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FEB. 12
THUR.

ACTION IN THE AFTERNOON

THURSDAY

FADE IN

1. EXT. MITCHELL STORE FULL SHOT NIGHT

shooting over HATTON AND CROWE crouching in f. g. as JACK VALENTINE AND KATE PARRISH follow AMY MITCHELL into the store. HOLD ON Hatton and Crowe as they profile to camera.

RITTER'S VOICE

Things was movin' in strange ways in Huberle, Montana. Lon Grady about had the town in tread, all right. Jack Valentine was bein' more thoughtful than active. And when he did get into action - he made a slight mistake. He jumped off Sam Mitchell's porch to catch a spy - and he got his arms full of Kate Parrish. Confused him so, he didn't look any further. He should have...

CAMERA MOVES IN to TIGHT TWO SHOT of Hatton and Crowe. They speak in low accents.

HATTON

He didn't see us.

CROWE

Naw. All he seen was the dame.

HATTON

She's notdame. She's editor of the newspaper.

CROWE

Eatin' with the Sheriff. You reckon they're about to do somethin'?

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HATTON

I don't reckon anything. There ain't any use us standin' here, you know.

CROWE

We ain't been invited to have supper with the Sheriff.

HATTON

(thoughtfully)

Somehow or other, this job ain't doin' anything to improve my appetite. Let's get outa here.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INT. OFFICE OF COPPER CUP TWO SHOT NIGHT

RED COTTON and LON Grady standing at desk staring at each other angrily. Red breaks the spell, starts away from Grady as CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS.

RED

You're going too far. You won't get away with it. Sheriff!
You!

GRADY

I'll be Sheriff all right. And you'll keep your mouth shut.

RED

I had friends in this town. I was building a life for myself.

GRADY

I don't ask for friends. I just want to own things -- own a town. This one will do. And you set it up for me.

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He laughs. Red wheels and goes back to him, defiant.

RED

I won't let you. I'll stop you,
one way or the other.

Grady grabs Red by the shoulders, shakes her.

GRADY
(snarling)

You've got your orders. You'll
do exactly what I say - now and
all the time.

There is the SOUND OF tapping at the window. Grady immediately begins shoving Red toward the door leading to the main barroom.

GRADY

And right now you can get out there
and smile for the suckers!

Red is petrified with fear. He shakes her again.

GRADY

Smile, I said. Smile!

Red pathetically attempts to smile - the result is a pitiful grimace. He shoves her through the door, closes and locks it behind her. CAMERA PANS him across the room to the window. He opens it. There is a slight pause - then Hatton crawls through, followed by Crowe.

GRADY

Close the window behind you.

Hatton closes it, turns and faces Grady.

GRADY

Well - how is it going?

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HATTON

Valentine is eatin' with
Mitchell and his family.

CROWE

We was plumb lucky. He made a
grab for us and got hisself an
armful of petticoats.

GRADY

If he catches on to you two --
the whole deal falls apart. Keep
that in your heads!

HATTON

We know, Grady. We know. It'll
fall just as hard on us as it does
on you.

CROWE

I got to give you credit, Grady
you know a dangerous hombre when
you see one - even if he does
play a guitar.

HATTON

He sure can twang that thing. I like
a good guitar.

GRADY

He's got to be watched. All the time.

HATTON

We been watchin' him - alla time.

GRADY

You'd better not come here again.

CAMERA PANS him to desk, where he removes some
money from a drawer.

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GRADY

Here - get the rest when the
job is done.

The two men accept the money.

HATTON

You do pay off, Grady. Well --
hasta luego.

He and Crowe go to window, Grady following as CAMERA
PANS, They pause a moment.

HATTON

This legitimate play of yours is
real smart, Grady. But - can you
go through?

GRADY

I'm going through.

HATTON
(shaking his head)

It sure beats me. Okay. We'll
do our part.

He and Crowe go through the window. Grady shuts it,
paces back to the desk, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Alone, he
shows some of the strain of his position. As he paces

3. INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE MED. SHOT

as the door is unlocked and opened and Kate Parrish
enters with Jack behind her. She moves to the counter
as he follows.

JACK

It's not entirely safe for you
to be living behind this place
alone, Kate.

KATE

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KATE

I've been living here ever since
my folks were killed, Jack.

JACK

But Grady wasn't in town.

KATE

He's getting ready to make a
move. I wish I knew what it is.

JACK

I wish that telegram would come.

KATE

From where? What about?

JACK

This is not for the newspaper.
Not yet.

KATE

I won't publish it - you know that.

JACK

It's better you don't know.

KATE

You don't trust me!

JACK

Now, Kate.....

KATE

I'm working against Grady just as hard
as you are -- harder. I've a right
to know anything that might help.

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JACK

It might not amount to anything.
I'm sorry I mentioned it.

KATE

Oh -- go home!

JACK

(with dignity)

I was aimin' to do that.

KATE

Well -- do it now!

JACK

Good night, Miss Kate.

He turns and abruptly exits. Kate remains near the counter, not looking after him, biting her lip. She slams her fist on the counter in anger. Then she is suddenly ashamed. She goes slowly to the lamp, turns it out as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

4. CLOSE SHOT POSTER

Tacked on the front of the Copper Cup is a poster. It reads -FOR SHERIFF LON GRADY VOTE FOR THE MAN WHO GIVES YOU A SQUARE DEAL HONEST LON GRADY

RITTER'S VOICE

The next morning it exploded. Cards like this all over town, Grady's men goin' around, talkin' him up. It was well planned, it busted over town like a bomb or a Fourth of July fireworks. In any day, in any clime, a big lie told loud and often finds a lot of believers. Huberle wasn't different from any other place.

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5. MAIN STREET HUBERLE EXTERIOR FULL SHOR

Grady's men are strolling about, offering cigars to anyone who will accept them. People cluster here and there. Grady himself struts before the Copper Cup. He kisses a couple of babies, waves his arms as though declaiming his platform to the electorate. Around Mitchell's store there seems a desert area. Amy stands, arms folded, and watches her deluded fellow townspeople. Sam comes from the store and joins her. Jack Valentine rides down the street, hitches his horse in front of Mitchell's store and joins them on the porch.

3. GROUP SHOT SAM, AMY, JACK

They are looking at the activity on the street.

AMY

Fat's in the fire now.

JACK

(wonderingly)

The man's really got nerve.

SAM

I never thought He's do it. Not him.
I thought maybe some figger-head
might run, with Grady behind him.

JACK

Now Kate will have to support you,
Sam. Only - people won't be payin'
much attention to the paper. They'll
be drinkin' Grady's free booze and
smokin' his cigars.

SAM

What we gonna do, Jack?

JACK

You stand on your record, Sam.

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AMY

What record.

JACK

Sam has never done anything bad.

AMY

(sniffing)

And not much good. 'Ceptin'
gets you to play deputy sometimes.

SAM

Now look here, Amy...

AMY

Jack, -why don't you enter the race?

JACK

And split the vote? Amy, you're a
good woman - but a poor politician.

AMY

I mean for Sam to quit. He can be
your deputy for awhile.

Sam is cut to the bone by this. He looks helplessly
from Amy to Jack.

SAM

Maybe she's right, Jack.

JACK

We're not playin' it that way.
I got some other ideas.

SAM

(relieved)

Well - whatever you say, Jack.

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JACK

You get some placards from Kate.
Put one up wherever Grady's got
one. Jest be yourself, Sam.

AMY

Thank goodness, he couldn't be
any other way, I'll say that!

She tucks her hand under his arm, smiles up at him

AMY

(continuing)

You got Jack and Ozzie
to vote for you, anyway!

Sam grins. Jack moves away.

JACK

I'll mosey along and see some
people on my own hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

7. EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP FULL SHOT DAM

as Jack approaches the smithy, two boys are wrestling.
SONNY, the newsboy for the Chronicle, seems to be ref-
ereeing. Jack stops, smiling, watching. One of the
- boys flips the other on his back. They try it again,
the same boy succeeds, using a half-nelson, throwing
the other boy hard. The defeated one arises, doubles
his fists, angry. Jack moves in between them.

JACK

Hey there. You were only playing,
weren't you?

SONNY

Sure they were.

JACK

The boys are suddenly abashed. Jack shakes his head.

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JACK

Never get mad if the other fella
knows a better hold. Now lemme show
you how not to go down so hard.

Jack shows the simple defense against a half-nelson--
to go with it and look for the leverage to change, when
the attacked can slip the grip. The two kids practice it
with great glee. After a moment they are getting too
excited and Jack stops them.

JACK

Hold it, Hold it. That's enough.

SONNY

Yeah,- pretty soon they'll be
good enough to throw me! Hey, Jack,
sing us a son, huh?

JACK

Well - the Sheriff'll be needing
you to tack up posters... But maybe
we got time for a short one.

The other kids come incloser, grinning. Jack gets his
guitar from within the blacksmith shop, CAMERA FOLLOWING,
returns and finds his favorite cracker box. The boys
gather around in TIGHT GROUP SHOT. Jack tunes up,
sings. SONG
As he finishes he looks seriously at his young friends.

JACK

Think we'll form a little club.

SONNY

Aw - we can't vote.

JACK

You got parents, you know.

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SONNY

You mean -- we might git our folks
to stick with Sam?

JACK

You want 'em to, don't you?

SONNY

Sure - Sam's a good hombre.
I don't like that Grady.

The other two boys are obviously excited about forming
any sort of club.

JACK

Okay. Go round up all my young
friends. Help Sam distribute his
cards. And talk. Do a lot of talkin'
to your aunts and uncles - everybody.

SONNY

Leave it to me, Jack.

He marshals the boys, marches them off. Jack strums his
guitar thoughtfully. OZZIE comes on scene, whittling
as always, and sits beside him. Hatton and Crowe drift
up and also hunker down.

OZZIE

Jack - you reckon Grady's got
a chance to beat Sam?

JACK

He sure has.

OZZIE

(seriously)

Jack I jest couldn't stand it.

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JACK

Wait until it happens, Ozzie.

HATTON

Sure wish we had a vote in this town.

CROWE

Mebbe we can sneak in a couple.

HATTON

Not with Grady watchin' the polls.

JACK

Best thing you two can do is stay out of it.

HATTON

We got to do what we can agin Grady, don't we?

JACK

Better stay away from him. I've seen him draw.

HATTON

Mike the bartender tells us you come up purty fast with a hawg-leg your own self, Jack?

JACK

Not as fast as Grady. I'm not gun-slinger.

CROWE

(thoughtfully)

I seen lil Luke Short oncet, in El Paso. Fella drawed on him, Luke wasn't fast. But when he did shoot -- he kilt the man.

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JACK

Luke took his time.

HATTON

What yawl gonna do about Grady
runnin' for Sheriff?

JACK

Vote for Sam.

HATTON

But you got to do somethin'

JACK

Like what?

Hatton and Crowe have no answer. Crowe arises.

CROWE

I'm Hungry. All this debatin'
gives me an appetitè.

Hatton joins him.. They look at Jack.

HATTON

You sure you ain't gonna do
anything?

Jack shakes his head. The two exit. Ozzie has stopped
whittling.

OZZIE

But we got to do somethin'.

JACK

Keep yours ears open and your mouth
shut, Ozzie. That'll fetch it.

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OZZIE

I don't see how. If Sam is beat.....

JACK

Let's wait and see before we cry, huh?

As he strums on the guitar we

DISSOLVE TO:

8. INT. HUBERLE BANK MID. SHOT DAY

Banker Grimes is seated behind his desk. He looks worried. Across from him sits ACE BANCROFT, poker faced.

GRIMES

I tell you, I don't like it.

BANCROFT

I'll admit that it ain't exactly what I would plan.

GRIMES

Grady's never done anything to hurt me. He's a good customer. His game is on the level. But Sam suited me as Sheriff.

BANCROFT

Sam suited me too. He's not smart enough to do harm.

GRIMES

A wide open town is good for business. But if Grady is Sheriff-- it could be too wide open.

BANCROFT

You goin' to buck him?

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There is silence. Grimes is patently afraid. Bancroft is grimly amused.

BANCROFT
(continuing)

You ain't - not in the open. Nor am I.

GRIMES
(whining)

But it seems like we oughta.

BANCROFT

I've had things around here pretty comfortable. I got no use for snoot-noses like that Jack Valentine.

GRIMES
(hastily)

Now, now. Jack's a good citizen.

BANCROFT

Yeah.

GRIMES

Well-- He is. When Sam gets in trouble -- Jack gets him out.

BANCROFT

Difference between you and me is, Grimes, you lack nerve.

GRIMES
(grimly)

I run a bank. You got mines, cattle, things you can run your own way. And you're just as scared of Grady as I am.

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Bancroft starts to reply. Then he thinks better of it, takes out a cigar, lights it. Both men look unhappy.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. COPPER CUP FULL SHOT DAY

Placards announcing Grady's candidacy are in evidence, Grady is leaning against the bar. Red Cotton is behind him. Grady's men are riding high. The wheel and the faro layout are busy. Only the poker table is empty save for the dealer, who plays with a deck of cards. BLACKIE the bartender is serving the drinks. The Copper Heads begin to play. Grady looks annoyed, then relaxes. He is the jovial politician now. SONG BY COPPER HEADS over the action. Jack Valentine enters. There is a momentary lull.

10. PANNING SHOT JACK

as he strolls toward Grady. He looks right and left. He smiles. Defiantly the noise begins, louder than before. Jack nods sardonically to acquaintances, stops beside Grady, greets him with a grin.

11. THREE SHOT GRADY, JACK, RED IN B.G.

JACK

Howdy, folks.

GRADY

Have a drink on the house.

Red smiles feebly at Jack, looks away.

JACK

Thanks. I never drink before sun-down.

GRADY

Have a sass, then.

JACK

(putting a bill on the bar)

I'll buy my own.

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Blackie comes on the scene, looks inquiringly at Grady, scowling. Grady shrugs, winks.

- GRADY

I'll take the best.

BLACKIE

Yes, sir, Lon.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hatton and Crowe come into scene, defiantly glaring at Grady, edging up close to Jack.

GRADY

Valentine, you keep those friends of yours in order or I won't be responsible.

JACK

Have a drink, boys.....
(to Grady)
Responsible for what?

GRADY

What happens to 'em.

JACK

You're runnin' for Sheriff now, Grady. You'd better behave.

GRADY

I'm runnin' this bar too. And runnin' it my way. That goes for you, too, Valentine.

Blackie comes back with the drinks. He takes the bill, slaps down some change. Hatton examines the change, counts on his fingers.

12. TWO SHOT HATTON AND CROWE

Crowe is also counting, examining change. They look at one another, nod.

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13. GROUP SHOT AT BAR

JACK
(to Grady)

You sure are walkin' the high
road, Grady.

GRADY

I aim to.

Hatton plucks at Jack's sleeve excitedly.

HATTON

Jack - Count yore change. That son
shorted you.

JACK
(glancing at change)

Yeah. So he did.

GRADY

You accusin' my barkeep of cheatin'
you, Valentine?

Red starts forward, biting her lip.

14. CLOSE SHOT RED

in a panic sensing that Jack is in danger of his life.

15. CLOSE SHOT JACK

looking past Grady at Red, realizing situation.

16. GROUP SHOT

as Jack edges clear. He picks up change. He laughs.

JACK
(softly)

Why, Grady, I wouldn't say the man
cheated me. Anyone can make a mistake.

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GRADY
(blustering)

I warned you. Those fellers are
just out to make trouble.

17. FULL SHOT BAR

Men are staring toward the group at the bar. It is quiet.

18. GROUP SHOT AT BAR

JACK

No use to fight over a small piece
of change.

He starts to turn away, turns back. With lightning
speed he grabs Grady's gun wrist. He holds him
helpless.

JACK
(clearly)

You can keep the change, Grady.
And you can run your bar as you
like.. But when you speak to me--
moderate your tone.

GRADY

Let go my arm.

JACK

I'm going to let it go. And you
can draw, if you like. But--
this ain't my time to draw. When
I'm ready -- I'm letting you know.

GRADY

And that'll be the day!

Jack shoves him off balance, but not too roughly. He
steps clear. Hatton and Crowe, blinking, haven't moved.
Red. sighs with relief.

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JACK

Until that day, then - adieu

He turns his back on Grady.

19. FULL SHOT EAR

as Jack very slowly walks out of the place, never turning back. Hatton and Crowe follow. Grady's hand goes to his gun, but he does not draw. Grady is poker-faced.

20. CLOSE SHOT GRADY

GRADY
(to himself)

There goes the one man can beat me in the election. And I can't make him fight me - not my way!

DISSOLVE TO:

21. EXT. MAIN STREET FULL

Sonny has his kids organized and is going around town tacking up placards reading RE-ELECT YOUR SHERIFF SAM'S THE MAN MITCHELL FOR SHERIFF. The women of the town are approving. Sam stands in front of his store, unhappy. He walks across to the newspaper office.

22. MED. SHOT EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Kate comes out to talk with Sam.

KATE

Jack started something with the boys.

SAM

Women and kids - they got no votes.

KATE

Never underestimate the power of the petticoat, Sam.

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SAM

I been checkin' around. Kate,
the truth is -- I ain't got a
chance.

KATE
(startled)

Sam - how can you tell?

SAM

They can't look me in the eye.
Trouble is - they think I'm scared
of Grady. They even think Jack is
scared of him.

KATE

Jack's not afraid of the devil himself.

SAM

No - but Jack's waitin(for some
Message. I never seen Jack hold off
like he is this time.

KATE
(thoughtfully)

You're right. He's gbt some strong
reason for not acting.

SAM

If only Grady would get away outa
line.....

KATE

He's out of line just living!

SAM

Can't people see that if he gets
in as Sheriff he can make his own
law? He'll ruin this town.

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KATE

I've been writing an editorial to that effect.

SAM

Ain't you a leettle scared, Kate? You got no proof of it.

KATE

Huberle is my town, Sam. If it is ruined - what king of life is there for any of us?

SAM

If I only knowed what to do?

KATE
(kindly)

You'll know what to do when the time comes. You're brave enough, Sam.

SAM

It ain't that. I - jest - don't - know.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP MED. SHOT DAY

MIKE the ex-bartender of the Copper Cup is sitting in the sun, hat over his eyes, evidently still on a bender. Sonny and the boys come on, tack up a placard, look disapprovingly at him.

SONNY
(to boys)

He's been like that since Grady beat him up and threw him out. It's a shame, my maw says. He was always a good friend of Miss Cotton's. C'mon, Fellas....

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They exit. Mike peers from beneath hat-brim. Jack Valentine enters, pulls up his cracker-box, glances at Mike, glances away. Without looking at Jack, Mike speaks.

MIKE

Anything new, Jack?

JACK

Nothing you don't already know.
Grady just tried to start a fight.

MIKE

He's scared of you.... How's Red,
Jack?

JACK

Scared.

MIKE

I don't blame her. He's a snake.

JACK

You remember some talk about Denver -
and Soapy Smith?

MIKE

I remember it. I been thinkin'
about it.

JACK

Think some more about it. Nobody's
watchin' you. I want you to
ride to Mineville and send some
more telegrams.

MIKE

I'll go as soon as it's dark.

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JACK

Don't know what I'd do without you,
Mike, I can't make a move.

MIKE

I wisht I could do more.

JACK

You will.

MIKE

I can't hardly wait, I would
sure like a bath, too.

JACK

Get one in Mineville. But make sure
you're dirty again when you get back.

MIKE

I was always a great one for baths.
Just can't help it. Hot water! Soap!

JACK

When this is over I'll turn a
Hose on you myself.

MIKE

If we're alive.

There is a shert silence.

JACK

(solemnly)

I don't mind dyin'. But I want to
take Grady along.

MIKE

Killin' a man, scarin' a woman to
death - that's bad. But tryin'
to murder a whole town -- that's
plumb evil, Jack.

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JACK

Ride hard tonight, Mike. Wire that
Marshal I told you about. Describe
our men to him.. Wait for an answer.

MIKE

Shhhh!

Jack glances off. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Hatton and Crowe
come on scenes. Jack goes into the shop, gets out his
guitar. Mike pretends to be asleep. Hatton and Crowe
glance at him, shrug.

HATTON

He's as good as no company at all, Jack.

JACK

Poor Mike's on a long one, this time.

HATTON

Grady finished him, huh?

JACK

I'm afraid so.

CROWE

Grady's finished a-plenty of 'em.

JACK

In Denver, Eh?

HATTON

Lots of places. You gonna play for us?

CAMERA MOVES IN to three shot. Jack hits a chord.

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JACK

That I wouldn't gun him down? I said
that. I won't --not illegal.

HATTON

But I thought you were scared...

CROWE

(hastily)

He means you got too much sense to
match draws with Grady.

HATTON

'Course that's what I mean.

JACK

I won't say anymore about it. You
boys better stay out of it, anyhow.

HATTON

He had us beat up.

CROWE

He throwed us out of his joint.

HATTON

We aim to see it through.

JACK

Well-- don't say I didn't warn
you all.

There is another pause.

HATTON

Waal-- I see you ain't in any mood
to play a tune for us.

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JACK

We are -- until I get my telegram.

SAM

If you'd only tell me what you're
expectin' to hear....

JACK

I can't tell what I'm not sure about.

SAM

Okay, Jack.

He looks at Ozzie, who is whittling.

OZZIE

No fun no more. No place in town.

JACK

Wait. There'll be fun again.

OZZIE

You think so, Jack?

SAM

I been tellin' you so, Ozzie.

OZZIE

Yeah - but it sounds better when
Jack tells me.

JACK

No matter what happens to us --
there'll be fun again. Just
like the sunshine. Some days
are cloudy - but the sun always
comes out, don't it?

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OZZIE
(wistfully)

I like it better when it shines
alla time.

Jack hits a chord. He vamps, then grins at Ozzie, goes
into an appropriate SONG _____.

NARRATION COMMERCIALS

FADE OUT

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