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FEB. 13
FRI. 1

ACTION IN THE AFTERNOON

FRIDAY

FADE IN

ESTABLISHING SHOT Main street of Huberle. BLAKE RITTER is seated outside the Chronicle office in his wheelchair. People are going to and fro. There is much bustle and hustle. Placards reading GRADY FOR SHERIFF and SAM MITCHELL FOR SHERIFF are everywhere. SONNY is hawking his newspapers. KATE PARRISH comes from the Chronicle office and stands beside Ritter.

1. TWO SHOT RITTER AND KATE
as they watch the town activity.

RITTER'S VOICE

It was primary time and whoever won would be Sheriff sure as shootin' Huberle, Montana was a hot place that year. Kate Parrish was worried - she'd written hot pieces in her paper supportin' Sam Mitchell, but it didn't look too good.

2. CLOSE SHOT MITCHELL

SAM MITCHELL is walking alone, brooding, stops ON CAMERA.

RITTER'S VOICE

Sam didn't realize that he was gainin'. Kate didn't, neither. It looked like Grady all the way. Jack Valentine was workin' undercover and waitin' for a certain telegram. Truth, was, win or lose, Grady was death to Huberle. He had marked the town for his own, and Grady was a hard man to whip.

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3. EXT. COPPER CUP FULL SHOT DAY

on Grady as he gives orders to men who depart on a run. Others come up, get their orders, also take off. Grady looks up and down, thoughtfully, then enters bar.

ITTER'S VOICE

Jack Valentine -- Well, he had sent Mike the ex-bartender on an errand. He was sort of waitin' around, it seemed, not doin' much of anything. That's the way it seemed.

4. EXT. JAIL MED. SHOT

Jack Valentine is leaning against the door. Sam Mitchell comes on scene.

SAM

I swear, I can't tell how it's goin'. People don't know themselves how they are gonna vote. They're all waitin' to see somethin' happen.

JACK

you can't fool people. They smell it when somethin's goin' to happen.

Sam regards Jack sharply.

SAM

You got an answer to that telegram!

JACK

Yes. I did that.

SAM

What did it say?

JACK

Plenty.

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SAM

About Grady?

JACK

About Grady.

SAM
(impatiently)

Well - what is it?

JACK

I sent Sonny for Kate. She
should be in on this. and Amy.

SAM

Come on inside, then, where
nobody'll bother us.

JACK

That's a good idea. The jail is the
perfect place for this confab.

They enter the jail.

5. EXT. MITCHELL'S STORE MED. SHOT DAY

Ozzie is tending store by sitting outside, whittling.
Sonny runs up, out of breath.

SONNY

Jack Valentine wants your Maw to
come over to the jail.

OZZIE

She already went. Saw Sam over
there. You know Maw. She likes to
be in on things.

SONNY

Miss Kate went over, too.

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OZZIE

Jest Keep it to yourself, see?

SONNY

I'm not tellin' anybody anything.
I'm workin' for Sam. We're gonna
have an election parade. Red fire
and banners and everything.

OZZIE

(eagerly)

I'll carry a banner.

SONNY

Okay... I'm carryin'a big
torch, right in the front line.

OZZIE

Gee, that sounds like fun. It's
about time we had some kinda fun.

SONNY

I got to go, now. See you later, Ozzie.

He darts awasy. CAMERA PANS to right of Mitchell store.
We see HATTON AND CROWE, lurking, listening.

6. TWO SHOT HATTON AND CROWE

HATTON

Mitchell and Valentine and the
two women -- all meetin' in the
jail house.

CROWE

We better tell Grady.

HATTON

We better get over there and listen.

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CROWE

Me -- I m sensitive about jails.

HATTON

Grady makes me more sensitive.

CROWE

We ain't got no call to go sneakin'
around any jails. Grady don't know
we heard anything about a meetin'.

HATTON

He might find it out.

CROWE

How? You're gettin' real sensitive
about Grady. How would he know
that we know?

HATTON

Because Grady's got some way of
knowin' everything we know that he
knows we know.

Crowe looks very confused, Hatton, thinking it over,
also scratches his head puzzledly.

CROWE

I say we skip it and wait for word
from Grady.

Right on cue Grady's dealer walks past them and says
out of the corner of his mouth!

DEALER

Grady wants you.

He keeps right on going. Hatton and Crowe looked at
each other, frightened.

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HATTON

Y' see what I mean?

CROWE

It's plumb aggravatin'. And skeery!

DISSOLVE TO:

7. INT. JAIL GROUP SHOT DAY

featuring Kate, Amy, Sam and Jack.

JACK

I can tell you this much --
Grady is wanted in Texas.

SAM

Wanted? But I Went through every
dodger for the last ten years...

He slaps a heap of "Wanted" posters.

JACK

He used a different name. Several
names in fact. And he never had
a picture taken in his life.

SAM

Was he ever arrested?

JACK

It took me a passel of time to
chase that down. Onco - in El Paso.

SAM

Is that where he's wanted.

JACK

No... He's wanted in Austin.

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KATE

What is he wanted for, Jack?

AMY
(drily)

Ain't but one thing it could be.

JACK

That's right. Murder.

Sam reaches for a box of ammunition, draws his revolver, spins it, examining it.

AMY

You can't arrest him, Sam.

SAM

I can't do nothin' else!

AMY

You can't do it, Sam. Jack's only got a wire from the Marshal down yonder.

SAM

That's good enough for me.

AMY

It ain't good enough. Grady's got half a dozen gunmen around him. He won't submit, now with primaries comin' up.

KATE

Amy's right. He's bound to say it
- is a scheme to defeat him at the polls.

SAM
(appealing to Jack)

I got to get him, don't I?

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Jack shakes his head, smiling thinly.

JACK

Sorry to say, the girls are right, this time.

SAM

You mean we got to wait for some Texas lawman to come up here and identify this critter for us? Why - he might be Sheriff by then!

JACK

I've had a dozen men, all over the West, checkin' Grady. Everything pointed to Austin - and my description panned out so far as they are concerned. My Denver friends made it double sure by connectin' him with the notorious Soapy Smith gang.

SAM

Then let's go get him!

JACK

No. I aim to let him hang himself.

SAM

But how? He's too smart!

JACK

If he's that smart - nobody can beat him. Mike the bartender will be in soon. You check with him.

KATE
(sharply)

What are you going to do now, Jack

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JACK
(Grinning)

Get my guitar and play some - mebbe
even sing a little.

He bows to the ladies and exits.

KATE

He can be so exasperating....

AMY

But he took it slow and easy and found
out all about Grady.

KATE

He's holding something back. I
know it!

SAM

You know, Kate -- I had the same idea.

AMY

I knowed that all the time. He'd a
taken care of Grady long ago -- if
he didn't have a good reason not to.

KATE

He may get killed....

AMY

Sure, he may get killed. He's
settin' up somthin', I'll warrant yuh.
Somethin' plumb dangerous -- for
himself -- and for Grady!

DISSOLVE TO:

8.- INT. COPPER CUP MED. SHOT POKER TABLE DAY

Seated about the poker table are Grady, BANKER GRIMES and
ACE BANCROFT. Grimes leans forward.

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GRIMES

I've been friendly to you, Grady.
But - You're going too far.

GRADY

Gentlemen, it's a free country.
I'm merely running for office.
My right - as a citizen.

BANCROFT

You're reaching a little, Grady.
Using tough methods. My miners claim
your men threaten them.

GRADY

I deny it.

BANCROFT

Deny it all you want - it's true.

GRIMES

My clients are worried. There is
big money involved in the mines....

GRADY

(beaming)

Ain't that the truth!

BANCROFT

So long as you confine your activities
to the Copper Cup, we do not complain.

Grady faces Bancroft. He says slowly and distinctly,

GRADY

You didn't mention that when you
sent for me!

Grimes stares at Bancroft, who turns pale.

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GRIMES

You -Bancroft! You - sent for Grady?

GRADY

We knew each other away back,
didn't we. Ace? He merely suggested
there was a boom in the mines here
and that the games were slow and dull.

GRIMES

You-- sent for Him?

Grimes gets up. He staggers away from the table as though
away from a horror chamber. Bancroft turns upon Grady.

BANCROFT

You fool! You utter idiot!

Grady merely smiles.

GRADY

Today is my day, Bancroft. After
today I'm on my own.

BANCROFT

I never had anything to do with
your schemes.

GRADY

I haven't needed you. Maybe
better go and cry on Grime's
shoulder.

Bancroft rises. He looks down at Grady, resuming his usual
poker face.

BANCROFT

Maybe I had. Good-bye, Grady.

GRADY

I said --

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GRADY

Shall we just say - hasta luego?

BANCROFT

I said -- good-bye.

GRADY
(menacing)

You try anything on me. Ace....

BANCROFT

Me? I'm plumb peacable, Grady.
Oh no...it won't be me!

He nods significantly and leaves. Grady stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP MED. SHOT DAY

Jack is seated on his cracker box, his guitar in his hands. Sonny, Ozzie and two other boys are around him. Ozzie is happy, pleading with Jack.

OZZIE

Sing a fun tune, Jack.

SONNY

I'd rather hear BILLY THE KID.

OZZIE

First somethin' to make us laggh!
There ain't enough fun no more!

Jack is thoughtful, looking o.s. MIKE the ex-bar-tender comes on, staggering a little, disheveled, bleary-eyed. Jack looks highly relieved. Mike gives him a surreptitious nod, slumps against the wall behind him. Ozzie and Sonny are debating their requests. Jack leans toward Mike.

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MIKE
(whispering)

We was right. It all comes from
the Soapy Smith gang - peas in a pod.

JACK

That's all I wanted to know. You
got the rest of it straight?

MIKE

I got to get straight with Sam.

JACK

Right-o.
(he turns back to kids and Ozzie)

Ozzie's right. First a happy song.

Jack sings SONG

DISSOLVE TO:

10. INT. OFFICE OF COPPER CUP MED. SHOT DAY

Grady is conferring with Hatton and Grady. He is angry,
determined.

GRADY

Votes are slippin' away from me.
It's all that Valentine.

HATTON
(soberly)

He's a cute one, all right. That
guitar is as powerful as two guns.

GRADY

Grimes and Bancroft will be after
me, undercover. The Women are
listenin' to that Amy Mitchell,
influencin' their husbands.

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CROWE

That lady editor ain't doin' you
no good, Grady.

GRADY

I know it, I know it! They got to
be scared into it!

HATTON

(drawling)

Yeah.... you ain't kilt nobody
in some time, Grady.

Grady wheels on his two henchmen.

GRADY

And there's only one man worth
killin' in Huberle!

Hatton and Crowe nod, shifting their gun belts.

HATTON

How you goin' to make him draw,
Grady?

GRADY

I'll make him do it! I've got a
way to sure make him do it!

CROWE

How we goin' to get him in a
crossfire? He's a smart hombre,
I tell yuh.

GRADY

I don't ask for no help. All I
want is you should keep Mitchell
and anybody else off me. I'll handle
Valentine.

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HATTON

You're fast, Grady. But did you ever notice his hands when he's pickin' that guitar? Quick. Smooth.

CROWE

I never seen him make a real draw. But I bet He's lightnin'.

GRADY
(menacingly)

Who's side are you boys on?

HATTON

Grady, we took your money. We've been spyin' on Valentine like you said. We'll be there when the shoot-out comes. But Grady-- we don't shoot nobody in the back--- unless we get paid real good.

GRADY

When I'm Sheriff, you'll have the pickin's of the town. You rob the stage -- am I goin' to track you down?

CROWE

That sounds reasonable, Hatton.

GRADY

That banker - Grimes - he can be stuck up for thousands.

CROWE

He's right, Hatton.

There is a short pause. Then Hatton nods.

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HATTON

Okay. I sure do hate to kill such a good guitar player. But a man has to think of business first.

GRADY

I'm settin' him up today. I don't dare wait any longer. With him dead and the town scared -- I'll be Sheriff!

HATTON

Yep. Reckon you will, Grady.

GRADY

You just stick around him -- and watch my play?

HATTON

Okay Grady.

The two start toward the window, Crowe raises it, steps out. Hatton turns to Grady.

HATTON

Only -- make it good, Grady. You're dead a long time, they tell me.

He follows Crowe. Grady closes the window, locks it. He nervously removes his revolver, reloads it with fresh ammunition. He flips his cuff. We see a small, vicious, .50 caliber derringer slide into his palm. He shrugs it back, adjusts his coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. INT. COPPER CUP FULL SHOT

The bar is full. But the games are not being well patronized. There is a distinct air of suspense. Grady comes out of his office. Heads turn.

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12. MED. SHOT GRADY

as he comes out of the office, Red Cotton moves to intercept him. He pauses, staring arrogantly at her.

RED

What are you up to? I know
it's something bad.

GRADY

None of your business. Get
over to the bar and attend
to your business.

RED

All day I've felt it. You're
planning some deviltry.

GRADY

You do as I say or you'll learn
what deviltry is!

RED

I won't do it!

He moves close to her, seizes her wrist, twists it in a manner that cannot be detected by the others in the bar.

GRADY

You'll do it -- or else.

Red winces. Haggard, defeated, she pulls away from him. She exits. Grady stands looking triumphantly after her. Then he moves, strutting, toward the roulette wheel, CAMERA PANNING, a vantage point from which he can see the entire bar.

13. FULL SHOT BAR

shooting toward the swinging doors. They swing wide and Jack Valentine enters. Again there is a stir, a momentary hush. Jack moves to the bar, looks about, then goes to where Red Cotton stands and leans an elbow on the mahogany. Hatton and Crowe enter, follow Jack, take places nearby him.

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14. PAN SHOT BAR

showing the tension that is mounting in everyone.

15. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

Looking toward bar, eyes narrowed.

16. TWO SHOT RED AND JACK

at bar. She is leaning toward him, talking rapidly in a whisper.

RED

Get out of here, Jack. Quiet!

JACK

Why, Red, I jest came in.

RED

He's up to something bad, Jack.

JACK

He's never up to any good!

RED

But-- he'll kill you, Jack.
Then what'll become of Huberle?

Jack looks at her with sympathy. Then he shakes his head and walks by her. CAMERA PAN HIM to Copper Heads.

17. GROUP SHOT JACK AND COPPER HEADS

They too are frightened, but Jack smiles at them.

JACK

Play us somethin' boys. A nice,
lively tune.

The Copper Heads look across at Grady, uncomfortably, then feebly start a tune. SONG
by Copper Heads, with Jack taking a chorus. On the
reprise,

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GRADY'S VOICE
(cutting in)

Shut up that noise!

The Copper Heads falter to a close. Jack, however, without accompaniment, finishes the chorus. Then he looks off at Grady and laughs.

18. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

as he builds his anger, glaring at Jack, feeding on hatred.

19. PAN SHOT JACK

as he deliberately walks back to where Red stands.
HOLD IN MED. SHOT.

JACK
(easily)

You're right, Red.

RED

Please, Jack, go-away!

JACK

And miss all the fun?

Grady comes into the scene, cat-like, narrow-eyed. Jack faces him, relaxed. Grady, however, ignores Jack. He moves into Red, snarling at her.

GRADY

You got your orders. They don't
- include wastin' time with dead
heads.

RED

Jack's a friend of mine....

GRADY
(sneering)

You got no friends. Get about
your business.

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At his tone, Red shrinks back, frightened. As she does, Grady grabs her, swings her about. Jack makes a move, but Grady is too quick -- he slaps Red across the face.

GRADY

You heard me!

Jack a second too late, moves in. He holds Grady with his left hand. Grady struggles. Jack pins him against the bar with strength Grady did not suspect was in him. Jack slaps Grady right and left, humiliating slaps. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Hatton and Crowe behind Jack, but puzzled at this sort of play, not offering to butt in. Grady struggles, but cannot break loose from Jack's grasp.

20. FULL SHOT BAR

Everyone is frozen, fascinated by the action. The doors swing and Sam Mitchell enters the bar. He takes in the situation, moves in wary.

21. MED. SHOT BAR JACK, GRADY, RED.

Red, her hand to cheek, is afraid to speak. Grady is enraged but unable to move. Jack takes his time. Silence becomes absolute.

JACK

You've killed a man and got away with it, Grady. You've milked this town of money. You've thrown your weight around plenty. But Grady - you can't slap a lady in this town and not pay pay for it.

GRADY

Turn me a-loose. I'll show you what I can get away with.

JACK

I'm goin' to turn you a-loose. And I'm givin' you a warning.

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GRADY

You go for your gun....

JACK
(shaking his head)

Not in here, Grady. Some bystander
might get hurt. I told you, Grady,
I'd give you your time.

He suddenly hurls Grady away, so that he bounces off the
bar. He draws his gun, without flash or speed. Sam
draws his. In a ringing voice, Jack delivers the
time-honored challenge to a duel.

JACK

Grady -- I'll be on the street at
six o'clock this evenin'. Either you
be outa town -- or show with your
guns ready!

Grady stands, glaring. The gage has now been thrown down.
He cannot refuse it lest he lose caste in the eyes of
even his most rascally follower. Furthermore, it gives
him a left-handed legitimacy if he kills Jack in a duel.
He looks at Mitchell.

GRADY

What about that, Sheriff?

MITCHELL

You heard the man. I ain't
interferin' with anything that
hasn't happened yet!

Grady pulls himself together.

GRADY

I'll be there.

Jack nods carelessly, He turns and starts for door.

22. FULL SHOT BAR

as Jack goes to door, covered by Sam. Hatton and Crowe
follow him out.

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23. MED. SHOT GRADY AND RED

Red. in b. g. She is looking at Grady with new eyes. She has seen Jack handle him, master him, challenge him. Grady is glaring after Jack, realizing that things have not gone exactly as he planned, but secure in the knowledge that Hatton and Crowe are sticking close to Jack. He turns on Red. They glare at each other, but this time Red does not flinch.

RED

Do you want to hit me again?

GRADY

I'll 'tend to you -- after
six o'clock.

RED

I can't wait!

DISSOLVE TO:

24. INT. CHRONICLE OFFICE MED. SHOT DAY

Kate and Amy are together. Mike the bartender enters.

MIKE

It's set for six O'clock.

KATE

What is set?

Mike's surprise is evident.

MIKE

The show-down. Jack dared him out.

KATE

Oh, no!

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AMY
(grimly)

What else? I got to get busy.
I got things to do.

Amy starts out, pauses, looks at Kate.

AMY

Kate, you seen what has happened
to Huberle. You seen us try
everything against Grady that
was legal.

KATE

I'll never be able to swallow
this violence. I--I can't.

AMY

Some day mebbe you won't have to.
But for now -- Jack can only do
what he aims to do. And you better
not try to stop it.

She exits. Kate turns to Mike.

KATE

I know you've been working
with Jack. Isn't there -- any
other way?

MIKE

If there is -- we don't know it.

Kate turns away from him. She is fighting with herself.
She bows her head.

KATE

Then -- I can only pray.

FADE OUT

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FADE IN

25. EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP MED. SHOT

Jack is seated on his cracker box, playing his guitar.
He sings. SONG
Sam enters. Ozzie follows, whittling.

SAM

It's quarter before six.

JACK

Already?

He puts his guitar carefully inside the smithy. He
adjusts his gun belt carelessly, nods at Sam.

JACK

I'll begin my walk.

SAM

I oughta cover you, Jack. I don't
trust Grady no how.

Hatton and Crowe come hastily on scene.

HATTON

We'll cover him, Sheriff.

CROWE

You betcha, we'll be right behind
him allaway.

JACK

You're the law, Sam. You stay
out of it.

Sam reaches out his hand.

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SAM

Good luck, Jack, I wish - I wish
it was me.

They shake hands. Jack begins his walk. Hatton and Crowe remain on scene, look at each other, follow.

26. FULL SHOT MAIN STREET

as we see Jack walking the completely deserted street. He goes to the far end. He pauses, turns. He stands a moment. Crowe and Hatton may be seen lurking, but on the walk, not in the street itself.

27. MED. SHOT EXT. BANK

Grimes coming out of bank, shrinks against building, stares toward Jack, scared.

28. CLOSE SHOT BANCROFT

hiding behind a building, peering out at Jack.

29. CLOSE SHOT KATE

crouching at entrance to Chronicle Office, looking toward Jack, wringing her hands.

30. MED. SHOT AMY

She is in the doorway of the store, standing straight, her face stern, her lips set.

31. MED. SHOT OZZIE AND SONNY

in shelter of smithy. Ozzie is not whittling now. He has an arm around Sonny, as though protecting the kid. But there is serene confidence in Ozzie.

32. MED. SHOT EXT. COPPER CUP

It is deserted, the doors bat-winged, ominous. Suddenly they are flung wide. Grady steps out. He is wearing a black slouch hat, his guns are tied down to his thighs. He is all swagger and confidence, now. Red follows him. Strangely, Red is also confident, as though the load had been released from her shoulders.

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She is wearing a loosely slung mantilla around her shoulders, her arms folded within it. Grady throws her evil glare. Red smiles at him.

RED

Good-bye, Lon Grady!

He does a take, remembering Bancroft's words, looks around.

33. CLOSE BANCROFT AT EDGE OF BUILDING

He looks stonily at Grady.

34. MED. SHOT GRADY

He grunts, walks down and into the street, CAMERA PANNING. He looks toward Jack at other end of street.

35. FULL SHOT MAIN STREET

Jack at one end, Grady at the other. They begin a measured walk toward each other.

36. MED. SHOT RED PANNING

as she comes swiftly down and to the walk. She moves close to the buildings, keeping her arms folded.

37. CLOSE SHOT JACK

He is walking slowly forward, his face serene.

37. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

He is walking toward Jack, gritting his teeth.

39. FULL SHOT STREET

showing the distance between them to still be considerable. HOLD as they walk, stiff-legged, closing the space.

40. MED. SHOT HATTON AND CROWE

They are at a spot where Grady and Jack must meet. They are alert.

41. CLOSE SHOT SAM MITCHELL

He is standing quietly, his hat slanted down, watching.

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42. FULL SHOT STREET

Grady and Jack slow down, wary, as they come closer and closer together. There is no apparent slacking the the pace of either. Neither makes a move for his gun.

43. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

He is coming toward CAMERA. His face is slightly beaded with sweat.

RITTER'S VOICE OVER

It looked like Grady was going to carry through the game. But maybe in Grady's mind he was hearing the twice-repeated "Good-byes" of Bancroft and Red. Maybe he was wonderin' where Hatton and Crowe were, and if they could get away with the cross-fire. It wouldn't be so legitimate if they was caught stickin' in shots - but Grady had it figured that when the shootin' nobody could count shots.

Grady licks his lips, but is confident enough. He sneaks a glance to the left.

44. MED. SHOT HATTON AND CROWE

They are poised, ready. They have their guns half-drawn in the shadows, awaiting the beginning of action. As they lean forward, intent, a man moves behind them. He comes closer, closer. We see that it is Mike the bartender, no longer a bleary-eyed drunk, but an avenging menacing figure. He lifts a long .45 Colt's above his head. He brings it down sharply. Crowe spins, goes down without a sound. Hatton, moving toward the street, does not even notice.

MIKE
(softly)

Hey, Hatton! How about Soapy Smith and Denver?

Hatton spins, startled half out of his wits. Mike swings the barrel again. It clunks alongside Hatton's skull. He joins Crowe on the walk. Mike immediately move past them, toward the street.

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45. FULL SHOT THE STREET

Jack and Grady are coming closer, slowing down a bit now, watching each other. Mike steps to the edge of the walk.

MIKE
(calling)

Hatton and Crowe are accounted
for, Jack!

46. CLOSE SHOT JACK

Without turning his head, he smiles.

47. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

He jerks around, immediately swings back, His teeth show, he is really sweating, now. He moves jerkily forward.

38. MED. SHOT GRADY AND JACK

as they come together. Grady's hands jerk. He crouches, seems to draw. Jack does not hesitate. He keeps right on coming, making no attempt to go for a gun.

49. CLOSE SHOT KATE

lips moving, praying.

50. CLOSE SHOT AMY

with a rifle in her hands, covering Jack, watching the town, especially the Copper Cup.

51. FULL SHOT EXT. COPPER CUP

Grady's mob huddled, watching, fearful. They look at Amy, they do not make a bad move.

52. CLOSE SHOT SAM

He leans forward, grim.

53. MED. SHOT JACK AND GRADY

Grady still poised, still not going for his guns. Jack comes to within four feet of him, pauses. He holds out his left hand. In it is a deputy's star.

FEB. 13
FRI. 29

JACK

Lon Grady, I arrest you for the
murder of Tent Jones, in Austin,
Texas.

GRADY

Come and get me!

JACK

I'm comin'!

He takes one step forward. Grady again seems to go for
his guns but does not.

55. CHOKE SHOT GRADY

His eyes bulge as he stares at Jack. He is frozen.

56. CHOKE SHOT JACK

As he stares at Grady.

57. MED. SHOT JACK AND GRADY

Grady is indeed frozen, Jack gets to him. He snaps
Grady's guns from their holsters. He throws them in the
dirt, steps back contemptuously.

JACK

I thought you were a bar-room
fighter, Grady. That long walk
is just too much for your kind.

Jack turns his back to call,

JACK

Sam!

Grady snaps out of it. He jerks the cuff of his coat.
The derringer comes into his hand,

58. CLOSE GRADY

as he lifts derringer to shoot Jack in the back.

FEB. 13
FRI. 30

59. CLOSE RED COTTON

on walk. Her hand comes out from under her shawl. In it is a small revolver.

RED.

Jack! Oh, Jack!

She aims and fires the revolver.

60. MED. SHOT JACK AND GRADY

as Grady's hand jerks, the derringer flies out of it. Jack spins, strikes Grady once on the chin. Red runs into the scene.

RED

I knew he'd try and get you
in the back! I knew it!

She throws herself upon Jack, weeping. Sam rushes onto the scene and bends to secure Grady.

JACK

Take it easy, Red.

RED

But what am I going to do?

JACK

(whispering)

No one knows who he is. I sure
don't aim to tell anybody.

RED

Oh, Jack, it was so many years
ago!

JACK

Red, you ain't accountable for
him - even if he was your husband!

FEB. 13
FRI. 31

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Kate comes on, running, stops dead at sight of Red in Jack's arms. Jack disengages himself.
- Red. is weeping into a handkerchief.

KATE

You -- you didn't kill him, after all.

JACK

It wasn't necessary.

KATE

He'll hang. The law will hang him.

JACK

(gently)

That was the general idea!

Everyone is crowding on scene now. Jack steps back, holds up his hand.

JACK

I suggest we adjourn to -- the Copper Cup.

Ozzio sticks his head in close.

OZZIE

And have fun!

NARRATION

COMMERCIAL

FADE OUT

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