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ACTION IN THE AFTERNOON

MONDAY

FADE IN

ESTABLISHING SHOT EXT.

Main Street, Huberle, a sunny day, people moving about. They exchange lazy greetings, the blacksmith shop resounds to hammer on anvil, horses nod at hitching posts. It is a friendly atmosphere. OFF can be heard the sound of the COPPER HEADS playing and singing within the COPPER CUP SALOON. Down the street walks a man garbed in black, carrying a carpetbag, obviously a stranger. He reads the signs on windows and above doors as he moves toward CAMERA.

RITTER'S VOICE

There'd been a little boom in
the mins around Huberle, Montana,
that year and strangers were driftin'
in. But this one - I dunno, he
looked feisty to me.

1 CLOSE SHOT LON GRADY

Lon Grady is a lean man, mustached, sharp-eyed, alert. He looks closely at BLAKE RITTER.

2 CLOSE SHOT BLAKE RITTER

He is in his wheel chair, looking back at Grady steadily, openly.

3 MEDIUM SHOT GRADY

Shooting toward Copper Cup as he turns and walks toward it.

Feb. 9
Mon. 2

RITTER'S VOICE

Yep. That was Lon Grady, though I didn't know it then. Came in on the stage, walked down the street and into the Copper Cup -- and I disliked him from first view.

4 MEDIUM SHOT RITTER

As OZZIE MATTHEWS comes o.s., grins at him, begins pushing him toward blacksmith shop. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

RITTER

Sounds like the Copper Heads and Jack Valontine are warmin' it up this afternoon.

OZZIE

They're all my friends. They make good music.

RITTER

Any kind of music's good, but happy music is my favorite. Long as people play happy music there can't be too much wrong around town.

OZZIE

Nothin's wrong about this town. I like everybody in this town.

RITTER

You don't know everybody in this town no more, Ozzie. Business is pickin' up. Your own mine is goin' like blazes -- but I reckon you don't know nor care about that.

OZZIE

(happily)

All I care about is people are nice to me, Jack's my friend, everybody's gettin' along all right.

Feb 9
Mon 3

They come to entrance of open-front smithy. They pause, listening, as the voices of the Copper Heads blend in behind Jack Valentino's in SONG _____.
JACK VALENTINE, still strumming his guitar, comes on scene, reprises the last bars, grinning at his two friends. They applaud him, ad libbing, "Atta boy, Jack. That was great, Jack. Yawl sound purty as a church organ."

DISSOLVE TO

5 INTERIOR COPPER CUP FULL SHOT DAY

Showing customers at bar, MIKE behind bar, the daily poker game going on at a table with ACE BANCROFT, and a couple of others good-naturedly ragging each other, enjoying themselves. The atmosphere must be one of normal everyday gait. The Copper Cup is the social center of Huberle, people are utilizing it as such. Down at the far end of the bar, however, apart from everyone, Lon Grady is in private conversation with RED COTTEN. CAMERA MOVES IN to hold these two in TWO SHOT. Grady is poker-faced but triumphant. Red Cotton is afraid. She is struggling for control, but in every ligament she shows this fear.

RED

I'm not afraid of you, Grady.

GRADY

Yeah. I notice that.

- RED

(half to herself)
How you ever found me...

GRADY

I find anybody I want.
(he looks around the bar)
And anything I want. This
place suits me down to the ground.

RED

You've got no place here. These
people will have nothing to do with
you--when they learn about you.

Feb. 9,
Mon. 4

GRADY

People ain't any different here from any other place. I won't ask 'em to like me. Just so they do like I want 'em to do.

RED

You can't do this! I - I won't let you!

Grady turns to her and stares hard. Red swallows, tries to face him, fails.

GRADY

Look, Red Cotten, you may be big folks in this burg. You got money, influence, friends. But if you don't do like I say - - you'll have less than nothin'. And - you - know- it.

5. CONTINUED

Red cannot face him. She turns to look at the people, happy and carefree in her establishment, tears fill her eyes. After a pause.

RED

You win, Grady. But if you go too far - - God help you!

GRADY

Don't call on strangers when neighbors are near, Red!

RED

(passionately)

God may be a stranger to you, but these good people know him.

GRADY

(sneering)

Introduce me to these "good people", Red, old gal. And - introduce me right!

Feb. 9,
Mon. 5

6. REVERSE ANGLE FULL SHOT FAVORING SWINGING DOORS

As Red leads Grady to poker table. We see her introducing Grady to Grimes, Bancroft, the others. People are curious, interested.

RITTER'S VOICE

That's how the town of Huberle got to know it had a real, live, big-time gamblin' man in its midst. Lon Grady, out of Nowhere, goin' Somewhere - - and not carin' how he got any foot of the way. Red Cotten's hired man - - mebbe her pardner. It was plumb mysterious.

The doors swing open. Jack Valentine, guitar slung over his shoulder, enters with COPPER HEADS behind him. They bring up short, seeing Grady with Red. Red hesitates.

7. L.L.D. SHOT JACK, RED AND GRADY

Copper Heads in b.g. Jack looks from Red to Grady, brows raised.

RED

(choking a bit)

Jack Valentine - - boys - - this
is Lon Grady - - my new dealer.

Jack stares at Red, then at Grady.

JACK

Why - Red, there's never been
a dealer in the Copper Cup.

GRADY

(smoothly)

We're makin' some changes around
here. Red might as well get some
of this loose money.

JACK

Mr. Grady, the money in this town
ain't that loose. Just a little
boom in the mines - doesn't mean
anything.

Feb. 9,
Mon. 6

GRADY

Where ther's mines - and cattle
there'll always be profit in a
few games of chance. And the
men to play the games!

RED

(nervously)

Jack don't gamble much.. He's
a mining engineer - and a rancher.

GRADY

Maybe we can tempt him when we get
goin'. It's real nice meetin' you,
Valentine. See you later. C'mon, Red.

Jack is utterly amazed as Red meekly follows Grady
down to the end of the bar and sits with him at a
table isolated from the others. He frowns, glances
towards poker table.

8. CLOSE SHOT ACE BANCROFT

He is looking at Jack, amused.

9. CLOSE SHOT JACK

He is very thoughtful, regarding Bancroft.

RITTER'S VOICE

Very nusterious . . . That Ace Bancroft,
he's behind plenty of disturbin' things
in Huberle and nobody knows it better'n
Jack Valentine. Couldn't hang nothin'
on Bancroft - he's too rich and too
smart. But Jack was watchful - Jack
liked his town and the people in it . . .

On Jack's thoughtful face

FADE OUT

Feb. 9
Mon. 7

FADE IN

10. EXT. MITCHELL'S STORE MED SHOT DAY

SAM MITCHELL, polishing his star, is talking with Ozzie, who is listening with solemn simplicity.

SAM

. . . came up rain that night.
We was holed up in this yere
cabin, okay. Trouble was, the
cabin lay in a gulch. You never
been in Arizona, have you, Ozzie?

OZZIE

You know I ain't ever been any
place but Huberle, Sam.

SAM

Yup, that's right . . . Well, we was
holed up there and the Apaches was all
around. Couldn't see 'em - you never
see an Apache. Like ghosts.

OZZIE

How can you shoot 'em if you never
see 'em?

Three young boys slide into the scene, arrange
themselves behind Sam and squat on their haunches
like grown-ups, gravely listening.

SAM

By sound and smell. You can always
smell 'em.

OZZIE

You was downwind, then?

Sam casts a sharp look at Ozzie, but decides the
village simpleton is not tesing him.

Feb. 9
Mon. 8

SAM

Downwind . . . Hmmm . . . Yeah,
we was downwind. Anyways, there we
was, surrounded by thousands of Apaches,
with only our ole Sharps rifles and a
few hundred rounds of ammunition. They'll
never hit you at night, of course, but the
first hint of daybreak, here they come, a
slippin' and a slidin' in. Shootin' fire
arrows at the roof, banging away with
muskets at the walls.

OZZIE

Thousands of 'em?

SAM

(firmly)

Thousands.

Behind him the urchins look seriously at one
another, shake their heads scoffingly in disbelief.

OZZIE

And you shot 'em all?

SAM

(sadly)

How could we? Five of us, there was.
We held out as long as we could. Made
every shot count. Had 'em piled up
like old hides all around the cabin.
Fought 'em 'til noon-sun. Then we
run out of ammunition. The other
four fellas was dead or dyin'. I
stood all alone. The Apaches made
their last rush . . . through the door.

He pauses dramatically, The kids hold their noses.

OZZIE

(breathlessly)

Sam, it's a wonder you wasn't kilt!

Feb. 9

Mon. 9

SAM

Heck, Ozzie - - I was!

He wheels around, takes a step toward the kids, yells.

SAM

You kids g'wan home! Git away from there, now.

The kids, open-mouthed, round-eyed, fall over backwards, then scramble off-scene. Ozzie is still trying to figure it out when Jack Valentine enters the scene. Sam sobers up and moves close to Jack.

11. TWO SHOT JACK AND SAM

They are very serious, but Sam is more taut.

SAM

Strangers in town, Jack. You seen 'em?

JACK

You mean the jack-leg gamblers?

SAM

I don't mean their brothers!

JACK

The mines are going good, Sam. Brings all kinds.

SAM

(emphatically)

You mean fellers like Lon Grady bring in all kinds! That no-good, ornery, side-windin' excuse for nothin'! Whatever's got into Red Cotten, hirin' that man?

Feb. 9
Mon. 10

JACK

Could be most anything - - except
that she sent for him. Red's not
herself, that's for sure.

SAM

The town ain't itself, Jack!
Somethin's got to be done!

JACK

Take it easy, Sam. Red owns the
Copper Cup. She's got a right to
run it like she pleases.

SAM

Not when it's agin the public
welfare.

JACK

I say - - take it easy.

SAM

Amy's givin' me a fit. Kate
Parrish is writin' editorials
demandin' action. I got to
do somethin'. Figgered on makin'
you my deputy and moseyin' over
there and havin' a talk with Red
right now.

He fumbles, produces a tin star. Jack looks at it,
shakes his head. Sam is astonished.

JACK

Happens Red is a good friend of mine,
Sam. I couldn't do anything to stampede
her into trouble. I say - - take it easy.

SAM

I can't take it easy! The women -
and plenty of men - are raisin' the
roof.

Feb. 9
Mon. 11

JACK

Sorry, Sam. You're on your own.

Sam glares at him indignantly. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Sam starts off violently toward Copper Cup, pauses, does a woebegone take, pleading with Jack. Getting no response he sets off again, doggedly, unwillingly. AMY MITCHELL comes from the store, looks after the departed Sam, then at Jack.

AMY

You ain't going with him, Jack?

JACK

He's the law.

AMY

(angrily)

You know he's the biggest fraud in Montana! You know he can't take care of himself against a man like that Grady!

JACK

Amy, I love you dearly. But if you recognize Grady's strength - - why send Sam against him?

She glares angrily at Jack. Then she becomes thoughtful, carressing her chin, looking at the ground, then back at Jack.

AMY

You know things ain't right, Jack.

JACK

(unslinging his guitar)

There's music to that, Amy.

Feb. 9
Mon. 12

AMY

(irately)

Jack Valentine, this is no time
for your tunes and your lacka-
daisical nonsense. I swear, sometimes
I don't understand you nohow.

She whirls and flounces off. Jack leans against
the wall, serious, looking off, strumming a chord.
The three boys sneak back, sit very quietly as
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include them. Jack continues
to look off.

12. EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE FULL

As KATE PARRISH comes out of office. She closes the
door with a slam, looks across street, sees Jack.

13. CLOSE JACK

Strumming his guitar, looking at Kate.

14. MAIN STREET HUBBLE FULL

As Kate strides across, full of determination.

15. MED. SHOT JACK

As he watches Kate come o.s. Kids in b.g., wide-eyed.
Kate pauses in front of Jack, arms akimbo.

KATE

So you're in one of your moods again!

JACK

Seems to me, Kate, you can tell a whole
lot about me from away off.

KATE

I saw Sam heading for that sink of
iniquity which used to be a simple
gathering place for the townspeople.

Feb. 9
Mon. 13

JACK

Simple gatherin' place? You mean that dive where they play that awful poker?

KATE

You know what I mean! Red Cotten has sold out, bag and baggage to that evil stranger, that Grady. One bit of prosperity and the town loses its head!

JACK

You blamin' me for all this?

KATE

I'm blaming you for doing nothing about it!

JACK

What you want me to do, Kate? You want me to gun down Lon Grady?

KATE

I want you to help Sam.

Jack hits a chord, smiling without humor.

KATE

I want you to act like the man you - you - you ought to be!

JACK

Thank you, Miss Kate! It's nice to know you take such an interest in me as a man!

KATE

The only interest I take in you is for what you can do to make this a decent, law-abiding town to live in!

Feb. 9
Mon. 14

JACK

(hits a discordant note)

Bulls-eye, Miss Kate. Might I say
that my interest in you is of a -
er - deeper nature?

KATE

No! You may not! I will not be
classified with your other female -
interests.

JACK

(mournfully)

Miss, I'm plumb sorry.

Kate is too full of mixed emotions to speak.
She tries for a moment to hold her ground,
opens her mouth to speak, closes it again.
She becomes aware of the trio of open-eared
kids. She wheels, rushes off. Jack begins
playing a tune on the guitar. Ozzie strolls
up, whittling, sits down close to the kids.

OZZIE

Play us a tune, Jack. Seems like
the only fun I have lately is listenin'
to you play a tune.

The boys all perk up, grinning, nodding. Jack
moves closer to them, squats. HOLD IN GROUP SHOT

JACK

(softly)

Sometimes that's the thing to do.
Play a tune long enough and people
will dance to it. Trouble is - -
Grady knows that real good!

He plays them a tune, singing.

DISSOLVE TO:

Feb. 9
Mon. 15

16. INT. COPPER CUP FULL

The keynote of this set is change. We see a faro layout with a raffish, eye-shaded man dealing. We see a roulette wheel, with another such character spinning it, acting as croupier. The card table now is businesslike, with Lon Grady banking and dealing. Grimes, Bancroft are in the game, but look grim, as do the other players, playing close to their vests, intent on the stakes. Red Cotten leans against the bar at the far end, expressionless. Mike, the big bartender, is extremely unhappy and makes no bones about it in his demeanour, slamming down glasses as he polishes them, glowering alternately at Red and Grady. Sam Mitchell enters. He pulls himself together, goes to the bar, nods at Mike. He does not touch the drink Mike gives him. The Copper Heads, gathered in a group, suddenly burst into song. Grady's head snaps up.

17. CLOSE GRADY

As he looks, snarling, toward Copper Heads.

18. GROUP SHOT COPPER HEADS

As they harmonize

19. ANGLE SHOT

Shooting across Grady toward Copper Heads in b.g.

GRADY

(ugly accents)

You jaspers! Shaddup!

The Copper Heads end in the middle of a bar.
Silence falls.

20. CLOSE SHOT SAM

He gulps his drink, starts away from bar.

21. MED SHOT SAM AND GRADY

As Sam comes to a stop alongside Grady, who has already turned back to the card game.

Feb. 9
Mon. 16

SAM

See here, Grady . . .

Grady doesn't look up.

GRADY

Cards, gentlemen?

All other sounds have ceased. Sam hitches at his belt.

SAM

I'm a talkin' to you, Grady.

GRADY

(calmly)

Well - - go ahead, talk.

He still does not look at Sam, smiling a little to himself, the cards in one hand.

SAM

I don't like the way you're doin' around here, Grady. I'm tellin' you right now . . .

GRADY

(interrupting, quietly)

Matter of law, Sheriff?

SAM

You got no call to be shushin' the Copper Heads. You got no right bringin' in these dealers and these games

GRADY

Is there a law against it?

Feb. 9
Mon. 17

SAM

It ain't the way this town
operates.

GRADY
(raising his voice slightly)

Red!

22. CLOSE ON RED COTTEN

She winces. Then she moves, trance-like toward
Grady. CAMERA PANS her slow procedure into TIGHT
GROUP SHOT at table. Grady glances at her, then at
Sam.

GRADY

Red - - tell the law-man

RED

(as though reciting a piece)

This is my property, Sam. I am
operating within the law. If you
have any complaint, take it to the
authoritics and get a warrant.

Sam stares at Red, unbelieving.

SAM

Red - - this is Sam, your old
friend. You sick, Red?

RED

You heard me, Sam.

SAM

But, Red, everybody in this town
is your friend. You ain't treatin'
them right. Nobody's won a dollar
at your games since these hombres
took over . . .

Feb. 9
Mon. 18

Grady suddenly stands up. Now he is aggressive, threatening.

GRADY

Just a minute, Sheriff. You proved this ain't a law matter. Now it looks to me like you're makin' it Personal.

He allows his coat to fall open. We see that he now has two guns strapped low, tied with thongs about his flanks, gunman style. He leans toward Sam.

GRADY

(softly)

You want to make this a personal matter, Sheriff? You want to shuck that badge and do somethin' about it - - right now?

Sam is frozen. CAME A PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT. Everyone in the barroom is in arrested motion, as though wax figures. Grady's hands are hovering over his gun butts, clawed, ready to swoop. Sam takes a step - backward.

23. CLOSE SAM

He is more frustrated than frightened. He has no legal leg upon which to stand and he knows it. He might choose to die where he stands, but knows he would be violating his office if he did so.

SAM

Mebbe you're right - about it bein' personal. Mebbe I'm off the reservation - this time.

24. FULL SHOT FEATURING GRADY AND SAM

As everyone relaxes. Grimes looks scared, Bancroft somewhat thoughtful but amused. Red Cotten is like a dummy in a store window. Grady cannily relaxes.

Feb. 9
Mon. 19

GRADY

I accept your apology, Sheriff.
Now, gentlemen, can we resume the
game?

He sits down, turning his back upon Sam.
The Sheriff looks.

26. EXT. MAIN STREET FULL SHOT DAY

Shooting toward edge of town down the length of the
street. Amy Mitchell stands in front of her store,
talking to Ozzie. The street is otherwise very quiet.
A rider, YOUNG APPLETON, comes in, pushing his horse
too fast, jerks back on the reins, comes to a sliding
stop. He dismounts, ties his horse to the rack in
front of the store, glares about.

27. MED. SHOT APPLETON, AMY, OZZIE

As Appleton turns, sees Amy, goes to her.

APPLETON

Sam in the Copper Cup?

AMY

Yes. But he won't do anything.

OZZIE

(puzzled)

Why should Sam do anything, Maw?
What's to be done?

APPLETON

(bitterly)

I can answer that. Last night I had
some money from cattle I sold. I
went in the Copper Cup. I had a few,-
sure - - celebratin'. And today I
got two dollars.

Feb. 9
Mon. 20

OZZIE

(simple, reasonable)

I seen you, Young Appleton. I seen
you in there, playin' the wheel.
You were sure havin' a good time.

APPLETON

Good time? It cost me every dime
I owned.

AMY

Well, Young, I must say - you always
been a wild one.

APPLETON

Miz Mitchell, I got red blood in
my veins, that's all.

AMY

(drily)

You got red blood - but you got
green brains.

APPLETON

Now look, Miz Mitchell, you got no
call to pick on me. I heard you
say often enough the Copper Cup is
a low dive since Grady come here.

AMY

But you didn't see me gamblin' there.

Ozzie bursts into laughter at thought of his
foster mother playing the tables in the Copper
Cup. She stills him with a hard glance.

Feb. 9
Mon. 21

AMY

(continuing)

Nor in any way aidin' or abettin'
Lon Grady in takin' the town's money.
I've come to think it's as much our
fault as his. He didn't drag you in there
and make you gamble.

APPLETON

(furiously)

He took advantage. And I got a
big idea them games are crooked.

AMY

(warningly)

You're red-necked, Young Appleton.
I wouldn't go in there if I was you.
Cool off before you accuse anybody -
even Lon Grady.

APPLETON

(emotionally)

I never thought you'd talk like
this, Miz Mitchell.

AMY

(calmly)

Jack Valentine gave me a hint.

APPLETON

Jack Valentine fest goes around
playin' that guitar while the town
goes to pot.

AMY

That's what I thought, first off.

OZZIE

Jack always knows what he's doin'!

Feb. 9
Mon. 22

APPLETON

(furiously)
And I know what I'm a-doin'.

He flings off, highly agitated. Katie Parrish enters the scene, looking off puzzledly at the departing Appleton.

KATIE

The ants biting Young Appleton?

AMY

I just wish Sam would come out of there.

KATIE

I just wish Jack would back him up.

AMY

(shaking her head)
Katie, I been thinkin'. Supposin' nobody went into the Copper Cup? Grady would leave soon enough.

KATIE

Nonsense! You couldn't keep the men out of there with cannon!

AMY

That's jest it!

OZZIE

(mournfully)
I don't go in there any more. Mr. Grady won't let the Copper Heads sing and play hardly at all.

AMY

(gently)
But you got more sense than other people, Ozzie dear.

OZZIE

(scoffing)
Awww! Everybody knows I got no sense!

Feb 9
Mon 23

KATIE

Everybody seems to think you aren't bright, Ozzie. But Amy's right. Still....Grady must be fought. The Copper Cup is Huberle's center of enjoyment - and has always been fairly clean. Grady can't spoil it.

AMY

He can't? He already has!

Ozzie takes out a knife and a stick and begins whittling

OZZIE

(cheerfully)

It'll straighten itself out.
Jack'll think of somethin'.

KATIE

(scornfully)

Jack!

AMY

(thoughtfully)

Jack.

OZZIE

(nodding)

Yep. Jack.

DISSOLVE TO

29 INTERIOR COPPER CUP FULL SHOT DAY

Jack is standing at the bar, elbows hooked to it. His guitar leans against the wall behind it. Mike is glowering, watching the poker game. Red is in b.g. Bancroft pushes back his chair, shakes his head laughingly, cashes a pile of chips. Grimes does the same. Grady rises moves to the roulette wheel, which is not getting a play. A couple of men drift after Grady. The croupier moves away from the wheel, but retains his stick. Grady spins the wheel once, looks around, challenging everyone in sight with his aggressive manner.

30 GROUP SHOT AT BAR

Sam, Jack, with Mike behind the bar.

SAM

If we could only prove the wheel was crooked.

MIKE

I thought of that. Took it apart one night. No wires - nothin'.

JACK

He's too smart. He's got the zero and double zero working for him. That's odds enough.

MIKE

(muttering)
If I only knowed what he's got on Red!

JACK

Everyone's got something in the past.

MIKE

Some day I'll take him apart!

JACK

Not while he's wearing those hog-legs tied down like he does. You're no gun-slinger, Mike.

MIKE

I'll get him -- some day.

Jack sighs, shrugging, looking off, toward wheel.

31 ANGLE SHOT FULL

favoring the swinging doors. They burst violently open and Young Appleton enters, stands a moment, looking dramatically around. He sees Grady at the wheel, brightens. He stalks across the room. Now everyone drifts toward the wheel, watching Appleton, then Grady, sensing trouble.

Feb 9
Mon 25

32 CLOSE RED

she catches her breath, despairing.

33 CLOSE BANCROFT

he frowns, turns, moves toward Sam and Jack. CAMERA PANS
him into THREE SHOT

BANCROFT

Sheriff -- Appleton dropped a pile
in here last night. Looks like
he's primed for trouble.

SAM

It does, at that. Young gets
real muscular, sometimes.

BANCROFT

Grady's got as much right to
protection as any other citizen.

JACK

And you're protecting him, are
you, Bancroft?

They exchange a sharp glance. Bancroft shrugs and
carefully removes himself to a place apart.

34 GROUP SHOT ROULETTE TABLE

Grady is spinning the wheel. Others are grouped behind
Appleton, who faces CAMERA on far side of table. Appleton
has two silver dollars.

APPLETON

This here is it, Grady. I'm
layin' it on lucky 13, red.

Grady shows no emotion. He spins the wheel, drones.

GRADY

Around and around the little ball
goes and where it will stop,
nobody knows.....

Feb 9
Mon 26

The wheel spins. The ball ricochets, bounces, hesitates, then falls into 13 and red. Grady's croupier stares in disbelief, then stacks the chips, a heap of them, paying off the odds against the long shot.

APPLETON

(gleeful, too emotional)
Waal, what do yuh know? Looks like
my luck might o' changed Grady.
Spin that wheel!

He distributes the stack, playing various numbers, splitting a few, in expert roulette-player fashion.

GRADY

And she spins.....

The wheel goes around. When it stops, the croupier, sweating a little, is forced to pay off the majority of Appleton's bets. In front of the rancher is quite a stack, now. Red Cotten comes on scene.

RED

Young - you're even now, at least.
Why don't you quit?

Appleton wheels on her, savage, chin jutting.

APPLETON

You'd like that, wouldn't you?
You and your hired gambler!

He spins and lays chips all over the table.

35 GROUP SHOT AT BAR

Sam, Jack and Mike. Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Young ain't right bright. He
forgets that double zero.

Feb 9
Mon 27

SAM

Mebbe he's got a streak. If the wheel's honest -- I mind a fella in Virginia City in '78, he run two dollars into twenty thousand....

36 ANGLE SHOT ROULETTE WHEEL

shooting across the excited Appleton to Grady, who spins the wheel.

GRADY

And she rolls, all bets good, around and around and lands where she should....

37 CLOSE ON WHEEL

as it slowly unwinds, the ball wriggles out of a number. It bounces, then snugly drops into double zero.

GRADY'S VOICE

(calm)

And the bank wins....Make your bets, gentlemen!

38 CLOSE SHOT A

He sees his chips being swept away. Sheer unreason grips him. He bellows his challenge.

APPLETON

Grady! I say this wheel's crooked!

39 FULL SHOT ROULETTE TABLE

as everyone falls back, leaving Appleton and Grady facing each other. Jack and Sam appear on edge of scene, but are powerless to make a move. Grady steps around the table, facing Appleton, looking him up and down.

GRADY

(softly)

I say it's straight, Appleton.

APPLETON

You're a cock-eyed liar!

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GRADY

(not stirring)
You can't call me a liar - and live.

APPLETON

I'll call you a tin-horn, a cheat
and a crook - AND a liar.

Grady still makes no move.

GRADY

And I inform you that you are
a fool, an ignorant fool and
a drunken wastrel!

Appleton goes for his gun. He gets it out, starts
to bring it up. Grady's hand makes a dip that it
is almost impossible to follow. His draw is
chained lightning. He fires one shot, from the hip.

40 MEDIUM SHOT APPLETON

Bug-eyed, he cannot believe what has happened. He
clutches his middle, spins around and pitches on his
face, arms outspread as he dies on the floor.

41 MEDIUM SHOT GRADY

He is utterly cool. He takes a step toward Sam. He
blows the smoke from the barrel of his gun, hands it
to Sam, bowing.

GRADY

I take it I'm under arrest, Sheriff.

SAM

(glumly)
Until I can form a jury.

GRADY

Quite right.

He walks slowly toward the door. Sam follows him, holding
Grady's revolver, unhappy. The others crowd around Apple-
ton's body. Jack and Mike hold back, move toward bar.

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42 TWO SHOT MIKE AND JACK AT BAR

Jack mutely asks for his guitar, his face withdrawn, thoughtful. Mike hands it to him, leans close.

MIKE

We got him now! Jest let Sam
pick his own jury!

Jack hits a few chords. They are opening bars of
THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

JACK

Hate to see a man killed. Even
a foolish man.

MIKE

We can at least run Grady outa
town, Appleton never had a chance.

JACK

Hate to see a man killed. Even
a foolish man.

MIKE

It's the chance we needed to
chase the jack-leg clean outa
Montana!

JACK

(looking sadly at Mike)
Appleton came lookin' for it.

He continues to play COWBOY'S LAMENT.

MIKE

But Jack...

JACK

He drew first.

MIKE

But Jack!

Jack begins softly to sing the COWBOY'S LAMENT.
NARRATION COMMERCIALS FADE OUT

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