

BILLY BUYS A HORSE and THE BATTLE OF VENDOR'S ROW

PILOT - CLOSING THE GAP - SERIES

WRITTEN BY

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FADE IN.

EXT. SOUTH PARK - FAIRPLAY - DIRT ROAD - DAY (DAWN)

TITLE: BILLY BUYS A HORSE

TITLE: FORTH OF JULY - FAIRPLAY, COLORADO 1931

A 1928 GMC flatbed pickup drives along a dirt country road pulling a trailer. Dust billows behind on this clear summer morning.

The truck is driven by, TERRENCE(40) and he is hauling two horses in a wooden-stake-bed trailer to sell at the auction at the Sale Barn.

BILLY(11), sits in the passenger seat stares out the window of the truck from under his cowboy hat and brown curls.

Terrence's stern features and steely eyes concentrates on the road. His long black mustache curves downward creating an endless frown.

They enter the town of Fairplay. Above the street a large banner hangs over Main street.

INSERT SIGN: WELCOME TO FAIRPLAY! - 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION.
TOWN DANCE & FIREWORKS!

INT. PICKUP - MAINSTREET - DAY

TERRENCE

It's going to be a busy day. Never seen so many folks scurrying about.

BILLY

Yes, Sir.

TERRENCE

The city has planned a grand shindig of a day. With a parade, and festivities at the fairgrounds. Plus a fair, vendor row and food to boot.

BILLY

Is that where the horses will be sold?

TERRENCE

Yes, the auction is at the stockyards sale barn. The reason we are here.

BILLY

The sign said with a dance and fireworks.

TERRENCE

Not planning to go to the dance. But we will stay for the fireworks if you want to.

BILLY

I sure would.

INT/EXT. PICKUP & TRALIER - SUDAN - SIDESTREET - DAY

The truck and trailer turn off the main drag and head to the fairgrounds on a busy street.

A car lunges out in front of them and stops. Terrence throws out his arm to protect his son, hitting the breaks.

The wheels sequel on the pavement and the trailer swigs to the side a bit.

Billy is caught from slamming into the metal dash by his father's strong arm.

BILLY

Holly smokes.

The two horses in the trailer don't do as well when gravity drives them into the wood rails on the trailer. They let out a complaining loud bray.

In the car, two miner types wearing bowler hats, laugh at the calamity they caused.

The driver chewing on a shot thick cigar has started the celebration early. He tosses an empty pint bottle onto the street. Smashing the glass container in front of the pickup.

The miner continues on his way, locking eyes with Terrence, driving past the truck with a smirk on his face.

TERRENCE

Some peoples children. That-son-of-a...

Terrence pulls his arm away, and in a new voice.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
You okay boy?

BILLY
Yes, I'm okay. Wow, that was close.

TERRENCE
I hate automobiles. Drivers are so unpredictable. I'd rather ride a horse any day.

EXT. FAIRGROUND STOCKYARDS - PENS - DAY

Terrence, unloads the horses from the open trailer. Billy stands nearby watching his father's every move.

TERRENCE
Thanks for your help, boy. I can handle it from here. Meet me back at the truck in four hours.

BILLY
Yes, Sir.

Billy, heads down through the rows of parked cars, trucks, and a few trailers like the rig they borrowed. He walks along the back fence of the stock pens.

He makes his way along the fence rails of the large stockyard corrals. In the pens are over at 100-plus horses.

He recognizes the two his father unloaded only a few minutes ago. The horses are up against the tall five-rail fence, the mares keep close to each other.

Billy follows signs to the entrance. He turns up Vendor's Row and enters under a celebration day banner.

The whole place is decorated with the classic red-white-and-blue striped fabrics and half-circle bunting.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - DAY

Vendor's Row is a temporary dirt street- a wide-open thoroughfare about two-hundred feet long. Along it on both sides are of thirty or more shops, all canvas tents in various sizes. The street is crowded with people.

Many vendors have awnings or canvas fly's (open-canvas-pole tents) out in front of their shops. The vendors sell their wares as people head up to the sale barn and the fair's main entrance. The place is clogged with visitors.

New smells engulf Billy as he stops a moment in the middle of the street to take it all in. He sniffs the air, and nearly gets knocked over.

He gets bumped along by the multitudes of busy people. Billy makes his way to the side of the midway. He stops in front of a tent with a big canvas sign that says; GUNS.

He checks out the Gun-smithy booth. There's rifles and shotguns laid out on tables and on each end barrels of handguns. On one barrel is a sign; Colt 45's The gun that tamed the Wild West \$2.00 each. The husky short blond haired man SMITHY comes over to him.

SMITHY

Lookin' to buy yourself a gun, boy?

BILLY

No, Sir. I got my mind on something else.

SMITHY

Every kid needs him a gun. Look at them 45's. You'd be a real cowboy with one of them on your side.

BILLY

That might be true, Sir. But I'm thinking a horse under me would be better. I lookin to buy a horse.

SMITHY

Got you sights set pretty high young feller...

Then the gun vendor get interrupted by some adult shoppers. Billy is pushed aside.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

Lookin' to buy yourself a gun gentlemen?

Billy wonders back across the street.

MONTAGE EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - VENDOR TENTS - DAY

-Billy looks around, surprised at all the things one might buy there. He spies some crates piled up leaning on a flag pole. Dodging people he makes his way there.

-He hops on a wooden crate, grabbing the pole and looks back where he started. On the East side he sees.

-Harlow's gun works. Looking above the street is the entrance sign's back. His eyes follows it.

-Back to the West side he views more vendors.

-T.W. Mancos's Hardware.

-Buck's Saddle Shop.

-Perry Lewis' Ropes & Lariats, where the flag pole is.

-PERRY is an old cowboy with a face of wrinkles(60) He hawks his wares.

PERRY

Step right up folks. Finest ropes
and Lariats in the whole state of
Colorado.

-Next is Steve's Bounty Hunter Hats. With hats piled up high on tables out front.

-Billy is caught by a smell that floats in the air. He sniff again.

BILLY

Cotton candy.

-Billy heads towards the smell. Then sees the cotton candy booth. He stops at the end of the line tempted to buy some.

-He reaches into his pocket where his small money bag is. Feeling the coins through the bag he decides to move on.

-He heads across the midway to the East.

-To Mike Hunt's Gloves & Dusters Plus Clothing.

-MIKE(55) stands out front hawking his wares trying to be louder than Perry across the midway.

MIKE

Get your western clothing here. We
got gloves and dusters. Best in the
whole United States.

-To Donna Frank's Indian Art and Rugs.

-To Charlie Taylor's Harness and Tack.

-To Haydn's Used Books, and Camera tent.

-Back to the West side, is Olin's Water Pumps. Windmill Sales and Service with several giant windmills on display.

-Next to him is a dark tent with its flap closed. Painted on its side is Moyer's Oil, and underneath it is added in chalk Inquire Within. Nothing to see he passes on.

-Beyond the Oiler's tent is Will Stone's Wagon Repair and Blacksmithing Shop. Above waves a flag sign: The Mesa Valley Wagon Works.

-At the temporary South Park Mercantile Store tent, Billy sees, Miss SANDY(29). He waves, and she waves back.

-Beyond the store is a food area where all kinds of meats and fixings are being prepared.

His Uncle WILL(47) is there helping cook. He wears a white apron, already soiled with BBQ sauce.

Miss Sandy drops off some vegetables to his Uncle Will.

WILL

Thank you, ma'am.

SANDY

My pleasure. This is some vegies from Billy's garden. He got me to pay almost five dollar.

WILL

Well, how about that.

-Miss Sandy returns to her booth, and unloads more merchandise onto tables, including more crates of vegetables.

BILLY

Those are my crates.

-Billy looks at the creates of vegetables.(END MONTAGE.)

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK EXT. SOUTH PARK MERCANTILE STORE - SUNRISE

Earlier the same day Terrence pulls to a stop in front of the South Park Mercantile store. In the back of the pickup are open crates of freshly picked vegetables. The horse trailer is hitched behind.

TERRENCE

Stay here, boy. I'll be right back.

After a few moments, his father returns to the truck with a beautiful lady with long golden hair tied up loosely behind her head in a ponytail.

She works at the store and wipes her hands on her apron as she looks over the crop in the back of the truck. She then comes over to Billy's window, which is still shut.

SANDY

My name is Miss Sandy and...

She realizes his window is still up and makes the motion to roll down the window.

Billy only stares at her, stunned by her beauty. Terrence knocks on the hood.

TERRENCE

Open the window, boy. She might want to buy your crop.

Billy quickly rolls down the window, looking embarrassed.

SANDY

Hello, young man. My name is Miss Sandy, and you are?

BILLY

Billy.

SANDY

You'd grow all this yourself?

But before the boy could answer.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'll give three dollars for the lot.

Billy's attention is drawn away as another truck pulls up to the store. He looks back to Miss Sandy.

BILLY

Six dollars, miss.

Sandy is surprised and looks back at Terrence who is now talking intently to big TOM McQuaid(65),who had arrived in the other truck.

SANDY

Hey, Terr, your son wants to haggle some.

Terrence glances at her, shrugs his shoulders, and continues to talk to the other man.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I'll give ya' four, and aren't you
a wise little feller.

BILLY
Five dollars, miss.

Miss Sandy folds her arms, her blond hair glowing a bit red
in the sun.

SANDY
Four dollars and...

She digs in her apron pocket, and counts the change she finds
there.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Eighty-seven cents.

She straightens her back and puts her hands on her hips.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Last offer, you little swindler.

BILLY
Sold... But, I'm not a swind...

SANDY
(smiling)
Good haggling, boy. You make your
father proud. Now get my groceries
off the truck before they spoil.

Billy hesitates, watching his father.

BILLY
...Yes, right away. Thanks.

She orders, sounding like a woman who is used to getting her
way.

SANDY
Hop-to-it, boy.

BILLY
Yes, Ma'am.

SANDY
I am not a Ma'am. Miss will do.

BILLY
Yes, Ma'am...

Billy blunders again and catches himself.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Miss.

Billy jumps out of the truck and unloads his crop into the store.

He gets his money and puts it into a small leather pouch that once held marbles.

SANDY

That's a smart little bag you have there.

BILLY

(suddenly somber)
My mother give it to me...

SANDY

Sorry for your loss Billy. We all miss her so.

BILLY

Thanks, I think mother would have been proud of me... Too bad she couldn't see me now.

SANDY

She is very proud of you. I'm sure of it. Bet she's keepin' an eye on you everyday, looking down from heaven.

Billy can only nod, getting overwhelmed. He quickly leaves and jumps back into the truck.

He watches his father talking to Tom. He can't hear, but he can tell something is wrong.

EXT. TOM'S TRUCK - MORNING

Tom sits in his truck talking out his window to Terrence with a warning tone in his voice.

TOM

I am just telling you, to be careful. Pike's been seen in Fairplay.

TERRENCE

Careful is my middle name. Worried I'm gonna get myself hurt?

TOM

No, I'm worried what's goin' be left of Pike.

TERRENCE

Well, Tom, I guess you got your work cut out for you.

TOM

I don't know what's goin' to happen when you boys tangle again. You know, I'm a deputy sheriff, and I got my duties to perform.

Terrence turns and heads to the truck, looking at his son.

TERRENCE

I won't kill'em, Mr. Deputy, but he's goin to think twice before he tries something like that again.

TOM

You be careful... See you in Fairplay.

Tom pulls away and waves. (END FLASHBACK.)

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - MINER'S OPERA - DAY

Billy walks across from the temporary South Park Mercantile Store where there is a large open tent with a fly attached.

On the street a big man, with red hair, hands out leaflets' to passerby. Billy takes a flyer listening to a band. He looks at the paper. It shows a sketch of the new opera building they hoped to build someday.

At the front under a canvas fly The band leader, an older gentleman, waves a baton about, as the brass band continues to play. The men in the band have different colorful costumes on adding to the atmosphere. Above them, a fabric sign reads; Miner's Opera.

Lounging behind, under the tent is groups of rough-looking men sitting at a tables, smoking cigars and playing cards. They loaf around waiting for donations.

A hanging sign says; Miner's Lounge. But these men look more like gangster's and thugs than miners.

BILLY

Miners Sing?

A little further along and across the street, he spies Mrs. MILDRED McQuaid(59), Tom's wife. She sits under a colorful fabric covered tent with many other fashionable ladies.

The sign above their tent reads, KEEP PROBITITION NOW! The women are asking people to sign something.

Billy has no interest there and wanders back across the mid-way.

He sees Miss Sandy again bantering with a would-be buyer. They haggle on and seem to be having fun, trying to make the best sale or purchase.

Billy feels the small leather bag in his pocket. But his eyes lands on a another sign on a big tent. Mesa Valley Wagon Works. But with nothing out front.

He walks over to the big tent and looks in between the flaps. Inside he sees a large Concord stagecoach.

INT. VENDOR'S ROW - MESA VALLEY WAGON WORKS - DAY

It is a beautiful coach, dark green body, with pale yellow undercarriage, and wheels. Billy enters the tent to get a better look.

VOICE (O.S.)

(gruff)

Don't touch it, kid.

BILLY

No, I wouldn't.

A small thin man, STONE(44) with a tall top hat pops up from around the stagecoach.

STONE

Just got done dusting her off.

He continues as he comes around to the front. Wiping the tall wheels as he moves.

STONE (CONT'D)

Built her myself.

BILLY

Wow. It sure is a beauty. So, you are trying to sell it?

STONE

First of all, sonny, she ain't an 'it.' She's a she.

He pats her on the door.

STONE (CONT'D)
Anything looks this good and built
with loving care can only be
female.

He looks at the boy intently.

STONE (CONT'D)
Sure, she's for sale - one-thousand
bucks takes her away.
(whispering)
But, to you, I'd sell her for a
little less.

Stone steps up to the boy.

STONE (CONT'D)
We should be properly introduced.

He thrusts out a hand.

STONE (CONT'D)
Will Stone's my name, and yours?

Billy shakes the hand.

BILLY
Billy Brown.

STONE
So, now, we're acquainted. What
you'd give me for the coach?

BILLY
Oh, no, not me, I could never
buy...

STONE
I know that, sonny, but you might
have yourself an enterprising
father who might want to get into
the stage driving business.

BILLY
I don't think so. I thought no one
uses stagecoaches anymore.

STONE

Right you are. But, with this depression going on, cars and trucks breakin' down all the time, plus it's just plain hard to keep them full of gas.

He straightens his hat and rambles on.

STONE (CONT'D)

I believe people will return to the horse and buggy. Traveling by stagecoach will become a way of life once again.

BILLY

That may be true. Even I need a horse.

STONE

Every man needs him a good horse or a mule.

BILLY

My uncle likes mules, but I'm hunting for a horse.

STONE

Smart uncle you have. Wonder if he'd be lookin' for a stagecoach.

BILLY

I wouldn't know.

STONE

Well, you're at the right place today to buy a horse. But I hope you got at least twenty bucks. I think the bidding starts around fifteen dollars for a good horse.

Other people step into Mr. Stone's tent, and the wagon builder turns to the new folks as if Billy isn't there.

STONE (CONT'D)

Built her, myself...

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - FOOD VENDORS - DAY

Billy moves on up the midway repeating what Mr. Stone had just said.

BILLY

Every man needs him a good horse...
Four-dollars-and-eighty-seven cents-
can't buy anything with that.

Over his head, he sees a sign with the words- Auction Barn
and a big red arrow pointing the way.

The sounds and smells of Vendor's Row fills Billy's senses.
He wanders by chuck wagons and food vendor tents. There is
plenty to eat. It was early but he was already hungry.

Billy's stomach growls looking at the Fried Chicken and
potatoes, BBQ Pork Ribs, slabs of Steak, plus corn-on-the-cob
and all the fixings.

He watches his Uncle Will turn a whole side of beef on a
spit, coating it with butter and BBQ sauce. Billy walks over.

WILL

Heard you sold your crop. Decided
what your going to spend it on?

BILLY

Well... Yes. I'd like to buy a
horse. But not enough money for the
horse I've dreamed of.

WILL

Thought your father said no to you
getting a horse?

BILLY

Yeah, I know... But I can't buy
nothing with four-dollars-and-
eighty-seven cents.

WILL

Can't buy anything...

BILLY

Yes, Sir.

He wanders back out in the middle of the midway when he hears
a familiar female voice.

Billy knows that voice, it is PATTI(12), a young girl from
his school in Hartsel.

PATTI

Billy, is that you?

He looks around behind him and sees Patti.

BILLY
Hello, Patti.

PATTI
I'm glad to see you here, Billy.
Are you going to the Fair? Will you
be at the party? Can you stay for
fireworks?

He stares at her for a long moment, looking her up and down.
He sees not a little girl in ponytails but a young girl
becoming a woman with long straight hair.

BILLY
(stutters)
Uh, n-no... Only here for a few
hours, then back to the ranch.

She steps closer, a little to close for Billy's comfort.

PATTI
There's going to be a dance, too. I
wish you could stay.

Billy tries to answer back, but his voice is stuck in his
throat. He looks into her blue eyes, what is happening to
him? He finally answers.

BILLY
No time for dancing, I just came to
buy my horse.

Billy looks up the midway as if he has somewhere to go.

Patti folds her arms across her chest.

PATTI
Yeah, dancing is for kids.

Billy's feet feel like lead. He can't move or seem to talk.

She pushes Billy back with one hand, turns and walks away.

Billy watches her leave, unable to speak. He feels a pain in
his stomach again, placing his hand there.

She looks back, sees him watching her, and says over her
shoulder.

PATTI (CONT'D)
Go buy your horse.

Patti disappears into the crowd.

The bewildered youngster stands there motionless as the Fourth of July celebration visitors move past him. He looks in the direction where his friend has gone.

BILLY
What did I say?

EXT. GATES TO THE SALE BARN - DAY

Billy walks by the corrals on his way to the massive grey-colored building, the sale barn itself.

In the middle of the crowded path, Billy stops and pulls his bag from his pocket, looks in it, and counts its contents again, still only four-dollars-and-eighty-seven cents.

Off to the side not far from the boy is a scruffy-looking cowboy. He has long salt-and-pepper hair, and is dressed all in black. The man sits on the top rail of the fence smoking a cigar.

COWBOY IN BLACK
What ya' got in the pouch, kid?

BILLY
Marbles... Just marbles.

The man sitting on the fence, stares back with twinkling deep blue eyes as he puffs on his cigar.

COWBOY IN BLACK
Yeah, marbles.

He continues blowing smoke from his lips.

COWBOY IN BLACK (CONT'D)
If I was a bettin' man, and I am.
I'd say you got somethin' other
than marbles in the bag.

Billy stuffs the pouch back deep in his pocket. The man remains on the fence, no longer interested in the boy.

Billy moves quickly away not looking where he is going. He walks hurriedly along the dirt road choked with people and runs right into Mr. MCALLISTER(65). He is a joyful round-faced, balding man with something always good to say.

BILLY
Oh, pardon me, Sir.

MCALLISTER

Oh, no, pardon me, Billy. Good to see you, and how are you doing?

BILLY

I am just fine, thank you, Sir.

MCALLISTER

I haven't seen you around much this year. I enjoyed the times you came over to fish on the Hartsel Ranch.

BILLY

I liked that too. Spending carefree time fishing on the South Platte River. But now got chores, I'm almost twelve.

MCALLISTER

There's always time for fishing at any age.

BILLY

Yes, Sir.

MCALLISTER

What a fine day. Where are you off to, son?

Mr. McAllister looks around.

BILLY

The sale barn. I hope to buy a horse.

MCALLISTER

Indeed now, a horse? Well, you know what they say. Every man needs a good horse.

Billy pushes his hat back on his head.

BILLY

Yep, I've heard that a time or two.

Mr. McAllister checks his pocket watch.

MCALLISTER

I'm headed to the sale barn too. Shall we go together?

BILLY

Sure.

Billy and Mr. McAllister make their way to the sale barn.

INT. SALE BARN - AUCTION - DAY

There are bleachers all around the arena which are packed with on-lookers and would-be bidders. In the middle is a big corral, and in its center is a wooden platform stage, the auction block itself. This is where livestock is paraded across or stand while the auctioneer hawks the virtues of the animal being sold.

The giant room is filled with people. The folks moving from here to there creates dust that hangs in the air mixed with cigarette and cigar smoke. The heat of the early morning sun warms the room to the rafters.

Billy splits off from his friend who has a chair saved for him down in the front next to Tom McQuaid. Mr. McAllister, waves and points up to the big hayloft above where other kids are watching.

Billy looks up and sees a spot where he can survey everything going on below.

Mr. McAllister finds his seat and watches Billy climb the ladder making his way to the front of the hayloft along the rail.

INT. SALE BARN - AUCTION - HAY LOFT - DAY

Billy finds a comfortable place to watch. He sits down and dangles his legs over the edge along with the other kids.

He sees Mr. McAllister and they wave to each other.

Billy leans back on a hay bale in the warm loft. He repeats in his mind what he has heard.

BILLY (V.O.)
Every man needs a good horse...

But his father's words ring out louder than all.

TERRENCE (V.O.)
Someday, but not today, we will
talk about it tomorrow.

BILLY
I know all too well... Tomorrow
will never come. I can still hear
my Father's words.

FLASHBACK INT. HOMESTED RANCH - RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the cozy ranch house's warm kitchen, Billy confronts his father. They both stand at opposite ends of the big wooden table. Billy is clenching the back of the chair.

TERRENCE

...We are going to this auction to sell the draft horses, two captured mares, and a few cows, but nothing else.

BILLY

All I want. Is a horse of my own. I thought one of the new horses would be mine...

TERRENCE

No, we are not in any position to feed extra horses... Not even one.

Billy angrily pushes the chair forward, hitting the table.

BILLY

It's not fair, all the other kids have their own horses...

TERRENCE

Enough said... off to bed with you.

Billy rushes out of the room, and runs into Uncle Will, the cook on the place.

Like Will didn't hear, he looks after his pies cooling on the counter.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I see that look, don't start with me. I know what I'm doing...

Uncle Will tries to keep a tight lip but can't help it.

UNCLE WILL

Do you? That boy should have a horse.

TERRENCE

You just be sure to get the draft horses to the fair on time.

Terrence makes a move towards the pies, picking up a knife. Will slaps the back of his hand with a wooden spoon.(END FLASHBACK.)

INT. SALE BARN - AUCTION - DAY

Billy watches many horses cross the small platform, a mule or two, and even the two big draft horses Samson & Delilah brought to the auction by Uncle Will. They were bought by Tom McQuaid.

The livestock are selling for more money than he has in his pocket in the small leather bag. As horse after horse passes over the block, the droning sound of the auctioneer's voice and the nagging thoughts of his father fill his mind. He dozes off.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

No. Nothing else, nothing else,
nothing else, and no horse.

The boy wakes to watching the pigeons in the rafters. Suddenly, the jeers of the crowd bring his attention to a raw-boned, spindly horse on the auction block below.

His heart jumps.

BILLY

Now, here is something to care for.

Through the eyes of youth, he sees redness under the mud-caked coat and the spindly legs as slender and quick.

The crowd laughs, and the scruffy cowboy in black, shouts.

COWBOY IN BLACK

Give him to the glue factory.

A man near Mr. McAllister in a boiler hat yells.

MAN IN BOILER HAT

Wouldn't take 'um if you give 'em to
me.

Others around the arena join in along with laughter and boos.

CROWD

Get the bag of bones off the
stage...Let's get some real horses
up there...Is this a joke...Who you
tryin' to swindle here...

AUCTIONEER

Come on folks. You can't judge a
book by its cover...

The auctioneer is twanging on, trying to get something started.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Let's have fifteen dollars for an
opening bid.

The people hoot and laugh all the more.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Alright then, make it ten. Do I
hear ten?

He points to the sorry animal on the block.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Any horse that can walk is worth
that.

COWBOY IN BLACK
But he can't walk...

The crowd laughs again.

INT. SALE BARN - AUCTION - LOFT - DAY

Billy opens the small leather pouch, he again counts the
coins. Four-dollars-and-eighty-seven-cents.

They are slapping the outcast off the block when Billy hears
himself blurt out.

BILLY
Four-dollars-and-eighty-seven-
cents.

Not to miss a sale the auctioneer quickly points above the
crowd, and yells.

AUCTIONEER
Sold. To that young man in the
loft.

INT. SALE BARN - AUCTION - DAY

Mr. McAllister slaps a knee, jabbing Tom McQuaid in the ribs.

MCALLISTER
Well, how about that.

Others look around to see the young buyer, including the
Cowboy dressed in black.

Tom McQuaid looks concerned, then smiles.

TOM

Oh, what the hell! Terrence has got his handful with this boy.

INT. SALE BARN - BUYER'S TABLE - DAY

Billy's hands shake as he pays the money and leads the horse out the big back doors of the sale barn.

Mr. McAllister meets Billy walking away with his new pony.

MCALLISTER

Good for you son, you got yourself a horse.

BILLY

How am I going to explain what I've done?

EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

Billy ties the pony to the trailer attached to the truck.

Suddenly, a dark arm reaches out from behind the trailer and grabs the boy's arm. The arm belongs to the man in black who was sitting on the fence and later made fun of his horse.

The scruffy cowboy steps between the boy and the pony.

COWBOY IN BLACK

Marbles, eh?

He slaps the horse hard on the head smashing the pony's ears.

The horse reacts swiftly, spinning around, with a kick from his hind leg and sends the scoundrel flying.

The shaken cowboy tries to stand, ass-end first. But before he can get his balance, Billy kicks him in the seat sprawling him out in the dust of the parking lot.

Just then Terrence appears at the far side of the truck. He stops short at the sight of the scrawny horse tied to the back of the trailer. He shouts as he comes around the truck.

TERRENCE

Where in the hell did this sorry-looking critter come from?

But, before he can ask any more questions, he spies HALLOWAY on the ground covered in dust.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Halloway?

Billy notices his father knows the man in black from somewhere, calling him by name.

Still sitting on the ground propped up by his elbows behind him, the cowboy in black, known as Halloway complains.

HALLOWAY

I just happened to be walking by.
Minding my own business when I was
attacked.

Terrence helps him up holding the vest.

TERRENCE

I doubt that. He doesn't have a
horse.

HALLOWAY

Then, that boy kicked me when I was
down.

BILLY

He grabbed my arm and hit my horse
in the ears...

Terrence glances around at Billy.

TERRENCE

Is this true?

Anger flows into the frustrated rancher. He still holds onto Halloway with one hand full of fabric under the man's chin.

BILLY

Yes, the horse punched him, just
like a boxer... and I kicked him.

TERRENCE

You bought a horse, hell Billy!

BILLY

Well I-

Terrence cuts off his boy.

TERRENCE

Damn! Get that bag of bones away
from the trailer.

Halloway struggles to free himself from the steely grip on his vest and shirt.

HALLOWAY

I think it is time I get going and leave you two to your family squabble.

TERRENCE

Halloway, you picked the wrong day to get introduced to the Browns. We got little patience for a worthless human like you.

Terrence throws the scruffy cowboy into the side of the truck knocking the man out. Halloway lies in the dirt, un-moving.

Billy stands shocked at the violence exploded from his father. His frightened eyes dart around, as he clenches his fists and stands his ground thinking of what to say next.

Terrence moves to untie the pony. But Billy's arms quickly incircles the horse's drooping neck.

BILLY

He's mine. I bought him.

TERRENCE

You what?

BILLY

I bought him. For, four-dollars-and-eighty-seven-cents.

TERRENCE

For-god-sake, Billy. Why have you done this thing? You know how things are with us?

Billy looks down at his hands.

BILLY

Well, Sir. I wanted... That is, I thought we...

Billy looks up. But finding no warmth in the cold, piercing angry eyes of his father.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Well, no one else bid.

TERRENCE

Who would, for that?

BILLY

Mother would. (beat) If she was here. She would understand.

TERRENCE

Would she?

BILLY

I need something to care for. A pet
of my own. Some bit of the world to
call my own.

(beat)

Terrence is stunned. He is disarmed.

TERRENCE

I can't argue with that... Yes she
would...

Terrence stares a long moment. Then shrugs his shoulders and
turns away. He walks off a few steps and turns back.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I want this much clear. If that
thing comes home, he'll forage for
the winter.

Terrence pulls Halloway off the ground and leans him up
against the trailer. He taps the man's face to wake him and
looks over to Billy.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

One more thing, there's no grain,
understand?

Billy nods and tries not to smile.

Halloway comes out of his stupor, and staggers away from
Terrence and right into the ass-end of the pony, who takes
another punch at him, with a hind leg. Kicking Halloway into
the dust.

BILLY

I'm going to call him Punchy.

Terrence pulls Halloway up and pretends to kick the cowboy
dressed in black, now not so much, covered in dust. As
Halloway staggers from the trailer.

Billy and Terrence watch Halloway run off toward Vendor's
Row. Terrence looks back at his son.

TERRENCE

Punchy. Good name for him.

Terrence turns away, throwing arms into the air.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Well, don't just stand there. Load him up. I'll be back in a few minutes.

He walks off mumbling to himself and shaking his head, following where Halloway has gone.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - SOUTH END - DAY (HIGH NOON)

Terrence, looking for Halloway, finds himself at the south end of Vendor's Row. For a moment the crowd parts and at the North end, two hundred feet away is Halloway.

Terrence starts walking towards Halloway pushing his way through the busy street.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - NORTH END - DAY (HIGH NOON)

Halloway is urgently talking to a man. The man known as PIKE(36). The man's thin dark features under a weeks growth of short black beard is carved into a goatee. This gives him an evil look. He wears a dark green bib-front shirt with a black leather vest.

HALLOWAY

I want out. I'm not cut out for this kind of work.

At that moment the street opens up again and Pike see Terrence on the street. Both men spy each other on the opposite ends of the long dirt street.

They instantly go for their guns, their hands slapping only jeans for Pike nor Terrence are waring their weapons.

They stare toward each other in the hot high-noon sun.

Halloway looks where Pike is looking and sees Terrence too, and backs away from Pike.

HALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Leave me out of this. I've gone straight.

PIKE

You weren't worth much anyway. Thanks for the warnin' me Smith, or whatever your name is.

HALLOWAY

It's Halloway... Did you really try
and kill that man?

PIKE

Me? Nah, I was just burning down a
cabin he happened to be in.

Halloway backs further away.

Pike pulls thin black gloves from his belt and pulls them on.

PIKE (CONT'D)

Leaving so soon? You're going to
miss the show.

HALLOWAY

Yes I am... I think I hear my
mother calling.

Halloway turns and runs from the midway past the miner's
tent.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY (HIGH NOON)

Terrence looks up the lane, seeing only Pike. Less than one-
hundred feet between them.

Terrence tightens the leather gloves on his hands as he walks
towards his enemy with purpose. Closing in on Pike step by
step.

Pike Laughs and does the same.

PIKE

This is going to be one hell of a
Fourth of July!

EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

Unaware of the goings-on out on Vendor's Row. Billy loads
Punchy into the trailer, using a ramp. He talks to his new
friend as he does it. As if trained the pony walks right up
the wooden ramp.

BILLY

Winter is far away, and the South
pasture is thick with tall grass.
There's plenty of time to fatten
you up before the first snow.

Billy gives his horse some hay and water. He grabs a curry comb and brushes the pony's shaggy coat. Dead hair falls in wads from the curry comb.

The horse responds to the care and stands motionless loving the touch of the comb and the attention of this young human.

From behind Billy he hears a familiar voice again.

PATTI
So you got your horse?

Billy nods not knowing what to expect.

Patti continues in a kinder, forgiving voice.

PATTI (CONT'D)
Sorry I was rude to you. I was just excited to see you... And... I

Now she gets tongue tied.

Billy looks over his pony to Patti, and holds a curry comb to her.

BILLY
Want to help?

PATTI
Sure... What you going to call him?

She steps up and they both comb the horse together.

BILLY
Punchy.

They stand close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, tending to Punchy.

PATTI
I'm looking forward to the fireworks.

Billy and Pattie smile at each other, both embarrassed.

BILLY
Me, too.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY (NOON)

Terrence strides swiftly up the midway crowded with people, and all he can see is Pike.

Pike makes no adjustment to the course as he walks. He pushes through the mass of people to get to his adversary. He blocks out the surrounding civilians and focuses intently on Terrence.

The two men move quickly within a few feet of each other. They stretch their fingers and roll them into tight fists.

Standing in the middle of the midway, they glare at each other as their hearts pound, eyes clenched, not daring to flinch.

After a long frozen moment, Terrence throws a quick right punch to Pike's jaw, but to his surprise, his opponent slips to his right and blocks it.

Pike moves in quickly and returns four lightning punches to Terrence's midsection and lands two, but the rancher blocks the third and fourth slipping to his left.

Before Pike can get out of range of the rancher lands a flurry of hits, to the stomach, chin, and side of the ribs, with lightning speed of his own.

Terrence is on the move circling. Pike does the same. Both men quickly realize their opponent knows how to box.

They stop and size each other up. Pike holds up a black-gloved hand.

He slowly takes off his hat and scarf and tosses them to Perry who has come out of his tent to see what the ruckus is. Pike growls at the rancher.

PIKE

Thought I heard you had an
accident, got yourself burned-up
and killed.

Terrence nods his head. Never taking his eyes off Pike, he removes his hat and scarf and hands them to Mike, a vendor from the other side of the midway.

TERRENCE

It didn't take. I guess I'm just
naturally hard to kill.

Before Terrence can utter another word, Pike lunges in on the rancher and catches him flat-footed. Pummeling with a right cross, a left uppercut that comes out of nowhere, and another right jab that catches Terrence in his left ear.

Terrence staggers back knocking Mike over in the process.

EXT. VENDER'S ROW - MINER'S OPERA TENT - DAY (NOON)

In the Miners Opera tent the men are bored with cards, now drinking and sleeping the day away.

The big miner with red hair and a large red beard still hands out leaflets in front of the tent. But seeing the commotion down the midway, RED(32) shouts.

RED
It's a fight.

The miners jump to their feet and scramble to see what the action is down the midway.

The band leader, an older gentleman, wakes from his slumber along with the rest of the brass band. He strikes up the band with new enthusiasm, launching into a medley of John Phillip Sousa tunes beginning with, Stars and Stripes Forever.

At the food area Uncle Will whistles along and watches the goings on down the midway. He is content to stay put and keep the fires going and the beef cooking.

Back at the miners tent before Red can move a step more, he is stopped by a stern voice from behind. It is Mildred.

MILDRED
Red, you go right now and find the deputy sheriff.

RED
The deputy? Who Ma'am?

MILDRED
My husband, Go get Tom now, and hurry.

RED
Yes, Ma'am.

Red says reluctantly and hands Mildred the pile of flyers. He quickly cuts across the midway, jumping up in the crowd as he goes, trying to see what is going on down the midway.

Mildred notices a scruffy man dressed in black covered in dust. He is off to the side watching from behind the Miner's tent, looking over the brass band. He rubs his hip staying back from the fray.

Mildred approaches the man, and stuffs the leaflets into his empty hands.

MILDRED

Do you know who started all this?

Trying to hold the stack of folded papers in one hand against his chest, he takes off his hat.

HALLOWAY

Think it's Mr. Brown and that Pike feller... Who started it? Well, I think they both did.

MILDRED

I should have known.

Mildred turns and walks hurriedly back to her tent.

INT. VENDOR'S ROW - MESA VALLEY WAGON WORKS - DAY

Will Stone's head pops-up from taking a nap inside his stagecoach.

STONE

Do I hear a fight?

He hops out of the coach rolling up his long white sleeves. He cocks his top hat snug on his head. He quickly goes to the dark tent next to his and pokes his head in.

STONE (CONT'D)

It's a fight, man.

INT. VENDOR'S ROW - MOYERS OIL TENT - DAY (NOON)

Inside the Moyers Oil tent, the seemingly intoxicated KLANCY pushes off the table where he has been sleeping, staggers to his feet, straightens his tie and suit, places a short-brimmed hat on his head, and then follows Mr. Stone out the tent door.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY (NOON)

Outside the tent, Klancy realizes, there is definitely something going on. They march together, shoulder to shoulder, in time with the brass band. As they pass Mr. Olin's windmills, they invite Mr. OLIN(45) to join them.

KLANCY/STONE

Coming to the fight?

The wind-miller leans on a wooden cane.

OLIN

Be glad to, boys, but got me a bum leg. I best stay out of things.

KLANCY

Suit yourself, but if you're staying here, keep an eye on my automobile, will you?

OLIN

No problem you boys go have yourself some fun.

The two visionaries salute Mr. Olin and then march to the music on down the midway.

EXT. VENDORS ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

Mr. Olin goes behind the tents, and there sits the Nash. Olin looks at the pale yellow car admiring it.

OLIN

Wow, a 1929 Nash Convertible. What a vision to behold.

The Nash is filled with oil prospecting items. In the back seat, including a big canvas bag tied on the trunk and other items lashed to its sides.

Olin looks around, and climbs in. He sits in the drivers seat pretending to drive.

EXT. VENDORS ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

The stagecoach builder and oilman arrive at the fight and push their way through the crowd of onlookers to the front row. After they look the fighters over a bit.

KLANCY

I believe I know that man in the brown vest, ten dollars on that man. Brown, I believe, is his name.

Stone eyes the other fighter.

STONE

I'll take your bet. Ten dollars on the man with the black vest.

The two men shake hands.

KLANCY

Done and done.

The growing crowd moves into a big circle, now four to five citizens deep, around the two men boxing on the midway. Although fighting is not permitted, especially in a public place, this crowd is happy to let the men fight.

Screams and cheers go up from the throng of on-lookers. As the crowd grows in size, the people push and shove each other, trying to get a better view.

Behind Pike, Mike takes a fall once again and crashes back into his own tent. Knocking a rack of dusters over and falling on the end of a temporary plank shelf catapulting stacks of leather gloves high into the air.

Old Perry is laughing, slapping his knees.

PERRY

That'll teach you. You old fart.

Terrence turns to help Mike to his feet but suddenly is bulldogged from behind by Pike, and together they crash deep into Mike's store knocking down the center-pole in the process.

Mrs. MARY(52) Hunt runs out the back flap as the tent comes down on the hooligans.

MARY

Ahhhhhhhh! Damn, their hides!

The canvas tent bobs up-and-down here-and-there as the men continue to fight under the fallen tent.

Perry wants to get a better look at the goings-on under the tent and sticks his head under the canvas where he unexpectedly takes a punch thrown by Mike, which knocks him back out of the tent where he does a couple of summersaults and lands sitting in the dirt.

Pike and Terrence bust out, ripping the Southside of the tent trampling the tent next door. They trip and fall over items underneath.

Old Perry jumps to his feet and throws up his hands made into fists as Mike comes charging out of the ruined tent. Perry halts big Mike by hitting him right in the nose.

MIKE

What the hell!

Mike, stunned, pulls his arm back to return a punch to Perry, but when his elbow unintentionally smacks one of the miners, all hell breaks loose!

The midway explodes into fights everywhere. It's a free-for-all, and it's every man or woman for their selves.

More miners, stockyard workers, and people from the sale barn run to Vendor's Row.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

More miners and stockyard workers turn the corner South around the stock pens behind the tents on the West side of Vendor's Row.

There, several cars and trucks are parked parallel along the fence. Including Mr. Moyers' beautiful 1929 Nash automobile.

Mr. Olin stands by the Nash protecting the car.

EXT. WEST PASTURE - AUCTION BARN - STOCK PENS - DAY

At the back of the sale barn in a big open pasture to the west, the B-lazy-M riders have just finished their cattle drive to Fairplay. They had moved four hundred head the old-fashioned way, the hard way, on horseback, they closed the gate on the last of them to arrive.

The men are worn out and ready for rest after covering over sixty miles in less than twenty hours. Nick CORTEZ(35) dismounts his horse.

CORTEZ

There all in boss. But there's somethings happening, on the other side of the big building. Should we check it out?

A long-legged cowboy, Jim Bolte(40), walks along the raised boardwalk of the stock pens working out the tally with the stockyard manager.

JIM

In a minute boys.

Below the men, a long-legged horse is tied to a rail. Jim pushes his hat back and is about to say something when... A man runs by and hollers.

STOCKYARD MAN

It's a knock-down-drag-out fight.

CORTEZ

What?

The man catches his breath.

STOCKYARD MAN

The whole damn town is goin' at it.
It's a fight bigger than the War
Between the States.

Cortez looks at his boss.

CORTEZ

Well?

Jim puts his hat back on his head, tosses the tally book to the manager.

JIM

I'll be back.

He leaps off the wooden planks onto the saddle of his long-legged horse.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sounds like we're goin' to a real
shindig.

He concludes loudly, pulling his horse free.

JIM (CONT'D)

Cut-loose boys.

He thunders off in a flash. Cortez remounts his horse swinging his leg up-and-over and landing him in the saddle.

CORTEZ

Let's go, boy.

The whole group of the B-Lazy-M riders, spur their horses and thunder off toward the midway and the fight at Vendor's Row. Yells and shouts of excitement bust out from the riders.

B-LAZY-M RIDERS

Lets go. Wa-hoo. Yee-haw. Save some
fur me. Ya-hoo.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

Terrence and Pike emerge from the side of the demolished tent and crash through the wall of Donna's Rugs.

The men grab each other by the vest and toss each other into piles of Indian rugs.

Terrence falls back off a mound but still is holding onto Pike as he drives his boots into the outlaw's stomach tossing the man over his head.

Pike smashes upside-down into a display case of fake Indian pottery. The cabinet comes crashing down, but as it does so, he catches one of the pots unbroken.

The shocked and stunned DONNA stands on her tiptoes back against a tent pole. Pike scrambles to his feet and hands her the intact pottery.

Terrence also gets to his feet and backs out of the tent, all the time keeping his eyes on Pike as he waves the outlaw to follow him.

Donna hasn't seen so much excitement in years and stares at the handsome devil all twitter-pated still holding the pot.

Pike stops a moment, slips his arm around the woman's waist, and gives her a big kiss.

Making the sign of tipping his hat to her, he rushes out of the tent to continue the fight. Donna blushes and swoons, dropping the pot and shattering it into pieces.

She quickly regains her composure and runs out after the dark stranger. She climbs on her stack of rugs for a view over the crowd.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

Mr. Olin finds himself in the middle of his own fight, using his cane like a sword. Hopping on one leg, he keeps the miners and stockyard workers away from the Nash as they slug it out behind the midway.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

Terrence and Pike trade blows, neither one willing to smash through any more shops. They are always on the move, dodging and weaving as both men are boxing more proficiently. The boxers now block far more punches than either one can land.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - SOUTH PARK MERCANTILE TENT - DAY

Sandy comes out of the South Park Mercantile tent, yelling orders. Saying to her two helpers.

SANDY

Hurry, cover up everything. Now
stay here and protect the booth.

She sticks brooms into the two men's hands.

Her two employees look at each other, shrug, and pose like
guards holding riffles with bayonets' attached.

She nods approvingly, then turns to leave, but bumps right
into Mildred, Mrs. McQuaid.

Mrs. McQuaid has her arms folded across her chest, and a sour
expression on her face.

MILDRED

And where are you going, Miss
Sandy?

Sandy hurries past. She yells over her shoulder and the roar
of the fight.

SANDY

To a party.

Sandy dodges fists, feet, knees, elbows and the occasional
pair of bodies wrestling on the ground, She runs down to
Donna's Indian rugs.

She climbs on top of a mound of rugs next to Donna who is
cheering the fight on.

Donna looks at Sandy.

DONNA

Who you rooting for?

SANDY

The good looking one.

DONNA

Who's the good looking one?

Donna points at Pike.

Sandy points at Terrence.

SANDY

The good looking one is Terrence.

Right then Terrence lands a hard right that sends Pike down
on one knee.

SANDY (CONT'D)

That's my boy, Terr. Show him whose boss.

DONNA

I'll show you who's boss.

Donna quickly turns to Sandy, and grabs Sandy's long blond hair and jerks her down on the rugs.

Sandy screams and retaliates by pulling on Donna's hair. The two women roll about on the pile of rugs now part of the battle.

Back up at the food cook area Uncle Will has moved out into the center of the midway to get a better look. Behind him a group of carnies come in, from the fair with three miners leading the group.

Uncle Will quickly moves to the booth across from the cook area. To Wagner Cast-Iron, a pots and pans vendor. There he picks up the first handy things he can get his hand on.

The group from the fair push in for a fight but are stopped short when the first two miners are suddenly stopped short. Uncle Will holds out a cast-iron frying pan in each gloved hand.

One big black CARNIE holds the other carnies back, not wishing for the same fate. But the last miner makes a break around him.

Uncle Will quickly picks up a lid off a six-inch Dutch-oven. He throws it like a flying saucer at the running miner.

The miner goes ass-over-end, as the disc catches him in the back. Knocked into a tent pole and bouncing off that he lands sprawled out into the dirt, unconscious.

Uncle Will grabs up the other skillet, and turns to the rest. Threatening with the frying pans, he spins them like six-shooters.

(beat)

He nods to the food.

WILL

Hungry boys?

They nod in agreement and head to the food area.

CARNIE

We've seen fights before... We'll eat. Been smellin' your BBQ all day, now we'll give it a taste.

INT. SALE BARN - OFFICE - DAY

In the back of the sale barn where some offices are, Red bursts in a door.

RED

Tom?

Tom is relaxed and sitting in a chair dozing with his feet on the desk.

TOM

What now? Can't you see I'm busy?

RED

There's a fight, on Vendor's Row. The whole town is involved.

Red runs back out of the room.

Tom looks over at another deputy, SIDEWINDER(35) a likable cowpoke and sometimes deputy sitting in a chair leaning up against the wall.

TOM

Get your shotgun, Sidewinder. Let's saddle up.

Sidewinder jumps to his feet.

SIDEWINDER

Yes, Sir, boss.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

Klancy walks amidst the bedlam in the street as fists and bodies fly in all directions.

He grabs a man and is ready to throw his first punch when that man is hit by someone else.

He grabs another but realizes it's Mr. Stone, stopping his punch short before landing it as his buddy does the same.

In a flash, he is slammed in the back by a massive miner who knocks off his hat.

Mr. Stone goes after the big miner almost twice his size.

Klancy bends down to recover his hat, nearly missed by a fist swinging over his back. He grabs his hat, trying to put it back on his head when a body tumbles across where his hat had been. Bumped from behind again, he loses his hat and chases it from-here-to-there as it gets knocked around by the mass of people in the street.

Not far away, the small, wiry Mr. Stone is taking on more than his share of miners and getting the worst of it as he is picked off the ground and thrown on the backs of other fighters.

In fact, the miners, a powerful group of strong men, are having themselves a pretty good time picking on townspeople and shop owners alike.

After Stone gets to his feet, he fights three more miners at once while holding his own for a few punches, but again he is knocked back into the crowd losing his hat and into the arms of Nick Cortez.

CORTEZ

Need some help, pard?

STONE

It's a free county.

Stone scrambles back into the fight, as Cortez joins in.

Jim and the other B-Lazy-M riders throw in with the wiry man too, and charge into the pack of miners.

All along Vendor's Row fights have broken out, displays are upended, tables are broken, tents collapse, women scream, and men yell, as on-lookers still not in the mayhem cheer the fight on.

EXT. LANE BETWEEN SALE BARN AND STOCK CORRAL - DAY

Tom and Sidewinder are mounted on their horses coming down the lane at a good clip.

They turn the corner into Vender's Row and see the ongoing fight and destruction. Tom orders, and they split-up.

TOM

Make sure the Mrs. is ok. Then
secure the north end of the street.
Stop them fights.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

Mr. Olin stands at the side of the 1929 Nash and parries a blow with his cane, then thumps Red the miner on the head, breaking the cane in-two. Red falls back over a pile of knocked-out miners.

When he thinks he has run out of miners to fight. He turns to see yet two more heading his way.

Lucky for him, he spies a pick handle tied to the side of the automobile, and slides it out. He spins it like a baton.

OLIN

This will do.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

Tom wheels his horse about.

TOM

Stop all this right now.

The roar of the crowd overpowers his voice, and people continue to fight the Battle of Vendor's Row. Unable to push his horse safely down the street without fear of trampling the hordes of people, he spins his horse in circles and yells again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Stop, right now.

Suddenly, from behind Halloway, a large boom rocks the street. Halloway is scared to pieces and tosses the miner leaflets high into the air as everyone stops their fighting.

MILDRED

That will be enough.

The papers float down like snow all-over the now quiet street. Mrs. McQuaid stands in the center of the lane reloading the shotgun. She has somehow acquired it from Sidewinder.

Sidewinder is somewhat embarrassed and can only chuckle, smiling through his dark mustache. He shrugs looking at his boss. Out the side of his mouth whispering.

SIDEWINDER

Nice piece of work Ma'am.

The people are frozen in the throes of fighting, still gripping their opponents, holding their punches in mid-air.

The wind blows in the new silence on the midway, and only the creaking of Olin's windmills is heard.

TOM

You all heard the Mrs. Stop this.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

From where Mr. Olin is in the alley he can see between the tents Mildred with the shotgun.

Mr. Olin sits on the pile of miners wiping his brow with a handkerchief and flipping the hickory stick in his other hand.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - CENTER OF STREET - DAY

In the middle of Vendor's Row, the people part like the Red Sea as big Tom McQuaid now thunders down the human-littered dusty midway on the back of his big palomino.

The wind whirls the dust thrown up by the horse. Everyone dives out of the way as the big deputy sheriff wheels his horse about in the center of the midway.

Klancy looks up at the big man on the horse, and in the same instant, his hat rolls up to his feet, blown by a strange wind. Cupping it with the toe of his boot, he flips it up to his hand and puts it back on his head.

KLANCY

Well done, Mr. McQuaid. Well done indeed.

Tom leans down talking softly.

TOM

Let give the credit to the Mrs.

Klancy looks back at Mrs. McQuaid and tips his hat.

Terrence and Pike subside onto makeshift chairs, a nail barrel and wooden crate provided by Perry and Mike.

Tom's voice booms out over the crowd.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now hold on here. This ain't any way to be neighborly.

He wheels his big horse again. The ground quakes under the hooves of the huge horse.

TOM (CONT'D)
 By God. What would the founding
 fathers think?

Cortez drops a miner he is holding by the shirt under the chin. He picks up a top hat and offers it to his fighting partner Stone.

Stone releases two miners of his own as he was holding both in headlocks and takes his hat.

Perry hands Pike a canteen of water.

PERRY
 End of round one me boy.

Pike takes only a sip of water, recovers his composure.

PIKE
 Round two.

Only twelve feet away, Mike hands Terrence a mug of water and offers a flask of whiskey to rinse out his fighter's sore mouth.

The rancher takes a swig, puts the cap back on, and rinses out his mouth, spits, then offers it to the outlaw.

(beat)

Pike nods in acceptance and Terrence tosses it to him.

Across the space between the two men, Pike glares at Terrence and catches the flask. He takes several large gulps.

PIKE (CONT'D)
 Where you learn to fight?

TERRENCE
 Army, during the war, and you?

Pike laughs rubbing his chin.

PIKE
 Navy, during the war, same as you.

The towering deputy on his horse calls to the people.

TOM
 Now, get this place put back
 together before I arrest each and
 every one of you.

He rides over to where the fighters now sit. Tom slides off his horse and pushes through the crowd.

TOM (CONT'D)
Who started all this?

He spies Pike first, putting a hat on his head.

TOM (CONT'D)
You.

Pike takes the last swig from the flask emptying it. He does not give it back to his opponent but tosses it to the ground at Terrence's feet.

A familiar voice says, sitting below Tom with his back to the deputy.

TERRENCE
And me.

Tom straightens his gun belt.

TOM
Terr, I had a feeling it was you two. Boys, I know you've had your disagreements, but I can't have you two tearing up the whole damn town!

Like ten-year-old's, the two men point at each other, responding at the same time.

TERRENCE/PIKE
He started it.

TERRENCE
This ain't any disagreement. He stole my horses and tried to kill me.

The crowd begins to chatter among themselves still packed around the fighters.

Tom's voice booms at the onlookers.

TOM
Don't you all have something to do?

The onlookers scatter, leaving only Mike and Perry standing behind their fighters.

Back up the midway, Mildred turns to the band.

MILDRED
Strike-up the band, boys.

But the band members stand motionless still looking down the street.

Mildred slaps the shotgun shut and clears her throat and says in a sharp voice.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
I said, play.

The band leader swings his stick in the air, and the band launches into The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mildred turns to the scruffy cowpoke all dressed in black.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
Well, don't just stand there. Pick up those papers.

She hands the shotgun back to Sidewinder still on his horse. He checks the gun and adds new shells.

SIDEWINDER
Thank you.

He rides down the midway and hops off his horse, Indian style, without coming to a stop. Ready for anything.

TOM
Got no proof on the horse matter, but...

The deputy sheriff pulls his gun and points it at the outlaw.

TOM (CONT'D)
Pike did pull a gun on a certain deputy sheriff. On your feet, boy. You're under arrest.

Pike slowly stands.

PIKE
This ain't over, I'll see you again.

Terrence gets to his feet.

TERRENCE
I'll be ready, and no, this isn't over.

Sidewinder, nudges Pike from behind with the shotgun.

SIDEWINDER

Move.

As the outlaw is taken away, the people of Vendor's Row clean up their mess. They all shake hands and apologize for the ruckus each caused.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - WEST ALLEY - DAY

In the alley Mr. Olin helps Red up off the pile. Red helps the other downed fighters to their feet. Red, rubs his head and, looks back at the hickory stick in the Mr. Olin's hand. Red picks up the broken cane.

RED

Sorry Mister. Handy, who knew?

Donna and Sandy pick up a cabinet together giggling at each other. Mike's wife Mrs. MARY Hunt is helping too.

SANDY

I think I'll ask that Mr. Brown to the dance tonight.

DONNA

I thought the feller is supposed to do the asking?

SANDY

Sweetie, If I wait for that big lug to ask me, I'll be old before my time. Besides, he is ready. He just doesn't know it yet.

Donna looks at the lawmen taking the outlaw away.

DONNA

Don't know anything about Pike, but he might want a visitor in jail.

MARY

You be careful Donna, that bad-boy appeal might be attractive, and exciting... Just saying.

Further along, B-Lazy-M riders shake hands with the miners.

Cortez tips his hat to the wiry man in the top hat.

Close by Mr. Stone and Mr. Moyers exchange ten dollar bills and march back up the street shoulder to shoulder.

Perry and Mike stand in the street and look where they had taken Pike.

Turning back to each other, they act as if throwing punches once more, but then they laugh and shake hands, and making an apology at the same instant.

PERRY

Sorry, Mike. Can I help you with your tent?

MIKE

Sure, glad to have the help. I'm Sorry too.

PERRY

Friends?

MIKE

Friends.

Perry nods and the two men head over to the collapsed tent.

Terrence stand in the middle of the street. He looks around not sure what he is going to do next.

Sandy rushes over with some water and clean towels.

SANDY

Let me help you.

TERRENCE

I'm fine.

Sandy points to the box. In her forceful way.

SANDY

Sit.

Terrence look at Sandy, smiles and sits down. Rubbing his knuckles- he looks off to the parking lot.

EXT. VENDOR'S ROW - EAST ALLEY - COLLAPSED TENTS - DAY

A buggy rolls down the East alley. Mr. McAllister, now dressed in his fishing outfit, drives a buckboard pulled by a horse. Sticking out the back are fly rods. He looks around at the disaster on Vendor's Row. He pulls up near Terrence and Sandy.

MCALLISTER

Did I miss anything?

Terrence looks at the man bewildered.

TERRENCE
Billy bought a horse.

(beat)

Terrence smiles at Sandy, they both nod and laugh together.

TERRENCE/SANDY
For four-dollars-and-eighty-seven
cents...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY (DUSK)

Later Terrence is back at the trailer watching his boy work with the pony. Leaning on the side of the trailer his feelings have softened. He looks at his boy, no longer seeing a boy but a young man. He whispers to himself.

TERRENCE
Everyone needs a good horse.

He lift his shoulder off the trailer.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
You best get cleaned up we got us a
dance to go to.

BILLY
We are going to the dance? But I
don't know how.

TERRENCE
'Bout time we get socialized again.
I'll teach ya some dancing son,
don't you worry.

BILLY
You're not mad about Punchy?

Terrence laughs.

TERRENCE
Everyone knows a man needs a good
horse...

Billy throws his arms around his father.

Terrence is surprised by the affection. He hugs back and pats Billy on the head.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Run off now, and get cleaned up.

Terrence watches his son leaving. He goes over to Punchy, looks him up and down, stem to stern. He pats the pony under the neck softly and looks in the pony's eyes.

Punchy, eyes the rancher and responds to the pats. It snickers approving of the man.

As Terrence walks out of the trailer, onto the ramp he looks back, smiling.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Billy bought a horse.

FADE OUT.

THE END