . . . The Commandments say: Thou shalt not kill. . . . But we hire men to do it for us. . . . The right and the wrong seem pretty clear here, but if you're asking me to tell my people to go out and kill and maybe get themselves killed -- I'm sorry -- I don't know what to say . . . I'm sorry . . .

The room is quiet. Finally Ezra raises his head.

EZRA

(to Henderson)

What do you say, Jonas?

HENDERSON

Alright, I say this -- What this town owes Will Doane here, you could never pay him with money, and don't ever forget it. Yes, he is the best marshal we ever had, maybe the best we'll ever have.

Doane listens gratefully.

HENDERSON

(continuing)

Remember what this town was like before Will came here? Do we want it to be like that again? Of course we don't! So Jordan's coming back is our problem, not his.

The Men and Women listen intently.

HENDERSON

(continuing)

It's our problem because it's our town. We built it with our own



HENDERSON (Cont'd.)

hands, from nothing. . . . And if we want to keep it decent, keep it growing, then we got to think mighty clear here today -- and we got to have the courage to do the right thing, no matter how hard it is. . . . Alright. There's going to be a fight when Doane and Jordan meet, and somebody's going to get hurt, that's for sure. . . . Now, there's people up north who've been thinking about this town, and thinking mighty hard. They've been thinking about sending money down here -- to put up stores, build factories. . . . It'd mean a lot to this town, an awful lot. But when they read about shooting and killing in the streets, what are they going to think then? I'll tell you. They'll think this is just another wide open town, that's what. And everything we worked for is going to be wiped out in one day. This town is going to be sat back five years, and I say we can't let that happen. . . . Mind you, you know how I feel about this man. He's a mighty brave man, a good man. He didn't have to come back today . . . and for his sake and the town's sake I wish he hadn't. Because if he's not here when Jordan comes in, my hunch is there won't be any trouble, not one bit. Tomorrow we'll have a new marshal, and if we all agree here to offer our services to him, I think we can handle anything that comes along. To me, that makes sense. To me, that's the only way out of this . . .

Almost without exception, the people are persuaded.

HENDERSON

(turning to Will)

Will, I think you ought to go while there's still time. It's better

HENDERSON (Cont'd.)

for you -- and better for us . . .

Doane is staring at him, stunned. Then he looks out at the silent people, reads the answer in their eyes, in their averted or guarded faces. He turns from Henderson and walks out of the church.

229. EXT. CHURCH. The game has reached its climax as Doane emerges from the church. There are now two rows of children, each with their arms around the child in front. With the two Captains in the middle, a tug of war is going on. Doane stares at the screaming children for a moment, then goes wearily on, out of scene. The Girl-Captain's team pulls the other line of children over until it breaks. The game ends in a melee of breathless laughter and shouting.

230. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Jordan and Colby are removing their spurs. Pierce looks at his watch, then follows suit.

231- CLOSEUP -- SALOON CLOCK. The time is 11:44. CAMERA PANS  
233. DOWN to Gillis and Two Men at the bar, looking up at the clock.

GILLIS

(finally)

Well, I got no use for him, but  
I'll say this -- he's got guts . . .

The other Men nod their agreement. Harvey is alone at a table near the window with a bottle and glass. Drink has obviously not cooled his seething rage. Now, he hears what Gillis has said, and reacts to it with a mixture of anger and shame. He drinks. Of the Two Men beside Gillis, we remember one of them as seeming sympathetic to Doane in Scs. 126-130. He now picks up the conversation.

SYMPATHETIC MAN

(dryly)

That's mighty broadminded, Joe . . .

Gillis looks at him doubtfully, but the Sympathetic Man's face is blandly innocent. Gillis' look slides away from him and focuses on Harvey. He goes toward Harvey's table.

GILLIS

Now you, Harve -- I always figured  
you for guts, but I never give you

GILLIS (Cont'd.)  
credit for brains . . . till now . . .

Harvey doesn't know how to take this. Is Gillis accusing him of cowardice?

HARVEY  
What does that mean?

GILLIS  
(sitting)  
Nothing . . . only it takes a smart man to know when to back away . . .

HARVEY  
If I can't pick my company when I drink in here, I ain't coming here anymore.

GILLIS  
(losing his smile)  
Okay . . .

He gets up with bad grace and goes angrily back to the bar. Harvey watches him go. Once back among his friends, however, Gillis' aplomb returns. He whispers something to a Man at the bar, and the Man smiles quietly. Seething, Harvey looks at the other occupants at the bar and sees only blank faces, wise faces, shrewd eyes, unspoken amusement or contempt. But no one says anything. Furious, Harvey turns away and pours himself a drink with fingers trembling with rage. Then, as he drinks, his glance moves to the window, and he sees something far down the street.

234. LONG SHOT -- DOANE -- From Harvey's point of view. His figure is tiny but recognizable as he walks slowly up the quiet street.

235- INT. SALOON. Harvey, in the foreground, reacts with blind  
237. rage to the sight of Doane. PAST him, the swinging door opens, and the Drunk comes in and goes directly to the bar.

DRUNK  
(to Bartender)  
I want a bottle.

The Bartender and those nearby stare at him.

DRUNK

I got the money . . .

He opens his hand and lets the silver dollar Doane has given him fall on the bar. Surprised, the Bartender gets a bottle and shoves it toward him. He takes it and walks out.

GILLIS

Well, I'll be . . .

Harvey, staring through the window, is unaware of the incident. He continues to watch Doane.

238. EXT. STREET -- MED. FULL SHOT. Doane is continuing up the street. A man going in the opposite direction sees him, hesitates, then crosses the street to avoid meeting him. As the Man comes into CLOSER CAMERA VIEW, his face reveals his mixture of shame and relief.
239. MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE -- as he realizes that he has been avoided, and his face, already drawn and sick, goes tighter.
240. MED. TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE -- as he continues up the street, past the Two Oldsters, whom he passes in mutual silence, and then past the General Store. Through the window, altho Doane does not pause to look inside. Weaver and Sam can be seen at the safe in the rear. Doane continues to the end of the block. Almost without thinking, he stops there, staring almost blankly up the quiet street.
241. FULL SHOT -- EXT. STREET -- from Doane's point of view. It stretches out, empty and dusty under the sun.
242. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE. He becomes conscious of the sweat rolling down his forehead, and wipes his face with his handkerchief. Then, walking very slowly, he turns the corner, the CAMERA TRUCKING WITH him.
243. INT. SALOON. Harvey has been watching Doane through the window. Now, he gets up suddenly, his face tight with decision, and goes out of the saloon.
244. EXT. LIVERY STABLE. Doane approaches the entrance to the stable. It is closed. A crude sign on the door reads "COME TO CHURCH." Doane goes around toward the rear of the stable.

245- INT. STABLE. A half-dozen horses are standing quietly in  
255. their stalls as Doane enters the stable. He stands there  
a moment, accustoming his eyes to the cool, quiet semi-  
twilight after the harshness of the sunlight. Then,  
slowly, he goes over to one of the stalls and looks at  
the horse in it. It is a strong, fast animal, and the  
CAMERA FOLLOWS Doane's eyes as they roam over the sleek  
body and powerful legs. This horse could make a race of  
it across the plains.

HARVEY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Put a saddle on him, Doane . . .

Surprised, Doane turns quickly, sees that Harvey has  
come into the stable behind him. Harvey comes toward  
him, his old confidence surging back into him.

HARVEY

Go on, saddle him. He'll go a  
long way before he tires. . . . That's  
what you were thinking, ain't it?

DOANE

Kind of . . .

Harvey studies his face with almost greedy curiosity.

HARVEY

You scared?

DOANE

I guess so.

HARVEY

(triumphantly)

I knew it. It stands to reason. . . .

(brushes past him)

Come on, I'll help you --

He sees a saddle hanging nearby, takes it down and goes  
to put it on the horse.

HARVEY

(almost feverishly)

You've wasted a lot of time, but  
you still got a start. Milt and  
the others've been doing a lot of  
drinking. It might slow 'em up . . .

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Doane has been watching Harvey as he throws the saddle on the horse. He shrugs wearily.

DOANE

(smiling wryly)

Seems like all everybody and his brother wants is to get me out of town.

HARVEY

Well, nobody wants to see you get killed.

Tiredly, Doane turns and starts out of the stable. Harvey hears him, and turns quickly.

HARVEY

Hold it -- where you going?

DOANE

(dully)

I don't know. Back to the office, I guess.

HARVEY

Oh, no! You're getting on that horse and you're getting out!

Doane turns away from him. Harvey grabs his arm and turns him back to face himself.

HARVEY

What's the matter with you? You were ready to do it yourself -- you said so!

DOANE

Look, Harve, I thought about it because I was tired. You think about a lot of things when you're tired -- when people cross the street so they won't have to look at your face. . . . And with everybody telling me I ought to get out, for a minute there I began to wonder if they weren't right. . . . But I can't do it . . .

HARVEY  
(almost frantic)  
Why?

DOANE  
(honestly)  
I don't know . . .

HARVEY  
Get on that horse, WILL.

DOANE  
Why's it so important to you?  
You don't care if I live or die.

HARVEY  
Come on --

He starts to shove Doane toward the horse. Doane stands his ground.

DOANE  
Don't shove me, Harve. I'm tired of being shoved. . . . I don't know what I'm going to do, but whatever it is it's going to be my way.

HARVEY  
(frantic now)  
You're getting out of town if I have to beat your brains out and tie you to that horse!

Doane jerks loose from him and starts out. Harvey swings at him and connects to the back and side of his jaw, and Doane goes face down to the stable floor. Harvey hurries to him, grabs him and starts to drag him toward the horse. He has started to lift Doane on the horse when Doane comes to. He jerks out of Harvey's grasp. Disappointed, Harvey launches himself at him. Doane sets himself as quickly as he can, but Harvey's momentum lets him get the first blows in, hard blows that send Doane reeling. Then Doane fights back. They punish each other mercilessly, nothing barred. The horses, becoming nervous, rear and whinny in their stalls. Doane goes down again, then Harvey. They roll and tumble under the rearing hooves of the horses. Once, Doane is knocked down under a horse, and narrowly escapes

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being trampled. As the fight reaches a climax, the horses go completely wild. Then, finally, Doane connects with a series of crushing blows, and Harvey goes down and out. Doane stands over him, panting and dazed. Then, almost staggering, he goes to a bag of feed, slumps exhaustedly down on it, and sits there, his breath whistling through his bruised lips.

256. INT. HOTEL LOBBY. Amy is staring up at the clock. The time is ten to twelve. Behind his desk, the Clerk is whistling softly as he goes about his work. Amy comes to a decision. She rises and goes to the desk.

AMY  
(quietly)  
Excuse me --  
(then, as the Clerk  
looks at her)  
What is Mrs. Ramirez' room  
number?

The Clerk looks at her. Then a glitter of amusement comes into his eyes.

CLERK  
Three . . .

AMY  
(maintaining her poise)  
Thank you.

She turns from him and goes to the stairs.

257. INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY -- on Amy as she mounts the stairs.

258. INT. HALLWAY -- on Amy as she reaches the second floor and looks about uncertainly. Then she moves doubtfully down the hall in the direction of Helen's rooms, and sees the number on Helen's door. She pulls herself together and knocks.

259-  
262. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Helen and Sam are facing each other across the table, on which lies a small stack of money. They react to Amy's knock.

HELEN  
Come in --



The door opens, and Amy stands in the doorway. Helen and Sam stare at her in surprise, and Amy remains rooted there, confused by Sam's presence and her first sight of Helen. Helen recovers first.

HELEN

Yes -- ?

AMY

Mrs. Ramirez?  
(as Helen nods)  
I'm Mrs. Doane . . .

HELEN

I know.

AMY

May I come in?

HELEN

If you like . . .

Sam takes his cue and goes out silently as Amy comes into the room. Now that she has come this far, she is confused and uncertain again. The two women take each other in for a long moment. Finally, Helen breaks the strained silence.

HELEN

Sit down, Mrs. Doane . . .

AMY

No, thank you . . .

HELEN

(sharply)  
What do you want?

Amy realizes that Helen has misunderstood her refusal.

AMY

Please . . . it's just that I'm afraid if I sat down I wouldn't be able to get up again.

HELEN

Why?

AMY

It wasn't easy for me to come here . . .

HELEN

(unrelenting)

Why?

AMY

(meeting the issue)

Look, Mrs. Ramirez . . . Will and I were married an hour ago -- we were all packed and ready to leave. . . . Then this thing happened, and he wouldn't go. I did everything -- I pleaded. I threatened him -- I couldn't reach him.

Helen has been listening intently, watching Amy's face.

HELEN

And now?

AMY

(quietly)

That man downstairs -- the clerk -- he said things about you and Will. . . . I've been trying to understand why he wouldn't go away with me. Now all I can think of is that it's got to be because of you.

HELEN

(deliberately)

What do you want from me?

AMY

Let him go! He's still got a chance -- let him go!

There is a pause. Helen has a brief inner struggle, then decides to be honest.

HELEN

(flatly)

I can't help you.

AMY

Please . . .

HELEN

He's not staying for me. I

HELEN (Cont'd.)

haven't spoken to him for a year -- until today. I told him to go. I'm leaving on the same train you are . . .

Amy stares at her, believing her. But with belief, her confusion returns.

AMY

Then what is it? Why?

HELEN

If you don't know, I can't explain it to you . . .

AMY

(dully)

Thank you . . . anyway. You've been very kind.

She turns and starts out.

HELEN

(Lashing out at her)

What kind of a woman are you? How can you leave him like this? Does the sound of guns frighten you that much?

Amy has turned and waited her out.

AMY

(quietly, with great dignity)

No, Mrs. Ramirez. I've heard guns. My father and my brother were killed by guns. They were on the right side, but it didn't help them when the shooting started. My brother was nineteen. I watched him die. . . . That's when I became a Quaker -- because every other religion said it was alright for people to kill each other at least once in a while. . . . I don't care who's right or wrong! There's got to be some better way for people to live! . . .

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She starts out again.

HELEN

(gently)

Just a minute. . . .

(as Amy turns)

Are you going to wait for the train  
downstairs?

(as Amy nods)

That man down there can't be much  
company. Why don't you wait here?

AMY

(reacting to the sympathy  
in her tone)

Thank you. I will . . .

She comes forward into the room again, sees the chair Helen has offered her before, hesitates an instant, then sits down. Helen takes another chair. For a moment the silence is strained again. Amy looks down at the arms of the chair she is sitting in, realizing that Will must have sat here many times in the past. Her eyes go about the room, and finally reach Helen. Helen is aware of what Amy is thinking. She nods in quiet affirmation. Amy takes it.

263. INT. STABLE. Doane has recovered and is on his feet now. His face is still marked and bloodstained, but he is attempting with his battered hands to bring some semblance of order to his clothing. Finished, he looks down at his bruised knuckles and fingers, then starts out. Seeing a bucket of water, he stops, looks back where Harvey is still lying unconscious on the stable floor, picks up the bucket, goes to Harvey and douses his limp body with it. Then he tooses the bucket aside and goes out.
264. EXT. STABLE -- TRUCK SHOT -- on Doane as he comes out of the stable and moves wearily up the street to the main street, and turns the corner into it.
265. EXT. BARBER SHOP. Doane approaches it and goes in.
- 266- INT. BARBER SHOP. The Barber, alone in the shop, is putting  
268. his instruments in a cupboard as Doane comes in. There is the SOUND of hammering from the rear.

DOANE

You got some clean water I can use?

The Barber turns and recognizes him.

BARBER  
Why, sure, Marshal --  
(then, looking at  
him more closely)  
Sure, sure . . .  
(he motions to  
the chair)  
Sit down --

Doane goes over to it and sinks into it. The Barber draws some water, staring over his shoulder at Doane. He gets a towel and soaks it in the water.

BARBER  
Run into some kind of trouble,  
Marshal?

DOANE  
No trouble . . .

He becomes conscious of the hammering. The Barber comes over with the wet towel.

DOANE  
What are you building?

The Barber is embarrassed and ashamed.

BARBER  
Just -- just fixing things up  
out back. . . .  
(recovering)  
Now take it easy, Mr. Doane.  
Just settle back --

Doane relaxes and closes his eyes. The Barber carefully wraps the wet towel about his face, then hurries to the rear door.

BARBER  
(sharply)  
Fred -- !  
(as the hammering  
continues)  
Fred! . . . Hold it a while,  
will you?

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The hammering stops.

FRED'S VOICE

(puzzled)

Hold it?

BARBER

(cutting in)

You just stop until I tell you  
to start again -- !

He turns from the doorway, gets a basin and fills it with water. He takes it to Doane, sets it in his lap, then takes Doane's battered hands and puts them in the basin, looking at the bruised knuckles with curiosity as he does so. He stares at Doane's hidden face for a moment, then looks up at the clock. CAMERA PANS UP to it. It is seven minutes to twelve.

269-270. OUT

271. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Jordan, Pierce and Colby are checking their guns, carefully reloading them and adjusting their belts and holsters. Beside Milt there is an extra gun-belt holding two guns.

272. INT. STABLE. Harvey is straightening his clothes. The fine patina of confidence and conceit is gone and he looks utterly crushed and defeated. He goes wearily out.

273. INT. BARBER SHOP. The Barber watches Doane as he adjusts his coat, takes a final look at his face in the mirror, and starts out.

DOANE

Thanks --

He goes on to the door.

BARBER

You're welcome, Marshal.

Doane stops at the door, reaches into a pocket, fishes out a coin.

BARBER

Oh, no charge, Marshal --

Doane looks at him, untouched by his eagerness to please. Deliberately, he flips it to the Barber, who catches it.

DOANE

(and he knows what he  
is talking about)

You can tell your man to go back  
to work now . . .

He goes out. The Barber stares after him as he passes the window. Then he shrugs helplessly, and goes to the rear door.

BARBER

(calling out)

Alright, Fred. Go ahead . . .

274. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane approaches the office, eyes narrowed against the glare of the sun. He sees that his note still flutters on the door. He rips it off, starts in, then stops and looks up at the sky.
275. FULL SHOT -- SKY. The glaring white-hot ball of fire is almost exactly at its zenith. It hangs there, baleful, merciless.
276. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE. He squints, rubs his eyes, goes into his office.
- 277-  
280. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Baker, armed, is pacing the floor tensely. In a corner of the room, almost hidden in the shadow, the Boy Doane had sent to find the selectman is standing. Baker turns quickly as Doane comes in and tries to accustom his eyes to the change in light.

BAKER

Will --

Doane stares at him with relief and remembrance.

DOANE

I guess I forgot about you, Herb.  
I'm sure glad you're here.

He goes to his desk.

BAKER

I couldn't figure out what was

BAKER (Cont'd.)  
keeping you. Time's getting  
short.

Doane looks up at the wall clock. It is five to twelve.

DOANE  
Sure is . . .

BAKER  
When are the other boys going to  
get here? We got to make plans . . .

DOANE  
The other boys?

He realizes that Baker does not know. He turns to face him.

DOANE  
There aren't any other boys, Herb.  
It's just you and me . . .

BAKER  
You're joking . . .

DOANE  
No. I couldn't get anybody.

BAKER  
I don't believe it! This town  
ain't that low --

DOANE  
I couldn't get anybody . . .

Baker stares at him. Then, suddenly, full realization  
of the situation comes to him.

BAKER  
Then it's just you and me?

DOANE  
I guess so.

In his corner, forgotten by Baker and unseen by Doane,  
the Boy looks on, fascinated.



BAKER

You and me, against Jordan and --  
all four of 'em . . .

DOANE

That's right. . . . You want  
out, Herb?

BAKER

(writhing inwardly)

Well, it's not that I want out, no.  
But . . . I'll tell you the truth. . . .  
I didn't figure on anything like this,  
Doane. Nothing like this --

DOANE

(smiling mirthlessly)

Neither did I . . .

BAKER

(with growing terror)

I volunteered. You know I did.  
You didn't have to come to me.  
I was ready. . . . I'm ready now!  
But this is different. This  
ain't like what you said it was  
going to be. . . . This is just plain  
committing suicide, that's what  
it is! And for what? Why me?  
I'm no law-man -- I just live here! . . .  
I got nothing personal against  
anybody -- I got no stake in this!

DOANE

(harshly)

I guess not . . .

BAKER

There's a limit how much you can  
ask a man! -- I've got a wife and  
kids! . . . What about my kids?  
It's not fair -- you ain't got the  
right to ask it --

DOANE

Go home to your kids, Herb . . .

Baker grabs up his rifle and starts toward the door.

He stops, striving for a remnant of decency.

BAKER

You get some other fellows, and  
I'll still go through with it,  
Doane --

DOANE

(harshly)

Go on home, Herb!

Baker hurries out. The door slams loudly behind him. Doane stares into nothing for a moment, turns and sits down automatically. Then his control gives way, and the tide of bitterness and anger overflows in him. He pounds his battered fists on the desk top brutally, almost sobbing his outrage. The surge of emotion ebbs. Gradually, Doane reclaims his hold on himself. In the corner, the Boy looks on, wide-eyed and frightened. Doane straightens, wipes his face and eyes, turns his chair and sees the Boy.

DOANE

(brusquely)

What do you want?

BOY

(frightened)

I found 'em, Marshal, like you  
wanted me to -- all but Mr.  
Henderson.

Doane is fully himself now.

DOANE

(wryly)

I found him. . . . Thanks . . . .

BOY

Oh, you're welcome --

He hesitates, afraid to say what he has in mind. Doane looks at him quizzically. He comes to him.

BOY

(eagerly)

Marshal - listen -- let me fight  
with you! I'm not afraid!

DOANE

No.

BOY

Please, let me, Marshal!

DOANE

You're a kid. You're a baby . . .

BOY

I'm sixteen! And I can handle a gun, too. You ought to see me --

DOANE

You're fourteen. . . . What do you want to lie for?

BOY

Well, I'm big for my age. . . .  
Please, Marshal . . .

DOANE

No!

(he rises and goes  
to him)

You're big for your age, alright. . . .  
But you get out of here --

BOY

Aw, please . . .

DOANE

Go on, go on . . .

He turns away. The Boy starts unhappily to the door.  
Doane stops, turns back to him.

DOANE

(gently)

Johnny . . .

Johnny turns to him, his eyes brimming over.

DOANE

Thanks . . .

He gives a little wave, as when a man says goodbye to a friend. Johnny manages to muster a kind of a smile and returns the gesture. Then he is gone. Doane looks after

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him, almost smiling, the rage and bitterness in him leavened a little. Then he goes to his desk, sits down, takes his guns out of their holsters and checks them methodically. His bruised fingers are clumsy. He puts his gun down and looks down at his hands ruefully. He rubs and kneads his fingers, then picks up the gun again.

281. CLOSEUP -- GUN IN DOANE'S HAND. It looks deadly.
282. BACK TO SCENE. Doane stares down at the gun. His hand turns the barrel upward, pointing toward his face. For an instant it almost seems as if he is weighing the benefits of a quick, more merciful self-inflicted death. He presses the trigger. The safety catch is on. It clicks harmlessly. He picks up the other gun in his left hand and works the trigger on it. Then, putting down both guns, he opens a drawer, takes out a box of bullets and stuffs bullets into his coat pockets.
283. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Jordan and the others have moved down to the track. Jordan is pacing tensely. Pierce and Colby are staring down the gleaming track. There is no sign of the train in the distance.
284. INT. CHURCH. The congregation is singing a hymn. Henderson, as he sings, takes out his watch and looks at it. He shakes his head slightly, returns his watch, and keeps on singing.
- 285-286. OUT.
287. CLOSE SHOT -- WOODEN SIGN. Weatherbeaten and so faded that it is difficult to read, it says:

"STAGE STATION"

288. EXT. CORRAL. We see now that the sign is over the corral gates. Near the gates, Toby has Peterson tied hand and foot in a sitting position, and he is now tying him to one of the fence rails. In the b.g., MARTINEZ, a middle-aged Mexican, has tethered the horses. He comes out of the corral and looks on as Toby finishes and straightens.

MARTINEZ

(interested)  
What he do?

TOBY

Oh, he's a bad boy. . . . Very bad . . .

He turns and starts for the low house past the corral, and Martinez falls in alongside, the CAMERA TRACKING WITH them.

TOBY  
How's the beer?

MARTINEZ  
How is my cerveza?

He shrugs contemptuously.

TOBY  
Cold?

MARTINEZ  
Like veel water . . .

Toby smiles happily. They have reached the house.

289-  
293.

EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE. Toby sprawls on the porch step, as Martinez goes on into the house. Toby lets himself go, stretching his tired and aching muscles, then starts to roll a cigarette. Martinez comes out with a copper pitcher and two mugs. He starts to pour beer for Toby and himself.

TOBY  
How's business?

MARTINEZ  
It will be better when the stage runs again.

TOBY  
That stage ain't never going to run again. Ain't you heard? We got a railroad now.

MARTINEZ  
(shrugging)  
Railroad . . .

Toby looks down at his beer with delight, then takes a long drink. He sighs happily.

MARTINEZ  
I go to the horsees now. You wish your friend to drink?

Toby hesitates, then his good nature gives in.

TOBY

Give him beer. . . . But be careful.  
My male . . .

Martinez shrugs again, pours a mugful of beer, sets the pitcher down and goes out of scene. Toby takes another drink. A pretty young Mexican Girl comes out. She recognizes him.

MEXICAN GIRL

Look who's here. Wild Bill  
Hickock . . .

TOBY

Ah, Chicquita. . . . Come esta?

It is obvious that they know each other well.

MEXICAN GIRL

If you really want to know, you  
come by once in a while.

TOBY

I been busy . . .

MEXICAN GIRL

Sure. You're a big man. Very  
busy. Very important . . .

Grinning, Toby shoves over his empty mug. Carelessly,  
she moves it back with her toe.

MEXICAN GIRL

What happened to your clothes?

TOBY

I been swimming.

MEXICAN GIRL

In your clothes?

TOBY

Sure . . .

MEXICAN GIRL

You're crazy.

TOBY

I got a crazy job.

He flicks the mug closer to her. Again she inches it back to him with an insolently provocative toe-nudge.

MEXICAN GIRL

You going to stay a while?

TOBY

I got to go. I got a prisoner. Besides, I'm invited to a wedding . . .

MEXICAN GIRL

If you stay a while, I'll wash your shirt . . .

Their eyes meet and hold. Toby turns and looks out to where Peterson is sprawled near the fence. Then he takes out his large old-fashioned watch, looks at it, puts it to his ear, shakes it, puts it to his ear again. He shrugs.

TOBY

What do you know. Must have stopped when I went swimming --

He puts the watch away, his eyes meeting the Girl's again.

TOBY

Ah -- I probably missed that wedding anyway . . .

Smiling, the Girl bands and gets his mug and starts to fill it with beer.

294. CLOSEUP -- CLOCK IN MARSHAL'S OFFICE. The time is two minutes to twelve. CAMERA PANS DOWN to Doane, writing at his desk.

295. INSERT -- DOANE'S HAND -- as it writes:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

As he crosses the last "T" he pauses. In the silence the loud ticking of the clock can be heard. Deliberately, he draws a line under the words.

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296. INT. SALOON. All the Men are silently watching the clock.

297- INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Amy is still in the chair, lost  
300. in her thoughts. Helen is standing at the window, looking  
down into the street.

HELEN

Where are you going when you  
leave town?

AMY

Home. St. Louis . . . .

HELEN

(turning to her)  
All that way alone?

AMY

That's the way I came. . . . My family  
didn't want me to marry Will in  
the first place. . . . I seem to make them  
unhappy no matter what I do. Back  
home they think I'm very strange.  
I'm a feminist. You know, women's  
rights -- things like that. . . .  
(she looks up at Helen)  
Where will you go?

Helen shrugs.

AMY

Why are you going? Are you afraid  
of that man?

HELEN

Not afraid, no. . . . There are  
very few men who cannot be managed,  
one way or another . . . .

They each think of Doane, and look at each other.  
Then Helen goes on.

HELEN

I'm just tired. . . .  
(she starts to pace)  
I hate this town. I've always hated  
it. To be a Mexican woman in a town  
like this. . . .  
(she shakes her head)



HELEN (Cont'd.)

I married Ramirez when I was sixteen. He was fat and ugly, foolish. When he touched me, I would feel sick. But he had money. When he died, I had money. . . . I sold the saloon. I bought the biggest store in town. Nobody knew. I hired a big citizen to run it for me. Nobody knew that either. Big citizens do many things for money. . . . And all the fine ladies, who never saw me when they passed me on the street, they paid me their money and they never knew. . . . I enjoyed it for a while. But now . . .  
(she shrugs again)

AMY

(after a pause)  
I understand . . .

HELEN

You do? That's good. I don't understand you. . . .  
(as Amy looks at her)  
No matter what you say, if Doane was my man, I'd never leave here. I'd get a gun -- I'd fight . . .

AMY

(deliberately)  
Why don't you?

HELEN

He's not my man . . .

She turns suddenly and goes to one of her bags, opens it quickly, rummages in it, comes up with a gun.

HELEN

Here. Take this. You're his wife . . .

AMY

(sharply)  
No! If I did I'd be saying my whole life up to now was wrong!

HELEN

Right, wrong, what's the difference?  
He's your man --

AMY

(rising)

Is he? What made him my man? A few words spoken by a Judge? Does that make a marriage? . . . There's too much wrong between us -- it doesn't fit! Anyway, this is what he chose . . .

There is an instant of complete silence, which is shattered suddenly by the distant but loud, hoarse scream of a train whistle. Involuntarily, both women react physically.

301. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. The train whistle continues OVER. Doane has been sitting at his desk, writing. He sits there, frozen.
302. EXT. STREET. The Two Old Men listen. The Train whistle continues OVER.
303. INT. SALOON. Train whistle OVER. The Men are rooted in their places.
304. INT. ROOM. Harvey is sprawled on the rumpled bed. There is a bottle nearby. He hears the whistle.
305. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Train whistle OVER. Jordan, Pierce and Colby are standing at the tracks. The train is not yet visible. Then the whistle stops. They look.
306. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- TRAIN TRACKS. In the distance a small cloud of smoke can be seen.
307. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- on Doane -- as he waits. Then there is the sound of the SECOND WHISTLE.
308. INT. CHURCH. The Congregation is on its feet, Henderson in the f.g., but no one is singing as the train whistle continues OVER.
309. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- ORGANIST. He is working the keys but the music emerges with the sound of the whistle.
310. INT. FULLER LIVING ROOM. Train whistle OVER. Fuller and his wife listen.

311. INT. MARTIN HOWE'S HOUSE. Train whistle OVER. Howe sits in his chair, listening.
312. INT. SALOON. Train whistle OVER. The Men listen.
313. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Train whistle OVER. Helen and Amy listen. The whistle dies.
314. INT. DOANE'S OFFICE. He waits.
315. EXT. STATION. Jordan, Pierce and Colby wait. There is still no sign of the train. They look at each other tensely.
316. INT. STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE. He stands rooted, waiting.
317. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Amy and Helen look at each other, their eyes asking the question they are afraid to speak.
318. INT. SALOON. The Men begin to look at each other wonderingly.
319. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane waits.
320. EXT. COUNTERSIDE -- on the moving train.
321. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. On Doane waiting. He starts to put down the pen he has been holding, and now, louder than before, the third whistle blasts OVER the scene. Doane quivers. The breath he has been holding escapes in a long soundless sigh.
322. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Jordan, Pierce and Colby look at each other in triumph. In the distance, the train becomes visible.
323. INT. SALOON. As the whistle dies, the Men stampede out. The saloon is empty. From outside, we hear the click of Gillis' key in the lock, see the knob turn as he tries it.
324. INT. HELEN'S FRONT ROOM. Helen and Amy are both on their feet, and Sam has Helen's bag. They move numbly toward the door.

HELEN

(quietly)

Can I ride with you to the station?

AMY

Of course . . .

They start out.

325. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane signs his name to what he has written, folds it, then writes on it:

TO BE OPENED IN THE EVENT OF  
MY DEATH.

He places the folded testament in the center of his desk, and then puts the cartridge box on it for a paper-weight. He rises, takes a deep breath.

326. EXT. HOTEL. The Clerk is closing the metal shutters. They clang into place.
327. SERIES OF SHOTS -- of shutters, windows and doors being closed all over town.
328. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Jordan, Pierce and Colby watch as the approaching train draws nearer. The noise of its engine and wheels can be heard plainly now.
329. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane takes a last look around the office and goes out.
330. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- as Doane emerges into the sunlight. He looks around.
331. EXT. STREET -- FROM DOANE'S POINT OF VIEW. It is completely deserted. CAMERA PANS to other extreme of the street. It, too, is empty.
332. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE. He smiles mirthlessly. Suddenly, there is the SOUND of horses' hooves, and he turns.
333. EXT. STREET. The buckboard, Amy driving and Helen beside her, comes down the street toward Doane.
334. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE -- as he sees and recognizes them.
335. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- AMY AND HELEN -- as they see Doane.
336. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE -- as he watches them approach.
337. CLOSEUP -- HELEN. She is at her best. Her eyes are looking directly toward Doane, and there is a faint

smile on her lips.

338. CLOSEUP -- AMY. She has never looked more beautiful. Her eyes avoid Doane's.
339. CLOSEUP -- DOANE -- as he stares o.s. at life itself.
340. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE -- as the buckboard sweeps past Doane. We see that Sam is sitting in the back among the luggage. It passes out of scene.
341. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE -- as he looks after the buckboard. Then, with an effort, he pulls himself together, takes out his watch and looks at the time.
- 342-343. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. The train pulls in. Conductors alight. Jordan, Pierce and Colby wait impatiently. Then, one of the car doors opens, and a moment later GUY JORDAN steps out into the sunlight. He is a big man, pale, but dangerous looking, implacable. The three men hurry to him. Smiling, they extend their hands to him. Jordan is not surprised to see them. He shakes hands unsmilingly, then moves off to a more secluded portion of the platform. They follow him.
344. EXT. STATION -- ANOTHER ANGLE -- as the buckboard drives into the station yard and stops near the tracks. Sam jumps down and begins to unload the luggage, and Amy and Helen climb down.
345. GROUP SHOT. Jordan extends his hand inquiringly to Milt. Smiling, Milt hands him two guns. Guy takes no chances. He checks both guns. Then, looking up, his glance goes o.s. and is caught there.
346. EXT. RAILROAD CAR. Sam is helping Amy up the steps. As she goes in and he extends an arm to Helen, she looks off toward Guy.
347. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- GUY JORDAN -- as his eyes meet Helen's.
348. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- HELEN. Her eyes meet Guy's calmly. Then, taking her time, she climbs the steps into the car.
349. GROUP SHOT. Guy watches her disappear without expression. Nothing can interfere with the business at hand. He nods to the others, and starts out of the station. They follow him.

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350. INT. RAILROAD CAR. Amy is sitting by the window, pale, tense. Helen is beside her on the aisle, Sam putting away the last of the luggage. He comes to Helen and they look at each other in silence. It is a difficult parting for both of them.

SAM  
(finally)  
So long, Helen . . .

HELEN  
Good-by, Sam. . . . You'll hear  
from me . . .

SAM  
(nodding)  
Take care . . .

Sam's tight, weather-beaten face breaks into something like a smile, and he goes out quickly. There is the sudden c.s. blast of the train whistle.

351. EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Doane reacts to the whistle. He feels for his guns, then starts slowly but firmly down the street.

352. EXT. STREET -- on Jordan and the others as they come up the middle of the street.

353. EXT. TOWN -- HIGH SHOT of the main street. We see the small figures approaching each other, hidden from each other by the bend of the street.

354. MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE. As he continues, keeping along the sidewalk.

355. CLOSE TRUCKING GROUP SHOT -- on Jordan and the others.

356. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT -- DOANE -- going on.

357. EXT. STREET -- on Jordan and the others. Suddenly Milt stops, his attention caught by a shop window. As he darts over to it, the others stop, startled. Milt reaches the shop. It has women's hats of the period on display. Deliberately, Milt smashes the window with his gun butt, reaches in and takes out a hat. Guy Jordan's grim face tightens.

GUY JORDAN

(angrily)

Can't you wait?

MILT

Just want to be ready . . .

He stuffs the hat under his shirt and hurries to rejoin them. They continue up the street.

358. EXT. STREET -- on Doane as he continues. He reaches the bend, pauses, then takes shelter in the space between two houses. He waits there.

359. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- DOANE. As he waits tensely.

360. EXT. STREET. Jordan and the others come into scene. They pass Doane's hiding place and continue on. Doane lets them go about twenty feet, then draws his guns.

DOANE

(calling)

Jordan --!

The other men turn, drawing as they do. Milt is the first to shoot. His shot misses Doane, but Doane does not miss him. Milt whirls and goes down. Bullets from the other three pockmark the wall behind Doane. He returns the fire, then runs for it.

361. INT. RAILROAD CAR -- AMY AND HELEN. They sit tensely, as the SOUND of the gun fight comes OVER. Then, suddenly, the firing stops, and there is a dead silence. Helen slumps a little, believing the fight is over and Doane is dead. Amy stares at her, and then, beside herself, leaps to her feet, brushes past Helen and runs wildly to the door.

362. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. Amy climbs down the steps and runs wildly out of the station. In the b.g., the Stationmaster is the centre of a curious group composed of the train crew and passengers.

363. EXT. MAIN STREET. On Amy as she runs up the deserted street.

364. EXT. STREET -- SHOOTING PAST MILT's body toward the bend in the street. In the b.g., Amy's figure runs into view, then stops short as she sees the body.

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365. CLOSE SHOT -- AMY as she sees Milt's body and thinks that it is Doane's. CAMERA PANS with her as she runs toward it.
366. EXT. STREET -- Milt's body in the f.g., the hat he has stolen lying beside him. Amy runs toward CAMERA, finally crumples to her knees at Milt's body. To her amazement and relief, she sees that it is not Doane. There is a fusillade of o.s. shots, and she realizes that the gunfight is still going on.
367. EXT. BACK ALLEY -- on Doane as he runs, bent low. There is a shot from ahead, and he ducks into the shelter of a shed. He peers in the direction of the shot.
368. EXT. ALLEY -- FROM DOANE'S POINT OF VIEW. Colby is at the other end of the alley, behind shelter.
369. INT. SHED. Doane goes to the other side of the shed, peers through a crack. Through it, the figures of Guy Jordan and Pierce can be seen coming into the other end of the alley. Doane fires at Jordan, misses, and they duck out of sight. There is a burst of shots from Colby and an answering burst from the other two. Doane throws himself on the ground. He surveys his situation, realizing he is caught in a cross-fire.
370. EXT. STREET. Amy is on her feet now, hearing the o.s. SHOTS. She starts uncertainly up the street.
371. INT. SHED. Doane crawls to the door of the shed, and looks out.
372. EXT. STABLE -- from Doane's point of view. Its wide door, diagonally across the alley from Doane, is open.
373. INT. STABLE. Doane makes up his mind to try for it. He gets to his feet, crouches, launches himself out.
374. EXT. ALLEY -- as Doane's crouched body cannonballs across the alley, untouched.
375. INT. STABLE. Doane's body hurtles into the stable and hits the floor. He lies there, struggling for breath. The horses whinny and rear nervously.
- 376.- EXT. ALLEY. Jordan, Pierce and Colby move cautiously toward the stable.
377. INT. STABLE. Doane gets up, looks around, climbs up to the loft.



378. INT. LOFT. Doane goes toward a large opening in the loft wall. From here, he and the CAMERA have a good high view of the alley. Jordan and Pierce at their end and Colby at his and are both in view. Doane takes aim at Colby, but misses. Colby and the others duck out of sight. Pierce dashes across the alley, Doane firing but missing him.
379. EXT. STABLE -- as Pierce crawls around to the rear of the stable and takes shelter. He begins to fire into the stable.
380. EXT. ALLEY -- COLBY -- as he fires.
381. EXT. ALLEY -- GUY JORDAN -- as he fires.
382. INT. LOFT -- as bullets from all three directions hit into the loft. There is a scream of pain from one of the horses below. Bullets continue into the loft. Doane crawls to the ladder and climbs down.
383. INT. STABLE. Doane comes down into the stable. The horses are mad with fear. Doane goes to them. In one of the stalls, one of the horses had been hit and is down. Doane hurries to the stable door and slides it shut. He finds some small shelter behind some bags of feed, and painfully begins to load his guns.
384. EXT. ALLEY -- JORDAN. He studies the situation, as o.s. shots come from Colby and Pierce. Looking around, he sees that he is behind the general store. He gets an idea, goes to the rear door and deliberately kicks it in. He disappears inside and returns in a moment carrying three oil lamps. Coming back to his place, he takes aim and throws one.
385. EXT. STABLE -- as the lamp flies against the stable door and smashes against it, spattering oil against the door.
386. INT. STABLE -- Doane as he reacts to the sound of the lamp as it lands. Then he hears another lamp smashing on the stable wall.
387. EXT. ALLEY -- ON JORDAN SHOOTING TOWARD STABLE -- as Jordan flings the third lamp toward the stable. It takes a high arc and lands near the stable. Then Jordan takes careful aim, and fires. We see one of the lamps explode, bouncing crazily against the stable and splattering fire against it. Jordan fires again, misses his target, fires again, hits it.

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There is another explosion, and another splash of oil and fire on the stable door.

388. EXT. STABLE -- LAMP IN FOREGROUND. There is the SOUND of JORDAN'S o.s. shot, and we see the lamp explode and carom off the ground against the stable. Another sheet of flame falls on the wooden stable wall. Flames begin to spread along the front of the stable.
389. INT. STABLE -- ON DOANE -- as he realizes what is happening. The horses are increasingly mad with fear.
390. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy comes in, breathless, confused, terrified. Exhausted now, she can go no further; indeed she does not know where to go. She sees Doane's testament on the desk, goes to it, reads the inscription. There is the o.s. WHISTLE of the train.
391. INT. STABLE. Fire is sating away at the door, and smoke is beginning to fill the stable. Doane goes to one of the stalls and leads out the maddened horse. One by one he leads all the horses out of their stalls, pulls them toward the door, manages with a mighty effort to slide the door open, and then sends the rearing, screaming horses out into the alley.
392. EXT. ALLEY -- as the horses burst out into the alley and scatter wildly. At their opposite ends of the alley, Jordan and Colby take cover. Doane slips out of the stable and around it.
393. EXT. RAILROAD STATION. The train is pulling out, the faces of the passengers pressed against the windows.
394. EXT. WOODED AREA -- as Doane passes the CAMERA on the run. A moment later, the three men enter the scene, fanned out and firing from cover. The fading train whistle comes OVER.
395. EXT. BURYING-GROUND. Doane runs into the scene, and takes cover behind a marker. In the b.g., the three men enter the scene, still fanned out. SHOOTING FROM cover, they gradually move in on him.
396. INT. CHURCH. The congregation is huddled together in terror, the Minister standing with head bowed, praying silently at the pulpit.

397. EXT. CEMETERY. On Doane as Colby exposes himself. Doane shoots, and brings him down.
398. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy is slumped at Doane's desk, past tears now, Doane's open testament crumpled in her hands. The SOUND of c.s. firing begins to come closer. Sensing it, she rises and hurries to the window. Through it, she now sees Doane running into the street.
399. EXT. STREET. Doane is zigzagging down the street. Pierce appears at the far end of the street behind him, and then suddenly Jordan comes into view in the f.g. They have him in a cross-fire again.
400. EXT. SALOON. Doane heads for it, bangs against the door. It is locked. Bullets pockmark the door around him. With a supreme effort, he charges the door and smashes it in, falling inside.
401. CLOSE SHOT -- AMY -- as she sees what is happening.
402. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- JORDAN -- as he fires.
403. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- PIERCE -- as he fires.
404. INT. SALOON. Doane squats on the floor, exhausted.
405. EXT. STREET. Pierce makes his way carefully along the street, firing as he goes. He reaches the Marshal's office, and shoots toward the saloon.
406. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy looks on in horror as she sees Pierce through the window, a scant few feet from her, shooting at the saloon. She looks about wildly, beside herself, then sees Harvey's guns hanging on the wall. Then, deliberately, she goes to them, takes down a gun, and goes to the window. Pierce's back is only two or three feet away past the window. Amy lifts the gun, holds it steady with both hands.
407. EXT. STREET -- on Pierce, with Amy visible in the b.g. Pierce shoots, takes aim again. Then Amy's gun goes off, and Pierce tumbles face forward to the ground.
408. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy reels and clings to the shattered window for support.
409. INT. SALOON. Doane, at the window, now, stares out into the street in surprise. He cannot see into his office, but

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Pierce's body is plainly visible. Still, it may be a ruse.

410. EXT. STREET -- ON JORDAN -- as he stares off toward Pierce's body. Then he dashes toward the alley.

411. EXT. ALLEY. Jordan runs up the alley.

412. EXT. REAR OF MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Jordan goes stealthily to a window, sees Amy and that she is alone. He goes to the door. It is open. He opens it quietly and leaps in.

413. INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Amy looks up with a start as Jordan jumps into the room, his gun ready. Exhausted, she can only stand there as Jordan darts across the room, dashes the gun from her hand and grabs her. Holding her in front of him, he pushes her out toward the street.

414. INT. SALOON. SHOOTING PAST Doane into the street, as he sees Jordan, with Amy as a shield, come out of the office and toward him.

415. EXT. STREET -- on Jordan and Amy.

JORDAN

(yelling)

Alright, Doane, come on out!  
Come out -- or your friend  
here'll get it the way Pierce  
did -- !

416. INT. SALOON. -- as Doane stares out, shocked.

DOANE

I'll come out -- let her go!

417. EXT. STREET -- on Jordan and Amy.

JORDAN

Soon as you walk through that  
door! Come on -- I'll hold  
my fire! . . .

He waits, holding Amy tightly. Amy is half-fainting with terror.

418. INT. SALOON. Doane starts slowly toward the door, then hesitates. He stops, picks up a large chair and heaves it through the doorway.

419-  
421.

EXT. STREET. As the chair hurtles through, Jordan fires a burst of shots. Wildly, Amy reaches up with her free hand and claws at his face and eyes. Jordan flings her away from him and she lands in the street. Doane steps quickly out of the saloon, firing as he comes. Jordan brings his other gun up. Doane staggers from a bullet in the shoulder, but keeps shooting, and Jordan goes down, his guns slipping from his fingers. For a moment, Doane leans tiredly against the building. Then he goes to Amy. He helps her up, and they cling to each other silently.

422.

FULL SHOT -- STREET. From everywhere, people begin to appear in the street, more and more of them. They look at Doane and Amy in silence.

423-  
425.

EXT. STREET. Doane and Amy become aware of the people. Doane pulls himself together. He drops his guns in the street, takes off his gun-belt and lets it fall. Deliberately, he takes off his badge and drops it to the dust. The Drunk enters the scene, pulling the buckboard horses. Seeing the buckboard, Doane guides Amy to it, helps her in, then climbs up after her. He nods to the Drunk, who steps away, then takes the reins and starts the horses. The crowd gives way.

426.

FULL SHOT -- STREET. Without a backward glance, Doane and Amy ride out of town, the buckboard growing smaller in the b.g. The crowd remains silent. The buckboard passes out of view.