

"R I O B R A V O"

Original Screenplay by

Jules Furthman
Leigh Brackett

2/26/58

Armada Productions

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Pictures

presents

John Wayne	as	John T. Chance
Dean Martin	as	Dude
Ricky Nelson	as	Colorado
Angie Dickinson	as	Feathers
Walter Brennan	as	Stumpy
Ward Bond	as	Pat Wheeler

in

Howard Hawks'

"R I O B R A V O"

Technicolor (R)

with

John Russell	as	Nathan Burdette
Pedro Gonzalez- Gonzalez	as	Carlos
Estelita Rodriguez	as	Consuela
Claude Akins	as	Joe Burdette
Malcolm Atterbury	as	Jake
Harry Carey, Jr.	as	Harold
Bob Steele	as	Matt Harris

Directed and Produced by Howard Hawks
Screenplay by Jules Furthman and
Hugh Brackett
Short story by B. H. McCampbell
Director of Photography Russell Harlan,
A.C.S.
Director Leo K. Kuter
Assistant Director Wolmar Blangsted, A.C.E.
Assistant Director Robert B. Lee

Music Composed and Conducted by
Dimitri Tiomkin
Original Songs:
Music by Dimitri Tiomkin
Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster
Costumes Designed by Marjorie East
Makeup Supervisor Gordon Bau, S.M.A.
Assistant Director Paul Helnick
Set Decorator Ralph S. Hurst

An Armada Production

* * *

Please Destroy Previously Issued Cast & Credits)

1010-50

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN T. CHANCE..... The Sheriff of Rio Bravo

DUDE..... Chance's friend and former deputy, one-time legendary gunman who for two years has been the town drunk; now in a time of stress he is Chance's deputy once more.

COLORADO..... A young gunhand on his first real job as guard to a wagon-train; fast with a gun, but modest and determined to stay out of trouble.

FEATHERS..... A girl who has learned a lot about life in her twenty-four years; good-looking, good-hearted, with a sense of humor.

STUMPY:..... Chance's other deputy and friend, a tough vinigary old man with a game leg.

CARLOS..... The Mexican hotel keeper, and a friend of Chance's.

CONSUELA..... His beautiful young Mexican wife.

JOE BURDETTE..... An arrogant, wanton killer.

NATHAN BURDETTE..... Joe's older brother, a powerful rancher bent on protecting his black-sheep brother.

PAT WHEELER..... The boss of a wagon-train, and a friend of Chance's; middle-aged, tough and capable but no gun-fighter.

JAKE..... An old stagecoach driver.

RATON..... Mexican piano player in the Rio Bravo Saloon.

CHARLIE..... The bartender in the Rio Bravo Saloon.

JUANITO..... A Mexican boy, nine or ten years old, who plays the drum for funerals.

MATT HARRIS..... Nathan Burdette's chief gunhand.

(CONTINUED)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BERT..... The town undertaker.
LEADER OF BURDETTE'S RIDERS..... A professional gunman.
GUNMEN..... Tough professionals hired by
Nathan Burdette.

Checkered Vest, a tinhorn gambler - A middle-aged citizen who is
shot down by Joe Burdette - Bartenders - Cowboys - Teamsters -
Gamblers - Citizens of Rio Bravo, a Texas border town with mixed
Mexican and American population.

"RIO BRAVO"
FINAL

CHANGE
6/17/58

FADE IN

1. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

(This and following scenes are played without dialogue, with only musical accompaniment and sound effects. Title and credits will be shown OVER the action.)

SHOT of JOE BURDETTE drinking at the bar. Then a SHOT of the room, a border-town saloon, with men at the bar and tables. Two Mexicans, RATON and JOSE, play their instruments in the corner. DUDE comes in through the back door. He is in bad shape, needing a drink. He starts across the room. A man bumps into him, pushes him aside. Dude gets to the bar. He watches Joe taking a drink. Dude's mouth waters. Joe looks at him, then pours himself another drink and drinks it while Dude watches. Smiling, Joe takes out a coin and tosses it into a spittoon. He watches to see what Dude will do. Dude goes to the spittoon.

2. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

SHOT of Dude as he reaches for the spittoon. A booted foot comes into scene and kicks the spittoon away. Dude looks up.

3. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

SHOT from Dude's p.o.v. of JOHN T. CHANCE, the sheriff. He wears a sheriff's star on his vest and carries a rifle, but no six-guns.

4. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

Chance turns away from Dude toward Joe. But Dude, in a burst of anger at Chance's interference, grabs a chair and swings it. It hits Chance alongside the head and he falls, knocked out. Dude looks down at him. He realizes what he has done and drops the chair. He goes for Joe. But two men grab him and hold his arms. Joe, grinning, hits him two or three times in the stomach. The men let go of Dude and he sags against the bar. Joe finishes his drink, walks to the door and goes out.

5. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Joe starts to walk down the street from the Rio Bravo Saloon. He is weaving slightly, looking for more trouble. We follow him as he walks. A man sees him coming and hastily gets out of his way. As Joe passes a cantina a man comes out and bumps into him. Joe snarls and knocks him back through the swinging doors. He walks on. At a corner he sees a Mexican woman walking across the street. She has a shawl over her head, hiding her face. He follows her and grabs her, laugh-

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5 (Cont.)

ing, and pulls the shawl off. He sees that she is not young and he pushes her contemptuously away. He walks on down the street.

6. EXT. STREET REVERSE ANGLE NIGHT

In f.g. a middle-aged man who carries no guns is sitting on the edge of the raised sidewalk, smoking. A dog lies near him on the sidewalk, sleeping. In b.g. Joe is coming toward them. He keeps coming, and stumbles on the sleeping dog.

7. EXT. STREET NIGHT

Joe kicks the dog as it springs up. The dog snarls. Joe laughs and pulls his gun. The middle-aged man has gotten up. He moves toward Joe to protect his dog, and Joe stops laughing. He shoots, and the man falls. Joe stands over the body, looking around. Then he holsters his gun and walks away. He crosses the street and walks back up the other side, while behind him people look out of doorways. Joe goes into a cantina, from which we hear a guitar and a Spanish song.

8. INT. CANTINA NIGHT

The singer and his guitar fall silent. Mexican patrons of the cantina scatter out of Joe's way. He goes to the bar and the bartender pours him a drink. He starts to drink it, sees the bartender staring over his shoulder, and turns.

9. INT. CANTINA NIGHT

Chance stands inside the door. He is hatless, bleeding from a cut on the forehead. His rifle is levelled on Joe.

10. INT. CANTINA NIGHT

Joe, his hands poised, stares into the muzzle of Chance's gun as he approaches. He does not dare to draw. But suddenly several of the men from the Rio Bravo Saloon come in. They are behind Chance and to one side. Some of them have their guns out. There is a tense moment, and then Dude comes in behind the men. He grabs a gun from a man's holster, and now Dude and Chance have the men between them. They drop their guns, then turn and go out. Joe makes a sudden move to go for his gun and Chance hits him with the rifle barrel, clubbing him down. Chance and Dude look at each other. Then Chance grips Joe by the collar and starts to drag him out.

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11. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

This is Southwestern terrain---a narrow river valley between rocky cliffs, with a winding line of dusty cottonwoods marking the river bed. A train of a dozen or so big freight wagons, with a chuckwagon and a remuda of extra horses, is strung out along the valley road. Riding at the head of the train are WHEELER, the wagon boss, and "COLORADO" RYAN, the guard---a young gunhand on his first big job. Apart from the wagon train there is no sound or movement in the valley but the wind, and there is a brooding, ominous quality in the atmosphere, as though the wagon train is moving toward some dramatic encounter. Suddenly Colorado touches Wheeler's shoulder and points to the cliffs on his right.

12. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

On a broad ledge of the cliffs a solitary horseman sits motionless, watching the valley.

13. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

Colorado and Wheeler look at the horseman, then look around, feeling that there is something wrong. But there is no one else in sight and the man makes no menacing move. The wagons continue on their way.

14. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

Farther along the valley, as the wagon train moves on. Colorado and Wheeler are watchful. Presently they react, looking at something o.s.

15. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

Dramatic view of another rider silhouetted against the skyline, atop the cliffs on the opposite side of the valley. Like the first one, he makes no move, but merely watches them.

16. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

Colorado and Wheeler look at each other, convinced that something strange is going on. The drivers are uneasy. The wagon train goes on.

17. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

LONG SHOT from cliff top, with the rider in f.g. and the wagon train small and receding in the valley below. The rider turns in his saddle and lifts his rifle high over his head as though to

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18. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

A third horseman on the cliffs watches the wagon train approaching in the valley below. He lifts his arm and brings it down in a sweeping gesture.

19. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

Colorado and Wheeler, at the head of the wagon train, observe this. Suddenly, as though in answer to the signal, six armed men ride out from a clump of trees some distance ahead of the wagons and come to intercept them. Wheeler lifts his arm in a signal to halt and the wagons stop. (CREDITS will run OVER the above action.)

20. EXT. VALLEY

DAY

The leader of the riders holds up his hand as he approaches. He and his men have made no overt moves and Wheeler gestures to Colorado, cautioning him to hold his fire. The leader rides up. He is a hard-looking gent, a professional gunman. So are the riders.

LEADER:

Don't make any trouble and there won't be any.
This isn't a hold-up.

WHEELER:

What is it then?

LEADER:

You going into Rio Bravo?

WHEELER:

We're on the road, aren't we? Where would we be going?

LEADER:

You figure on going right through or stopping over?

WHEELER:

What's it to you? You got no right stopping us.

LEADER:

This is Burdette range you're on.

WHEELER:

I know that.

One of the horsemen has been edging behind Colorado and Wheeler.

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20 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

(to horseman)

If you can't keep that horse still I can help you.

The man drops back.

LEADER:

(to Wheeler)

You ain't answered my question.

COLORADO:

You want to answer him, Mr. Wheeler?

WHEELER:

It ain't worth a fight.

COLORADO:

That's up to you, Mr. Wheeler.

WHEELER:

(to leader)

We're stopping over night, just like we've been doing the last three years. Now what's this all about?

LEADER:

We just got orders to ask, that's all.

COLORADO:

Who's giving these orders?

LEADER:

(nodding at Wheeler)

He knows the Burdettes.

COLORADO:

I was asking you.

LEADER:

What's your name?

COLORADO:

That part of your orders, too?

Harris shrugs and rides away down the line of wagons as we

DISSOLVE TO:

21. EXT. EDGE OF TOWN

DAY

The wagon train is approaching Rio Bravo. At one side of the road is Boot Hill Cemetery. Beyond it toward town we see a man on horseback waiting in the middle of the road. The wagon train passes Boot Hill and nears the waiting man.

21 (Cont.)

rough barn here at the side of the road. The barn has a yard in front of it with trees and a horse-trough. From the road there is a clear view right down the main street of Rio Bravo, but the barnyard is so placed that it is hidden from the viewpoint of anyone looking toward it from the town. The man sitting his horse in the middle of the road is the Dude. The Dude wears a star, a Sheriff's deputy. He is a small man, almost frail-looking. At one time his name had been a legend on the Texas border. They had talked of his speed with a gun, of his deceptive mild manner, of his friendship with the Sheriff, John T. Chance. But that was the past. Now for two years Dude has been on the bottle, two years as the town drunk. He wears a battered hat, ragged clothes, run-down boots. He is unshaven and very close to the shakes. But for the time being, under stress, he is sober and desperately efficient. Wheeler rides up to him, but Dude speaks first.

DUDE:

Hello, Mr. Wheeler. Just keep your wagons moving---tell your men to stay with 'em till they're told different.

WHEELER:

What is all this? Who the hell are you, ordering me around? First the Burdettes, and now---

(leaning closer, peering at Dude)
Say---it seems like I ought to know you, at that.

DUDE:

I think you do, Mr. Wheeler.

WHEELER:

I remember now. You had me mixed up, wearing that star. Ain't you the one the Mexicans call Borrachin?

DUDE:

That's nearly right, only it's Borrachon.

WHEELER:

Well, this is the first time I've ever seen you like this.

DUDE:

You mean sober? You're probably right. You know what Borrachon means?

WHEELER:

My Spanish ain't so good.

DUDE:

It means Drunk. If the name bothers you, they used to call me Dude. Now do you tell your men or do I?

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21 (Cont. 1)

WHEELER:

I'll tell 'em.

He rides back down the line of wagons giving orders to his men.

22. EXT. EDGE OF TOWN

DAY

As the wagons move on, a funeral procession comes out from town, heading toward Boot Hill. The hearse is preceded by JUANITO, a Mexican boy who thumps a slow beat on a Mexican or Indian stretched-hide drum. A few mourners follow behind. The funeral and the wagon-train pass each other in the road, Wheeler, Colorado, and the wagon-drivers taking off their hats as the hearse goes by. The wagons continue into town.

23. EXT. STREET

DAY

On one side of the street is the jail, a strongly built adobe structure with barred windows. Across the street from it is the RIO BRAVO SALOON. The townspeople show by their actions that they are nervous and expecting trouble. As the lead wagons come up the street John T. Chance, the Sheriff, walks to the middle of the street, carrying a rifle. Wheeler rides to meet him.

WHEELER:

Hey, Chance---what the devil's going on?
Everybody stopping us. I wish---

CHANCE:

Hold your wagons where they are, Pat. Tell
your men to stay with 'em.

WHEELER:

(angrily)

You, too? What is this? I ain't going to
tell anybody anything till somebody tells me
what's going on. I've had enough of this.

Chance smiles and holds up his own hand to stop the wagons.

WHEELER:

Look, Chance---remember me? Pat Wheeler,
your old friend? You got no call to act
like this with me.

(angrily)

Everybody stopping me, giving me orders,
nobody telling me anything.

CHANCE:

Better slow down or you'll bust, Pat.

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23 (Cont.)

WHEELER:

Well, what's happening? It starts two hours out of town, Burdette's men stop me, ask a lot of fool questions---I didn't like it, I still don't like it, and I don't know---

CHANCE:

You better get used to it. You'll get it again when you go to leave.

WHEELER:

I ain't going back that way. I'm going on to Salt Springs.

CHANCE:

They'll be watching that road, too.

WHEELER:

Why? Will you just tell me? Why will they be watching?

DUDE:

(riding up, speaking sharply)
Chance, get out of the middle of the street.

CHANCE:

In a minute, Dude.

DUDE:

Right now.

Chance moves aside toward the jail and Dude rides to the wagons again.

WHEELER:

(as he follows Chance)
Oh, hell, I give up. Don't tell me. I like wandering around in a fog, it's just what I'm used to. It makes me feel so good.

CHANCE:

Stop talking, and I'll tell you. We've got Joe Burdette in here.

WHEELER:

(startled)
In jail? Joe Burdette? Nathan's brother?

CHANCE:

That's right.

WHEELER:

What for?

(CONTINUED)

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23 (Cont. 1)

CHANCE:

They were about to bury the reason as you were coming in.

WHEELER:

Murder?

CHANCE:

No other name for it.

WHEELER:

No wonder things are in a mess. What did Nathan say about it?

CHANCE:

Nothing. He's not talking, just doing. You saw part of it. He's bottled up this town so I can't get Joe out or any help in. He's got men watching the jail so I can't make a move without him knowing it.

WHEELER:

If ever I saw a man holding a bull by the tail you're it. Who have you got helping you?

CHANCE:

You've seen half of 'em.

WHEELER:

What? You mean the fellow that stopped me and one other? Who?

CHANCE:

Stumpy's the other one. He's watching Joe and guarding the jail.

WHEELER:

An old man with a game leg and the town drunk — that all you've got?

CHANCE:

That's what I've got.

Dude rides up.

DUDE:

(to Chance)

What do you want to do about this outfit?
Shall we take their guns?

CHANCE:

(to Wheeler)

You got any new men with you, Pat?

WHEELER:

(pointing to Colorado)

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23 (Cont. 2)

CHANCE:

Where did you sign him on?

WHEELER:

Beginning of the trip in Fort Worth.

CHANCE:

What's he do?

COLORADO:

I speak English, Sheriff, if you want to ask me.

CHANCE:

All right. What do you do?

COLORADO:

I'm riding guard.

CHANCE:

Kinda young, aren't you?

WHEELER:

I knew his father in Colorado. The old man was good with a gun. The kid's a little faster.

CHANCE:

He better be if he's going to keep packing a pair of guns.

WHEELER:

I'll vouch for him, Chance.

COLORADO:

If it's the two guns that bother you, I'll let you have one of 'em.

(glancing at the jail window)

Or you can have both. They wouldn't do me too much good. That fellow in the window's

(Chance, surprised, also looks at the window, where a shotgun barrel shows)

got a shotgun on me. 'Sides, I don't want to make trouble.

CHANCE:

(smiling)

You can keep your guns, Colorado. And if you don't want trouble don't start any.

COLORADO:

I won't---less'n I tell you first.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont. 3)

CHANCE:

(to Wheeler)

All right, Pat. Put your wagons in the corral behind the hotel.

WHEELER:

(doubtfully)

That ain't so good, Chance.

CHANCE:

Why?

WHEELER:

Part of our load is fuel oil and dynamite. The way things look around this town, it might not be smart to put it right by the hotel.

DUDE:

Take 'em to that open space near Burdette's warehouse. If they're going to blow that's as good a place as any.

CHANCE:

Go ahead, Pat.

Wheeler goes off with the wagons. Chance and Dude are together---Chance looks at him. Dude is twitchy, his hands unsteady.

DUDE:

I guess I better get back out there and watch the road.

CHANCE:

You don't look so good.

DUDE:

And I feel worse. I'm going to stop and get a beer before I go.

CHANCE:

I thought you would. I got some inside.

Dude dismounts and they go into the jail.

24. INT. JAIL

DAY

The office occupies the front of the building and contains a desk, chairs, a gunrack against one wall. In the center of the back wall a heavy barred door opens into a corridor which gives access to the cells in the rear of the building. As Chance and Dude come in, STUMPY---a tough-looking, cheerful old gent with a game-leg---turns from the window where he has been standing with a shotgun. Chance speaks to him rather sharply.

24 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

Stumpy, I thought I told you to stay out of sight.

STUMPY:

There you go -- never can please you. I was just covering you in case there was any trouble.

CHANCE:

(getting beer from a shelf)

I'd be in a lot more trouble if somebody picked you off while you were showing yourself in that window.

(gives the beer to Dude, who takes it as a starving man takes food)

STUMPY:

You'd be in trouble, what about me if somebody gunned me? Don't you think of me?

(to Dude)

Dude, we might just as well get used to it. This man only thinks about himself.

CHANCE:

Just for that you're going to stay back in there and keep the door locked. Did you fix those windows?

STUMPY:

(going down the corridor)

Look at 'em---nailed up tight. Nothin' could get in, not even a breath of fresh air. Sheriff, you're going to change my life. Five, six days breathing the same air as a man like Joe Burdette is liable to make a killer out of me. Can't help it.

(louder, to Joe o.s.)

You kin hear me, can't you, Joe?

25. INT. CELL CORRIDOR

DAY

The cell corridor at the rear of the jail. Two small windows in the outer wall have been boarded up. There are three cells, two empty and the center one containing Joe Burdette, an arrogant unlikable young man whose face shows the marks of recent blows.

JOE:

I hear you all right, but I won't have to listen for very long.

STUMPY:

(coming into cell corridor)

That's gratitude for you after me fixing up all your cuts and bruises. I hope there's a next

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25 (Cont.)

STUMPY: (Cont.)

(shakes his head)

No, that's wrong, Joe. If'n there is a next time I'll still do it but I'll hope there'll be more cuts to fix.

JOE:

(calling to Dude o.s.)

Hey, Dude---come here.

(as Dude comes into corridor)

Why don't you sit in place of him? I'd rather listen to a drunk than him. How you holding up, Borrachon? Got the shakes yet? That beer won't do you no good, you'll be needing something more than that. If you're still broke,

(goes through his pockets)

I think I got another dollar here---

Joe ducks as Dude throws the beer bottle at his head. It shatters on the bars, splashing the remains of its contents over Joe. Dude comes to the bars and grabs them as Chance comes into the corridor behind him.

CHANCE:

(to Dude)

I'll give you the keys any time you want 'em.

DUDE:

It'd be too easy. He hasn't got anybody to back him up.

(turns away)

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy)

Stumpy, if he talks out of turn throw a pail of water on him.

(follows Dude)

STUMPY:

I'll throw another on his bed and let him sleep in it.

26. INT. JAIL

DAY

as Chance and Duds come into the front office. Chance is watching Dude, who is still white with anger.

CHANCE:

Want another beer? You kind of wasted some of that last one.

DUDE:

(laughing suddenly)

It wasn't wasted. I feel fine.

26 (Cont.)

Chance looks as though this incident has taught him something about Dude that he'll remember. Then something o.s. outside in the street catches his eye. He picks up his rifle and goes fast to one window; Dude sees this and goes to the other one, drawing his gun.

27. EXT. STREET

DAY

A man walks rather hesitantly toward the jail, carrying a package under his arm. When he gets about ten feet away Dude speaks through the window.

DUDE:

That's far enough. What do you want?

MAN:

(stopping, holding up the package)
Mister Wheeler told me to bring this to the Sheriff.

28. INT. JAIL

DAY

as Dude looks curiously at Chance.

DUDE:

Were you looking for a package?

CHANCE:

(remembering)
It's something Carlos ordered for his wife.
(to man outside)
Stay where you are. We'll be right out.
(calling Stumpy)
Stumpy, I'm going over to the hotel for a few minutes.

STUMPY:

(looking around the corner at the end of the corridor)
If you don't come back, Joe and me'll have a good cry.

Chance opens the door and goes out while Dude covers him from the window.

29. EXT. STREET

DAY

Chance, on the porch of the jail, looks up and down the street.

CHANCE:

(to Dude o.s. inside)
Okay, Dude.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

Dude comes out and locks the door while Chance covers him. Then Chance nods to the man, who comes up and hands him the package.

CHANCE:

Thanks for the trouble.

MAN:

No trouble at all, Sheriff. Wheeler just told me to be careful coming up.

He goes away fast, glad to get out of there. Dude unhitches his horse, looking around. We see a man lounging on the porch of the Rio Bravo Saloon, smoking, apparently casual, but watching them.

DUDE:

Our friend is still on the job.

CHANCE:

There's another one over by the church.

He joins Dude and they start to walk toward the hotel, Dude leading his horse, both of them watchful, looking not at each other as they talk but at the street, the buildings---what one misses the other one will see and be ready for.

DUDE:

Any use in arresting 'em?

CHANCE:

For standing around? They'd just get another and the jail wouldn't hold 'em all---matter of fact, I think they'd like to get a few in jail---so remember that.

DUDE:

Yeah.

(pauses---they walk a little farther)
How come Wheeler gave you the package instead of Carlos?

CHANCE:

It's Consuela's birthday present. He was afraid she'd see it.

DUDE:

Fine time to be running errands.

CHANCE:

Ran one for you this noon---lunch. Did you eat any of it?

DUDE:

I've kind of got out of the habit of eating.
(gets on his horse beside the hotel steps)

dg
jm

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29 (Cont.1)

CHANCE:

You ought to get something on your stomach.

DUDE:

That's not hard---it just doesn't stay
there very long.

He rides off as Chance, with his back against the wall of the hotel, watches him go down the street, seeing that he makes it safely. Now a decent looking fellow, who carries no guns, comes up and speaks to Chance.

MAN:

Evening, Sheriff.

CHANCE:

Evening, Harold.

MAN:

Sheriff, looks like you could use some help.
Some of us feel we ought to---

CHANCE:

How good are you with a gun, Harold?

MAN:

Well, I ain't bad. I'm about---

CHANCE:

Seems to me I've never seen you carrying one.

MAN:

Well I don't, but there isn't any---

CHANCE:

You good enough to go against Matt Harris,
Burdette's top gunhand, all by yourself---
no one to back you up, just by yourself?

MAN:

No, I'm not that---

CHANCE:

Then you'd just be a man I'd have to look after
and take care of. I appreciate it and you can
tell the others I do, and after you do that
I wouldn't talk about it no more in case some-
body hears you and gets the wrong idea.

He goes into the hotel.

D. INT. HOTEL

DAY

The downstairs main room of the hotel, with a reception desk
at one side and most of the space occupied by a bar and table.

30 (Cont.)

Stairs lead to the upper floor, and between the desk and the stairway is a door with the sign, DINING ROOM. There are men at the bar and some of the tables playing cards. CARLOS, the Mexican hotel keeper, meets Chance as he comes in.

CARLOS:

Ah, amigo---I am glad. I have the message for---

(sees the package)

What you have there?

CHANCE:

The package you've been waiting for.
(hands it to him)

CARLOS:

Just in time.

(Consuela's voice sounds o.s. and he shoves the package back at Chance)

No, no, no, you keep. Consuela she comes now. You keep.

CONSUELA'S VOICE:

Carlos!

CONSUELA, a pretty Mexican girl, comes in from Dining Room.

CONSUELA:

Carlos, what shall we do--- Senor Chance.

Hello. I just ask Carlos if he's---

(looks at Carlos)

Carlos, what is wrong? You look like the cat who swallows the chicken. What have you been doing?

CARLOS:

What have I been doing! I talk to my friend the sheriff, that is what I have been doing. We have important business, and you say I look like the cat who has eat too much. Look at me--- am I fat? No! I do not know why you say such things.

(as she starts to speak)

No, no. Consuela. Please do not say more.

Already you have said too much. My friend and I will make our business alone. Come, Senor.

He follows Chance up the stairs with great dignity, leaving Consuela staring.

1. INT. HALL

DAY

As Chance and Carlos come upstairs and walk down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

You take chances, my friend.

CARLOS:

Because I know womans. She will be mad or she will be sorry. If it is mad it will be much pleasure to make right. If it is sorry, it will be the same pleasure. You, you do not have the women, so you do not know. I Carlos Remonte--- I know. Wait till I show you what is in this package---then tell me I do not know about women!

They turn into Chance's room.

32. INT. CHANCE'S ROOM

DAY

A typical western hotel room of the period. As Chance and Carlos come in Carlos pushes the door to---it does not quite close. He takes the package and starts to open it.

CARLOS:

If I had bought these myself everyone in town would have known and it is not the sort of thing Consuela would like to have known by everyone---

(lifts a pair of sheer lace
panties from the package)

Look, you see? Ah-h! This is all right. Are they not beautiful? Can you make the picture how she will look?

CHANCE:

You sure you want me to do that?

CARLOS:

No, no, do not make the picture. It is best for me to do it.

(holds the panties up in front
of Chance, admiring them)

FEATHERS:

(o.s.)

I hate to interrupt---

(stepping into the doorway as
they turn to look)

But they don't seem to be just the thing for you.

CHANCE:

(sharply)

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

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32 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

Just looking.

(looking at the panties)

They have great possibilities, but not
for you.

CHANCE:

I asked you why you're here.

FEATHERS:

Oh. I'm after a towel. I'd like to take
a bath.

CHANCE:

Didn't you come in on the stage?

FEATHERS:

That's right.

CHANCE:

Why aren't you on it?

FEATHERS:

Whoever heard of a stage having a bathroom?

CARLOS:

(contritely)

I forget--- I start to tell you and I forget.
The stage she did not go.

CHANCE:

Why?

CARLOS:

Something happen to the wheel.

CHANCE:

Where's Jake?

CARLOS:

Down in the corral. He must fix the
wheel before he can leave.

Looking very grim, Chance goes out.

FEATHERS:

(as he goes)

Sheriff, you forgot your pants.

CARLOS:

They are not his, Senorita---they are mine.
I mean---they are a present for my wife.

(CONTINUED)

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32 (Cont.1)

FEATHERS:

Well, I'm glad we got that settled.
They're very nice. She should be
pleased.

(takes towel from
rack by washstand)

All right if I take this?
(goes out)

CUT TO:

33. EXT. CORRAL

DAY

The corral and stable are behind the hotel. The stagecoach is in the corral. The team has been unhitched and taken away. One of the wheels has a couple of broken spokes. An extra wheel, also with broken spokes, is propped against the side of the stage. JAKE, the driver, is looking at the wheels as Chance comes up.

CHANCE:

What happened, Jake?

JAKE:

Hello, Chance. Couple of broken spokes. I didn't think too much about it till I found the same thing on the extra wheel. Look here---like somebody used a crowbar.

CHANCE:

How long will it take to fix it?

JAKE:

Well---making some new spokes--fit 'em in---sweat the band back on---all night. We won't get out till morning.

(looking at Chance)

Is it on account of that letter to the U.S. Marshal you gave me?

CHANCE:

Not much doubt.

JAKE:

Well, they get one extra day but that's all. I'm going to sleep in this coach with the mail sack for a pillow.

CHANCE:

One more day won't make too much difference.

(CONTINUED)

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33 (Cont.)

JAKE:

We'll get out in the morning and your letter'll get to the Marshal, or somebody's going to catch hell.

CHANCE:

Thanks, Jake.
(leaves)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

34. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Chance sits at desk shuffling through handbills. He looks at one and pockets it. Dude paces around the office, close to the shakes. He goes to the window and looks out---we see a quiet street. Stumpy is in the office.

DUDE:

You figure they'll try anything tonight?

CHANCE:

Could be. Nathan Burdette's smart. He was a good Indian fighter---don't underrate him. But I don't figure too much'll happen till he comes in to see how we're set up.

DUDE:

I wish he'd come.

CHANCE:

Want a beer?

DUDE:

I'm full of it. Doesn't do much good.

STUMPY:

It'll take a hold in a day or two. Don't worry.

CHANCE:

Stumpy, we're going to take a look around. You be all right?

STUMPY:

Sure I'll be all right.

(goes inside and locks door)

Don't see why you want to leave a nice warm jail. When you come back, holler 'fore you open the door---I'm liable to blast just for the hell of it.

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34 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

We'll holler.

Chance and Dude stop at the door and look out at the street.

DUDE:

You got a particular reason for going out?

CHANCE:

I'd rather have a chance to see what's coming than to sit here and wait till it comes. I can't take just sitting around.

DUDE:

You mean you saw I couldn't take it.

CHANCE:

Don't set yourself up as being so special.

DUDE:

Yes, Papa.

They go out.

35.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Chance covers Dude while he locks the jail door. The street is quiet. The wind is blowing.

CHANCE:

You take that side.

They separate and go down the street, one on each side, walking warily. We have a series of shots as they walk--- A dog between two houses chewing a bone growls at Dude, startling him---a door swings creaking on its hinges as the wind blows a lamp out---a man with his arm around a girl turns a corner suddenly--- a Mexican girl at a barred window talks to a man outside---Chance comes to a corner and recoils, startled and ready to shoot, until he sees that the approaching form is only a big rolling tumbleweed. Then in a small building Chance hears something---someone is lurking inside, without lights. He stops. Dude sees him beckon and joins him.

CHANCE:

Someone in there---

Dude nods and goes around to the back. Chance gives him a moment, then goes in the front door, his rifle ready.

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36. INT. SMALL BUILDING

NIGHT

A small abandoned building---the back door vanished completely, a few rags and sticks of broken furniture. As Chance and Dude make their dramatic entrance from front and rear, keyed up for action, a small burro looks at them mildly, too philosophical to be startled by anything. A chicken is roosting on the burro's back. They stop short, looking at the burro and then at each other, both of them rather shaken by the whole business.

CHANCE:

Half way down the street I was thinking about Stumpy's nice warm jail.

DUDE:

Next time don't be in such a hurry to get us out of it. I could use that beer now.

They leave.

37. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Chance and Dude go into the hotel.

38. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

The bar is busy and games are going at the tables. At one table Wheeler is playing poker with some other men including Colorado and a fat man in a checkered vest, and with the girl Feathers. Chance and Dude go to one end of the bar where they can watch the room, and Dude speaks to the bartender who goes away to draw a glass of beer. Chance and Dude look over the room. Carlos, who has seen them, takes the beer from the bartender and brings it himself, looking worried. He gives Dude the beer and speaks to Chance. There is no one close enough to overhear.

CARLOS:

Chance, it is very bad.

CHANCE:

What's wrong?

CARLOS:

Your friend Senor Wheeler. He is a good friend and he wishes good for you, so he talks. He talks to people--he says why don't they help you, that you should have help. He is right, but it is not good to say such things to the wrong people.

(CONTINUED)

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38 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

Thanks, Carlos.

He crosses to the table where Wheeler is playing and speaks to him.

CHANCE:

Can I see you a minute?

WHEELER:

Sure.

(throws down his cards
and gets up)

Deal me out.

(follows Chance---they return
to the bar where Dude is drink-
ing his beer)

Chance, I wanted to talk to you.

CHANCE:

You've been talking too much, Pat.

WHEELER:

What do you mean I --

CHANCE:

Look, Pat -- anybody who takes sides with me
is liable to find himself up to his ears in
trouble.

WHEELER:

Is that why you haven't asked for deputies?
You could get some.

CHANCE:

A few.

WHEELER:

And what about me and my drivers?

CHANCE:

Suppose I got 'em. What would I have? Some
well-meaning amateurs, most of 'em worrying
about wives and kids. Burdette's got thirty
to forty men, all professionals and only
worried about earning their pay. No, Pat--
all I'd give 'em would be a lot more marks to
shoot at, and a lot of people would get hurt.
Joe Burdette's not worth it. He ain't worth
one of those that'd get killed.

WHEELER:

What are you going to do? All you got is that
old fellow down at the jail and what's-

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38 (Cont.1)

DUDE:

Borrachon is the name, Mr. Wheeler. I'll go outside so you can talk more freely.
(he goes)

CHANCE:

That wasn't good, Pat.

WHEELER:

I'm sorry, but I'm just too used to falling over that guy. Never saw him on his feet before without he had something to hold him up.

At the poker table in b.g. where Feathers is playing, a man calls to Carlos.

MAN:

Hey, Carlos---

(as Carlos comes up)

Get us a new deck, will you?

(hands him old one)

I ain't having any luck with this one.

Carlos takes the old deck, goes to the bar and gets a fresh deck from the bartender, putting the old deck on the bar near Chance. Chance fusses idly with the cards while he talks to Wheeler.

CHANCE:

How long you been coming here?

WHEELER:

Two years, close to three.

CHANCE:

If you'd come through here four years ago you wouldn't have fallen over him. Dude was good. He was my deputy---best man with a gun I ever worked with.

WHEELER:

That's hard to believe. What---

CHANCE:

A girl. Just a girl that came through on the stage. She was no good but you couldn't tell him. I tried it and he damned near killed me. Anyway, he was hooked and he went away with her. About six months later he came back without her. That's when the Mexicans started calling him Borrachon. That's Spanish for---

WHEELER:

I know. He told me.

CHANCE:

I did what I could. Tried everything. Nothing worked and I didn't think anything ever would till last night.

WHEELER:

What was so special about last night?

CHANCE:

Joe Burdette, the fellow we've got in jail, threw a dollar in a spittoon. Dude wanted a drink. That was Joe's way of giving him one. I couldn't take that. When I tried to stop it Dude hit me over the head with a chair.

WHEELER:

He was going after Joe?

CHANCE:

No, after me. I don't know whether he did it because I saw him go for the dollar or because he wanted the drink so bad. I haven't asked him.

WHEELER:

Liquor sure does funny things.

CHANCE:

Yeah. Anyway, I was out. I didn't see it, but they told me Dude thought he'd killed me. Started after Joe as the cause of it all. He got a beating from Joe while Joe's friends held him.

WHEELER:

What about the killing?

CHANCE:

Joe had started out mean, looking for trouble. He found it. A little peaceful guy. When I arrested him some of the Burdette crowd tried to take him away. First thing I knew Dude was backing me up just like he used to. We put Joe in jail, and Stumpy---well, Stumpy's been helping me. He declared himself in. Anyway, that's the story, and in case you're interested Dude hasn't had anything but beer since.

WHEELER:

How long do you think that'll last?

CHANCE:

I don't know. I'm just hoping.

WHEELER:

I'm a friend of yours, too. Why not swear me in?

CHANCE:

You're not good enough.

WHEELER:

Well, I'm not so bad. I could---

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38 (Cont.3)

CHANCE:

If you're so good, why'd you have to hire Colorado?
Pat, thanks--but just stay out and keep---

WHEELER:

(suddenly)

That's an idea--how about Ryan? Colorado, you
call him. He's young but he's good--awful good.

CHANCE:

If he is, I could use him. But that's up to him.

WHEELER:

(going away)

We'll see what he says.

He goes to the table, speaks to Colorado, and comes back with
him.

WHEELER:

(to Colorado)

Listen, kid--the sheriff here is a friend of
mine. He's in trouble and he can use a good man.

COLORADO:

To go against the Burdettes?

WHEELER:

Yeah. I told him you were one of the best.

COLORADO:

I'll tell you what I'm a lot better at,
Mister Wheeler---minding my own business.
You hired me to guard your wagon train, not
to get your friends out of trouble.

(to Chance)

No offense, Sheriff.

(he goes)

WHEELER:

(looking after him)

Well. I didn't expect that.

CHANCE:

He showed good sense---I'd like to have him.
Quit stewing, Pat, and thanks. I appreciate it.

WHEELER:

(sighing)

I'll round up my men---get 'em ready for
an early start. See you later.

(he goes)

As Wheeler leaves, Chance sees Feathers get up from the game,
tucking her winnings in her purse. He looks at the deck of
cards he's been fooling with, as though it has some special
significance, then puts it down and crosses to the door. He
speaks through it. Behind him Feathers sees what

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38 (Cont.4)

CHANCE:

Dude?

DUDE:

(appearing in door)
Everything's quiet out here.

CHANCE:

Okay. I'll be along in a minute.

He follows the girl upstairs.

39.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

Chance goes along the hall to Feathers' door and knocks on it. She opens the door, looks a little surprised to see him, then smiles.

FEATHERS:

Hi, Sheriff. I'm sorry about those pants. Carlos told me they weren't yours. I --

CHANCE:

You're in a little trouble, lady.
(taking her arm and moving inside)
I want to talk to you.

40.

INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

NIGHT

As they come inside:

FEATHERS:

What is it?

CHANCE:

I counted the deck you people were using. It was three cards short.

FEATHERS:

Why do you tell me?

CHANCE:

I know everybody at the table except you and the fellow with the checkered vest.

FEATHERS:

Did you talk to him?

CHANCE:

He's still there. You were leaving.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

And I was a winner. That all you've got to go on?

She is being perfectly amiable about it, not flustered at all, and with no intention of being flustered.

CHANCE:

(taking handbill from his pocket)

No. I've got a handbill here---a gambler they're interested in catching up with. You know him?

(she does not answer, watching him)

It says he had a girl with him---says the girl's about twenty-two, five feet five inches tall, good figure, dark hair, and wears feathers. The man isn't our friend in the checkered vest, but the girl could be you.

FEATHERS:

(quietly)

Yes, it could be. As a matter of fact, it is.

CHANCE:

You better give me the money you won. I'll see it gets to the right people. Just be sure you're on the stage in the morning.

FEATHERS:

(still smiling, but not giving an inch)

That's pretty easy, isn't it? Give you the money and get on the stage.

(shakes her head)

I'm not going to make it that easy. You've made me mad, Sheriff. You didn't ask me if I did it. You're going to have to prove I've got those cards. And the only way I know you can do that is to search me.

CHANCE:

(startled)

Search you?

FEATHERS:

That's right. Isn't that what a sheriff usually does to a prisoner? Let's see. The cards could be in my purse---

(opens it and throws it down)

but they're not.

(coming closer to him)

They could be in my shoes---my stockings---garters---my sleeves are too tight, but there's my waist.

(pouring it on as Chance begins to look baffled and uncomfortable)

(CONTINUED)

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40 (Cont.1)

FEATHERS: (Cont.)

I don't wear anything like those red pants---
Well Sheriff, you've got a job to do. Where
you going to begin?

CHANCE:

That's just about enough of that.

FEATHERS:

You've got to prove I've got those cards.

CHANCE:

Keep going and I'm liable to do it.

FEATHERS:

(smiling, needling him)
I'm not so sure. I think you're embarrassed.
And if you're not---

COLORADO:

(speaking from doorway)
If he's not he ought to be.

They turn and look at him, standing in the doorway smiling.

CHANCE:

(angrily)
What are you doing here?

COLORADO:

I don't think she's got the cards, if that's
what you're looking for.

CHANCE:

How do you know?

COLORADO:

I think the fellow with the checkered vest
has 'em.

CHANCE:

Why didn't you find out?

COLORADO:

I said I wouldn't start any trouble less I told
you first. Now I'm telling you I'm going to
see if he's got 'em. Want to come along?

FEATHERS:

I do.

(follows as Chance glares at her
and goes out)
I'm interested too.

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41.

INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

As Chance, Colorado and Feathers come downstairs. Colorado goes straight to the table, ahead of Chance and Feathers.

COLORADO:

(to Checkered Vest)

Just keep your hands on top of the table, right where they are.

Knowing that trouble is coming, the other players get up in a hurry. Checkered Vest hesitates an instant, frozen with his hands on the table--then makes a sudden movement, going for a gun in his coat. But a gun appears in Colorado's hand.

COLORADO:

All right, put 'em back where they were.

Chance comes up and takes the gun from Checkered Vest's coat. Colorado inserts his fingers in the gambler's sleeve and brings out three cards. He throws them on the table and grins at Chance.

COLORADO:

You went to a lot of trouble for nothing, Sheriff.

Feathers has been watching all this smiling, and now her smile broadens. Chance grabs the gambler by the coat.

CHANCE:

We don't like tinhorns, mister.

(shoving the man toward Carlos, who has come up)

Lock him in his room, Carlos. Let him out in time for the stage.

(Carlos goes off with the gambler; Chance speaks to other players)

Losers can help themselves to what's on the table.

The men start to divide up the money.

COLORADO:

(grinning)

I guess you were wrong about the girl, Sheriff.

CHANCE:

Up to now you've been pretty good about minding your own business.

Colorado goes away as Chance turns to the girl. He looks her over and she does the same to him.

CHANCE:

Looks like I made a mistake about you having those cards.

41 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

That all, Sheriff?

CHANCE:

I'm not going to apologize, if that's what you mean.

FEATHERS:

We haven't gotten past that handbill, have we?

CHANCE:

That's right, and you haven't done anything to make me think we will. The idea of being searched didn't bother you much. You made a joke out of it.

FEATHERS:

And instead of me being embarrassed, you were. Tell me, Sheriff---what should I have done?

CHANCE:

Well, you could---

FEATHERS:

I'd like to know. This isn't the first time that handbill has come up. I'd like to know what to do about it.

CHANCE:

Well for one thing, you can quit playing cards and wearing feathers.

FEATHERS:

No, Sheriff. I'm not going to do that. Don't you see, that's what I'd do if I were what you think I am.

She leaves him. He looks after her, then goes to the front door.

42.

EXT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Chance comes outside where Dude is leaning against the porch.

CHANCE:

Dude, you seen Wheeler?

DUDE:

Not since he went up the street. That looks like him coming now.

43. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

On Wheeler walking up the street, on the opposite side from the hotel. We follow him. He crosses the mouth of a side street or alley, with a stable at the other end. Suddenly from the stable door there is the flash of a gunshot and Wheeler falls, shot in the back.

44. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Chance runs from the hotel toward Wheeler, with Dude after him.

DUDE:

Stay out of the street!

CHANCE:

Cover me.

Chance drags Wheeler into the shelter of a building.

CHANCE:

He got it in the back. Watch that stable. The shot came from there.

He examines the body as Dude watches the stable and Colorado comes up.

CHANCE:

He's dead. Didn't take 'em long---less than an hour after he offered to help. You were smart, Colorado.

DUDE:

Nobody's come out of that stable.

CHANCE:

We can't go this way---have to get there from the side.

COLORADO:

What do you want me to do?

CHANCE:

You want to get the man who killed your boss, is that it?

COLORADO:

Wouldn't you?

CHANCE:

You come with us, you're in the whole thing. You had a chance to do that and you didn't want it. You stay out, we don't need you. If you want to do something, get him out of the street.

Chance and Dude go around the building to come at it from the side.

45. EXT. STABLE

NIGHT

As they approach, Chance very grim and looking as though he wants to kill someone.

CHANCE:

(in a low tone to Dude)
Get around behind it.

DUDE:

How you going in?

CHANCE:

Right through the door. If he gets out you can have him.

DUDE:

(looking at him)
I don't suppose it's any use my telling you to cool down first.

CHANCE:

No it isn't.

DUDE:

That's what I thought.
(starting off)
Let you know when I get there.

Chance waits in shadow until a bird call SOUNDS from Dude o.s. behind the stable. Then he rushes the door, hitting it on the drive, full force.

46. INT. STABLE

NIGHT

As the door bursts open. Moonlight floods the stable as Chance dives behind a pile of grain sacks. Then there is silence. Chance listens. He throws something to the other side of the stable. Still there is silence. He moves to the corner of the pile of grain sacks---and suddenly a gun blasts and a shower of powdery dust flies from a grain sack into Chance's face. He goes to the floor as though hit, his hand over his face.

47. EXT. STABLE

NIGHT

Dude, alarmed, running to the door, flattens himself beside it so he can just see Chance on the floor inside.

DUDE:

Chance---you hurt?

48. INT. STABLE

NIGHT

Chance on the floor with his hand over his eyes.

CHANCE:

Watch out, he's still in here---

A side door opens and a figure of a man runs out.

49. EXT. STABLE

NIGHT

Dude hears the man running o.s. He runs to the corner of the stable and throws a couple of shots.

50. EXT. BACK STREET

NIGHT

LONG SHOT of a man running away, fast.

51. EXT. STABLE

NIGHT

Dude stops shooting and calls, looking after the man o.s.

DUDE:

Chance---out here!

Chance comes out and joins him, rubbing his eyes and blinking.

DUDE:

You all right?

CHANCE:

Just got my eyes full of dust.

DUDE:

He came out the side door. He was running fast--- I couldn't really get a shot at him. I might have winged him. I don't know.

CHANCE:

It was my fault we lost him.

DUDE:

He hasn't got away, or I wouldn't be standing here.

(pointing o.s.)

He went into the Burdettes' saloon. He's still there.

CHANCE:

How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

DUDE:

You can see both doors from here and there ain't any others. I'm an expert on saloons.

CHANCE:

Did you see who it was?

DUDE:

No, but we'll know. He'll have muddy boots. He ran through that puddle there by the trough.

CHANCE:

(looking at him)

You figure we're going in there after him?

DUDE:

Aren't we?

CHANCE:

There'll be eight to ten Burdette men in there.

DUDE:

(nodding)

Maybe more.

CHANCE:

Watch your side as we go.

They move off, watching both sides of the street.

52. EXT. BACK STREET

NIGHT

As they work their way toward the Rio Bravo Saloon.

CHANCE:

We'll do like we used to. You take the back, I'll take the front.

DUDE:

I've been going in the back door for a long time. They haven't been letting me in the front.

CHANCE:

You think you're good enough?

DUDE:

Might as well find out now as later.

They separate and move off, Dude to the front and Chance around to the back.

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53. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

As Dude comes in the front door and stands there looking around the room. He does not draw his gun, just stands quietly. There are eight men in the place and CHARLIE, the bartender. A moment later Chance comes in the back door and stands there with his rifle, not speaking.

CHARLIE:

(to Dude)

Well, Dude---been a long dry spell, hasn't it?
You thirsty?

DUDE:

(quietly)

We'll start with you, Charlie. That shotgun you keep under the bar. Pick it up by the barrels real easy. Now put it down.

CHARLIE:

(as he does this, eyeing Dude)

I thought you were going to ask for a drink.

DUDE:

(to man at table)

Jim, you move over with the rest.

(indicating others at the bar; Jim hesitates)

I'm not going to tell you twice.

(Jim shrugs, smiling and obeys)

Now, one at a time---starting with you with the broken nose. Unbuckle your guns and drop 'em, and step away.

(man with broken nose hesitates, glances at Chance standing quietly at the back with rifle, then obeys)

Now. The next man.

NEXT MAN:

(as he drops his gun)

What's this all about?

DUDE:

Next man.

(moving down the line as the men drop their guns)

We're looking for a man who just ran in here.

MAN WITH RED SHIRT:

Nobody's just run in here.

CHANCE:

(looking at him)

We'll remember you said that.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

DUDE:

(to next man in line)

Now you,

(the last man drops his gun)

The man we're looking for has got muddy boots.
So now, one by one, hold up your feet.

No one has muddy boots. Chance and the bartender have both been watching all this, Chance watching Dude closely.

CHARLIE:

(derisively)

Who saw a man run in here?

DUDE:

I did.

(Charlie smiles)

You're next, Charlie---come on out.

CHARLIE:

(coming out from behind bar and
showing his clean boots, grinning)

Dude, you've been seeing things again. You better have a drink.

The men laugh.

CUT TO:

54. INT. LOFT

NIGHT

A loft above the saloon. Light comes up from below through opening, showing figure of a man in silhouette, crouched above the opening looking down, a gun in his hand.

55. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

As the men grin at Dude. One of them takes a dollar and throws it into a spittoon, where it lands with a clang.

MAN WHO THREW DOLLAR:

Maybe this'll help, Dude.

As Dude stands there, momentarily baffled and helpless, with Chance watching to see what he will do, Dude sees a drop of blood fall from above into a drink on a table. Another drop falls. He does not raise his eyes.

DUDE:

Maybe I do need a drink.

He walks to the bar and pours a drink while they watch him--- but Dude is looking into the back-bar mirror and seeing a reflection of a ladder in the corner and an opening in the

55 (Cont.)

ceiling at the top of it, and the barrel of a pistol just visible, peeping through the opening. He sets the bottle down, makes as though to pick up the glass, but instead draws his gun and turns in a lightning movement, firing up through the opening. There is a moment of dead silence, and then the body of a man falls heavily through the opening and hits the floor. Nobody moves, looking at Dude as though they can't believe what they saw. Chance, watching, smiles briefly, pleased with Dude. Dude walks forward and kicks the dead man's boot lightly---both boots are covered with mud.

DUDE:

He ran through a puddle, all right. Never saw his face before---

(picks up gold coin which has fallen from the dead man's pocket)

Guess this is his. A nice fresh fifty-dollar gold piece. Just about what Burdette would figure a man's life was worth.

(rolls the body over with his foot)

That's earning money the hard way---eh, Chance?

CHANCE:

(crossing to man with red shirt)

You didn't see him come in, did you?

(man shakes his head sullenly)

You got fifty dollars in your pocket?

MAN WITH RED SHIRT:

No, not me, Sheriff. Honest I haven't. Nobody paid me.

CHANCE:

They should have.

(hits him savagely across the face with the rifle barrel)

That's so I'll know you if you stay in town. Now you---

(almost hits the next man, but stops, shaking; he smiles)

The rest of you are lucky. But I know you, and you're going to get out too. You can take your boy here with you. You can tell Burdette he got Wheeler and you can tell him anybody else he sends he better pay 'em more, 'cause they're going to earn it.

(turns his back, speaking to Dude)

Ready to go, Dude?

DUDE:

You in a hurry?

CHANCE:

Not specially.

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55 (Cont.1)

DUDE:

(walking to man who threw the dollar)
You threw that dollar, didn't you?

MAN:

Yeah, I threw it. I was --

DUDE:

Wouldn't you like it back?

MAN:

Sure, Dude. Sure.

DUDE:

You know how to get it.

The man goes to the spittoon and drops to his knees out of scene while the others watch. Then Dude smiles, turning around.

DUDE:

That's all for me, Chance.

CHANCE:

(to bartender)
You're coming with us, Charlie.

CHARLIE:

Sheriff, why pick on me? Why choose me---

CHANCE:

You're going to carry all those guns down to the jail. Get at it.

Charlie begins picking up the guns as we

DISSOLVE TO:

56. EXT. JAIL

NIGHT

Charlie, the bartender, still in his apron, comes out followed by Chance.

CHANCE:

That's all, Charlie. Start walking.
(as Charlie starts toward the saloon)
Not that way. Out of town.

CHARLIE:

But Sheriff, you---

CHANCE:

You can get to Burdette's by morning. That'll give you a lot of time to remember not to come back.

57. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Stumpy is talking to Dude as Chance comes in.

STUMPY:

You mean you two followed him into Burdette's saloon? You're crazy, both of you! What happened?

DUDE:

He was hiding in the loft.

STUMPY:

Who got him?

CHANCE:

Dude did. One shot.

STUMPY:

I wish I could of seen it. And I wish Wheeler could have too. He didn't think Dude or me was much good. That'd showed him he was wrong about Dude, anyway.

CHANCE:

Yeah, he was wrong about Dude. How'd you know that fellow was up in the loft?

DUDE:

He was losing some blood. It dropped in a drink on the table. It was just when I couldn't find anyone with muddy boots. I could have used a drink about then.

CHANCE:

If he was bleeding, that means you hit him on the run.

DUDE:

First shot in two years. Not bad.

CHANCE:

It wasn't so good. We had to go in after him.

DUDE:

Now I'm beginning to feel at home.
(holds out hand)
Look. Almost steady.

CHANCE:

Point your finger.
(Dude does; it quivers)
Anybody can hold a hand still.

ALTERNATE
DIALOGUE

(CONTINUED)

57. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

ALTERNATE DIALOGUE

DUDE:

First shot in two years.

CHANCE

You used a gun last night.

DUDE:

Yeah---I forgot. Anyway, this one tonight
wasn't such a bad shot.

CHANCE:

It wasn't so good. We had to go in after him.

ALTERNATE
DIALOGUE

57 (Cont.)

STUMPY:

I didn't know that before.

(holds his finger out)

I'll be a suck-egg mule! I shake worse'n a
bride on her wedding night.

CHANCE:

Dude, you were good in there, just as good as
you ever were. But you know one reason you got
away with it? 'Cause they were laughing at you.
Borrachon, talking big---and you surprised the
hell out of them. But next time they'll be
ready for you. Next time they'll shoot first
and do their laughing later. So just don't get
too cocksure.

STUMPY:

What a stinker. Spit in his eye, Dude!

DUDE:

He's always been a stinker, Stumpy. If he was
to change it'd worry me.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE:

Hey in there! It's me, Colorado.

CHANCE:

Let him in.

Dude opens the door and Colorado comes in.

COLORADO:

They tell me you got the man who shot Wheeler.

CHANCE:

Dude did.

COLORADO:

Thanks, Dude. --- I've been to the undertaker's
with Wheeler. They're going to bury him in the
morning.

(produces papers and money)

Here are the papers he had on him, and the money.
I took out sixty dollars he owed me.

CHANCE:

You got yours. What about the rest of his men?
He owe them, too?

COLORADO:

Probably did. I didn't think about that.
(tosses over the sixty)

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

CHANCE:

You'll have to wait for the judge. I can't turn over anything without an order.

COLORADO:

Does that mean you hold the wagons too?

(Chance nods)

In the meantime, I'm broke.

CHANCE:

If you or any of the others want eating money, I'll go good for it.

COLORADO:

Thanks.

(goes to the door)

I'd feel better if you'd do that soon, 'fore anything happens to you. No offense again, Sheriff.

(he goes)

CHANCE:

(laughs)

It's nice to see a smart kid for a change.

DUDE:

I wonder if he's as good as Wheeler said.

CHANCE:

I'd say he was. I'd say he was so good he doesn't feel he has to prove it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

58. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

It is late at night and the place is deserted as Chance comes in, except for Feathers quietly playing the piano.

CHANCE:

What's the matter, don't you sleep?

FEATHERS:

I was beginning to think you didn't. I was waiting for you.

CHANCE:

Still looking for an apology?

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

No, I was thinking of making one. I was pretty much of a bitch tonight. I'm not proud of it. My only excuse is I didn't know the trouble you're in.

CHANCE:

(looks at her for a
minute)

I'm going to have a drink. How about you?

FEATHERS:

Thanks.

(follows him to bar, talk-
ing while he gets the
drinks)

I'm sorry about Mr. Wheeler. Carlos told me he was a friend of yours.

CHANCE:

That's why he was shot. Or did Carlos tell you that too?

FEATHERS:

How does a man get to be a sheriff?

CHANCE:

Gets lazy. He gets tired of selling his gun all over and decides to sell it in one place.

FEATHERS:

I'd say you made a poor sale.

CHANCE:

There's a lot of people will agree with you.

FEATHERS:

But it's still a sale and it's too late to back out.

CHANCE:

Not to change the subject, how does a girl get herself on a handbill?

FEATHERS:

She gets married.

CHANCE:

(looking at handbill)
This says he was a cheat.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.1)

FEATHERS:

He wasn't a cheat then. That came later, when his luck turned. It was probably my fault he cheated. He liked to buy me things.

CHANCE:

Why did you leave him?

FEATHERS:

I didn't. He left me, rather suddenly. He was caught, just like that man tonight, only his luck had run out. He was shot.

CHANCE:

You had a rough time.

FEATHERS:

You're wrong, Sheriff. I had a good time. I like gambling. We went everywhere, had the best of everything. I didn't know he was cheating until they caught him. If I'd known it might have been rough---that's probably why he didn't tell me.

CHANCE:

When did this happen?

FEATHERS:

About four months ago. Since then I've been working to get enough money for stage fare.

CHANCE:

You going home?

FEATHERS:

I haven't any.

Carlos comes in, speaking to Chance.

CARLOS:

I did not know you were here, Senor. Why did you not tell me?

(looking at him)

You should be in bed---you slept little enough last night.

(gets a gun from behind the desk)

Tonight you will sleep well. I will watch.

CHANCE:

No, Carlos---you stay out of it.

(CONTINUED)

copy - cut to
* on next
page

58 (Cont.2)

CARLOS:

(with dignity)

Senor Chance, this is my hotel, and you are a guest under my roof. I will not be told what I shall do and what I shall not do.

CHANCE:

(starting for the door)

All right, Carlos.

CARLOS:

No! You cannot go---All right, I give up. Have it your own way.

CHANCE:

There isn't any need for you to watch, amigo. I sleep light. I'll lock my door and hook a chair under the knob. If anyone tries to get in, I'll hear 'em. Just do one thing for me. If I'm sleeping at sun-up, wake me.

CARLOS:

But that is not enough---

CHANCE:

All right, don't.

CARLOS:

(throwing up his hands)

Bueno, bueno---have it your way. Say no more. Have a good sleep.
(he goes)

CHANCE:

* (turning to Feathers)

I'm going to turn in. If I don't see you in the morning, so long. By the way, where you going?

FEATHERS:

Someplace where there aren't any handbills. That thing keeps popping up. That's why I'm a little touchy about it.

CHANCE:

(takes handbill out of his pocket)

I know the sheriff who got this out. I'll write him a letter and get it called in.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.3)

CHANCE: (Cont.)

(tears up the hand-
bill)

Then you won't have people like me making
trouble for you.

He goes upstairs, leaving Feathers staring after him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

59. INT. CHANCE'S ROOM

SUNRISE EFFECT

Chance has been sleeping fully clothed except for his
boots. He stirs, rolls over, opens his eyes, sees that
it is daylight, and starts up. He stamps his feet into
his boots, grabs his hat and his rifle, and goes out.

60. INT. HOTEL

MORNING

As Chance runs down the stairs and speaks to Carlos.

CHANCE:

Why didn't you wake me? You said you
would.

CARLOS:

The girl---the one with the feathers.

CHANCE:

What did she have to do with it?

CARLOS:

She say no. She was sitting outside
your room in a chair all night long. She
was still there two-three minutes ago---
most likely she hear you get up.

CHANCE:

Well you tell her---
(breaking off)
Damn fool.

CARLOS:

Tell her she's a damn fool?

CHANCE:

No. I'll do it myself.
(goes upstairs)

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61. INT. HALL

MORNING

Chance comes upstairs and raps on Feathers' door.

FEATHERS' VOICE:

Who is it?

CHANCE:

It's me, the Sheriff.

FEATHERS' VOICE:

Just a minute.

(the key turns in the lock;
there is a pause)

Come on in.

62. INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

MORNING

as Chance comes in. Feathers is in bed with the covers pulled up to her neck.

FEATHERS:

Hi.

CHANCE:

Did you have a good sleep?

FEATHERS:

Who, me?

CHANCE:

Yes, you. There isn't anybody else in the room.

Feathers pulls off the covers and sits up. She is partly dressed.

FEATHERS:

Oh, Carlos had to talk. I couldn't sleep anyway. I was just as well off out there in the hall.

CHANCE:

And if anybody had come you'd have yelled before they shot you, is that it? Fool women. Didn't you hear me say that I...

FEATHERS:

I know, I know. You don't want anyone to help you. I heard you tell Carlos.

CHANCE:

Then why did you do it?

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

You weren't supposed to know. Why didn't you just go out and not talk to Carlos?

CHANCE:

Because he didn't wake me.

FEATHERS:

That was my fault, too. All right, nothing happened, nobody got hurt, you got some sleep. I lost some. Now I'm tired and you're mad and I'm getting mad. You better go. I'm going to get some sleep too.

CHANCE:

It was a nice thing for you to do, but---

FEATHERS:

I wouldn't have done it if I'd known you'd make all this fuss---get mad and start acting like---

CHANCE:

I'm not mad.

FEATHERS:

Well I am. Go on about your business. You better, because I'm going to bed.

CHANCE:

You can't go to bed now.

FEATHERS:

I can't? Well, you just stay here and you'll see whether I---

CHANCE:

You have to get on that stage.

FEATHERS:

Telling me I can't--- What?

CHANCE:

It leaves in an hour.

FEATHERS:

Then get out and let me get a bath and pack my things. I can't do it if you stand around talking.

CHANCE:

You're doing most of the talking.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont. 1)

FEATHERS:

That's right, I am, and I can't do that and bathe and pack too, so go on and go.

CHANCE:

I'm going. I just wanted to---

FEATHERS:

Then do it. Don't talk anymore. Like you said, I'm doing enough and neither of us are saying anything, just get out and let me get on that stage.

CHANCE:

Oh, hell. Goodbye.
(he goes)

FEATHERS:

Goodbye to you.

63. INT. HOTEL

MORNING

as Chance comes downstairs.

CARLOS:

The girl she's going on the stage?

CHANCE:

(striding to door)
Sure she's going. You see that she does.

CARLOS:

(following him)
But you tell me she's going!

64. EXT. HOTEL

MORNING

as Chance and Carlos come out.

CHANCE:

And I'm telling you to see that she does. I hold you responsible.

CARLOS:

Responsible. Me. Yes.
(looks unhappy)

Chance is looking up the street. Dude is visible in far b.g. down the road at the edge of town. A number of men are hanging around in the vicinity of the jail, as though waiting for something.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

CARLOS:

Dude said to tell you he's gone up the street.

CHANCE:

So I see.

CARLOS:

Lots of people in today.

CHANCE:

Did you hear why?

CARLOS:

A man say he hear maybe Nathan Burdette comes in today to see you. Most likely they are here to watch.

CHANCE:

Well, if he does come, maybe they'll see something.
(walks toward jail as Carlos looks up the street to Dude)

65.

EXT. ROAD

MORNING

Dude standing in the road is taking the guns from a couple of men on horseback.

DUDE:

Just hang them over there.

He indicates a fence post on which a number of guns are already hanging. As the men move to obey, Dude looks o.s. and music begins---it is Nathan Burdette coming in.

66.

EXT. VALLEY

DAY

NATHAN BURDETTE and five men are riding down the valley toward town. One of the men is MATT HARRIS, Burdette's top gun hand. We get an ominous quality in the forward motion of the riders, a feeling of approaching crisis.

67.

EXT. ROAD

DAY

at the barn on the edge of town where Dude keeps watch. Dude is sitting on the big rock at the roadside. He sees the riders coming in the distance, goes quickly into the barnyard to his horse.

68.

EXT. ROAD

DAY

Burdette and his men ride up. Dude, now mounted, bars the way.

68 (Cont.)

DUDE:

Stop right there, Mr. Burdette.
(they stop)
I got orders to take your guns.

BURDETTE:

Suppose we don't want to give 'em up. You
think you could take 'em against six of us?

Matt Harris is sidling around to get behind Dude.

DUDE:

(to Burdette)

For a smart man that's pretty stupid, Mr. Burdette.
You wouldn't need a gun no more, 'cause you'd
be the first man I'd get.

(to Matt Harris)

You're pretty good where you are, Harris.

He draws and shoots the rein -- the horse rears, and Harris
falls. He goes for his gun.

BURDETTE:

Hold it, Harris.

HARRIS:

He cut my reins.

BURDETTE:

And I'd say he did it on purpose.

(to Dude)

You're pretty good with a gun when you're sober.

DUDE:

Not bad, Mr. Burdette.

BURDETTE:

How does that happen?

DUDE:

If you mean being good with a gun, I've had a
lot of practice. If you mean being sober, I'm
getting practice at that on account of your
brother.

BURDETTE:

I don't follow you.

DUDE:

You don't need to, Mr. Burdette. Now how
about your guns?

BURDETTE:

(to his men, quietly)

Give him your guns.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 1)

The men don't like it, but they move to obey. Dude points to a post on which other guns are hung.

DUDE:

Just hang 'em on that fence with the others.
You can have 'em back when you leave.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. JAIL

DAY

From Chance' POV as he stands on the porch, watching Burdette's men hang their guns on the post down the road.

70. EXT. ROAD

DAY

as Matt Harris, who has remounted, hangs his gun on the post and starts away. Dude stops him.

DUDE:

Matt -- didn't you hear your boss say I was sober?
(takes a gun from under Harris' vest)

BURDETTE:

You're enjoying yourself, aren't you?

DUDE:

Get going, Mister Burdette, we ain't got
anything more to talk about.

BURDETTE:

(pleasantly)

You should enjoy it, Dude. Every man ought to
have a little taste of power before he's through.

He rides away with his men, into town.

71. INT. JAIL

DAY

Chance steps inside the door and speaks to Stumpy behind the barred door inside.

CHANCE:

Stumpy -- Burdette and his men are coming in.

STUMPY:

Don't put no red carpet down for 'em.

Chance smiles and goes out to meet them.

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72. EXT. STREET

DAY

Burdette and his men ride up to the jail, where Chance stands on the porch with his rifle.

BURDETTE:

Morning, Sheriff.

CHANCE:

Hello, Burdette. I've been expecting you.

BURDETTE:

I want to see my brother.

CHANCE:

You can come in, but that doesn't mean the rest of you.

(to men)

He's not your brother. Go on across the street and wait with the others. Move!

BURDETTE:

Do as he says.

(the men go)

What are all those people doing in town?

CHANCE:

I didn't ask them. I didn't ask them to come or why they're here. But I think they're watching to see what you're going to do. You don't like it, do you? Too many witnesses. Now did you come here to talk to me or to see your brother.

BURDETTE:

To see my brother.

CHANCE:

All right.

(calling)

Stumpy, I'm coming in.

(they go in)

73. INT. JAIL

DAY

Chance calls to Stumpy o.s. as he and Burdette approach the barred door.

CHANCE:

Open up, Stumpy.

STUMPY:

(o.s.)

What's the password?

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

Come on, Stumpy.

STUMPY:

(o.s.)

Oh, I wouldn't miss this.

(comes into view at end of corridor)

Well, look who's here! Place is getting all
littered up with Burdettes.

(unlocks door)

Come right in, Mr. Burdette.

He locks the door again behind them as they go through.

74.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR

DAY

Burdette goes to the cell door where Joe is standing and
speaks to him.

BURDETTE:

Hello, Joe.

JOE:

Nathan.

BURDETTE:

(looking at him)

Looks like you got a going over.

JOE:

(looking at Chance)

Our friend here.

BURDETTE:

(to Chance)

Why?

CHANCE:

He didn't want to be arrested for murder.

JOE:

It wasn't murder.

CHANCE:

A man gets shot when he's got a gun -- there's
good reason for doubt. A man gets shot when he
hasn't got a gun -- what would you call it?

(to Burdette)

But you already know that or you wouldn't have
set things up the way you have.

BURDETTE:

What have I done?

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

You're a rich man, Mister Burdette. You've got a big ranch. You pay a lot of people to do what you want 'em to do. And you've got a brother. He's no good, but he's your brother. If he committed twenty murders you'd try to see he didn't hang for it.

BURDETTE:

I don't like that kind of talk. You're practically accusing me of --

CHANCE:

Let's get it straight -- you don't like it. Well, I don't like a lot of things. I don't like your men sitting on the road bottling up this town. I don't like your men watching us, trying to catch us with our backs turned. I don't like it when a friend of mine offers to help me and twenty minutes later he's dead. I don't like you, Mister Burdette, for fixing all this before you came in to talk to me.

BURDETTE:

What are you going to do about it?

CHANCE:

I was getting to that. I'm going to sit right here with your brother in my lap till the U.S. Marshal gets here. That'll be about six days. Maybe the Marshal's going to ask a few questions about that busted wheel but I think you're too smart to have stopped that stage completely. Now I'm out of breath, so you can talk if you want to.

Burdette merely looks at him.

JOE:

Talks awful big for a man who's alone except for a barfly and a cripple. You could have me out of here in --

BURDETTE:

Shut up, Joe.

CHANCE:

Your brother's smarter than you are, Joe. He sees that Stumpy's sitting here around a corner, locked in with you. If that isn't plain enough I'll tell you why. If any trouble starts around here, before anybody can get to you -- you're liable to get accidentally shot.

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont. 1)

STUMPY:

In fact, I can practically guarantee it.

BURDETTE:

(to Stumpy)

I see you still hold a little grudge against us.

STUMPY:

Four hundred and sixty acres might be little to you, Nathan, but it was a lot of country to me.

JOE:

Don't take any chances, Nathan. He looks just crazy enough to shoot me.

BURDETTE:

A court might call that murder, too.

CHANCE:

Hell, we'd all be dead by then. What difference would it make? Anything more to say, Burdette?

BURDETTE:

Just one thing. Joe has friends. You're holding me responsible for them -- for what you say they've done or what they might do. I want to make that clear.

CHANCE:

I'll help you. I don't think Joe has a friend in the world and he won't have unless somebody buys him one for fifty a head like the fellow who shot Wheeler.

BURDETTE:

You made it clear.

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy)

All right, Stumpy.

(Stumpy unlocks the door)

JOE:

(as they move away)

Look, Nathan --

BURDETTE:

Just sit tight, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont. 2)

JOE:

(calls after him)

I just want you to send me a bottle
'fore you leave town.

STUMPY:

You do that, Mr. Burdette. Part of my
job is to see it ain't poisoned. Sometimes
takes me quite a spell to find out.

75. INT. JAIL

DAY

Stumpy follows Chance into the outer office and they watch
as Burdette goes out and crosses the street.

STUMPY:

Why didn't you hold him?

CHANCE:

Anything he's going to do is figured
out already, or he wouldn't have come
here. Throwing him in with Joe would
just give him an alibi for anything
that happens.

STUMPY:

I never thought of that. What do you
think will happen?

CHANCE:

I think I told you to stay back in there
out of sight.

STUMPY:

(as he goes back and locks
the door)

You better be careful how you talk to me.
You heard what Joe said, you're alone
except for a barfly and an old cripple.
Calling me an old cripple --

(to Joe, as he goes back
along the corridor)

I liked hearing you say that, Joe. I got to
fix your dinner tonight.

He disappears around the corner. Chance remains in the
doorway, looking across the street where Burdette has gone
into the Rio Bravo Saloon. The tinny piano is going, as
usual.

"RIO BRAVO"
FINAL

CHANGE
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76. INT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

DAY

Colorado sits at a table -- he's been watching through the window what went on across the street, and now he is watching Burdette and his men. Raton and Jose are playing in the corner. Burdette is standing at the bar, his back to Colorado. His men stand a little apart from him, looking at him but not speaking. The bartender pours Burdette a drink, looks at him uneasily, puts the bottle down and goes away. Presently Burdette turns around, smiling an odd smile. He calls to the Musicians.

BURDETTE:

Raton --

RATON:

(stops playing and turns around)

Me, Senor?

BURDETTE:

You. Come here, both of you.

Raton and Jose, looking a little apprehensive, leave the corner and join Burdette at the bar. Burdette speaks to them quietly for a moment -- this is from Colorado's point of view and we do not hear what is said. But Raton looks alarmed and draws back, speaking a little louder.

RATON:

Senor, please -- that is not a good tune to play in Texas.

JOSE:

Please do not ask us to play that. Anything else, Senor, but

BURDETTE:

Play it. Keep playing it till I tell you to stop.
(to the bartender)

See that they aren't disturbed.
(to Raton and Jose)

Go on.

Very unwillingly Raton and Jose go back to the corner, look around nervously but realize there is no escape. They begin to play the Deguello. Burdette listens a moment, with an expression of curious satisfaction. Then he speaks to his men.

BURDETTE:

We'll go now.

The men look puzzled, but don't quite dare to ask him what

(CONTINUED)

DED
CHARACTER

DED
ALOGUE

"RIO BRAVO"
FINAL

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76 (Cont.)

the music is about. They follow him out. Colorado looks after them, then looks at the musicians. He begins to smile. CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT on the piano as we

DISSOLVE TO:

77. INT. JAIL

DAY

Chance is listening to the piano across the street, playing the Deguello -- he's puzzled by the repetition of the piece. Carlos calls from the outside, then comes in, looking upset -- he has a black eye.

CHANCE:

What's the matter with your eye?

CARLOS:

You tell me to put the lady on the stage?

CHANCE:

She give you that? What did you do?

CARLOS:

No, she did not do it.

CHANCE:

I thought you said she did.

CARLOS:

No -- I say you tell me to put her on the stage. Consuela, she hit me in the eye.

CHANCE:

I'm getting mixed up. Why did you --

CARLOS:

Please. Please do not talk. I tell you. It is better if I tell you.

CHANCE:

Go ahead.

CARLOS:

You tell me to put the lady on the stage. The stage is ready but she don't come down.

CHANCE:

What?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

CARLOS:

I yell at her, Come down. She say she ain't coming. I go up to get her. She say she don't go.

CHANCE:

Did she go?

CARLOS:

Please! I tell her you say go. I tell her I am responsible. She say no, she is responsible. I say that may be, and I pick her up. Then Consuela say, What are you doing with that woman? I say I put her on the stage. The woman, she say she don't want to go on the stage.

CHANCE:

Did she go?

CARLOS:

Please. I tell you. Consuela say, Put her down. I say I am responsible. Consuela -- she thinks that means something else. So she give me this eye.

CHANCE:

What did you do?

CARLOS:

Please. What can I do? My arms is full of the lady. I can do nothing so I drop her on the floor. She yell and say I try to kill her, and Consuela she's mad -- I never see her so mad before. She hit me some more --

CHANCE:

Did the girl get on the stage?

CARLOS:

No, she don't go. Jake say he can't wait.

CHANCE:

Why not?

CARLOS:

He say he must leave.

CHANCE:

I mean the girl. Why didn't she go?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont. 1)

CARLOS:

She don't say. How do I know if she don't say?
Please, Senor Chance -- you come tell Consuela what
responsible means. She's mad, real mad --

CHANCE:

(yells)

Stumpy, I'm going out.

STUMPY:

I like to be left alone. I'm getting used to it.

They go out.

78.

INT. HOTEL

DAY

as Chance and Carlos come in. Consuela comes toward them.

CARLOS:

Consuela! Consuela, I bring Senor Chance --
he tell you what responsible mean --

CONSUELA:

(contrite, running to Carlos)

Carlos -- I am sorry. The girl Feathers, she
tell me what it means. Please -- por favor --
you forgive me -- no?

(vastly relieved, Carlos puts
his arms around her)

CHANCE:

Where's the girl?

CONSUELA:

In her room.

(as Chance strides to the stairs)

Maybe it is best you don't go --

(breaks off as Chance runs up the stairs)

79.

INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

DAY

as Chance comes in. They stand looking at each other.

FEATHERS:

Well, I didn't go.

CHANCE:

I can see that.

FEATHERS:

I had everything packed, then Carlos yelled the
stage was ready and I heard somebody say they
weren't going. It was me saying it.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

Go on.

FEATHERS:

Things really got mixed up then. You should have seen it.

(laughs)

Poor Carlos and Consuela both yelling at the same time. Then he dropped me on the floor and I yelled too --

(stops)

Here I am talking again and not saying anything. You want to know why I didn't go, don't you, Sheriff? What's your name, anyway? I don't even know that.

CHANCE:

Chance, John T.

FEATHERS:

T for trouble.

(Chance groans)

I always make you mad, don't I, John T.? Then don't make me tell you why I stayed. I won't get in your way, I won't make it any harder for you. I'll just be here. You don't owe me a thing and you won't owe me when it's all over. When that happens just tell me to go and I'll go. No. No, you won't even have to tell me. I'll know by then and I'll just go. Is that fair, John T.?

(he stands looking at her, not confused but realizing what she has said)

You don't have to answer that if you don't want to. But just say something!

CHANCE:

If I weren't in this mess it might be different. But I am.

FEATHERS:

That's what I wanted to hear.

She kisses him, looks at him a moment and kisses him again.

FEATHERS:

I'm glad we tried it a second time. It's better when two people do it.

(stepping back; opens door)

I've taken enough of your time. You better run along now and do your job.

FADE CUT.

"RIO BRAVO"
FINAL

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64.

FADE IN

80. EXT. ROAD SUNSET

At the edge of town. Dude gets on his horse and starts back to town.

81. EXT. STREET SUNSET

Dude riding toward the jail. The SOUND of the Deguello, played on the tinny piano, gets louder as he approaches the saloon and the jail.

82. EXT. JAIL SUNSET

Chance is waiting for Dude as he dismounts and comes onto the porch. The Deguello SOUNDS from across the street.

DUDE:

Getting too dark to do any good out there.
I'd just be a clay pigeon.

CHANCE:

Any trouble when Burdette left?

DUDE:

Nice as pie, didn't say a word.

CHANCE:

I didn't expect him to.

DUDE:

That gun-slinger of his was on the prod--I had to do some persuading as they was coming in. What happened here?

CHANCE:

Not much.

(looks toward the saloon)

What's that tune? He's been playing it all afternoon.

DUDE:

(listening a minute)

Some Mexican piece. I heard it farther south.

CHANCE:

Um. Well, come on inside and I'll--

(breaks off as Colorado comes up)

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

Just curious. How did you come out with
Burdette?

CHANCE:

He wanted to see his brother.

COLORADO:

What did he have to say?

CHANCE:

Nothing.

He starts inside, but Colorado is insistent.

COLORADO:

You mean he didn't say anything?

CHANCE:

Why are you so interested?

COLORADO:

(smiling)

Because he's talking now. You know that music?
He told the man to play it.

CHANCE:

What is it?

COLORADO:

They call it the Deguello---the Cut-throat song.
The Mexicans played it when they had those Texas
boys bottled up in the Alamo. Played it day and
night until it was all over. Now do you remember
what it means?

CHANCE:

Yeah---it means No Quarter. I guess I made
him talk after all.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

83.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

The main street with the jail and the Rio Bravo Saloon. The
piano SOUNDS from the saloon, playing the Deguello.

84.

INT. JAIL

NIGHT

The Deguello SOUNDS OVER from o.s. Chance is sitting with
his feet on the desk. Dude is moving around, talkative,
leading up to something.

84 (Cont.)

DUDE:

By the way, I forgot to tell you---the stage got out all right. I watched her clear through the valley.

(pauses)

'Bout six days for the Marshal to get here?

CHANCE:

That's what I figure.

DUDE:

That girl wasn't on the stage.

CHANCE:

I know that.

DUDE:

Did you let her stay over?

CHANCE:

No, she--- Yes, I did. What of it?

DUDE:

Nothing. Nothing.

CHANCE:

You were going to say something.

DUDE:

I remembered in time. I remembered another girl came through on a stage and stopped over. I remember you told me she was no good. I didn't believe you, but you were right, so naturally I figure you're an expert---you know just what you're doing.

(Chance throws something at him and he dodges nimbly)

I just hope you have better luck than I did.

(laughs---then looks surprised)

That's the first time I've been able to laugh about it. Maybe there's hope for me yet.

CHANCE:

Maybe, but I doubt it.

DUDE:

That's what I like about you, John T. You're such an encouraging bastard.

Stumpy comes in from the back of the jail and the SLAM of the barred door covers Dude's last word.

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.1)

STUMPY:

Chance, if you go by the hotel, bring some coffee and sugar, will you?

CHANCE:

Joe complaining?

STUMPY:

Him! He don't get no sugar, and his coffee's just water poured over the old grounds. I'm teaching him to talk out of turn.

DUDE:

(drawing gun from its holster)
Stumpy, this gun of yours is stiff. Is it all right if I file the action a bit?

STUMPY:

File the action on my gun? I don't want no easy pull---might shoot myself. Why don't you get somebody else's?

(stopping short, then turning
to Chance)

Say, why don't you give him his own guns?

CHANCE:

I forgot all about 'em.
(goes to locked cupboard and
opens it)

STUMPY:

Your memory ain't no better'n mine. They been locked up there for over a year.

DUDE:

(as Chance hands him a handsome
belt with a pair of fine guns from
the cupboard)
How'd you get these?

CHANCE:

Bought 'em from the fellow you sold 'em to.
(watches as Dude puts them on
in place of Stumpy's, his face
showing how he feels to get them
back---Chance cuts Dude short
before he can say anything)

Come on, let's take a look around and get
Stumpy his coffee and sugar.

They start out.

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.2)

STUMPY:

Hey---ain't you going to tell me to get back
in there?

CHANCE:

No, stay out here and get shot.

STUMPY:

(moving back to the barred door)
Might do it just for spite! What I put up with
for thirty a month.

Chance and Dude go out.

85.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

as Chance and Dude move down the street.

DUDE:

Not to change the subject---am I drawing pay?

CHANCE:

Same as before.

DUDE:

Then you can take out for these guns.
(he looks down at them as he
walks, settling the belt---
it feels right)

CHANCE:

No hurry.

DUDE:

(fingering his ragged pants
and shirt)
If you're feeling so generous---I could use
an advance. Get myself a pair of pants and
a shirt---

CHANCE:

Ain't no need for that. When you lit out you
left some things behind. They're in my room
at the hotel.

DUDE:

You been keeping 'em all this time?

CHANCE:

You could use a bath and a shave, too.

DUDE:

I'm not so sure about the shave. I'm liable
to cut my own throat.

"RIO BRAVO"
FINAL

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69.

86. INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

NIGHT

Feathers is finishing dressing, just putting on a bright-colored shirt. There is a KNOCK at the door. Feathers opens it---it's Chance.

FEATHERS:

(struggling to tuck in her shirttail)
Hi, John T. I was hoping I'd see you -- I didn't expect you to find me like this. If I can get this shirt in, I want to---

CHANCE:

First, have you got anything to stop bleeding?
(she looks at him; he smiles)
Nobody's been hurt. Dude's trying to shave himself.

FEATHERS:

I've got some alum somewhere I use for myself---
(starts to paw around in her suitcase, hunting through things)
I never was any good at packing. That's the trouble--never can find anything when I want it---
(finds the alum)
Here it is. Maybe I can help. Where is he?

CHANCE:

My room.

FEATHERS:

(stops close to Chance and touches his cheek)
You could use a shave, too. I found that out this afternoon.
(Chance looks at her for a minute)

CHANCE:

You want to let Dude cut himself all up?

FEATHERS:

That's right, blame it on Dude.

They start out.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. INT. CHANCE'S ROOM

NIGHT

Feathers is finishing shaving Dude, who sits in a chair with a towel over him.

(CONTINUED)

"RIO BRAVO"
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87 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

(as she finishes)

There you are.

(to Chance, as Dude gets up)

What about you, John T.? Shall I work on you?

CHANCE:

I do my own shaving.

FEATHERS:

I thought you did. I was just reminding you.

Dude has clean pants and shirt, a pair of good boots--- just a suggestion of how he got his name Dude. He buckles on his guns and picks up a hat with a band of silver or silver coins. He looks at the band, then takes it off and tosses it to Chance.

DUDE:

You could buy a lot of drinks with this.

CHANCE:

(looks at the silver band and
tosses it back)

Sure could.

DUDE:

(opens a drawer and throws it in)

Maybe you better keep it for me.

(to Feathers)

Thanks for the shave. I may call on you again.

FEATHERS:

Any time. I'll be here.

(to Chance)

I didn't tell you. Carlos is giving me a job.

DUDE:

(picking up a package and
looking at Chance)

Shall we take Stumpy his coffee and things?

(they start to move out)

FEATHERS:

You in a hurry, John T.? I'd like to talk
with you a moment.

DUDE:

I'll wait for you.

(goes out)

FEATHERS:

I just wanted to ask you if --

(CONTINUED)

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87 (Cont.1)

CHANCE:
What's this about a job?

FEATHERS:
Oh, Carlos says he's not sleeping very well.
Says I can help out downstairs.

CHANCE:
Tending bar?

FEATHERS:
Among other things. Do you think I shouldn't?

CHANCE:
Why ask me?

FEATHERS:
The way you said "tending bar". All right.
I won't do it.

CHANCE:
I didn't say not to.

FEATHERS:
But you don't like the idea.

CHANCE:
Why should I care?

FEATHERS:
I don't know. I don't know why you get mad
when I ask you.

CHANCE:
You'd make anybody mad.

FEATHERS:
I suppose I would. As long as you haven't
anything against it, I'll take the job.

CHANCE:
Well, go ahead.

FEATHERS:
Thanks.

They go out.

88.

INT. HALL

NIGHT

As Chance locks the door of his room.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

What were you going to ask me?

FEATHERS:

Never mind. You're in too bad a humor.

CHANCE:

What were you going to ask?

FEATHERS:

Whether you were going to sleep here tonight.

CHANCE:

Let's get one thing straight. There'll be no more sitting in this chair. -I told you that---

FEATHERS:

Oh, I know. You told me. I've given that up. Anyway, I have a better idea. Tonight you sleep in my room. Anyone looking for you wouldn't look there first. You'd have more time if anything did happen.

(starts into her room, then stops)

Besides, there's a rocking chair in my room--- it's more comfortable than that one.

(indicating chair by his door)

It's just an idea. You can think about it. I wouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't insisted.

(goes in and shuts the door)

CHANCE:

(looking after her, shakes his head and grins)

I'll be damned.

There is the blast of a shotgun and an indistinct yell of "Quit that, you fool!" from outside across the street. Chance runs for the stairs.

89. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Chance runs down the stairs. Carlos is by the door.

CARLOS:

Chance, the shot she come from the jail.

Chance runs out past him.

90. INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

NIGHT

Feathers runs to her window, opens it and looks out.

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91. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

SHOT of the street as Chance runs to the jail. The Dude is crouching close to the wall beside the open door.

92. EXT. JAIL

NIGHT

Dude shouts to Chance as he runs up.

DUDE:

Don't go in there! Tell that idiot not to shoot any more.

CHANCE:

(shouting)

Stumpy---it's me, Chance. Don't shoot.

STUMPY:

(o.s. inside)

Why didn't you say so?

Chance goes in with Dude, who's looking at his hat--- it has a hole in the crown. Both he and Stumpy are scared and shaken.

CHANCE:

Stumpy, you were shooting at Dude.
(locks the door)

STUMPY:

Dude! I didn't know, Dude---I didn't know it was you---

DUDE:

Damn fool---almost blowed my head off---

STUMPY:

How'd I know it was you? How'd I know? Get all dolled up like Astor's pet horse, stick your nose in here without saying nothing--- How'd I know? Just tell me!

DUDE:

Look at this hat. Just look at it.

STUMPY:

Good thing you're such a peewee. If you was a normal-sized man that's what your Head'd look like. --- Should'a known it was you. You're such a midget.

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

DUDE:

Shut up. It wasn't your fault---you just scared me.

(gives him the package)

Here's your stuff.

STUMPY:

Everything's all dirty.

DUDE:

That's just dust I got on it trying to get out of your way.

STUMPY:

Look what I done to the door. Now it's going to be cold in here. I ain't gonna fix it---it was your fault.

DUDE:

I'll fix it if you'll just quit talking.

STUMPY:

(going away)

I figured you would. Funny what a man can get by talking.

CHANCE:

(to Dude)

Why didn't you wait for me?

DUDE:

I thought you were busy.

(goes to window and opens it;
the Deguello sounds louder---
he listens to it)

They're still playing our song.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

93.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

It is quiet and late. Chance nears the door of the hotel and looks back at Dude in the door of the jail. Dude waves and Chance goes in.

94.

INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

As Chance comes into the hotel. Feathers is behind the bar.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

Hi, Sheriff. They've been keeping me busy.
You through for the day? Going to bed?

CHANCE:

I thought I would.

FEATHERS:

That's a good idea. Can I make you some
coffee?

CHANCE:

No thanks.

FEATHERS:

How about a drink?

CHANCE:

I'll take a drink.

FEATHERS:

(getting out a bottle from
underneath the bar)

Carlos says this is for special guests.
(pours him a drink)

You're tired, aren't you? I can fix you
a nice hot bath--- or rub your neck, or---

CHANCE:

I just want some sleep.

FEATHERS:

Then this is all I can do for you?

CHANCE:

I thought you said I could think about it.

FEATHERS:

You're right, I did. Well, in case you make
up your mind, I left my door open. Get a
good night's sleep.

CHANCE:

You're not helping me any.

FEATHERS:

(laughs)

Oh, John T., sometimes I say things like that
just so I can see that funny look on your
face! Forget about it. Good night.

Chance looks at her, then leaves the bar and goes to the
stairs, meeting Consuela at the foot of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

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94 (Cont.1)

CONSUELA:

Senor Chance, you want some supper?
I fix you some.

CHANCE:

I had something, Consuela.

CONSUELA:

(being a conspirator)

Senor, we give the girl a job---it's a
good thing, eh? You think so?

CHANCE:

Sure, Consuela.

CONSUELA:

I know you like. I see how you look at
her, so I know. I am sure. Carlos, not
he---He's not sure, say maybe you got too
much to do, not enough time.

CHANCE:

Well, Carlos is---

CONSUELA:

I say men always say that. Never mean,
just talk---that's all, just talk.

CHANCE:

Well you tell Carlos that he---

CONSUELA:

Sure I tell him---not too much to do, got
plenty time. I tell him you like. Right
away I tell him he is wrong. Have good sleep,
Senor Chance. I tell Carlos. Hey, Carlos---
Carlos, where you are?
(her voice fades off as she
goes away)

Chance looks after her, then goes upstairs.

95.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

Chance goes to his own door and unlocks it, then stops---
goes to the girl's room and tries her door. It opens.
He stands for a moment, then closes it and goes back to
his own room.

DISSOLVE TO:

"RIO BRAVO"
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NIGHT

96. INT. CHANCE'S ROOM

CLOSE SHOT on a chair hooked under the knob inside Chance's door. CAMERA PANS to the bed, where Chance is lying fully dressed except for his boot. He tosses around restlessly, trying to get to sleep.

97. INT. HALL

NIGHT

Feathers comes upstairs and goes toward her room.

98. INT CHANCE'S ROOM

NIGHT

Chance hears Feathers' footsteps in the hall, then the SOUND of her door opening and closing as she goes into her room. He is now more restless than ever but makes a determined effort to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. INT. HALL

NIGHT

Feathers comes very quietly out of her room carrying a blanket. She tiptoes to the stairs and goes down.

100. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Feathers looks for the gun behind Carlos' desk, finds it, then crosses to the bar and sits down behind it to watch, wrapped in the blanket.

DISSOLVE TO:

101. INT. CHANCE'S ROOM

NIGHT

Chance is still unable to sleep. Finally he gets up and goes out, without putting on his boots.

102. INT. HALL

NIGHT

Chance goes to Feathers' door, finds it open a crack, looks inside, then goes downstairs.

103. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Chance comes quietly downstairs, looks around, and finds Feathers almost asleep behind the bar. He stands a moment looking down at her before she realizes he's there. He takes the gun out of her hand and puts it aside, picks her up blanket and all, and carries her up the stairs.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

104. EXT. STREET

MORNING

Chance comes out of the hotel. Dude in front of the jail sees him and gets on his horse. They pass in the street, and stop to talk. Dude looks rocky.

DUDE:

Morning.

CHANCE:

Morning, Dude. Get a good sleep?
(looks at him closely)

DUDE:

All right, I guess.

CHANCE:

Eat anything this morning?

DUDE:

Stumpy fixed something.
(starts on, but Chance stops him)

CHANCE:

I asked you a question. You didn't answer it.

DUDE:

(irritably)

All right, I'll answer it. I didn't sleep good, I didn't eat anything, I had a beer and it didn't do any good.

CHANCE:

Can you stand your watch?

DUDE:

When I don't think I can do it I'll let you know.

CHANCE:

Better get going, then.

Dude rides off. Chance goes to the jail.

105. EXT. ROAD

MORNING

SHOT from edge of town as Dude rides toward barn.
CAMERA PANS OVER and we see men hiding by the barn.

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106. EXT. VALLEY

MORNING

Dude's P.O.V. There is no one in sight except the watchers on the cliffs. He's used to them. The barn and barnyard are apparently deserted.

107. EXT. BARNYARD

MORNING

Seeing nothing alarming, Dude rides into the barnyard. Here he cannot be seen from town. He ties his horse in the shade of a tree by the watering-trough. He takes off his hat, looks at it, then goes to the watering-trough and tries to see his reflection in the water. CAMERA MOVES IN to a TIGHT SHOT on Dude as he bends over the water, adjusting his hat in an effort to conceal the holes. Suddenly a man's arm comes into SCENE from behind him and pushes his head down hard into the water.

MAN'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Take a good look while you're at it.

108. EXT. BARNYARD

MORNING

Dude struggles fiercely and tries to go for his gun. But the man holding his head under water kicks the feet out from under him, while a second man runs up and takes Dude's guns.

SECOND MAN:

Let him up---

The first man hauls Dude out of the water, gasping and half strangled. He is still trying to fight, but he doesn't have a chance. The second man hits him with a pistol barrel, clubbing him down. He sags and they catch him between them.

SECOND MAN:

Bring his hat.

The first man picks up Dude's hat, which has fallen off in the struggle. They hustle Dude into the barn.

109. INT. BARN

MORNING

As the men enter with Dude. His head is clearing now and he makes a violent effort to break free. He almost makes it. But two more men are waiting inside the barn. Dude fights with the ferocity of a man who knows he has betrayed both himself and his comrade by allowing himself to be caught, but the four men between them beat him down with cool brutality. It does not take long.

(CONTINUED)

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MAN:

Give me his hat.

(takes it and puts it on)

Better have his vest, too.

(they strip off Dude's vest and give it to him)

Tie him up tight and get moving.

(starts to the door as the men gag and bind Dude)

110. EXT. BARNYARD

DAY

The man wearing Dude's hat and vest comes out, looks quickly around to make sure none of this has been observed, then hurries to the rock at the roadside and sits down, his back to town.

CUT TO:

111. INT. JAIL

DAY

Stumpy is sweeping up. Juanito, the little Mexican boy who beat the drum ahead of the funeral procession in Scene 22, is bringing in pails of water. Chance takes out coin.

STUMPY:

Thanks, sonny. That'll be enough for a while.

JUANITO:

(grandly waving away Chance's money)

You don't pay me, Senor---I make lots of money now. You do it for me. I play the drum for funeral --- business is very good!
(he goes)

STUMPY:

Well, as the feller said, it's an ill wind that don't blow something to somebody.

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy)

Stumpy, did Dude have a bad night?

STUMPY:

That fellow's catching hell, Chance. His mind's just starting to work again. He's seeing what he done to himself, and he ain't finding it very pretty.

CHANCE:

Well, he's got to sweat it out. And don't let him cry on your shoulder, either.

STUMPY:

He ain't tried to, and anyway, what makes you so damned ornery? You been

111 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

All right. Be nice to him, and he'll fall apart in little pieces.

STUMPY:

Well, maybe so. You know him better'n I do. I guess some folks are built that way. But I ain't. Wouldn't work with me.

(begins to sweep furiously)

No reason at all why you can't give me a kind word once in a while, seeing all I have to put up with around here---cooking and sweeping and nurse-
maiding that killer back there, and never a solitary word of thanks from anybody---

CHANCE:

Stumpy, you're right. You're a treasure. I don't know what I'd do without you.

(kisses him solemnly on the forehead and then goes out fast, leaving the old man for a moment absolutely speechless)

STUMPY:

(yelling after him)

Go back to being yourself. At least I'm used to that.

112. EXT. JAIL

DAY

As Chance locks the door behind him and looks up the street. The supposed Dude is on guard. Three men are riding up to him.

113. EXT. STREET

DAY

Satisfied with what he sees, Chance moves toward the hotel. In b.g. the three men talking to the supposed Dude unbuckle their gunbelts and move to hang them on the post.

114. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

Colorado comes out of the hotel, sees Chance as he comes onto the hotel porch.

COLORADO:

Morning, Sheriff.

CHANCE:

Colorado.

(CONTINUED)

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114 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

(taking out tobacco and paper,
rolling a cigarette as he talks)
I've been hearing a lot of talk.

CHANCE:

About what?

In b.g. the three apparently unarmed men are riding into town.

COLORADO:

Mostly about you telling Eurdette what would happen to Joe if trouble started around the jail. I guess he didn't expect to be told that. Kinda new to me, too.

CHANCE:

Would you do it any different?

COLORADO:

No, if he was doing to me what he's doing to you I'd tell him the same thing. He can't take a chance on whether you'd really do it or not.

Colorado has finished making his cigarette. Chance finds himself out of tobacco.

CHANCE:

You got plenty of tobacco? I was going to get some---

Colorado offers the makings and Chance uncocks his gun and leans it against a post at the front of the porch. He takes the makings and rolls himself a cigarette.

COLORADO:

You always keep that carbine cocked?

CHANCE:

Only when I'm carrying it.

COLORADO:

How come you carry a rifle?

CHANCE:

Found out some were faster than me with a short gun.

COLORADO:

(searching his pockets)
Don't suppose you've got a match, either.

CHANCE:

Out of them, too.

COLORADO:

I'll get some.
(goes into hotel)

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114 (Cont.1)

The three men ride up, having seen Chance on the porch.

FIRST MAN:

Sheriff, we ran into some trouble on the road.
Al here's hurt---

(indicating one man drooping in his saddle)
his horse threw him. Your deputy said there was
a doctor here.

CHANCE:

Just down the street, four, five doors on the right.
(moves toward his rifle)

FIRST MAN:

Hold it, Sheriff---no closer to that gun.
(puts his hand to his shirt)

We still got ours, if that's what you're thinking.
(as Chance freezes and looks quickly
up the street)

And that ain't your deputy up the street.

115. INT. HOTEL

DAY

Colorado comes to the door with Feathers. He sees that something is wrong outside and stops, holding the girl back and warning her to be quiet. They see and hear what goes on outside.

CHANCE:

What did you do to him?

MAN:

Worry about yourself---he's all right. But he ain't going to be and neither are you unless you do what you're told.

Feathers starts out the door. Colorado holds her.

COLORADO:

If you want to get him shot just go out there.

FEATHERS:

Are you just going to stand here?

116.. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

Man speaking to Chance.

MAN:

Now Sheriff, we're going over to the jail. We're going to take Joe Burdette, or you and your deputy are going to stop worrying about the whole thing. Take your choice.

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117. INT. HOTEL

DAY

Colorado speaking to Feathers.

COLORADO:

If you want to do something---when I get out on the porch in the clear, throw that flower pot through that window. Understand? And duck after you throw it.

Feathers nods and picks up the flower pot as Colorado walks out the front door, as though he is unaware that anything is wrong.

118. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

As Colorado stops casually, then looks surprised as one of the men speaks to him.

MAN:

Just keep coming, mister.

COLORADO:

Me?

MAN:

Yes, you.

The flower pot hits the window with a crash. All three men turn. Colorado picks up Chance's rifle with one hand, throwing it to him as he draws his own gun with the other. Things happen very fast. Chance cuts loose with his rifle, Colorado with his gun. There is a violent burst of gunfire and the three men are dead.

119. EXT. STREET

DAY

Up the street, the counterfeit Dude sees what has happened and starts to ride away.

120. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

Chance shoots at the counterfeit Dude and he falls. Chance jumps on one of the horses and hurries up the street as Feathers comes out of the hotel.

FEATHERS:

Where's he going?

COLORADO:

To see what's happened to his deputy.

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121. EXT. ROAD

DAY

As Chance gallops up to where the dead man lies in the road near the barn. Chance looks at him long enough to make sure he's dead, then looks around for Dude, riding into the barnyard.

122. EXT. BARNYARD

DAY

Chance sees the marks where Dude was dragged into the barn, jumps off the horse and runs to the door.

123. INT. BARN

DAY

As Chance throws open the door and runs in. Dude is lying bound and gagged, still wet from his ducking and covered with dirt and straw from the barn floor. Chance pulls the gag out of his mouth.

CHANCE:

You all right?

DUDE:

(dazedly)

What'd they do? I heard shooting---

CHANCE:

(starting to untie him)

They got me cold. They were going to make me open the jail---

DUDE:

What happened?

CHANCE:

I didn't have to. Colorado gave me a hand.

(Dude is now untied; Chance tries to help him up)

DUDE:

(striking Chance's hand away)

I can get up by myself.

(he stands)

If you'd had him here instead of me it wouldn't have happened.

(stands swaying)

I let 'em get me---let 'em walk right up and stick my head in a horse-trough. It was easy for 'em. Oh, I'm good when I'm sober. Awful good. I should have known better. A man ought to have sense enough to know when he's no good any more.

(starts for the door; Chance catches him)

CHANCE:

Where you going?

DUDE:

(quietly)

John, will you get your hands off me?

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123 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

I asked you where you were going.

DUDE:

You got no use for a man you can't depend on.

(Chance lets him go)

I'm through. One bad night and I'm no good. It isn't any use, I can't do it. I tried, I tried hard, but it didn't work.

(holds out his shaking hands)

Look at me. I got 'em so bad I--- What can a man do with hands like that? It's no use. I tried, and look where it got me--- I quit, John. I quit.

CHANCE:

All right, quit. I'm not holding you. You want to quit, quit. Go on, run back to the bottle. Get drunk. Only one thing---next time somebody throws a dollar in a spittoon, don't expect me to do something about it. Just get down on your knees and go after it.

In a flash of rage Dude hits him, stands looking at him for a moment while Chance shakes his head and feels a trickle of blood from his lip. Then Dude's shoulders sag and he turns away.

CHANCE:

(slowly)

Last time you hit me you put me on the floor. Maybe you're right. Maybe you're not much good any more. Come on down to the jail. I'll give you the money you got coming.

(picks up hat from the floor)

Here---the fellow who took your hat must have left this. It ought to fit---yours fit him.

DUDE:

(puts it on)

It fits.

CHANCE:

You got something out of it, anyway.

They go out.

124. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

Colorado and Feathers are looking up the street. Chance and Dude ride into view from the barnyard. The bodies of the three men still lie in the street. A few people are beginning to gather. Feathers looks white and shaken.

COLORADO:

I guess Dude's all right.

FEATHERS:

I'm glad. I---I---I---I---I---

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124 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

Come on, maybe a drink'll help.

They go into the hotel.

125. EXT. STREET

DAY

Chance and Dude riding along the street. Dude looks completely whipped, dirty from head to foot, his face bruised. Chance is very curt with him.

CHANCE:

Wait for me at the jail. Tell Stampy to give you a drink.

Dude turns aside to the jail. Chance goes on to the hotel.

126. EXT. HOTEL

DAY

As Chance gets off his horse. The UNDERTAKER turns from examining the bodies and speaks to him. Juanito, the boy who plays the drum, is listening, counting the fallen.

CHANCE:

There's another one out at the edge of town.

UNDERTAKER:

What do we do with 'em, Sheriff?

CHANCE:

You're the undertaker, Bert. Bury 'em and send in your bill. The county'll pay for it.

UNDERTAKER:

No need for that. Each one of 'em had two new fifty dollar gold pieces in his pocket.

CHANCE:

Price is going up.

UNDERTAKER:

What's that?

CHANCE:

Nothing, Bert.

UNDERTAKER:

I'll take fifty for the lot. Here's the rest.
(hands him coins)

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

CHANCE:
(taking coins)
Where's Colorado? The fellow that helped
me.

UNDERTAKER:
Oh, him. He took the lady in the hotel.
She was a little gone over at the knees.

CHANCE:
Thanks, Bert:

He stops to talk to the undertaker a moment longer, as we

CUT TO:

127. INT. HOTEL

DAY

Colorado is with Feathers at the bar. She is finishing a
drink.

COLORADO:
Feeling any better?

FEATHERS:
Oh, sure. I---I'll be all right. I just---
It all happened so fast I'm just remembering
it.

(pauses)
I almost made a mess of it, didn't I--
starting out to help?

COLORADO:
Could have got him killed. Man thinking
about a woman at a time like that don't
think good.

FEATHERS:
Go on.

COLORADO:
If you want to help him, stay away. If it
happens again---and it will---and you're
anywhere around, run. If you can't run, get
under a table.

FEATHERS:
Have you ever been in love, Colorado?

(CONTINUED)

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127 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

I'd say that's all the more reason to give him a chance. When he's not working, that's different. When he's working, give him plenty of room.

FEATHERS:

Thanks, Colorado.
(she turns away, then back again)
Thanks for saving his life, thanks for the advice, and thanks for not blaming me for getting you into it.

COLORADO:

You didn't. Maybe you prodded a bit, but don't lose any sleep over it.

FEATHERS:

It'll be the other way around with you in it. He's got a better chance.

She leaves him. Colorado locks after her, and then goes to the door and meets Chance coming in.

COLORADO:

Hi, Sheriff. Saw you coming back. Dude looked all right.

CHANCE:

Yeah. Thanks to you. I didn't have a hope till you came in.

COLORADO:

You can thank that girl Feathers too. She heaved that flower pot through the window. Scared 'em. Did you see their faces?

CHANCE:

Scared me, too.

COLORADO:

That gave us the edge we needed.

CHANCE:

How did you happen to get into it?

COLORADO:

She was going out to help you. How I don't know and neither did she. Instead, it was me went out.

CHANCE:

So that's your reason.

COLORADO:

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127 (Cont.1)

CHANCE:

Wheeler just talked about helping me. You saved my neck, and Burdette's not going to kiss you for doing it. So you're in. And don't tell me you didn't think about that. Before you did it, I mean.

COLORADO:

If I'm going to get shot at I might as well get paid for it. How do I get a badge?

CHANCE:

Come on, I'll give you one.
(starts out, then pauses)
I ought to tell you Dude's quitting.

COLORADO:

I'm sorry for that---but I figure why is not my business.

CHANCE:

You got peculiar ways of choosing what is your business.
(as they go out)
Any of those three say anything before they died?

COLORADO:

They were gone before they hit the ground.

CHANCE:

Everybody shoots too good. I'd like to get one that can talk.

They go out.

CUT TO:

128. INT. JAIL

DAY

Stumpy is talking excitedly to Dude. The bottle is on the desk untouched. Dude is in bad shape.

STUMPY:

You telling me they was going to bring Chance in here and make me give up Joe? Damn fools---Chance comes in here with three strangers and tells me to unlock the door? What do they think I'm going to do? You know what I'd do. I'd start blasting.
(turning suddenly on Dude, who is staring at nothing and not listening)
Say, where'd you get that hat?

DUDE:

Chance gave it to me for a reward.

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128 (Cont.)

Chance's voice calls from outside.

CHANCE'S VOICE:

Stumpy! I'm coming in.

STUMPY:

(calling back)

Come ahead.

(to Dude)

See, he ain't too proud to yell.

Chance comes in with Colorado. Chance ignores Dude, who stares now at him and Colorado with a kind of blank misery.

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy)

Where are those deputy badges?

STUMPY:

Right hand drawer.

Chance opens the drawer, takes out a badge, then rummages further.

CHANCE:

Where's the book---the one has the oath in it?

STUMPY:

How do I know? If you can't take care of your own traps don't look for me to do it.

CHANCE:

(turns to Colorado)

This'll have to do. Raise your right hand. Do you swear to take on all the duties of a sheriff's deputy---

STUMPY:

You got another idiot don't know when he's well off?

CHANCE:

(ignoring him)

---under the laws of Presidio County in the state of Texas?

COLORADO:

I do.

CHANCE:

(pinning badge on him)

And that includes taking orders from me.

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128 (Cont.1)

COLORADO:

Okay, Sheriff. Give me one.

CHANCE:

Better go over to the hotel and get your stuff
---move in here.

(as Colorado laughs)

What're you laughing at?

COLORADO:

What I got myself in for.
(goes out.)

STUMPY:

Well, he's cheerful about it, anyway..

There is a silence.

DUDE:

How good is he?

CHANCE:

He's all right.

DUDE:

As good as Wheeler said he was?

CHANCE:

He got two of 'em---threw me my gun and got one
while it was still in the air.

DUDE:

Is he as good as I used to be?

CHANCE:

It'd be pretty close. I'd hate to have to
live on the difference.

DUDE:

Then you got the best of it. Him for me.
(takes off his badge and throws
it down)

STUMPY:

What're you talking about? What're you
saying, him for me?

(to Chance)

What's he mean? Nobody tells me anything.

CHANCE:

You heard him. He's quitting.

STUMPY:

(to Dude)

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128 (Cont.2)

DUDE:

Look at me.

(holds out his shaking hands)

Look, isn't that pretty? Shaking worse all the time. What can a man do with hands like that? Go on, tell me. What can he do?

STUMPY:

For God's sake take a drink. You said Chance told you to.

(to Chance.)

You did, didn't you? Didn't you say it?

CHANCE:

He can take the whole bottle.

STUMPY:

Go on, Dude. Go on.

Dude smiles and pours a drink, spilling the liquor. Just as he has finished the piano in the Rio Bravo Saloon, which has been silent during the previous excitement, starts again and the notes of the Deguello come strongly through the window. Dude turns his head. Stumpy goes to the window and starts to close it.

DUDE:

No, don't close it.

Stumpy leaves it open. Dude listens to the o.s. Deguello, and a change comes over him. After a minute, deliberately, he pours the drink back into the bottle.

DUDE:

Never spilled a drop.

(holds out his hands and looks at them)

Shakes are gone---just because of a piece of music. Till they started playing that piece I forgot how I got into this thing. Plain forgot. If they keep on playing that music I don't think I'll forget again.

(to Chance)

If you want to give me another shot at it, John, Stumpy can put that bottle away.

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy)

Put it away.

STUMPY:

(picking up the bottle)

Bring it out---put it back---nobody asks me if I need a drink. And I ain't going to wait for them

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128 (Cont.3)

DUDE:

(putting on his badge again)
I'm going on watch again, unless you got
something else for me to do.

CHANCE:

You could get cleaned up a little.

STUMPY:

You sure could. You're a hell of a looking
deputy.

DUDE:

I'm better'n I look. I can do that tonight.
(goes to door)
If you think of it, send me some lunch. I
feel like I could eat something.

He goes out, and there is a silence.

STUMPY:

(after a long pause)
He's got nothin' in his stomach but guts.
(loudly, to Chance)
Quit worrying about him and worry about me.
You know what to do about him. He's going to
be all right, but I ain't. That got my goat.
I can't take that. I can't watch a man---
(as Chance goes to door)
Where you going?

CHANCE:

I'm going to get Dude some lunch. And you better---

STUMPY:

I know, I know. Get back in my hole.

CHANCE:

No, you better watch out when Colorado comes
back. I forgot to tell him how trigger-happy
you are. We get a good man, he's got to watch
you to keep from getting shot full of holes.

We follow Chance on his exit and see the happiness in his face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

129. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Dude is sleeping. Stumpy is watching from window, and we see
Chance and Colorado walking up the street, on opposite sides.

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130. EXT. RIO BRAVO SALOON

NIGHT

Near the Rio Bravo Saloon a man watches Chance and Colorado walking away from him up the street. He lights a cigarette in such a way that we know it is a signal.

131. EXT. BACK STREET

NIGHT

A man waiting on the back street sees the signal. He runs to the blacksmith's shop where there is a fire still smouldering in the forge. He throws a handful of cartridges into the fire and runs quickly to a group of shadowy horsemen and gets on his own horse.

132. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

There is the sudden SOUND of a shot. Chance stops. Colorado joins him. They are in the middle of a block of buildings.

COLORADO:

Sounded like it came from over there.

A couple more shots go off. Colorado starts to move. Chance stops him.

CHANCE:

Hold it. Listen a minute---
(turning toward sudden SOUND
of hoofbeats o.s.)
Look out!

133. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Horsemen appear around corner on a dead run, headed for them, their guns out. Colorado dives into the street in front of the horses. The men shoot at him but can't hit him because the horses jump over Colorado. Chance shoots from beside the building. Colorado shoots after the men pass him. Dude joins in from door of jail. Two or three men go off their horses. One man is dragged off up the street, his foot caught in the stirrup. Colorado joins Chance.

COLORADO:

Sorry to have left you, but there was no sense in us being close together.

CHANCE:

Glad you did. Nobody shot at me. They were after you.
(more shots go off)

(CONTINUED)

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133 (Cont.)

COLORADO:

What is that?

CHANCE:

We'll see.

(as they move toward smithy)

How come that dive under the horses?

COLORADO:

Horse won't step on a man. And a man can't
shoot good if his horse is jumping.

Chance is looking into the blacksmith's shop. Another shot
goes off.

COLORADO:

What is it?

CHANCE:

Keep back. Somebody threw a handful of cartridges
into the fire. Figured to catch us. But they
make a different sound, not being in the gun
barrel.

They walk back down the street to Dude who is near some of
the men who have been shot.

CHANCE:

Where any of 'em able to talk?

DUDE:

Only one of 'em---and he only had time for
three words..

CHANCE:

What did he say?

DUDE:

I couldn't repeat in front of the kid.

CHANCE:

If we keep on like this, that kid who plays the
drum will be the richest man in town.

DISSOLVE TO:

134. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Chance, Dude, Colorado, and Stumpy. Colorado is singing a
song about a man with a bull by the tail, who fell in a cy-
clone cellar and stayed there till help came. Through the
song Chance is thinking, and at a line of the song he turns.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

That fellow had sense -- getting into a hole and staying there. I should have thought of that before Burdette showed his hand. He's after me -- he's not going to rush the jail. Best thing would be to hole up right here and wait for the Marshal. Be just three, four days more. How much food you got, Stumpy? Enough for all of us?

STUMPY:

Plenty, if you can eat what I eat.

CHANCE:

Water and firewood?

STUMPY:

Filled up this morning. What we need is blankets, tobacco, and matches, too -- less you got plenty.

COLORADO:

He hasn't.

STUMPY:

And a few bottles of beer, eh, Dude?

DUDE:

Thanks, Stumpy.

STUMPY:

'Nother thing -- if we're all going to spend three, four days together, kinda close like, might be a good thing if a certain party -- not mentioning any names -- was to do what he said he would. A horse-barn's all right, but it ain't no place for a man to roll around in.

DUDE:

All right, all right.

STUMPY:

Me, I like roses but he ain't no rose -- this fellow I'm talking about.

DUDE:

I'll take a bath. I said I would.

(CONTINUED)

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134 (Cont.1)

STUMPY:

I didn't have no idea you wouldn't, Dude.
I was just wondering when.

DUDE:

(to Chance)

Come on, he'll keep talking till we get
out of here. I'll take a bath while you
get the stuff gathered up.

STUMPY:

And yell when you come back. You always
look different when you're clean.

Chance and Dude go out.

135.

INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Feathers is behind the bar. It is late. There are no
customers. The lights are dim. Chance and Dude come in
and speak to Carlos. She listens and hears what they say.

CHANCE:

Carlos, I'm going to sleep over at the
jail. We all are. We need some more
blankets, plenty of tobacco and matches ---

DUDE:

And some beer, too.
(goes upstairs)

CHANCE:

(to Carlos)

Get 'em together for us, will you? Dude's
going to take a bath. I'll be watching.
Let me know when you get everything ready.

CARLOS:

I am glad. I am ashamed to say ---but I
have been afraid something bad happen here.
(starts out)

I get all ready.
(goes)

136.

INT. KITCHEN

NIGHT

As Carlos hurries in.

CARLOS:

Consuela, we must ---

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

He stops as he sees there are several men in the kitchen.
They have Consuela tied up and gagged.

MAN:

(to Carlos)

Don't make a noise or your wife'll get
hurt.

They gag Carlos. One of the men looks out through the
door.

137.

INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

From p.o.v. of man at kitchen door. Feathers is just
going upstairs.

138.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

As Feathers arrives upstairs. Dude has his clean clothes
and is going into the bathroom. He's not wearing his
guns.

CHANCE:

(to Dude)

Hurry it up, now.

DUDE:

(to Feathers)

Feathers, you haven't got any soap that
smells like a rose, have you?

FEATHERS:

I've got some but it isn't rose. It smells
like ---

DUDE:

Stumpy likes roses.

CHANCE:

(as Dude goes into bathroom)

Hurry it up, will you?

FEATHERS:

(to Chance)

What's this about moving to the jail?

CHANCE:

Something I should have done two or three
days ago.

(CONTINUED)

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138 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

Are you sorry you didn't?

CHANCE:

No, no I'm not. Are you?

FEATHERS:

I know an easy way of telling you.
(she kisses him)

DUDE:

(o.s. in bathroom)

Hey, Chance! There's no towel in here.

CHANCE:

I'm busy.

DUDE:

(o.s. in bathroom)

What did you say?

CHANCE:

Somebody's telling me something.

DUDE:

(sticking his head out
the bathroom door)

I can't hear you. Get me a towel, will you?

FEATHERS:

(to Chance)

Go on. I'll finish telling you later.

CUT TO:

139.

INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Man who has been watching at the foot of the stairs goes back to the kitchen.

140.

INT. KITCHEN

NIGHT

As the man comes in and speaks to those waiting inside.

MAN:

The Dude went in to take a bath. I couldn't see good but I don't think he had his guns. The Sheriff's talking to the girl. He's got his gun.

140 (Cont.)

ANOTHER MAN:

I don't want to be the one to go up and get him.

MAN:

Burdette wants him alive.

ANOTHER MAN:

Then don't talk so loud. He hears you, he'll come charging down here with that rifle and we'll have to kill him.

MAN:

(looking thoughtful)

That might work.

ANOTHER MAN:

What?

MAN:

The stairs are pretty dark. We stretch a rope across 'em ---and let him hear something.
(pointing to rope in corner)
Gimme a piece of that rope.

CUT TO:

141.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

Chance and Feathers.

FEATHERS:

I don't suppose I could come by once in a while---see if you needed anything.

CHANCE:

I don't want you anywhere around there.

FEATHERS:

I was afraid of that. Then I won't see you for three or four days.

(kisses him)

That's a long time.

CHANCE:

You'll live through it.

(CONTINUED)

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141 (Cont.)

FEATHERS:

You do the same.
(she goes into her room)

CUT TO:

142. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

The stretching of the rope across the stairs is finished. The men come out of the kitchen. One man stands in the door to the kitchen. He sees everything is ready and nods back inside.

143. INT. KITCHEN

NIGHT

The man left in the kitchen takes the gag from Consuela's mouth.

MAN:

Now lady, we want you to call the sheriff down here.

(Consuela shakes her head
in stubborn refusal)

Maybe this will help.

(he picks up a bottle, breaks
it, and starts for Carlos with
the jagged glass)

CONSUELA:

(screaming)

No, don't---don't---don't---

CUT TO:

144. INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

Chance, on his way to the bathroom with a towel, hears the scream and runs for the stairs.

145. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

As Chance runs down the stairs. He trips on the rope. His rifle flies out of his hands as he takes a terrific header and hits the floor. He slides across floor and crashes into post or table. Three men jump him and hit him on the head with gun-barrels. Two other men rush upstairs.

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146. INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

NIGHT

Dude comes running out of the bathroom with just his pants on. He runs for his guns in the other room---but the two men get him in the hall. The girl comes out of her door, partly dressed.

MAN:

Keep coming, Miss.
(to other man)
What'll we do with her?

OTHER:

(holding gun on Dude)
Tie her up.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. INT. HOTEL

NIGHT

Chance is on the floor, out. A bucket of water hits him in the face. He comes to and sits up. Around him are Burdette's men. Two more are bringing Dude down the stairs. Dude is dressed.

MAN:

(to Chance)
All right, get on your feet.
(Chance gets up shakily)
Can you walk?

CHANCE:

Where we going?

MAN:

That's up to you. We go over to the jail and you let Joe go ---
(CAMERA is on Dude now as he listens to this)
or we tuck you two away and make a trade with Stumpy. Take your choice.

CHANCE:

You won't make a trade with Stumpy. You'll just get Joe killed.

MAN:

Not if he knows we got you two.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

DUDE:

They got us, Chance. We're licked. Take 'em over to the jail. Tell Stumpy to open up and let Joe go..

(Chance just stares at him)

I'm telling you to do it! Stumpy couldn't hold out, he's got no food or water and he's alone---nobody to get any water for him. He's alone. Go on, do it.

CHANCE:

You know what you're saying.

DUDE:

I know what I'm saying and I'm thinking good, too. Do what I tell you.

CHANCE:

(to man)

After you get Joe, what do you do?

MAN:

All we want is Joe.

CHANCE:

(to Dude)

You still think it's a good idea.

DUDE:

I still think it's good.

CHANCE:

We'll go over to the jail.

MAN:

(to other man)

Take the shells out of his gun.

(to men with Dude)

You two stay here with Dude.

(to Chance)

Now look, Sheriff---we're just going out of here natural like. You carry your gun. Don't do anything to make anybody think something's wrong. In case you got to explain to Stumpy, tell him we put up bail for Joe.

CHANCE:

Burdette's got this thing figured out pretty good.

MAN:

(slapping Chance's face)

If it was up to me you wouldn't have got up off the floor. Some of those you killed were friends of mine. Here's your gun. You first.

They go out.

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148.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Chance and the men walking up the street to the jail.

MAN:

(as they near the jail)

Yell to Stumpy you're coming in. We've been watching you.

CHANCE:

(near the jail door, calling)

Stumpy! It's me, Chance.

STUMPY'S VOICE:

(inside the jail)

Took you long enough.

MAN:

(to other man)

Steve, you cover from out here.

(one man drops off and stays outside as they go into the jail)

149.

INT. JAIL

NIGHT

As Chance and the men come in. Stumpy is behind the barred door.

CHANCE:

Stumpy, open up. We're going to let Joe go.

STUMPY:

How come?

CHANCE:

His friends here put up bail.

STUMPY:

Gimme the keys, then. They're over in your desk.

CHANCE:

(hesitating one instant,
catching on)

I forgot.

(moves toward the desk)

As Chance moves out of the line of fire. Stumpy shoots one barrel, then the other. The men fall. Chance grabs for a rifle in the gunrack. Colorado appears from the back of the jail, behind Stumpy. As the man who has been left outside comes in Colorado shoots twice. The man falls inside the jail, wounded but alive. Stumpy unlocks the barred door.

(CONTINUED)

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149 (Cont.)
and Colorado comes through.

COLORADO:
(looking at wounded man)
This fellow will talk. I just broke his arm
and leg.

CHANCE:
(grimly, heading for door)
Watch him. I'm going to get Dude.
(goes out)

STUMPY:
(to Colorado)
Go with him. I can take care of this guy.
(Colorado follows Chance)

150. EXT. STREET NIGHT
Chance is part way to the hotel as Colorado runs after him.

151. INT. HOTEL NIGHT
Chance comes in carefully. Colorado is behind him.

CHANCE:
Carlos...

CARLOS' VOICE:
Over here, Chance. They are gone.

Chance goes over to Carlos, who is bound.

CARLOS:
They lit out with Dude soon as they heard the
shots. Went out the back way.
(Chance just stands)
Chance, aren't you going to untie me?
(Chance still does not move)
Consuela, she is tied, too. And the girl.

Colorado takes out a knife and cuts the cords binding Carlos
as Chance goes heavily up the stairs.

152. INT. FEATHERS' ROOM NIGHT
Chance comes in and finds the girl bound. He starts to free
her.

FEATHERS:
You got away from them again. How, John T.?

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152 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

I had a lot of help. I got away. But Dude didn't.

FEATHERS:

Oh, no!

CHANCE:

I don't mean they killed him. They'd have left him behind if they had.

DISSOLVE TO:

153. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Chance, Stumpy, Colorado, and Carlos. The jail has been cleaned up and the bodies have been removed. There are three gold pieces on the desk.

CHANCE:

I can't figure it.

STUMPY:

What?

CHANCE:

Dude seemed to know just what you'd do when I walked in here and told you to open up.

STUMPY:

Sure he knew---sure he knew! I told him this morning before you came in.

CHANCE:

I thought he was crazy, but he knew what he was doing. He sent me over here---and they know he did. They ain't going to be happy about it. He could be dead by now. So we have to move fast.
(turns to Carlos)

Carlos, you get word to Burdette. How you do it is up to you. Tell him I'll trade. I want Dude. He can have Joe.

STUMPY:

Now you're crazy! You can't do it. You're sheriff---you can't give up Joe, not if Dude was your brother.

(turns to Colorado)

Ain't I right, kid?

COLORADO:

Don't ask me. I'm not the sheriff. It's whether Chance wants Dude or Joe.

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153 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

It's no use, Stumpy. I'm going to do it. If you want a reason here's one. Dude's been dead for two years. He came back because I needed him. You saw what it took. I don't think all that should go for nothing. You want to change your mind?

STUMPY:

You're going to have me crying. Where's that bottle? A man has to be a drunk to get anywhere around here. I'm going to start now.

CHANCE:

Go ahead, Carlos.

COLORADO:

Just a minute. I'd like to have my two cents worth---sort of bring up a point. After Nathan Burdette gets Joe back, what's going to happen? He's still got to live here. You won't have any hold on him with Joe gone. The brakes'll be off then.

STUMPY:

That bothering you? Well don't let it. Burdette won't worry about Chance. Chance won't be nothin' He won't have a badge, and nobody'd listen to anything he had to say. We're his deputies, and nobody'll listen to us, either. Burdette'll know that too. Ought to be plain as the nose on your face.

CHANCE:

Go ahead, Carlos.
(Carlos goes)

DISSOLVE TO:

154. INT. JAIL

NIGHT

Later, as Carlos comes in and speaks to Chance.

CARLOS:

He'll make the trade. He'll be in his place up the street, half an hour after sun-up. He'll have Dude. If you bring Joe, he'll be waiting.

CHANCE:

Thanks, Carlos.

DISSOLVE TO:

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155. EXT. TOWN

SUNRISE

Sunrise shot of town, then shots of Feathers at her window watching, Consuela at the hotel door, people gathering silently in the street.

156. INT. JAIL

SUNRISE

Chance is looking out the window.

CHANCE:

Well, it's about time.

COLORADO:

How if I go ahead and see if they're going to play any tricks?

CHANCE:

Look out here.

(beckons Colorado to window)

We're drawing quite a crowd. There won't be any tricks.

(pauses)

You won't have to go.

COLORADO:

I want to see it too.

CHANCE:

You can do that with the rest.

COLORADO:

I'd like a closer look.

CHANCE:

(to Stumpy, who is making preparations to go with them)

You're not going, Stumpy.

STUMPY:

Why? Give me one good reason! Just give me one. Why?

CHANCE:

You don't agree with me on doing this. If you're not there it's a sign you had no part of it.

STUMPY:

That's not good enough.

CHANCE:

All right, here's the real one. You've done a good job here because you didn't have to move around too much. If anything happens up there

156 (Cont.)

CHANCE: (Cont.)
you'd have to move and move fast. I'd feel better
if you weren't there.

STUMPY:
That's plain enough. Okay, okay, I know when I'm
not wanted. I'll just get back in my hole and get
a little sleep for a change.
(pauses in the doorway)
Shall I bring Joe out or do you want to do that
yourself?

CHANCE:
Bring him out.

Chance loads up on cartridges. Colorado watches him, then
goes to the gunrack.

COLORADO:
I'm going to take me a rifle and some extra shells.
Joe can carry 'em if they get heavy.

Stumpy comes out with Joe.

JOE:
I told you I'd get out of here.

CHANCE:
One more remark and we'll carry you out there.
That understood?
(opens the door)
Go ahead.

157. EXT. JAIL

SUNRISE

They come out of the jail, Joe directly in front of Chance.
They walk up the street. The people watch them.

158. EXT. STREET

SUNRISE

As they walk.

CHANCE:
(to Joe)
Turn here.

Joe turns as directed. They go behind a stable.

159. INT. STABLE

MORNING

As they come in from the back and walk through it. Chance
opens the door facing Burdette's warehouse.

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160. EXT. STABLE

MORNING

Chance walks out alone.

CHANCE:

(yelling)

Nathan! We're ready. Joe's here.

BURDETTE:

(from warehouse)

We're ready too.

CHANCE:

I'm going to start Joe. You can start Dude.

BURDETTE:

Go ahead.

CHANCE:

(to Joe in doorway)

Start walking, Joe. Slow. If I tell you to stop,
you stop---or I'll stop you.

(Joe starts)

BURDETTE:

(shouting)

Hold it. Hold it! Not yet.

CHANCE:

Come on back, Joe.

(Joe goes back; Chance shouts
to Burdette)

What's the matter?

BURDETTE:

Dude won't leave.

CHANCE:

Dude! Come on. I'm telling you---come on!

DUDE:

(shouting from doorway
of warehouse)

I'm not coming. I don't want any part of it.

CRANCE:

I'm not asking you again. I'm going to start Joe.
If you don't come the whole thing's for nothing.

(to Joe)

Go ahead. Remember---slow.

Joe starts walking slowly as Chance watches Burdette's place.
Dude comes out and Chance takes a deep breath.

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161. EXT. YARD

MORNING

SHOT of both men, Joe and Dude, walking toward each other. As they near each other Dude dives at Joe, catching him around the waist. His impetus carries Joe back and to the side, crashing into a small shack midway between Burdette and Chance.

COLORADO:

Look out---!

Two or three men start out of Burdette's. Chance shoots, dropping one. Another is hit. One runs back inside.

162. INT. STABLE

MORNING

Colorado grabs the rifle he brought with him.

COLORADO:

Six-guns are no good at that distance.
(stops Chance as he starts out)

Don't go out. He's all right as long as he hangs onto Joe.

Burdette's men are shooting now at the stable. Chance and Colorado duck.

163. INT. SHACK

MORNING

Dude and Joe are in a fight.

164. INT. STABLE

MORNING

Colorado and Chance by the door.

COLORADO:

How's he doing?

CHANCE:

He's little, but he can take Joe.
(shoots and a man falls from a window in Burdette's place)
Can you throw a gun to where Dude is?

COLORADO:

It's kind of far---but I can try. It could go off.

CHANCE:

Get ready if Dude needs one.

DUDE:

(shouting from shack)
Chance! Chance!

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164 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

What is it?

DUDE:

I got Joe. He can't walk, but I can drag him.

CHANCE:

Stay where you are. We'll throw you a gun.

(motions to Colorado, who throws
gun; it lands a little short)

Wait till we start shooting, then grab it quick.

(to Colorado)

Shoot fast.

Chance and Colorado work their guns fast, and Dude gets the gun.

COLORADO:

(pointing to Burdette's)

That started something.

Six or eight of Burdette's men go out of the warehouse on the far side.

CHANCE:

There's more of 'em.

More men come out on Dude's side. There is partial cover on the way. A couple go down. Others make it behind something.

COLORADO:

They're getting a long ways away---too far for good shooting.

As three or four of Burdette's men run from one bit of cover toward another, there is the blast of a shotgun, both barrels, on the side away from Dude. The men go down.

COLORADO:

Who's that?

CHANCE:

Stumpy with his shotgun. I might of known the old devil wouldn't stay behind when there was shooting going on.

COLORADO:

(craning his neck to see Stumpy, who's behind parked wagons on a little rise)
He's sitting in a bad place. Those are our wagons with the dynamite in 'em.

CHANCE:

(shouting in alarm)

Stumpy!

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164 (Cont.1)

COLORADO:
Don't yell. If they know what's there
Stumpy'll get to heaven in a hurry.

A VOICE:
I'll go tell him.
(they turn startledly; it's Carlos)
Here's some more shells. Maybe you need them.
(gives them shells, then goes
out the back way)

CHANCE:
Who'll turn up next?

COLORADO:
Maybe the girl, with another flower pot.
We could use it.

Dude is watching from the shack. A man tries to run from
the warehouse. Dude gets him.

COLORADO:
That's good with a short gun. We're in pretty
good shape if nobody comes in from behind.

CHANCE:
Take a look just in case.
(Colorado starts for the back door)

165.

EXT. HILL

MORNING

Carlos crawls behind a rock on the slope. He's fairly near
Stumpy, who's sitting on a parked wagon, firing at Burdettes.

CARLOS:
Stumpy! Stumpy, don't shoot. It's me,
Carlos. Don't shoot.

STUMPY:
What do you want?

CARLOS:
That wagon you're sitting on --- it is full
of dynamite!

STUMPY:
(jumping)
Holy Jumping Jehosephat! Why doesn't
anybody ever tell me anything?

CARLOS:
Don't shoot any more -- cause if they shoot
back at you --
(suddenly realizing that Stumpy
has ducked out of sight)
Stumpy you hear me? Stumpy

166. INT. STABLE

MORNING

Chance and Colorado are watching.

COLORADO:
Carlos get there yet?

CHANCE:
I don't see him. I don't know if Stumpy can get
away from there without their getting him.
(suddenly)
Look! Look at that!

There is smoke coming up from the wagon.

CHANCE:
The old fool set the wagon on fire.

167. EXT. HILL

MORNING

Carlos calls frantically from behind his rock, or fence.

CARLOS:
Stumpy, hurry up---hurry up!

STUMPY
What do you think I'm doing---taking a siesta?

Stumpy has a pry under the wheel of the wagon. It starts to
move and he scrambles away.

CARLOS:
Hurry---hurry!

168. INT. STABLE

MORNING

Chance and Colorado watch. The wagon, on fire, appears from
behind a shed and rolls toward the Burdettes'.

COLORADO:
Look what he's done. That's the fellow
you left behind.

The wagon rolls on as men start to fire at it from the
Burdettes'.

COLORADO:
Looks like it'll miss them and come this way.

CHANCE:
Get to work!
(they fire rapidly)

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169. EXT. YARD

MORNING

The wagon suddenly explodes as it passes Burdettes'. Men running out on the far side of the building are knocked flat.

170. INT. STABLE

MORNING

Chance and Colorado duck as the stable is shaken by the blast.

171. EXT. HILL

MORNING

Stumpy and Carlos pick themselves up from where they are thrown.

172. INT. SHED

MORNING

Dude and Joe also shaken by the blast.

173. EXT. YARD

MORNING

The whole scene around Burdettes' is covered with dust and smoke.

CHANCE:

(yelling from the stable)

Dude! Are you all right?

DUDE:

(from the shed)

Sure. I fell on Joe.

COLORADO:

(pointing to Burdettes)

Looks like there's no fight left in 'em.

Out of the smoke and dust come men with their hands up.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

174.

EXT. STREET

DAY

Burdette's men are walking down the street. Four or five of them are pulling an old cart with Stumpy in it. Carlos walks beside Stumpy. Nathan and Joe are walking together. Chance, Dude, and Colorado are behind. Along the street the buildings have broken windows from the blast. People are watching. Consuela is among them. She runs toward Carlos.

(CONTINUED)

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174 (Cont.)

CONSUELA:

Carlos! Carlos---

Carlos goes to her.

DUDE:

(to Chance as they pass the
Rio Bravo Saloon)

Hold it a minute.

He disappears into the saloon, taking with him a man who
is watching.

COLORADO:

What's he doing---getting drunk?

Chance shakes his head. The music of the Deguello starts.

DUDE:

(coming out of the saloon)

This is for you, Nathan.

STUMPY:

Get in step there! Hup---hup---hup---

Feathers is in the background of the crowd watching as old
Stumpy marches the men into the jail, with Chance, Dude, and
Colorado. Feathers is crying. She turns and goes quickly
from the scene. Chance does not see her. Juanito, the boy
who plays the drum, is close by the men, looking eager.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

175. EXT. STREET

SUNSET

Dude and Colorado come to the jail.

176. INT. JAIL

SUNSET

Chance is walking up and down. Stumpy is coming from the
rear of the jail. Dude and Colorado come in.

DUDE:

Outside of those we got in here, there isn't a
Burdette man left in town. Every one of 'em
cleared out. We won't have any more trouble.
What about our prisoners? Do we take 'em over
to Presidio now or wait for the Marshal?

176 (Cont.)

CHANCE:

We'll let the Marshal worry about it. Stumpy don't mind cooking for 'em.

STUMPY:

Sure, sure. I have to cook for 'em. Nobody thinks about me. I've been sitting back there till I feel like a prairie dog or a burrowing owl. When I went out today I couldn't see in the daylight. That's why I climbed on that dynamite. It's getting dark enough so I won't hurt my eyes, and if---

COLORADO:

What do you want me to do---watch for a while? Go on..

STUMPY:

How'd you guess! I'll get slicked up a smidge and get me a drink or so.

Stumpy and Colorado go back into the cell corridor.

DUDE:

(to Chance)

Have you seen that girl yet?

CHANCE:

Haven't had time.

DUDE:

Fort Worth stage came in. They run at night. Should be leaving soon---

CHANCE:

You mean she's going on it?

DUDE:

I don't know. Seems like you don't either. If it was me, I'd find out. I wouldn't be stubborn about it and walk around like a tied-up jackass wanting to.

(Chance grabs him by the shirt)

'Course you're the expert, and me---I don't know anything about women.

CHANCE:

Next you'll be telling me you don't even remember one.

DUDE:

Man forgets. Sometimes it ain't easy, but something happens and he forgets.

(Chance lets him go)

Case you're interested, I have. I don't even want a drink.

CHANCE:

Well it's about time. You're a damned nuisance to take care of.

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176 (Cont.1)

DUDE:

If you want to jump into it, I can take care of you.

STUMFY:

(coming in from rear of jail)

Why? What're you going to take care of him for? Tell me---

DUDE:

Sheriff's got himself a girl.

CHANCE:

Shut up, will you?

STUMFY:

No fooling. My God, we going to have to go through this all again? I won't do it. I'm telling you---once is enough. I can't take it---

CHANCE:

Oh, shut up!

STUMFY:

Then tell me about it. Nobody tells me anything---
(as Chance goes out)
Where you going?

DUDE:

Let him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

177. INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

SUNSET

Chance comes upstairs and meets Consuela, who is just coming out of Feathers' room.

CONSUELA:

Ah, Senor Chance---everything is all right, eh? That is good, very good. I am so happy.

CHANCE:

Thanks, Consuela.

CONSUELA:

You look for the girl, eh? She is here.

(motioning him to door)

Look. That is nice, eh? Pretty good.

I think you like. No got time---hah!

(she goes)

(CONTINUED)

178. INT. FEATHERS' ROOM

SUNSET

As Chance comes in. Feathers is dressed in tights. She sits in a chair tying her shoe.

FEATHERS:

Hi. Just a minute till I get my shoe tied.
(stands up and walks toward him---
he stares at her)
Well, it's all over, isn't it, John T.
Everything is---

CHANCE:

Where did you get those things?

FEATHERS:

I wore them the last place I worked.

CHANCE:

What are you wearing 'em now for?

FEATHERS:

Tonight's a big night. Consuela thought a little entertainment might help. I'm going to do a song.

CHANCE:

You need a rig like that to sing?

FEATHERS:

You haven't heard me sing. My legs aren't so bad. Consuela thought these might help. But you don't like them.

CHANCE:

I didn't say I didn't like them.

FEATHERS:

And you don't want me to wear them.

CHANCE:

I didn't say that.

FEATHERS:

Is it because they show so much of me?

CHANCE:

They certainly do that.

FEATHERS:

Oh, you're a stubborn man, John T. Sometimes I know what you're thinking, but other times---
You can't make up your mind about me, can you?

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.)

FEATHERS: (Cont.)

You like what you see, you like kissing me, you like what you touch, but you decided in the beginning what kind of a girl I was and I haven't helped much. I wore these before I met you. I wanted you to know it---to know what kind of a girl you were getting. I wanted you to get that funny look on your face and tell me not to wear them. It didn't work. You didn't even get mad. I said once you wouldn't have to say anything, that I'd know. But I don't know, so you're going to have to talk. I'm hard to get, John T. You're going to have to say you want me.
(she starts to go)

CHANCE:

Where you going?

FEATHERS:

Downstairs.

CHANCE:

You better not.

FEATHERS:

Why had I better not?

CHANCE:

Because I'm still Sheriff. You wear those things in public and I'll arrest you.

FEATHERS:

Oh John T.--- I've waited so long for you to say that. I thought that you'd never---

CHANCE:

Never mind, never mind that now. Just get those darn things off. I'll wait outside.

FEATHERS:

(going behind screen)

You don't have to do that, silly, I can use this screen. Besides, I want you to stay here. You don't have to go now because the other thing is all over. I'm trying to hurry but I'm all fingers. What I had to go through! Put on tights, ask you questions, start to walk out. I was afraid you were never going to say it.

CHANCE:

Say what?

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.1)

FEATHERS:

That you loved me.

CHANCE:

I said I'd arrest you.

FEATHERS:

It means the same thing, you know that. You just won't say it. I'll have to get used to you. We're different. Me, I just talk all the time.

CHANCE:

You certainly do.

FEATHERS:

You'll get used to that. You'll have to. That, or start talking too.

(comes out from behind screen, bare-footed and wearing a robe; she carries the tights)

Tell me. These tights---why didn't you want me to wear them?

CHANCE:

I didn't want anyone but me to see you in them.

FEATHERS:

Oh, I like that. You're getting better already. Should I save these and wear them just for you? I'll just keep talking unless you stop me.

CHANCE:

I only know one way to do that.

Chance reaches for her and as his arms go around her she throws the tights out of the window.

179. EXT. HOTEL

SUNSET

In the street the tights fall in front of Dude and Stumpy. Stumpy holds them up and looks up at the window.

STUMPY:

Think I'll ever get to be a sheriff?

DUDE:

Not unless you mind your own business!

Stumpy wraps the tights around his neck like a muffler and they walk away down the street as we

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D