

New York City Cowboys

Written by

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Final Draft

"NEW YORK CITY COWBOYS"

FADE IN:

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

A hot, dusty day under a bright blue sky. A teen aged cowboy, DUKE Schamus, is standing in the corral. He is good looking but not pretty, with muscular build and broad shoulders. He speaks with a soft western drawl.

Duke stands with a scowl on his face. An ivory handled Colt Peacemaker sits in a holster on his hip.

Duke loosens the pistol in its holster, cracks his knuckles and turns his head in a circle to loosen his neck. He nods his head.

DUKE

You ready?

A man, MONTE Bluefeather, is standing in the same corral. He is tall, over six feet and powerful looking. He has a dusky complexion and features that show he's part Native American.

Monte also has a Colt in a holster on his hip. There's a scowl on his face and his thumbs are hooked in his belt. He nods.

MONTE

Ready.

The two aren't facing each other but a fence rail twenty feet away with two sets of six assorted bottles and cans lined up on top.

DUKE

On three. One... two... three!

They quickly draw and each fire SIX SHOTS, emptying their Colts at the targets on the fence rail.

The cloud of smoke disperses in the light breeze. Duke has hit five out of six targets. Monte has hit only four.

DUKE (cont'd)

So I guess a kid from New York City can out shoot a drunken injun, huh?

Monte turns towards Duke, reloading his pistol. He growls.

MONTE

That's drunken half-breed, friend.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE (cont'd)

-- And smile when you say that, you  
dirty, money grubbing Jew.

Duke looks wounded and the two finish reloading their pistols,  
then holster them, hands held ready to draw.

After a moment, they break out laughing and start walking towards  
the ranch house about 100 feet away.

MONTE (cont'd)

Duke, it's a good thing I like you or I'd  
have ventilated your liver for that  
remark. -- You may have hit more targets  
but I got my shots off quicker.

DUKE

Monte, Wasn't it was you that told me  
that it don't matter how fast you draw  
and shoot if you can't hit nothing? --  
Your problem is that your getting too  
old -- makes the hands shake.

MONTE

Old?! Cripes! I don't turn thirty 'til  
January. -- I've got almost four months  
before I'm totally decrepit.

As the pair near the house an older man in his fifty's, SOLOMON  
Schamus, dressed in a black suit, steps onto the porch.

SOLOMON

Boys, I want you to come in here. I need  
to give you the papers before you go.

Solomon speaks with a slight Russian accent and chooses his words  
carefully. Up until Solomon spoke, Duke had been standing tall,  
looking and feeling like a grown man. When his father speaks, he  
visibly shrinks and looks more like a boy.

DUKE

Yes, papa.

MONTE

Right away, Mr. Schamus.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Inside is a large room with a stone fireplace and simple, well-  
built furniture. Two windows are set in the far wall, looking out  
over a pen behind the house filled with cattle.

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Solomon is standing next to the desk waiting for Duke and Monte to enter the room, a serious look on his face.

SOLOMON

Boys, I assume everything is ready since you have found time to fool around with your guns. -- Louis, I gave you that fancy Colt, a man's gun, because it's time for you to be a man.  
-- You do understand it is not a toy?

Duke is embarrassed and Monte turns his head away.

DUKE

Yes, papa. It's not a toy.  
-- And papa, please don't call me Louis. I like to be called Duke now.

SOLOMON

Duke is the name those boys in school gave you. -- It was not a compliment.

Solomon shakes his head. He picks up a packet of papers from the desk. He holds the papers out towards Duke.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Here is the bill of sale and papers to transfer the money to my bank in Denver.

Solomon gives Duke stern look and pulls his hand holding the papers back an inch.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Don't loose them. -- Without the money from this sale I will not be able to pay off the note I took out last winter. -- Do you understand me?

DUKE

Yes, papa. I will drive the cattle to Cheyenne and transfer the money as if my life depended on it.

SOLOMON

Well, don't do anything foolish.

Solomon hands the packet of papers to Duke and turns to Monte.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Mr. Bluefeather, I'm sending you with Louis to help him with the cattle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLOMON (cont'd)

More importantly I want you to keep him out of trouble. -- A college man like you should be able to handle that.

Duke is surprised.

MONTE

Thank you, Mr. Schamus. -- Louis will get the cattle there and I'll make sure he makes it back safe and sound.

Solomon Nods.

Duke stuffs the packet of papers inside his shirt as his father walks over to him with his arms outstretched, as if to hug him. Instead, Solomon grabs Duke by the shoulders and gives them a slight squeeze.

Solomon turns and shakes Monte's hand and they both nod.

SOLOMON

Time to go, Louis. Before the sun sets.

DUKE

It's Duke, papa.

Duke's smile and Solomon's scowl return.

EXT. CATTLE DRIVE (VARIOUS SHOTS) - AFTERNOON

Duke and Monte drive the cattle out of the pen and away from the ranch. The brand on the cattle is the Double-Bar 'S'.

The herd travels through rolling hills.

Duke and Monte drive the herd across a stream that is almost dry.

As it grows dark, there is a storm rolling in from the west, blocking out the setting sun.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

Duke is getting a fire going and Monte is unsaddling his horse. The cattle are in the background in a fold about 100 yards away, softly LOWING.

The storm is closer now, with flickers of lightning and distant rumbles of thunder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

That fire isn't going to do us any good.  
That storm looks like to drown us all.

DUKE

May be. But at least we can get some hot  
grub in us before it hits.

Duke pulls a small pan out of a pack and starts preparing supper.

DUKE (cont'd)

Monte, what did my father mean about you  
being a college man? -- I thought you  
grew up in a home, or something.

MONTE

I wasn't always a saddle tramp. After I  
left the home I tried out for football at  
Purdue and made the team.

DUKE

I guess that's not too surprising for a  
feller your size.

MONTE

Football didn't pay all the bills so I  
worked my way through school doing odd  
jobs; any old thing I could. -- I even  
worked as a circus rider for awhile.

DUKE

That's funny. Did you wear one of those  
sequined coats, or one of those short  
skirts the circus ladies wear?

Monte chucks a stick at Duke, missing. Duke chuckles.

MONTE

Anyways, I stumbled into class from time  
to time, accidentally of course.  
-- I ended up with a degree in Philosophy  
and no desire to work any job that it  
would be useful for. So here I am.

DUKE

So here you are.  
(looks around)  
Ain't it grand?

MONTE

(chuckles)  
Matter of fact, it is. It's better than  
being cooped up in an office all day,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE (cont'd)  
wondering if you'll get out of there  
before the sun goes down.

Monte reaches into the pack and pulls out a couple of tin plates and hands them to Duke.

MONTE (cont'd)  
That looks hot enough. I'm so hungry I  
could peel a porcupine.  
-- Let's eat before the storm hits.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The storm hits. Driving rain. Gusting winds. The fire is going out. Duke is sheltering under a canvas rain poncho.

Monte is stretched out on the ground with a tarp over his body and his head sheltered by his saddle and hat.

The rain lessens a bit. Duke gets to his feet, walks over to Monte and leans over him.

DUKE  
(shouts)  
We have to go check on the cattle.  
-- They're gonna scatter.

Monte pushes his hat back.

MONTE  
Too late, kid. Most of 'em have already  
run off. -- Anyways, when there's nothing  
you can do, then doing nothing is what  
you're supposed to do.  
-- Wait for morning.

Monte pulls his hat back down and goes back to sleep. Duke stands for a moment looking into the dark towards where the cattle were. He walks back to his spot and sits down, miserable.

EXT. CAMP - EARLY MORNING

The rain has stopped and the sun is shining. Monte rides up from where thirty head of the cattle are milling around.

Duke is asleep, with his head lolled to side, SNORING softly. Monte dismounts and nudges Duke's boot with his toe. Duke stirs, SNORTS and then continues to sleep.

Monte kicks him harder and Duke starts awake.

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CONTINUED:

MONTE  
Daylight's wasting.

Duke stands up, stretches and then starts.

MONTE (cont'd)  
The fire's out and the wood's all wet so  
you'll have to do without coffee.

DUKE  
How's the herd? -- How many did we  
lose? -- Did you find any of 'em?  
-- My papa's gonna kill me.

Duke starts trotting towards the herd.

MONTE  
Calm down. The herd's fine.  
-- Most of them, least ways.

Monte starts saddling Duke's horse.

MONTE (cont'd)  
There's five more about a mile east of  
here. We can gather 'em up on the way to  
Cheyenne.

DUKE  
(looks lost)  
But we've got to find the rest.

MONTE  
Now hold on. We've got most of 'em.  
Let's get these to Cheyenne.  
-- Then come back for the others.

Duke starts to argue further but shrugs and starts gathering up  
the camp.

EXT. CATTLE DRIVE - DAY

Monte is in front leading the herd. Duke is driving five head  
into the herd behind Monte. Duke rides up to Monte, behind and on  
his right.

DUKE  
Well that's the strays you saw this  
morning. That makes thirty-five left by  
my count.

Monte does not hear Duke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE (cont'd)  
 (shouts)  
 I said, that's the strays you saw!

Monte starts, turns to Duke with his right hand going towards his pistol. He sees Duke, grins and dances his horse around so that Duke is now on his left.

MONTE  
 You startled me. -- You get 'em all?

DUKE  
 Yep. We've got thirty-five head left. That's not enough. -- Say, were you sleeping? I know an old man needs his rest. Why don't you go lie down.

MONTE  
 I was Philosophizing. Thinking deep thoughts.

DUKE  
 Deep thoughts? Bull shit. -- Besides you can't think without scratching your ass.

Duke points at Monte's rear end.

MONTE  
 (snorts)  
 Don't cuss, kid. It makes people think you're ignorant.

Monte rides ahead. Duke watches him for a moment in thought, then heads back towards the herd's tail.

EXT. CHEYENNE CATTLE YARD - DAY

Duke and Monte drive the cattle into the the hot and dusty yard. There are dozens of pens, half of them with cattle, and the LOWING from the cattle is constant.

A train hooked up to cattle cars is sitting in the background. The train lets out CHUFFS of steam as the pair drive the cattle down a road through the the yard and into a pen near the train.

Monte reaches over from the saddle and secures the gate. Near the pens is a shack and Duke and Monte ride over there.

As they near the shack, a black Ford Model T comes barreling around the building, almost running into them. It slides around them at the last second. As the car passes the driver sounds a Klaxon horn, GAOOGA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The horses start and Duke has trouble getting his under control.

DUKE

Jehoshaphat! I sure hate those things.  
I can't figure why someone would have one  
instead of a horse. -- I'll never.

MONTE

Come on, kid. They ain't so bad. Used  
to own one in California when I was  
working in pictures.  
-- Hey, it's 1916. The West is growing  
up. The future belongs to the  
automobile, not the horse.

DUKE

Not my future.

They ride over to the shack there's a sign that says "Holdren & Son" above the door. A young man is sitting in a chair on the porch, reading a newspaper. The headline on the paper reads: "SLAUGHTER ON THE SOMME - 500,000 ALLIED CASUALTIES!"

DUKE (cont'd)

We're looking for Mr. Holdren.

The young man folds up his newspaper.

HOLDREN JR.

I'm Bob Holdren, put you probably want my  
pops. He went into town but he'll be  
back before supper time.

MONTE

Kid, instead of waiting here, why don't  
you go get cleaned up at the barber's  
over there. -- Me, I'm going to make sure  
the herd's watered and then get a drink.

DUKE

I could use a bath. Papa says you should  
look your best when you conduct business.

HOLDREN JR.

You can hitch your horse over by the  
water trough. -- You two better leave  
your guns in the office. The townsfolk  
seem to think this is place is civilized.

Duke dismounts, and the pair unhook their gun belts and hand them to young Holdren. Monte is unhappy.

INT./EXT. BATHHOUSE/CATTLE PENS (VARIOUS SHOTS) - AFTERNOON

Duke is in a bath tub, SPLASHING and WHOOPING it up. A middle-aged woman walks in with Duke's clothes, freshly brushed. Duke notices her and ducks his head under the water.

Monte rides around the pens, looking at cattle.

Duke gets dressed, brushing his hair in the mirror, HUMMING off key. He picks up his hat and walks out.

Monte rides up to a small pen. He looks at the fifteen head of cattle in the pen. Their brand is the Double-Bar 'S'.

EXT. CATTLE PENS - AFTERNOON

Duke is walking towards Holdren's, still HUMMING. Near the back of the shack, he hears a SHOUT from his left. He sees four men confronting one other. The pen with the cattle is behind them and gun belts are hanging on the fence rail. The lone man is Monte.

MAN #1

And I say, we found 'em, we drove 'em here we're a gonna sell 'em. -- And if'n you don't like it, we'll just give you a good pounding and sell 'em anyways.

MONTE

Those cattle belong to my employer.

Duke starts walking towards the group.

MAN #1

What's it going to be?

MAN #2

I say we give him a pounding, Bert. He looks like some sort of Injun or something. -- Probably drunk, any hows.

MONTE

Pounding or not those cattle belong to my employer and you can't have them.

While this conversation is happening, the two men who haven't talked start to circle Monte; one to the left and one to the right. Duke breaks into a fast walk. He approaches unnoticed.

BERT

That's enough jawing. Get 'im!

Bert takes a step back. The other three rush Monte.

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CONTINUED:

Monte takes a quick step back, grabs the collars of the men on the left and right and slams their heads together. Man #2 gets tangled up with the pair and they all end up in a pile.

BERT (cont'd)  
Hey, you id-gits! Get up and take care  
of that feller.

The three untangle themselves and stand up. The pair that came in from the sides are a little unsteady on their feet.

MAN #2  
Why don't you get 'im, Bert. This was  
your'n idea.

BERT  
I'm supervising.  
-- It's still three against one.

Monte stands watching with his fists up in a boxer's stance. Duke runs up and stands on Monte's left.

DUKE  
Make that three against two.

Duke and Monte look at each other, grinning. The other four look concerned.

DUKE (cont'd)  
Save any for me?

MONTE  
Plenty left to go around, kid.  
-- Let's have some fun.

Duke and Monte advance on the three men standing in front of them.

Monte is a skilled boxer. He dispatches the man on the right with a combo of three left jabs and a right cross.

Duke doesn't have Monte's skill, but he makes up for it with enthusiasm and quickness. He drives his shoulder into the man on the left, throwing him to the ground.

Duke unleashes a flurry of punches, almost too fast to see, at the man in the middle. The final punch, a vicious haymaker, knocks the man cold.

Duke turns towards the man on the left, but he's still on his back, skittering away as fast as he can. When he's ten feet away, he gets up and runs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monte and Duke turn towards Bert. Bert has backed up to the fence and has drawn one of the pistols from a holster hanging there. He points the pistol at the pair.

BERT

Well, well. All that, and I'm still  
keeping the cattle.  
-- Now you two want to dispute that?

Duke and Monte glare at Bert for a moment, then Monte's face drops in resignation. The pair raise their hands to shoulder level.

MONTE

Duke, do you mind getting my hat?

Monte nods towards where his hat is lying near the fence.

MONTE (cont'd)

Now, friend, you don't think you're going  
to get away with this, do ya?

BERT

I do. I've got powerful kin in these  
parts so people will take my word over an  
Injun like you...

MONTE

(soft voice)  
That's half-breed, friend.

BERT

-- or a dirty Jew. Yeah, I recognize  
your friend. He's one of those money  
grubbers down in Weld County.

Duke has picked up the hat and is waiting near the fence.

MONTE

Now, Duke!

Duke flips the hat at Bert. Monte charges. Bert starts to turn towards Duke, then turns and fires once, hitting Monte in the left shoulder. Monte staggers to a stop.

Duke reaches towards the fence and draws one of the other pistols hanging there. Duke and Bert turn towards each other; simultaneous CLICKS as they cock their pistols. They fire at almost the same time; BANG-BANG.

The smoke clears. Bert has a neat hole in his chest. A look of surprise on his face. He crumples to the ground, dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke is unharmed but in shock. He stares at Bert and drops the pistol. Monte falls to his knees, clutching his shoulder, blood leaking through his fingers. Duke runs over, helps Monte sit down and starts examining his wound.

MONTE (cont'd)

Good shooting, kid. I know you'd think of something.

DUKE

There's nothing good about it. -- You've been shot and I just killed a man.

MONTE

His blood was up. It was him or us.

DUKE

I guess, but I still feel sick.  
-- What are we going to do?

MONTE

First tell me what you see with this hole in me. Did the bullet come out the back cleanly?

DUKE

Looks like it. -- How does it feel?

Monte moves his shoulder gingerly, and winces in pain.

MONTE

I don't think the shoulder's broke.  
-- Might have cracked a rib on the way through. -- Help me up.

Duke grabs Monte by the right arm and helps him to his feet. He pulls out his handkerchief and stuffs it into Monte's shirt over the wound.

Holdren, Jr drives up at the wheel of Ford Model T Pickup with an older man, HOLDREN SR., beside him. Holdren Sr. gets out and walks over to Duke and Monte. He turns to Monte.

HOLDREN SR.

(angry)

I'm Bob Holdren. What in Hades is going on here?

Monte nods at Duke. Duke walks over to Holdren Sr. and sticks out his hand.

DUKE

I'm Louis Schamus. You know my papa.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE (cont'd)

-- I'm here to sell you some cattle.

Holdren shakes Duke's hand.

HOLDREN SR.

(calmer)

Well you've got a funny way of going about it. What happened?

DUKE

We lost some cattle in the storm last night. When we got to town, Monte here found 'em. There were these fellers here and they wouldn't give 'em up.

-- They jumped Monte, I joined in and we whopped 'em good...

HOLDREN SR.

I saw the rest. -- Well, I know these fellers. The dead one's Bert McCastle and these two are his brothers.

-- You picked some bad fellers to tangle with.

Holdren Sr. Looks at Monte.

HOLDREN SR. (cont'd)

You. Monte's your name?

Monte nods.

HOLDREN SR. (cont'd)

You're the half Cherokee hand that works for Mr. Schamus? -- Well, it don't matter who started the fight -- who shot first. You being part Injun and a white man being dead, you're liable to hang for this. You got anywhere you can bolt to?

MONTE

(nods)

I know a lady in town. -- Let's call her my cousin. She'll take me in. Hide me 'til I can get out of Cheyenne.

HOLDREN SR.

(snorts)

Your cousin? -- Bob, get over here and help this feller into the truck.

HOLDREN JR.

Yes, pops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke and Holdren Jr. help Monte into the passenger seat. Bob climbs into the drivers seat.

MONTE

Duke, I hope we see each other again --  
if fate allows.

DUKE

Fate hasn't been too kind to us today.

MONTE

Funny thing about fate, kid. Try as you  
like, you can't bend it. But sometimes  
you can give it a little twist.

Duke and Monte smile and shake hands.

Holdren Jr. drives off towards a side road into town. As he rounds the corner two cars, with four men each holding rifles or shotguns, come down the main road from town at a fast pace.

HOLDREN SR.

Louis, why don't you wake these two up  
before the Sheriff gets here.  
-- When he does, let me do the talking.

Duke walks towards the water trough while Holdren stands with his hands on his hips waiting for the Sheriff and his men.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS/CAMP (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY/NIGHT

Duke rides into the twilight, Cheyenne behind him in the distance.

Night shot of him camping in the spot they used the night before.

Morning shot of his horse splashing over the creek.

Duke arrives at the ranch house, ties up his horse and goes inside.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Solomon is sitting at the desk, staring at a telegram in his hand.

DUKE

Papa?

Solomon turns around slowly, sees Duke and stands up. He adjusts his vest. Sadness has aged him considerably in just two days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLOMON

Louis. -- Are you alright?

DUKE

Not a scratch, papa.

SOLOMON

And Mr. Bluefeather?

DUKE

Shot in the shoulder, but he'll be okay.

Solomon holds up the telegram.

SOLOMON

This is from Mr. Holdren... How could you let this happen? You could have been killed. -- I sent Mr. Bluefeather with you to keep you safe.

DUKE

Monte got shot saving me. I'd be a goner for sure if it wasn't for him.

(choking back tears)

Papa, believe me, there was nothing we could do.

SOLOMON

It says you need to leave Colorado. That it will bad for you because you are a Jew. -- Well, there's nothing for it. You must go to New York.

DUKE

But papa? When Mama went back there, you called it the devil's lair. -- After she died, you wouldn't even let me go there for her funeral.

SOLOMON

That's my fault. She abandoned us, and took your brother with her.  
-- I couldn't forgive her for that.

Solomon looks away.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

I'm sorry, son.

(turns to Duke)

You will have to stay with your Uncle Benjamin. -- Your brother Abraham is staying with him as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

Abe's back in New York? How do you know?  
Why didn't you tell me?

SOLOMON

I correspond with your brother regularly.  
I did not tell you about it because I did  
not wish to.

Duke looks angry for a moment, then his face softens.

DUKE

Okay, papa. I'll go to New York.

SOLOMON

I've got everything ready. You will ride  
to Denver and board a train east there.

(hands envelope to Duke)

Here are directions to your Uncle's home  
and five twenty dollar gold pieces.

-- I was saving them for your birthday.

Solomon stares at the envelop for a moment.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

I will send a telegram to let them know  
you are coming. -- You can take my horse.  
Yours must be tired.

DUKE

(startled)

But papa, you never let me ride Joshua.

SOLOMON

I will make an allowance -- just this  
once. Are you strong enough to ride now?

DUKE

Yes, papa. I'm not tired. I can ride.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Solomon is standing next to a beautiful bay, almost 16 hands high,  
saddled and ready to go. Duke walks out of the house, throws his  
saddle bags over the horse's rump and climbs aboard.

SOLOMON

Son, be careful in New York. Growing up  
out here you haven't had to deal with the  
Gentiles much. You haven't learned how  
to act around them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLOMON (cont'd)

(clutches Duke's leg)

Remember, no matter how much time passes,  
how far we travel, the hate always  
follows us. It will never end.

DUKE

Some day, papa. Some day. You'll see.

Solomon shakes his head and lets go of Duke.

SOLOMON

Now go with God, my son.

DUKE

God be with you, papa.

Duke turns Joshua and gallops away. Solomon watches him go. As Duke disappears his shoulders slump.

He turns, walks into the house and closes the door. Alone.

INT. TRAIN CABIN - AFTERNOON

Duke is alone in the compartment, sitting with his boots propped on the seat across from him. There's a CLICKETY-CLACK of the wheels on the track, but there's an ECHO to the sound. It's dark outside the window with lights WHIZZING by every few seconds.

Suddenly the train leaves the tunnel, and starts to slow. They are in an enormous rail yard. Duke sits up and looks out the window at the tall buildings of New York. The train slows further as it enters another tunnel.

CONDUCTOR

(loud Voice)

Pennsylvania Station. New York City.  
End of the line. Everybody out.

The conductor's FOOTSTEPS pass the compartment. Duke stands up and pulls his saddle bags down from the overhead shelf. He opens one side and pulls out his gun belt as if to put it on. He stops, shakes his head and smiles. Duke puts the belt back in the bag, with the handle of the pistol near the opening.

EXT. PENN STATION - AFTERNOON

Duke's steps out of the Station. There are a few people walking by. An automobile slowly drives away from him. The sunshine is bright, but everything seems dingy. There is a patina of black dust on everything. Some of the leaves on the trees are beginning to turn.

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Duke stands for a moment while his eyes adjust to the light. He sniffs. A faint look of disgust crosses his face.

Duke looks at the people then looks at his clothes. His clothes are different than every one else's. The men are in suits, wearing bowler hats. The women are in ankle length dresses with hats festooned with various colorful decorations. Duke is still dressed like a cowboy; jeans, boots and Stetson.

A boy hawking papers nearby is calling out the headline.

NEWSPAPER BOY

(shouts)

Extra! Extra! German U-Boat Sinks Five  
Ships off Nantucket! Extra! Extra!

Duke puts his saddle bags over his shoulder and starts walking down the street.

EXT. STREET WITH TENEMENTS - EVENING

Duke is walking down First Avenue. The avenue is wide, but to the sides are narrow streets lined with grimy tenements.

One block down is an altercation. Two cars have crashed and a fight's broken out. Police are blowing WHISTLES and running up.

Duke ducks around a corner trying not be seen by the police.

He walks down a deserted, narrow street. A VOICE (O.S.) in a thick Irish brogue comes from a crack between two tenements.

IRISHMAN

Excuse me, sir. Would you be so kind as  
to answer a question for me?

DUKE

Okay. But I'm in a hurry, so be quick  
about it.

A small man in a tattered, dirty suit and battered bowler hat steps from the shadows. His eyes widen when he sees Duke.

IRISHMAN

Jesus Christ! What are yeh, some kind of  
fucking cowboy!

DUKE

Something like that. -- What's your  
question, friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRISHMAN

Well, my question be simple. How much fucking money do you have. -- And what's in that fancy bag of yours? -- Friend.

DUKE

That's two questions. And the answer to both of them is none of your business. -- Good evening to you.

Duke touches his his hat brim and starts to walk by the Irishman.

IRISHMAN

My knife and me is making it my business. Hand over your money and that bag. -- Now, fucker!

The Irishman pulls out a cheap, but still deadly knife with a crude wooden handle and a long, rusty blade.

DUKE

Have it your way. Remember, you asked.

As Duke drops the saddle bags, he draws his pistol and COCKS it in one easy move. The Irishman's eyes grow wide and he backs away.

DUKE (cont'd)

Now, friend, I'll make a deal with you. I'll trade you your knife for one bullet. -- Only one, mind you.

IRISHMAN

(nervous)

One bullet?? What'ya be meaning by th... (gulps)

Sir, I've a better deal for yeh. You can have the knife and you can keep your fucking bullet. -- Good evening to you!

The Irishman drops the knife and darts into the shadows he came from, disappearing in an instant. Duke uncocks his pistol and places it back in his bag.

Duke picks up the knife with a look of disgust and chucks it into the shadows. As he walks down the street his customary grin returns and he HUMS softly.

EXT. CORNER NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Duke is standing under crossed street signs, one reads Norfolk St., the other Rivington St.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In front is a red brick building with a turret like structure at the corner and a shop on the first floor. Duke walks in through a door on the right.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

A slight, middle-aged man, BEN, opens the door to the bedroom and ushers Duke in, then walks down the hallway. The bedroom is small and filled with two beds, a wardrobe, and a desk with a chair. Sitting in the chair is a young man, ABE, who looks like an older, thinner version of Duke. His nose has been broken sometime in the past. Abe is hunched over a book, studying it under a lamp.

ABE

Well, well. Look what rolled in from the prairie. If it isn't the roughest, toughest cowpoke who ever poked a cow.

DUKE

Hello, Abe. Been in any gang fights lately? -- I heard about your nose. Never thought you could get any uglier. -- I darn sure was wrong.

The brothers laugh and Abe stands up and hugs Duke.

DUKE (cont'd)

So, papa said you were here. What are doing with that nose of yours in a book? I thought you were finished with school.

ABE

Just studying up. I talked my way into a job developing film -- in pictures.

DUKE

Pictures? My, oh my, you are moving up in the world. Take me with you some day so I can be the next Tom Mix.

Duke makes his hands into guns and levels them at Abe.

ABE

I'll do that.

(sighs)

Duke, I think it's best if you forgot all this cowboy stuff. -- You can't go back to Colorado. That means finding a job, buying new clothes...

(flicks Duke's vest)

Settling down. Fitting in. -- Maybe go to college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

(snorts)

College? Not for me. What about you? Weren't you some sort of fearsome gangster? Knocking heads together and running from the law.

ABE

I was lucky. All I got was this.

(gestures at face)

Another man was killed. After that I was done with the gangs. -- I got smart and you should too.

Abe picks up Duke's saddle bags and sets them on the bed. He sees the butt of the pistol under one of the flaps, WHISTLES and pulls it out. Abe checks the the cylinders and sees they are empty.

Abe goes through a set of motions with the pistol that would teach Tom Mix a thing or two. In a blur, he twirls it, COCKS and UNCOCKS it, twirls it again, then places it back in the bag.

DUKE

At least you haven't forgotten how to handle a gun.

ABE

(wistfully)

Yep.

(shrugs)

Little brother, you better keep that piece out of sight. Better yet, sell it so you can buy some new clothes.

DUKE

Why would I want to do that?

Duke removes the gun belt from the bag and lays it on the bed.

ABE

Because this isn't the Wild West. They have this law here called the Sullivan Act. If they catch you with that they'll toss you in jail and throw away the key.

DUKE

That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.  
-- What's wrong with people around here?

Duke starts to unpack the rest of his things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABE

They don't like getting shot, that's what's wrong with them. They want to keep guns out of the hands of undesirables like Negros, Irishmen, -- and especially those sneaky Jews. Looking at you, I don't blame them.

Duke throws a sock at Abe.

DUKE

I'll hide it behind the wardrobe. --  
Alright for now?

ABE

Alright. Say, I'm starved. Aunt Esther is a wonderful cook so get ready to strap on the feedbag, -- as you cowpokes say.

DUKE

Keep up with the cowboy jokes and I'll finish flattening that nose of yours.

EXT. NORFOLK ST. - MORNING

Duke exits Ben's building. He's still dressed like a cowboy. It's a crisp autumn morning in New York. Beautiful. Duke smells the air and smiles this time. He turns left and starts walking.

EXT. HOUSTON ST. - MORNING

Duke stands on Houston St. marveling at the spectacle. There's a multitude of people walking back and forth, interspersed with an automobile or wagon weaving through the crowd. And there's a DIN of hundreds, maybe thousands of people TALKING, BARGAINING, ARGUING, LAUGHING and SHOUTING.

This Houston St. is not the one you see today, a wide boulevard lined with trees. Houston St. in 1916 was narrower, lined with shops bustling with commerce. Along the street are carts loaded with food, tools, clothing and assorted bric-a-brac.

Every variety of person you can imagine is represented here. Every tongue you could name is spoken here; Yiddish, Irish, Cantonese, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, German, Spanish; you name it. The financial status of the people runs the gamut as well; dirty street urchins and prosperous tradesmen, fine ladies and washer women, solid workmen and professionals, all rubbing shoulders together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Any food you could imagine was sold here. Staples such as sausages, fish, bread, hot coffee, candy, pickles in barrels and pies were all well represented. Also available was more exotic fare; exotic meats roasted on sticks, pastries from around the world, and Oriental food that Duke can't even begin to identify.

Duke stands overwhelmed by the sights, sounds and smells. He's startled by a pretty girl in a flowered dress.

PRETTY GIRL

You're a long way from Texas.

Duke turns and tips his hat.

DUKE

Colorado, miss. Just trying to figure out how to get through all this.

PRETTY GIRL

My advice is to put your head down and just walk.

DUKE

Just like that?

PRETTY GIRL

Just like that.

DUKE

(hat tip)

Thank you, miss.

Duke turns right and dives into the crowd. He quickly learns that people magically manage to navigate around each other.

As he walks he notices that people are staring at him, some smiling and some looking afraid. Even in this throng he stands out in his cowboy outfit. At first he's embarrassed, but soon his good nature takes over and he starts to enjoy himself.

DUKE (cont'd)

Mornin', ma'am -- Howdy, sir.

... is how he greets the people. Everybody else seems to enjoy the show as well. There's so many people that soon he just tips his hat to the ladies, especially the pretty ones.

As Duke passes Katz's Deli on the north side of Houston (across from its current location) an especially pretty Italian girl with gleaming white teeth passes Duke, smiling. Duke tips his hat.

DUKE (cont'd)

Morning, miss

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRETTY GIRL  
(Italian accent)  
Buon giorno, Signor Cowboy.

The girl walks on and Duke spins around to watch her go.

A tall, striking red-haired young woman, in a green dress, carrying a package wrapped in butcher's paper, walks out of Katz's. She runs into Duke, drops her package and looks at him, annoyed.

MAGGIE  
(slight Irish lilt)  
Watch where you're going, you big lunk.

Duke leans down to pick up the package. As he stands up he freezes when he sees her sparkling green eyes.

DUKE  
Sorry, ma'am. -- Didn't see you there.

MAGGIE  
I saw what you were looking at. -- She's very pretty, isn't she?

DUKE  
(embarrassed)  
Yes, ma'am... er no, ma'am. I mean I should've watched where I was going.

Duke hands the package to Maggie. It appears to be undamaged.

MAGGIE  
It's, miss. Miss Maggie Lyons. What's your name, cowboy?

DUKE  
It's Duke. Duke Schamus. -- Pleased to meet you.

Duke tips his hat.

MAGGIE  
Pleased to meet you. -- Duke? That's a cowboy's name. But Schamus? Doesn't sound like a name from Texas.

DUKE  
Colorado, miss. But I was born here. -- Now I'm back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

You certainly are. -- Well, Duke, I need to get going before the morning is gone. -- See you around.

Maggie turns and heads up Houston. Duke stands there watching her go, mouth open.

EXT. HERSHEL'S MEAT COMPANY - DAY

Duke stops in front of a store front on Avenue D near the end of Houston St. Through the window can be seen a typical butcher's shop. The sign over the door reads "Herschel's Kosher Meats". Duke enters through the door.

EXT. HERSCHEL'S LOADING DOCK - DAY

Backed up to the dock is a truck filled with hanging meat. An older, heavy set man in a bloodstained apron, HERSCHEL, points at the truck.

HERSCHEL

I'm putting you to work on the dock. -- Loading and unloading the trucks. With the war on the ships in the harbor keep us busy. -- Think you can handle that?

DUKE

Yes, sir. I'll get started right away.

HERSCHEL

(nods to the side)

There's an apron. Tell me when you're finished.

Duke takes off his vest and lays it on a crate, placing his hat on top. He puts on the apron and walks into the truck.

EXT. MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

Abe is walking on a dirt street along side a large stage building. Walking with him are about a hundred people, mostly men but some women, dressed variously, some in suits, some in workman's attire.

A delivery truck with lettering that says "WILLIAMS WHOLESALE - FT. LEE, N.J." drives past.

Abe looks to his left and notices there's a camera crew filming the people as they walk by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He taps the shoulder of the a man dressed like a workman who is walking beside him. The man's clothes being neat and unworn make him out to be a FOREMAN.

ABE

What are they filming?

The foreman stops and looks towards the crew.

FOREMAN

Us.

They stop and turn to look at the camera. Abe WHISTLES and turns away.

ABE

They don't need my ugly mug on the screen. I'm just here to develop film.

The foreman chuckles and they continue walking and round the front corner of the building. The enormous doors at the end of the building are open they stand inside the doorway looking in. Beside the door is a placard that says "A Girl's Folly".

Abe looks around and sees inside are dozens of people, some milling around, some working. Off to the right on a scaffold that is about twenty feet high is another crew with a camera that looks out over the interior. With them is a man in flat cap holding a bullhorn who is giving them instructions.

All over are dozens of backdrop panels decorated to look like sections of walls needed for the interiors of various scenes. There's also a large area to the side with various pieces of furniture and other props.

ABE (cont'd)

I had no idea it took this many people -- and all this stuff.

FOREMAN

Few people do.

Abe nods his head yes. The workman looks at the men on the scaffold.

FOREMAN (cont'd)

They're getting ready to shoot, so you stay right here.

-- I'll send your boss over to fetch you afterwards.

The workman walks off and weaves his way through the stage. Abe turns to watch the organized chaos in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then the man on the scaffold with the bullhorn tucked under his arm CLAPS loudly, then lifts the bullhorn to his mouth.

DIRECTOR  
Places everyone!

Abe starts to back out of the door when a harried looking man, an ASSISTANT, in a vest with his shirt sleeves rolled up grabs him by the arm.

ASSISTANT  
Where are going? Grab one end of that panel over there.

The assistant points towards a panel with striped wallpaper on it. It is being held at one end by another workman.

ABE  
But...But, I'm not an extra.

ASSISTANT  
You are today. Scoot!

The assistant gives Abe a shove and then turns to SHOUT at one of the other workmen. Abe grabs one end the panel and looks at the man holding the other end.

ABE  
What are we supposed to do?

The workman rolls his eyes nods towards the scaffold.

WORKMAN  
Just pick it up and try not run into anything. Okay?

Abe nods and gulps.

DIRECTOR  
Ready...

Suddenly everybody stops moving and the stage goes quit.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)  
Action!

Everybody springs into motion with workmen moving numerous panels across the stage from left to right in front of the camera. Other workmen move small bistro tables and chairs across the stage from the right foreground to the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a half built bedroom set in the left foreground, a pair of actors are practicing a scene. A woman runs into the room and starts strangling a man.

Abe sees this and nearly drops his panel before recovering and continuing across the stage.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Cut!

INT./EXT. TIME PASSES (MONTAGE) - DAY/NIGHT

Duke at a tailor's shop getting fitted for a brown wool suit. He is not happy.

Duke loading a truck with packages wrapped in butcher's paper.

Duke walking into the circular sitting room at Ben's. He is exhausted. Ben is reading a newspaper with the headline "WILSON WINS! Vows to Keep U.S. Out of War"

Slushy streets. Duke is walking by Katz's Deli. He stops, peers in the window, looking for someone.

Abe in a darkroom opens a large film can and reaches in.

Duke, Ben and Abe in temple, wearing yarmulkes, praying.

Duke standing by the river, watching a US Navy Destroyer steam by.

INT. KATZ'S DELI - DAY

Duke sits at a small table watching the door. There are about a dozen tables, filled with patrons eating lunch. Outside a few snow flurries are falling. On the table is a piece of butcher's paper with some crumbs on it and a half eaten pickle.

A lady walks in through the door and Duke perks up momentarily, before his face falls. He picks up a small, half-full bottle of milk and finishes it. He sighs and backs away from the table. Just then the door opens and she walks in. Duke freezes.

Maggie walks towards the counter before she sees Duke out of the corner of her eye. She stops, smiles and walks over to him.

MAGGIE

Well, if it isn't Duke, the New York Cowboy? Have you tangled with any desperadoes lately? -- And what's this, drinking milk? I thought cowboys only drank whiskey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke sits there stunned. Every thing he planned to say to her is leaking out of his ears.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Well, are you going to say anything? Cat got your tongue?

Duke stands up. He starts to tip his hat when he realizes it's hanging from a hook on the post next to him.

DUKE  
Miss Maggie, I was hoping to see... I mean it's nice to... er, what a pleasant surprise it is to see you here.

MAGGIE  
Surprise, is it? -- And how are you finding life in the city?

DUKE  
It's alright. -- I guess. I've got a job. New clothes.  
(pulls on his lapel)  
The only thing I really miss is riding a horse. Not much cause to do that here.

MAGGIE  
No there isn't. Well, I better be going. Nice to to see you here.

Maggie turns towards the counter. Duke reaches out and grabs her arm. She turns back smiling. She didn't want him to let her go. Duke removes his hand and blushes.

DUKE  
Miss Maggie? I was wondering if I could take you to a picture show on Saturday?  
-- It's Douglas Fairbanks. I saw him in a Western at the theater in Ft. Collins.

MAGGIE  
I would like that. It's at the Orpheum, right? -- I'll meet you there at seven.

Maggie squeezes his arm, turns and walks towards the counter. Duke looks at his arm as if it tingled.

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING

Duke and Abe walking together, dressed to the nines. They walk up to a bar, the William Barnacle Tavern, and Abe shoos Duke in.

INT. TAVERN - EVENING

Duke and Abe are standing at one end of the bar with the front door past the other end. A half a dozen men are in the bar. There's a glass of beer in front of both of them. Abe's is half empty, Duke's barely touched. Abe takes another sip.

ABE

Relax. You've got plenty of time. The theater's just around the corner. Drink.

DUKE

Don't want to be late. -- Can't be late.

ABE

She that pretty?

DUKE

Yep. Green eyes and red hair. And tall.

ABE

Never cared much for Irish girls, myself. But if she's as much a looker as you say, I might have a go at her myself. -- She's definitely wasted on you, little brother.

Duke turns and glares at Abe. Abe's face is in a huge grin.

DUKE

You're too darn ugly.

Duke looks at his glass.

DUKE (cont'd)

Abe, you think an Irish girl and Jewish boy can ever get hitched? I mean -- would it start a riot or something?

ABE

Wow! She really got to you if you're already thinking about marrying her.

DUKE

(blushes)

Well, I just figured if there was no hope of this working out, maybe I should just not show up.

Abe takes another sip.

ABE

Uh huh. -- Look, ten years years ago I'd have told you it was hopeless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABE (cont'd)

Her papa'd bash in your head if you so much as looked at her. Now...?

DUKE

What about now? Papa warned me that they would always hate us.

ABE

Maybe when he went West, or back in the old country when the Cossacks chased him out. But here, -- now, I think we can make a home. -- It's not exactly the Promised Land, but it'll do.

Abe waves his hand around the bar.

ABE (cont'd)

Look at this place. It isn't just for Jews, or the Irish, or for Polacks, or whoever. Any thirsty man can come in here and buy a beer.

(drains his glass)

Speaking of which... Another!

The bartender walks over and grabs Abe's glass and pours him another. While he's pouring, the curtains behind the brothers leading to the back of the bar blow inwards. Abe stiffens.

ABE (cont'd)

The only problem is that some people won't let go of the old ways.

(looks straight ahead)

Hello, Moe.

A man slightly older than Abe, average height and build with an average face, has walked in through the curtain. His eyes are not average. They could cut glass with just a glance. Behind him is an enormous BODYGUARD, whose nose is even more ruined than Abe's.

MOE

(slight Polish accent)

Hello, Killer. How's books?

The brothers turn around.

ABE

Good. -- All finished with school now. Got a job. Keeping my nose clean.

MOE

And what a fine nose it is.

(gestures)

Bartender, a beer please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER  
What about your friend?

MOE  
Nothing for him. He's working.

Moe grabs his beer and stands next to Abe.

MOE (cont'd)  
So Killer, are you going to introduce me?

ABE  
Duke, this Moe Sedway. Moe, my brother  
Duke.

MOE  
Duke? Ah, the Jewish cowboy. I heard  
about you. -- I also heard about a run in  
you had with an Irish gentleman. -- Nice  
work. I might have some use for a man  
of, let us say, your caliber.

ABE  
(angry)  
Now hold on, Moe. You're not getting my  
brother mixed up in your rackets.

Moe gestures with open hands down towards the floor, giving in.

MOE  
Fine. Fine. It's just you were so good  
at it before you decided to become a  
scholar. A pity.

DUKE  
If it's all the same with you, Mr.  
Sedway, I'm doing alright already.

ABE  
Duke, shouldn't you be going. You don't  
want to keep that pretty lady waiting. --  
Besides, Moe and I need to... reminisce.

DUKE  
Yikes. You're right. See you tonight,  
Abe. -- Pleased to meet you, Mr. Sedway.

Duke sprints out the door. Abe looks at Moe. His eyes narrow.

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATER - EVENING

Duke rounds the corner. There is a line of six or so at the theater ticket window. The marquee reads "THE AMERICANO - DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS". Maggie is standing talking with a boy, maybe a bit younger than her, who doesn't look happy. She sees Duke.

MAGGIE

Duke! Over here.

Duke walks over to the pair.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Duke, I'd like you to meet my brother Patrick.

DUKE

(shakes Patrick's hand)

Pleased to meet you.

(turns to Maggie)

Ah, I thought it'd be just you and me.

PATRICK

Dad didn't want Maggie out with a fellow without a chaperon.

MAGGIE

(sticks tongue out)

Dad is an old fool. Duke here is a perfect gentleman. All cowboys are.

DUKE

Not all of 'em, Miss.

The line is down to one. Duke walks up just as it clears.

TICKET MAN

How many, Mac?

Duke starts to answer but Maggie interjects.

MAGGIE

Three.

Duke nods and passes some money to the ticket man.

INT MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

Duke, Maggie and Patrick are sliding down to their seats. Patrick tries to sit between them, but Maggie emphatically points at the seat on the other side of her. Patrick frowns and flops down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The show is just starting. On the screen is the card for "HEARST METROTONE NEWS". The next card reads "GERMANY RESUMES UNRESTRICTED SUBMARINE WARFARE!"

LATER

On the screen, the handsome American Engineer (FAIRBANKS) is getting ready to kiss the beautiful daughter of the Paragonian President.

Maggie reaches over and grabs Duke's hand. Duke blushes. Patrick frowns. Maggie ignores him.

EXT. NEW YORK AVENUE - DAY

Duke and Maggie, Patrick in tow, walk down a tree lined avenue, talking. Pansies are in bloom in the window boxes and the trees are budding.

EXT. HERSCHEL'S LOADING DOCK - DAY

Duke sits in the driver's seat of a running delivery truck behind Herschel's. He is apprehensive.

Herschel stands by the door and gestures for him to pull forward. Duke GRINDS the gears. The truck lurches forward and stalls.

Herschel GROWLS, and other workers standing on the dock LAUGH. Duke jumps down, SLAMS the door and stalks off.

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is dimly lit with just a few dusty, empty crates scattered around. Abe walks towards the closed door of the office in the back. Outside the office, Moe's bodyguard stands with his arms folded and a scowl on his face.

Abe starts to go grab the doorknob and the bodyguard reaches out and shoves him back. Abe glares at him.

ABE

I need to talk to Moe.

BODYGUARD

The Boss is busy with the books.  
-- He's not to be bothered. -- Orders.

Abe starts forward again but the bodyguard grabs him by the shoulder. Abe shrugs and turns to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, he swings his hips to give the bodyguard a backwards kick to the gut. The bodyguard folds and Abe turns, jumps into the air and slams the bodyguard in the back of the head with his elbow. The bodyguard crumples to the ground with a THUD.

Abe straightens his jacket and opens the door. Inside Moe is sitting at a desk with stacks of papers on it. Moe looks a question at Abe.

ABE

I want to make a deal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abe walks in and Duke is lying in his bed. SNORES fill the room. A clock in the hallway CHIMES two.

On the desk is a newspaper with the headline "ZIMMERMAN TELEGRAM - GERMANY OFFERS U.S. SOUTHWEST TO MEXICO!"

Abe SIGHS, sits on the other bed, and takes off his shoes.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE - DAY

Duke and Maggie are pushing through the throng lining Fifth Avenue, trying to get to the front.

MAGGIE

Isn't this grand! It's the biggest parade in the world!

DUKE

(winces)

Yeah, grand. I just wish all these fellers would stop stepping on my feet!

The pair push to the front of the crowd, and stand next to a cop mounted on a tall bay mare, BUTTERCUP. The horse seems oblivious to all the commotion around her.

DUKE (cont'd)

That's a fine animal you have there, sir.  
-- May I?

Duke reaches out to pat her.

COP

(smiles)

She's a beaut. Sure, go ahead.  
-- Her name's Buttercup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke grabs Buttercup's bridle and rubs her nose. He has a huge grin on his face.

COP (cont'd)

You seem to know a thing or two about horses. -- Son, would you mind holding her for a moment while I stretch my legs? I've got blisters on my backside.

DUKE

No problem. We're good friends already.

The cop climbs down from the saddle and hobbles around stiff legged, stretching out. A column of Leprechauns marches by.

Suddenly across Fifth Avenue, the crowd parts as if someone had dropped a basket full of angry rattlesnakes.

Standing on the corner is Moe Sedway, arguing heatedly with a well-dressed, overweight man, KELLY. The man has a companion standing next to him and a large bodyguard stands ten feet behind then. Behind Moe is his big bodyguard, arms folded.

Next to Moe is... Abe! Abe looks unhappy.

DUKE (cont'd)

What the hell is Abe doing here? And with Sedway, too.

MAGGIE

Where? Oh, there. That's Paul Kelly the gangster they're talking to. -- Don't let the name fool you, he's no Irishman.

Suddenly, a small shifty-eyed man sneaks out of the crowd and saps Moe's bodyguard from behind, knocking him cold. Abe and Moe don't notice, being involved in the argument. The shifty-eyed man pulls a long wicked knife from underneath his coat!

DUKE

(shouts)

Abe! Watch out!

Abe doesn't hear him over the noise of the parade. The shifty man starts to sneak up behind Abe and Moe. The overweight man stops arguing and slowly steps backwards.

Duke leaps onto the back of Buttercup. He kicks her side and she rears up.

DUKE (cont'd)

Ya ah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buttercup charges across the street, scattering the rear ranks of the Leprechauns. People in the crowd start SCREAMING and SHOUTING and the band coming in behind the Leprechauns lets out a chorus of OFF-KEY NOTES.

Everybody in the group around Abe, including the shifty-eyed assassin, turn and stare at Duke and Buttercup. Duke rides up on the assassin, pulls on the reins and Buttercup rears again, striking the assassin in the head. He falls in a heap, blood flowing from a nasty gash on his forehead.

Duke turns and pushes Buttercup in between Moe and Kelly. Kelly is staring wide-eyed at Duke, frozen in his tracks.

DUKE (cont'd)

Mister Kelly, ain't it? I don't know what you was trying to pull here, but it's over!

Moe looks at the assassin and the knife, and turns towards Kelly. His eyes are lethal.

MOE

Yes indeed. It's over... for now.

(turns to Duke)

Thank you, Duke. I knew you were a useful fellow. I am in your debt.

ABE

(ashen faced)

Duke, this isn't what it seems.

Kelly regains his composure and steps around the horse.

KELLY

Yes, Moe. This isn't what it seems. I don't know what this... cowboy thought he saw, but this wasn't me. -- Men like you and me have lots of enemies.

MOE

Lots of enemies, yes. Some of them are even our friends. Funny how that is.

KELLY

Yes... we're friends. Or we can be. That's why I listened when Abe here came to arrange a meeting.  
-- Nothing has changed for me.

The cop bursts out of the crowd that's gathered around. Duke climbs down and the cop grabs Buttercup's bridle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP

(angry)

What the hell's going on here? You can't take my horse! They'll lock you up and throw away the key for that.

DUKE

Hold on, sir. Hold on. I saw that fellow on the ground there draw a knife on my brother and Mr. Sedway here.

COP

(gulps)

Is that right, Mr. Sedway? Are you okay?

MOE

Yes, no thanks to you. What do I pay you and your associates for?

COP

Very sorry, Mr. Sedway. I swear it won't happen again.

MOE

See that it doesn't.

(turns to Kelly)

Mr. Kelly, since this truce is important to both of our organizations, we will try this again. -- On my ground. My friend here will call on you later.

Duke turns and stares at Abe. Abe stands there looking miserable. Maggie comes up and grabs Duke's hand.

KELLY

Alright, Moe. Anything you say.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duke is sitting on his bed waiting when Abe walks in.

ABE

I was hoping you were up.

DUKE

Well, I figured you had something you wanted to get off your chest.

Abe pulls the chair over near Duke and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABE

I was there trying to keep the peace between Moe and Kelly. That's all.

DUKE

How do you figure in that?

Abe looks at the floor.

ABE

I owed Moe a favor and Kelly owed me a favor. So Moe asked me to set up a meeting.

DUKE

What kind of favor could a man like that owe you?

ABE

His life is all.

DUKE

His life? How's that?

Abe sighs and looks up.

ABE

Well, in the fight where I got this...

(gestures at nose)

I snuck up behind Kelly and put my knife to his throat. I was ready to send him to hell when he begged me not to. -- For his saintly mother's sake of all things.

Abe reaches out and grabs Duke's hand.

ABE (cont'd)

That's when I decided I was through with the gangs. -- And for my good deed, I caught a brick with my face.

DUKE

Alright, that explains Kelly. It don't explain what you was doing with Moe.

Abe stands up and walks over and looks out the window.

ABE

(turns to Duke)

I was doing it for you! Moe promised if I helped out he would leave you alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE  
Why'd you do that? I don't need you  
riding herd on me.

Abe sits back down.

ABE  
I know... I know. I was afraid that you  
were getting bored. -- That you'd be easy  
pickings for what Moe could offer.

DUKE  
Don't worry. I don't ride with men like  
Moe.

ABE  
I see that now. I thought if there was  
peace things would get better around  
here. -- No more killings. You and I  
could be done with the Moe Sedways of the  
world. Forever.

DUKE  
We are now.

The boys start undressing.

ABE  
Duke, I wasn't going to tell you about  
this, but your playing cowboy today  
changed my mind.

Duke raises an eyebrow.

ABE (cont'd)  
Douglas Fairbanks is planning to film a  
Western in Ft. Lee. And they're looking  
for cowpokes that can ride a horse, rope  
a steer, shoot... you name it. --  
Auditions are in a week.

Duke's face lights up and he lets out a WHOOP. Abe SHUSHES him.

INT. STABLE - DAY

Maggie is leading Duke, eyes covered, into a stable lined with  
horse stalls. Duke is wearing his cowboy outfit. She leads him  
to a groom who is holding the reins of two saddled horses. Duke  
sniffs the air, a big grin on his face.

MAGGIE  
Ta Da! You can look now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

(opens eyes)

I knew I smelled horses! Should have figured something was up when you told me to put on this rig.

MAGGIE

I thought you'd like to practice for your big audition in two days.

DUKE

I never figured there was a place in New York where I could sit a horse again.

(looks at horses)

Two? You can ride?

MAGGIE

Of course, silly. I told you my Uncle Ned has a farm up state. We used to ride around all summer.

Duke grabs the reins from the groom.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Duke and Maggie trot across Central Park West and enter the park. They turn left and travel north with Croton Reservoir on their right. It's a glorious spring day; trees are budding and flowers are blooming.

As they pass the end of the reservoir, Duke lets out a WHOOP and gallops across North Meadow, Maggie in tow.

People are staring and pointing; riders are supposed to keep to the bridle paths. Duke doesn't care.

When they reach the other side of the meadow, Duke halts, his horse breathing hard. Maggie trots up. They smile at each other and Duke reaches out and grabs Maggie's hand.

EXT. MOVIE STUDIO LOT - DAY

Abe and Duke, in his cowboy rig, walk down a dirt road surrounded by large warehouses and studio buildings. Most are deserted and dark, including the one Abe worked in for A Girl's Folly, but the two at the end are bustling with life. These have signs over large double doors saying "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PRODUCTIONS" and placards saying "WILD AND WOOLLY".

Outside, are a veritable army of people hustling to and fro; carpenters, cameramen, electricians, costumers and others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke looks inside one of the buildings and a gang of men is building the set for a western saloon.

Abe gives Duke a smile and light punch to the arm before walking into the building. Duke looks in at the hub-bub for a moment before letting out a low WHISTLE and continuing down the street.

At the end of the street is a large, bowl-shaped meadow. Along the side of the meadow are about fifty people watching the "action" there.

Duke walks towards an empty spot and looks out. What he sees astonishes him. In the meadow are twenty head of cattle and a half-dozen men dressed as cowpokes, mostly on horseback.

One cowpoke is sitting on the ground with his horse standing over him. A second cowpoke is struggling to stay in the saddle.

COWPOKE

(shouting)

Whoa! Whoa! God dammit, whoa!

The cowpoke tumbles out of the saddle and lands sprawling. His horse stops, then wanders over to the other standing horse. The other four cowpokes are futilely trying to round up the cattle, succeeding only in riling them up and scattering them all over the meadow. A VOICE comes from behind Duke.

MONTE (O.S.)

You ever seen such a pee-autiful sight in all your life?

Monte walks up on Duke's right side. Duke doesn't turn, instead continues to watch the spectacle before them.

Duke's western drawl is back.

DUKE

Nope. -- When'd you get in?

MONTE

This morning. -- Fairbanks sent for me.

DUKE

What you figure we should do?

MONTE

Figure we ought to go down there and show these dudes how it's done.

Monte slaps Duke on the back and lets him lead the way down to where the two horses are standing. They mount up, shoo the dudes off and start galloping around the cattle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In nothing flat they have all the cattle in a compact herd, placidly mooing and heading into a corral.

Duke rides up along side Monte and big grins break out on their faces. Duke reaches over and closes the gate. The pair start riding slowly towards the studio buildings.

MONTE (cont'd)

Hell's bells, I missed this. How've you been, kid?

DUKE

Hanging in there. And you?

MONTE

Doing alright. After Cheyenne I went back to California. Started working in pictures again. -- The name's Blue now.

DUKE

(grins)

A certain feller named Bluefeather must've bought it in Wyoming.

MONTE

(serious)

That's what I heard. -- Shame.

They reach the edge of the meadow. Douglas FAIRBANKS strides up to them. He is energetic and exuberant. If a smile isn't on his face then something has gone terribly wrong. He talks in a quick, staccato voice and is always ready to break out in laughter.

FAIRBANKS

Ho! Monte! That was magnificent!  
 Couldn't have done it better myself!  
 -- Introduce me to your friend!

MONTE

Doug, this is Duke Schamus. He's the kid I told you about. Kid, this is Douglas Fairbanks, the world famous picture star.

FAIRBANKS

Ha! Not so famous yet. Why I don't think they've even heard of me in Peru. But some day!

MONTE

Some day. -- So, we got the job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAIRBANKS

Please stop kidding. The star's supposed to be the funny one. Be here bright and early tomorrow morning. -- Now I'm off to get rid of these other clowns.

DUKE

Thanks, Mister Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS

(over shoulder)

Call me Doug. After all, we'll be riding together.

Fairbanks darts off. Duke looks at Monte quizzically.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The bank has a prosperous look to it. Everything is marble, walnut and polished brass. There are several tellers serving the dozen or so customers. This being a "modern" bank one of the tellers is a woman.

Behind the tellers is a pair of offices with pebbled glass windows. Down a short hallway between them is an open vault.

Through the wavy glass front windows we see four horses stop in front of the bank. The riders dismount and one of the riders takes the reins of all the horses.

The men put their hands to their faces and then to their sides. One pulls something from the side of his horse. What they are doing is hard to tell through the distortions in the glass. They walk towards the door.

Three robbers, dressed like cowboys, burst through the door. They have holsters around their waists, guns in their hands, Stetsons on their heads and kerchiefs over their faces.

The ROBBER LEADER has a Colt in either hand. A second robber has drawn a single Colt, while his other hand holds a bundle of burlap sacks. The burly third man is holding a double barreled shotgun.

The burly man turns and savagely strikes the elderly guard with the butt of his shotgun, knocking him flat.

The leader fires a shot into the ceiling. BANG!

ROBBER LEADER

(shouts)

All right folks, this is a hold up!  
-- Nobody move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCREAMS and SHOUTS start to break out but are quickly silenced by a wave of the leader's pistols.

ROBBER LEADER (cont'd)  
If everybody does what he's told, nobody needs to get hurt. But if'n anybody here wants to be a hero...

The leader gestures at the man with the shotgun.

ROBBER LEADER (cont'd)  
... my friend here will paint the walls with their guts. -- And if'n I hear an alarm, the manager is gonna grow some new holes in his head.  
(turns to other robbers)  
Let's get to work boys.

The customers and most of the employees are cowering on the ground, covered by the man with the shotgun.

The leader holsters one pistol and grabs a sack from the other robber. He vaults the counter. One of the tellers is still standing, frozen in place. The leader pistol whips him.

The man carrying the sacks heads to the vault, kicking the bank manager along the way. The leader starts emptying the cash in the drawers into his sack. When he finishes he walks over to the corridor leading to the vault, holding his pistol on the manager.

ROBBER LEADER (cont'd)  
(shouts)  
Time to git!

ROBBER (O.S.)  
(from vault)  
Almost done. One more sack.

ROBBER LEADER  
Leave the gold. It's too heavy.

The robber comes striding out of the vault holding three full sacks. He hands one to the leader and draws his pistol. They come around the counter and head towards the door. The other two exit the bank, but the leader stops and turns.

ROBBER LEADER (cont'd)  
Pleasure doing business with you folks.  
You all have a nice day.

The robber leader tips his hat with his pistol and exits the bank.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE DOCKS - DAY

The four robbers are trotting down the street, guns holstered, sacks tied to their saddles. They turn into a deserted warehouse.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

The set is Jeff Hillington's bedroom from the beginning of "Wild and Woolly". To the right is a small Indian tepee with figures drawn on it. In front of the tepee is a fire with an iron pot hanging over it. Behind the tepee is a small tree and a cactus.

A shelf with various western themed paraphernalia on it hangs on the wall to the left. Hanging from nails through their trigger guards are pistols. On the wall under the shelf are four rifles. A sawhorse with a saddle and a sheep skin on it sits in front.

All around is the typical HUBBUB found on a set. Lights and cameras, paint and canvas; all being worked on by the crew.

About thirty feet from Duke near the tepee Fairbanks, dressed as Jeff in a white cowboy outfit, is having an animated conversation with John EMERSON, the director. With all the noise Duke can't here what they're saying.

Emerson turns his back and Fairbanks storms off in the general direction of Duke. He's not smiling his customary smile; something is wrong. Fairbanks walks up to Duke but is deep in thought. He doesn't seem to notice Duke.

FAIRBANKS

Ho, can you believe the nerve of that man! -- I'm the star! I'm the producer! I hired him to direct this picture.

DUKE

What's the problem, Mr. Fairbanks?

Fairbanks turns towards Duke and recognizes him.

FAIRBANKS

Aha, Duke isn't it? Call me Doug. The problem is that Emerson, the director over there, says I'm over-acting in this scene. Me? Over-acting?

DUKE

The way I figure it, Doug, you have to overdo it a bit or folks won't get what's going on. There being no sound and all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAIRBANKS

Exactly! You'd think a man of his experience would understand that. But, no, he wants to create art.  
-- Art! This isn't art. It's a Western!

Fairbanks stands there fuming.

DUKE

Doug, I'm here, but right now I feel like a stray lost in tall brush.

FAIRBANKS

Hmm... First thing, you need to do is report to the production manager.  
-- But he's not here right now.

Fairbanks effervescent personality returns.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

In the meantime, would you like to watch me re-shoot this scene? Ha! Watch Emerson when I don't over-act this time.

Fairbanks winks at Duke.

DUKE

Sure thing, Doug. I'll bet smoke comes outta his ears.

FAIRBANKS

This will be fun!

What follows is various shots from the scene: Fairbanks sitting in front of the tepee reading a dime western. He jumps up and stretches his arms wide.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

(yells)

Ah, that's the life!

Fairbanks dances a frantic jig and jumps in the saddle, grabs a pistol and it accidentally fires.

"Jeff's" BUTLER walks in and is promptly lassoed. Later Jeff empties his gun at the Butler's feet.

While this happens Emerson's face is angry at first before becoming dejected. Finally he's won over by Fairbanks' exuberant performance.

At the end of the scene, Fairbanks carries the butler, tied-up, out of the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

Cut! Let's wrap for lunch.

Fairbanks runs back on the set, does a handspring and lands on one knee, arms spread wide. The crew APPLAUDS.

FAIRBANKS

Ta Da! Now that was art!

INT. WARDROBE - DAY

Wardrobe is tucked into one corner of a busy stage building. Nearby workers continue to build the saloon set and there is a constant DIN of saws, hammers, and workers' SHOUTS.

Monte is standing stripped to the waist looking through a rack of western shirts. His rippling muscles show that he has a boxer's physique. He pulls a checked shirt from the rack, holds it up and then starts to put it on.

Douglas Fairbanks comes around one end of the rack with his customary grin on his face. He approaches Monte from behind and to the right unnoticed.

FAIRBANKS

Hey, Monte. I've been looking for you.

Monte is so engrossed while scowling at himself in a nearby mirror that he doesn't hear Fairbanks. Fairbanks taps Monte on the shoulder and Monte starts and spins around.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Boo!

Monte relaxes and starts to button up the shirt.

MONTE

Doug, I've been looking for you...

FAIRBANKS

That's just what I said. What a happy coincidence! It's fate I tell you!

Monte smiles and shakes his head.

MONTE

Hey, it's me. -- Could you stop being The Douglas Fairbanks for just a minute?

Fairbanks looks startled for a moment then visibly shrinks and becomes a rather ordinary man. Fairbanks sighs and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAIRBANKS

I've been playing that part for so long sometimes I can't find my way off the stage. -- Thanks, my friend.

MONTE

My pleasure. What do you need?

FAIRBANKS

I know how you hate being charge of anything, but I need someone to ride herd over the extras. I'm afraid you're stuck with the job.

MONTE

Okay. -- But just because it's you doing the asking.

FAIRBANKS

And I need someone to play Wild Bill and you're just about ugly enough.

MONTE

Gee, thanks.

Monte and Fairbanks wander out of the wardrobe area and look out over the bustling stage building.

MONTE (cont'd)

Now I need ask you a question.

Fairbanks nods and Monte spins around to face him.

MONTE (cont'd)

Are you out of your cotton picking mind?

FAIRBANKS

(startled)

Out of my mind? What do you mean?

SHOUTS come from the set and a wooden set frame that the carpenters were trying to stand up CRASHES to the ground.

MONTE

This! All this!

(waves hand around)

Two years ago we were extras, now you're a producer? -- It's crazy!

FAIRBANKS

I had to do it. If I want to be a star I have to make my own pictures.  
-- And I have to be a star...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

This business will chew you up and spit you out if you take it too serious. It's getting to you already.

Fairbanks shakes his head and suddenly he's Douglas Fairbanks the Movie Star again.

FAIRBANKS

Ho, Monte. Someone has to be the star. And it might as well be me!  
-- Your problem is you never take anything seriously.

MONTE

Yes I do. It's just I know the difference between what's real and what's make believe.

FAIRBANKS

Do you?

Fairbanks sprints off to SHOUT at the carpenters.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - DAY

Duke is standing in the studio property room filled with all the bric-a-brac needed to shoot a Western. A worker is repairing a saddle and another one is filling a crate with items on a list.

Duke is facing a small, energetic man, holding a clipboard and watching the man gathering items with disapproval.

DUKE

Excuse me, sir. Are you the production manager?

JOHN FAIRBANKS

Yes. What do you want?

DUKE

I'm Duke Schamus. I'm supposed to be one of the cowboys. Mr. Fairbanks said I was to find you.

JOHN FAIRBANKS

Well, I'm Mr. Fairbanks. Just not the Mr. Fairbanks. Just plain old John Fairbanks. -- Yes, I'm the production manager.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

Not sure what I need. Not sure where to go or what to do. Nobody seems to have time to tell me anything.

JOHN FAIRBANKS

A movie set's a busy place. My brother Doug doesn't even have time to fool around -- and he's famous for that.

(shakes his head)

Certainly nobody has time to help a lost cowpoke.

DUKE

Well, dang it, who do I talk to?

JOHN FAIRBANKS

Well... you're Monte's friend, right?

Duke nods an affirmative

JOHN FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

After the show you two put on yesterday Doug's taken a real shine to you, so I'll explain what you're here to do.

Fairbanks walks over to a shelf loaded with cowboy gear.

JOHN FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Basically, what you're going to do is dress up in ridiculous ten gallon hats, and ride around on horseback firing guns in the air, whooping it up.

Fairbanks tosses Duke one of the hats.

JOHN FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

But we don't have enough Indians so I guess you'll be playing one as well.

DUKE

I reckon I can handle all that.

Duke walks over to a rack of pistols and pulls one out. He examines it with a look of disapproval.

DUKE (cont'd)

These one of the pistols? It's a hunk o' junk. Heck, the barrel's got rust on it.

JOHN FAIRBANKS

Well if you own a better pistol you can use it on the set. Many actors do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fairbanks pulls out a pocket watch and looks at the time with a frown on his face. He turns to go.

JOHN FAIRBANKS (cont'd)  
 (over his shoulder)  
 That's all the time I've got. Go to costume over there and get fitted.

Duke tries to spin the pistol on his finger but one of the grip pieces flies off. Monte strides in dressed in the checked shirt, leather vest, chaps and a ten gallon hat. He's sporting an obviously fake mustache.

MONTE  
 Put that thing away before you hurt someone.

DUKE  
 Monte, where the heck've you been?

MONTE  
 Doug wants me to play a bigger role in the picture, so I was getting fitted. I'm going to be Wild Bill, the leader of the Dirty Ditch Gang. Yahoo!

DUKE  
 You look like an idgit. -- And what's that hangin' under your nose?

MONTE  
 It's my dastardly mustache. In pictures you can always tell the bad guys by their mustaches.

Monte scowls menacingly. Duke looks at him with ridicule.

DUKE  
 It looks like you glued a caterpillar to your lip.

MONTE  
 You wait and see it on the screen. -- Anyways, you all done here? I'm starving, and if there's one good thing about the picture business it's the grub.

INT/EXT STUDIO COMMISSARY - DAY

Duke and Monte cross the bustling dirt street to the building across the way. Inside is the commissary, with a variety of delicious looking foods piled high on platters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's coffee to drink; even a barrel of beer. Some of the workmen are sitting with steins in front of them, foam in their mustaches.

Monte and Duke get in line, but before they can advance, Douglas Fairbanks walks into the building. He's accompanied by a stoop shouldered man in a black frock coat. The man has a long face and a high forehead. Under heavy brows his eyes are infinite pools of ink. This is D.W. GRIFFITH.

FAIRBANKS

Ho, Monte! Look who's here! It's Griff!  
D-W Griffith himself! Come all the way  
 from California to watch us make our  
 little picture.

GRIFFITH

(soft southern drawl)

Not for that. Just a courtesy call.  
 Actually, I'm in town to buy up all the  
 old Biograph cameras and equipment.

Monte and Griffith shake hands.

MONTE

Pleasure to see you again, Mr. Griffith.  
 This here's my pal, Duke Schamus.  
 -- Duke. Ain't that a grand name for a  
 picture show cowboy?

GRIFFITH

Indeed it is. Mr. Schamus, you're an  
 extra now?

DUKE

(nods)

Yep. Second day here.

GRIFFITH

Doug here say's you have the potential to  
 be a star of the cinema. Have you given  
 that any thought?

DUKE

Well, I'm having a fine time so far.

Fairbanks steps between Duke and Griffith.

FAIRBANKS

Hey, Griff! Don't go stealing my talent.  
 These boys are mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFITH

Furthest thing from my mind. In fact, I heard you were having trouble finding cowboys for your little endeavor.

FAIRBANKS

All the good ones seemed to have run off to Hollywood. -- It's your fault, Griff! You started that.

GRIFFITH

That wasn't entirely me. -- Besides, help has arrived. I brought Ed Keeler and his boys back with me. They're around here someplace.

Fairbanks turns to Monte and waves his arms.

FAIRBANKS

Do you here that, Monte? Ed and the boys are here.

MONTE

Ed's a good hand although we've had a run in or two.

FAIRBANKS

About a girl I suppose.

MONTE

(shrugs)  
Something like that.

FAIRBANKS

Ha, Monte! You're incorrigible! That's why you had to leave California last year.

MONTE

It wasn't about that girl! -- I reckon we'll make out alright.

FAIRBANKS

I'll let you sort it out, Monte.

Fairbanks puts his arm around Griffith's shoulders. Griffith's body language shows he's uncomfortable with this. They walk away slowly and Duke can still hear their voices.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

So, Griff, what's this I hear about you buying land for a studio in California. I thought you were broke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFITH

Well, I've come up with a novel way of financing it...

INT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

Duke and Monte are standing in the door of the stable. There are a dozen horses in stalls and past the far door is a horse trailer.

In the middle of the stable are four men; one of whom, his back to the pair, is obviously the leader. The other three are listening to him, nodding their heads.

DUKE

So what's the story with you and this Ed feller? Anything I should know?

MONTE

Well, sometimes a feller just raises your hackles. No rhyme or reason to it. Ed's one of 'em. And I reckon it's mutual.

DUKE

So, it wasn't about a girl?

Duke and Monte start walking towards the group in the stable.

MONTE

Well, no. At least not at first. The girl in question didn't like him anyway.

DUKE

Can we trust him?

MONTE

(nods)

As long as we don't get in his way.

DUKE

I guess we'll stay outta his way then.

Monte nods in agreement. The pair reach the group in the middle of the barn.

MONTE

Yo, Ed. Long time no see.

Ed Keeler, a stocky man with a hard face, turns around. The young man on the right, BILLY KEELER, is his brother. The other two are a burly man wearing a dirty vest and a small, WEASEL faced man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED KEELER

Not long enough, Bluefeather. I thought you were dead?

MONTE

Nope. Still kicking. And my stage name is Blue now.

ED KEELER

Hiding the fact you're an Injun, huh?

MONTE

(softly)

That's half-breed, friend.

(shakes head, smiles)

Na... Blue is easier to put up in lights. You know, when I become a big star.

Monte holds his hands up like he's a director framing a shot.

ED KEELER

(snorts)

You? A star? That'll be the day! Who's this feller you got following you around?

MONTE

This is my pardner, Duke Schamus. He's an extra like us.

Duke sticks his hand out but Ed ignores it.

ED KEELER

Not like us. Seamus? He don't look Irish. Must be a Yid or something.

DUKE

(stone faced)

Yes, I'm a Jew, friend. Do you have a problem with that?

ED KEELER

(shakes his head)

A Yid cowboy? Now I've seen everything. No problem. Friend. I'll just have to keep my hand on my wallet, is all.

Duke starts forward, violence in his eyes. Monte puts his arm out and shoves Duke back.

MONTE

You done with the insults, Ed?  
-- What are you fellers doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED KEELER

Mr. Fairbanks is shooting a scene on horseback in Central Park tomorrow. We're here to pick up two mounts and load 'em in that trailer there.

MONTE

Well, Doug told me I'm top hand for all the cowpoke extras, so from now on you report to me.

ED KEELER

I'll need to to hear that from Mr. Fairbanks himself.

MONTE

Go ahead and ask Doug. I don't mind.

EXT. DUSTY COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Monte stands holding the bridle of a bronco. Duke wearing a ten gallon hat is in the back of the scene riding a handsome gray. Fairbanks runs on scene, vaults into the saddle and rides the bucking bronco around the courtyard chased by Duke.

EMERSON

Cut! That's a wrap for today.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Duke has pushed the wardrobe out and is retrieving his gun and belt from behind it. Duke straps on the belt and draws the pistol, spins it back and forth and re-holsters it.

Duke takes off the gun belt and puts it in a satchel.

EXT. FT. LEE FERRY - MORNING

Duke and Abe are sitting on a bench near the tail of the ferry. Abe is dressed in a suit with a bowler hat. Duke is in his cowboy rig with the satchel on the deck between his legs.

They watch the New York skyline recede behind them. They look sad. On the bench next to them is a newspaper with the headline "WAR! WILSON ASKS CONGRESS FOR DECLARATION VOTE!"

INT. COSTUME - DAY

Duke is looking in a full length mirror. He is dressed like an Indian with a badly fitting shoulder length wig and a headband with a feather. Makeup on his face darkens his complexion.

Monte, in his Wild Bill outfit, is standing behind him LAUGHING with barely contained glee. Duke turns and scowls at him.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Fifteen "Indians", Duke among them, are standing in the meadow. EILEEN PERCY, in the part of Nell, is standing in the middle of the group.

On a nearby hill is Emerson with some of the crew. Fairbanks, as Jeff, is off to the right sitting on a horse. Several cameras with crew are positioned along the hillside.

Emerson nods to Fairbanks, who nods back. Emerson strides several paces down the hill and raises a bullhorn.

EMERSON

Places everyone!

Emerson retreats back up the hill. The "Indians" form a circle around "Nell". She lays on the ground and theatrically raises the back of her hand to her forehead.

EMERSON (cont'd)

Action!

The Indians start dancing in a circle around Nell, WHOOPING and HOLLERING and shaking their weapons.

Suddenly, "Jeff" gallops down the hill firing his pistol. Duke clutches his chest as if shot, and throws himself backwards on the ground, limbs splayed.

"Jeff" breaks through the circle, scattering the Indians. He scoops up "Nell" and she climbs aboard behind him. They gallop off the opposite side of the meadow.

EMERSON (cont'd)

Cut!

Emerson strides down to the Indians in the meadow. Fairbanks and Percy come trotting back and join the group. They dismount.

FAIRBANKS

Ho, John! How was that? I thought it was splendid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMERSON

It was alright. Better than the last take.

FAIRBANKS

Alright? Nonsense. It was perfect.

Fairbanks walks over to Duke who is standing rubbing his backside.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Hey, Duke! Glorious death! Not over-acting at all!

Fairbanks looks at Emerson with a big grin on his face. Emerson, who is talking with Percy, glances over and shakes his head.

DUKE

It was fun. Not sure about this get up.

FAIRBANKS

Come on. The best part of being an actor is that we can be anyone. One day you're an Indian, or a Cowboy. The next day a Musketeer! Ha!

Fairbanks pantomimes being in a sword fight.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Didn't you play make believe as a child?

DUKE

Sure. But I didn't want to be no Injun.

FAIRBANKS

Why not? Indians are splendid fellows once you get to know them. What about our friend Monte? He's an Indian.

DUKE

That's half-breed, friend.  
-- Never thought about it that way.  
Always been just a cowboy to me.

FAIRBANKS

Being part Indian is what makes Monte the first-class fellow he is.

(serious for once)

We're all made up of different parts. We all have different roles to play.

DUKE

Like me being part Jew and part Cowboy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fairbanks slaps Duke on the back and his grin returns.

FAIRBANKS

Ha! Indeed. The important thing is to be more than the sum of your parts.

DUKE

Now you're a philosopher like Monte.

FAIRBANKS

(nods)

And equally important is to have fun wherever you are, whatever you're doing!

Fairbanks turns and strides over to Emerson and Percy.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Hey, John! Eileen! Let's get a move on. There's still plenty of time for more fun today. What do you say?

INT. HERSCHEL'S MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Duke is leading Maggie, her eyes covered by her hands, into the locker between rows of sides of beef. Duke is wearing his nice brown suit and carrying a satchel. Maggie is wearing a coat.

MAGGIE

Brr! Now I know why you made me wear this coat. It's freezing in here!

Duke and Maggie stop. Duke sets the satchel on a small table.

DUKE

You can uncover your eyes now.

Maggie lowers her hands, blinks, then looks around quizzically.

MAGGIE

(coyly)

Duke, how romantic. And I thought we were going for a picnic in the park.

DUKE

I have a surprise for you. Remember when we were riding and you said all you needed to be a cowgirl was a six-shooter?

MAGGIE

(looks puzzled)

Yes. But what does being here have to do with that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duke opens the satchel and pulls out his gun-belt with the Colt and straps it on. He then pulls out a revolver, a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson Model 10, and a box of rounds for it.

DUKE

This isn't exactly a cowboy pistol, but  
it's lighter and kicks less.  
-- I borrowed it from the property room.

Duke hands the Smith & Wesson to Maggie. Her hand drops momentarily from the weight. She brings it up and holds it two-handed, extending her arms. She sights the weapon at a side of beef hanging by itself at the end of the room.

Duke extends his hand and she places the pistol in it.

DUKE (cont'd)

Think you can handle it?

MAGGIE

It's a bit heavy, but I think so.  
-- But Duke, we can't shoot in here! The  
neighbors will call the cops.

Duke starts loading the S&W. He shakes his head.

DUKE

Nope. The walls in here are too  
thick. -- A while back one of those  
beams sprung loose and everything came  
crashing down. -- I was on the dock and  
didn't hear nothing.

Duke hands the revolver back to Maggie. He draws his Colt, checks the cylinders, gives it a fancy spin and holsters it.

DUKE (cont'd)

Besides it's Sunday. Nobody around.

Duke turns toward the lone side of beef fifteen feet away.

DUKE (cont'd)

We can shoot at that one. It's been  
condemned. -- Aim for the blue mark  
halfway down.

Duke takes his stance, hand hovering over the Colt. Lightening quick he draws and FIRES six rounds, using his left hand to COCK the hammer. Five shots have hit the target; one misses by three inches. He starts to reload.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE (cont'd)  
(frowning)  
First shot went wide.

Duke finishes reloading and holsters the Colt, turning to Maggie.

DUKE (cont'd)  
Now it's your turn. Yours is double-  
action so all you have to do is aim and  
squeeze the trigger.

Maggie raises the revolver and points it towards the beef; leaning  
back, one eye closed, tongue sticking out and elbows locked.

MAGGIE  
Like this?

DUKE  
No no! You'll knock yourself out or bite  
off your tongue. Here, let me show you.

Duke walks around behind Maggie, puts his arms around her placing  
his hands over hers. He pulls her arms back slightly and gently  
presses against her back with his body until she's standing  
straight. He speaks softly into her ear.

DUKE (cont'd)  
That's better.

MAGGIE  
(purrs)  
Yes, -- much better.

Duke looks flustered and steps back.

DUKE  
Looks good. Now aim and squeeze the  
trigger -- slowly.

Maggie looks serious and aims the gun. BANG! The round strikes  
the beef about six inches high and to the right of the target.

MAGGIE  
I hit it!

DUKE  
Yep. Just a little high and right. This  
time aim a little lower and make sure the  
gun is straight.

BANG! This time the round nicks the outside of the target.  
Maggie and Duke grin at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE  
Now I'm a cowgirl!

INT. SALOON SET - DAY

Duke, Monte, Fairbanks, and a dozen cowboys, including Ed Keeler, are standing on the saloon set. Fairbanks and Monte are off to the side talking with Emerson. Abe is standing off on the other side of the set when Duke spots him and walks over.

DUKE  
 So, come to see me and Monte's big scene?

ABE  
 (sarcastically)  
 I thought I'd get your autograph.

DUKE  
 (looks simple)  
 Duh. You know us cowpokes don't know how to read 'n' write.

ABE  
 I believe it. -- So what's going on here?

DUKE  
 This is the scene where Doug squares off with Monte who's playing Wild Bill.  
 -- Should be fun.

The conversation on the far side of the set breaks up.

DUKE (cont'd)  
 Gotta go.

Fairbanks is already leaning on the bar and Duke rushes up and takes his place on the right of Fairbanks.

EMERSON  
 Places everyone.

The milling around stops and everybody stands still.

EMERSON (cont'd)  
 Let's do this in one take. Ready --  
 Action!

Monte comes on scene from the right in his Wild Bill costume, mustache on his lip, an overdone scowl on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fairbanks and the cowboys have their back to Monte as he strides up on Fairbanks' left, shoves the cowpoke there away, and takes his place at the bar. Monte leans slightly to the right, his shoulder almost touching Fairbanks'.

Fairbanks turns and shoves Monte and they glare at each other.

FAIRBANKS

It's you!

MONTE

I'm just here for a drink.

Fairbanks swings his hat off his head and strikes Monte with it. He draws his pistol and sticks it in Monte's chest. They glare at each other again. Fairbanks holsters his pistol and nods at the barkeep. Monte waves a finger at the Barkeep.

MONTE (cont'd)

Two whiskeys.

The barkeep pours two drinks into tin cups. Monte grabs the one by Fairbanks and slowly hands it to him. Fairbanks smiles and takes it in his left hand.

FAIRBANKS

I drink with my left hand, pard. Savvy?

Fairbanks drains his cup while keeping his right hand on his holstered pistol. Monte drinks his and throws the cup down. He walks behind Fairbanks towards the door, stops and turns.

MONTE

There's a train leaving here at eight o'clock tonight. You be on it or I'm gunning for ya!

Fairbanks smiles, then laughs. Monte turns and walks off scene.

EMERSON

Cut! Five minutes everyone.

Duke walks over towards Abe, gesturing for Monte to come over.

DUKE

Monte, this is my brother Abe.

Monte and Abe shake hands but don't let go.

ABE

So you're the friend that almost got my brother killed in Cheyenne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

So you're the brother that almost got my friend killed in New York City.

Monte and Abe stop shaking but continue to grip each other's hand.

DUKE

Hey, fellers. One thing those situations had in common was -- me! Kinda looks like it's all my fault.

Monte and Abe let go but continue to frown at each other. Duke looks on concerned.

Monte's face melts into a grin and then he starts to LAUGH. It's so infectious that soon Abe is LAUGHING as well.

MONTE

Got a point there, kid. It's all your fault!

ABE

You said it. -- Say, you guys wrapped up for today? I could use a beer.

DUKE

Not yet. I have a line coming up!

Duke hooks his thumbs in his belt and looks real serious.

DUKE (cont'd)

I wouldn't trust that feller.

(grins)

What ya think?

Monte and Abe's faces go deadpan.

MONTE

(shakes his head)

Sad.

ABE

Pathetic.

Duke punches Abe in the arm.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - EVENING

Monte and Duke are removing their gun belts and chaps. Duke starts to hang his belt with the Colt on a hook and hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

Not sure I want to leave it here.

MONTE

It'll be alright. Everybody knows that's your Colt.

Duke hangs the belt on the hook. Monte puts an arm around Duke's shoulders as they walk towards the door.

MONTE (cont'd)

Besides, can't go into town wearing a gun. Hell, you can't even do that in Cheyenne anymore.

EXT. FT. LEE - EVENING

Duke and Monte, still dressed like cowboys, and Abe are walking down the dirt-paved Main St. in Ft. Lee.

They stop in front of the Red Dog Saloon which sports an Old West motif. It's a warm evening so the front doors are open exposing a pair of swinging gates that look like they came out of a cheesy Western. Inside is light and smoke, SHOUTS and LAUGHTER.

Monte gestures towards the door and they walk in.

INT. RED DOG SALOON - EVENING

The trio are sitting at the bar with Duke in middle; Monte on his right, Abe on his left. There are half-empty mugs of beer in front of them.

In the background is a large, smoky room with about thirty patrons; drinking, TALKING and playing cards. The customers are mostly crew from the movie, but some are local workmen and there are even four SWELLS from the city.

A couple of WAITRESSES in Old West dance hall girl costumes are weaving in between the tables, trays of drinks balanced on their hands. Someone is playing a RAGTIME TUNE on a piano. Duke looks over his shoulder at the room and is amazed.

DUKE

How the heck did this place get here? I reckon it didn't just spring up outta the ground.

ABE

(frowns)  
You reckon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The trio turn on their stools and face the room.

MONTE

Ain't it grand! -- It was built for some forgotten Western. Afterwards, some feller saw an opportunity and opened it up as a Western saloon. The picture crews love it.

-- They even get tourists from the city.

Monte nods towards the swells.

ABE

Have to say, this cowboy stuff is growing on me. I forgot how much fun this is.

Monte looks puzzled.

DUKE

Abe spent a year on the ranch before he came back to the city with mama.

MONTE

So, you're a cowboy too? Want a job as an extra?

ABE

(shakes head)

No. The day comes when you have to grow up and deal with the real world. I'll stick with what I'm doing.

The trio look thoughtful as they gaze out over the crowd. Abe stands up and straightens his suit coat.

ABE (cont'd)

I see an open seat at that table over there. Think I'll play a hand or two.

Abe grabs his beer and walks over to the table behind them and takes a seat. Duke and Monte turn back towards the bar.

MONTE

Your brother has a point, kid. You're getting way too far into this.

-- You do know this is just acting?

DUKE

Whadya mean, too far into it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

I mean you've been acting like some ignorant cowpoke straight off the prairie. Hey, it's great fun, but...

DUKE

... But you do it too! I reckon if it's alright for you it's alright for me.

MONTE

I do it around the set. Part of getting into character. It's called acting.

(frowns)

And the way you talk. All those I reckon's and feller's and dropping your G's. It makes you sound stupid. -- I bet you don't talk that way around Maggie.

DUKE

(softly)

Sometimes.

A tall, stacked waitress walks behind Monte and runs her fingers down his back.

STACKED WAITRESS

(purrs)

Hi, Monte.

MONTE

Hello, darling.

Monte and Duke watch the waitress walk away.

They turn back to their beers. Duke looks scared.

DUKE

Monte, I'm all in a twist here. One day I was a cowboy, the next a Jew. Now I'm back to being a cowboy.

MONTE

This isn't real, kid. I'm not a cowboy. You're not a cowboy. We're actors! -- If you want to stay one you've got to come to terms with that.

DUKE

I know, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

Really? I wonder. Remember this, kid.  
Before you you can decide who you want to  
be, you have to figure out who you are.

Duke and Monte sit for a moment in silence, sipping their beers.

At the table behind them, Abe lays down his cards and scoops up  
the pot.

A second, plump waitress walks behind Monte and gives his arm a  
squeeze as she walks by.

PLUMP WAITRESS

When are you going to come by and see me  
again, Monte?

MONTE

Soon, darling. Soon.

The waitress walks away and the pair watch her go. Duke gives  
Monte a look that's half amusement, half disapproval. They turn  
back to their beers.

DUKE

Monte, I don't think I want to be an  
actor.

MONTE

What? Why not?

DUKE

Because it's not real. I want to do  
something that matters.

MONTE

Like what?

DUKE

Well, we're in the war now. I want to  
join up. -- Thought about the cavalry,  
but I couldn't stand being around horses  
getting hurt -- or killed.

MONTE

They use a lot of horses in the rest of  
the army too.

DUKE

(nods)

Yeah, I figured that out. That's why I'm  
joining the navy when we wrap up.  
-- That's a way I can matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monte looks thoughtful and nods his head. Behind them, Abe laughs and scoops in another pot.

MONTE

Good. It's time you start taking charge of your life, instead of just following me around. -- Or Abe.  
-- For starters, ask that girl of yours to marry you when the war's over.

Duke looks at Monte, startled. Monte smiles.

MONTE (cont'd)

Anyways, good luck, kid. I'll miss you when you're gone.

Monte raises his glass to Duke and drains it.

DUKE

What about you? You gonna join up?

Monte looks sadly at his empty glass.

MONTE

Already tried. They wouldn't take me.

DUKE

Wouldn't take you? Why not?

MONTE

Thought you knew. I'm deaf in my right ear. Happened when I was working in a mine. -- Some nitwit used the fast fuse instead of the slow one.

DUKE

(nods)

Yeah, come to think of it, you always do stay on my right.

MONTE

Only way I can hear you, kid.

Behind them Abe LAUGHS and lays down his cards. The hand is aces over eights. He has a nice pile of money in front of him.

ABE

Ha! Full house!

Abe reaches out and starts pulling in the pot. A hand reaches in and grabs his arm, stopping him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED KEELER  
The deadman's hand.

Ed and the Weasel-faced man from his gang are sitting at the table with Abe and one of the swells.

Billy Keeler and the burly man are standing about five feet behind Ed holding beers.

ABE  
What do you mean by that?

ED KEELER  
I mean you've won every hand since you set down. Three in a row.

ABE  
So?

ED KEELER  
So, I think you're cheating and that makes you a dead man.

Abe shakes his arm free and continues to pull in the pot. Ed and the Weasel push back their chairs.

BILLY KEELER  
Let it go, Ed. You know the boss has a job for us tomorrow.

ED KEELER  
Let it go? That's my money and this cheater's gonna give it back.

ABE  
I don't need to cheat to beat you. Only an idiot draws to an inside straight.

Abe has finished scooping up the pot and starts gathering his money together.

Duke and Monte move towards Abe. Ed and the Weasel stand up.

ED KEELER  
How'd you know what I had in my hand?

Abe just smiles. Monte and Duke arrive and Abe stands up, stuffing the money in his pocket.

MONTE  
Hold on there, Ed. This feller is a friend of mine. He's no cheat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed glares at Monte and then sees Duke. Recognition lights his face and he nods.

ED KEELER

Ah ha. I thought this feller looked kinda familiar. What is he, your brother or something?

DUKE

Yep. That means you better leave him be.

ED KEELER

Why? Because you'll stop me?

DUKE

Nope. -- Because he's way more dangerous than me. Ain't that right, Killer?

Abe gives Ed a venomous smile.

Ed looks startled and takes a step backwards, stopping right in front of Billy and the burly man. He regains his courage, knowing he has his enemies outnumbered. His eyes fill with hate.

ED KEELER

Well, if he's your brother that means he's a Jew. -- And that means he's a cheat, no matter what this Injun says.

MONTE

(softly)  
That's half-breed, friend.

The Weasel has circled around behind Monte to his right. But Abe keeps one eye on him. The Weasel pulls a knife and lunges at Monte from behind. Monte doesn't see or hear him.

STACKED WAITRESS

He's got a knife.

Abe springs into action, grabbing the Weasel's arm, twisting it in a vicious elbow lock. The Weasel drops the knife and falls to his knees in pain. Abe pounds him in the temple with his fist. The Weasel collapses in a heap.

ED KEELER

Get 'em, boys!

BAR FIGHT

A classic Western bar fight breaks out. The burly man throws his beer mug at Duke, who ducks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It misses Duke but strikes a lumberjack with massive arms. The lumberjack ROARS and launches himself at Ed's man, and they start whaling away at each other.

Someone throws a chair, smashing the mirror behind the bar with a CRASH. It was one of the swells! Smiling like this is the best fun they've ever had, the swells join the melee.

Soon the whole bar is punching, kicking, biting and throwing everything they can get their hands on.

The piano plays one more off-key CHORD before someone grabs the piano player and tosses him into it.

Duke, Abe and Monte do their part.

Duke squares off against Billy. Billy is young and quick, like Duke, and soon a flurry of punches are exchanged. Neither one gains the upper hand.

Abe is standing over the Weasel enjoying the fun.

Suddenly, Duke is hit in the back by the remnants of a chair someone has thrown. Duke staggers and Billy takes advantage by hitting Duke with a one-two combo. Duke falls to his knees, stunned, and Billy rears back to kick him in the face.

Before he can, he's hit in the chest by a roundhouse kick, sending him flying. It's Abe.

ABE

(shaking his finger)

No, no. Not fair kicking a man when he's down.

(winks at Duke)

Only do it when he's not looking!

Abe helps Duke to his feet.

Monte and Ed are going at it. Fights like this only happen when two men truly hate each other. Monte is a skilled boxer, but Ed is a strong and experienced brawler.

They exchange blows; Monte connecting more often but Ed with more power. Slowly Ed is backed up until he runs into a table. His hand reaches behind him and it encounters a bottle.

Ed grabs the bottle and swings it at Monte's head. Monte deftly pulls his head back and the bottle strikes nothing but air.

While Ed is off-balance, Monte delivers an overhand right that staggers him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISTLES sound from outside. Everybody freezes in mid-punch.

SWELL

Jeepers, it's the cops! Run!

BRAWLER

Let's get the hell outta here!

The brawlers start running every which way. Monte grabs Duke and Abe and heads them up the stairs at the back of the saloon.

At the top is a landing with a window. Monte opens the window and motions for the other two to climb out. They do and he follows.

EXT. FT. LEE ALLEY - NIGHT

Duke then Abe then Monte jump down from the roof of a shed, landing in the alley. Behind them the noise of the police raid on the saloon can be heard with lots of SHOUTS and WHISTLES.

ABE

That was fun. -- Well, gents, I think I'll just stroll back to the hotel and call it a night.

DUKE

You can't do that! The cops'll get you.

ABE

(shakes head)

No, I don't think so. They'll be looking for guys with bruises or dressed up as cowpokes. I was never touched and...

Abe points at Duke and Monte's faces and cowboy rigs. Duke and Monte reach up and touch their faces and wince.

MONTE

Abe's right. We better find some place to lay low.

DUKE

How about we sneak back to the studio. We can change there. -- Maybe use some make-up.

Monte nods. Abe waves and walks down the alley. Duke and Monte turn and walk up it, keeping to the shadows.

Near the end of the block the pair stop and duck behind the corner of a building. Two policemen are standing in the street where the alley meets it, talking and pointing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You boys looking for a place to hide?

Duke and Monte start and turn, reaching for guns they don't have.

MONTE  
Sophie? Is that you?

SOPHIE  
Hi, Monte. In trouble again?

MONTE  
Always. -- We are looking for a place to  
hide... from the cops.

SOPHIE  
Sure, come on in. The cops wouldn't dare  
to look for you here. Afraid I'll stop  
giving them a discount.

INT. SOPHIE'S BAWDY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sophie in a sheer peignoir leads Duke and Monte into a large parlor. The room looks like a velvet bomb exploded, covering everything in a garish red. There are large mirrors on the walls and a small bar to one side.

On a couch is a prosperous looking older man with a young, scantily-clad blonde woman clinging to him, cooing and stroking. He looks exceedingly pleased by this.

Three other girls, one with dusky skin and dark hair named CASSIE, are sitting around the room. They are wearing negligees and bustiers and see-through robes. At the bar, a man who looks like a clerk is sipping a beer and eyeing the women.

Sophie walks behind the bar, pulls out three shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey. She pours whiskey into the glasses.

MONTE  
Slow night. The girls look bored.

SOPHIE  
Some fools started a fight down at the  
Red Dog and all of my customers are in  
the pokey now.

MONTE  
Wonder who that coulda been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

I wonder... Who's your friend with the  
fresh shiner?

Behind the bar is a mirror and it shows that Duke's shiner is  
going to be a beaut. Duke winces then tips his hat to the lady.

DUKE

Duke Schamus. Pleased to meet you,  
ma'am.

SOPHIE

(purrs)

Always a pleasure to meet a strong,  
handsome man like you. I'm Sophie.

MONTE

Go easy on the kid, darling. This is his  
first time in a bawdy house.

(raises glass)

Here's to good friends and bad decisions.

They all toss down their drinks. Duke makes a face.

MONTE (cont'd)

Kid, why don't you go take a load off  
while the lady and I talk.

Monte winks at Sophie. And Duke wanders over to one of the sofas  
and sits down heavily. Monte leans into Sophie.

MONTE (cont'd)

(quietly)

Watch this.

Duke takes off his hat and sighs. Cassie glides over and sits  
down next to Duke. She turns and wraps her leg around his,  
reaching up to stroke his bruised face. Duke stiffens, blushing.

CASSIE

I'm Cassie. What's your name, cowboy?

DUKE

Duke, ma'am.

CASSIE

Well, Duke, how'd you get that eye?  
Fighting for some fair lady's honor?

DUKE

No, ma'am. Helping my brother out of a  
jam is all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE  
Sounds very heroic. And don't be so formal. Call me Cassie.

DUKE  
Okay -- Cassie.

Over at the bar Monte and Sophie are watching, trying hard to keep from bursting out laughing. Duke frowns at them, then looks serious and gently removes Cassie's leg from over his.

DUKE (cont'd)  
Cassie, I'm sorry. I'm just here to hide out. -- I've got a girl in the city and I'm going to ask her to marry me.

Cassie's face falls. She pulls away from Duke and surveys the room. The clerk and older gentleman have already left with other girls. Monte's with Sophie. Cassie's got nobody else except Duke. She straightens up and puts a warm smile on her face.

CASSIE  
Well, cowboy. Tell me about this girl who's stolen your heart.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - NIGHT

Duke's gun belt with the ivory-handled Colt is hanging from a hook. A flashlight illuminates it. A hand with battered knuckles reaches out and removes it from the hook.

EXT. MANHATTAN COMMERCE BANK - MORNING

A crowd forms a semi-circle one hundred feet wide around the bank entrance. Policemen holding billy clubs are keeping the crowd back. Lying on the ground is a body under a sheet with a bloody stain over the chest. Next to the sheet is a policeman's hat.

Another officer is standing to one side talking with a middle-aged man in a suit. Two others, one with sergeant's stripes, are conferring nearby. Their faces are grim.

Lt. COHEN parts the crowd and walks over towards the officers. He's wearing an overcoat with a badge pinned to the lapel.

COHEN  
Alright, Sergeant. What happened here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

(slight Irish brogue)

It was those fucking cowboys again, Lt. Cohen. They killed poor Callahan here.

COHEN

Give me what you have -- from the beginning. And leave the foul language in the gutter where it belongs, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

(straightens up)

Yes, sir. As the bank opened at nine AM, Officer Callahan spotted a man dressed as a cowboy, holding four horses. As he approached the man, three others, who were inside the bank, exited the building. Callahan blew his whistle and one of the robbers shot him in the chest with a shotgun; killing him. The robbers then rode away up Third Avenue.

COHEN

And how do we know all this?

The sergeant points over to the man in the suit.

SERGEANT

That gentleman witnessed the whole thing.

COHEN

Have you talked to the people inside?

SERGEANT

Just briefly, sir. We were waiting for you to arrive.

COHEN

And?

SERGEANT

The bank manager told me that one of the robbers had a bruised face. -- And he carried an ivory-handled pistol.

INT. SOPHIE'S BAWDY HOUSE - MORNING

UPSTAIRS

Monte exits a door. He turns back and kisses Sophie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE  
Thanks, darling. It was grand.

SOPHIE  
It was my pleasure. You take care.

Monte winks and and walks down the hall putting on his hat.

PARLOR

Duke is sprawled out, boots off, sleeping in one of the red velvet chairs with his feet on an ottoman and a blanket thrown over him. He SNORES softly. Monte walks in, smiles and goes over to Duke. Monte touches one of Duke's feet with his boot. Duke SNORTS.

MONTE  
Rise and shine. We're burning daylight.

Duke wakes and sits up. He stretches and yawns.

DUKE  
What time is it?

MONTE  
About ten 'til ten.

DUKE  
Crap! I just missed the morning ferry back to the city. -- I'm a dead man.

MONTE  
Oh?

DUKE  
I'm supposed to have lunch with Maggie at Katz's. At noon.

Duke starts pulling on his boots.

INT. KATZ'S DELI

Duke bursts thorough the door, out of breath. Maggie is no where to be found. The clock on the wall says 1:15.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - DAY

Duke is standing looking at the hook where gun belt used to hang. He is very angry. Standing beside of him is the PROPERTY MANAGER, wearing overalls and a flat, wool cap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

I don't understand how this could happen.  
Who would steal my pistol?

PROPERTY MANAGER

Now hold on there, son. There no reason  
to accuse anyone of stealing. Someone  
must have borrowed it for a shoot. It'll  
turn up, you'll see.

DUKE

It better.

Duke STOMPS out the door.

INT. OUTSIDE PROPERTY ROOM - DAY

Duke is standing by the door, hands on hips, steaming.

Fifty feet away John Fairbanks is talking with Lt. Cohen. Two  
police officers are standing behind Cohen. Cohen and Fairbanks  
are arguing. Cohen sticks his finger into Fairbanks' chest while  
Fairbanks shakes his head.

The conversation stops and Cohen glares at Fairbanks.

A moment later Fairbanks shrugs, looks around and sees Duke. He  
points at Duke, a look of sorrow in his eyes. Cohen's eyes follow  
Fairbanks' finger. He gestures at the two officers to follow and  
strides quickly up to Duke.

COHEN

You Louis Schamus?

DUKE

Yes. What's this about? I didn't hit  
that feller too hard, did I?

COHEN

Hit him too hard? -- He's dead.

Duke seems to deflate. His whole world is crashing down.

DUKE

My God! What do you mean dead?

The two officers move in behind Duke, one holding hand cuffs. As  
they place the cuffs on him, Cohen lists the charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

Louis Schamus you are under arrest for two counts of bank robbery, one count of assault and one count of murder of a police officer. Do you have anything to say at this time?

As the charges are listed Duke stands as if in a trance. He shakes his head no.

COHEN (cont'd)

Take him away.

As he's led away, Duke wakes from his trance and struggles with the officers.

DUKE

Wait a minute! Bank robbery? Police officer? -- There's been a mistake. -- It was just a bar fight!

(shouts)

Mr. Fairbanks! Get my brother Abe! -- And find Monte!

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Slow FOOTSTEPS outside the small cell. Duke is alone, lying on the bunk staring at the ceiling.

INT. FAIRBANKS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Fairbanks is sitting at his desk smoking a cigarette. He puts it out in an overflowing ashtray.

Monte is sitting on the corner of the desk looking at his fingernails, one leg swinging back and forth.

Abe is over in the corner talking to someone on the phone.

ABE

Uh huh. -- Sure. -- Okay, we'll do it your way. -- Thanks.

Abe hangs up the phone and places it on the desk. Fairbanks and Monte stand up.

FAIRBANKS

Well, okay. Let's get going. I'll have an army of lawyers there before they know what hit them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fairbanks starts towards the door and Abe stops him.

ABE

Mr. Fairbanks, we're to wait here.  
Everything is being taken care.

Fairbanks stops and sputters.

FAIRBANKS

What? Wait? We have to do something...

MONTE

Doug, if he says it's being taken care  
of, it's being taken care of.

Monte and Abe nod to each other.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Duke is sitting on the bunk staring at the bars. There is a  
background RUMBLE typical of a jail.

Two sets of FOOTSTEPS approach his cell. Lt. Cohen and the Police  
Sergeant holding a billy club stop in front of the cell.

COHEN

Mr. Schamus, last chance for a deal.  
Confess and tell us how to find the  
others and you won't get the chair.

DUKE

How can I confess when I didn't do it.

COHEN

Come on, son. The witnesses say the man  
who killed the officer wasn't the one  
with the ivory-handled pistol.  
-- If you confess, you might still have  
your teeth when you get out.

Duke stands up and grabs the bars.

DUKE

I can't tell you anything if I don't know  
anything.

The Sergeant steps forward and slaps his hand with the billy.

SERGEANT

Lieutenant, give me five minutes alone  
with him. He'll sing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN  
That's enough, Sergeant.  
-- Like I said, last chance.

Duke stands there looking at the pair. He's without hope but still defiant.

More FOOTSTEPS approach. The policemen look over at whoever is coming. Cohen's shoulders sag. The Sergeant GROWLS.

COHEN (cont'd)  
I tried.

Moe Sedway and a jailer holding a bundle of keys walk into view.

MOE  
Hello, Lieutenant. Sergeant.  
(turns to Duke)  
Have these gentlemen been bothering you?

Duke is stunned.

DUKE  
No -- yes. He's trying to get me to confess to something I didn't do.

MOE  
Tsk, tsk, Lieutenant. And I suppose the Sergeant is here to help the process along? That won't do.

COHEN  
I don't care what your bought judge says. He stays here until he talks.

Moe reaches inside his coat and hands Cohen a piece of paper.

MOE  
This writ says otherwise.

Moe gestures for the jailer to open the cell. While he does this and Duke exits the cell, Cohen is scanning the piece of paper.

COHEN  
What? He was with you the morning of the robbery? I don't believe it. -- How do you two know each other?

MOE  
Duke's brother and I are old friends. Duke was with me, helping me with my investments -- in cattle futures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moe takes off his hat and covers his heart with it.

MOE (cont'd)

I swore in front of the judge that this was true. My attorney was there with us.  
-- And so was the Police Commissioner.

Cohen is defeated. The Sergeant GROWLS and starts towards Duke and Moe. Cohen holds him back. Moe and Duke walk away.

COHEN

Go. Go! -- But this isn't over.  
Someone's going to answer for that dead officer. -- I won't stop. I never do.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Duke and Moe exit the precinct. Moe gestures towards a car with a driver sitting by the curb, motor running.

MOE

Everything is arranged. Your brother is waiting for you in Ft. Lee to help spirit you out of the country.

DUKE

Ft. Lee? Why didn't he come with you?

MOE

Because when he called to tell me of your arrest, I advised him to stay where he was. I didn't want the police to sweep him up as well.

DUKE

Why would they do that?

MOE

Because I know how the police think. And so does your brother.

Moe gestures again at the car, but Duke is undecided at first. Then a look of determination crosses his face.

DUKE

No -- No thank you. Mr. Sedway. I've run once before, but not this time.

Moe shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOE

Well, I think you're a fool. An admirable fool, but a fool nonetheless. -- My man here will drive you anywhere you want in the city.

Duke starts walking to the car, and Moe grabs his arm.

MOE (cont'd)

I wasn't going to tell you this. You'll just get yourself killed. But I know where your robbers have their lair.

DUKE

What? -- Where? -- How?

MOE

Their lair. Where? It's a warehouse near the northeast corner of the park. How? Because the warehouse belongs to Mr. Kelly and I know everything he's going to do before he decides to do it.  
(smiles)

Well, almost everything.

DUKE

We need to tell the Lieutenant! This'll clear my name.

Duke starts to reenter the precinct and Moe stands in his way.

MOE

Not so fast, my friend. If you go in there and tell them this they'll think you knew all along. And back in the cell you go.

DUKE

Why don't you tell 'em?

MOE

(shrugs)

I can't. It would violate the agreement I have with Kelly. -- We can't go in the warehouse. We can't tell the police.

DUKE

Doesn't sound like much of a deal. -- What can you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOE

I've got a man watching the place. If he sees something suspicious outside the warehouse, he can report it.  
-- His duty as a good citizen and all.

Duke shakes his head, walks to the car and opens the door.

MOE (cont'd)

My driver can give you the address.

DUKE

Thanks. Could you do me a couple more favors and we'll call it even?

MOE

Of course. But not quite even. I place a very high value on my life.

DUKE

Call Abe and tell him to wait for me at Uncle Ben's.

MOE

And the other favor?

DUKE

Have one of your men find my girl Maggie. Tell her to meet me at Ben's right away. Do you know where she is?

MOE

Of course. At this moment she's in the dress shop on Houston Street.

Duke climbs in the car.

DUKE

How do you know that?

MOE

(smiles)

I know everything that happens.  
-- What do you intend to do?

DUKE

Give fate a little twist.

Moe taps the top of the car and it drives off.

INT. BEN'S PARLOR - DAY

Maggie and ESTHER, Duke's aunt, are sitting in the round room. They are worried. The FRONT DOOR OPENS and FOOTSTEPS come down the hallway. Duke enters the room.

MAGGIE

Duke? There you are! I've been so worried.

Maggie and Esther rush to Duke and hug him.

ESTHER

Did they hurt you? You look tired. Sit down and rest.

Duke shrugs the women off.

DUKE

Not too tired, Aunt Esther. Just have no time. -- Maggie, we need to talk.

Duke gives Esther a kiss on the cheek and she nods. Duke walks towards his bedroom with Maggie in tow.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie enters and closes the door. She walks over to Duke and SLAPS him across the face.

DUKE

What was that f...? Oh.

Maggie reaches up and grabs Duke's face with both hands and gives him a brief, fierce kiss. She pulls away.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you're alright.

Duke shakes his head then walks over and opens the wardrobe and takes out the satchel he used when they went shooting. He opens it and pulls out the Smith & Wesson.

DUKE

Glad I hadn't take this back yet.

MAGGIE

Duke! Put that away. You'll get yourself killed.

Duke shakes his head and starts loading the pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

No I won't. I've had enough of being pushed around. Of running away.  
-- And if we're gonna get hitched, you'll just have to get used to that.

Maggie starts for a second.

MAGGIE

(softly)

Of course I'll marry you. -- I was just afraid I'd have to be the one to ask.

Duke sets the pistol down and Duke embraces Maggie. They kiss. Duke breaks away.

DUKE

Those days are over. From now on I'm in charge. -- Well, I'm in charge for now. Later on things can be more equal like.

MAGGIE

Of course. -- What do you want me to do?

Duke picks up the pistol and tucks it in his waistband. He pulls out a kerchief, pours bullets into it, and ties it into a bundle.

DUKE

I want you to wait until Abe gets here. Tell him Moe found the cowboy's hideout.

Duke stuffs the kerchief with the bullets in his pocket. He pulls a piece of paper out of another pocket and hands it to Maggie.

DUKE (cont'd)

Here's the address. Give it to Abe.

Maggie grabs Dukes face with both hands.

MAGGIE

You stay out of trouble, cowboy. You hear me?

Duke removes her hands and gives them a squeeze.

DUKE

No trouble. I promise.

Duke puts on his hat.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Duke pulls up in the car driven by Moe's man. This is a different warehouse than the one previously used by the robbers.

The street is quiet, but not deserted. There are a couple of workers walking down the street. On the corner nearby is a small man in a shabby suit leaning against a pole, smoking a cigarette. Duke exits the car.

The car speeds away. Duke looks around and nods at the man smoking the cigarette. The man nods back.

Duke looks at the warehouse, sees the door, and frowns. He walks into the alley along the side.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A hand reaches through a grimy broken window and opens the latch. The window swings open and Duke climbs in, dropping to the floor. He crouches in the darkness for a moment, listening.

The warehouse is gloomy with just a few dangling, dim bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Near the other end is a pool of light. Crates are stacked erratically all around, some with stencils marked "BIOGRAPH CO."

From the direction of the pool of light come VOICES. Duke creeps nearer to them.

VOICE #1

(Irish accent)

I can't believe we have to wear these ridiculous get ups.

VOICE #2

Quit your griping. It's a disguise is all.

VOICE #3

(Irish accent)

I like it! I always wanted to be a fucking cowboy. Yahoo!

VOICE #2

Put that away before you blow your fool head off! -- Or mine.

VOICE #4

Billy, when's the boss supposed to get here? Daylight's burning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Between Duke and the voices now is a single stack of crates.

DUKE  
 (whispers to himself)  
 Billy? Billy Keeler?

Duke draws the gun in his waistband and tenses to charge around the crates. CLICK (O.S.) Duke turns around to see a pistol aimed at his head. Duke places his revolver down and raises his hands.

ED KEELER  
 That's right, Jew boy. That's my brother  
 Billy. -- Where's your Injun friend?

DUKE  
 That's half-breed. -- He'll be along.

ED KEELER  
 Good. That means I can take care of the  
 both of you at once.

Ed gestures for Duke to get up and walk around the crates. He follows with his gun at Duke's back.

ED KEELER (cont'd)  
 Boys, look what I found.

There's not four men there, but seven. The other three members of Keeler's gang and four STREET TOUGHS trying to look like cowboys. Billy growls and advances on Duke.

ED KEELER (cont'd)  
 Not so fast, Billy. Boss'll want to talk  
 to him.

BILLY KEELER  
 Where the hell is the Boss?

ED KEELER  
 He was right behind me... here he comes.

Duke turns. From out of the shadows steps D.W. Griffith.

EXT. NORFOLK ST. - DAY

Douglas Fairbanks pulls up in front of Ben's apartment building driving a shiny 1917 Auburn Touring Car with the top down. In the front with him is Monte; in the back, Abe.

Maggie strides out of the door and climbs in the back with Abe. For a moment the men gape at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Well?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Duke is sitting tied to a chair in the lit area of the warehouse.

A conference involving Griffith, Ed and Billy Keeler, and one of the street toughs breaks up. Griffith and Ed walk over to Duke.

Ed punches Duke, aiming for the area of his face with the still faintly visible bruises.

GRIFFITH

That's quite enough, Mr. Keeler. We still don't know if this young man is a friend or foe.

ED KEELER

He ain't no friend of mine.

GRIFFITH

Please, please -- to have found us here he's obviously resourceful.  
-- Let's find out what he knows first.

Griffith leans over and stares at Duke, as if trying to hypnotize him with his eyes.

GRIFFITH (cont'd)

Now, my friend, please tell me how you found our little hideout.

DUKE

(thick cowboy accent)

Well -- I guess I got nothing to lose by telling ya. You fellers left a trail behind ya a tenderfoot could follow. I reckon the cops'll be along right quick.

Ed punches Duke again. A trickle of bloods drops from the corner of his mouth.

ED KEELER

He's lying! If the cops knew we was here they'd be all over us.

Ed pulls his pistol from his holster and points it at Duke. Billy walks over to watch, malice in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED KEELER (cont'd)

I say we just shoot him and dump the body  
in the river.

Griffith reaches over and pushes Ed's arm down.

GRIFFITH

Now, now -- even if he won't cooperate he  
may still be of use to us.

Griffith starts to turn away.

DUKE

Mr. Griffith. Could you answer me one  
thing?

Griffith turns back. He arches a questioning eyebrow.

DUKE (cont'd)

Why?

GRIFFITH

Why? Why did I start this little  
enterprise? It's really quite simple  
-- I need the money.

In the background the cowboys and toughs are gearing up, putting  
on gun belts and hats, and checking their weapons.

DUKE

Money? You're the richest, most famous  
picture show maker in the country.  
-- In the world.

GRIFFITH

Famous? Yes. Rich? Oh no, my dear boy.  
What I do is create art, and that can be  
quite expensive.  
-- Somehow, no matter what I do more  
money goes out than comes in.

Two of the thugs open large double doors in the back of the  
warehouse. Light floods in along with the sound of several TRUCK  
ENGINES. Visible through the doors is a truck idling with a  
driver. Hitched to it is a trailer, two horses inside.

DUKE

But doing this? Can't you just borrow  
some money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFITH

(shakes head)

I cannot borrow the money. With the war on there is little credit to be had. And my art requires a great deal of money.

Billy has gathered the men in a group. They look over at Ed and Griffith, waiting.

GRIFFITH (cont'd)

Well, I'm afraid time is up, my young friend. -- Last chance to join us.

Duke looks dejected for a moment, then glares at Griffith.

DUKE

There's no way I'd join up with a fucking vulture like you. -- And there ain't no way in hell I'd ride with a shit-bag like Ed Keeler.

Griffith has a look of distaste on his face.

Ed makes to punch Duke again and Griffith stops him.

GRIFFITH

(shakes head)

Just another ignorant cowpoke after all. Too bad.

Griffith and Ed turn to face the others. Griffith indicates that Ed is to give the talk. Ed points at one of the street toughs.

ED KEELER

Mr. Kelly's man here says the place we usually get picked up is being watched by the cops.

The street tough nods.

BOSS TOUGH

(voice #1 above)

We'll be pinched for sure if we go there.

ED KEELER

So, after the robbery we'll ride all the way through the park, drop the loot here and split up. -- Any questions?

The Weasel from Keeler's gang raises his hand.

WEASEL

What if the cops are waiting for us here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED KEELER

If the cops are waiting here, we scatter,  
and join up at the place near the ferry.

Ed places his hand on the gun at his hip.

ED KEELER (cont'd)

If we run into any trouble along the  
way... we'll just have to deal with it.

GRIFFITH

Speaking of trouble, I don't want any  
more dead police officers if it can be  
helped. As for you...

Griffith points at the burly member of Keeler's gang.

GRIFFITH (cont'd)

... my trigger happy friend, you will  
remain behind and guard the prisoner.

The burly man starts to protest but one glare from Griffith  
silences him. Griffith turns to Billy who is wearing Duke's gun  
belt with the Colt in the holster.

GRIFFITH (cont'd)

And William, you're going to have to  
leave that fancy gun here.

BILLY KEELER

Why? I thought we were just gonna plug  
him?

GRIFFITH

Because the police already suspect he's  
behind these robberies. They need to  
find him here with his gun.

WILD TOUGH

(voice #3 above)

Mr. Griffith? What's the name o' the  
place we're hitting?

Griffith looks surprised.

GRIFFITH

I thought everybody knew. Why, the name  
of the establishment is Tiffany's.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Four pickup trucks, with three men each in the front, come out of the alley and turn in front of the warehouse. Hitched to each is horse trailer with two horses inside. Stenciled on the side of one of the trailers is "BIOGRAPH CO.", another "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PRODUCTIONS".

The man on the corner watches the trucks go by. He drops his cigarette, steps on it, and trots down the street.

LATER

Fairbanks, et al. pull up in front of the warehouse. They all climb out. Monte walks up to the door and finds it's unlocked.

He opens it slowly; there is a barely audible CREAK. Everybody quietly walk in.

INT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Monte, Douglas and Abe sneak up to where they can see into the pool of light. Duke is still sitting tied to the chair. The burly man is behind Duke looking at the cache of weapons remaining after the robbers left.

Duke sees Monte and Monte motions like they're going to rush the guard. Duke shakes his head and nods towards the weapons cache.

Monte nods and withdraws behind the crate. He points at Abe, and pantomimes that Abe is to go around towards the weapons. Abe crouches down and sneaks off to the right.

Monte turns to Fairbanks and motions for him to go around the other side towards the guard. Fairbanks sneaks off to the left.

Monte turns around and sees Maggie hiding behind a rack of cowboy costumes. He motions for her to stay put.

Monte peeks around the crate and sees the burly man has decided to keep his double-barreled shotgun and is walking back to Duke.

Suddenly, a lariat flies out of the dark, lassoing the burly man.

FAIRBANKS

Yahoo! I got him now!

Fairbanks pulls the lariat tight forcing the man to drop his shotgun with a CLATTER. Fairbanks runs out of the dark.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Time to rope this steer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monte springs forward but before he can reach the robber, Fairbanks has him face down on the ground and is in the process of hog-tying him. Abe rushes forward with a Winchester rifle in his hand, held as a club.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

No need, boys. He's ready for the brand! -- See to Duke.

Monte goes and starts to untie Duke.

MONTE

Damn fool.

DUKE

Thanks, fellers. I was starting to think I'd have to take care of this side o' beef myself.

Monte rolls his eyes and finishes untying Duke.

Duke springs from the chair, rubbing his wrists.

DUKE (cont'd)

No time to lose. We've got to gear up and go after those fellers.

Duke sprints over to the weapons cache and grabs his gun belt lying there. Monte, Abe and Fairbanks also arm themselves.

As Duke buckles the belt on, Maggie walks into the light. She is now wearing pants, has a Stetson on her head, and is buttoning up her shirt. Some of her undergarments can still be seen.

DUKE (cont'd)

Maggie? What the hell are you doing here?

MAGGIE

I'm coming with you. I can ride and shoot just like any man.

Maggie reaches behind her and pulls out the Smith & Wesson she found on the floor. She gives Duke a look of unshakable defiance.

Duke starts to protest, then shakes his head. He strides towards the front of the warehouse, gesturing for the others to follow.

ABE

Duke, you mind telling us who it is we're after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

Keeler and his gang. -- And some of Kelly's men. -- I'll tell you all about it in the car.

They reach the front door.

DUKE (cont'd)

And one more thing. They're all working for D. W. Griffith.

INT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

Ed and Billy Keeler, guns drawn, kerchiefs over their faces, hustle a small man, the MANAGER, down a hallway towards the door of a vault. The hallway is lined in exquisite marble and the ceiling is decorated with gold accents.

Behind them come SHOUTS (O.S.) and the CRASH (O.S.) of breaking glass. A woman's SCREAM (O.S.) is abruptly cut off.

ED KEELER

... Kelly says every king and duke in Europe have been selling their gold and jewels because of the war.

BILLY KEELER

Make's sense when what you need is bullets -- not gold.

ED KEELER

Says that Tiffany's has snapped it all up on the cheap and they stashed it here.

They arrive at the vault door and the manager looks back at Ed with fear in his eyes. Ed presses his pistol into the manager's back and gestures for him to open the vault door. The manager gulps, nods and starts spinning the dial to the lock.

ED KEELER (cont'd)

Might be as much as forty million dollars worth of loot in there.

BILLY KEELER

(astonished)

Forty million? Ain't no way.

ED KEELER

That's what Kelly said.  
-- Why'd you think he threw in with us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The manger has finished with the dial and is now spinning the handle that latches the door. He slowly pushes the door open.

Ed and Billy pull down their kerchiefs and stand there agape. Their faces are bathed in a golden light with sparkles of white, red, green and blue. Inside is an enormous room with shelves and tables groaning under the weight of piles of gold and gems. It is a treasure that a Pharaoh would envy.

After a moment Ed shakes his head and nudges Billy.

ED KEELER (cont'd)

Let's get to work.

INT. STABLE - DAY

Duke and Co. enter the stable. Inside the MANAGER is talking to three prosperous looking couples dressed in fancy riding clothes. Behind the couples are six saddled horses.

ABE

... I don't understand why we didn't wait and ambush them at the warehouse?

DUKE

Too big a chance they'd just scatter.

MAGGIE

And the police?

ABE

Cops'll never catch them. Anymore they just ride around in cars.  
-- So, little brother, now what?

DUKE

We grab some horses and chase 'em down.

Fairbanks steps forward and thumps his chest.

FAIRBANKS

Ha! This is where I step in!

Fairbanks strides towards the manager and the riders. One of the ladies sees him and her eyes go wide. She nudges her companion and points.

LADY

I.. I think that's Douglas Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS

In the flesh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fairbanks turns to the manager.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Now my good man, we need to hire five horses right away. -- These will do fine.

The manager is speechless. He looks at Fairbanks and sees that he is armed. Then he stares at the others and he sees that they are armed as well.

MANAGER

But... but, you've got guns! -- I can't let you have these horses!

FAIRBANKS

No harm in that. We're just scouting out locations for my next Western.

Fairbanks turns and gives his friends a broad wink. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fat roll of bills.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

This should cover the fare.

Fairbanks tosses the roll to the manager and turns to the riders who are standing there agape.

FAIRBANKS (cont'd)

Ladies -- Gentlemen. You don't mind, do you?

EXT. STABLE - DAY

The five exit the stable on horseback and stop.

MONTE

Okay, Duke. It's your posse.

Duke looks down the street towards Central Park and points.

DUKE

The only place we can stop 'em is in there. -- Once they get out in the streets there's too much chance people will get hurt.

Duke stands tall in the saddle and straightens his hat.

DUKE (cont'd)

Okay, folks -- Let's head 'em off at the park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The five start galloping towards the park. Fairbanks waves his hat over his head.

FAIRBANKS

Yahoo! This will be fun!

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE NEAR THE ARSENAL - DAY

Lt. Cohen is sitting in a police car stuck in traffic trying to go northbound on Fifth Avenue between Sixty-First and Sixty-Second streets. At the wheel is the Police Sergeant. Stuffed in the back are three police officers. Cohen is fuming.

Suddenly, seen through the trees on the left in the park, seven men on horseback head north at a slow gallop. Cohen is looking at the traffic and doesn't see them.

The Sergeant's eyes grow wide. He points at the riders.

SERGEANT

Sir! -- Look! -- It's them!

COHEN

Where? -- Oh, there.

Cohen pulls on a cord in the ceiling of the car and starts ringing a bell. The traffic doesn't move.

COHEN (cont'd)

Sergeant, there's a call box in front of the Arsenal. Run there and report this.  
-- Tell them to send everybody they've got to Frawley Circle.

The Sergeant jumps out and starts trotting up Fifth Avenue. Cohen slides over to the driver's seat and turns to the back.

COHEN (cont'd)

And you three -- get out and break up this jam. Be polite -- but move their asses!

The officers startle at the Lieutenant's curse word.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Duke and Co. gallop across the street.

A clanging BELL from a street car greets them. A car SCREECHES to a halt with a HONK.

EXT. WEST SIDE CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The gang gallop into the park at Eighty-Sixth Street with Duke at the point. Through the trees can be seen two bodies of water; the Upper Croton Reservoir on the left and Lower Croton Reservoir (now the Great Lawn) on the right.

Duke motions the gang forward.

EXT. BETWEEN THE RESERVOIRS - DAY

Duke and Co. gallop down Eighty-Sixth Street between the stone wall and the reservoir water works. Pedestrians cling to the building or try and scale the wall as the riders rush by.

EXT. SOUTHEAST CORNER OF UPPER CROTON RESERVOIR - DAY

Duke and Co. gallop towards a tunnel on Eighty-Sixth Street. On the other side of the tunnel the road divides.

Suddenly, on East Drive above the tunnel, the robbers pass going north at an easy gallop. Duke and Co. pull up on their reins and stop. Duke scans the stone walls on each side. They're too high for a horse to jump up.

DUKE

How we gonna get up there?

ABE

I know. -- Follow me.

Abe takes point and leads them through the tunnel. He takes the right fork in the road (Eighty-Fourth Street). About fifty yards down the wall is lower. Duke & Co. jump their horses up and turn right through the brush.

EXT. EAST DRIVE - DAY

Duke & Co. are heading north at a gallop with Duke back on point. Ahead just reaching a curve in the road are the robbers.

There are several cars on the road that HONK as the riders go by.

DUKE

Ya ah! -- We can still catch 'em!

Duke kicks his horse and it breaks into a full gallop. The others try to keep up.

EXT. EAST DRIVE AND NINETY-SEVENTH STREET - DAY

The robbers cross the traverse, turn to the right and gallop into the East Meadow. Duke is fifty yards behind them, closing fast. Monte and the others are another fifty yards behind him.

The Boss Tough, riding next to Billy Keeler, catches a glimpse of Duke. Monte and the others are still out of sight.

BOSS TOUGH  
It's that fella from the warehouse!

The Boss Tough points at Duke, and Billy's eyes blaze when he sees Duke. He saws at his reins and turns his horse around.

BILLY KEELER  
He's mine!

Billy draws his pistol and gallops back towards Duke. BANG!  
Billy fires a wild shot at Duke, missing completely.

Duke draws his pistol and calmly aims. BANG! Billy fires another shot missing Duke's head by a foot.

Duke snaps off a shot. BANG! It hits Billy in the shoulder, tumbling him from the saddle.

Duke slows to look at Billy, holding his pistol on him. Billy has been knocked cold by the shot and fall. Duke kicks his horse.

DUKE  
Ya ah!

The exchange with Billy has allowed Monte and the others to catch up. They all gallop at full speed after the robbers.

EXT. EAST MEADOW - DAY

The robbers are still at a slow gallop. The Boss Tough has worked his way to the front of the pack beside Ed Keeler. Ed has not heard the shots. The Tough cups one hand and shouts at Ed.

BOSS TOUGH  
Billy's down!

Ed looks at the Tough in surprise and turns to look behind them. He's sees Duke and company coming up fast. His eyes grow angry.

BOSS TOUGH (cont'd)  
Should we stop and get him?

Ed hesitates then shakes his head no. He kicks his horse.

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CONTINUED:

ED KEELER

Ya ah!

The robbers break into a full gallop.

EXT. CONSERVATORY GARDENS - DAY

The robbers, with Duke and Co. chasing, gallop past the west side of the gardens. As they near Harlem Meer, the Wild Tough and the Weasel draw their pistols and start snapping off wild shots behind them. BANG-BANG! Bystanders SCREAM, cower or run.

Duke, pistol in hand, returns fire. BANG! He misses.

Monte pulls up beside Duke, pistol drawn, aims and fires. BANG! The Wild Tough tumbles from the saddle. Monte smiles at Duke.

MONTE

Getting too old, eh?

Duke smiles back and urges his horse on.

The robbers' horses are getting winded; foam is flying from their mouths. Duke & Co. start to close the gap.

EXT. HARLEM MEER - DAY

The robbers gallop past Harlem Meer on their left with Duke & Co. in chase. The robbers are still snapping off shots, all missing.

Fairbanks is near the front now with his pistol drawn.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! CLICK-CLICK.

MONTE

Doug! -- This ain't no picture show!  
You're empty!

FAIRBANKS

Sorry!

EXT. FRAWLEY CIRCLE - DAY

The robbers burst into Frawley (now Duke Ellington) Circle. The circle is crowded with cars.

Pedestrians are everywhere. They start SCREAMING and running.

A car HONKS at the Weasel's horse. The horse starts, rears and throws it's rider.

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CONTINUED:

As the Weasel tumbles from the saddle, the bag tied behind him comes loose and hits the ground with a CRASH. Gold and jewels scatter across the pavement.

The Weasel skitters to the left and ducks behind the stone base of the lamppost located there.

Ed and the three remaining toughs jump the stairs across the street to the right and dismount in the trees, pistols drawn.

Duke & Co. can hear the COMMOTION ahead and pull up when they reach the edge of the park. They see that the robbers have dismounted and they dismount as well. They run forward and crouch behind a low wall at the edge of the park.

BANG-BANG! -- BANG! Shots WHIZ over their heads.

Duke and Monte return fire. BANG! -- BANG! They start to reload their pistols, and Fairbanks seeing this, reloads his.

FAIRBANKS

Hey! I only see four.

--I say we rush them.

Monte grabs Fairbanks's arm.

MONTE

Don't be a fool, Doug. -- You ain't never been shot. -- I have. Hurts like the blazes.

BANG! -- BANG! More shots WHIZ over their heads.

Abe leans towards Duke.

ABE

Well, little brother. It's your show.

Duke pokes his head over the wall and sees that many of the people in the square, on foot and in the cars, are frozen with fear. He withdraws and sits with his back to the wall.

DUKE

If we keep this up innocent folks are gonna get hurt. -- And we can't let Ed and his gang get away.

Duke looks at Maggie, his brother and his friends, realizing that he's putting their lives in danger.

MONTE

We're with you, Duke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abe smiles and Maggie squeezes his free hand.

FAIRBANKS

Yes! Whatever you say goes.

Duke stares at them, overwhelmed by their support. Then a look of determination crosses his face. He gets to his knees and peeks out over the circle.

DUKE

Okay. -- Monte, Abe. Circle around to the left and get in those trees.

Duke points ahead and to the left.

DUKE (cont'd)

Keep them from getting away.  
-- Doug, you and me'll distract Ed and his boys while they get in position.

MAGGIE

What about me!

Maggie has drawn her revolver. Duke is ready to tell her no, but the look on her face changes his mind.

DUKE

Alright. -- Just be careful.  
-- And keep your head down!

Duke gestures to Abe and Monte and they crouch off to the left. Duke raises his pistol over the wall, carefully aims and fires. BANG! A bullet just misses Ed's head, sending splinters flying from the left side of the stone base where he's hiding.

Fairbanks fires a shot. BANG! It misses but at least this time the shot is aimed.

Maggie moves over to Duke's right and peers over the wall. Just then the Boss Tough breaks from behind a tree and sprints across the southeast corner of circle, trying to flank Duke and Co.

Maggie's tongue is sticking out as she aims at the Tough. She withdraws it and fires. BANG! The tough clutches his stomach and dives to the pavement. He lies there MOANING.

Duke turns in alarm at Maggie's shot, then smiles at her and returns to trying to get a shot off at Ed. A shot hits the wall near Duke and careens off with a WHIZZING sound.

Monte and Abe are across the street and moving towards the trees. Monte is in front; Abe behind him and to his right.

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CONTINUED:

As they round the post the Weasel, who so far has not shown himself, raises his pistol and COCKS it. Monte doesn't hear it.

ABE  
Monte! Look out!

Monte starts to turn but it's too late. He's a dead man.

Abe leaps forward, knocking Monte out of the way. BANG! The bullet strikes Abe in his right arm, breaking it. Abe falls to the ground, clutching his arm.

Monte, on one knee, turns and fires at the Weasel. BANG! A neat hole appears in the Weasel's forehead. His body slumps against the stone base.

Monte turns to Abe, but Abe waves him off.

ABE (cont'd)  
I'm alright -- I'm alright. Go get them!

Monte turns towards Ed, who upon seeing the Weasel die has backed up behind a tree. The remaining Toughs are still crouched behind their stone base, but the fight has gone out of them. Ed sticks his head out from behind the tree.

ED KEELER  
(shouts)  
Alright, Jew boy! How you figure this is gonna end?

MONTE  
With you bleeding out, face down in the street. -- That's how it's gonna end!

ED KEELER  
Ain't talking to you, Injun.

Monte takes a step forward, pistol ready.

MONTE  
(softly)  
That's half-breed, friend.

Duke stands up and shouts at Monte.

DUKE  
Hold up, Monte. I started this and I'm gonna finish it.

Monte stops, looks at Duke and steps back.

Duke holsters his pistol and vaults over the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Duke, no.

Duke turns around and gives Maggie a smile of reassurance. She drops her head, then looks up, and smiles herself; tears forming in her eyes.

FAIRBANKS

(serious)

He's all yours, Duke.

-- Just remember, this is real.

Duke nods but doesn't turn around. He slowly walks into the street. A HUSH descends over the entire circle.

DUKE

What do you say, Ed?

Ed looks at Duke in disbelief. He starts to come around the tree, ready to shoot Duke where he stands. He stops, shakes his head, smiles, and holsters his pistol. Ed steps from behind the tree.

ED KEELER

Why not? -- One last gunfight before the Old West is gone for good.

Duke and Ed slowly walk into the street and stop twenty-five feet apart, facing each other. Their hands hover over their holsters. Even the birds are SILENT now.

Ed has a smirk on his face. Duke's face is granite.

ED KEELER (cont'd)

Whenever you're ready, Jew boy.

Duke gives a barely perceptible nod.

Ed is wiggling the fingers on his gun hand. The fingers stop. Ed's eyes narrow and he reaches for his gun.

BANG-BANG! Smoke fills the space between them.

The smoke clears. Duke stands still with the smoking Colt in his hand. Ed's smirk gets bigger -- then his face changes to a look of surprise. Blood starts flowing from the hole in his chest.

Ed collapses -- dead before he hits the ground.

Duke starts to shake. Maggie drops her gun and rushes to him. Monte and Fairbanks follow. Abe sits on the ground where he was hit clutching his arm, looking on concerned.

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CONTINUED:

Maggie grabs Duke by the shoulders and examines him. There's a dark streak across his left shoulder.

MAGGIE  
You fool! -- Are you hit? -- You are!  
Here, let me look at it.

Duke looks at his shoulder and winces. He holsters his pistol.

DUKE  
It's only a graze... must have shot high.

Maggie starts ripping a piece of cloth from her shirt tail.

Fairbanks slaps Duke on the back. Duke winces again.

FAIRBANKS  
Ho, my boy! That was magnificent!  
Glorious even! -- I'll have to have a  
scene like that in my next picture.

Maggie presses the piece of cloth on Duke's wound and Duke holds it down. Monte steps right in front of Duke and frowns.

MONTE  
Next time, let me handle it. -- Don't you  
know I'm supposed to be the hero.

Fairbanks' LAUGHTER booms out. Duke shakes his head.

DUKE  
There won't be a next time.

A SHOUT (O.S.). Everyone turns to look down Fifth Avenue where Cohen, the Sergeant and the three police officers are trotting up, weaving through the cars jammed there. They are out of breath.

COHEN  
Everybody! Drop your weapons.  
(deep breath)  
Hands up!

Cohen and the other policemen stop and WHEEZE for a moment. Cohen points his revolver at Duke & Co.

COHEN (cont'd)  
Now!

The other officers raise their weapons, ready to fire. Duke & Co. raise their hands. Duke looks at the officers then lowers his left hand and unbuckles his gun-belt, setting it on the ground. Fairbanks and Monte follow suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monte nods towards the stone base where the remaining Toughs are cowering. An officer runs over and indicates with his revolver that the two are to stand up. The sergeant goes to look at the Boss Tough, who is now lying still in a pool of blood.

Cohen walks up to Duke and glares at him. Fairbanks puffs up and tries to intercede.

FAIRBANKS

Hey! Now look here my good man. Don't you know who...

COHEN

(glares)

I know who you are, Mr. Fairbanks.  
-- And I don't care.

Fairbanks deflates. Cohen turns back to Duke.

COHEN (cont'd)

So... you didn't know a thing about any cowboys robbing banks, did you?

Duke looks at Cohen with defiance.

DUKE

I didn't then. I figured it out.  
-- That's more than you did.

Cohen GROWLS and looks like he wants to strike Duke.

The Sergeant yells to Cohen from where he is examining the body.

SERGEANT

Hey, Lieutenant. Look! It's one of Kelly's men. -- One of his big shots.

The Sergeant trots over to Cohen.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

I guess that tip we got was right.

Cohen turns to glare at Duke. After a moment his face softens and he gestures for everyone to lower their hands.

COHEN

We got a tip -- Mr. Sedway's handiwork I suspect -- that a certain set of Irishmen were working with the cowboys.

DUKE

That's about right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COHEN

And if we were quick, we might just catch them at the north end of the park.

DUKE

(nods)

Just not quick enough.

Cohen gives Duke a sour look and turns to the officers behind him.

COHEN

One of you get to a call box and tell H-Q what happened here. -- The other, tend to that wounded man over there.

Cohen points at Abe. One of the officers trots over to him.

The Sergeant's agitation has been building since Duke & Co. lowered their hands.

SERGEANT

But, sir! -- You can't just let these people go! -- There are dead bodies all over Fifth Avenue!

COHEN

I'm not letting them go, Sergeant. They're coming with us to the precinct to answer questions. -- Lots of questions.

The Sergeant clenches his fists and SPUTTERS.

SERGEANT

But shouldn't they be in cuffs! -- We can't have vigilantes running around the city.

Cohen frowns at the Sergeant then turns towards Duke.

COHEN

The Sergeant's right. New York is no place for vigilantes. -- Raise your right hands.

Duke & and Co. raise their right hands, puzzled looks on their faces.

COHEN (cont'd)

By the power vested in me by the City and County of New York, I hereby deputize you. -- Retroactive to this morning. -- So help you God. -- Lower your hands.

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CONTINUED:

Cohen looks over at the Sergeant.

COHEN (cont'd)  
Happy now, Sergeant?

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - DAY

Duke, Maggie, Abe (arm in a sling), and Monte are standing on a pier. Near them is a gangway leading up to the deck of a U.S. Navy Minesweeper.

Duke is standing facing Maggie. He's holding both her hands in his, their faces almost touching. They are not talking. They don't need to.

Abe and Monte are leaving them to be alone. Lt. Cohen quietly walks up and stands next to them.

MONTE  
Since you came alone, I'm guessing we're  
outta trouble.

COHEN  
Yes. I called in all my favors.  
-- I probably blew my chance to make  
captain, but considering...

ABE  
... considering you almost sent my little  
brother to the electric chair, it's the  
least you could do.

Cohen nods, then frowns.

COHEN  
You should probably also thank Mr.  
Sedway. I'm sure his inputs, so to  
speak, helped grease the skids.

ABE  
I already have.

Duke gives Maggie's hands a quick squeeze and walks over to the others. He stops in front of Cohen.

DUKE  
Thanks, Lieutenant. For all that you've  
done.

COHEN  
The thanks is all mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

What about Mr. Griffith?

Cohen shrugs his shoulders.

COHEN

None of the men we've captured claim to have ever heard of him.

ABE

Mr. Kelly's doing, I suspect.

COHEN

Indeed. With no evidence, he walks away clean. But given his influence, I doubt we could have charged him anyway.

Several sailors coming back from shore leave, leaning against one another, pass by and head up the gangway.

DUKE

So that's that.

MONTE

That's that. -- Look, Griffith's so focused on making pictures he probably can't see the difference between right and wrong.

DUKE

At least he's finished in the picture business when this gets around.

Monte starts CHUCKLING and Abe and Cohen join in.

MONTE

Kid... no Duke, you're not a kid anymore. -- You've got a lot to learn about how the world works.  
-- Finished? Not hardly. They'll admire him all the more for this.  
-- And fear him.

DUKE

I guess I'm glad I'm out of the business.

MONTE

Don't take it too hard. -- To tell the truth, if Griffith offers me a starring role in a picture, I'd be a fool not to take it. -- Heck, before he left, Doug said he was thinking about teaming up with Griffith on the new studio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE  
I don't believe it.

MONTE  
Believe it. -- If a crook has what you  
need, you do business with a crook.

Abe and Cohen nod in agreement.

A loud steam whistle blows from the ship behind them. Maggie  
looks like she's on the edge of tears.

DUKE  
Well, that's my signal. Time to go.

Duke reaches out to shake Cohen's hand.

COHEN  
Duke, when the war's over look me up.  
The force could use a man like you.

Duke nods and turns to Abe. They hug, slapping each other on the  
back. They back away and nod at each other. Duke turns to Monte.

DUKE  
I don't know how I could've made it  
through without you.

MONTE  
At least I cured you of talking like an  
ignorant cowpoke all the time.

Duke smiles and nods.

DUKE  
You'll be my friend 'til the day I  
die. -- If you ever need me, just call.

Duke sticks out his hand but Monte reaches out and puts Duke in a  
bear hug, picking him up off the ground. Monte puts him down and  
when they pull back, their eyes are glistening.

Duke walks over to Maggie and picks up his duffel bag lying on the  
ground there. He puts his arm around her as they walk towards the  
gangway. When they reach it, Maggie throws herself into his arms.

MAGGIE  
You come back to me. -- No more being a  
hero. -- You promise?

DUKE  
I promise. I also promised to marry you  
when the war's over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE (cont'd)

-- And I keep my promises.

They kiss passionately for a moment before Maggie pushes him away. She can no longer hold back the tears.

MAGGIE

Go. -- Go! Before I break down.

Duke looks at Maggie for a moment, then slings his duffel bag on his shoulder and strides quickly up the gangway. He stops near the top and looks back at the four standing on the pier.

MONTE

(shouts)

If you change your mind about Hollywood let me know. -- After all, Duke is a heck of a name for a picture show cowboy!

FADE OUT: