ELDORADO

PRODUCER-
DIRECTOR: Howard Hawks

WRITER: Leigh Brackett

SHOOTING SCRIPT
GENERAL DISTRIBUTION
September 23, 1965
ELDORADO

NAME CHANGES FROM PREVIOUS YELLOW SCRIPT

COLE THORNTON  (Was Arch Eastmere)
J. P. HARRAH  (Was Dan Hallock)
BART JASON  (Was Mark Lacy)
DAN McLEOD  (Was Nelse McLeod)
KEVIN MACDONALD  (Was Perc Randal)

His sons  SAUL
           JARED
           MATTHEW
           JOHNNY

SAMANTHA (SAM) MACDONALD  (Was Anne)
(His daughter)

DOCTOR MILLER  (Was Dr. Hyssop)

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FADE IN:

1. **EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)**
   "BULL" THOMAS, deputy, approaching office.

2. **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)**
   as Bull comes in. J.P. HARRAH, the sheriff, is at the desk.

   **BULL**
   Well, town's kind of busy this morning.

   **HARRAH**
   Hm.

   **BULL**
   Ain't you interested?

   **HARRAH**
   I'm going to hear it whether I am or not. What's so busy?

   **BULL**
   We got a visitor.

   **HARRAH**
   Who?

   **BULL**
   Cole Thornton.

   **HARRAH**
   You sure?

   **BULL**
   Big fellow, about six-four...

   **HARRAH**
   What kind of horse does he ride?

   **BULL**
   Kind of fancy, but a good one.

   **HARRAH**
   Silver on the saddle?

   **BULL**
   'Bout a ton of it.

9-23-65 (Continued)
2. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
That's him. Where is he?

BULL
Down at Maudie's place. I heard he was going to work for Bart Jason.

HARRAH
You've been a busy man this morning.

Harrah gets a rifle.

BULL
You want me to come with you?

HARRAH
Why?

BULL
Just 'cause I'm curious.

HARRAH
I'll let you know what happened.

3. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Harrah goes along to the SALOON, pauses to look at a big Appaloosa tied up at the rack, then goes in.

4. INT. SALOON - (DAY)

Harrah looks around, then speaks to bartender.

HARRAH
Tom...a big fellow, about six-four...came in just a little while ago...

BARTENDER
He's in shaving, getting cleaned up.

He points, Harrah nods and goes on.

5. INT. WASHROOM - (DAY)

COLE TFORNTON washing the soap off his face. Harrah comes in.

9-23-65 (Continued)
Hi, Cole.

I'd know that voice anywhere. Wait'll I get the soap out of my eyes...heard you were sheriff here now...I was going to come and say hello as soon as I...

(Sees the rifle)

What's that for?

Only until I find out which side you're on.

What do you mean?

I hear you're going to work for Bart Jason.

Nothing set. He offered me real good money. I haven't found out yet what I have to do to earn it.

You want to know?

(Looks at rifle and grins)

You go right ahead and tell me.

It won't take long. Jason came here right after the War, with a pocketful of money. Nobody seems to know where he got it. Anyway, everybody else was broke...you know how things were then.

Same all over Texas.

Well, having money, Jason started to grow. Now he can't grow any bigger until he gets more water... and there's only one place he can
HARRAH (Cont'd)
get it. Trouble is, somebody got there ahead of him...about twenty years ahead. Man named Kevin MacDonald...came out here when there was nothing but Indians, coyotes, and drought. MacDonald's got four boys and a girl, and they've all worked, and hung on through the bad times, and now things are starting to look up again...and MacDonald is in no mind to sell out. So he's holding, and Jason's pushing, and I'm standing in between. I guess you're supposed to take care of me.

COLE
Hm. Not that I couldn't do it, Harrah, but I don't think I'd like that.

HARRAH
I was hoping you'd feel that way, because I wouldn't like it either. Not that I couldn't handle you...

COLE
That's why you brought that thing with you.

HARRAH
I'm not doing this for fun.

COLE
Mm-hm. Okay, Harrah. Suppose I go and tell Jason that I talked to you and you scared me out. Good enough?

HARRAH
Good enough.

He lets the muzzle drop.

COLE
Whew! That's more comfortable... It's good to see you, you old sidewinder. When I get back you can buy me a drink...

As they go through the door Cole is first. He runs into MAUDIE.
MAUDIE
Cole Thornton! Where did you come from? I was beginning to think you'd forgotten me.

COLE
How could I ever do that?

MAUDIE
The last time I saw you, you told me... (Sees Harrah and starts to laugh)
Don't tell me you two are friends!

HARRAH
I gather you knew him before you knew me.

MAUDIE
A long time ago. I never mentioned that, did I?

HARRAH
No.

MAUDIE
I'm awful glad you're friends.

COLE
We may not be when we think things over.

MAUDIE
If you aren't, I'm through with both of you.

HARRAH
Cole, we're going to have to find us another girl.

MAUDIE
Come on, I'll buy you both a drink.

COLE
I got a little job to do first, Maudie. The three of us will get together in a couple of hours... Where's Jason's place?
5. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
About four miles out. Take
the north road. After you cross
the creek you'll see a little butte...
Bear east of it. That's MacDonald's
boundary. Jason's ranch is about
two miles beyond.

COLE
I'll see you.

He goes.

6. INT. SALOON - (DAY)

Maudie and Harrah.

MAUDIE
You're not mad at me, are you?

HARRAH
You know better than that.

MAUDIE
I'd like to tell you.

HARRAH
You don't have to.

MAUDIE
I know I don't. That's why I
want to. I met Cole right after
my husband was killed. I did
tell you about that...

HARRAH
You told me.

MAUDIE
Well, there I was, stranded...
a gambler's widow, without a chip
to my name. Cole was awful good
to me. Gave me a stake, helped me
get on my feet again...never would
take a penny when I tried to pay
him back.

HARRAH
Sounds like him.

MAUDIE
You known him a long time?

9-23-65
HARRAH
Since before the War. We've travelled some together.

MAUDIE
Sure. I know what that means. You saved his life or he saved yours or both...and neither one of you will say a word about it. Men!

HARRAH
You want it set to music, with a full orchestra?
   (Bull comes up)
Hi, Bull. Anything new?

BULL
Thought you might like to know... Cole Thornton just rode out of town headed for Jason's place.

HARRAH
Don't say. Reckon that means trouble?

BULL
Don't know. But where there's sign, you can look for beaver.

HARRAH
Thanks, Bull. I'll keep a sharp watch.

Bull nods and goes. Maudie is laughing.

MAUDIE
Oh, you're mean.

HARRAH
Why? It keeps him happy.

DISSOLVE TO:

7.  EXT. COUNTRY - (DAY)
SHOT of a HORSEMAN riding fast, coming from town.

8.  EXT. CREEK - (DAY)
The creek Harrah spoke of. The horseman pulls up

9-23-65  (Continued)
where KEVIN MACDONALD, two sons, SAUL and JOHNNY, and 
a couple of cowboys or vaqueros are driving about 100 
head of horses.

HORSEMAN
Mr. MacDonald...

MACDONALD
Hello, Roy. Something wrong?

HORSEMAN
Doc Miller sent me. Said to 
tell you Bart Jason has hired 
himself a gunhand...Cole Thornton... 
and Thornton rode out there 
about an hour ago. He wanted 
you to know, and said to be care-
ful.

MACDONALD
Thanks, Roy. Tell Doc I'm much 
oblighed to both of you.

HORSEMAN
I will.

He goes. The MacDonald boys gather round their father.

SAUL
What are we going to do, Pa?

MACDONALD
We'll take these horses back to 
the ranch. Saul, you get out to 
the West Fork and tell Matthew and 
Jared to get back to the house as 
soon as they can.

SAUL
Sure, Pa.

He goes.

MACDONALD
You, Johnny. You get up there on 
that butte. You see anybody coming, 
you fire a shot in the air. That'll 
give us a little warning.

JOHNNY
Okay, Pa.

9-23-65 (Continued)
8. (Cont'd)

MACDONALD  
(Yells after him)
As soon as you fire that shot,  
you jump on your horse and high-  
tail it, you hear?  

JOHNNY  
I hear you, Pa.  

MACDONALD  
(To cowboys)
Come on, let's get 'em moving.  

They drive the horses on as we

DISSOLVE TO:

9.  

EXT. JASON RANCH - (DAY)

Cole Thornton rides into the ranch. Several MEN...  
Jason's hands, a rather seedy-looking bunch of hard  
cases, come out to look at him.

COLE  
Where'll I find Jason?

MAN  
Up at the house.

Cole goes to the house. They drift after him.

Cole knocks, BART JASON comes to the door.

COLE  
Mr. Jason?

JASON  
Yes.

COLE  
I'm Cole Thornton.

JASON  
I've been expecting you, Thornton.  
Come in.

10.  

INT. JASON RANCH - THE HALL - (DAY)

Cole comes in, Jason hospitably waving him on.

JASON  
Not too early for a drink, is it?

9-23-65  
(Continued)
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10. (Cont'd)

COLE
Better hear what I have to say first.

JASON
Go ahead.

Cole hands him a small pouch of coins.

COLE
Here's what's left of your expense money. Sorry about the rest of it, but that's the chance you take. I've decided against the job.

JASON
Before you've even talked about it? No, you wouldn't do that. You must have talked to somebody.

COLE
I did. The Sheriff.

JASON
And he changed your mind?

COLE
Let's say he convinced me that the proposition wasn't very sound.

JASON
All right, Thornton, if that's your decision, then I don't want you. Just one thing interests me...You think Harrah's that good?

COLE
I think he's that good. I see you don't carry a gun, Mr. Jason, and I guess you always hire it done...so I'll give you a little advice. (Looks out at the men)

I wouldn't tangle with Harrah if this bunch is all you've got. They don't look to me as though they could stomp down a real tough jackrabbit.

The men have heard this and aren't happy.
MAN
You want us to stop him, Mr. Jason?

JASON
It's up to you if you want to try. This is Cole Thornton.

All of a sudden they're not in the least interested in stopping him...except one man who tries to edge out of sight behind a shed.

COLE
You -- you over there behind the shed. You can take a shot at me if you want to, but you better ask your boss first, because he'll be dead before I hit the ground.

JASON
Don't be a damn fool, Joe. Come out and stand with the others, where he can see you.
   (He does)
I'll remember what you said, Thornton.

Cole nods to him, mounts and rides away, and no one stirs.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. EXT. PLAIN - (DAY)

Cole riding across country toward the butte where the boy, Johnny, was sent to watch. As he comes close to the butte there is a SUDDEN SHOT from among the rocks...he sees a figure, rifle in hand, among the rocks...he FIRES and the figure falls. Cole races for the foot of the butte, dives for cover.

12. ON THE BUTTE

Gun in hand, Cole works his way up among the rocks. He finds Johnny lying on the ground holding his belly.

JOHNNY
Don't shoot any more, mister...

COLE
You're just a kid. What're you...
Here, let me see that....

9-23-65 (Continued)
12. (Cont'd)

JOHNNY
Wasn't your fault, mister. I went to sleep...I was only supposed to shoot in the air...
It's bad, isn't it?

COLE
What's your name, boy?

JOHNNY
Johnny...MacDonald...I live just over there, beyond the creek.... It is bad.

COLE
Bad enough, son. Bad enough.

13. EXT. MACDONALD RANCH - (DAY)

MacDonald and sons and others.

SAUL
There was two shots, Pa.

MACDONALD
I heard them.

SAUL
And I don't see Johnny coming back.

MACDONALD
I know that...now listen to me, you all know what to do. And don't start anything until I...

SAUL
Pa...

A third SHOT sounds o.s., far away.

MACDONALD
Where are you going?

SAUL
Johnny's in trouble...

MACDONALD
If he is, you're not going to be any help to him now. He went there to warn us, and he's warned us. Get to cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

9-23-65
EXT. MACDONALD RANCH - (DAY)

Cole rides into the ranch yard, leading Johnny's horse with the boy's body hanging over the saddle. The house and ranch buildings look deserted but are not and he knows it. He halts.

COLE
MacDonald! Kevin MacDonald.
Come and get your boy.

Slowly the MacDonald's begin to emerge, armed. The boys are letting their father run the show.

COLE
You MacDonald?

MACDONALD
I am. Is he dead?

COLE
He's dead. Get him down from there.

MacDonald signs to two vaqueros. They start to lift the boy down.

SAMANTHA (SAM) comes riding in, sees what is happening; she jumps off her horse and goes to the boy.

SAM
Johnny...

MACDONALD
Who are you?

COLE
Cole Thornton.

SAM
I've heard about you, mister. How much is Jason paying you to kill boys?

MACDONALD
Samantha...

COLE
For your information, Miss, Jason isn't paying me anything because I'm not working for him.

SAM
You expect us to believe that?
She grabs for a gun in somebody's holster, partly pulls it out. One of her brothers slams it back again.

SAUL
Pa's handling this.

MACDONALD
Get in the house, girl.

Instead she runs and jumps on her horse, tears out of the yard.

MACDONALD (Cont'd)
I'm waiting to hear what happened.

COLE
I'll tell you what happened. You left a boy out there all by himself, and he dozed off...and when I came by he jumped up and fired off his gun, and how was I to know he wasn't shooting at me? All I saw was somebody up in the rocks with a rifle.

MACDONALD
How do you know he dozed off?

COLE
Because he told me. He told me what his name was and where he lived and that's how I knew where to bring him.

MACDONALD
We heard three shots.

COLE
The first and the last ones were his. You'll find two bullets in him. Mine was in his belly. You know how it is when a man's gutshot...he knew too, because he said you told him they can live as long as three or four days and hurt worse all the time. Did you tell him that?

MACDONALD
Yes. I told him that.

COLE
Well, he was already hurting worse than he could stand. He
COLE (Cont'd)
asked me for his gun, and I gave it to him. Now do you have any more questions to ask me?

MACDONALD
No. I guess you're telling the truth. I guess if you weren't, you wouldn't ever have brought him here. I'm obliged to you for that.

COLE
Just keep your kids at home.

He goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

15. EXT. BLUFF - (DAY)
Above the creek. Sam is lying in wait with a rifle. Cole rides below by the creek. She fires and drops him out of the saddle.

16. EXT. CREEK - (DAY)
Cole, hit in the back, lies beside the water. Sam rides up, rifle in hand, gets off and goes to him, stands looking down.

SAM
Guess you won't shoot any more little boys.

Cole suddenly with a sweep of his arm knocks her feet out from under her, dumping her onto her backside into the water. He grabs the rifle.

COLE
You won't shoot any more men, either, unless you make sure they're dead before you walk up to 'em.

SAM
I won't forget that, mister. Next time I won't forget it.

Cole throws the rifle in the creek, staggers to his
hors and hauls himself aboard. She watches him go
in helpless rage.

Dissolve to:

17. **INT. MAUDIE'S BEDROOM** - (NIGHT)

Cole lies on his stomach in Maudie's bed. Maudie
holds a can of chloroform and a cloth pad. Harrah
holds Cole by the shoulders. Doc Miller is working
with a probe.

Cole moves and cries out.

Miller
Hold him, Harrah...hold him.
Maudie...more chloroform.

She applies the pad...Cole quiets down. They watch
Miller. Presently he throws the probe down.

Harrah
Can't you get it out?

Miller
It's too deep, too close to the
spine. I'd have to cut...and
I'm not good enough, Harrah.
I'm not good enough.

Maudie
Will he be all right?

Miller
For right now, yes. But he'd
better find a good doctor and
get that bullet out of there
as soon as he can. It can
cause him a lot of trouble.
He'll need care for a while,
Maudie, and he shouldn't be
moved.

Maudie
He can stay here just as long
as you say.

Harrah
When he's better I'll take him
out to my place. Damn it -- I
suppose you can't blame her, but

(Continued)
HARRAH (Cont'd)
why did that fool girl have to
be so quick on the trigger?

MILLER
From what Thornton was babbling
under the anaesthetic, I would
guess he's wondering the same
thing about himself.

DISOLVE TO:

18. INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Cole is sitting in a chair, still bandaged up. ROSA, the Mexican cook, sees somebody out the window.

ROSA
Senor...

COLE
What is it, Rosa?

ROSA
Someone is coming. I think... si, it is the MacDonald girl.

COLE
The MacDonald girl...

He moves to get up, winces and grunts.

ROSA
Sit still, Senor. What is it you wish? I will get it...

19. EXT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Joey MacDonald riding up to the house. She sits for a moment looking at the house as though making up her mind whether to go in...then jumps off the horse.

20. INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Joey enters. On a table beside Cole now a hat or a serape, something of the sort, is thrown.

JOEY
Hello, Mr. Thornton.

(Continued)
(Cont'd)

How...how are you?

You planning to finish the job this time if you get the wrong answer?

You look like you mean it. All right.

(Uncovers a gun on the table)

I can't blame you for that. But I only came because I have to say something...

You don't have to say anything.

Yes I do. It's not that easy for me, mister. I never shot a man before.

I never shot a kid before. And I don't find it easy.

Then let me say what I came to say.

Look...you thought you had a reason to kill me, just like I thought I had a reason to kill your brother. We were both wrong but I was a better shot. Just be thankful you weren't.

Maybe someday I can make it up to you...

I owe you and your family for the kid...so don't talk to me about debts. Now go on, get out of here.

(Continued)
JOEY
All right, Mr. Thornton. And
I won't even say I'm sorry.
Because that's the most useless
word I know.
(Goes)

COLE
(Looks at gun)
It sure as hell is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Rosa putting dinner on the table. Cole and Harrah
bent over a map, muttering about routes...throwaway
dialogue. Maudie is fixing a drink for Doc Miller.

HARRAH
It's pretty dry that way. You
might do better to cut north and
cross the Rio Grande here...

COLE
Take too long. I've been down
that way before...there's water
if you know where to find it...

MAUDIE
Here's your drink, Doc.

MILLER
Thanks, Maudie.

MAUDIE
I don't suppose you can talk him
out of leaving.

MILLER
If you can't, what chance have
I got?

MAUDIE
You could tell him he's not in
shape to travel yet.

MILLER
I could, but he wouldn't believe it.
(To Cole)
I hear you're going to Sonora.

(Continued)
COLE
That's right. Got this letter from some people there... they've been losing shipments from their silver mine and they're worried about the bandits overworking themselves like that. They think maybe I can persuade them to take it a little easier.

MILLER
What a way to make a living!

COLE
It's the only one I'm any good at.

MILLER
Well, enjoy yourself. But don't forget that chunk of lead you're carrying.

COLE
I've had all of being laid up that I want for right now. I'll get around to it sometime.

MILLER
Just don't wait too long.

He hears Bull's bugle outside in the distance.

MILLER (Cont'd)
Hark... the horns of Elfland faintly blowing...
21. **EXT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)**

Bull riding up on his mule, blowing the bugle. Cole and Harrah and Doc Miller come out on the porch.

**MILLER**

What is that, Advance or Retreat?

**COLE**

Darned if I can tell.

**HARRAH**

I think he's one reason we lost the war.

**BULL**

Hi, Sheriff—Cole...Hi, Doc.

**HARRAH**

How about sounding Mess Call? We're waiting dinner for you. On second thought, don't bother. Just get yourself inside.

**BULL**

Right away, Sheriff. Brought along some red-eye in case there's a sudden drought.

**COLE**

There could be. This is the biggest send-off I ever had...maybe you're just glad to get rid of me.

They go inside.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

22. **INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)**

They are finishing dinner, AD LIBBING comments on the excellence of the food.

**COLE**

Rosa, you're the best cook in Texas. If you could only shoot a gun, I'd marry you.

**ROSA**

And if only you did not shoot a gun, Senor, I might say yes.

(Continued)
MAUDIE
You'd be making the biggest mistake of your life.

HARRAH
Let's do this up in style. I've got a bottle of good Spanish brandy.

MAUDIE
I can see this is going to go on far into the night, and my place won't run itself. You want to stop and say good bye later?

COLE
Let's just say so long, Maudie.

MAUDIE
Well, that's more than you said the last time.
(Lifts her glass of brandy)
Luck... Come around again.
Good night, Harrah. Thanks for the dinner.

AD LIB good nights.

HARRAH
I'll walk out with you.

They go.

MILLER
It's none of my business, Cole, but I'm just wondering if you've thought about Bart Jason. He isn't going to give up, you know. Sooner or later, Harrah's going to have a lot of trouble on his hands.

COLE
He can handle it.

MILLER
Jason'll get himself another gunfighter.

COLE
He'll be wasting his money, I know 'em all. There isn't one of 'em Harrah can't stand up to.

(Continued)
COLE (Cont'd)
(Harrah comes in)
But I'll ask him. Harrah, Doc says you're going to have trouble with Jason, and he's right, you are. Do you want me to stick around and help you?

HARRAH
You tell Doc that when I want a nursemaid I'll let him know. What'll we drink to?

BULL
My old outfit...the First Tennessee.

COLE
Hood's Texans.

HARRAH
Hood's Texans.

MILLER
I'm a bluebelly. First Ohio.

HARRAH
There might be a drop here for General Grant.

They drink.

BULL
(To Cole)
Did I ever tell you how I got my Indian name, Bull-Charges-Bravely?

23. EXT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

as Maudie drives away. From inside comes the sound of laughter and then Bull's bugle.

The bugle notes hold as we -
FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

24. EXT. STREET - SAN MIGUEL - (NIGHT)

The trumpet note is still prominent, but now it is

(Continued)
not Bull's, but a snarling throaty Mexican trumpet sounding from a CANTINA in the street of this border town. Cole Thornton rides by.

25. **EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, SAN MIGUEL - (NIGHT)**

Cole comes up, stops to speak to **DEPUTY JOE BRADDOCK**.

**BRADDOCK**


**COLE**

Joe Braddock. When did you quit robbing banks?

**BRADDOCK**

Oh, I had to turn honest... I found this thing stuck on my chest.  
(Touches his badge)

**COLE**

Deputy, huh? Who's the sheriff?

**BRADDOCK**

Hey, Bill, come out here.

**SHERIFF BILL MORELAND** comes out.

**MORELAND**

What is it, Joe? Cole...!

**COLE**

Bill Moreland. Holy smoke, what a pair you make! Last time I saw you both you were two jumps ahead of a posse raisin' dust for Mexico.

**BRADDOCK**

I guess that's what changed our minds. The chasin' end of it began to look a lot better than the runnin' end.

**MORELAND**

Glad to see you looking healthy. I heard you got shot.

**COLE**

That was six, seven months ago.

**MORELAND**

Where you been?  

(Continued)
COLE
Sonora... working out a little shipping problem for a mine.

BRADDOCK
Get it settled?

COLE
Sure did. Where's the best place to find a drink, a dinner, and a pretty girl?

MORELAND
Try the Cantina over there.

COLE
Come on, I'll buy you a drink.

MORELAND
I'd like that, but we're working men now. We have to go see who stole four goats from old Tony Gomez.

BRADDOCK
Goats. That's what's happened to us. You going to be around a while?

COLE
Day or two.

MORELAND
We'll see you later, then. So long.

Cole heads for the cantina as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

26.

EXT. SAN MIGUEL STREET - (NIGHT)

A group of men, tough-looking, trail-worn and dusty, ride into town and stop at the Cantina, where Cole's horse is tied up. Their leader is DAN McLEOD. Among the riders are MILT DANIELS, PETE BARNES, and CHARLIE HAGAN.

They go into the Cantina.
27. INT. CANTINA -  (NIGHT)

Cole Thornton is at a table in the corner with a girl. McLeod and the riders line up at the bar, AD LIBBING orders for drinks.

McLEOD
Can you rustle up something to eat? Doesn't matter what as long as there's plenty of it.

PROPRIETOR
Sí, señor. Yes. Right away.

28. EXT. SAN MIGUEL STREET -  (NIGHT)

ALAN BEDILLION TREHEARNE, to be known as MISSISSIPPI, rides into town. He wears a distinctive black hat, and no gun. He has ridden a long way, and is obviously looking for something. He sees the horses tied up in front of the Cantina. This is what he has been looking for...the bunch of riders. He goes in.

29. INT. CANTINA -  (NIGHT)

Mississippi strolls up to where McLeod and his men are sitting at a table; food is being brought.

(Continued)
25. (Cont'd)

MORELAND
Well, I don't know if they come
in that order, but I'd advise
the Cantina over there. You won't
get poisoned, anyhow.

COLE
Thanks. See you, Bill.

He heads for the Cantina as we

DISSOLVE TO:

26. EXT. SAN MIGUEL STREET - (NIGHT)

A group of men, tough-looking, trailworn and dusty,
ride into town and stop at the Cantina, where Cole's
horse is tied up. Their leader is DAN McLEOD. Among
the riders are MILT DANIELS, PETE BARNES, and CHARLIE
HAGAN.

They go into the Cantina.

27. INT. CANTINA - (NIGHT)

Cole Thornton is at a table in the corner with a girl.
McLeod and the riders line up at the bar, AD LIBBING
orders for drinks.

McLEOD
Can you rustle up something to
eat? Doesn't matter what as long
as there's plenty of it.

PROPRIETOR
Si, senor. Yes. Right away.

28. EXT. SAN MIGUEL STREET - (NIGHT)

ALAN BENDILLION TREDHARANE, to be known as MISSISSIPPI,
rides into town. He wears a distinctive black hat, and
no gun. He has ridden a long way, and is obviously
looking for something. He sees the horses tied up in
front of the Cantina. This is what he has been looking
for...the bunch of riders. He goes in.

29. INT. CANTINA - (NIGHT)

Mississippi strolls up to where McLeod and his men are
sitting at a table; food is being brought.

9-24-65

(Continued)
Over in the corner Cole Thornton stops talking and laughing with the girl and watches.

MISSISSIPPI
Charlie Hagan.

CHARLIE
Yeah?

COLE
(To girl)
Fly away, little bird.

She does. Charlie stares at Mississippi, puzzled.

CHARLIE
You want something from me?

MISSISSIPPI
You don't remember me, do you?

CHARLIE
No.

MISSISSIPPI
Do you remember this hat?

He takes it off, holds it in his right hand toward Charlie.

CHARLIE
Why the hell would I remember a hat?

MISSISSIPPI
You killed the man that was wearing it.

Charlie is armed, Mississippi doesn't have a gun. Charlie is now mildly interested but not at all worried.

CHARLIE
Friend of yours?

MISSISSIPPI
I think you could say that.

CHARLIE
Just when did I do this, boy?

MISSISSIPPI
Two years ago, come September.
MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
You and three others, at Natchez-Under-The-Hill. He was a gambler and he was kind of an old man. It shouldn't have taken four of you.

Charlie's expression has changed.

McLEOD
Do you remember, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yeah...he was a card sharp. He was cheating.

MISSISSIPPI
He was good. He didn't have to cheat.

McLEOD
And it really shouldn't have taken four of you, Charlie.

DUKE
I'm glad you remember, Mr. Hagan. The other three did. I wouldn't want you to think you were dying for nothing.

CHARLIE
The other three?

MISSISSIPPI
I caught up with them. You're the last, Mr. Hagan. And I think you'd better stand up.

MILT
What are you going to use, boy? Your bare hands?

PETE
No, he's going to beat Charlie to death with that hat.

McLEOD
Stand up, Charlie. I'm curious to see how he does this.

CHARLIE
The other three, huh?
McLeod
Like he says, it shouldn't have taken four of you. Stand up, Charlie.

Charlie does, snapping into a gunman's crouch, grabbing for his gun. At the same time Mississippi lets go of the hat and draws and throws a knife, and he is faster than Charlie. Charlie drops.

There is a moment of stunned silence. Mississippi picks up his hat and puts it on, retrieves his knife.

Mississippi
Good evening, gentlemen.

He starts to walk to the door. Cole is on his feet now, moving closer. Milt gets up. McLeod watches it all with the bright interest of a man at a bull-fight. Pete puts his hands out of sight under the table.

Milt
Just a minute, you.

Mississippi stops, knife in hand.

Milt (Cont'd)
You killed Charlie because he killed your friend, am I right?

Mississippi
You are.

Milt
Well, it happens that Charlie Hagan was a good friend of mine. So let's see if you can do that trick again.

Mississippi is all ready to try but Cole steps in beside him and beats Milt to the draw. Milt freezes and Cole shifts the gun a trifle to cover Pete.

Cole
Let it drop, friend.

Pete
What?

Cole
That gun you were pulling under the table.
(Cont'd)

Pete drops it, raising his hands.

COLE (Cont'd)
(To McLeod)
Hope you don't mind.

McLeod makes a be-my-guest gesture, looks at Milt and Pete.

McLEOD
It always seems to take more
than one, doesn't it?

Cole holsters his gun, faces Milt again.

COLE
Would you like to try again now?

MILT
Against him, or you?

COLE
Me first.

MISSISSIPPI
Mister, I don't remember asking
you into this...

Milt is hesitating, gauging his chances. Mississippi, at Cole's left, puts a hand on Cole's arm to attract his attention...he's being completely ignored.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
Look, I'm obliged to you for
that one, but I'm accustomed
to handling my own...

Without turning his attention from Milt, Cole gives a backhand sweep with his left that lands Mississippi on the seat of his pants.

McLEOD
Hold it, hold it. Listen, stranger,
before you shoot, will you promise
to take Milt's place? Because I
can't afford to lose any more men.

MILT
You got a lot of faith in me!

McLEOD
Milt, my friend, faith can move
McLEOD (Cont'd)
mountains but it can't beat a
closer draw. There's only three
twenty minutes I know of with that kind of
speed. One's dead, the second is
me, and the third is Cole Thornton.

COLE
There's a fourth one.

MCLEOD
Which one are you?

COLE
Cole Thornton.

Milt shakes his head and backs off.

MILT
I need a drink.

He goes off toward the bar. Mississippi has got up,
still holding the knife.

COLE
Were you thinking of doing some-
thing more with that?

MISSISSIPPI
I guess not, right away.

COLE
Then put it up.

MCleod motions to Hagan's body, to Pete and another man.

MCLEOD
Haul that out of here and throw
it somewhere.
(To Cole)
I'm Dan McLeod.

COLE
I thought so. Pretty far off
your range, aren't you?

Mississippi starts to leave, Cole grabs him. Milt has
now disappeared.

COLE (Cont'd)
Just a minute, son.

9-24-65
(Continued)
ELDORADO

MISSISSIPPI
I'm not your son. My name is
Alan Bedillion Trehearne...

COLE
My God.

MISSISSIPPI
Yeah. That's why most people just
call me Mississippi. I was born
on the river. In a flat-boat.

McLEOD
You're pretty good with that knife.
Can you use a gun?

MISSISSIPPI
If I could I'd be using one.

McLEOD
Too bad. Let's have a drink.
Thornton...you working now?

COLE
No.

McLEOD
What would you say if I tried to
hire you on?

COLE
First I'd ask about the money.

McLEOD
It's good.

COLE
Then I'd ask what the job was.

McLEOD
A little range war up in the
Eldorado country.

COLE
Eldorado...? Mind telling me who
hired you?

McLEOD
Fellow named Bart Jason. You know
him?

COLE
We've met.

9-24-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
Thanks for the drink, gentlemen.
Good night.

COLE
(Grabs him)
Not yet, Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI
Would you mind telling me why you have such a passion for my company?

COLE
I'll tell you later. Now just sit down there and be quiet.
Will you do that? Have another drink.

McLEOD
You were saying you knew this man Jason?

COLE
Yeah. He hired me for the same job a few months back. I didn't take it. He tell you you'd be going up against the sheriff?

McLEOD
He did.

COLE
Tell you who the sheriff was?

McLEOD
Yeah. J.P. Harrah. I understand he used to be pretty good with a gun.

COLE
Not just good, McLeod. He's that fourth man I was talking about.

McLEOD
Well, maybe he used to be, but not any more.

COLE
Oh? What happened to him?

9-24-65 (Continued)
McLEOD
What usually happens to a man?
A woman. Seems like he got
tangled up with a wandering
petticoat and he's been blind
drunk ever since. That doesn't
change your mind any, does it?

COLE
About taking the job? No.

McLEOD
I didn't really think it would.
It's probably just as well...
with two like us in the same
bunch, sooner or later we'd
have to find out which one of
us was faster.

COLE
I guess you're right. Thanks
anyway. So long, McLeod.

McLEOD
So long, Thornton.

COLE
Hey, Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI
Now?

COLE
Now.

He starts for the door, again Cole stops him.

COLE (Cont'd)
I didn't say all the way. Uh,
McLeod...I don't suppose you'd
want to walk out that door
ahead of us.

McLEOD
No, I don't believe I would.

COLE
Well...what are you going to
do about it?

McLeod grins...he goes to the door.
McLEOD
Milt...Pete...come out, into the light...drop your guns.... That's good. Now I guess if you was to stand away from them...yeah, about there...that all right with you, Thornton?

THORNTON
Much obliged, McLeod.

McLEOD
Call it professional courtesy.

30. EXT. CANTINA - (NIGHT)
Cole and Mississippi come out. Cole indicates the guns.

COLE
Pick 'em up, Mississippi.
(To McLeod)
We'll leave these at the sheriff's office. Your boys can pick 'em up on their way out of town. Come on, Mississip'.

MISSISSIPPI
Look, I don't want to go to the sheriff's office. I want to...

COLE
You got to make a report.

MISSISSIPPI
A report? Why?

COLE
You killed a man, didn't you?

MISSISSIPPI
Well, sure, but...

COLE
You got to make a report. Otherwise it's not legal.

He hauls Mississippi toward the sheriff's office as we
31. **EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND STREET - (NIGHT)**

Cole and Mississippi leaving the Sheriff's office.

**MISSISSIPPI**
Well, I'm all legal now.

**COLE**
Yeah. And your friends have
gone on their way, so I guess
it's safe to leave you now.
(Looks hard at him,
shakes his head)
But I don't know. You figure to
go back to the river?

**MISSISSIPPI**
I just finished something tonight,
mister. I haven't thought about
what I'm going to start next.

**COLE**
Well, if you decide to stay around
here, take my advice and do two
things... get rid of that hat, and
learn to use a gun.

**MISSISSIPPI**
I don't figure to get rid of this
hat. And Johnny Diamond... he's
the friend I... the man that raised
me... he didn't believe in guns. He
had an accident with one once.
After that he always used a knife.

**COLE**
And he's dead. Think about it, boy.
You got any money?

**MISSISSIPPI**
Now, look, mister...

**COLE**
I asked you a question.

**MISSISSIPPI**
I'll get along.

**COLE**
That's what I thought. Here.

He drops some gold coins into Mississippi's vest
pocket.

9-24-65 (Continued)
31. (Cont'd)  

MISSISSIPPI  

Hey...  

But they are now back at the hitching rack where Cole's horse was left, and he mounts.  

COLE  

Let's just say I owe you something.  

MISSISSIPPI  

You owe me? You crazy? Hey, don't be in such a hurry. I haven't even said thanks yet...if you hadn't stopped me I'd have walked right out there and got my head blown off. Listen, I don't want... Hey, wait a minute... where are you going?  

COLE  

Go back to the river, kid. And good luck.  

Cole goes out of town at a gallop.  

DISSOLVE TO:  

32.  

EXT. COUNTRY - (DAY)  

Cole riding, a man in a hurry.  

Suddenly, beside a steep-banked arroyo, he pulls the horse down to a walk, stricken with an attack... pain... his whole right side is partly paralyzed. He falls out of the saddle, pitches over the bank and down the side of the arroyo.  

33.  

EXT. ARROYO - (DAY)  

Cole, half stunned, lies there. Presently O.S. he hears the sound of hoofbeats. He looks around desparately, drags himself into the shelter of some nearby rocks, manages to get his gun out with his left hand and waits for the oncoming rider.  

The rider appears and Cole almost shoots him before he recognizes Mississippi's black hat.  

Mississippi sees Cole's horse, looks worriedly around, and calls.  

9-24-65  

(Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
Mr. Thornton? Mr. Thornton...

COLE
Why the hell don't you mind your own business.

MISSISSIPPI
Where are you, Mr. Thornton?

COLE
Close enough to blow your hat off if I hadn't recognized it.
(Mississippi goes to him)
Don't you know better than to follow a man that way?

MISSISSIPPI
I didn't know there was another way. What happened? Are you hurt?

COLE
I'm all right.

MISSISSIPPI
Sure. Well, you might as well have a drink of water.

He gives Cole the canteen, observes the inability to use his right arm. Cole sees this.

COLE
Look, I got a bullet in my back. Sometimes it seems like it presses on something... It's passing off now, it always does.

MISSISSIPPI
You had these spells before?

COLE
A couple of times.

MISSISSIPPI
You ought to see a doctor.

COLE
I was going to get around to it, but...

MISSISSIPPI
But now you've got something else to do.
COLE
What are you doing here, anyway?
Why'd you follow me?

MISSISSIPPI
Well, I got to thinking about
going back to the river...like you
said...and I decided not to. See,
the river always meant Johnny
Diamond, too, and now Johnny isn't
there, and...well, I figured if I
was going to stay around here I'd
better take your advice and learn
to shoot. I bought this gun.
Pretty, isn't it?

COLE
You still haven't told me why you
followed me.

MISSISSIPPI
Well, I got to have somebody to
teach me. And Johnny Diamond
always said to get the best. He
also said that a man who doesn't
pay his debts is worse than a
welcher...he's no gentleman.

COLE
Johnny Diamond was damned long-
winded, and so are you. But I
guess he taught you right, at that...
Forget it, Mississippi. I'm going
to be busy enough without you.

He has recovered enough now to stand up.

MISSISSIPPI
Yeah. McLeod and his boys are
going to be quite a handful. That
sheriff...what was his name, Harrah?...
he must be a pretty good friend of
yours. That's why you didn't take
that job.

COLE
You're an awful smart kid.

MISSISSIPPI
It wasn't hard to figure. Especially
when I found out there two ways to
Eldorado. McLeod took one, and you

9-24-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI took the other. I thought perhaps I could give you a hand.

COLE Thanks. But you'd only be in the way.

MISSISSIPPI Well... if that's how you feel...

He trails along with Cole as Cole goes to his horse. He's sort of humming to himself, absently. Then he begins to quote, in an offhand way, as though he's thinking aloud to himself.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd) Gaily bedight, A gallant knight In sunshine and in shadow...

COLE What's all that?

MISSISSIPPI Just a poem. One of Johnny Diamond's favorites. Let's see... In sunshine and in shadow, had journeyed long, singing a song, in search of Eldorado. ... Pretty. Always made me want to see the place.

COLE Eldorado?

MISSISSIPPI Few people ever get the chance, you know. So I guess I couldn't pass it up.

(He mounts) "Over the Mountains of the Moon, Down the Valley of the Shadow, Ride, boldly ride..."

COLE Well, if you get lost in the "Mountains of the Moon" up there, you'll never get to Eldorado or anywhere else.

MISSISSIPPI I'll just have to risk that. 'Course if we rode together...
COLE

Yeah.

MISSISSIPPI

Yeah. And we'd have someone to
talk to, and one could watch
while the other one sleeps...
Seems kind of silly to go separately
but if that's the way you want it...

COLE

Hmph... Let me see that gun, boy.

Mississippi, slightly doubtful, gives it to him. Cole
looks at it, checks the balance, etc., gives it back.

COLE

I hope you're a fast learner.

He mounts and they ride off together.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF MESQUITE BUSH - (DAY)

A sudden blast of GUNFIRE. Bullets tear through the
bush.

COLE AND MISSISSIPPI

Some distance away from the bush, Mississippi has just
fired his gun. He looks hopeful, Cole looks sick.

MISSISSIPPI

How was that?

COLE

There was just one thing wrong.

MISSISSIPPI

(Reloading)

You mean because I hit that bush.

COLE

Were you aiming at it?

MISSISSIPPI

No, I was aiming at the target...over there.

He indicates a makeshift target in a different
direction.

9-24-65 (Continued)
COLE
Look...one more time...watch me.

Mississippi watches admiringly as Cole draws and
fires. The SHOT plunks into the center of the target.

MISSISSIPPI
I think I've got it now. I pull
the trigger too soon. Let's see...

He takes the stance, draws...bangs off a series of
SHOTS. Now he's wild in the other direction. One
shot hits a rock, there is the whang of a ricochet.
Cole dives for the dirt. The sounds die away.
Mississippi, looking a little stunned, takes off his
hat and puts a finger through a hole in the crown.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
I must be about the first man
in history that could shoot a
hole in his own hat.

Cole gets up and gently takes the gun away from him.

COLE
Mississippi...tell you what.
We'll be going through a town
tomorrow...I know the gunsmith
there. He's pretty good. He
might even know what to do for
a man that's got to shoot and
can't.

Carefully he shakes the last cartridge out of the
cylinder, hands the empty gun back to Mississippi,
who sheepishly puts it away.

DISSOLVE TO:
36. EXT. COUNTRY - (NIGHT)
Mississippi now wears the large holster with the sawed-off shotgun. He and Cole ride up to the crest of a knoll and look off.

37. THEIR POV
Eldorado in the distance, a few lights showing.

38. COLE AND MISSISSIPPI

COLE
That's it.

MISSISSIPPI
At least I'm better off than my knight, who never found a spot of ground that looked like Eldorado.
... Doesn't look like much, either.

They start to ride.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
I wonder if McLeod got here ahead of us.

COLE
That's the first thing we have to find out.

39. EXT. ELDORADO STREET - (NIGHT)
Cole and Mississippi riding along the sleeping street. Cole leads the way around behind the Broken Heart saloon.

40. EXT. REAR OF BROKEN HEART SALOON - (NIGHT)
Arch raps on a window. (Assuming that Maudie's bedroom is on the ground floor; if it's upstairs, he throws a handful of pebbles.)

41. INT. MAUDIE'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)
Maudie waking up. She lights a candle and stares at her

9-29-65 (Continued)
41. (Cont'd)

... it's past four o'clock in the morning. She isn't sure what waked her.

MAUDIE
Four o'clock... oh, no... what a time to wake up...

Another rap or shower of pebbles... she comes awake, sharply, and goes to the window.

MAUDIE (Cont'd)
Cole!

She hustles on a wrapper.

42. EXT. REAR OF SALOON - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi. Light goes on inside, the door opens.

MAUDIE
Cole! Where did you spring from?

COLE
There's not much time, Maudie. Mississip', you stay out here and watch the alley.

He goes in.

43. INT. MAUDIE'S LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Cole and Maudie.

COLE
How is it with Harrah?

MAUDIE
Pretty bad. There was a girl came to work for me... the little angel-faced kind with the big sad eyes and the long sad story. He fell for her. I tried to tell him, but he wasn't having any advice from me. Bull tried to tell him and he knocked him down. He found out the hard way, and he's been drunk ever since.

COLE
This isn't the first time.

(Continued)
MAUDIE
I was pretty sure of that. Harrah's not like you, Cole. You're a drifter...I guess you always will be. But he keeps wanting to put down roots. That's why he took the job as sheriff. He just doesn't have any sense about women.

COLE
That's for sure. Are there any strangers in town, Maudie?

MAUDIE
No, I'd have known if there were. There's trouble, isn't there, Cole?

COLE
There's trouble. Where's Harrah?

MAUDIE
At the jail. He's still sheriff. I'm glad you're back, Cole. Maybe you can help him. I couldn't.

COLE
Go on back to bed, Maudie. And don't tell anybody you saw us.
She knows there's trouble in the wind, but she also knows that this is not the time to ask questions.

44. EXT. ALLEY -(NIGHT)
Cole comes out and joins Mississippi.

COLE
Well, we beat 'em, all right.

MISSISSIPPI
Fine. But by how much?

COLE
That's what I'm wondering. And I don't have any other good news, either.

They ride off.

45. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)
Bull sits in the dark on the front porch. He sees two strange riders approaching, reaches for his rifle.

BULL
That's far enough. You got some business here?

COLE

BULL
Hey...hadn't been so dark I'd have recognized you. Might have anyway if I hadn't been trying to see what that other feller's got on his head.

MISSISSIPPI
It's a hat.

BULL
I'll take your word for it, mister.

COLE
This is a friend of mine, Bull. They call him Mississippi.
45. (Cont'd)

BULL
Glad to know you. Hey, Cole, just a minute...if you were wanting to see the sheriff, I better tell you...

COLE
You don't have to. I just talked to Maudie.

BULL
Um. Then I guess I don't have to warn you, either, seeing you've known him longer than I have.

COLE
Yeah - I know him. Bull, can you get these horses under cover? I don't want the whole town knowing we're here, not just yet.

BULL
Something in the wind?

COLE
Jason's up to trouble again.

BULL
I ain't surprised. Fact is, I been expecting it. Be right back.

He goes to the horses.

COLE
Give him a hand, Mississippi.

He goes inside.

46. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE (NIGHT)

Cole closes the door behind him. The place is like a pig sty. A dim lamp burns on the desk; he turns it up. Harrah is sprawled on a bench, a bottle by his hand, dead to the world.

Cole gets an olla or jug of water and dumps it in Harrah's face. Harrah stirs and begins automatically groping for the bottle, making incoherent noises. Cole kicks the bottle out of his hand, reaches down and slaps a couple of times across the face, forehand and backhand. Harrah is shocked out of his daze, enough to realize that somebody is there and knocking him around.

9-29-65 (Continued)
46. (Cont'd)

ELDORADO

HARRAH
Damn you, Bull, what're you...

COLE
Take another look, Harrah.

He does, and recognizes Cole.

HARRAH
What the hell are you doing here?

COLE
I'm looking at six feet of drunk
with a tin star on it.

Harrah thinks that over, sort of pulling himself
together.

HARRAH
Cole. Good old Cole. Been a
long time. Long time...
Help me up, huh? Will you help me?

COLE
I'll help you.

He lays hold of Harrah's shirt front to hoist him up.
But Harrah, crazy drunk and cunning as a wolverine,
comes up off the couch with a rush and hits Cole,
knocking him down.

HARRAH
Good old Cole...

He lets go a Comanche yell and springs. They fight.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Mississippi and Bull hurrying back from the stable
shed behind the building. Loud noises from inside.
Bull restrains Mississippi.

BULL
It's just between friends. Don't
be in too much of a hurry, boy.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole and Harrah fighting. Cole belts Harrah a good hard
right to the jaw and he drops. Cole looks at him, then
goes to the door.

9-29-65

(Continued)
49. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

On the porch. Bull and Mississippi come up.

MISSISSIPPI
I wondered who was winning.

COLE
You know who's going to win if we
don't get that one sobered up.

BULL
That ain't a job you can do over
night, Cole. Take a week just to wring
it out of his hide alone.

COLE
You ever hear of Dan McLeod?

BULL
Sure, I heard of him. Why?

50. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

As Cole talks in the doorway, behind him Harrah is
getting up and picking up a chair.

COLE
McLeod's on his way here to
work for Jason...he and five or six
others. Mississippi and I rode
ahead of 'em, but they can't
be very far behind.

51. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

COLE

When they get here, this slob
is going to be on his feet if
I have to kill him and stuff
him. Now does either one of you...

Mississippi sees Harrah's rush behind Cole...he has
his mouth open and his hand raised, pointing.

52. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Harrah swings the chair high to bring it down on Cole's

9-29-65

(Continued)
head, but his aim is bad and the chair shatters on the lintel of the door instead. Cole turns around and hits him...he goes down and this time he stays down.

53. **EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)**

Cole turns back to speak to Mississippi and Bull.

**COLE**

Either one of you know anything that'll sober a man up fast?

**BULL**

Bunch of howlin' Injuns out for hair'll do it quicker'n anything I know...I've seen a man scared sober betwixt two yelps. But...that ain't practical right now...

**MISSISSIPPI**

Johnny Diamond had a recipe...guaranteed to kill or cure, if you don't care which...

**COLE**

I don't, so long as it's fast.

**MISSISSIPPI**

It's fast. If I can remember...there was cayenne pepper, and mustard, and ipecac...essafoedita...oil of...was it cloves or peppermint?

**COLE**

Does it matter? Can you remember all that, Bull?

**BULL**

I think so.

**COLE**

Well, go get it. It's about breaking daylight...we don't have too much time.

Bull goes.

**COLE (Cont'd)**

Come on in, Mississip'. Get yourself ready to mix that stuff.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

9-29-65
54. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE  -  (DAWN)

Harrah still lies on the floor, dead to the world. Cole keeps an eye on him, also watches Mississippi, who is mixing up a concoction from various small bottles and phials and packets, stirring it up in a big mug. Bull helps, handing him the things as he asks for them. The lamp still burns.

MISSISSIPPI
Now the mustard... Ipecac...

Both men begin to cough.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
Assafoedita...

It smells horrible. Cole goes and opens a window.

COLE
You sure Johnny Diamond wasn't an embalmer?

MISSISSIPPI
Give me the cayenne pepper, Bull.

BULL
That looks like bigger medicine than a Sioux Sundance. Hyah! You just hold still there, Sheriff... you'll be a different man before you know it! Hey Mississippi... you ever drink trade whiskey with gunpowder in it? I think that's what this needs... a little gunpowder to get it up on its feet.

MISSISSIPPI
Why not?

Bull takes the end off a shotgun shell and taps out powder into the mixture.

COLE
Holy smoke, you'll blow the place up.

They wait, but nothing happens.

COLE (Cont'd)
All right, let's get it into him. You hold his arms, Mississippi. Bull, you sit on his legs.

9-29-65 (Continued)
Cole sits on Harrah's chest, holding the mug.

MISSISSIPPI
Better hold his nose.

Cole does so and pours the mixture down Harrah's throat. He comes to gasping and struggling violently... they hold him, not gently.

BULL
Hyah! Give him one for me!

Then Harrah seems to go rigid.

COLE
Now what? It went down all right...

MISSISSIPPI
Yeah, but it isn't going to stay there.

COLE
Well, lock him in one of the cells with a bucket.

MISSISSIPPI
Yes, sir!

Bull and Mississippi start hauling him hurriedly toward the cells. Cole looks after them, blows out the lamp, and goes to the open window, scowling at the growing daylight.

DISSOLVE TO:
55. **EXT. ELDORADO STREET - (DAY)**

The MacDonalds come into town.

56. **EXT. ELDORADO STREET - (DAY)**

They meet Jason, etc.

56-A **EXT. ELDORADO STREET - (DAY)**

Bull on patrol, watching what's going on. He goes into the Sheriff's Office.

57. **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)**

Mississippi shaving. Cole stretched out on one of the benches, hat over his eyes...he sits up as Bull comes in.

**COLE**

What's going on out there?

**BULL**

So far, nothing but a regular Saturday...the MacDonalds are in town, so's Bart Jason, but they ain't looking at each other. You get any sleep?

**COLE**

Enough.

**MISSISSIPPI**

Speak for yourself, friend.

**BULL**

You're young...reckon you'll live. How is he?

(Meaning Harrah)

**COLE**

Pretty sick.

**BULL**

Small wonder. Cole, if you hadn't come along I was going to quit him the next time he was sober enough to hear me. I don't know why I stuck with him as long as I did. He is the biggest and the meanest and the drunkest big mean drunk I ever... You reckon he will be all right now, Cole?

(Continued)
57. (Cont'd)

COLE
Won't know that till after he's waked up...and maybe not then.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. EXT. ELDORADO - (SUNSET)
Or night, as you prefer. Establishing Shot.

59. INT. JAIL CELL - (NIGHT)
Harrah getting up, hollow, sick, shaky, sober, and ugly. He makes it out of the cell and down the corridor.

60. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)
Harrah comes in, looks at Cole and Bull. Mississippi by window.

HARRAH

He knocks something over with a crash, drowning out the last word. He clutches his middle.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
What did you do to me? I feel like my belly's full of snakes...

Bull reaches out a hand to him, he knocks it aside, begins searching for a bottle, ransacks the desk and finds it empty.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
I had a bottle here, I know I had one here. What did you do with it?

MISSISSIPPI
We all had a drink out of it last night and then...

HARRAH
When was last night, and who the hell are you?

(Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
We met, but I guess you don't remember. My name is...

HARRAH
I don't give a damn what your name is. Where's the bottle?

BULL
Cole threw it away.

HARRAH
I might have known. I got to have a drink. Bull, I got to. Go get me a bottle.

BULL
Not me.

HARRAH
Not anybody, huh? All right, I'll get it myself.

COLE
Nobody's stopping you.

HARRAH
Where's my hat?

BULL
I don't know where your hat is, Sheriff...I think somebody stole it off you...this is the one you been living with.

He hands Harrah the broken, filthy wreck of a hat. Harrah puts it on and goes out.

61. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

Harrah crossing the street to the Twin Spurs Saloon. People looking at him with contempt.

62. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole, Bull, Mississippi watching Harrah.

COLE
Going like a homing pigeon, straight to Bart Jason's saloon.

(Continued)
62. (Cont'd)

BULL
If you've been wondering how come Harrah's still sheriff, there's your answer. Jason likes a drunken sheriff and he's big enough to keep him in. He sees to it Harrah don't ever run dry. What do you think about him now, Cole?

COLE
I'm just trying not to think.

63. INT. TWIN SPURS SALOON - (NIGHT)

Harrah enters and heads for the bar. Jason playing poker with some of his men.

JASON
Good evening, Sheriff.

Harrah appears not to hear him.

HARRAH
(To bartender)
Give me a bottle.

BARTENDER
Sure thing, Sheriff.

64. EXT. TWIN SPURS SALOON - (NIGHT)

Dan McLeod and his men ride toward the saloon. Harrah comes out clutching the bottle and meets McLeod and his men. Harrah ignores them...McLeod and men look at him.

65. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole, Bull, and Mississippi looking out as McLeod and his bunch go into the saloon. Harrah coming back to the Sheriff's Office.

MISSISSIPPI
They finally got here.

BULL
That's McLeod and his gang?

COLE
Yeah. You better go find MacDonald and warn him.

(Continued)
65.  (Cont'd)

    BULL
    Better had.
    (Gets rifle and bugle)
    What about the sheriff?

    COLE
    You leave the sheriff to me.
    (Bull goes)
    Get out of here, Mississippi.
    In the back.

    MISSISSIPPI
    Yes, sir. With pleasure.
    (Goes)

66.  EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

    Bull going away, Harran approaching.

    HARRAH
    Where are you going?

    BULL
    You got your bottle, Sheriff.
    Don't worry about anything else.

Harrah goes inside.

67.  INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

    Harrah goes to the desk; business of opening the
    bottle and finding a glass. Cole watching.

    HARRAH
    You don't have to stay around and
    lock sour. I didn't ask you to come
    here.

    COLE
    That's right, you didn't. It was
    Dan McLeod asked me to come.

    HARRAH
    Dan McLeod? I never laid eyes on
    Dan McLeod nor he on me. Why
    would he...

    COLE
    You two just met, outside of
    Jason's saloon... Go ahead,
    What're you waiting for? Your

    (Continued)
COLE (Cont'd)

hand shaking too bad? Want me to hold the bottle for you? And don't worry about McLeod. He's not worried about you.

Through the window we see a man (not one of McLeod's) come out of Jason's saloon and hurry away.

HARRAH
I don't know what you're talking about. McLeod...McLeod... What's he got to do with it?

COLE
He's working for Jason, that's what he's got to do with it. He asked me to join him. A nice easy job, he said, because the sheriff up there got mixed up with a tramp and started hitting the bottle and now he isn't any good any more. McLeod's across the street now and he'll put a bullet in your guts if you bother him. So go ahead, Sheriff. Get good and drunk, and stay out of his way, and you won't get hurt. Just don't try to stand up to him, because you can't.

Harrah throws the bottle at him. He catches it and throws it back.

COLE (Cont'd)
And don't try that again, either. Just go ahead and drink.

HARRAH
Damn you, Cole.

COLE
Damn me all you want to. And when the MacDonalds are run off their land, think about all that big talk you gave me once, how you had a job to do and you'd do it even if you had to take me on.

(Calls)
Mississippi!

MISSISSIPPI
Yeah, Cole?

(Continued)
COLE

Get your stuff together. We're leaving.

They start gathering whatever gear they brought in with them. Harrah holding the bottle but not drinking.

HARRAH

Go ahead. I don't need you.
Not against Dan McLeod or anybody else.

COLE

Sure. You don't need anybody?
All you need is that bottle.
What're you looking for, Mississip'?

MISSISSIPPI

My razor. It must have dropped down...

Sound of a shot from o.s. freezes them. Then Bull's bugle sounds.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)

What's that mean?

COLE

Mean's Bull's in trouble. Don't you stir yourself, Sheriff.

Cole runs out, Mississippi after him. Harrah, shocked, starts trying to pull himself together.

EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi. They look over at the Twin Spurs. A crowd gathering down the street, etc.

MISSISSIPPI

They're all sitting tight in there.

COLE

Sure they are.
(Bugle sounds again)
Let's go.

They run down the street.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Harrah struggling with his gun belt, fighting to

(Continued)
69. (Cont'd)

get the cobwebs out of his head. He looks at the bottle, hesitates...

EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi push their way through the growing crowd around Saul MacDonald, who lies on the ground wounded but not dead. Kevin MacDonald and Jared are there, perhaps Saul's wife. The vaqueros are coming. Cole and Mississippi meet Bull.

COLE
What happened?

BULL
Saul MacDonald just got shot.

COLE
Jason moved faster than I thought. Is he dead?

BULL
Not yet. Joey's gone for the doctor.

COLE
Did you see who did it?

BULL
No. I was talking to the old man, over there. I jumped around when I heard the shot and saw three men running off, but I couldn't see who they were.

Maudie is in the group, by Saul.

MAUDIE
Bring him into my place.

Some men lift Saul and carry him away. Cole speaks to MacDonald.

COLE
MacDonald...

MACDONALD
Cole Thornton. You've got a strange way of being around when one of my boys gets shot. Whose side are you on this time?

(Continued)
70. (Cont'd)

COLE
Like I told your girl...I owe you something, MacDonald. I'm here to try and pay it back.

71. HARRAH
coming down the street from the jail, toward the group.

72. THE GROUP

MACDONALD
All right, Thornton. I'll give you that chance. You can come with us.

COLE
Just what were you figuring to do?

MACDONALD
Take care of Bart Jason once and for all.

COLE
Didn't Bull tell you about Dan McLeod?

MACDONALD
If you were in my place, Thornton, would that stop you?

COLE
It wouldn't. But I'm a gunhand. You're not. You go up against McLeod and all you'll get is some more of your people killed.

Harrah has come up to the group.

HARRAH
He's right, MacDonald. Don't try it.

MATT
What's the matter, Sheriff? Afraid we'll cut off your whisky?

JARED
You going to tell us to let the law handle it?

(Continued)
MACDONALD

That's enough. But they're right, Sheriff. If you'd been doing your job Saul wouldn't have got shot. You're too late. We don't need you now.

HARRAH

Who did the shooting?

MATT

What do you want to know for? You going after them? You can't even stand up.

COLE

Bull and I'll go. Who were they?

MACDONALD

Speak up, boy.

JARED

They were Jason's men. I don't know their names. Two were tall and dressed fancy...they came up to Saul and me and one of 'em took my gun. The other held Saul's arm when he tried to draw. The third one did the shooting. He was short and he went shy on one leg, like a lame horse.

(Note: One of these three, possibly the short one with the limp, was the man we saw leaving Jason's saloon.)

COLE

You see how your boys did against Jason's men. How do you think they'll do against McLeod's?

MACDONALD

I've been thinking. What's in your mind, Thornton?

COLE

Let me handle this.

We see Harrah's face as he listens, ignored.

MACDONALD

All right.

(Continued)
MACDONALD (Cont'd)
(Quelling protest
from his own people)
Thornton's a professional. He has
a better chance of getting those
three men and handling Jason than
we have. Let him try it. If he
doesn't, we take our turn.

COLE
You see where they went, Bull?

BULL
Down that street. Hey, I'm a
deputy. Can't leave me behind.

COLE
Don't want to.
(To Mississippi)
But I don't want you tagging along.

MISSISSIPPI
I don't just see how you're
going to stop me.

COLE
Oh, hell, I haven't got time to
argue.

MISSISSIPPI
This must be the first time in
history.

Harrah looks after them, then at MacDonald, who
turns away. Harrah goes after Cole and the others.

EXT. STREET -(NIGHT)
Cole, Bull, Mississippi going in the direction where
the three men went, walking separately, Harrah behind
them completely ignored. There is no sign of the men.

MARIA speaks to Mississippi from a shadowy corner.

MARIA
Senor,...no, please do not look
around...it is better that no
one sees me talking to you.

MISSISSIPPI
What do you want?

(Continued)
MARIA
You are with the sheriff?

MISSISSIPPI
The sheriff doesn't seem to be with anybody right now. But I'm against Jason, if that's what you mean.

MARIA
You look for three men?

MISSISSIPPI
That's right.

MARIA
Two are tall, one is short and has a bad leg?

MISSISSIPPI
They're the ones.

MARIA
They ran into the old church. They have not come out. I have been watching.

MISSISSIPPI
Thanks.

MARIA
You do not need to thank me.... I do not like Bart Jason, or his men.

MISSISSIPPI
Uh...yeah.

He goes on to where Cole has stopped to look for him.

COLE
What kept you?

MISSISSIPPI
A girl.

COLE
A girl! Mississippi, you...

MISSISSIPPI
Wait a minute, now, wait a minute. This girl told me she saw the three men run into that old church. Said they were still there.

(Continued)
73. (Cont'd)

COLE

We'll soon find out.

They start toward the church. Harrah catches Cole
by the arm.

HARRAH

Cole...

COLE

I'm doing your job for you.
    (Shakes him off)
Get out of the way.

HARRAH

Damn it, Cole, I'm still sheriff.

COLE

You're still nothing.
    (To others)
Watch yourselves. If they are in
there, they'll have us covered.

They start toward the church. We see Harrah looking
after them... he follows.

74.  

EXT. CHURCH AND APPROACHES - (NIGHT)

Cole, Bull, Mississippi, and Harrah moving toward the
church. INTER-CUT with men inside watching them. Two
are in the bell tower, one inside the door.

They open fire.

Cole pushes Mississippi into cover, follows him. Bull
joins them. Harrah scrambles for shelter just a little
distance away.

BULL

They're there, all right.

COLE

Two in the tower, one inside the
doors. Any way to get around to
the back?

BULL

Not a chance. They can see
everything from up there, and
we can't see them.

(Continued)
A shot zings past them, nicking Bull or his hat.

BULL (Cont'd)
Now that just makes me plumb mad.

He fires his rifle at the tower.
The shot clangs off a bell.

MISSISSIPPI
Well, you shook their eardrums, anyway.

COLE
Hey, Bull... Do you think you could do that again, and keep on doing it?

BULL
Hyah! You bet I can. I'll play you Home Sweet Home on those bells so you can dance to it.

COLE
Too slow. Make it a polka. Mississip', you get over there and cover us from the back. All right, Maestro.

Bull begins to shoot at the bells.

75. INT. CHURCH AND BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)
The rifle slugs bang off the bells...some of them start swinging...the slugs ricochet...one of the men is hit and he falls into the carillon, grabs the rope and goes crashing down the well...the bells ring wildly.

76. EXT. CHURCH AND APPROACHES - (NIGHT)
Cole runs toward the church.

77. INT. CHURCH AND BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)
The second man in the bell tower can't take the noise and comes tumbling down the ladder. The man inside the door is distracted but he shoots at Cole.
78. **EXT. CHURCH - (NIGHT)**

Cole pinned down by the fire in the open...it looks bad...then Harrah comes from behind, completely reckless, firing at the door. Cole sees him...Harrah runs toward the church...Cole runs after him.

They gain the doorway and flatten up against the wall, one on each side. They look at each other. Harrah hits the door.

79. **INT. CHURCH - (NIGHT)**

Harrah hits rolling and fires from the floor. Cole comes in after him. There is a brief gun battle in the church...one man is killed, the man who was in the doorway runs for a side door.

80. **EXT. CHURCH AND APPROACHES - (NIGHT)**

Mississippi sees the man run out the side door of the church. He fires, hits a sign that falls down on the man, wounding him...the man runs on.

81. **INT. CHURCH - (NIGHT)**

Harrah with a fit of the shakes. Cole runs for the side door, Harrah follows.

82. **EXT. CHURCH AND APPROACHES - (NIGHT)**

Cole comes out of the church, Mississippi and Bull join him, then Harrah.

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BULL
You all right?

COLE
Yeah.

BULL
Worked fine, didn't it?

COLE
Sure did, except for that one.
(Mississippi comes up)
Did you get him?

MISSISSIPPI
Well...yes and no. I hit that sign, and the sign fell on him...
I don't think it did him any good.
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(Continued)
COLE
Oh, for... Did you see where he went?

MISSISSIPPI
Into the back door of Jason's saloon.

Harrah starts off.

COLE
Where are you going?

HARRAH
Nobody's ever had to do my job for me, Cole.

He drops some cartridges reloading his gun.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
Give me some more cartridges.

COLE
Oh, hell, give me the gun.
What're you figuring to do?

HARRAH
If you want to find out, come along. If you don't, stay out of it. Aren't you through with that yet?

COLE
There's maybe ten or twelve in that saloon, and half of 'em are professionals, and one of 'em's Dan McLeod. You think you're good enough?

HARRAH
No. But it doesn't make any difference. Like I said, I'm still the sheriff.

He takes the gun and goes on. We see in Cole's face that he is happy. He looks at Bull, who grins and goes after Harrah.

BULL
Wait up, Sheriff. How you going to do this?

Cole and Mississippi follow.

(Continued)
HARRAH
Like we always do. You go in the back way, I'll go in the front. Those other two can do what they damn please.

COLE
Those other two will go in the back way, not Bull. The sight of us will give 'em so much to think about we might even get away with it.

HARRAH
(To Bull)
You come with me, then.
(To Cole)
I'll give you one minute.

COLE
You sure you can figure one minute? Way your fingers are shaking you could count on 'em twice.
(To Bull)
Whistle when you're ready.

They separate.

COLE AND MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI
Good old kill-or-cure Thornton. Looks like it worked, though. How are you feeling? Back okay?

COLE
You just worry about yourself. And if you have to fire that thing you be damned careful where you point it. Hit a sign...!

MISSISSIPPI
Maybe we better go back and see the Swede again.

They get in position by the back door of the saloon. Cole hears Bull's whistle, answers it.

EXT. DOS ESPUELAS SALOON - (NIGHT)
Harrah and Bull at the front. We hear a piano inside.

(Continued)
is  1st Change  ELDORADO  11-8-65  81.

84. (Cont'd)

Bull looks at Harrah...sweating blood, Harrah hesi-
tates, then goes in, just as he want in this afternoon.

85. INT. DOS ESPUELAS SALOON - (NIGHT)

Harrah and Bull come in. McLeod and Jason at one
table, with some others, playing cards. There is a
piano at one side. The piano player seems very
nervous and is constantly hitting sour notes. The
man who ran from the church is not to be seen.

JASON
Evening, Sheriff. Feeling better?
McLeod, this is J.P. Harrah, the
sheriff of Eldorado.

MCLEOD
Glad to know you, Sheriff.

HARRAH
Jason, I'm looking for somebody.

JASON
Anybody in particular?

HARRAH
Yeah. A man...you'd know him.
He works for you. He ran in
here just a few minutes ago.
Bull, take a look behind the bar.

JASON
Nobody's come in here, Sheriff.
Why don't you sit down and have
a drink...

MCLEOD
Uh...Jason...somebody did just
come in.

He nods toward the back, where Cole and Mississippi
have appeared. Everybody else has been looking at
Harrah, but McLeod is more watchful. There is a
reaction as the gunhands realize there's more to it
than a drunken sheriff. Milt and Pete bristle up at
the sight of Mississippi.

MCLEOD (Cont'd)
Sit easy, boys. They've got the
drop. Evening, Thornton.

(Continued)
85. (Cont'd)

COLE

McLeod.

MCLEOD

Uh...

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi.

MCLEOD

That's right. Evening, Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI

Evening.

(To Milt and Pete)

Hi, fellows.

JASON

Thornton, what brought you here?

COLE

(Indicating McLeod)

He did.

MCLEOD

I got to admit I made one big mistake. Tried to hire him on. Of course I didn't know he was the sheriff's friend.

(To Milt and Pete)

I told you boys to sit easy. Now where were we? Oh, yes. The sheriff was looking for somebody.

Harrah has been moving around, looking at the men.

JASON

So he was. You see him?

HARRAH

He came in here, Jason, and he didn't come out again. He's got to be here.

BULL

He ain't behind the bar.

JASON

And there isn't any other place for him to hide. So you must have been mistaken, Sheriff.

10-8-65 (Continued)
(Cont'd)

JASON (Cont'd)
(To bartender)
Mike, give him a bottle and
send him on his way.
(To piano-player)
Felipe, you're dying on the
vine. Let's have some music.

The piano player starts playing, louder and faster
but still nervous. The bartender comes to Harrah
with a bottle. Harrah appears to be pretty well
licked, his head hanging... he moves a few steps
toward the bartender... Cole and Bull look sick.

BARTENDER
Here you are, Sheriff.

Harrah takes the bottle, fumbles it, drops it...
kicks it... it rolls away and he follows it...
there is a good deal of laughter. Harrah catches
the bottle, crouched down; he is looking at a
trail of blood spots on the floor. He follows
the line of them... from this angle they shine wet
and fresh in the light... they lead from the back
door to Jason's chair, and then behind the piano.
Harrah picks up the bottle, holding it in his
left hand. He starts to move, as though to go
out the front door. Then he stops and speaks to
Felipe.

HARRAH
You're not playing so good,
Felipe. What you need is a
little rest. Get out.

The piano player practically flies off the stool.
Harrah draws and fires through the piano, drop-
ping the bottle and fanning the gun with his
left hand. From behind the piano we see a hand
appear with a gun in it... the man was all ready
to shoot... then the man falls out from behind the
piano.

COLE
Just hold it quiet.

The restive gunhands hold it.

MCLEOD
That was a nice piece of
work, Sheriff. He's been
ready for you ever since
you walked in the door.

10-8-65 (Continued)
MCLEOD (Cont'd)
I wouldn't have given a Confederate
dollar for your chances.

HARRAH
Jason, you're under arrest. Get
up.

JASON
Under arrest? What for?

HARRAH
The Circuit Judge'll have all
the right names when the time
comes. Don't worry about that.
It could even be murder if that
boy dies. I said get up.

JASON
You're talking awfully big, aren't
you, Sheriff? I guess that's
because you've got Cole Thornton
backing you. But you don't seem
to realize...

Harrah cracks him across the face with his gun barrel.

HARRAH
(Very quietly)
I think I told you to get up.

JASON
McLeod. McLeod...!

MCLEOD
Just what would you like to have
me do, Mr. Jason?

JASON
What you're getting paid to do!
I didn't bring you here to sit...
and let these clowns...

HARRAH
Let him be, Bull. I want to hear
this. What's your answer, McLeod?

MCLEOD
(Nodding at Cole)
You've got the answer, Sheriff.

10-8-65 (Continued)
JASON
We made a deal.

MCLEOD
Not this deal, we didn't. Things are a little bit different from what you told me.

JASON
McLeod...are you...

MCLEOD
The sheriff's going to put you in jail, Mr. Jason, because it ain't anywhere near worth my while to try and stop him. You go right ahead, Sheriff.

HARRAH
You're a sensible man. Walk him out of here, Bull. No, just one minute. Just one thing more.

His foot has struck the bottle; he picks it up.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
Who's been paying for all these, Jason? You?

JASON
There was plenty of it and it went down easy, didn't it? So what do you care?

HARRAH
You...!

Harrah is about to lay the barrel across Jason's head again, but Cole stops him.

COLE
Hey, hey, hold on there. We want him able to stand up and walk...don't want to have to carry him all the way to the jail.

HARRAH
I wouldn't even mind that. All right, move.

10-8-65 (Continued)
JASON
McLeod...I'll pay you, any amount...ten thousand...but get me out...

Now Harrah does hit him, but only hard enough to shut him up. He looks at Cole, who shrugs. Then both look at McLeod.

COLE
That's a pretty good offer he just made you.

MCLEOD
Yeah. Sure is.

HARRAH
Well, in case you had any idea of taking it, don't. 'Cause he wouldn't live to pay you. Hear that, Jason? Lead starts flying around that jail, you'll be the first one to get hit. McLeod, you've got till noon tomorrow to get out of town.

MCLEOD
I will say you lay it on the line, Sheriff. You must have made real good time from San Miguel, Thornton. Real good time. Been here some hours, I expect. Figuring to stay a while?

COLE
A while.

MCLEOD
Yeah. Well... Maybe we'll meet again somewhere. I'm more curious than ever now to find out the answer to that question. So long, Thornton.

COLE
McLeod.

They go out.

EXT. DOS ESPUELAS SALOON - (NIGHT)
Harrah, Bull, Cole and Mississippi form a tight,
gun-bridling group around their prisoner and start toward the jail. A crowd watching, the MacDonald men among them. MacDonald steps forward and looks at Jason, then at Harrah. The sons and vaqueros form up behind him.

HARRAH
He'll be held for trial, MacDonald. We got the three who did the shoot-ing. How's the boy?

MACDONALD
Still breathing.
(To Cole)
I'm obliged for your help, Thornton.

COLE
I owed it to you.

MACDONALD
I'm obliged anyway. Sheriff, I want to know one thing. Now you have your prisoner...are you good enough to keep him?

HARRAH
If you're thinking of a lynching, MacDonald, why don't you just try and find out?

MACDONALD
I'm thinking of my son, Sheriff. And I'm thinking of this man telling me not two days ago that if I didn't give him what he wanted he knew a way of making me. I suppose I should have known the only way he could get to me was through my boys. But I didn't think even Jason was that low.

MATT
We can take him, Pa. We can take him.

MACDONALD
No. I believe in the law...as long as it functions. I guess we have to give the sheriff his change.

He steps back. The four men go on with their prisoner.

10-8-65
87. **EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)**

The four men walking with Jason toward the jail, approaching the barn inside the jail.

**HARRAH**

How am I doing?

**COLE**

So far, so good. But you've still got a ways to go.

88. **INT. BARN - (NIGHT)**

OVER-SHOULDER SHOT...in f. g. an unidentifiable head in a broad-brimmed hat...the barrel of a rifle protrudes through a window, aimed at the approaching group. (The figure is Joey.)

89. **EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)**

**HARRAH**

Don't overwhelm me with praise, Cole. I don't think I can stand it.

**COLE**

Mississippi, how long does it take for the effect of that stuff to wear off?

**MISSISSIPPI**

Three, four hours. He can get drunk again anytime he wants to now.

**HARRAH**

That gut-buster was your idea, was it? I'll remember that. What the hell is your name, anyway?

Mississippi sees the rifle barrel, takes a second look to be sure.

**MISSISSIPPI**

Just call me Mississippi, and just keep on walking and talking like you are.

**HARRAH**

Where'd you pick him up. Cole?

10-12-65 (Continued)
COLE
Down in San Miguel, sticking a knife into one of McLeod's men.

HARRAH
Nice Kid.

COLE
He is a nice kid. That's why he did it.

Mississippi slips away from them around the side of the barn.

EXT. BARN - (NIGHT)
Mississippi going around to the back door...it's open and he slips inside.

INT. BARN - (NIGHT)
Mississippi makes his way toward the front of the barn. He sees the dim figure moving. He tosses a pebble or something hard...the figure whirls and Mississippi jumps on the figure's back. He knocks the rifle away, they wrestle in some straw, and he pins her down.

MISSISSIPPI
Hold it now, hold it...Hey, you're a girl -- now hold still -- Miss, I told you to hold still. You're going to lose your clothes, you keep on that way.

JOEY
All right -- I'll quit.

MISSISSIPPI
You're sure?

JOEY
I told you, didn't I? How did you know I was here?

MISSISSIPPI
You ought to dull down the barrel of a rifle before you let it stick out of a window. Who were you trying to kill?
JOEY
Bart Jason. You were all so close around him I couldn't get a clear shot. Are you going to keep sitting on my stomach all night?

MISSISSIPPI
I'm comfortable and I --- ouch, I'll get off. So you wanted to kill Jason. Why?

JOEY
I'm Joey MacDonald.

MISSISSIPPI
Who?

JOEY

MISSISSIPPI
Uh-uh. Nope. You don't get that back just yet. Not till I make sure you're who you say you are. You could just as easy have been gunning for the sheriff.

JOEY
Well, I don't know who you are, either. But if I'd wanted to get the sheriff I'd have done it...

MISSISSIPPI
Just don't argue. Come along.

JOEY
I'm getting sorry I didn't shoot you, mister. Don't pull so hard, I'm coming.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Bull is locking the cell door behind Jason. That's the first order of business, but Cole is by the outer door listening for signs of trouble.

BULL
All done, Sheriff. He's safe as a coyote in a trap.
HARRAH
Lock up that back door, Bull.
All right, Cole, go see what
the kid's up to.

Joey's voice comes over from outside, with Mississippi.

JOEY (o.s.)
-- sneak up on me like that,
knock me down...

MISSISSIPPI (o.s.)
I couldn't see you were a girl.

JOEY (o.s.)
I don't mean that. It was the
way you did it.

COLE
(Grinning)
Sounds like he did catch some-
thing in the barn.
(Opens the door)

JOEY
(To Mississippi)
You threw something to fool me.
That was a dirty trick.

MISSISSIPPI
You're just mad cause you fell
for it.
(To Cole and Harrah)
I caught her in there with this.
She says she was trying to kill
Jason. Says her name is Joey
MacDonald.

JOEY
Tell him, Sheriff.

HARRAH
Oh, for the love of heaven,
Joey! Didn't the last time
teach you anything?

JOEY
There wasn't any mistake about
Jason.

HARRAH
Couldn't you trust the law
to handle him?
ELDORADO

JOEY
We haven't had much cause to trust it lately, Sheriff. Hello, Mr. Thornton.

COLE
Trouble is, you're both right. Here, give me that.

He takes the rifle from Mississippi and puts it in the gunrack.

JOEY
What're you doing?

COLE
Trying to keep you out of trouble in spite of yourself. Sheriff will give it back to you when you leave town.

JOEY
(To Harrah)
You're really going to hold him? You're not going to let him go?

HARRAH
He's going to be held and tried. Now go on back to your family, Joey.

JOEY
All right.
(Looks at Mississippi)
Who is he, anyway?

MISSISSIPPI
They call me Mississippi. Look, Miss, I'm sorry I was rough with you. I know how you must feel, about your brother --

JOEY
Oh, you don't have to be nice to me.
(Rubs some bruises on her anatomy)
I'll remember you without that. Why do you wear that silly hat?

MISSISSIPPI
Because it keeps the sun off my head.

10-12-65 (Continued)
JOEY
Well, I'm glad it's good for something. Might even make a fair stewpot if you turned it upside down. Good night.

She goes. Mississippi shakes his head.

MISSISSIPPI
She's a new experience. She the one that put that bullet in your back, Cole?

COLE
Yeah. She had cause.

HARRAH
Didn't he ever tell you about that?

MISSISSIPPI
No. He saved my life down in San Miguel and then he gave me a grubstake, because he said he owed me something, and that was funny because he never clapped eyes on me before...

COLE
Why don't you just get to that window and keep watch.

MISSISSIPPI
...but he never would explain it.

HARRAH
He killed Joey's kid brother by mistake. Maybe it eased his conscience some to give you a hand.

COLE
Don't you have a report to make out? There's three bodies you have to account for, and Jason...

Harrah takes two badges out of the desk drawer, sticks one into Cole's vest.

HARRAH
You are now a deputy...

COLE
Hey...

(Continued)
HARRAH
(Pinning the other one on Mississippi)
And so are you. So you can do the report between you.

MISSISSIPPI
Well hey...ain't that something...

COLE
Now wait a minute, I didn't take on to be a deputy...

HARRAH
I'm deputizing you! Retroactive. Otherwise I've got to hold you for killing those men in the church. You stay around here, it's got to be legal.

Harrah has been increasingly on the ragged edge of caving in. Now he caves.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
I got to have a drink. I got to have one if hell freezes over.

He starts pawing through the empty bottles again.

BULL
Now you already done that once. But I got a little bit saved out of the wreckage. Cole, what about it?

COLE
We might as well find out right now.

Bull produces a bottle from a cupboard. Harrah pours himself a big drink and gulps it down, coughing. Mississippi speaks suddenly from the partly-shuttered window.

MISSISSIPPI
Hey...hey, look here.

Cole and Bull go to the window.

THEIR POV
McLeod and his men are coming out of the Dos Espuelas. They mount.
BACK TO SCENE

BULL
Looks like they're not going
to wait till noon.

Outside McLeod and his men ride out of town.

MISSISSIPPI
Do you think they're really gone,
Cole? Or do you think they'll be back?

HARRAH
They'll be back. You can bet
on it.

He pours himself another small drink, carefully measured, drinks it, then puts the cork firmly back in the bottle.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
I'm going to get some sleep.
I don't care what the rest of
you do as long as somebody's
on watch all night.

He folds out on a bench. Cole and Bull look at
each other, happy.

BULL
I know what I'm going to do.
I'm going to have me a drink.
Hiyah! Hey, Mr. Jason! Ain't
you sorry you offered McLeod
all that money? Cause now you'll
never know what minute he may try
to collect it. You won't hardly
be able to sleep at all, will you,
Mr. Jason...waiting for the lead
to fly?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Maudie in the office...she has brought some clothes
for Harrah. Harrah is trying to shave, a tricky
business with his hands still unsteady.

MAUDIE
Rosa couldn't find a hat.

COLE
Well, he can't wear that thing.

10-12-65 (Continued)
COLE (Cont'd)
Harrah, don't you have...ooh, watch it!

HARRAH
Will you shut up? Will you all shut up?

COLE
Don't you have any hangman's clothes?

HARRAH
I guess so. Ask Bull.

MISSISSIPPI
Hangman's clothes?

BULL
That's what's left over after the hangman gets through. Nobody claims 'em, we keep 'em. We ain't hung anybody lately, though... Let's see what's in here...Yeah, that was that horsethief...

He hands out a hat from the locker where he's rummaging.

BULL (Cont'd)
He was kind of a small fellow...

COLE
Here, let's see...

He puts the hat on Harrah's head...it's too small. Harrah cuts himself.

COLE (Cont'd)
Don't cut your throat now.

HARRAH
If you don't let me alone I'll cut yours.

COLE
This one won't do. What else have you got?

Bull hands out a high silk hat.

BULL
This belonged to a gambler.

10-12-65 (Continued)
COLE
(Tries that one on Harrah)
No, that's worse than Mississippi's.

HARRAH
Look, I won't have any head left on my shoulders if you don't let me alone? Suppose I just go without a hat?

BULL
Try this one. This was a good healthy killer, round about the sheriff's size, as I remember.

It fits.

COLE
That's fine.

HARRAH
I'm glad that's settled.

Maudie has been investigating a tray on the desk.

MAUDIE
You didn't eat your breakfast.

HARRAH
I didn't feel like it and don't rush me.

COLE
Suppose you stop by the hotel and ask 'em to send over a good big steak. I'll see he gets it in him.

MAUDIE
Okay, Mr. Deputy Sheriff.
(To Harrah)
Hm...that shave is fine...but what about the rest of you?

HARRAH
One thing at a time. I'll take a bath later.

COLE
You're going to take one right now. See you later, Maudie.
95. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
Hey, wait up! You people are going to drive me right back to the bottle. I told you...

COLE
You've got to consider the rest of us. This jail is kind of close quarters, you know. Step along, Jack.

96. INT. REAR OF JAIL - THE CELL CORRIDOR - (DAY)

Cole pushing Harrah toward the back door. Bull on guard... he unlocks the back door. Jason in cell.

HARRAH
Listen, that water's cold. I'll go down to the hotel later on...

COLE
There may not be any time later on. ... No sign of your friends yet, Jason. Maybe McLeod decided you were too bad a risk to bother about.

BULL
I'm not taking my eyes off him, though. First shot that comes through here... bang!

JASON
You won't do that.

HARRAH
What makes you think we won't?

JASON
Because if you murder a prisoner, Sheriff, you'll find yourself at the end of a rope. You and your killer friend. Those tin stars won't help you a bit.

HARRAH
Might be. But you know, Jason, sometimes a man gets so damned mad he just don't care.

(To Cole)
Don't push, I'm going...

DISSOLVE TO:
97. **EXT. REAR OF JAIL - (DAY)**

Harrah taking a bath in the horse trough while Cole stands guard. A couple of inquisitive horses are nosing him. He still has his hat on.

**HARRAH**

Get out of here... let me alone...

(Starts to climb out)

**COLE**

You're not through yet. Let me see you work up some lather.

**HARRAH**

If I get soap in here it'll make the horses sick.

**COLE**

If you don't it'll make me sick, and that's what I care about.

Grumbling, he soaps himself, fighting off the horses who seem to like the taste of the lather.

Mississippi comes around the corner of the jail with Joey. She carries a basket.

**MISSISSIPPI**

She said she wanted to see you.

**JOEY**

Go right ahead, Sheriff. I was raised with four brothers.

**HARRAH**

Maybe you'd like to join me.

**JOEY**

No, but there isn't any reason to drown yourself. Hi, Mister Thornton.

**COLE**

What did you want to see us about?

**JOEY**

I thought you'd both like to know that Doctor Donovan thinks Saul has an outside chance to pull through.

**COLE**

That's good news.

10-12-65 (Continued)
JOEY
And I brought you some food.

COLE
Thanks, we can use it. Did you say Doctor Donovan? What happened to Miller?

JOEY
Oh, he's still here. But he's thinking about retiring, so he took on a partner... Sheriff, you make me nervous. Why don't you sit up?

HARRAH
Why don't you go away?

MISSISSIPPI
Maybe you should... he's starting to turn blue.

JOEY
Well, I can't help it if he's that silly. All right, I'll go. You've still got that fool hat on.
(To Cole)
Why does he wear that hat? Do you know?

MISSISSIPPI
It's none of your doggone business...

COLE
(Drowning him out)
It used to belong to the man that raised him -- the only family he ever had -- and it's all he has left. Does that answer your question?

JOEY
I'm sorry. He should have told me, and I wouldn't have...
(To Mississippi)
Why didn't you tell me? Why'd you let me go on making a fool of myself?

MISSISSIPPI
You seem to be pretty good at that without any help from me.

She slaps him, he slaps her back.

10-12-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
Now don't do that again... Look, I told you I was sorry about last night. And I know you're having a rough time...

JOEY
And I told you not to be nice to me! Oh, darn, look what you made me do...
(Starts to cry)
No, let me alone. Just let me alone.

MISSISSIPPI
(Following her)
What do you want me to do, slap you again? You're not making very much sense...

They disappear around the corner. Cole and Harrah look after them.

HARRAH
He's got himself a nice sweet quiet little girl.

COLE
Uh huh. And he'll be in good shape as long as she doesn't get her rifle back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Bull is taking a tray from a man at the door (or perhaps the Mexican kid, if you still want to use him.) AD LIB thanks. Harrah has just finished changing into clean clothes.

COLE
Well, now you look human, anyway.

HARRAH
I wish I felt human. Where'd you hide that bottle, Bull?

BULL
Never you mind. You eat this steak first and then maybe I'll find it.

COLE
Go ahead. (Continued)
98. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
I don't know what I'm doing out here. I ought to be back there in one of those cells. Who the hell's running this jail, anyway?

COLE
You want to find out?

HARRAH
No. I'd just get my nice clean clothes all messed up and you'd make me take another bath and change again. I'll just pretend I'm hungry.

He sits down and starts to eat.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
We're going to start a system of regular patrols, so we can keep an eye on the whole town, night and day. No telling when McLeod might come back, or what he might try. Bull and I are senior officers, so we'll take the day shift. You and Mississippi get the night turn.
(Grins)
Now you know who's running the jail?

DISSOLVE TO:

99. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi come out. The door is locked behind them.

MISSISSIPPI
Well, this is the second time around. If it's as dull as the first, I'm going to be real bored before morning.

COLE
You get too bored, you might just not live till morning. Now get on over there and keep your eyes peeled.

10-12-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
(Going)
All right, but I wish McLeod would come if he's coming.

100. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

From a vantage point well up the street we see that a man is watching Cole and Mississippi as they take opposite sides of the street and start walking. He turns and lights a match, touches it to a cigar.

101. EXT. STREET AND SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi walking. Suddenly a bunch of horsemen - McLeod and his gang - come at full gallop, shooting. The two men are caught in a place where there is no cover. Cole dives behind whatever there is...a post, something that is only a little better than nothing. Mississippi throws himself into the street in front of the horses. The horses jump over him. He shoots from the ground, Cole is shooting... Harrah comes out of the jail working a gun. A couple of the riders fall. A stray shot hits Hallock in the leg as the riders turn onto a side street short of the jail and disappear. Cole goes to Mississippi who is brushing himself off.

COLE
You all right?

MISSISSIPPI
Sure. Are you?

COLE
Yeah. What kind of a stunt was that, throwing yourself under the horses?

MISSISSIPPI
Horses don't like soft footing. They'll jump over a man...and a rider can't shoot straight from a jumping horse.

COLE
Yeah...but they can shoot crooked. Look there...

Bull is helping Harrah.

10-12-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
Oh oh... they got the Sheriff.

He starts to run toward the Sheriff's office. One of the fallen riders rolls over and tries to shoot him in the back. Cole finishes him with the casual celerity of a man finishing off a rattler. Mississippi whirls around, startled.

COLE
Just because they fall down it don't mean they have to be dead.

The other one is.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Bull helping Harrah to a seat as Cole and Mississippi come running in.

BULL
Stray shot got him in the leg.

COLE
How bad?

BULL
I don't know, but it's sure bleeding.

Harrah is pulling off his neckerchief to use as a tourniquet. Cole takes over to help him.

COLE
Go get the doctor. Better take Mississippi with you. And let me know who you are when you get back.

(To Harrah)
That was a fool play, coming outside.

HARRAH
I had the stupid idea you might need some help.

COLE
Why didn't you shoot through the window?

HARRAH
Because they were too far down

(Continued)
HARRAH (Cont'd)
the street. I couldn't see 'em.
Tighten up on that thing.

COLE
Well, anyway, we know where we are with McLeod.

HARRAH
Yeah, and right now it ain't good.
Tighten up on it...

Using his pistol barrel, Cole tightens up on the tourniquet.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Harrah is stretched out on a bench with a young doctor, CHUCK DONOVAN, working on his leg, Bull standing by. Mississippi on watch by window.

Cole is getting all the attention. Miller is fussing around him, all eager and interested, and Donovan is doing his work on Harrah with his left hand, as it were, watching Cole and Miller over his shoulder.

MILLER
Often wondered about you, Thornton...
Didn't think you'd have sense enough to take my advice.

COLE
Never mind about me...

MILLER
Bother you much? Any pain?

COLE
Don't you have enough patients to attend to...

MILLER
Bend over. Little more.
(Pokes Cole's back)
Does that hurt?

COLE
No. Now why don't you...

MILLER
Does that hurt?

10-12-65
Donovan
(To Harrah)
Excuse me.

Harrah
Don't mind me.

Donovan
(To Miller)
Exactly where did you get that reaction?

Miller thumps again. Again Cole yells.

Cole
Hey! What're you...

Donovan
Very interesting.
(Prodding around)
The object's located about here...some pressure in this region...

Harrah
Hey, Donovan...

Miller
Just a minute, Sheriff. What do you think, Chuck?

Donovan
It's a challenge. I'd like to try.

Bull
(To Harrah)
Guess he has a more interesting misery than you've got.

Harrah
Yeah. Look...I'm sorry to bore you with this, but it's still bleeding.

Donovan
You have nothing to worry about, Sheriff. It's a good clean wound. Will you finish up for me, Joe?
(To Cole)
Now bend over this way. Hm. Hm.
COLE
Will you quit hammering on me?

MILLER
Better listen to him, Thornton. If anyone can get that bullet out of you, he can. He's pretty good, though I hate to admit it.

COLE
I don't have any time now...

DONOVAN
It's giving you some trouble, isn't it?

COLE
No...

MISSISSIPPI
Why don't you tell him the truth, Cole?

COLE
And why don't you pay attention to your job?

MISSISSIPPI
I am. A pussycat went by about ten minutes ago, and now there's a burro taking a nap. And you'd still better tell him.

DONOVAN
I think I can guess. There's a sudden spasm of pain in this area, followed by paralysis of one side, probably the right...

COLE
It never lasts long.

DONOVAN
Lasts a little longer each time, though, doesn't it? And the attacks come a little oftener?

HARRAH
What are you trying to tell him, Doc?

DONOVAN
The bullet's working in toward the spine, beginning to do some

(Continued)
DONOVAN (Cont'd)

damage. If he doesn't get it out of there, one of these times he'll have an attack that won't pass off.

COLE

Dan McLeod may just take care of the whole problem, but if I'm still around when this is all over I'll come and see you. How's the Sheriff?

MILLER

Oh, he'll do fine.

(To Harrah)

Now stay off that leg, and I'll be round to...

HARRAH

Stay off it! For God's sake, man, I've got a war on my hands. You expect me to fight it sitting down?

(Starts to get up)

MILLER

Go ahead. Try it.

(Harrh sits again, cursing)

Still, you've got a point there. I'll send over a pair of crutches. It's a good thing two of you are healthy, anyway...

DONOVAN

We'd better get back to the MacDonald boy.

HARRAH

How is he?

DONOVAN

Touch and go. But we're hoping.

COLE

(To Miller)

Tell his sister to stay away from here, will you?

HARRAH

And Maudie. This jail isn't going to be a healthy place for anybody from here on.

10-12-65 (Continued)
MILLER
I'll tell 'em. Good luck, boys. You're going to need it.

They go.

HARRAH
Cole, you didn't tell me it was that bad.

COLE
I'm still walking around, which is more than you can say. Bull, you get that back door boarded up tight.

BULL
Why go to all that work? Why not just shoot Jason right now and let McLeod have him?

HARRAH
That'd be the sensible thing to do, all right.

COLE
But you're not going to do it.

HARRAH
I said I'd hold him for trial. McLeod's going to have to prove to me that I can't. Bull, where's that bottle? I think we could all use a drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

104. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Harrah limping around on crutches, others watching.

COLE
You're doing all right.

HARRAH
Sure, sure, I'm doing fine. Race you down the main street... oh, hell. How do you draw a gun with these damn things in the way?

BULL
I don't think mostly you're intended to.

10-12-65 (Continued)
COLE
You aren't going to do any outside work, that's for sure.
Mississippi and Bull and I are going to have to spread ourselves a little thin.

HARRAH
I'll take over the watch on Jason.
I won't have to do anything but sit.

BULL
Why don't me and Mississippi make the rounds, and Cole here can get some rest and then relieve one of us, and so on. That way everybody can get a little sleep.

HARRAH
Well, watch yourselves. McLeod's just brash enough to try something in broad daylight. Go ahead, Cole, you didn't get much sleep last night.

COLE
But you did, huh?

He lets Bull and Mississippi out.

COLE (Cont'd)
You yell good and loud when you come back, so I know who you are.

MISSISSIPPI
We will.

Cole locks the door.

HARRAH
I can catch a nap back there when things are quiet. How are you feeling?

COLE
I feel okay.

HARRAH
Your back all right?

COLE
You just worry about your leg.

He lies down on a bench to sleep.
INT. JAIL CORRIDOR AND CELLS - (DAY)

Harrah comes down the corridor, speaks to Jason.

HARRAH
How did you sleep, Jason?
You were pretty nervous last
night when the shooting started.

JASON
I slept all right, Sheriff.
And I'm not nervous at all.
In fact, I'm beginning to feel
pretty good.

HARRAH
I'm glad to hear that, Jason.
I like my prisoners to be happy.

He goes into the other cell, opposite, sits on the
bunk with his back against the wall. Gun in hand, he
settles down to watch Jason, looking -- between pain,
anger, sleeplessness, and hate, just about as ugly as
a man can look.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
Just so you won't feel lonesome,
I'll be right here from now on.

EXT. ELDORADO STREET - (DAY)

Mississippi and Bull, on opposite sides of the street,
on patrol, looking for any sign of McLeod's men.

At the end of the street Bull joins Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI
Anything?

BULL
No. But I got an itchy
feeling at the back of my neck.
-- Wish McLeod and them were.
Injuns.

MISSISSIPPI
Why?

BULL
I'd turn my old mule loose and

10-12-65 (Continued)
BULL (Cont'd)
she'd smell 'em out. She could
smell Injun all the way from
here to Mexico. That's why I
always kept her.

MISSISSIPPI
There aren't any Injuns around
here, are there?

BULL
No, but with them red devils you
never can tell. I got the same
feeling about McLeod...when you
don't see no sign at all is the
time to watch out.

MISSISSIPPI
We better have a look at these side
streets. I'll take this one.

They take off along the side lanes, separating.

EXT. SIDE STREET - (DAY)
Mississippi walking. Ahead he sees two men...
recognizes two of McLeod's gang...he makes a dive
for a convenient door.

108.  INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - (DAY)
Mississippi crashes through the door, into a shadowy
room, the shutters closed against the hot sun. Maria,
half dressed, is at the mirror combing her hair.
She turns.

MISSISSIPPI
I'm sorry, Miss. I didn't have any
other place to go. You'd better get
down on the floor...there's liable
to be some shooting.

MARIA
These walls are very thick.

MISSISSIPPI
The door isn't. Hey...there's
something familiar about you.
Maybe it's the voice. Aren't
you the girl who...
MARIA
I told you of the men in the church. Yes.

MISSISSIPPI
I wanted... we wanted to thank you... but I didn't know your name...

MARIA
It's Maria.

MISSISSIPPI
Hello, Maria. I guess if I'd had a good look at you that night I'd have found you anyway.
   (Looks outside)

MARIA
Can you see anyone, Senor...

MISSISSIPPI
They call me Mississippi. No, I don't see a soul now.

MARIA
Would you like to have me look?

MISSISSIPPI
You mean, go out there?

MARIA
Yes.

MISSISSIPPI
You'd better put some clothes on, first.

MARIA
If you wish.

MISSISSIPPI
I didn't mean that, Miss. I mean, I don't want you to go out there. I mean... uh... maybe you better just forget the whole thing.

MARIA
As you wish. But it might be better if you stay here for a while...

MISSISSIPPI
Uh-huh. Well, I... uh...

10-12-65 (Continued)
MARIA
Maybe you would like some wine?

MISSISSIPPI
Well, I...uh...I guess I've got time for that... Hello, Bull.

Bull stands in the doorway.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
I saw a couple of men that looked like McLeod's boys...they kind of had me trapped. I ducked in here.

BULL
They're gone now.

MISSISSIPPI
Oh. Well, fine. Well, thanks, Maria...

BULL
They were heading toward the back of the jail. But if you're too busy...

MISSISSIPPI
No. No. Let's go. So long...

MARIA
Adios, Senor. So long, Bull.

BULL
Ah-humph!

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - (DAY)

Bull and Mississippi come out.

MISSISSIPPI
How'd you know I was in there?

BULL
It come to me, son, like in a dream. For a stranger, you do move fast.

EXT. BACK STREET - (DAY)

Bull and Mississippi.

10-12-65 (Continued)
BULL
They went down here. Maybe
going to spy out how things
are around the jail.

MISSISSIPPI
I don’t see hide nor hair of ’em
now.

They go down the street. There is a board fence.
Below it we see a pair of boots.

Mississippi and Bull, walking a little distance
apart, come level with the fence and the hidden man.

A shot sounds from the fence. Mississippi throws
himself down, hits rolling, fires from the ground.

The buckshot rips through the fence. The man behind
it staggers and falls.

MISSISSIPPI
Well, there’s one of ’em.

Bull points to a man farther down the street who
jumps on a horse and goes.

BULL
And there’s the t’other. Hey,
that gun of yours works real
good.

MISSISSIPPI
(Pleased and surprised)
Yeah, it does, doesn’t it?

DISSOLVE TO:
111. EXT. ROOFTOP - (NIGHT)

Across from the Sheriff's Office. One of McLeod's men is on the roof with a rifle.

112. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Cole and Mississippi getting ready to go on patrol. Harrah is in the doorway of the back corridor. Bull looking out crack in window shutter, scratching his neck.

BULL

Nothing out there that looks wrong...

COLE

What's the matter with your neck?

BULL

My old mule and my itchy neck, they're the reasons I still got my hair. You go out real careful.

He opens the door.

113. THE MAN ON THE ROOF

watching. Cole comes out the door fast, crouches to one side...nothing happens...he beckons to Mississippi inside...Mississippi comes out. The door shuts.

114. COLE AND MISSISSIPPI

on the dark porch, looking around.

MISSISSIPPI

I guess it was just a flea bothering old Bull.

He starts off the porch. A rifle cracks from the roof opposite. Mississippi and Cole both dive, getting around the corner of the jail.

COLE

(Shouts)
Don't come out! We're okay.
(To Mississippi)
Just a flea, huh?

10-14-65
115. **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)**

Harrah goes back into the corridor, takes up his post guarding Jason, his gun out.

Bull peers through the shutter crack.

**BULL**

(Shouts)

Cole...he's on the roof.

116. **EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - (NIGHT)**

**COLE**

I see him...

117. **EXT. ROOFTOP - (NIGHT)**

The man turns and runs.

118. **COLE AND MISSISSIPPI**

**MISSISSIPPI**

Hey...there he goes.

**COLE**

Let's get him.

They start across the street.

119. **EXT. BACK STREET - (NIGHT)**

McLeod's man jumps down from a porch roof and runs.

120. **COLE AND MISSISSIPPI**

going after the man...as much chase as you want.

121. **EXT. MAUDIE'S SALOON - (NIGHT)**

The man runs inside. Cole and Mississippi follow.

122. **INT. MAUDIE'S - (NIGHT)**

Cole and Mississippi come in. The man has disappeared. McLeod's man Pete sits with his face hidden under a huge Mexican hat.

10-14-65

(Continued)
PETE
You are looking for a man who
is running, Senores?

COLE
Yeah.

PETE
He run very fast, out that door.

COLE
Gracias, amigo. You've been a
big help.

He lifts the hat off suddenly, revealing Pete.

COLE (Cont'd)
Well if it isn't our old friend
Pete from San Miguel.

MISSISSIPPI
Uh-huh...the one who likes to wait
for people to come out the door.

COLE
Suppose he had any special reason
for wanting us to go out through
that one?

PETE
Now wait...I told the truth...
the man ran out there...

COLE
I'm sure he did. Now you just run
out after him.

PETE
No...no, listen, there's nobody
waiting out there...

COLE
Then you won't mind going out.
(To Mississippi)
You watch the other doors.

Mississippi guards his back. Cole forces Pete to
the doorway.

PETE
No...don't make me go out...

Cole fires, nicks him in the arm.
PETE
Don't make me...!

Cole nicks him in the leg.

COLE
Go on, Pete. Go...

He breaks off with a groan. The gun drops out of his hand. He falls. Pete grabs for his gun. Mississippi shoots him, then bends over Cole.

MISSISSIPPI
Cole...!

He is hit over the head from behind. We see McLeod and Milt, who have come in from the back. In b.g., a man is holding Maudie, his hand over her mouth, her hands tied. Cole is trying to reach his gun with his left hand...it has fallen close to his now-useless right. McLeod watches him, bright-eyed and interested, nudges the gun just out of reach with his boot.

MCLEOD
This is real interesting, Thornton. I'm going to have to think about this for a while.

DISSOLVE TO:

123. INT. REAR OF JAIL - (NIGHT)

Harrah guarding Jason.

HARRAH
Hey, Bull...can't you see anything of them?

Bull comes into the corridor from the front.

BULL
Ain't no use asking me again. I ain't seen nor heard a thing since those last shots.

HARRAH
Why did I have to get laid up like this? Bull...you're going to have to...

BULL
Don't get yourself all in a lather. Those two can take care of themselves. They're probably...
A shotgun blast blows the lock out of the front door. Bull dives into the cell, out of the line of fire.

MCLEOD
(Outside)
This is Dan McLeod. Don't shoot, Sheriff. Not till you see who's coming in.

The door opens and Cole falls into the room.

BULL
It's Cole...

Harrah restrains him.

HARRAH
McLeod!

INTERCUT WITH EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - McLeod crouched against the wall beside the door. Milt and another man who have carried Cole crouched on the other side of the door covering the street.

Cole lies on the floor, unable to get up.

MCLEOD
I hear you, Sheriff.

COLE
Harrah...

HARRAH
Shut up. McLeod, I've got my gun aimed straight between Bart Jason's eyeballs...

JASON
Watch it, McLeod...he's not joking.

HARRAH
Go ahead and talk.

MCLEOD
I'll make a deal, Sheriff. You send out Bart Jason alive, and you get your friend alive. Fair enough?

HARRAH
No.

COLE
I told you were wasting your time...carrying me here...

10-14-65 (Continued)
He is almost laughing at McLeod. Then Harrah goes on.

HARRAH
How do I know you won't shoot
Thornton as soon as Jason walks
out that door?

MCLEOD
Because I say so.

HARRAH
Not good enough.

COLE
Harrah, are you crazy? You can't...

MCLEOD
What do you want then, Sheriff?

HARRAH
I'll let Jason out. Bull will
stay back where he can cover us...
if you shoot me, Jason'll be dead
before I hit the ground...

MCLEOD
You're making sense.

HARRAH
Jason will walk...

COLE
Damn you, Harrah, if you let
him go...

MCLEOD
He's not listening to you, so
why don't you shut up? Go ahead, Sheriff.

HARRAH
Jason will walk straight to the
door and I'll have a gun on him
all the way. He'll go through
the door and close it behind him,
and if it opens again we'll all
be sorry.

MCLEOD
Good enough...oh, and Sheriff...
the boy with the fancy hat,
Mississippi...he's down at the
saloon, with your lady friend.
MCLEOD (Cont'd)
He's still alive. But if there's any shooting through the door or out the windows, he won't be.

HARRAH
All right. I'm going to open the cell. Give me the keys, Bull.

BULL
Sheriff, I been waiting for a chance to open my mouth...

HARRAH
This isn't it.

Harrah takes the keys and crosses to the cell. For a moment he seems on the verge of changing his mind and shooting Jason after all. Then he unlocks the door.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
You know what you have to do?

JASON
Yes.

HARRAH
Get going before I change my mind.

Jason goes out and across the office.

COLE
You're making a great bargain, Harrah. Selling out the whole MacDonald family for me.

MCLEOD
From what your lady friend said, Thornton, I guess your chances aren't very good. Sorry. I would have liked to find out which one of us was best. Close the door, Jason.

Jason closes the door. Harrah restrains himself from firing through it.

COLE
You've done it now.

HARRAH
Suppose it had been me...what would you have done?
COLE
I guess I'd have done the same.
Anyway, it's my fault. I let you down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)
Donovan examining Cole. Hallock and Maudie watching.
Bull and Mississippi keeping a watch by the door.
Rosa in b.g.

COLE
I don't like this, Doc. It always passed off in just a few minutes...before.

DONOVAN
You may have waited too long, Thornton. Well, let's give it a little time. I want to know whether the damage is permanent before I cut into you.

COLE
You're a great comfort. How's he doing?

DONOVAN
He'd do better if he'd stay in bed and quit drinking, but I'm tired of trying to beat sense into your heads. Call me if there's any change.

MAUDIE
Thanks, Chuck. We will.
He goes. There is a gloomy silence.

ROSA
Does no one wish to eat? Not anything?
They shake their heads.

MAUDIE
Sorry, Rosa...I guess nobody's hungry. ... Maybe if I'd rub your arm, Cole...you know, massage it...
COLE
What good would that do?

HARRAH
Let her try it.

He goes to the door.

BULL
It's awful quiet. Seems like they've forgotten all about us.

HARRAH
Why wouldn't they? They've got us beat. We're not even worth shooting.

MISSISSIPPI
There's somebody coming now...

BULL
Looks like the girl.

MISSISSIPPI
I'd know that mop of hair anywhere. ...She looks like she's got trouble.

EXT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)
Joey rides up.

MISSISSIPPI
What's wrong, Joey? Is it your brother?... Did he...?

JOEY
You mean my brother Saul? No. He's fine. Doctor says he's going to be good as new.

HARRAH
Then what's the matter?

JOEY
It's my brother Jared. They've got him.

HARRAH
What do you mean, they've got him?
JOEY
I mean they've got him and they're holding him. Jason and McLeod. They gave me a message to take to my father. If he signs over the water rights, they'll let Jared go. Otherwise...

BULL
Seems like they learned their lesson real good last night.

HARRAH
Yeah. Joey...where are they holding him?

JOEY
I don't know. But they'll have him at Maudie's place tonight, and they'll wait two hours for my father. They told me they'd kill Jared if we tried anything. That's what you told McLeod about Jason, isn't it? And then you didn't do it.

HARRAH
No. I didn't do it.

JOEY
I shouldn't talk that way. I guess I'm just trying to forget that it's really my fault.

MISSISSIPPI
How do you make that out? You weren't even there.

JOEY
I shot Mr. Thronton, you idiot, that's why it's my fault.

MISSISSIPPI
All right, have it your way. Look, would you like me to come with you?

JOEY
No, I've got trouble enough without you. You'd slap me, or you'd be nice to me, and either way I couldn't take it. Not today. Damn. I've got to go. Tell Mr. Thronton I'm...I'm sorry...

She rides off, fast.
126. **INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (DAY)**

Harrah turns and speaks to Cole and Maudie.

**HARRAH**
You heard all that?

**COLE**
I heard it.

He picks up an empty bottle left-handed and smashes it against the wall.

**COLE (Cont'd)**
You shouldn't have let him go.

We see Harrah's face as we

DISSOLVE TO:

127. **INT. HALLOCK'S HOUSE - (EVENING)**

Bull coming in. Maudie working on Cole's arm. Mississippi perhaps eating some of Rosa's food, Harrah brooding.

**BULL**
They're all there now with the boy.

**MISSISSIPPI**
You suppose MacDonald will come in?

**HARRAH**
What else can he do?

**MISSISSIPPI**
Yeah.

A gloomy silence.

**MAUDIE**
Why did they take over my place, damn it? Jason's got a saloon of his own to do his dirty work in.

**HARRAH**
McLeod's too smart to get caught in there again. It's too easy rushed and one man can cover the whole inside.

(Continued)
COLE
He's not taking any chances.
...If I could just hold a gun...
Look at that. I can almost move two fingers.

MAUDIE
It's a beginning.

COLE
If you're going to be cheerful,
I'm going to kick you out.

BULL
What I wonder about is what
happens after MacDonald signs
over those water-rights. If
Jason lets the boy go, it'll
be him and McLeod and a few
men against a lot of awful
mad MacDonalds.

COLE
I expect they'd make out.
McLeod's worth a dozen of
anybody else.

HARRAH
But Jason might not want to
take that chance.

MISSISSIPPI
You mean he might not let
the boy go?

HARRAH
How the hell do I know what
he'll do?

He arrives at the decision he's been in the process
of making, gets his gunbelt and straps it on.

HARRAH (Cont'd)
Bull, Maudie's going to loan
me her buggy. Go hitch it up.

COLE
What are you going to do? You
can't walk but you can still
shoot. You think they're going
to let you ride up to the front
door?
127. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
I've got to do something.

COLE
Sure. But how to get yourself
killed isn't the problem. That's
easy. The trick is to get young
MacDonald out of there alive.

He scowls at his fingers, working them. The move-
ment isn't much, but it's something.

MAUDIE
Arch...

COLE
Shut up. Mississippi, bring me
that rifle.

MAUDIE
Arch...!

He looks at her. She turns away, defeated.

HARRAH
Bring him the rifle.

Mississippi gets the rifle.

COLE
Help me up.

Mississippi steadies him. He stands and takes the
rifle in his left hand...finds he can work the ring
lever by hooking it over the fingers of his right hand
in which he has some control. He is suddenly jubilant.

COLE (Cont'd)
By God, it'll work.

HARRAH
And what are you going to do.

COLE
Ride up to the front door.

This is too much for Maudie.

MAUDIE
Arch, are you crazy? Have you
lost your mind?

10-14-65 (Continued)
127. (Cont'd)

HARRAH
Hell, no... he's making the best sense I've heard. He can do it.

MAUDIE
But... Oh, what's the use.

COLE
Bull, can you get me a wagon?
(Looks at Harrah and laughs)
A fine pair of heroes we are!
(To Bull)
Well, get going!

BULL
Yes, sir!

COLE
And I'll need one more thing to make it look good. A holster for a left-handed gun.

DISSOLVE TO:

128. EXT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Harrah is in the buggy, his crutches beside him. Mississippi is helping Cole onto the wagon seat. Cole now wears his gunbelt with the gun holstered on the left side. Maudie watching. Bull busy at the back of the wagon.

COLE
All right, I can hang on.
Give me the reins.

He takes them in his left hand.

MISSISSIPPI
How are you going to get down?

COLE
Easy. I'll fall down.

He is in high good humor. He turns to speak to Bull.

COLE (Cont'd)
Got that fixed back there, Bull?
I don't want it hanging up on me.

10-14-65 (Continued)
BULL
Don't worry. She'll come loose when you want her, but not before.

COLE
Okay. I'll give you ten minutes, Harrah. They'll have a man on guard at the back, so...

HARRAH
Are you trying to teach me my job?

COLE
Just don't make any noise, that's all. When you hear me start shooting, you better be ready to jump.

HARRAH
What if they shoot first?

COLE
Then you're on your own... Luck.

They look at each other briefly... a so-long-pal sort of thing quite without sentiment... they're both happy men, doing something, fighting back, and not giving a damn what happens.

Maudie comes to the wagon.

MAUDIE
Let me go in with you.

COLE
All right, Maudie. Part way. Give me something to lean against.

He clucks to the horse and the wagon pulls out slowly.

MISSISSIPPI
"And when his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow -
Shadow, cried he,
Where can it be,
This land called Eldorado..."

HARRAH
Let's go.

Bull suddenly bolts for the house, as Mississippi climbs in.
BULL

Wait a minute --

Harrah shakes head and starts the buggy, but slowly.

INT. HARRAH'S HOUSE - (NIGHT)

Bull rushes over and takes down from the wall an Indian bow and a beaded quiver of arrows, looks at them lovingly and rushes out again.

EXT. YARD AND ROAD - (NIGHT)

Bull runs to catch up with the buggy, jumps in.

HARRAH

What in the world are you doing with that?

BULL

Like Cole said, we got to do this quiet. I used to be pretty good with this when I was on the mountain.

HARRAH

Can you still hit the side of a barn with it at night?

BULL

Don't have to hit the side of a barn. Just a man.

MISSISSIPPI

"Over the mountains of the moon,
Down the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,
The shade replied,
If you seek for Eldorado."

He lets go a rebel yell and with the whip touches the horse into a gallop.

EXT. ROAD - (NIGHT)

The wagon and the buggy going toward town. The buggy turns off on a diverging road (or any way you want to stage this, so long as the buggy turns off before it's in sight of the saloon.)
COLE AND MAUDIE

together on the wagon seat. She's not saying anything. At a certain point he pulls up, and smiles at her.

COLE
This is as far as you go, Maudie.
Jump.

She seems on the point of saying something, then changes her mind, kisses him quickly, and jumps down. He is about to start on when she sees something o.s.

MAUDIE
Cole...look.

THEIR POV

The MacDonals coming in toward town, the old man and his sons and Joey on horseback, the women in a buckboard.

COLE AND MAUDIE

Looking at the MacDonals.

COLE
Maudie, hold 'em back. Tell 'em to give us five minutes. If they come in now they'll blow any chance we've got.

He starts the wagon again...she runs toward the MacDonals.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - (NIGHT)

Around a corner from, and out of sight of, the back door of the saloon. Harrah has stopped the buggy and is getting out of it. Bull and Mississippi are cautiously approaching the corner. They peer around it.

THEIR P.O.V.

The man on guard at the back door.

BULL AND MISSISSIPPI

Bull reaches for an arrow, but Mississippi stops him.

10-14-65

(Continued)
137. (Cont'd)

MISSISSIPPI
Too much chance of him yelling when he's hit.

He looks around. On an adobe wall beside them is a row of flowerpots; Mississippi grins.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
I've got an idea. Hold my gun. And this.

He hands Bull his gun and hat, quickly empties a black-glazed pot and puts it on his head like a Chinese hat. (Could he wear some kind of a coat he could turn inside out, to look like a padded jacket?)

138. THE GUARD

At the back door of the saloon. He looks around as a form approaches him. Mississippi, doing a shuffle, his hands folded in his sleeves. The guard stares, then steps toward him.

GUARD
Hey, what are you doing here?

MISSISSIPPI
Me Chine boy, Me lookee for job, cookee, washee...

And whom, he lets the guard have it on the jaw. The man falls and Mississippi jumps him. We HEAR the thud of a solid blow with a gunbutt below FRAME, or else see his knife flash down... anyway, we know the man isn't going to get up again.

139. BULL AND HARRAH

Bull motions to Harrah, starts to run down the alley, Harrah following.

140. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

In front of the saloon. McLeod and two men on the porch. One of the men nudges McLeod and points up the street.

MAN
Look who's coming.

10-14-65 (Continued)
140. (Cont'd)

McLEOD
I'll be damned.

MAN
Want me to take care of him?

McLEOD
No. He's alone. Let him come.

He steps to the door of the saloon and calls through it; we see Jason inside, and at the back Jered MacDonald tied up and Milt standing guard over him.

McLEOD
Milt... stay with the boy. You know what to do if anything starts.

JASON
What is it?

McLEOD
Nothing for you to worry about. Just a little piece of unfinished business.

He returns to the front of the porch and waits for Cole.

141. INT. MAUDIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The back door opens silently. Very quietly and carefully, Bull and Mississippi come in, followed more slowly by Harrah.

142. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

Cole has pulled up the wagon in front of the saloon.

COLE
McLeod.

McLEOD
What's on your mind, Thornton?

COLE
You and I left a certain question unanswered, We'd both hate to have to go on wondering. You game to find out?
142. (Cont'd)

MCLEOD
I almost believe you mean what you're saying. But you're no left-handed gun.

COLE
Give me time to get down off this wagon, and we'll see.

MCLEOD
You know what you're asking me to do.

COLE
Call it professional courtesy.

MCLEOD
If you put it like that, I guess I can't refuse. Take all the time you want.

143. MCLEOD
watching him, knowing better than to offer any help. His face reflects profound admiration.

144. INT. MAUDIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Bull and Mississippi and Harrah looking through into the main room of the saloon. Milt is by Jared but looking toward the street, his back toward them. Jason is also watching. The three draw back.

MISSISSIPPI
Only one man in there, beside Jason...

HARRAH
All right, Bull, it's your turn.

Bull goes Indian fashion into the hall and shoots through the arch at Milt's back.

145. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

A sudden scream from inside as Milt is transfixed. Cole grabs the hidden rifle, falls to his knees and shoots under the wagon, hits McLeod, is hit himself in the leg.
146. INT. SALOON - (NIGHT)

Jared now crouched on the floor. Mississippi and Bull running forward, Harrah behind them. (Does Bull have his rifle as well as the bow?) Mississippi's sawed-off blasts through the window. Harrah fires through the door, Bull shoots with whatever he has. Jason has dived for the floor. The two men outside are down, finished.

147. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

McLeod is down, but still alive. He is lifting his gun to get Cole, when Cole fires from the ground, hits him. Bull and Mississippi come out on the porch.

148. INT. SALOON - (NIGHT)

Jason makes a frantic attempt to get Milt's gun, has it in his hand, when Harrah shoots him.

149. EXT. STREET - (NIGHT)

The MacDonalda come tearing down the street. Maudie is in the buckboard with the women. She jumps out and runs to Cole. Mississippi is beside him.

MAUDIE

Cole...

COLE

It's just my leg...the bum one...

but by God I can feel it...

MAUDIE

Oh, Cole, you damn fool idiot...

The MacDonalda men have gone up to the saloon, followed by the women. Harrah comes out with young Jared, now untied. Bull is checking the casualties. He looks up from McLeod.

BULL

This one's still alive...

MCLEOD

Don't worry, I'm all through.

Thornton --

10-14-65 (Continued)
COLE

Yeah?

MCLEOD

You didn't give me a chance.

COLE

I'm sorry, McLeod. You were too
good to give a chance to.

MCLEOD

Thanks. That was the nicest thing
you could have said.

He dies.

Cole, in the street, is trying to get up, Mississippi
and Maudie helping him, as Harrah comes up.

HARRAH

Well! You look fine.

COLE

You've got a great sense of humor.

HARRAH

A little exercise was just what
you needed. Get your mind off
yourself. Look at that.

Cole realizes that he's using his arm pretty well now,
...he flexes his fingers, still stiff and clumsy but
obviously returning to normal.

COLE

Oh, for...look at that. Now when
I don't need it...

MAUDIE

Hold him, Duke. I'll get the doctor.

She runs off. Joey comes up.

JOEY

Thanks. Thanks, all of you.
Here let me help.

She gets on the other side of Cole, grins at Mississippi
across him.

COLE

I guess you're going to have to
get rid of that hat now.

10-14-65

(Continued)
MISSISSIPPI

Why?

He reaches up and finds that the whole crown has been blown out of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

150. INT. MAUDIE'S BEDROOM - (DAY)

Cole propped up in bed, is holding Maudie and kissing her. Harrah comes into the doorway, looks at this. Bull is with him, has his bugle.

HARRAH

Well, the operation seems to have been a great success.

MAUDIE

Oh, it was. Doctor says he'll be fine now.

COLE

With the right kind of care. Why don't you run along and tend to your sheriffing?

HARRAH

(Taking Maudie by the arm)

Because you cleaned up the town so good there's nothing to do. And I'm still on the sick list, so share the nurse, brother.

(To Maudie)

Or we can always get ourselves another girl, you know.

MAUDIE

Don't be too sure. Nobody else would put up with you two. What's all that?

SOUNDS of quarreling outside. They look out.

151. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Mississippi and Joey. He has a new hat.

10-14-65 (Continued)
MISSISSIPPI
Well now what's wrong with this one?

JOEY
I just don't like it, that's all. You've got the darndest taste in hats.

MISSISSIPPI
Well, you should talk. The way you wear your hair...

JOEY
What's wrong with it?

MISSISSIPPI
Nothing...if you don't mind looking like a wild pony that's never been combed.

She slaps him. He slaps her back.

MISSISSIPPI (Cont'd)
I told you not to do that.

JOEY
All right! All right! Just keep at me and maybe I'll learn.

INT. MAUDIE'S ROOM - (DAY)

They're laughing as Joey and Mississippi walk away.

COLE
That's something he wasn't looking for in Eldorado. Just a nice quiet girl.

Bull lifts the bugle.

EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Joey and Mississippi walking away, apparently still quarreling, into LONG SHOT, as Bull's bugle sounds Taps.

FADE OUT.

THE END

10-14-65