

From the
Collection of
Simon Coward

'THE PRISONER' T.V. SERIES

"LIVING IN HARMONY"

by

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"THE PRISONER" T.V. SERIES

"LIVING IN HARMONY"

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. DAY. 1.

STARTING ON THE MARSHALL'S BADGE WE PULL BACK TO SEE THE MARSHALL WORKING ON PAPERS. A SHERRIFF'S BADGE LANDS ON HIS DESK.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. DAY. 2.

FROM THE SHERRIFF'S BADGE WE PAN UP TO REVEAL A MAN (THE PRISONER) STANDING SILENT AND STILL. FOR A MOMENT THEY LOOK COLDLY AT ONE ANOTHER.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. DAY. 3.

P UNBUCKLES HIS GUNBELT AND DROPS IT ONTO THE DESK. HE TURNS AND EXITS SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. LOC. 4.

TRACK P WALKING ALONG CARRYING HIS SADDLE. IT HAS SILVER TRIMMINGS. SUDDENLY HE STOPS AND LOOKS.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. LOC. 5.

IN THE DISTANCE WE SEE A MAN IN SILHOUETTE DIRECTLY IN P'S PATH. HE STANDS IN THE CLASSICAL STANCE OF A GUNFIGHTER.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. LOC. 6.

P'S HAND REACHES FOR HIS MISSING GUN. HE THEN STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD AGAIN.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. LOC. 7.

CAMERA BEHIND THE GUNMAN. P WALKS UP TILL THEY ARE FACE TO FACE. HE STOPS. SLOWLY THE GUNMAN DRAWS AND INDICATES WITH HIS GUN THE DIRECTION FOR P TO TAKE. AS IF TO OBEY P TURNS. AT THE SAME TIME THROWING HIS SADDLE AT THE GUNMAN. BEFORE THE MAN CAN RECOVER P HITS HIM. THEY FIGHT ROLLING IN THE DUST. IT IS AN EVEN STRUGGLE. HANGING ON TO EACH OTHER THEY GET TO THEIR FEET AND SWOP BLOWS. THE GUNMAN HITS P AND KNOCKS HIM INTO CAMERA. ANOTHER FIST COMES INTO FOREGROUND AND SMASHES THE EX-SHERRIFF IN THE FACE.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. LOC.

8.

P HITS THE GROUND AT THE FEET OF THE FIRST GUNMAN. BEYOND HIM WE SEE THERE ARE FIVE MORE MEN. THEY FORM A CIRCLE AROUND HIM AND SYSTEMATICALLY BEAT HIM UNCONSCIOUS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE TOWN OF HARMONY. DAY.

9.

THE UNCONSCIOUS P IS LASHED ACROSS THE SADDLE OF A HORSE WHICH IS BEING LED BY ONE OF THREE GUNMEN. THEY STOP IN THE TOWN SQUARE. ONE MAN DISMOUNTS AND CUTS P FREE AND LETS HIM FALL TO THE GROUND. HIS SADDLE AND HAT ARE DROPPED BESIDE HIM. THEY RIDE OUT OF SHOT.

EXT. HARMONY MAIN SQUARE. DAY.

10.

P REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS. SLOWLY HE STANDS UP AND LOOKS AROUND. IT IS CLEAR FROM HIS ATTITUDE THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW THE TOWN. HE PICKS UP HIS HAT AND DUSTS IT OFF.

VOICE OFF

Welcome to Harmony, stranger.

ACROSS THE WAY IS A MAN SITTING IN THE SHADE OF A BALCONY. (INDIAN SAM). P PICKS UP HIS SADDLE AND STROLLS ACROSS.

P

Harmony. Never heard of it.

INDIAN SAM

Not many people have. It's sorta exclusive.

P

So am I. Where's this town ?

INDIAN SAM

You'll find out it's not wise to ask questions here.

P TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

INDIAN SAM

(CALLING)

You look as if you could use a drink. Try the Saloon.

P CHANGES DIRECTION AND CROSSES THE ROAD TOWARDS THE SALOON. THE FEW TOWNSFOLK GIVE HIM SUSPICIOUS LOOKS. HE APPROACHES THE SWING DOORS OF THE SALOON, PAUSES, THEN PUSHES THROUGH.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

11.

IT IS A LARGE SALOON. THERE IS A LONG BAR AND A BATTERED OLD STAIRCASE WITHOUT A BALUSTRADE. A MAN PLAYS THE PIANO AT ONE SIDE. THERE IS NO STAGE ONLY A RAISED PLATFORM. MEN CHATTERING AND DRINKING. THE GIRLS ARE CIRCULATING. IT IS QUITE NOISY. A HUSHED SILENCE DESCENDS AS P WALKS IN. THE ONLY NOISE IS THE JANGLE OF HIS SPURS. HE STOPS AT THE BAR COUNTER. A GLASS OF WHISKEY COMES SLIDING ALONG THE BAR AND STOPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

BARMAN

On the house.

A SALOON GIRL IS STANDING NEXT TO P. SHE TURNS TO HIM.

CATHERINE

Regulars get the first one free.

P

I'm not regular.

CATHERINE

Nor was I. I'm Cathy.

P

Nice name.

P IS ABOUT TO REACH FOR HIS DRINK WHEN A BULLET SHATTERS THE GLASS. CALMLY HE SAYS TO THE BARMAN.

P

Whiskey.

THE BARMAN GETS A FRESH GLASS AND SETS IT UP BEFORE P. HE FILLS IT. P REACHES FOR THE GLASS. HE PICKS IT UP.

JUDGE

(VOICE OFF)

Come and join me, Sherriff.

P SLOWLY DRINKS HIS WHISKEY. THEN TURNS TO FACE THE SPEAKER.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

12.

SITTING AT A TABLE PLAYING PATIENCE IS THE JUDGE. HE DOESN'T LOOK UP. STANDING CLOSE TO HIM, GUN STILL IN HIS HAND, IS "THE KID". HE WORKS FOR THE JUDGE. P CARRYING HIS SADDLE CROSSES TOWARDS THE JUDGE. AS HE PASSES "THE KID", WITHOUT PAUSING, HE REMOVES HIS HAT AND DROPS IT NEATLY OVER THE MAN'S GUN, TAKES TWO MORE PACES, SUDDENLY SPINS AND KNOCKS THE KID COLD. THEN SLOWLY SITS DOWN FACING THE JUDGE.

12 CONTINUED

P

You know me.

JUDGE

You shouldn'ta done that.
A man needs all the friends he
can find.

THE JUDGE STILL CONTINUES CONCENTRATING ON HIS GAME
OF PATIENCE.

P

I don't know you.

JUDGE

I know you.

HE PLAYS AN ACE, COMPLETING A ROW, AND FLIPS THE
ROW OVER.

JUDGE

(CONTINUED)

I know all about you. That's why
you're here.

P

Where ?

JUDGE

Here. Cathy bring some more whiskey.

THE KID GETS GROGGILY TO HIS FEET. THE JUDGE WAVES
HIM OUT. FROM HIS LOOK AT SIX GUN WE KNOW THAT THE
SCORE WILL BE SETTLED. CATHY PLACES TWO GLASSES
OF WHISKEY ON THE TABLE.

JUDGE

He's good. One of the best
but mean.

P

You got plenty of those.

JUDGE

I could use more a man like
you for instance.

P

I'm not for hire.

JUDGE

You've turned in your badge.

P

And my gun.

JUDGE

What were your reasons ?

12 CONTINUED

P

My reasons.

JUDGE

You've already taken a job. Who with ?

P

With whom.

JUDGE

Look, I'm offering you a job. Harmony's a good town.

THE JUDGE FOR THE FIRST TIME LOOKS UP. HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE SWING DOORS.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

13.

THE THREE GUNMEN ENTER AND MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE BAR.

JUDGE

(OFF SCREEN)

Runs smooth and peaceful.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

14.

JUDGE RETURNING TO THE CARD GAME.

JUDGE

Now let's be friendly.

THE GAME OF PATIENCE IS ALMOST COMPLETE. THERE ARE JUST TWO CARDS LEFT. P PICKS ONE UP.

P

Red two on a black three.

THE JUDGE PICKS UP THE LAST CARD.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

15.

INSERT. PUTS IT ON THE RED TWO. IT IS THE ACE OF SPADES.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

16.

WITH HIS FINGER THE JUDGE FLIPS THE LAST ROW OVER. THE JUDGE FOR THE FIRST TIME LOOKS DIRECTLY AT P. THEY HOLD FOR A MOMENT.

JUDGE

Think it over.

P

I already have.

16 CONTINUED

JUDGE

And ?

P

I'll be moving on.

P GETS UP. CATHY PICKS UP P'S HAT AND GIVES IT TO HIM WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE. THE JUDGE STARTS TO SET UP A NEW GAME OF PATIENCE.

JUDGE

When you change your mind, I'll be here.

P WALKS DOWN PAST THE GUNMEN WHO WATCH HIM. HALFWAY TO THE DOOR HE STOPS AND LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE TURNS. SLOWLY HE WALKS BACK INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE GUNMEN. HE TAKES A SILVER DOLLAR FROM HIS POCKET AND THROWS IT ON THE COUNTER, AND THEN WALKS OUT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

17.

CATHY WATCHES ADMIRINGLY.

EXT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

18.

P COMES OUT. THE SQUARE IS ALMOST DESERTED. HE LOOKS AROUND AND SEES A SIGN, "STABLE. HORSES FOR SALE". HE MOVES OFF.

EXT. STABLE. DAY.

19.

P COMES ROUND THE CORNER. TIED TO A HITCHING RAIL ARE SIX FINE HORSES. BESIDE THEM IS AN OLD MAN IN A ROCKING CHAIR. DOZING.

P

How much for the Grey ?

THE OLD MAN WITHOUT OPENING HIS EYES

OLD MAN

Sold.

P

The pinto ?

OLD MAN

Yeah.

P

How much ?

THE OLD MAN OPENS HIS EYES.

OLD MAN

Five thousand dollars.

19 CONTINUED

P
The others ?

OLD.MAN
They're expensive.

P
How's business ?

P WALKS AWAY.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY.

20.

P COMES BACK INTO THE TOWN SQUARE TO BE FACED BY A GROUP OF TOWNSFOLK. A TOWN ELDER DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE GROUP.

TOWN ELDER
Well stranger. How do you fancy living in Harmony ?

P
This isn't my sort of town.

TOWN ELDER
It's a good town.

P
Enjoy it.

P MOVES ON. THE CROWD FOLLOW HIM.

TOWN ELDER
What's wrong with our town Mister ?

P
Maybe I don't like the way it's run.

TOWN ELDER
If you do as the Judge says, he looks after you.

P
I look after myself.

TOWN ELDER
It's a good town.

P
Not for me.

INDIAN SAM WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING FROM THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD SHOUTS.

20 CONTINUED

INDIAN SAM

So our town ain't good enough for you. That's an insult. Are we gonna stand for that ?

THE CROWD PUSHES CLOSER AND START SHOUTING AT P.

CROWD VOICES

He's insulted our town.

Let's teach him a lesson.

It's a good town.

Bring him into line.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

21.

THE JUDGE IS STILL PLAYING PATIENCE. THE GUNMEN LEAN AGAINST THE BAR. THE BARMAN IS POLISHING GLASSES. CATHY IS WATCHING ANXIOUSLY THROUGH THE SWING DOORS. NOBODY ELSE IS IN THE BAR.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. DAY.

22.

THE JUDGE UNCONCERNEDLY PLAYS HIS CARDS. THE NOISE OF THE MOB GETS LOUDER. THE JUDGE NODS TOWARDS HIS GUNSLINGERS. THEY FILE OUT. THE JUDGE GETS UP.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY.

23.

THE GUNMEN PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ANGRY CROWD. P WITH HIS BACK TO A WALL IS PREPARING TO DEFEND HIMSELF FROM THE MOB. THE LEADER OF THE GUNMEN DRAWS HIS REVOLVER AND FIRES TWICE INTO THE AIR. THE CROWD FALLS SILENT.

FIRST GUNMAN

Okay folks. We'll take care of this troublemaker.

THE GUNMEN FLANK P AND WALK HIM THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARDS THE GAOL. THEY ENTER.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND GAOL. DAY.

24.

BEHIND THE DESK SITS THE JUDGE.

JUDGE

Changed your mind yet ?

P

What's the charge ?

JUDGE

No. charge. Protective custody.

24 CONTINUED

P

I don't want protective custody.

JUDGE

I want it. Lock him up and bring Johnson out here. We mustn't disappoint the crowd.

P IS ESCORTED INTO THE CELL. THE BARRED DOOR IS SLAMMED CLOSED. THE ADJOINING CELL DOOR IS OPENED AND JOHNSON IS DRAGGED OUT.

THE JUDGE GETS UP AND LEAVES THE OFFICE FOLLOWED BY THE GUNMEN AND JOHNSON.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY. 25.

THE CROWD START TO SHOUT AS THEY SEE JOHNSON. SOMEONE THROWS A NOOSE OVER THE HANGING TREE.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. DAY. 26.

P WATCHES THIS THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS.

EXT. SALOON. DAY. 27.

CATHY COMES RUNNING OUT AND GRABS JOHNSON. SHE IS CRYING.

CATHY

(TO JUDGE)

You can't hang him. He's done nothing wrong. You promised.

SHE IS DRAGGED AWAY BY ONE OF THE GUNMEN.

INT. GAOL. DAY. 28.

P WATCHING

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY. 29.

JOHNSON IS PUT ASTRIDE A HORSE AND THE NOOSE IS PLACED AROUND HIS NECK.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY. 30.

CATHY WATCHING HELPLESSLY.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY. 31.

ONE OF THE GUNMEN RAISES A WHIP TO STRIKE THE HORSE ON THE RUMP.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. DAY. 32.

CATHY SCREAMS AND COLLAPSES.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. DAY.

33.

CLOSE ON P. HE SHOWS A GRIM DISTASTE. THE JUDGE ENTERS. CROSSES TO THE SHERRIFF'S DESK.

P

What was his crime ?

JUDGE

Same as yours.

FROM THE DESK DRAWER HE TAKES A BIBLE.

JUDGE

I must read the service, then I'll be back.

THE JUDGE EXITS. ANOTHER MAN COMES IN, HE SITS ON THE DESK AND LOOKS AT P. IT IS 'THE KID'. HE SLOWLY UNCORKS A BOTTLE AND STARTS TO DRINK.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ACT TWO

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

34.

GENERAL ACTIVITY. LOUD CHATTER. PIANO PLAYING. CATHY LEANS AGAINST THE BAR LOOKING WITH HATRED AT THE JUDGE. THE JUDGE IS PLAYING POKER WITH SOME OF THE TOWN DIGNETARIES. TO THE LEFT OF THE JUDGE IS THE DEALER. HE STACKS HIS CARDS.

DEALER

No. Not for me.

FIRST CARD PLAYER

What makes you so sure he'll come into line ?

JUDGE

Didn't you ? I've raised ten dollars.

FIRST CARD PLAYER DROPS HIS EYES AND THROWS HIS CARDS IN.

SECOND CARD PLAYER

I hope you know what you're doing Judge. This man could be trouble.

JUDGE

I'll make it twenty dollars. Put up or shut up.

SECOND CARD PLAYER STACKS HIS CARDS. THE TOWN ELDER MAKES NO MOVE TO PUT MONEY INTO THE POOL.

34 CONTINUED

JUDGE

Are you playing, or have you got something on your mind ?

TOWN ELDER

I'd be happier if he was dead.

JUDGE

I'd be happier if you played. I'll make it thirty dollars.

THE TOWN ELDER LOOKS DOWN AT HIS CARDS. HE HAS SIX CARDS. TWO CLOSED AND FOUR SHOWING. AMONGST THOSE SHOWING ARE THREE KINGS. HE LOOKS ACROSS TO THE JUDGES CARDS WHICH SHOW A THREE, AN EIGHT, A JACK, A QUEEN, ALL OF DIFFERENT SUITES.

TOWN ELDER

Play.

HE THROWS IN THIRTY DOLLARS. THE DEALER DEALS THE LAST CARD FACE DOWN TO EACH OF THE PLAYERS.

TOWN ELDER

I'll make it fifty.

JUDGE

Your fifty and up a hundred.

THE TOWN ELDER LOOKS AT HIS LAST CARD TO FIND HE HAS FOUR KINGS.

TOWN ELDER

(NERVOUSLY)
That's too hot for me.

HE THROWS HIS CARDS IN. THE JUDGE SCOOPS IN THE WINNINGS.

JUDGE

Yes gentlemen. He'll come into line.

THE OTHER PLAYERS ALL GET UP AND DRIFT AWAY. THE JUDGE STACKS UP THE CARDS AND STARTS A GAME OF PATIENCE.

JUDGE

(CALLING)
Cathy, bring me a whiskey.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

35.

CATHY IS STANDING AT THE BAR WITH TWO OR THREE OTHER GIRLS. SHE LOOKS WITH UNDISGUISED DISGUST AT THE JUDGE. THE BARMAN PLACES A WHISKEY ON THE COUNTER.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

36.

THE JUDGE PUTS A CHEROOT IN HIS MOUTH AND LIGHTS IT. A WHISKEY IS PLACED ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM. HE LOOKS UP.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

37.

THE GIRL STANDING THERE IS NOT CATHY.

JUDGE

I asked for Cathy. Take it back.

THE GIRL LEAVES AND THE JUDGE RESUMES HIS GAME OF PATIENCE. THE GLASS OF WHISKEY IS ONCE AGAIN PLACED BEFORE HIM.

JUDGE

It was his own fault. He should of joined.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

38.

CATHY STANDS THERE, HER COLD EYES LOOKING AT THE JUDGE.

CATHY

You didn't have to kill him.

JUDGE

I couldn't risk him joining another outfit, you know that Cathy.

CATHY

There's a lot of things I know.

JUDGE

Who is there to tell Cathy ?

DEFEATED SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

THE JUDGE STANDS UP.

JUDGE

Quiet everybody. Cathy's gonna give us a song.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

39.

CATHY HALFWAY TO THE BAR WHIRLS AROUND. STARES HATE AT THE JUDGE. THE CROWD START TO APPLAUD.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

40.

THE JUDGE LOOKS AT CATHY. HE TAKES A SLOW DRAW ON HIS CHEROOT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 41.

CLOSE SHOT OF CATHY AS BEFORE.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 42.

CLOSE SHOT JUDGE. HE BLOWS THE SMOKE GENTLY FROM HIS MOUTH.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 43.

CATHY ALMOST IN TEARS MAKES HER WAY SLOWLY TOWARDS THE PIANO AMID THE APPLAUSE. THE PIANIST STARTS TO PLAY.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 44.

THE KID IS DRINKING. IT IS OBVIOUS HE IS A PSYCHOPATH. HE EMPTIES THE BOTTLE AND THROWS IT TO SHATTER AGAINST P'S CELL DOOR.

THE KID
(ALMOST HYSTERICAL)
You're gonna pay for what you did.
Nobody does that to me and lives.

P SITS IMPASSIVELY.

THE KID
(CONTINUED)
Maybe you don't know who I am. I'm
the Kid.

NO REACTION FROM P. BUT THE KID DOES NOT NOTICE. HE WALKS AWAY.

THE KID
(ALMOST TO HIMSELF)
I'm good.
(ALOUD)
I'm the best.

THEN WHIPPING ROUND HE DRAWS HIS GUN AND POINTS IT AT P SAYING AT THE SAME TIME.

THE KID
I'm the fastest.

P
You're certainly the loudest.

P LIES DOWN ON THE BED AND CLOSES HIS EYES. THE KID IS LEFT STANDING THERE. HE SLOWLY REGAINS HIS SANITY TO FIND: HIMSELF IN A GUNFIGHTER'S POSE, WHICH WITHOUT HIS AUDIENCE, LOOKS RIDICULOUS. HE SLOWLY STRAIGHTENS UP AND MOROSELY SLUMPS IN THE CHAIR. BEHIND THE DESK. HE'S JUST HAD HIS HIGH. HE'S NOW HAVING HIS LOW.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

45.

CATHY HAS JUST CONCLUDED HER SONG. THE JUDGE LEADS THE APPLAUSE. CATHY SWEEPS DOWN TO THE BAR. NORMAL ACTIVITY IS RESUMED.

CATHY
(TO THE BARMAN)
Give me a drink, Tom.

THE BARMAN POURS ONE AND LEAVES THE BOTTLE. CATHY DRINKS IT DOWN AND LOOKS AROUND AT THE JUDGE.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

46.

MORE TOWNSFOLK ARE JOINING HIM TO PAY THEIR TAXES VIA THE CARDS.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

47.

CATHY MAKES UP HER MIND. PICKS UP THE WHISKEY BOTTLE AND SLIPS OUT UNNOTICED.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT.

48.

THE KID IS STILL SITTING BEHIND THE DESK. HE IS LOVINGLY CLEANING HIS TWO GUNS. HE PICKS UP ONE AND CARESSES IT AND LOOKS ACROSS TO THE CELL WHERE P IS APPARENTLY ASLEEP.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT.

49.

THE DOOR OPENS, IN COMES CATHY CARRYING THE BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

CATHY
Brought you a drink, Kid.

THE KID GETS UP AND WALKS AROUND CATHY LOOKING HER UP AND DOWN.

THE KID
So you've changed your mind.

CATHY
You know I've always liked you Kid.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT.

50.

P HAS OPENED HIS EYES AND IS WATCHING.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT.

51.

THE KID
It's taken you long enough to show it.

HE GRABS HER AND KISSES HER ROUGHLY.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 52.

CATHY LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT P.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 53.

P LOOKS AT HER SLIGHTLY PUZZLED

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 54.

CATHY BREAKS AWAY.

CATHY

How about pouring me a one ?

THE KID

Sure. Why not. It's a celebration.

HE STAGGERS SLIGHTLY AS HE GOES TO THE DESK FOR A GLASS. HE STARTS TO POUR THE DRINK.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 55.

CATHY QUICKLY WHIPS THE CELL KEYS OFF A PEG ON THE WALL AND SHOOTS A LOOK AT P.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 56.

P SLOWLY SITS UP ON THE BED.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 57.

THE KID TURNS AND HANDS THE GLASS OF WHISKY TO CATHY.

THE KID

To the beginning of our friendship.

HE TAKES A LONG SWIG FROM THE BOTTLE. CATHY SIPS FROM HER GLASS. THE KID TRIES TO KISS HER AGAIN.

CATHY

Not now Kid. I must get back to the Saloon. I'll drop by later.

SHE EXITS.

THE KID SMILES AND TAKES ANOTHER DRINK.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 58.

P WATCHES THE KID. HE SUDDENLY LOOKS UP.

INT. GAOL CELL NIGHT. 59.

CATHY'S FACE FRAMED IN THE SMALL BARRED WINDOW.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 60.

P LOOKS BACK TOWARDS THE OFFICE.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT.

61.

THE KID IS SITTING ON THE DESK HOLDING THE BOTTLE. HE IS LAUGHING GENTLY TO HIMSELF.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT.

62.

P QUIETLY GETS UP AND CROSSES TO THE WINDOW. HE IS NOW OUT OF THE KIDS VIEW. CATHY HOLDS OUT THE KEYS TOWARDS HIM. HE DOESN'T TAKE THEM.

P

Why ?

CATHY

Just take them and get out.

P

Why ?

CATHY

That was my brother they hung. You must bring help.

P STILL MAKES NO MOVE.

CATHY

I've got to get back.

SHE PUTS THE KEYS ON THE WINDOW LEDGE AND GOES. THOUGHTFULLY HE TAKES THEM AND MOVES BACK TO WHERE HE CAN WATCH THE KID.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT.

63.

P'S SADDLE IS ON THE RACK. THE KID IS ASTRIDE IT VERY DRUNK NOW. HE ADJUSTS THE STIRRUPS TO FIT HIM AND HE SITS THERE.

P

(VOICE OFF)

Mind you don't fall off.

THE KID'S HAND GOES LIKE LIGHTENING TO HIS EMPTY HOLSTER. HE JUMPS OFF THE SADDLE AND CROSSES TO THE DESK FAST, GRABS UP A GUN, BUT NOW HE HAS CONTROL OF HIMSELF.

THE KID

Your time's coming. But face to face.

HE PUTS THE GUNS IN HIS HOLSTERS, PICKS UP THE BOTTLE OF WHISKEY AND TAKES ANOTHER LONG DRINK.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 64.

P SITS ON THE BED LEANING AGAINST THE WALL ROLLING A CIGARETTE.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 65.

THE KID SITS AT THE DESK GRADUALLY NODDING OFF. FINALLY HE FALLS ASLEEP.

INT. GAOL CELL. NIGHT. 66.

P GETS QUIETLY TO HIS FEET, CROSSES TO THE CELL DOOR AND GENTLY UNLOCKS IT AND LETS HIMSELF OUT.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 67.

P RELOCKS THE CELL DOOR, CROSSES SLOWLY TOWARDS THE KID AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE GUN IN HIS HOLSTER BUT DOES NOT TOUCH IT. HE SKIRTS ROUND THE DESK AND HANGS THE KEYS BACK ON THE PEG, MOVES TO THE SADDLE RACK AND PICKS UP HIS SADDLE. AS HE DOES SO THE STIRRUPS JINGLE. HE LOOKS QUICKLY AT THE KID, HE STIRS BUT THEN RELAXES AGAIN. P LEAVES THE OFFICE.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. NIGHT. 68.

P COMES OUT OF THE GAOL. THE SQUARE IS DESERTED. HE GOES PAST THE SALOON. THERE IS A LOT OF NOISE COMING FROM IT. HE GOES ON OUT OF SIGHT.

EXT. STABLE. NIGHT. 69.

HE PUTS DOWN HIS SADDLE, OPENS THE STABLE DOORS AND ENTERS. AFTER A MOMENT HE REAPPEARS LEADING A HORSE. HE SADDLES UP. HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT A HANDFUL OF SILVER DOLLARS WHICH HE PLACES ON THE ROCKING CHAIR. THERE IS A NOISE BEHIND HIM. HE TURNS AND SEES CATHY. SHE HANDS HIM A CANTEEN OF WATER.

CATHY

There's only one way out. Due North.

P

You'd better come with me.

CATHY

The two of us wouldn't make it. The Pass is guarded.

P

What will happen to you. ?

CATHY

It's more important that you come back with the law, the real law, and make these people pay for what they've done. I'll be all right.

69 CONTINUED

THEY HOLD A LOOK. P MOUNTS AND RIDES OFF. CATHY LOOKS AFTER HIM THEN ANXIOUSLY HURRIES BACK TO THE SALOON.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 70.

CATHY ENTERS. SHE IS NOT UNNOTICED BY THE JUDGE. HE LOOKS SLIGHTLY PUZZLED. HE CROSSES TO THE BAR AND THROWS A HEAVY POUCH OF MONEY ONTO THE COUNTER.

JUDGE
(TO BARMAN)
Put that in the safe.

HE LOOKS THOUGHTFULLY AT CATHY THEN GOES TOWARDS THE SWING DOORS.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 71.

CATHY WATCHES HIM ANXIOUSLY.

EXT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 72.

JUDGE COMES OUT AND HEADS ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARDS THE GAOL.

INT. GAOL. NIGHT. 73.

THE JUDGE COMES IN. HE SEES THE EMPTY CELL AND THE KID ASLEEP IN THE CHAIR. HE SWEEPS THE KID'S FEET OFF THE DESK CAUSING HIM TO FALL TO THE GROUND. AS HE LANDS HE GOES AUTOMATICALLY FOR HIS GUN, SEES IT'S THE JUDGE, HE THEN SEES THE EMPTY CELL. HE STANDS UP SLOWLY, REPLACING HIS GUN IN ITS HOLSTER. THE JUDGE ADVANCES ON HIM AND HITS HIM THREE TIMES ACROSS THE FACE.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 74.

OVER THE HORIZON COMES A LONE HORSEMAN TROTTING TOWARDS US.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 75.

IT IS P. THE HORSE IS SWEATING. THEY'VE TRAVELLED FAST. SUDDENLY A LASSOO DROPS OVER HIM, THEN ANOTHER. HE IS PULLED TO THE GROUND.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 76.

FROM BEHIND SOME ROCKS ON EITHER SIDE, THREE GUNMEN ON HORSEBACK EMERGE. ONE OF THEM RIDES FORWARD AND COLLECTS P'S HORSE AND THEY ALL RIDE TOWARDS TOWN DRAGGING P BEHIND THEM.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. NIGHT.

77.

THE GUNMEN RIDE INTO TOWN. ONE OF THEM NOW HAS THE TWO LASSOOS TIED TO THE PUMMEL OF HIS SADDLE. HE DRAGS P ACROSS THE SQUARE.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. NIGHT.

78.

IN THE SHADOWS STANDS THE KID. HE WATCHES P WITH HATRED.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE. NIGHT.

79.

THE GUNMAN DRAGS P THROUGH THE SWING DOORS INTO THE SALOON.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

80.

THE HORSEMAN ENTERS. EVERYBODY SCATTERS. P IS DRAGGED TO AND LEFT AT A PAIR OF FEET. WE PAN UP TO SEE THE JUDGE. HE PICKS UP HIS WHISKEY GLASS AND BANGS IT ON THE TABLE.

JUDGE

Let justice be done.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

81.

EVERYBODY GETS UP AND STARTS ARRANGING THE FURNITURE LIKE A COURT ROOM. OBVIOUSLY IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE DONE IT. WHILE THIS IS HAPPENING P GETS TO HIS FEET AND UNTIES HIMSELF. HE LOOKS AROUND UNTIL HE SEES CATHY. SHE IS STANDING BY THE BAR VERY FRIGHTENED. THE SETTING UP OF THE COURT ROOM IS COMPLETED.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

82.

ON THE RAISED PLATFORM IS A DESK AND CHAIR. THE JUDGE TAKES HIS PLACE.

JUDGE

Order. Order. Court in session.

THE PLACE FALLS SILENT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

83.

FROM BEHIND THE JUDGE WE SEE THE LAYOUT OF THE COURT. TWO ROWS OF SIX CHAIRS ARE SET OUT FOR THE JURY. THE SIX GUNMEN FILL THE FRONT ROW. BEHIND THEM ARE SIX TOWN DIGNITARIES. SIX GUN WALKS FORWARD TO FACE THE JUDGE.

P

What's the charge ?

83 CONTINUED

JUDGE

Against you none. You were only held in protective custody. You're free to go.

P SUSPICIOUSLY WALKS TO THE BAR.

JUDGE

The people of Harmony against Catherine Johnson. The accused step forward.

THE WHITE-FACED CATHY STANDS BEFORE THE JUDGE.
P NOW KNOWS HE ISN'T FREE TO LEAVE.

JUDGE

You are accused of aiding a criminal to escape. How do you plead ?

A MAN (LATER TO BE KNOWN AS THE BYSTANDER) STANDS UP IN THE PUBLIC GALLERY.

BYSTANDER

But Judge, you just said that he wasn't a criminal, he was only held in protective custody.

THE JUDGE STARES AT HIM.

JUDGE

She wasn't to know that.

LOOKING AT CATHY.

JUDGE

(CONTINUED)
How do you plead ?

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

84.

P, HELPLESS, LOOKS ON.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

85.

THROUGH A DOOR FROM A BACK ROOM COME THE JURY.
THE SIX GUNMEN IN THE REAR. THEY FILE ACROSS AND
RESUME THEIR SEATS.

JUDGE

Have you reached your verdict ?

ONE OF THE TOWN DIGNITARIES STANDS UP.

85 CONTINUED

TOWN DIGNITARY

We have your Honour.

HE LOOKS NERVOUSLY AT THE SIX GUNMEN.

JUDGE

Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty ?

TOWN DIGNITARY

Guilty.

JUDGE

Catherine Johnson, you are found guilty. I will pass sentence later. Take her away.

A COUPLE OF THE GUNMEN ESCORT CATHY OUT. THE TOWNSFOLK MUTTERING UNDER THEIR BREATH LEAVE THE SALOON. FINALLY ONLY P, THE JUDGE AND THE BARMAN ARE LEFT. THE JUDGE GETS UP AND SLOWLY WALKS OVER TO P.

JUDGE

When you work for me, I'll let her go.

P

You're a bad judge.

THE JUDGE WALKING AWAY:

JUDGE

We'll see. We'll see.

HE EXITS.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

86.

P TURNS TO THE BARMAN.

P

Give me a whiskey.

THE BARMAN POURS HIM ONE. HE DRINKS IT THOUGHTFULLY. SUDDENLY HE SENSES SOMEBODY AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR. IT IS THE KID, STANDING LOOSE.

END OF ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ACT THREE

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

87.

WE FIND P AND THE KID IN THE SAME ATTITUDE. THE BARMAN SLIDES OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE. THE KID TAKES THE GUN FROM HIS LEFT HOLSTER AND SLIDES IT ALL THE WAY DOWN THE COUNTER UNTIL IT STOPS IN FRONT OF P. P IGNORES IT AND CONTINUES SIPPING HIS WHISKEY.

THE KID

Pick it up.

P DOES NOT MOVE.

THE KID

(CONTINUED)

Look at me when I'm talking to you mister.

P TURNS ICE BLUE EYES TO THE KID.

THE KID

I like to see a man's eyes when he dies.
Pick it up.

P JUST LOOKS AT HIM.

THE KID

I figured you for a coward. You didn't give up your gun. It gave you up. Now get out of town.

P CONTINUES TO STARE AT HIM. THE KID'S CALM SNAPS IN A SPLIT SECOND. HE DRAWS LIKE LIGHTENING AND FIRES.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

88.

THE BULLET GRAZES P'S CHEEK. THE BLOOD STARTS TO RUN.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

89.

THE KID, ONCE AGAIN THE PSYCHOPATH.

THE KID

I said get out.

P JUST STARES THE KID DOWN. THE KID FIRES AGAIN.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT.

90.

P'S LEFT HAND IS NICKED.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 91.

THE KID DELIBERATELY SWINGS HIS GUN ACROSS TO HIS LEFT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 92.

CLOSE SHOT P'S LEFT HAND. PAN ACROSS TO HIS RIGHT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 93.

THE KID IS ABOUT TO FIRE.

VOICE OFF

Hold it.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO SEE THE JUDGE COMING UP BEHIND THE KID.

JUDGE

Been looking for you Kid. Decided to give you your old job back. Go and take care of the gaol.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 94.

P FULLY REALISES THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE REMARK.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 95.

THE KID SMILES. HE IS PLEASED TO BE BACK IN THE JUDGE'S FAVOUR. AS HE TURNS TO LEAVE, HIS OTHER GUN SLIDES DOWN THE COUNTER AND STOPS BESIDE HIM.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 96.

P

You'll need two
(PAUSE)
to guard a woman.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 97.

THE KID SAVAGELY PICKS UP THE GUN, BUT THE JUDGE STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

JUDGE

There's always another time, Kid.

THE KID LOOKS VEHEMENTLY TOWARDS P, THEN WALKS OUT.

INT. SILVER DOLLAR SALOON. NIGHT. 98.

THE JUDGE NOW STANDS IN THE POSITION VACATED BY THE KID.

98 CONTINUED

JUDGE

The Kid's real fond of Cathy. But he does tend to get over affectionate.

P WALKS DOWN THE BAR UNTIL HE IS VERY CLOSE TO THE JUDGE.

P

If anything happens, it will be paid for.

JUDGE

Nothing could happen ... if you were Sherriff.

P PUSHES PAST AND EXITS.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

99.

BIG CLOSE UP OF THE KID. HIS EYES ARE SHINING, SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT ABOUT THEM.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

100

HE IS SITTING ASTRIDE A CHAIR WITH HIS CHIN RESTING ON THE BACK REST. CATHY IS PACING THE CELL TRYING TO AVOID THE LECHEROUS GAZE, SHE KNOWS IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE SNAPS.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. NIGHT.

101

P STOPS AT THE DOOR AND LOOKS IN.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. NIGHT.

102

P'S P.O.V. OF WHAT THE KID IS DOING TO CATHY.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. NIGHT.

103

A SHERRIFF'S BADGE IS HELD IN FRONT OF P'S EYES. HE LOOKS AT IT FOR A LONG MOMENT AND THEN TAKES IT.

P

Let her go.

THE JUDGE WALKS PAST HIM INTO THE GAOL.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. NIGHT.

10

THE JUDGE WALKS UP TO THE KID.

JUDGE

Let her out, Kid.

THE KID DOESN'T HEAR HIM.

104 CONTINUED

JUDGE

I said let her out.

THE KID LOOKS UP, SUDDENLY REALISES THE JUDGE IS STANDING THERE. THE ORDER SLOWLY SINKS IN. HE SITS THERE IN DEFLANCE. THE JUDGE AND HE LOCK EYES. THE KID BREAKS, GETS UP AND UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR. CATHY COMES OUT, SHE GIVES THE KID A FRIGHTENED GLANCE AS SHE PASSES HIM. HE LOOKS AFTER HER WITH A FACE OF STONE. THE JUDGE WATCHES HIM.

JUDGE

Don't give me any problems.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

105.

P IS STANDING A LITTLE WAY FROM THE GAOL. HE IS STARING AT THE BADGE IN HIS HAND. CATHY COMES OUT. SHE WALKS UP TO HIM AND STOPS. SHE TOO LOOKS AT THE BADGE.

CATHY

I'm sorry.

P GIVES HER A SMILE.

P

I shouldn't have got caught.

CATHY LOOKS BACK OVER HER SHOULDER TO SEE THE KID STANDING IN THE DOORWAY STARING AT HER. SHE HURRIES OFF.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

106.

P WATCHES HER AS SHE GOES TO THE SALOON.

EXT. SALOON. NIGHT.

107.

IN LONG SHOT CATHY STOPS AND LOOKS BACK FOR A MOMENT BEFORE GOING THROUGH THE SWING DOORS.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

108.

P TURNS BACK TO THE SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. THE KID LOOKS AT HIM, THEN MOVES OFF INTO THE DARKNESS. P ENTERS THE OFFICE.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

109.

THE JUDGE IS WAITING.

JUDGE

She's safe now. Safe for as long as you work for me.

109 CONTINUED

HE IS TRYING TO STARE DOWN P, BUT HE CAN'T. HE
TURNS AND WALKS TO THE DESK.

JUDGE

But enough of that. We don't
want to start off on the wrong foot.
You'll grow to like this job. It's
most rewarding. No Sherriff,
you won't regret joining my outfit.

P

No But you may.

JUDGE

(LAUGHING, BUT UNEASY)
You're just sore at the moment.
(OPENING DESK DRAWER)
Here, put these on and you'll feel
better.

HE HOLDS OUT A FANCY GUNBELT. IN THE HOLSTERS ARE
TWO MAGNIFICENT GUNS.

JUDGE

Nothing but the best.

P

I agreed to wear the badge. But
not the guns.

JUDGE

(PUTTING GUNS BACK IN THE DRAWER)
It's a start.

HE WALKS TO THE DOOR AND TURNS.

JUDGE

(CONTINUED)
But you'll find this a rough town
without them.

WITH A LAST LOOK HE GOES.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. DAY.

110.

P, HIS HAND NOW BANDAGED COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE.

VOICE

Mornin' Sherriff.

THE SPEAKER IS ZEKE. HE'S BIG WITH A BROKEN NOSE.

ZEKE

I'm Zeke. I don't carry a gun either,
but then I don't need one.

110 CONTINUED

P IGNORES HIM AND GOES TO WALK PAST. ZEKE BLOCKS HIS PATH.

ZEKE

How're you goin' to control fellas
like me without a gun Sherriff.

P KNOCKS ZEKE DOWN WITH A HARD RIGHT HAND. BEYOND HIM WE SEE TWO OTHER MEN ALMOST AS BIG AS ZEKE. THEY START FORWARD.

ZEKE

No, he's mine.

ZEKE GETS TO HIS FEET. HE AND P SQUARE UP. ZEKE BUTTS P IN THE GUTS. THEY BOTH CRASH THROUGH A HITCHING RAIL. ZEKE GETS UP FIRST, PICKS UP A PIECE OF THE BROKEN RAIL AND TRIES TO BREAK IT EVEN MORE OVER P'S HEAD. P ROLLS TO ONE SIDE AT THE SAME TIME KICKING ZEKE'S LEGS FROM UNDER HIM. THEY BOTH GET UP. ZEKE KNOWS IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG FIGHT. TOWNSPEOPLE START TO GATHER.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

111.

ZEKE HITS P WITH A RIGHT. P RETALIATES WITH TWO STRAIGHT LEFTS. THEY GRAB EACH OTHER IN A BEAR HUG, TOPPLE OVER AND START ROLLING IN THE DUST. FIRST ONE ON TOP AND THEN THE OTHER.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

112.

ZEKE TRIES TO BUTT P IN THE FACE. P GETS HIS FEET IN ZEKE'S STOMACH AND PUSHES. ALL SIXTEEN STONE OF HIM GOES FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. THE TOWNSPEOPLE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AMAZED.

EXT. SALOON. DAY.

113.

THE JUDGE STANDS WATCHING THE FIGHT. WITH A SMILE HE GOES INSIDE.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

114.

CATHY IS STANDING NEAR THE GAOL, ANXIOUS FOR P.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

115.

THE SAME POKER PLAYERS SIT THERE. THE JUDGE JOINS THEM.

JUDGE

The boys are just teaching him it's
not safe to walk around without guns.

115 CONTINUED

TOWN ELDER

We never really doubted you would bring him into line Judge.

JUDGE

(CYNICALLY)

Well thank you for your confidence, gentlemen. He'll put on his guns and once he does that, he's mine. Deal.
(HE LOOKS ROUND THE TABLE)
I feel lucky today.

WITH SICKLY GRINS THE OTHERS START TO PLAY.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

116.

SHOOTING THROUGH A HORSE'S LEGS, ZEKE COMES CRASHING TOWARDS US. P DIVES THROUGH AFTER HIM, LIFTS HIM TO HIS FEET AND WITH A RIGHT, A LEFT, THEN A RIGHT LAYS HIM OUT. P STRAIGHTENS UP AND WIPES THE SWEAT OFF HIS BROW. IN FRONT OF HIM STEP THE OTHER TWO HEAVIES, THE FIGHT STARTS AGAIN.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

117.

CATHY STANDS THERE SICK WITH WORRY.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

118.

P IS REALLY HAVING TO EXTEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE TWO FRESH FIGHTERS. AS ONE OF THEM COMES AT HIM, P HITS HIM WITH ALL HIS FLAGGING STRENGTH. THE MAN IS ASLEEP BEFORE HE HITS THE GROUND. THE TOWNS-PEOPLE ARE NOW OPENLY PLEASED.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

119.

THE LAST MAN LAUNCHES A SAVAGE ATTACK. HE DRIVES P ALL ROUND THE SQUARE. P MANAGES TO LAND A FEW BLOWS, BUT HE'S LOSING BADLY.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

120.

CATHY CLENCHING HER HANDS.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

121.

THE LAST MAN IS NOW HITTING P AT WILL. P FINALLY FALLS TO THE GROUND. THE OTHER MAN LEANS AGAINST THE HANGING TREE PANTING FOR BREATH. THE TOWNS-PEOPLE LOOK DISAPPOINTED.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

122.

P LYING ON THE GROUND. HE OPENS HIS EYES PAINFULLY AND SEES CATHY.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

123.

CATHY LOOKS AT HIM.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

124.

P LOOKS FROM HER TO THE HEAVY STANDING CLOSE TO HIM. HE REACHES OUT GRABS THE MAN'S TROUSERS AND "CLIMBS UP" HIM. AS HE STRAIGHTENS UP THE MAN HITS HIM BUT P WON'T LET GO. WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT HE SMASHES HIS OPPONENT AGAINST THE TREE, PULLS HIM BACK AND DOES IT AGAIN. P HITS HIM. HE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS INTO THE WATER TROUGH. THE TOWNSPEOPLE LOOK AT P IN AWE AND ADMIRATION.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

125.

STARTING ON THE LARGE KITTY, WE PULL BACK TO SEE ONLY THE JUDGE AND THE TOWN ELDER LEFT IN THE POKER HAND. THE OTHERS SIT WATCHING. THE JUDGE HAS A PAIR OF TWOS SHOWING, THE TOWN ELDER A PAIR OF QUEENS AND ONE JACK. THE LAST CARD DOWN HAS JUST BEEN DEALT.

TOWN ELDER

(RESIGNED)
I'll call.

JUDGE

What have you got ?

TOWN ELDER

Two pair, queens on hacks.

JUDGE

Too bad. I've got three little deuces.

A HAND COMES IN AND TURNS THE REMAINDER OF THE TOWN ELDER'S CARDS OVER. APART FROM THE PAIR OF QUEENS AND JACKS, HE HAS A PAIR OF TWOS.

VOICE

(OFF)
There must be five twos in this pack
Judge.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

126.

THE JUDGE LOOKS UP WITH ANGER TO SEE A VERY GRIMY P. THE OTHER MEN AT THE TABLE ARE SCARED. SOMEBODY HAS DARED TO CALL THE JUDGE. THE JUDGE MASTERS HIS FEELINGS AND SMILES. HE TURNS HIS CARDS OVER.

JUDGE

My mistake gentlemen. I took this
three for another two. Thanks
Sherriff.

124 CONTINUED

P LOOKS AT THE FACES OF THE PLAYERS.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

127.

JUDGE

Pick up the money.

THE TOWN ELDER HESITATES.

JUDGE

Take it, you had the best cards.

THE TOWN ELDER TAKES THE POT.

P EXITS. THE JUDGE WATCHES HIM LEAVE THROUGH
NARROW EYES.

JUDGE

(WITH POINT)

Maybe I'll do better the next hand.
Deal.

THE CARDS ARE PUSHED AROUND.

EXT. SALOON. DAY.

128.

P MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE SQUARE TO THE GAOL.
THE LAST MAN HAS JUST STAGGERED TO HIS FEET. HE
GETS OUT OF P'S PATH QUICKLY.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND CELLS. DAY.

129.

P ENTERS TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND JACKET, FILLS A BOWL
OF WATER FROM A JUG AND STARTS TO CLEAN UP. THE
DOOR OPENS AND CATHY COMES IN.

CATHY

Are you hurt ?

P

(PICKING UP A TOWEL)

Nothing a little water won't take care of.

HE STARTS TO DRY HIMSELF. CATHY TAKES THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK AT HIM. AS HE REMOVES THE
TOWEL FROM HIS FACE HE CATCHES HER GLANCE. SHE
LOOKS AWAY EMBARRASSED.

CATHY

(SHYLY)

I'm sorry ... I'm blushing. I didn't
think I could blush any more.

P

(LIGHTLY)

You should do it more often, it suits you.

129 CONTINUED

SHE SMILES AT HIM FOR NOT EMBARRASSING HER FURTHER. THEN SHE BECOMES SUDDENLY SERIOUS.

CATHY

You've got to get out, quickly. I can see you're not the kind of man to break easily and if you don't they'll kill you.

P

The last time I tried to leave the Judge dragged me back. How can I refuse that kind of hospitality? Besides I might miss the chance to see you blush again.

CATHY

Please, be serious. You know what they did to my brother.

P

I haven't forgotten, that's one of the reasons I've decided to say.

CATHY

You're very much like him. He was a stubborn man. I can see I'm wasting my time.

(PAUSE)

Please be careful.

SHE MOVES TO THE DOOR. TURNS BACK.

CATHY

I'll be in the Saloon tonight. Regulars get the first one on the house.

SHE GOES.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SALOON. DAY.

130.

EVERYBODY HAS HAD A FAIR AMOUNT TO DRINK. GIRLS ARE SITTING ON THE KNEES OF LAUGHING COWBOYS. THE PIANO IS BANGING AWAY IN THE BACKGROUND. THERE IS NOISY CONTEST OF "INDIAN WRESTLING" ON THE BAR. THE MEN ARE LAYING BETS ON WHO WILL WIN. THE INEVITABLE POKER GAME. TWO CHARACTERS PLAY CHUG-A-LUG WITH GLASSES OF BEER. THE KID LEANS AGAINST THE BAR SIPPING WHISKEY. HE WATCHES CATHY LIKE A SNAKE WATCHES A RABBIT. SHE IS CIRCULATING HAVING A JOKE HERE AND THERE WITH THE CUSTOMERS. THE KID, JEALOUS, BITES ON A CIGAR.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

131.

INTO THE SALOON COMES A SMALL MIDDLE-AGED COWBOY. HE IS IN A GAY MOOD BROUGHT ON BY DRINK. HE GOES TO THE BAR.

SMALL COWBOY

Hey, Bartender, let's have some whisky.
(TO THE PEOPLE EACH SIDE OF HIM)
Drink up, they're on me.

AT THAT MOMENT CATHY COMES PAST. THE SMALL COWBOY GRABS HER.

SMALL COWBOY

Come on, Cathy, have a drink on me.

CATHY

(LAUGHING)
Okay, Will. But don't let your wife catch you.

THE PEOPLE STANDING ROUND LAUGH RAUCOUSLY. WILL HUGS CATHY IN HARMLESS AFFECTION. THE KID STEPS FORWARD AND VICIOUSLY STUBS OUT HIS CIGAR ON WILL'S NECK. THE PLACE GOES SILENT.

THE KID

Keep your hands off her.

CATHY

Now just a minute

THE KID PUSHES HER TO ONE SIDE. EVERYONE BACKS OFF LEAVING WILL FACING THE KID. WILL'S ANGER IS REPLACED BY FEAR. BUT HE CAN'T BACK DOWN. THERE IS A LONG PAUSE AND HE SUDDENLY GOES FOR HIS GUN. THE KID DOESN'T MOVE. WILL STANDS THERE WITH HIS GUN IN HIS HAND. THE KID SLOWLY DRAWS AND SHOOTS WILL THROUGH THE LEG. AS WILL CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND, THE KID SHOOTS HIM DEAD.

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

132.

P COMES RUNNING OUT OF THE OFFICE ACROSS THE SQUARE AND INTO THE SALOON.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

133.

THE KID

And that goes for the rest of you.
Keep away from her.

HE TURNS TO WALK OUT AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH P. THE CONFRONTATION IS BROKEN BY A VOICE.

133 CONTINUED

BYSTANDER
Will draw first, Sherriff.

THE KID
Just as well for you, Sherriff.

HE TURNS BACK TO CATHY.

THE KID
(VICIOUS)
And you keep away from him.

THE KID WALKS OUT. P LOOKS AT THE DEAD WILL, THEN
AT THE COWERING FACES OF THE OTHERS.

BYSTANDER
(ANGRY, TRYING TO HIDE
EMBARRASSMENT)
You're the Sherriff. It's up to you.

OTHER VOICES
Yeah, you're the Sherriff.

Time you did something.

Yeah, get some guns on.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

134.

ON THE BALCONY STANDS THE JUDGE SURVEYING THE
SCENE. HE SMILES TO HIMSELF.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

135.

THE BYSTANDER COMES THROUGH THE DOOR. HE LOOKS
BACK TO MAKE SURE HE IS NOT OBSERVED. P IS POURING
COFFEE FROM A POT ON THE STOVE. THE BYSTANDER
APPROACHES HIM AWKWARDLY.

BYSTANDER
Sherriff, I represent the townspeople.
You're the only man who has stood up
to the Judge. We're with you. We'll
help you clean up the town.

P
You'll help me clean up your town.

BYSTANDER
We can't do it by ourselves ...
And, Sherriff ... Neither can you.

P REALISES HE HAS A POINT.

P
Have some coffee.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SALOON. DAY.

136.

THE BYSTANDER COMES IN. THE PLACE LOOKS EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THE BARMAN. THE BYSTANDER LICKS HIS LIPS NERVOUSLY.

BYSTANDER

Whisky.

THE BARTENDER SERVES HIM IMPASSIVELY.

JUDGES VOICE

That one's on me.

BYSTANDER WHIRLS ROUND TO SEE THE JUDGE SITTING ALMOST CONCEALED IN AN ALCOVE.

JUDGE

Come over Jim.

THE BYSTANDER, FRIGHTENED JOINS THE JUDGE.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

137.

AS THE BYSTANDER SITS THREE GUNMEN APPEAR FROM THE BACKROOM AND STAND BY THE TABLE.

JUDGE

Jim, you disappoint me. Your choice of friends. Jim, old friends are the best friends.

THE BYSTANDER SWALLOWS NERVOUSLY.

JUDGE

What were you talking to the Sherriff about, Jim ?

BYSTANDER

I . . . I lost my watch and I asked the Sherriff if it had been handed in.

JUDGE

By my watch it took you twenty minutes to ask him about your watch, Jim. That's not reasonable. What were you talking to the Sherriff about, Jim ?

THE BYSTANDER SITS THERE SCARED STIFF.

JUDGE

If you don't tell me, I'm sure you'll tell the boys.

137 CONTINUED

THE THREE GUNMEN GRAB THE BYSTANDER AND DRAG HIM INTO THE BACK ROOM.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SALOON. DAY.

138.

THE BARMAN CARRIES A TRY HOLDING FOUR GLASSES OF WHISKY OVER TO THE JUDGES TABLE. WITH HIM SIT THE THREE GUNMEN. THEY ALL START TO DRINK.

JUDGE
(THOUGHTFULLY)
Seems like now would be a good time
for you to remind people of this town
where their loyalty lies.

THE THREE GUNMEN FINISH THEIR DRINKS AND MOVE TO THE SWING DOORS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

139.

P COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE, HE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS A COWBOY WHO STANDS WITH HIS FOOT ON A RAIL TALKING TO ANOTHER MAN. HE LOOKS UP AS P STOPS BY HIM. CUPPED IN THE SHERRIFF'S HAND IS A DEPUTY BADGE. THE TWO MEN DROP THEIR EYES. P PUZZLED WALKS AWAY.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

140.

P STOPS IN FOREGROUND. BEYOND HIM WE SEE THE BLACKSMITH. HE IS SWINGING A HEAVY HAMMER. HIS MUSCLES RIPPLE IN THE SUNSHINE. P WALKS UP TO HIM AND SHOWS THE BADGE. THE SMITHY SHAKES HIS HEAD AND INDICATES BEHIND HIM. THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE FORGE WE SEE A WOMAN AND TWO CHILDREN. THE MAN GOES BACK TO SWINGING HIS HAMMER. P MOVES OFF.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. MONTAGE.

141.

P GOES TOWARDS A COUPLE OF MEN, EVEN BEFORE HE GETS TO THEM THEY MOVE AWAY.

THE JUDGE STANDS IN THE SALOON DOORWAY, SMILING.

P TALKING TO A MAN, A WOMAN WALKS UP AND LEADS HIM AWAY.

THE KID STANDS WATCHING, NOT SMILING.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY.

142.

A MAN IS CONSIDERING P'S PROPOSAL. HE LOOKS BEYOND THE SHERRIFF. LEANING AGAINST A HITCHING RAIL THE THREE GUNMEN STAND WATCHING. THE MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND MOVES OFF. P CROSSES TO THE SHERRIFF'S OFFICE AND GOES INSIDE.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

143.

AS HE ENTERS HE COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP. SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, SLUMPED OVER THE DESK, IS THE BYSTANDER. P WALKS OVER AND STRAIGHTENS HIM UP. HE IS DEAD. THE SHERRIFF RIPS OPEN THE DRAWER AND LOOKS AT THE GUNS. THEN SLOWLY CLOSSES IT AGAIN.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SALOON. DAY.

144.

JUDGE SITS WATCHING THE DOOR. A FEW PEOPLE ARE NOW DRINKING AT THE BAR. CATHY IS THERE. P COMES IN. THE TOWN ELDER LOOKS AT THE JUDGE.

TOWN ELDER

And still he doesn't wear guns.

JUDGE

I've got one more ace up my sleeve.
He will wear his guns.

INT. SALOON. DAY.

145.

P CROSSES TO AN ALCOVE, CATHY WALKS ACROSS TO JOIN HIM.

P

We're leaving tonight.

CATHY

But I told you the pass is guarded.
You'll never make it with me.

P

Be on the edge of town tonight after
the saloon closes.

CATHY

I'll be there.

THE JUDGE WATCHES THE TETE-A-TETE.

JUDGE

The Kid wouldn't be too happy if he
saw them with their heads together
like that. I think somebody should
tell him.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT. 146.

P COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS. THE SQUARE IS DESERTED. HE UNTIES HIS HORSE AND LEADS IT AWAY.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 147.

P RIDES TOWARDS CAMERA. DISMOUNTS, TIES UP THE HORSE AND GOES FORWARD ON FOOT.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 148.

P MOVES FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW. HE SEES SOMETHING.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 149.

AGAINST THE SKYLINE SITS A MAN WITH A RIFLE ACROSS HIS KNEES.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 150.

P STARTS TO CLIMB CAUTIOUSLY.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 151.

THE SALOON IS IN FULL SWING. THE JUDGE SITS WITH THE TOWN ELDER. THEY WATCH CATHY.

TOWN ELDER

What if the kid beats him to the draw.

JUDGE

It could happen, but either way I'll have the fastest gun in the country working for me.

TOWN ELDER

If he beats the Kid, what makes you think he'll wear his guns for you ?

JUDGE

Cathy. While I've got her, I've got him.

TOWN ELDER

You may not have her by the time the Kid's finished.

JUDGE

Don't worry. His orders are just to, ah, rough her up a little.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT.

152.

P CREEPING ROUND A ROCK WE PAN WITH HIM UNTIL WE SEE THE OTHER MAN. P SILENTLY REACHES FORWARD, CROOKS HIS ARM AROUND THE GUARD'S THROAT AND PULLS HIM TO THE GROUND. ONE WELL PLACED BLOW AND COWBOY CONTINUES HIS SLEEP.

VOICE

Okay, Pete. I'll take over.

P QUICKLY TAKES THE GUARDS ORIGINAL POSITION AND WAITS. THE OTHER GUNMAN APPEARS, AS HE GETS CLOSE P SLOWLY STANDS UP STRETCHING HIMSELF. THE MAN REALISES THIS ISN'T PETE. HE GETS AS FAR AS OPENING HIS MOUTH BEFORE THE BLOW LANDS. FROM HIS POCKET P TAKES ROPE AND STARTS TO TIE UP THE TWO GUARDS.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

153.

THERE ARE FEWER PEOPLE NOW. THE JUDGE AND TOWN ELDER STILL SIT TALKING. CATHY IS CIRCULATING AMONG THE REMAINING CUSTOMERS.

TOWN ELDER

I don't recall seeing the Sherriff this evening.

JUDGE

You can see Cathy ?

TOWN ELDER

Yes ?

JUDGE

That's enough. While you can see her, he's not far away.

EXT. BUSHY COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT.

154.

P SILENTLY PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE BUSHES. HE STOPS WHEN HE HEARS THE WHINNY OF A HORSE. HE TURNS TO HIS LEFT AND PARTS THE FOLIAGE. THERE STAND THREE HORSES TETHERED TO A TREE. P STANDS STILL AND LISTENS, HE HEARS MOVEMENTS QUITE CLOSE. CAUTIOUSLY HE MOVES IN THAT DIRECTION.

EXT. CLEARING. NIGHT.

155.

THE LAST OF THREE GUNMEN IS MAKING UP A FIRE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEARING. P APPEARS IN FOREGROUND.

EXT. CLEARING. NIGHT.

156.

P CONSIDERS THE POSITION. THE MAN IS OBVIOUSLY TOO FAR AWAY TO RUSH. P BEGINS TO RETRACE HIS FOOTSTEPS.

EXT. BUSHY COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 157.

FROM ONE OF THE HORSES THE SHERRIFF TAKES A LASSOO. THEN RETURNS TOWARDS THE CLEARING.

EXT. CLEARING. NIGHT. 158.

P CHECKS THAT THE GUNMAN IS STILL IN THE CLEARING. SELECTS A TREE AND STARTS TO CLIMB.

EXT. CLEARING. NIGHT. 159.

THE GUNMAN IS SERVING HIMSELF WITH FOOD FROM THE COOKING POT HANGING OVER THE FIRE.

EXT. TREE TOP. OVERHANGING BRANCH. NIGHT. 160.

P HAS JUST FINISHED TYING THE LARIAT TO A BRANCH. HE STARTS TO CLIMB BACK ALONG THE BRANCH.

EXT. TREE. NIGHT. 161.

P FINDS A STRONG LIMB FROM WHICH HE CAN LAUNCH HIMSELF. BEYOND WE SEE THE GUNMAN SITTING WITH HIS BACK TOWARDS US EATING.

EXT. TREE. NIGHT. 162.

P CHECKS THAT HE HAS ENOUGH STACK, TAKES A FIRM GRIP ON THE ROPE AND SWINGS OFF.

EXT. CLEARING. NIGHT. 163.

THE GUNMAN IN FOREGROUND. BEYOND HIM WE SEE P SWINGING TOWARDS HIM. AT THE LAST MOMENT THE GUNMAN SENSES SOMETHING. HE TURNS AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT. THEY ROLL ACROSS THE CLEARING. THE MAN GETS TO HIS FEET AND GOES FOR HIS GUN. P KICKS IT OUT OF HIS HAND. THEY GRAPPLE AND FALL TO THE GROUND. THE GUNMAN GETS ON TOP, HE TRIES TO FORCE THE SHERRIFF'S FACE INTO THE FIRE. P TWISTS FREE AND THEY ROLL AWAY AGAIN. THEY STAGGER TO THEIR FEET AND SWOP BLOWS. WITH A TREMENDOUS PUNCH P KNOCKS THE MAN FLYING INTO THE FIRE. HE LAYS THERE OUT FOR THE COUNT. P WALKS OVER AND LIFTS HIM CLEAR OF THE FLAMES. HE STARTS TO TIE HIM UP.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BUSH COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 164.

P UNTIES ONE OF THE HORSES AND LEADS IT THROUGH THE BUSHES.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT. 165.

THE SHERRIFF'S HORSE STANDS IN FOREGROUND. BEYOND WE SEE P RIDING TOWARDS US. WITHOUT DISMOUNTING HE UNTIES HIS OWN HORSE AND GOES BACK TOWARDS THE TOWN.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

166.

CATHY IS JUST SEEING THE LAST DRUNK OUT. SHE
CROSSES QUICKLY TO THE BAR FROM BEHIND WHICH SHE
TAKES HER COAT. AS SHE STARTS TO THE DOOR SHE
COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE KID.

THE KID

I hear you've ignored my warning.
I told you to keep away from the Sherriff.

CATHY

(NERVOUS)
What right have you to tell me who I
can talk to ?

THE KID

I want you, that's enough.

CATHY

Get out of my way.

THE KID

You didn't hear me. I said you are
mine.

CATHY

You're mad. Now get out of my way.

SHE TRIES TO PUSH PAST. HE TWISTS HER ARM AND
HOLDS HER CLOSE TO HIM. SHE STRUGGLES TO GET FREE.

CATHY

Let me go. You disgust me.

THE KID GETS VERY ANGRY AND SQUEEZES HER TIGHTER.

THE KID

It seems I must teach you to obey.

HE KISSES HER HARD ON THE MOUTH. SHE BITES DEEP
INTO HIS LIP. HE HURLS HER AWAY FROM HIM, THE
BLOOD STARTS TO RUN FROM THE WOUND. CATHY WIPES
HER MOUTH CLEAN WITH THE BACK OF HER HAND. THE
KID NOW LOSES CONTROL AND HITS HER ACROSS THE FACE.
SHE BACKS AWAY TERRIFIED. HE GETS HER BY THE THROAT.

EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE. NIGHT.

167.

P RIDING BACK TO TOWN WITH THE OTHER HORSE IN TOW.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

168.

CATHY LIES LIFELESS ON THE GROUND, THE KID STANDS
OVER HER.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN. NIGHT. 169.

P STOPS, DISMOUNTS AND TIES THE TWO HORSES TO A TREE. HE THEN SEARCHES AROUND FOR CATHY, NOT FINDING HER HE MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE TOWN PROPER.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT. 170.

P COMES INTO FOREGROUND AND WAITS. BEFORE LONG HE SEES THE KID LEAVING THE SALOON.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT. 171.

P BEGINS TO WORRY. HE WAITS FOR THE KID TO GET CLEAR. THEN USING THE SHADOWS MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SALOON.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 172.

P SEES CATHY LYING ON THE FLOOR. HE CROSSES TO HER. SLOWLY HE KNEELS DOWN AND LOOKS AT HER. GENTLY HE PICKS HER UP AND CARRIES HER OUT OF THE BAR.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY. 173.

WE PAN ACROSS A FEW CRUDE WOODEN CROSSES UNTIL WE SEE P. HE HAS JUST FINISHED BURYING CATHY. HE STICKS A CROSS HE HAS MADE INTO THE GROUND BY THE FRESHLY DUG MOUND. HE STANDS MOTIONLESS FOR A FEW MINUTES. THEN ABRUPTLY TURNS AWAY AND LEAVES SHOT.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 174.

THE SHERRIFF ENTERS THE SQUARE. IT IS TOO EARLY FOR ANYBODY TO BE ABOUT. HE GOES INTO HIS OFFICE.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY. 175.

P CROSSES TO THE DESK OPENS THE DRAWER, AND REMOVES THE GUNS. HE STRAPS ON THE BELT, TIES THE LEATHER THONGS TO HIS THIGHS, TAKES OUT THE GUNS, CHECKS TO SEE THAT THEY ARE LOADED AND THEN TAKES OFF HIS BADGE AND PLACES IT ON THE DESK. HAVING DONE THIS HE EXITS.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 176.

P COMES OUT, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR THE KID. HE IS ALREADY THERE WAITING. THEY FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS THE SQUARE.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 177.

THE KID STANDS WITH HATE IN HIS EYES.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 178.

P HAS NO EXPRESSION. HE JUST STANDS AND WAITS.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 179.

THE KID'S HAND DROPS FOR HIS GUN. P MOVES FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE. THE KID'S GUN IS STILL IN HIS HOLSTER WHEN HE HITS THE GROUND.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 180.

WITH NO CHANGE IN HIS EXPRESSION P HOLSTERS HIS GUN. THEN MOVES TO THE SALOON.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 181.

HE CROSSES TO BEHIND THE BAR POURS HIMSELF A LARGE WHISKY, SWALLOWS IT AND SITS DOWN. THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND THE JUDGE COMES IN FOLLOWED BY HIS THREE GUNMEN.

JUDGE

He didn't even clear his holster, and he was the fastest I've ever seen.

P

And the fastest you will ever see. I just quit.

JUDGE

You aren't quitting while I've got Cathy. Just get it clear you work for me, guns and all.

P

(QUIETLY)
You haven't got Cathy any more. She's dead.

JUDGE

But he was only supposed to

P

..... rough her up, Judge.

P GETS UP AS IF TO LEAVE.

JUDGE

Hold it. You work for me now whether you like it or not. Nobody walks out on me.

P STOPS AND LOOKS BACK. THE GUNMEN HAVE POSITIONED THEMSELVES AROUND THE ROOM.

JUDGE

I'm not having you join another outfit. I'll kill you first.

181 CONTINUED

P STUDIES THE THREE GUNMEN.

JUDGE

You've got five seconds to make up
your mind.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 182.

FIRST GUNMAN COCKS HIS GUN.

One. JUDGE (O.S.)

INT. SALOON. DAY. 183.

SECOND GUNMAN STEPS A PACE BACK READY.

Two. JUDGE (O.S.)

INT. SALOON. DAY. 184.

THIRD GUNMAN STANDS WITH GUN IN HAND.

Three. JUDGE (O.S.)

INT. SALOON. DAY. 185.

BIG CLOSE UP OF THE JUDGE.

Four. JUDGE

INT. SALOON. DAY. 186.

BIG CLOSE UP OF P.

Fi JUDGE (O.S.)

INT. SALOON. DAY. 187.

BEFORE THE JUDGE CAN COMPLETE THE WORD, P THROWS
HIMSELF SIDEWAYS AND STARTS FIRING.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 188.

FIRST GUNMAN IS SHOT.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 189.

P FIRES AGAIN.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 190.

SECOND GUNMAN IS KILLED.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 191.

THE JUDGE WHIPS OUT A DERRINGER.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 192.

THE THIRD GUNMAN DROPS.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 193.

THE JUDGE SHOOTS P IN THE BACK.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 194.

P ARCHES AND FALLS TO THE GROUND DEAD.

INT. SALOON. DAY. 195.

ON THE ZOOM LENS, HIGH ANGLE.

A "MOUTH AND EYES CLOSE UP" OF P. THE EYELIDS FLICKER. SLOWLY THE EYES OPEN. WE SLOWLY ZOOM BACK TO HOLD A BIG HEAD. P IS WEARING LIGHTWEIGHT EARPHONES AND MICROPHONE COMBINED. HIS HAND COMES UP AND FEELS THE APPARATUS. HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS BODY, WE ZOOM FURTHER BACK TO SEE HE IS IN HIS VILLAGE CLOTHES. AS HE LOOKS AROUND WE ZOOM RIGHT BACK TO SEE WE ARE STILL IN THE SALOON. P FRANTICALLY TRIES TO ORIENTATE HIMSELF. HE SEARCHES ROUND THE SALOON FINDING NOTHING HE DASHES OUTSIDE.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. DAY. 196.

P RUNS OUT. HE LOOKS FOR THE KIDS BODY. NOTHING. HE RUNS OVER TO THE GAOL.

INT. SHERRIFF'S OFFICE. DAY. 197.

IT IS EMPTY. HE LOOKS IN THE CELLS. THEN RUNS OUT AGAIN.

EXT. SQUARE. DAY. 198.

P GETS TO THE HANGING TREE AND STOPS. HE SITS DOWN BY THE WATER TROUGH, HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

EXT. SQUARE. DAY. 199.

P GRADUALLY BEGINS TO REMEMBER THE VILLAGE. EVERYTHING WAS SO REAL, EVEN NOW HE'S NOT SURE. HE GETS UP AND MOVES OUT OF THE SQUARE.

<u>EXT. TRACK. DAY.</u>	200.
P WALKS ALONG THE TRACK, STOPS AND LOOKS OFF.	
<u>EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. (STOCK)</u>	201.
LONG SHOT OF THE VILLAGE.	
<u>EXT. TRACK. DAY.</u>	202.
WITH A GRIM EXPRESSION HE EXITS.	
<u>EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. (STOCK).</u>	203.
P HURRYING THROUGH THE VILLAGE.	
<u>EXT. NO. 2'S STEPS. DAY. (STOCK)</u>	204.
P RUNS UP THE STEPS.	
<u>EXT. NO.2'S FRONT DOOR. DAY. (STOCK).</u>	205.
P GOES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR FAST.	
<u>INT. ANTE ROOM. DAY. (STOCK)</u>	206.
P MOVES WITH DETERMINATION TO THE SLIDING STEEL DOORS.	
<u>INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.</u>	207.
THE DOORS OPEN. P STOPS IN THE DOORWAY AND LOOKS.	
<u>INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.</u>	208.
ON THE LARGE SCREEN IS A PICTURE OF THE TOWN OF HARMONY. SITTING BEHIND THE HALF MOON DESK IS NO.2. HE TURNS, IT IS THE JUDGE. AROUND HIS NECK HANGS THE EARPHONES AND MICROPHONE. BESIDE STANDS NO.8., THE KID, HOLDING HIS EARPHONES.	
<u>INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.</u>	209.
P IS ABOUT TO ENTER AND CREATE HAVOC WHEN HE STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.	
<u>INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.</u>	210.
THERE IS ANOTHER OCCUPANT IN THE LIVING SPACE. NO.22, CATHY. SHE STARES AT HIM.	
<u>INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.</u>	211.
P STARES AT HER AS IF SHE IS A GHOST.	

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 212.

CATHY LOOKS AT P, TRYING TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING WITH HER EYES.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 213.

P TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND WALKS OUT.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 214.

NO. 8

I didn't expect him to come to for hours.

NO. 2

I told you he was different. I knew it wouldn't work.

(SARCASTICALLY)

Fill him with hallucinatory drugs, put him in a dangerous environment, talk to him through microphones.

NO. 8

(INTERRUPTING, EQUALLY ANGRY)
It has always worked and would have this time

NO. 2

But it didn't, did it ? Give him love, take it away. Isolate him. Make him kill, then face him with death. He'll crack. Break him, even in his mind, and the rest will be easy. I should never have listened to you.

NO. 8

It would have worked if you had kept your head and not created the crisis too soon.

NO. 2

How could I control it ? Tell me that. You said yourself we would get involved and do what we would in the real situation.

NO. 8

Then don't blame my method, just your own damned lack of self-control.

NO. 2

It's all right for you. I have to answer for this failure.

NO. 8 IS ABOUT TO TURN ON HIM WHEN HE LOOKS AT NO. 22, SHE IS CRYING.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 215.

NO. 8 WATCHES NO. 22. HE LOOKS FROM HER TO THE PICTURE OF HARMONY ON THE SCREEN, THEN BACK AT HER AGAIN. A MASK OF JEALOUSY COMES OVER HIS FACE.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 216.

NO. 2 LOOKS FROM NO. 22'S TEARSTAINED FACE TO NO. 8'S.

NO. 2
(UNEASY)
It seems I'm not the only one who got involved.

NO. 22 GETS UP AND DASHES FROM THE ROOM.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF HARMONY. NIGHT. 217.

IN LONG SHOT WE SEE A SMALL FIGURE WALKING ACROSS THE SQUARE. HER SHOULDERS ARE SLUMPED.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT. 218.

NO. 22 IS TRYING TO CONTROL HER EMOTIONS. SHE MAKES FOR THE SALOON.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 219.

THE SALOON IS LIT ONLY BY THE MOONLIGHT COMING THROUGH THE DOORS, MAKING WEIRD PATTERNS ON THE WALLS. SHE WALKS ACROSS TO THE BAR AND LEANS AGAINST IT. THEN MOVES SLOWLY OVER TO THE PLATFORM. SUDDENLY SHE CAN HOLD IT NO LONGER. SHE SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM AND SOBS.

NO. 22
Forgive me. Forgive me. I didn't know the kind of man you were.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 220.

FROM THE SHADOWS A FIGURE EMERGES AND MOVES TOWARDS THE PLATFORM.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 221.

NO. 22 TAKES HER HANDS FROM HER FACE TO SEE A PAIR OF FEET STOP IN FRONT OF HER. SHE LOOKS SLOWLY UP.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 222.

CAMERA PANS UP. IT IS NO. 8. HE STANDS STARING DOWN AT HER, HIS EYES ARE IN SHADOW.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

223.

NO. 22 LOOKS UP PUZZLED AT FIRST. WHEN HE DOESN'T MOVE SHE BEGINS TO GET FRIGHTENED, STANDS UP AND BACKS AWAY.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

224.

AS NO. 8 MOVES FORWARD HIS EYES COME INTO THE LIGHT, THEY ARE NOT THE EYES OF A SANE MAN.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

225.

NO. 22 STIFLES A SCREAM

NO. 22

Stop. It's over. The game's over.
Keep away, you're frightening me.

HE KEEPS MOVING FORWARD.

NO. 8

I told you to stay away from him.

NO. 22

No. 8 listen to me. It's over. Don't you understand, it's over.

NO. 8

(PUZZLED)
Don't you know me ? I'm the Kid.

NO. 22 PANICS AND RUNS. NO. 8 CHASES AND CATCHES HER.

NO. 8

Don't run. I love you Cathy.

HE KISSES HER HARD ON THE MOUTH. SHE BITES DEEP INTO HIS LIP. HE HURLS HER AWAY FROM HIM. THE BLOOD STARTS TO RUN FROM THE WOUND. SHE TRIES TO GET PAST HIM. NO. 8 LOSES CONTROL AND GRABS HER BY THE THROAT.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT.

226.

P TOO HAS BEEN DRAWN BACK TO THE TOWN SQUARE. HE HEARS HER SCREAM AND RUNS FOR THE SALOON.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT.

227.

NO. 8 IS SLOWLY STRANGLING THE LIFE OUT OF NO. 22. P PULLS HIM OFF AND LAYS HIM OUT. HE PICKS UP NO. 22 AND CRADLES HER HEAD IN HIS ARMS.

NO. 22

I'm sorry. Deeply sorry. Try to forgive me.

227 CONTINUED

P

Don't talk.

NO. 22

I must ... I must tell you so that
 you don't think too badly of me.
 They are holding my brother...
 they forced me
 (SHE CLOSSES HER EYES)
 I wish it had all been real.

NO. 22 IS DEAD. THE SIREN OF THE AMBULANCE INVADES
 THE SILENCE.

EXT. SQUARE. NIGHT. 228.

THE AMBULANCE COMES TO A SCREAMING HALT. NO. 2
 AND TWO ATTENDANTS PILE OUT. THEY RUSH INTO THE
 SALOON.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 229.

NO. 2 COMES TO A DEAD STOP. NO. 8 IS JUST GETTING TO
 HIS FEET. NO. 2 IS HORRIFIED. HE MOVES TO NO. 8.

NO. 8

Stay back, Judge. I'm getting out
 of this town. You've run me long
 enough. I'm leaving and you won't
 stop me.

NO. 2 IS SHATTERED. HE WAVES THE TWO ATTENDANTS
 FORWARD. THEY ADVANCE SLOWLY ON NO. 8. HE STARTS
 TO BACK UP THE STAIRS. THE ATTENDANTS FOLLOW.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 230.

P WATCHES WITH NO EMOTION.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 231.

NO. 8 HAS NOW REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. ONE
 OF THE ATTENDANTS MAKES A GRAB FOR HIM. HE
 JUMPS BACK. THE BALCONY RAIL COLLAPSES AND HE FALLS
 TO HIS DEATH.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT. 232.

P WALKS TO THE SHAKING NO. 2

P

Let justice be done. The Judge shall
 be judged.

232 CONTINUED

HE WALKS OUT. NO.2 CRUMPLES INTO A CHAIR, HIS
HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY.

233.

WE MOVE UP AND AWAY UNTIL WE HAVE AN AERIAL
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE VILLAGE. IN THE CENTRE OF
THE SCREEN WE SEE A WHITE DOT COMING TOWARDS US
LIKE A BULLET. IT IS THE FACE OF THE PRISONER.
TWO PRISON GATES CLANG SHUT IN THE FOREGROUND.
THE FACE STOPS JUST BEHIND THE BARS.

FINAL FADE OUT.