

George Stevens' Production
of
Edna Ferber's Novel
"G I A N T"

Screenplay
by
Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat

FADE IN

1. LONG SHOT BEAUTIFUL GREEN MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE DAY

A three-car local train is puffing black smoke as it chugs along through the pasture-land. Racing alongside it is a playful group of mares and colts.

DISSOLVE:

2. MED. SHOT THE TRAIN

It comes to a gentle stop at a small country station. As it comes to rest a vestibule and stairway are CLOSE IN F.G. The legs and feet of a man in high-heeled, Western boots appear. He descends to the ground after the train stops. Beside his booted feet he rests his suitcase. The CAMERA IS MOVING IN ON A CLOSE SHOT of the BRAND OF REATA RANCH, which is burned boldly on the leather of the suitcase. Here the MUSIC emphasizes the Western note of our REATA RANCH THEME.

DISSOLVE:

3. LONG SHOT THE MAN

The train is pulling out as he stands on empty station ground. He is tall and wears a Stetson. Now an older man (DR. LYNNTON) approaches him, shakes his hand, and makes a gesture to carry the suitcase. The Westerner picks it up himself and the two start walking to an automobile standing by the tracks.

DISSOLVE:

4. MED. SHOT THE TWO MEN

in the open car. Dr. Lynnton is driving and his companion (BICK BENEDICT), sits by his side looking right and left admiring the beautiful green countryside. He reacts to a SOUND, which Dr. Lynnton also hears, and moves to stop the car.

5. LONG SHOT AT HEDGEROW

From the nearby woodland a fox streaks across the road, pursued by hounds. Immediately following are THE RIDERS -- pink-coated huntsmen and women in riding habits -- all leaping the hedges. Among the first group of riders is LESLIE LYNNTON, mounted on the magnificent black stallion WAR WINDS. She bounds across the road in the lead, following the hounds.

6. CLOSEUP THE TWO MEN

Bick watches her go by, excitement in his eyes.

DR. LYNNTON:

(excitedly)

There he is, there's the stallion. That's War Winds.

BICK:

Beautiful!

DR. LYNNTON:

And that's my daughter riding him. That's Leslie.

BICK:

(watching the disappearing
chase, murmurs)

Uh-huh.

DR. LYNNTON:

Leslie's my daughter. She's riding him.

BICK:

(after a pause)

Doctor, that sure is a beautiful animal.

Dr. Lynnton smiles in agreement.

DR. LYNNTON:

Well, we'll get with the horses first thing in the morning. Right now, you're coming up to the house and get ready for dinner.

DISSOLVE:

7. INT. LYNNTON DINING ROOM

It is well worn but in the luxurius old Maryland tradition. Ten are seated at the long dining room table finishing dinner. Pinned in at one end of the table, between MRS. LYNNTON, at the head, and LACEY (Leslie's younger sister) on his right, is Bick Benedict. His interest is unconsciously directed toward the far end where Leslie sits quietly talking to her dinner partner, SIR DAVID KARFREY. Dr. Lynnton sits beside her at the head. Two other YOUNG COUPLES round out the dinner party, formally dressed -- as are Leslie and Karfrey.

MRS. LYNNTON:

So you're from Nevada - aren't you, Mr. Beckwith?

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

Bick, who has been quietly watching Leslie, turns too late to have heard the question.

LACEY:

Texas, mama.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Texas? You're from Texas, Mr. Beckwith?

BICK:

Yes, ma'am - Texas. Benedict's the name.

We note that Leslie, although continuing to listen to Karfrey's conversation, has taken advantage of Bick's interest elsewhere to quietly size him up.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Oh -- you're here about horses, are you not?

BICK:

Yes, ma'am. I came to buy the stallion War Winds--
(with a look in Leslie's direction)
If your daughter's not going to miss him too much.

LACEY:

(rather loudly)

You'd better not sell War Winds, papa - he's
Leslie's very own.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

DR. LYNNTON:

I've already talked it over with your sister.

MRS. LYNNTON:

(quietly, to Bick)

Oh well - in all likelihood our little Leslie
is going to be leaving us soon, you know.

BICK:

Oh?

MRS. LYNNTON:

(quietly, with a gesture of her head)
Sir David's with his Embassy in Washington. Now
he's being called back to England. -- Will she
like it there?

BICK:

She's going to marry him?

MRS. LYNNTON:

Well - it's bound to happen sooner or later.
Leslie could have married - well - anybody, you
might say. I don't know what she's been waiting
for - goodness knows she isn't all that beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.1)

Leslie has been attempting to intercept something of this conversation from the far end of the table, unsuccessfully. She notes her little sister roll her eyes in the direction of the mother, with implication.

LESLIE:

Mother, let me sell Mr. Benedict War Winds. I can tell him all his bad points. For one thing, he eats too much -- doesn't he, papa? But you see, it's War Winds or me, Mr. Benedict. Something has to go.

DR. LYNNTON:

Now, Leslie - you know that horse is just too spirited for any woman to ride.

BICK:

(as he is being served coffee by JEFFERSON SWAZEEY, an old retainer)

I know, Miss Leslie, your horse is going to miss you and this nice green country, but I'll do my best to make him feel at home in Texas.

LESLIE:

Isn't Texas green, Mr. Benedict?

BICK:

No, ma'am - not altogether. --

MRS. LYNNTON:

What is Texas like, Mr. Benedict? You must tell us.

BICK:

Well, that's not too easy. It's different than any other state, I guess.

(he looks towards Leslie)

At least that's what we think. It's a different country almost.

KARFREY:

Well, to an Englishman, like myself, the mere size of it takes your breath away.

BICK:

-- it's big all right.

KARFREY:

-- and how large are your ranches?

BICK:

Most every size - large to small.

DR. LYNNTON:

Mr. Benedict's Reata is one of the largest of them all.

(CONTINUED)

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? (Cont.2)

KARFREY:
Really, how large is that?

BICK:
It's one of the big ones.

LACEY:
(looking him right in the eye)
How big is that?

BICK:
There are one or two others as big maybe, up
where we are -- one or two bigger down on the
Coastal plains.

KARFREY:
Oh come now, Mr. Benedict - can't you be more
specific? What's the size of your place? Fifty
thousand -- twenty thousand acres?

BICK:
(he looks across at Leslie, where
he feels sympathy)
Around a half million. Five hundred and ninety-five
thousand acres to be exact.

Mrs. Lynnton, who has been turned away, now slowly looks to
Bick in disbelief.

DR. LYNNTON:
I call that quite a parcel.

MRS. LYNNTON:
How many acres did you say, Mr. Benedict?

LESLIE:
He said five hundred and ninety-five thousand,
mama. -- and you should see the greedy look on
your face.

Leslie rises and moves to rescue Bick from further interro-
gation.

LESLIE:
Witness excused.
(Bick stands)
Jordan, won't you come to the Hunt Ball with us?
It'll be fun.

BICK:
No thanks, Miss Leslie -- I'm afraid I'd look
good over there in this outfit.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.3)

As the others move away from the table, Bick and Leslie gravitate off together to the veranda, continuing to talk. The others file out of the dining room towards the hallway.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Well, Dr. Lynnton, I must say you seem to care very little what becomes of your daughter!

DR. LYNNTON:

What now, Nancy?

MRS. LYNNTON:

Bringing Mr. Benedict here and never telling me a word about him, not a syllable.

8.

VERANDA STEPS LESLIE AND BICK

MOONLIGHT

BICK:

I like your country.

LESLIE:

Can't you stay on - and really see something of it?

BICK:

It's roundup time in my country -- big Spring roundup.

LESLIE:

Your country?

BICK:

Reata.

LESLIE:

My country and your country -- Jordan, you make us sound so far apart.

BICK:

Maybe you'll come out and see it -- when you get a chance.

KARFREY'S VOICE: (O.S.)

Leslie! Leslie, my dear --

She makes a little move to go, holds out her hand. Bick takes it.

BICK:

I guess I'll be off real early in the morning, so - goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

I'm really awfully glad you came - and I'm not going to say goodbye to you here - now - in the moonlight -- it would be too touching -- goodnight.

He drops her hand. Leslie goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. BICK'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

He is lying amid the soft frills and pillows of an unaccustomed bed. He cannot sleep. He hears the distant music of the Hunt Ball -- he gets up and goes to the window. He listens for a moment and then turns away, goes back to the bed and lies down.

DISSOLVE TO:

10. CLOSEUP GRANDFATHER CLOCK HALLWAY

It is five minutes to eleven. PAN TO front door as Leslie, returning from the Ball, lets herself into the quiet house. She hesitates, then with sudden decision goes to the library door and enters.

11. INT. LIBRARY MED. SHOT

Leslie turns on a light, goes to a bookcase, carefully scrutinizes the contents.

DISSOLVE TO:

12. INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM

Leslie is lying in bed amidst a small library. She's busily reading. After a moment the bedroom door opens a crack, quite slowly, and Leslie glances up at it wondering who will enter. It's Lacey.

LACEY:

Wasn't the party any good?

Lacey strolls over to the bed and picks up one of the volumes.

LACEY:

-- you left the Hunt Ball just to come home and read?

LESLIE:

Go along to bed -- like a good girl.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

Lacey has picked up a second volume. She examines it, and gives her sister a look.

LACEY:
Texas! -- Oh -- Ho!

Leslie has buried herself in the book.

LACEY:
Are you in love with him?

LESLIE:
(reading)
I think so.

LACEY:
Oh -- Ho --

LESLIE:
Now will you do me a favor and run along to bed?

LACEY:
Leslie --

Lacey goes toward the door.

LESLIE:
Goodnight!

Lacey opens the door, almost passes through the doorway, turns.

LACEY:
If you're not going to marry David -- will --
will you give him to me?

LESLIE:
(sharply)
Yes! Goodnight.

So saying, she buries herself more firmly in her book, as Lacey closes the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

13. INT. BICK'S BEDROOM

He is now fast asleep.

DISSOLVE:

14. INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM

The light of dawn is coming in the window. She is still reading
DISSOLVE:

15. PANORAMIC SHOT THE LYNNTON ESTATE

The countryside, in the early sunlight, looks fresh and magnificent. Bick is galloping War Winds in fine style around the pasture. At the end of the gallop he turns in the direction of the house.

16. AN UPPER WINDOW

Leslie's face is peering out of it, absorbed in the spectacle which we have just seen. Her eyes, as we hear the horse's hooves on the gravel, follow until they come to rest directly below her.

17. FULL SHOT THE FRONT PORCH

Dr. Lynnton and Swazey have been standing watching the ride. As Bick dismounts a GROOM takes the bridle and leads War Winds away.

BICK:

As far as I'm concerned, Doctor Lynnton,
it's a deal.

He guardedly looks around for someone.

DR. LYNNTON:

Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money, Jordan.

BICK:

He's a lot of horse.

DR. LYNNTON:

Well, come along, Jordan. We'll get breakfast
and get going.

DISSOLVE:

18. INT. LYNNTON DINING ROOM

A generous array of breakfast dishes is laid out on the side-board. The men, having helped themselves, sit down to the table as Leslie comes in with a rush -- which she checks at

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

once. She looks very young and pale in the little blue dress with white collar and cuffs -- her hair tied with a ribbon.

DR. LYNNTON:

(looking at her in astonishment)

Why, Leslie, you --

LESLIE:

Hello -- Good morning.

She looks very straight at her father and begins serving herself.

BICK:

(much relieved)

You -- a -- you don't look as if you've been dancing all night, Miss Leslie.

LESLIE:

(pouring a cup of coffee,
stops - with decision)

I came home at quarter to eleven and I read about Texas until five this morning.

DR. LYNNTON:

Oh, Leslie, let the poor boy eat his breakfast in peace.

BICK:

It takes a lot of reading -- Texas does.

LESLIE:

We really stole Texas, didn't we, Mr. Benedict? I mean away from Mexico.

Bick waits quite a moment before he answers.

BICK:

You're catching me a little early to start joking, Miss Leslie.

LESLIE:

I'm not joking, Jordan. It's right there in the history books, isn't it? This Mr. Austin moved down there with three hundred families, it says, and the next thing you know they're claiming it from Mexico.

DR. LYNNTON:

Leslie, you --

BICK:

I never saw anything as ignorant as some Eastern people. Why, it --

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.1)

LESLIE:

Please, Jordan, I was just talking impersonally -- about history.

BICK:

You -- You think all the glory is what happened East -- at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. Do you know --

LESLIE:

Jordan, you --

BICK:

Do you know about San Jacinto? Did you ever hear of the Alamo?

LESLIE:

Certainly, I read about them last night.. I didn't mean to be impolite, but it's new to me. I just mean it's just all new to me, and so fascinating.

DR. LYNNTON:

But, Leslie, you musn't talk like that to a Texan. They feel very strongly about their state.

LESLIE:

(to her father)

Well he shouldn't take things so hard.

(to Bick)

Jordan, you would think some one had spoiled you terribly -- your wife, or somebody?

Bick is taken aback by this sudden change.

BICK:

I haven't any wife. I live with my sister.

LESLIE:

(mischievously)

Why aren't you married, Jordan?

DR. LYNNTON:

Oh, Leslie -- First you attack a man's country and now you try and pry into his family life.

BICK:

(taking a deep breath)

Thank you, Doctor.

(folds his napkin)

Texas is the place for women. Here they get pampered and spoiled out of all reason.

Lacey edges into a chair next to Leslie.

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18 (Cont.2)

LACEY:

How we doin'?

DR. LYNNTON:

(clears his throat)

We'll have to be getting along, Jordan.

(looks at his watch)

-- if you're going to make your train.

The scene is now interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Lynnton.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Good morning, everybody. Good morning, Mr. Benedict Leslie, dear, if Mr. Benedict has finished breakfast why don't you show him the stables?

LESLIE:

We've just quarreled in a polite way about Texas, so it's no use trying to palm me off on him. Anyway Mr. Benedict's probably engaged to marry the daughter of the adjoining ranch who, though beautiful, is comparatively poor and has only two hundred thousand acres and a half million cows.

MRS. LYNNTON:

(to Bick)

Is she pretty?

BICK:

Who?

DR. LYNNTON:

(looks at his watch with a start)

Gotta hurry. Mr. Benedict and I are going now.

Goodbye, everybody.

So saying, Dr. Lynnton rises and goes out the door. Bick stops at the threshold to wait as Leslie passes. He turns to go along with her, but Mrs. Lynnton engages him.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Who, may I ask, is the lucky young lady you're going to marry -- with all those cows?

19. EXT. VERANDA

Dr. Lynnton, hurrying, descends the stairs. Leslie hesitates at the top.

DR. LYNNTON:

I'll get the car.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

Bick emerges, Mrs. Lynnton with him. His eyes are on the waiting Leslie.

BICK:

(to Mrs. Lynnton)

Funny thing is, my neighbor is a girl --
VASHTI HAKE.

(a trifle louder)

And perhaps there was some idea of my marrying her,
but I'm not.

DR. LYNNTON: (O.S.)

Come along, Benedict, if you're going to catch
that train.

Leslie looks around to Bick, finds his eyes on hers. She turns and starts slowly down the stairs, drawing him with her. Lacey appears at doorway in b.g., gulping her breakfast.

O.S. train whistle.

MRS. LYNNTON:

Dear me, it all sounds so romantic.

Lacey moves slightly to let Karfrey emerge from inside. He is bright and fresh.

KARFREY:

Where's everybody?

20. LONG SHOT TOWARDS PADDOCK

Bick strolling away with Leslie. In the b.g. the little train comes along, trailing a plume of white smoke.

21. CLOSEUP DR. LYNNTON

at the wheel of his car. The motor is running. He turns and sees the train, slants a look in the direction of Bick and Leslie, turns the motor off resignedly.

22. MED. SHOT VERANDA

Lacey slips her arm through Karfrey's.

LACEY:

Come along, David. You're for me.

She strolls him along the veranda.

23. LONG SHOT BICK AND LESLIE

They are standing at the pasture fence as War Winds comes galloping up, tossing his head. The little train, trailing its plume of white smoke, is disappearing in the distance. We hear its whistle - faintly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

24. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY

NIGHT

We HEAR sounds of a train traveling fast. CAMERA IS ALONGSIDE looking in through the aperture of a railway express car. We see War Winds' head and the shoulders of his blanketed body. The fast-movin^z train is blowing his forelock and mane. The WHISTLE SOUNDS for a crossing. War Winds turns his head to look towards the rear of the train. The CAMERA SLOWS and car windows go rushing by.

DISSOLVE:

25. A WINDOW AT THE REAR OF THE TRAIN

NIGHT

From within a darkened room we see the faces of Bick and Leslie. Their heads are close together, peering out, a picture of contentment.

26. MOVING SHOT NIGHT LANDSCAPE

as the train flies by. We see a coyote stop for a moment to face the light, then break and run.

27. INT. BEDROOM OF LUXURIOUS PRIVATE CAR

NIGHT

It is dimly lit so that the two passengers can see out into the night. Leslie is fascinated as she watches the unfolding mystery of the Western night.

LESLIE:

(taking hold of Bick's arm)
What was that? A wolf?

BICK:

No, honey. Just an old coyote.

Bick moves away from the window and lies back on the bed.

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27 (Cont.)

BICK:

(stretches)

Don't you think you've done enough sightseeing
for a little while, honey?

(pulls down the shade, leaving
only a tiny shaft of moonlight)

LESLIE:

Tell me as soon as we're in Texas.

BICK:

That's Texas you're looking at honey - for the
last eight hours.

LESLIE:

(reclining luxuriously in
the semi-darkness)

Jordan, there's something about a private car for
just two people that's almost deliciously immoral.

BICK:

Well, we can't say it's been dull, honey.
That is -- so far anyway.

LESLIE:

(very confidentially)

I don't know how other brides feel on their
honeymoon, Mr. Benedict, sir, but I am having
a lovely time.

BICK:

(after a long pause)

Thanks.

DISSOLVE:

28. MED. SHOT THE END OF THE MOVING TRAIN NIGHT

The CAMERA following at a fast clip, showing the brassy rear
end of a private car. The illuminated sign reads: "TEXAS &
WESTERN" and inside the circle we see the brand and the
lettering - "BENEDICT -- REATA".

DISSOLVE TO:

29. SAME SHOT THE TRAIN, STOPPED

Early morning sun slants across the sign.

DISSOLVE:

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30. BEDROOM PRIVATE CAR

DAY

The shade is drawn -- a crack of sunlight enters. Leslie lies there rumpled and curled up, sound asleep. On sound of door latch, CAMERA swings to washroom. Bick's head appears from within. He is finishing shaving.

BICK:

(softly)

Wake up -- we're here.

He kneels alongside of her -- shakes her ever so gently.

BICK:

We're here, honey.

Leslie awakens.

LESLIE:

We're - where -- who --

(she sees him and smiles)

Oh, hello.

She sits up a little and raises the shade to see out, revealing, through the window of the side-tracked car, a view of endless open country.

LESLIE:

(taken aback)

Is this Texas?

BICK:

(moves close to the window)

This is Benedict, honey, where we ship from.

The wind blows and the dust swirls around the window.

LESLIE:

(face to glass)

It isn't much, is it?

BICK:

Texas is a big country, honey. This ain't all of it. I wonder what's keeping that boy.

LESLIE:

I can see for miles and miles and miles.

BICK:

You can't even begin to see part of my ranch, let alone Texas. -- Well - at last. That no-good, Injun-broke Obregon -- beating on my Duesenberg.

31. FROM THEIR VIEW

A car is leaving a trail of dust as it streaks across the prairie toward the siding.

DISSOLVE:

32. EXTREME LONG SHOT MILES OF OPEN TEXAS COUNTRY

In the f.g. the luxurious private car stands alone at the end of the spur, abused by the dust and the persistent wind. Down the track an express car is standing, from which War Winds is being unloaded into a handsome trailer. Nearby, the Duesenberg is waiting. The telegraph wires overhead hum - a moaning sound that continues on one note, endlessly.

DISSOLVE:

33. CLOSE SHOT AT VESTIBULE STEPS

as Bick and Leslie leave the protecting comfort of the private car and dismount to Texas soil. Leslie is bundled up to shield her from the stinging wind. The PORTER, in his blue coat, assists her to the ground.

34. LONG SHOT, PANNING

They walk toward Bick's Duesenberg where ANGEL OBREGON, the driver, is stowing some baggage. Nearby, a MEXICAN BOY is holding the horse beside the trailer. Leslie hurries to War Winds.

35. CLOSEUP LESLIE AND WAR WINDS

She comforts the horse as he looks anxiously around at all the wide open spaces. In the b.g. we faintly hear Bick, in Spanish, giving Angel a dressing down for being late with the car on such an important occasion. Leslie moves in their direction.

36. CLOSEUP BICK AND ANGEL

as Leslie enters.

BICK:

These people never will learn to take responsibility.

Angel hears this, shrugs. Leslie, perhaps as a gesture of intercession on Angel's behalf, puts out her hand in a friendly way and says --

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

I'm Mrs. Benedict.

Angel does not presume to take her proffered hand.

ANGEL:

Bien venudo, Senora.

Unwrapping a piece of paper, Angel produces a pretty, rustic bouquet.

ANGEL:

Bien venido - an los novios.

He casts a tentative look in Bick's direction, then timidly proffers the flowers to Leslie.

LESLIE:

(touched)

Oh!

(looks to Bick)

BICK:

(translates)

Welcome, the newlyweds. - Gracias, Angel.

LESLIE:

Oh!

(takes the flowers)

Oh - gracias -- gracias, gracias.

BICK:

(opening the car door)

All right, Les.

LESLIE:

And what is your name?

ANGEL:

Angel -- Angel Obregon.

LESLIE:

That's a very beautiful name. Gracias,
Angel Obregon.

BICK:

(uncomfortable)

Come on, Leslie.

Leslie leaves Angel with a gracious smile and while getting in the car encounters Bick's somewhat stern countenance. She looks at him questioningly.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.1)

BICK:

It's fifty miles to coffee.

DISSOLVE:

37. VAST EXPANSE OF FLAT, BRUSHY COUNTRY

We see Bick's car going away and across. It is creating a cloud of dust that streaks behind it for a mile.

DISSOLVE:

38. INSERT SPEEDOMETER

The needle is at 80 m.p.h.

DISSOLVE:

39. OPEN SHOT THE OLD REATA GATE IN F.G.

The car, trailing its plume of dust, roars to f.g. and through the gate. As it passes, CAMERA PANS with it. Suddenly the large, castle-like, main house of Reata looms enormous on the flat plain.

40. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

BICK:

This is it, honey. Home.

LESLIE:

But, it's huge! I thought it was a ranch --
a ranch house.

41. THROUGH WINDSHIELD IMPOSING, OLD-FASHIONED MANSION

It looms enormous on the flat plain as the car approaches.

BICK'S VOICE:

My father built it to show the cotton crowd that a cattleman was as high-powered as they were.

42. CLOSE SHOT OF MANSION

As car pulls up in front of main driveway and stops. Leslie steps out, looking up at the building.

LESLIE:

It's enormous, for just us two.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

BICK:

LUZ lives here with me - with us. She's run the house ever since Mom passed on.
(he laughs a little)
Some say she runs the ranch.

43. ANOTHER ANGLE ALONG THE DRIVEWAY

An old Ford pickup is standing jacked up, with the hood off for repair. From underneath, a greasy FACE APPEARS and casually watches the arrival.

44. LONG SHOT AT FRONT OF HOUSE

Two MEXICAN SERVANT GIRLS make their appearance, bowing. Bick gives them instructions about the baggage.

LESLIE:

(tries out her Spanish, charmingly)
Gracias - gracias.

BICK:

Take it easy.

LESLIE:

(to the girls)
What are your names?

The girls stand idly looking at one another.

45. CLOSE SHOT JETT RINK

coming out from under the Ford. He is an intense looking young man, with a curiously powerful build. He gets to his feet on the off side and watches unobserved.

46. MED. SHOT BICK, LESLIE, AND SERVANTS

LESLIE:

Lupe -- Petra -- gracias, Lupe -- gracias, Petra.

The girls shuffle off, carrying baggage and giggling.

BICK:

Don't overdo it, please.

LESLIE:

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

BICK:

(bravely)

We don't behave like that.

LESLIE:

Behave?

BICK:

Down here -- making a fuss over those people.

(a bit of a smile)

You're a Texian now.

LESLIE:

Is that a state of mind? -- I'm still myself.

BICK:

You're my wife, honey.

LESLIE:

I have a mind of my own - and elsewhere, being gracious is acceptable.

BICK:

We're gracious -- but -- You've been reading too many books. That's your trouble.

47. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

He notices that she appears to be hurt.

BICK:

Honey, I'm sorry.

She is amused by a thought.

LESLIE:

Fine thing. Standing here - quarreling - with the rice still in our hair.

They embrace. We sense the strong, intense feeling that draws them together. He picks her up in his arms and holds her close, gives the door a shove and crosses the threshold.

48. CLOSEUP JETT RINK

Thoughtful, and perhaps more erect.

49. INT. OF THE MAIN HALLWAY

As they enter their laughter echoes against the high walls. Impetuously they kiss, long and silently.

50. A LONGER SHOT

to show LUZ BENEDICT, who has been hastening to the doorway, stopped in her tracks not ten feet from the ardent couple. She just stands there. Leslie looks about the room.

LESLIE:

Oh -- it's cool.

Bick tips her to her feet. She staggers against him and they both notice Luz at the same time.

LUZ:

I thought somebody was hurt maybe.

BICK:

(laughing a little)

Oh - you there, Luz. We're here. We're home.

LUZ:

Yes indeedy. -- Howdy, Miss Lynnton.

BICK:

Luz, this is my wife, Mrs. Benedict, and don't you start roweling Leslie first thing. Leslie, this is my sister.

LESLIE:

Of course.

LUZ:

Welcome indeed. We've been looking for you for weeks.

(she smiles and shakes Leslie's hand firmly)

LESLIE:

We weren't supposed to come sooner - were we?

LUZ:

With all the Spring work to be done -- the roundup -- I didn't figure Bick would stay away.

BICK:

If I only miss roundup every time I have a honeymoon, I won't be missing too many.

Hearing the sound of a motor in the driveway, Bick turns and looks out the window.

BICK:

Thought I fired him off this place.
(starts for the door)

51. EXT. DRIVEWAY

Jett is in the driver's seat of the Duesenberg, gunning it hard. Smoke comes from the exhaust. Bick enters scene.

BICK:

Wait a minute. What do you think you're doing with that automobile?

JETT:

Don't take off on me. The truck broke down. Take it easy.

52. LUZ AND LESLIE

inside, watching this.

LUZ:

(a slight smile on her face)
Jordan and Jett are everlastingljy jangling about something. 'Scuse me.

We can faintly hear the sound of the men's voices as she walks out.

53. MED. SHOT DRIVEWAY

Jett getting out of the car.

JETT:

I'd have gone on down the road, like you said. She wanted me to stay on and work, you gone and all. I stayed on. Lot of thanks I get.

Bick looks around, sees Luz - who indicates a slight confirmation of what Jett said.

JETT:

Truck broke down. Just grabbed this car to go get parts. I got plenty to do.

BICK:

All right. Just remember, next time I say get - you get.

JETT:

(shrugs)
Tell that to the Madama. She was the one.

LUZ:

That's right -- you away, needed all the help there was.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

JETT:

The rest of 'em are all afraid cf her, all except you and me, Bick.

BICK:

All right. You just do your work.

JETT:

Just tell me who's boss around here and I'll do like they say.

Jett starts for the car but stops as Leslie comes out of the house. He looks at her somewhat boldly and waits as if for an introduction. Bick feels this.

LUZ:

Jett, this is Bick's new wife. Leslie, this boy here is Jett Rink. He works for us.

LESLIE:

(smiles)

How do you do.

JETT:

Hello.

He just stands there. Luz senses that Bick wants him on his way.

LUZ:

You'd better get going, Jett. Get that truck fixed.

Jett hesitates for a fraction, gets back in the car muttering.

JETT:

Nobody's king in this country - nobody - no matter what they think.

Bick almost smiles at this, turns, takes Leslie toward the house.

BICK:

I'm sorry, honey. Things go loco 'round here any time I'm away.

DISSOLVE:

54. THE GREAT STAIRWAY

as Bick and Leslie reach the landing. Leslie turns to look back down into the main hall. Luz continuing on.

(CONTINUED)

54. (Cont.)

LUZ:

Sure -- We've even had 'em sleeping on cots - down there in the hall. Remember the time of the big rodeo, Bick?

They proceed along the balcony.

LUZ:

(laughs heartily)

Yeh - Kale Beebe blew in higher than a kite. Slept on the sofa 'n Bick's office. Must have rode nightmares all night, cause he cut the couch to ribbons with his spurs.

They come to a stop where some servants are taking suitcases into a room.

LUZ:

This here's Bick's room.

(starts off down the hall)

And this down here is your room, honey.

She stops walking, sensing that she is not being followed. There is utter silence for a moment, then Leslie laughs a little and Bick does too. Their humor grows -- they laugh heartily, as two people together in spirit can.

55. CLOSEUP LUZ

her eyes fixed on the two. Her face is rigid with the resentment of one who doesn't share a joke.

56. ANOTHER ANGLE

Bick, sobering, pats Luz's shoulder kindly.

BICK:

Look, sis, we're married. You know how that is. We're having those big connecting rooms. One of 'em we'll fix for a sitting room - where the breeze will get us - where we can sit and talk.

LESLIE:

Not talking secrets, Luz -- just husband and wife talk.

57. CLOSEUP LUZ

LUZ:

Yeh - sure. Of course.

DISSOLVE:

58. LONG SHOT CENTER OF THE MAIN HALL NIGHT

There we see Bick and Leslie -- she is dressed for dinner in a rather delicate tea gown and Bick is in canvas pants and brush jacket open at the throat. He is talking animatedly about the ornamental display of flags that stand above them on staffs projecting from the wall.

BICK:

The six flags. They're the history of Texas, honey. This is the first one - the Spanish flag. Then comes the French, then the Mexican. Honey, this is the flag of the Republic of Texas.

(he holds the tip of the banner and displays it with a restrained air of deep pride)
Our fifth flag was this, the flag of the Confederate States --

LESLIE:

(seeing the last one, helps out).
Don't tell me - the flag of the United States.

From the direction of the dining hall we hear the clatter of Luz's approaching footsteps. They turn to greet her. She enters and pulls up short as she looks at Leslie.

LUZ:

Well, come on in! Where's the party at? My!

Leslie stands there somewhat taken aback.

DISSOLVE TO:

59. DINING HALL DOMINATED BY A GREAT TABLE

that will seat twenty. Down its middle, at intervals, are clusters of bottles -- catsup, chili sauce, vinegar, oil, etc. The three are huddled at one end of the table, Bick at the head. TWO MEXICAN GIRLS are serving platters with fried steak, vegetables, mashed potatoes, flour gravy.

BICK:

Doesn't she look lovely, Luz?

LUZ:

I'm just wondering where at she's going to wear all those party dresses.

BICK:

She's going to wear them for me, aren't you, Leslie?

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

(taking a bit of Luz's tone)
I'm swapping them for gingham. I know there's
a lot to do just running a huge house like this.

Luz looks up questioningly.

BICK:

Luz, she tends to all that.

LUZ:

The house runs itself, honey -- with me giving
it a little shove and a push now and then.

LESLIE:

Of course but --

BICK:

This house is here for you to be happy in.
We want you to just love it here, don't we, Luz?

LUZ:

That's so, Bick.

(to Leslie)

You haven't got a thing to worry about, honey.

After a moment's silence --

DISSOLVE:

60. CLOSE SHOT ON THE WEATHER VANE DAWN

which is at the peak of the roof of the big house stables.
It is a facsimile of a longhorn steer, in copper. It's alive
with movement as the persistent wind from the North blows.

61. INSERT A HAND

walloping a triangle with a steel pipe.

FLASH TO:

62. CLOSEUP LESLIE

attractive in slumber. The breakfast gong and a Comanche yell
cause her to open her eyes and make a quick appraisal of where
she is. She turns to the other half of the large bed, and sees
only an indentation on her partner's pillow to give evidence
that she has not been alone. She rises and crosses quickly to
the window, the morning sun striking her face. She sees --

63. WIDE PANORAMIC SHOT

Bick in chaps and Stetson swings into the saddle. He turns the horse loose in a gallop and heads for the distant group of Vaqueros. His horse is stretched out and loping hard as Bick splits the air with his version of the blood-curdling Comanche yell. In this scene of man and horse we feel the spirit of early morning exuberance.

64. INT. BEDROOM

Leslie watches, then turns from the window hurriedly to dress.

DISSOLVE:

65. LONG SHOT MAIN HALL

as Leslie comes down the stairway, dressed prettily for riding. She opens the big front door and stands there looking in the direction that Bick has gone. The wind is blowing the dust in and as she closes the door the CAMERA PANS to include Luz, who is standing there looking at Leslie.

LUZ:

Howdy. Petra's got your breakfast ready.

LESLIE:

(thoughtfully)

You and Jordan have had breakfast?

LUZ:

Sure. Bick and me, we have our coffee and talk every morning of our lives at five o'clock. Get things rounded up for the day.

LESLIE:

Oh? I was going to ride with him, to the roundup.

LUZ:

Been too hot for you. I told him so.

LESLIE:

Oh?

LUZ:

Petra! Bring that in here.

(to Leslie)

You got to stay out of that sun. It's rough.

Petra enters and puts a tray down in front of Leslie. Noticeable, particularly, is a steak with a fried egg on top of it.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

LUZ:

Sit down. Your blood's too thin. That's the trouble with a lot of Easterners.

LESLIE:

Thank you, Petra. Gracias.
(to Luz)

I'm fine, Luz. I'm a lot tougher perhaps than you think.

LUZ:

Me - I never had a sick day in my life - 'cept when I gct throwed and tromped or..

(she starts to move away)

All you got to do is take it easy and this rich Texas air will fix you up.

(she stops and looks back at Leslie)

And don't you worry none about being lonesome. I'm going to round up your neighbors and you're going to meet some folks. Yes indeedy. You're going to meet some folks.

66. CLOSEUP LESLIE

who has stopped the business of buttering her toast and is watching Luz as she exits. On her face is a gentle look of determination.

DISSOLVE:

67. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

Bick is dressed for a party, Western fashion. Leslie is dressed rather smartly in a costume that seems somewhat too fragile for her surroundings. They are amidst a GROUP OF PEOPLE gathered for an old-fashioned barbecue. Leslie looks up to catch the sun and shields her eyes from its force. She moves over under the meager shade from one lone tree, drawing the group with her. She leans against the tree and laughs, pleased to be sheltered from the sun.

LUZ:

Leslie, this is Ida Rose Motten - and this is Jo Ella Eezer, and Eula Jakes.

(as the girls pass Leslie, they shake hands)
Miz Wirt Tanner - Aurie Hildebrand, Fernie Kling.

The girl at the end of the line has stopped and just stands there.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

BICK:

(to Leslie)
Now you're going to meet your neighbor.

LESLIE:

My next door neighbor? The one who lives
only fifty miles away - with all the cows?

BICK:

(with a nod toward VASHTI)
That's her. --
(he calls)
Vashti!

Vashti hesitates, silently, almost sullenly. Then she comes along. Leslie moves part way to her.

LESLIE:

(warmly)
I'm glad to meet you at last. You're Vashti Hake.
Jordan has told me so much about you.

Vashti, red-faced and ill at ease, hesitates a moment then puts out her hand in greeting.

VASHTI:

Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Jordan Benedict.

They clasp hands. Vashti smiles.

LESLIE:

I'm glad we're neighbors, Vashti - now we'd
better start being real good friends.

A LITTLE COWBOY has come along behind Vashti. He speaks up rather rimiridly.

LITTLE COWBOY:

Lo, Bick.

BICK:

Pinky! You been here right along?

PINKY:

(grows brave)
Howdy, Miz Benedict. My name's Mott Snythe --
they call me Pinky.

LESLIE:

Are you part of Reata?

BICK:

Pinky's the top hand on the Hake Ranch.

(CONTINUED)

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FINAL

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67 (Cont.1)

PINKY:
(modestly)
Thank you, Bick.

68. LUZ AT BARBECUE

She has moved over to supervise the ceremonious cooking of the barbacoa.

LUZ:
Bick! You - Bick! Come here!

69. BACK TO GROUP

Tin cups of corn whiskey are being passed around.

OLLIE WHITESIDE:
I propose a toast to a daughter of Old Maryland
that's blooming into a citizen of the Lone Star State.
(holds the cup high)

This is taken up in chorus. Most of them take a swig of the corn and react as if it were very rough, albeit pleasant. Leslie watches this and as she feels the toast was more to Texas than to her, she takes a little swig. It is rough and causes her to lean back under the shelter of the tree and brush her hand against her forehead. Bick notices this.

BICK:
You all right, honey?

LESLIE:
(with some effort)
Fine, darling.

VOICES:
To the bride!

Vashti has turned her eyes to Pinky. She takes his hand. We hear Pinky's voice, alone and clear, his eyes on Vashti --

PINKY:
To the bride.

VASHTI:
(with quivering courage)
It seems there's more than just one bride here today.

BICK:
How's that?

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

VASHTI:
Mott Snythe and I were married yesterday
in Hermoso.

Shouts of congratulation and disbelief. They surge toward
Pinky and Vashti. Bick is foremost, his face honestly radiant
with kindness and happiness.

BICK:
Well, Vashti. Well, I couldn't be happier, if I --

VASHTI:
(on the verge of tears)
Thank you, Bick.

70. BARBACOA PIT

In the b.g. EUGUBIO is raising an object from the pit, super-
vised by Luz. She reacts to the crowd around Vashti.

LUZ:
Well, I guess that leaves only me.

ADARENE COTTER:.
Luz, everyone in Novis County knows you'd
rather herd cattle than make love.

LUZ:
There's one thing you got to say for cattle. When
you put your brand on one you know where it's at.
(she turns to the barbacoa pit).
Get it out of there, boys.

The complete head of a calf, smoking hot from the pit, is
placed on a platter. Luz climbs on a bench and bawls --

LUZ:
Come and get it or I'll throw it in the creek.
Everyone reacts with whoops of enthusiasm.

71. GROUP SHOT BY THE TREE

including Leslie and Bick.

LESLIE:
(smiles)
I'm starved.
(she turns, and sees the
delicacy - stunned)
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

BICK:

The best you ever ate, honey, -- real Mexican Barbacoa.

Bick brings Leslie closer.

BICK:

We take the calf's head and skin it, wrap it in canvas and put it in a pit on mesquite coals.

LESLIE:

(faintly)
How fascinating.

They are forming in line, the bride and groom at the head. Bick hands Leslie a plate and takes one himself. Eusubio, standing at the table, has sliced off the crown of the calf's head, neatly - as you would a soft-boiled egg. He reaches into the cavity with a spoon and starts to dish out brains on to the proffered plates. Leslie starts to turn away.

LESLIE:

(murmurs)
I'm not hungry - really -- it's been so hot all day.

LUZ:

(whackingly)
Call this hot - wait 'til July!

Eusubio ladles a great spoonful on her plate with a bow.

EUSUBIO:

Senora.

PINKY:

(brays)
EAT IT WHILE IT'S HOT!

Leslie summons her remaining strength then staggers a little, and faints in Bick's arms. He picks her up and is carrying her through the crowd. PAN TO CLOSEUP OF Luz.

LUZ:

Yep - that's what I was 'fraid of.

DISSOLVE:

72. THE WEATHER VANE

DAWN

We see lights burning in the bunk-house windows. All is silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

73. LESLIE'S AND BICK'S BEDROOM

DAWN

In the faint light we can distinguish a figure lying in the large bed. As it stirs, and reaches out a hand, we see that it is Bick. Finding no one there beside him, he half sits up, looks around the room and calls --

BICK:
Leslie --

There is no answer, he sits up, the jangle of the iron triangle summons the household. Bick reaches for his clothes.

74. CLOSEUP THE TRIANGLE

being hammered vigorously. The hand that holds the iron bar, as we PULL BACK, is revealed to be Leslie's. She is dressed in workman-like riding clothes. Standing behind her are two Mexican girls, watching. Leslie turns quickly and goes into --

DISSOLVE:

75. THE MAIN HALLWAY

Luz has just come down the stairs, and senses something strange, stops as Leslie comes in from the kitchen followed by the girls.

LESLIE:
Good morning, Luz.

LUZ?
What're you doing up?

LESLIE:
Getting breakfast. Let's have things clear and open, Luz. I don't want to take your place. I want you to know that -- but I can't have you taking mine either. I can't be just a guest in my husband's house.

Bick comes down the stairs, goes to Leslie.

LESLIE:
Good morning, darling. I was coming to get you up.

BICK:
How do you feel? You look fine!

LESLIE:
I want everyone to know that no matter what happens on this ranch in the future, I'm never going to faint again.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

Leslie takes him toward the dining room.

BICK:

(laughing - as he sits)
I'll never get the hang of you, Mrs. Benedict.
(he sees Luz hanging back)
Sit down, Luz.

LUZ:

I don't want to be movin' in. Maybe you two would like it better eating alone.

LESLIE:

You know better than that, Luz. Sit down.

BICK:

It wouldn't be breakfast without you.

Luz sits.

DISSOLVE:

76. EXT. AT FRONT OF HOUSE

Bick is already mounted as Leslie moves War Winds around into position to get her foot in the stirrup.

77. CLOSEUP LUZ

standing in the partly open door.

LUZ:

I'd see that she rides a more gentle animal if I was you, Bick.

78. LONG SHOT LUZ IN B.G.

Leslie takes a short hold on War Winds' bridle and as he turns in a spin she throws herself up into the saddle. Bick and Leslie ride off.

79. CLOSEUP LUZ

watching them.

80. LONG SHOT THE MAN AND WOMAN

as they let their two fine horses gallop off for a short sprint.

DISSOLVE:

"GIANT"
FINAL

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36.

81. THE HERD

EARLY MORNING

The cattle are close together, a river of slow-moving flesh.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. CLOSEUP OF MOUNTED FIGURE OLD POLO

riding at the point. He turns and watches the herd. His head is against the dawn sky, a fine figure -- the classic face of a patriarch.

83. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

LESLIE:

Look at him. He looks like a Spanish Grandee.

BICK:

Polo is head Vaquero, -- been here longer than any of us - I guess. Since Grandpa Benedict's time.

84. EXTREME LONG SHOT BICK AND LESLIE

ride up to Polo -- the great herd easing along in the b.g. There are welcoming gestures and Polo bows in the saddle to Leslie. We hear a bedlam of jangling spurs, steers bellowing, calves bawling. The men's voices are loud, in Spanish and English. Bick joins in this strange symphony of sounds, bossing the cattle. "Heoow"! "Heoow"!

BICK:

Look at 'em, honey. There's never been anything like 'em in this world. Did you ever see such stock

LESLIE:

Are they all ours?

BICK:

(pride and excitement)

These and forty-nine thousand more - just like them. Ours, honey. Heoow! Heoow!

(calling to the Vaqueros)

Heoow! Miguel! Lopez!

Back come greetings from the riders. -- "Buenas, jefe"!

BICK:

Grandpa and the boys used to drive his longhorns -- great herds of 'em -- right through here --

(a broad gesture)

-- all the way to Kansas.

84 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Imagine!

BICK:

Yeh -- he was a great old boy - tough.

(he notes Leslie's interest)

My old man brought in stock from Europe and bred
'em to the best we had.

A calf cuts in front of them, followed by a Vaquero.

BICK:

Look out! -- You loco --

(he continues)

-- this is the result, honey -- look at 'em.

His face is brilliant with life and eagerness. Leslie is studying this, aware of the excitement it all holds for him.

DISSOLVE:

85. ROUNDUP ACTIVITIES HOT AND DUSTY LATER SAME DAY

The sun is high. The cowboys are roping, throwing, and branding calves. Leslie, on War Winds, is keeping out of the way. Bick, who is roping, stops and looks toward Leslie.

86. INSERT RED HOT BRAND OF REATA

as it is being readied to apply to the flank of a thrown calf.

87. CLOSEUP LESLIE

as the smoke rises and the calf bawls.

88. CLOSEUP BICK

as he gallops over to her, the CAMERA with him.

BICK:

How you doin'?

LESLIE:

I don't believe I'll ever eat meat again.

BICK:

Did you think steak grew on silver platters all trimmed up with parsley? -- Tired, honey?

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Don't you worry about me -- I'm a tough Texan, now.

The two horses are standing side by side, close. Saddle leather creaks against saddle leather.

BICK:

(quietly)

You know I love you, Tex.

He looks to see that he's not observed, then leans far off his horse, holds her and kisses her.

89. CLOSE SHOT VEHICLE COMING ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY

Jett drives - Luz on the seat beside him. We can tell from their interest that they have just seen the exchange of affection between Bick and Leslie. Jett lurches the vehicle to miss a calf.

90. MED. SHOT BICK

sees this.

BICK:

That no-good, Injun-broke so and so -- if he runs down one of those calves I'll dehorn him myself.

The vehicle comes into scene and stops. Luz steps out. She's wearing her riding outfit.

LUZ:

Howdy - everybody.

LESLIE:

Well, hello, Luz.

LUZ:

I came out so's I could work a while with the stock.

91. CLOSEUP JETT

CAMERA PANS with him as he turns the truck around to go home. He does this automatically, his eyes on Leslie.

92. CLOSEUP BICK

BICK:

Jett! Hold on a minute! I want you to take Mrs. Benedict back in - out of all this heat.
(to Leslie)

Honey, you go along in with Jett.

93. CLOSEUP JETT RINK

his back to them. He stops and reacts with a strange kind of sensitivity - almost frightened. He looks around the shabby interior of the vehicle, brushes a leaf off the seat.

94. CLOSEUP LESLIE AND BICK

LESLIE:
I'm fine, Jordan, really.

BICK:
No use overdoing it, honey. You've had enough for one day.

Leslie dismounts. Bick takes the reins from her hand.

95. CLOSEUP LUZ

She seriously nods agreement.

96. CLOSEUP LESLIE

LESLIE:
(intimately to Bick)
I had a marvelous morning.

97. MED. SHOT JETT RINK

sitting in truck. He swings the door open for Leslie and withdraws to his side of the cab, uneasily. Leslie comes into scene and gets into truck.

LESLIE:
Good morning, Jett.
(she smiles)

JETT:
Hello.

BICK'S VOICE:
You take it easy, Jett.

Jett nods, puts the truck in gear and drives out.

98. MED. SHOT LUZ

afoot, Bick mounted, watching the truck off.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

BICK:
(smilingly calls off)
You take it easy you.

One of the men takes War Winds' bridle from Bick, leads the horse off.

LUZ:
I don't want to chew on this Bick, but I think we should get it straight. I run the house, don't I?
(her voice gets high and shrill)
Her house - her kitchen - her help - she don't even speak Spanish.

BICK:
They understand plenty of English when they want to.

LUZ:
I know how to handle Mexicans. Doin' it all my life. They'd sit on their honkers all day if I didn't keep after them.

BICK:
All right, Luz. Cool off.

Bick steps down from his horse.

LUZ:
(cooling off)
Well - I thought we'd better talk without her around. I just don't want to feel you're settin' up against me, Bick.

He puts his hand gently on the old gal's shoulder.

BICK:
Now look, Luz, I'm not going to set up against you - and just you don't set up against me. This gal's my wife - and you're fair enough, I think, to try and get along with her.

She just stands there thinking hard. Bick turns around to his horse and mounts.

LUZ:
(reaching a conclusion)
Well - all right. I'll catch up a horse and help push the stock along for a while. Maybe it'll make me feel better.

She starts towards the remuda.

BICK:
(sort of to himself)
All right -- if you got to push something.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.l)

LUZ:
When I get enough I'll ride on in. See you, Bick.

99. CLOSEUP JETT AND LESLIE

driving along. Sensing that he's tense in her presence, she speaks to put him at ease.

LESLIE:
It's beautiful country.

He ventures a look in her direction, an examining one.

JETT:
Anything must be beautiful to you if you think this is. Take a look at it.

More silence and then she remarks as she looks out --

LESLIE:
What are all those fluffy little bushes?

JETT:
Plain old mesquite. Figure out a way to get rid of that and you'd be a two-time millionaire -- which you are already. Me - I've got mine to get yet.

More silence, then --

JETT:
Why'd you come to Texas? - where everybody wants to get away from. Me - one of these days I'm going to get going.

LESLIE:
This is my husband's land --
(with a sweeping gesture)
This is his home.

JETT:
Who gets hold of this much land -- else they took it off somebody.

LESLIE:
Why, Jett. You're not exactly loyal to your employer, are you?

JETT:
I'm not complaining.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

They bought this land long ago. The Benedicts bought it. They got it through purchase - years ago.

JETT:

Bought it! They took it off a bunch of ignorant Mexicans.

LESLIE:

That's not true. They bought and traded for Spanish land grants.

JETT:

All right. They paid for it. Five cents a acre. I know. My folks was here in Texas long enough to be rich too - only they wasn't foxy.

100. MED. SHOT LUZ

at the remuda. She comes up to the MEXICAN BOY who is taking the saddle off War Winds.

LUZ:

Keep it on, Juarez. I'll ride him.

JUAREZ:

Madama, nobody rides heem but the Senora.

LUZ:

I been ridin' what I want around this outfit for about thirty years, Juarez.

Juarez shrugs, and tightens the cinch. Luz takes the reins and holds the bridle just above the bit in one hand, and, with the other on the pommel, swings herself into the saddle. War Winds senses this strange rider. His nostrils flare and he trembles. He takes one or two nervous steps. She pulls him up hard by the bit.

LUZ:

Maybe you came here to show me how to run things too.
(a gleam of temper in her eyes)
Let's go!

With that she puts the sharp rowels of her big spurs into the horse's flanks. Juarez steps back as she and War Winds take off fast, the horse somewhat in hand but very skittish.

101. CLOSEUP JUAREZ

Watching this with a look of concern.

102. MED. SHOT JETT AND LESLIE

The truck is stopped by a metal water tank rigged up on stilts. Jett is getting Leslie a drink of water from the faucet that leads to a trough. He holds the dipper, she drinks. She finishes, turns toward the truck. Jett watches her, fills the dipper, throws the water straight up in the air so it'll come down like a shower to cool him off. His eyes are on Leslie. They leave her and go to a dove that lands on the top of a lone cottonwood. It coos. Leslie's eyes go to it.

LESLIE:

(full of the spirit of nature-loving)
How beautiful!

JETT:

Yeah - on toast.

LESLIE:

(laughs a little)
Jett, you are revolting.

JETT:

With you I guess everything's got to be either beautiful or revolting. I'm no so bad. I got friends. The Madama likes me -- Even old Bick likes me -- They don't like me well enough to divvy up what they got too much of.

Leslie gets in the truck.

LESLIE:

You're an odd one - but I like you.

JETT:

I like you -- You're the best looking girl we've seen down here in a long time - I think. You're the prettiest one - I think - I've ever seen - down here.

LESLIE:

Why, thank you, Jett. That's a nice compliment. And I'm going to tell my husband that I'm meeting with your approval.

JETT:

No. No you won't.

103. INSERT LUZ'S SPURS

as she digs them hard into War Winds' flanks.

104. LONG OPEN SHOT OF THE PRAIRIE

In the distance we see the figure of a horse and rider in a struggle. The horse is bucking hard.

DISSOLVE:

105. VIENTECITO THE MEXICAN SETTLEMENT OF REATA

with its scorched little houses and its narrow, barren little street as we see the truck ENTER from the far end, and COME TOWARD us. Children -- dogs --- dust --- refuse.

DISSOLVE:

106. CLOSEUP JETT AND LESLIE

as he drives slowly. He watches for her reaction out of the corner of his eye.

JETT:

Speaking of beauty - how do you like this?

LESLIE:

An adobe village! It's quaint!

JETT:

It's quaint -- and it's filthy. Part of beautiful Reata. Your neighbors live here.

LESLIE:

Who?

JETT:

Your ranch people. Those kids.

107. GROUP OF RAGGED LITTLE CHILDREN

very dirty, playing on the steps of one of the houses. A girl of about two is crying.

108. JETT AND LESLIE

Jett brings the truck to a stop.

JETT:

Those two -- they're Angel Obregon's kids.

LESLIE:

The man who met us at the train.

(CONTINUED)

"GIANT"
FINAL

4/4/55
45.

108 (Cont.)

JETT:

They're sure in great shape -- the whole bunch is sick.

LESLIE:

What's the matter with them?

JETT:

Just sick.

He puts the truck in gear to drive on.

LESLIE:

Wait a minute. I want to get out.

JETT:

Better not.

LESLIE:

Wait.

She opens the door of the truck, steps out.

JETT:

You're the boss.

From inside the shack - the cry of an infant. Leslie goes up the steps, venturing a "hello". The children merely stare. She knocks. Leslie knocks again. A WOMAN'S VOICE is heard.

MRS. OBREGON: (O.S.)
(from within)

Entre!

109. THE INTERIOR

as Leslie enters. Mrs. Obregon is in a disordered bed in the little room. Leslie sees her and stops.

LESLIE:

I'm Mrs. Benedict.

The woman half sits up, attempts a little bow.

MRS. OBREGON:
Perdonome -- that I do not rise. Perdonome --
enferme --
(after a pause)
-- Fiebre.

The INFANT'S WAILING CRY comes from the lean-to kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Angel, your husband, spoke English.
You comprehend?

The woman nods and with a gesture indicates "a little".
Leslie looks into the other room at the infant.

LESLIE:

I am so sorry. Is the baby ill?

MRS. OBREGON:

(nods sadly)
The baby is sick. My milk is not good.

Leslie goes to the baby and picks him up. He is very wet
and unhappy.

LESLIE:

Poor little darling, you're burning up.
(she looks around)
No water, no pump, no anything. My!

She puts the baby back in its makeshift crib and rolls up her
sleeves.

110. CLOSEUP JETT RINK

in the truck waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

111. LONG SHOT THE MAIN HOUSE REATA

No one is in evidence. Nothing is moving, except we note a
riderless horse limping INTO THE SCENE. As he limps up to the
hitching rail and stops --

DISSOLVE TO:

112. A CLOSER SHOT OF THE HORSE

It is War Winds. He is trembling all over and he holds an
injured forefoot off the ground. We note the bridle reins are
gone, the cinch is loose and the empty saddle has partly turned.
He NICKERS. One of the Mexican girls COMES FROM INSIDE, sees
this, and calls the other girl from within the house. They
TALK EXCITEDLY. One runs back into the house. The other
hurries toward the stables, CALLING for the men.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

113. INT. THE OREGON DWELLING

Leslie has diapered the baby, and restored some order to the condition of things. She washes her hands with some soap and water from a bucket and then puts the back of her hand to the baby's forehead.

LESLIE:
Have you had the doctor?

MRS. OREGON:
(shrugs)
Doctor - he is too far -- to come --

JETT'S VOICE:
(through the open door)
Listen, - we'd better get going.

He appears in the doorway.

LESLIE:
This baby's dying.

JETT:
You're not s'pose to be here -- we'd better get going.

LESLIE:
(turns to the woman)
I'll be back.

JETT:
Bick's going to blow a gasket.

LESLIE:
Never mind. We've got to get a doctor.

She exits from the room toward the truck.

JETT:
(as he follows)
You can 'never mind' if you want to - but me - it'll be my neck.
(with a gesture he indicates his throat being cut)

He exits.

DISSOLVE:

114. EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE REATA

LATE AFTERNOON

There are a NUMBER OF SADDLE HORSES tied up, SOME CARS, and
(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

a SMALL GROUP OF RANCH HANDS standing around War Winds. The truck with Jett and Leslie PULLS IN from the b.g., STOPS. They get out of the car and head for the front door, CAMERA WITH THEM. Leslie hesitates for a moment beside the injured horse, asks a question as to what may be wrong. The loiterers hesitate and give her no satisfactory answer. The CAMERA FOLLOWS her to the front door. Jett is waiting there. He opens the door for her to go in first. He then follows.

115. INT. THE BIG MAIN HALL

Luz is lying on the couch breathing heavily. The NURSE is ministering to her as DOCTOR TOM WALKER stands alongside talking to Bick. There are a NUMBER OF OTHER PEOPLE in the room standing around, tense and anxious. Some of the Mexican servants are by the kitchen door, two men have their hats in their hands. Lupe and Petra are busying themselves helping the nurse. Leslie crosses over to Bick and looks down at Luz.

BICK:

Where in the world have you been? Good Lord!
-- I been worried about you too.

LESLIE:

What happened to her? -- I just stopped in the village --

(she looks down at Luz)

What happened?

BICK:

Just awful -- we don't know -- she was riding -- the big horse -- got thrown -- or something.

LESLIE:

What does the doctor say?

BICK:

She's bad. Her head hit on a mesquite stump.

LESLIE:

Oh, darling!

BICK:

She's been riding since she was six. She could ride anything. Now this happens!

Dr. Walker comes back across the room, putting on his coat.

116. MED. SHOT LESLIE, BICK, AND THE DOCTOR

LESLIE:

(moving towards him)
How is she?

116 (Cont.)

DR. WALKER:

She's in a state of shock. -- Very serious --
Concussion -- Possible hemorrhage.

LESLIE:

Oh.

Dr. Walker indicates with a motion of his head, to Leslie, that it's pretty hopeless. We hear the soft voices of the Mexican girls as they murmur, in Spanish, "She's dying" - "Dying".

DR. WALKER:

I'm doing all I can. Called DOCTOR BORNHOLM.
Got him on the 'phone. He ought to be along any minute now.

Leslie, a bit stunned, nods.

BICK:

(standing by Luz)
Tom, come here.

The nurse is taking Luz's pulse. Dr. Walker crosses over, Leslie with him. The doctor looks at Luz intently. He takes her wrist in his hand. We sense a crisis.

117. CLOSEUP JETT

watching this. He is strangely moved, confronted thus with death and the loss of a good friend. CAMERA PANS FROM him to a little group of servants. The girls and men are watching. A horse NEIGHS outside. Reflected is the fact that Luz is breathing her last. They start MURMURING words of reverence. The youngest drops to her knees in prayer. Lupe sobs. The CAMERA LEAVES THEM and PANS TO Luz's couch. The nurse is covering all of her form with a bright serape, except her boots and spurs.

118. BICK

walks over and slumps in an armchair, the picture of a fallen giant, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, sodden with grief and remorse.

119. CLOSE SHOT LESLIE

She looks helplessly from Bick to the doctor, and back to Bick. She crosses to him, CAMERA WITH HER, puts her arm around him to give him comfort.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

BICK:
If I only hadn't bought that horse.

LESLIE:
Don't blame yourself, Jordan.

BICK:
If I hain't, she'd be alive - right now.

LESLIE:
Don't blame yourself -- and I'm not to blame either. If you only hadn't married me - if you hadn't come East --

BICK:
I didn't mean you -- It was me --

LESLIE:
Don't torture yourself. No one's to blame.

BICK:
I know, honey.

LESLIE:
Things happen -- just happen -- life and death -- we just don't understand.

BICK:
Yeh - sure, honey.

LESLIE:
(to a little boy)
This is a great misfortune - but no one's to blame.

BICK:
(nods agreement)
Yeah.

120. THE BIG FRONT WINDOW

We see people of the ranch outside standing -- a woman with a babe-in-arms. The baby cries.

121. GROUP SHOT LESLIE IN F.G.

At this sound Leslie's head comes up. She glances toward Dr. Walker. He is crossing the room with DR. BORNHOLM, who has just arrived, kit in hand.

LESLIE:
Doctor -- I --

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

DR. WALKER:

(quietly)

Mrs. Benedict, this is Doctor Bornholm.
Bick, I wish't I could have made it for Luz.

DR. BORNHOLM:

Dr. Walker did all that anyone could do.

Bick reaches out, pats Dr. Walker's arm.

BICK:

Sure, Tom. I know. Thanks.

LESLIE:

Doctor Walker --

(quietly)

-- there's more for you to do, I'm afraid.

Mrs. Obregon's baby's very ill. His temperature
must be a hundred and five. Will you stop in?

DR. WALKER:

Mrs. Obregon?

LESLIE:

Yes - in the village. Jett will show you.

She casts a look at the couch. With the realization that she
can do no more here --

LESLIE:

I'll go with you.

Bick, who is now standing, hears this. It penetrates his
stunned mind.

BICK:

Les: What's this? Doc can't do that.
He can't go there. He's our doctor.

LESLIE:

Our doctor? -- The Benedicts' only?

BICK:

No -- all of us. He just don't tend those people.

(after a thought)

They have their own way of doin'.

Dr. Walker has withdrawn from the discussion, getting his hat
and things.

122. WIDER ANGLE

to include the others.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

BICK:
Jett - how'd she get down there?

JETT:
Now don't climb on me, Bick - I feel plenty tough too.

LESLIE:
(with a gentle hand on Bick's arm)
Jordan, darling, I don't think you understand.
There's a child who's very sick. I must take Doctor Walker.

(to Dr. Walker)
You'll go, won't you, Doctor?
(to Bick)

I'll be back, darling -- just as soon as I can.

We hear the prayers being murmured in Spanish as she and Dr. Walker go. Jett holds the door open for them. He follows.

123. EXT THE MAIN HOUSE

Leslie and Dr. Walker follow Jett down the steps. Leslie sees her horse, the once magnificent head now drooping. Mutely, the animal looks at her. She goes to him and strokes his head, holding him close. She is horsewoman enough to know that this is farewell. Then she and Jett drive off, followed by Dr. Walker.

DISSOLVE:

124. THE SAME SETUP

The horse is now gone. Some of the Mexican boys are slouched in the shadow, one strumming a guitar, the others murmuring a sacred Spanish song. The car comes in, driven by Jett. Leslie gets out.

LESLIE:
That's all, Jett. Goodnight.
(she hesitates a moment)
Thank you.

125. CLOSEUP JETT

He is looking her right in the eye with that same smile that never tells us too much.

JETT:
Goodnight, Madama.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Leslie turns and walks toward the big front door.

DISSOLVE:

126. THE BEDROOM

Bick is at the window looking out, thinking. He can hear hymns being sung. Leslie crosses the threshold. Bick turns and glances in her direction. She moves to him, puts a comforting arm on his shoulder.

BICK:
I'm a lot better, honey.

LESLIE:
That's a good boy.

She looks out the window in the direction that he is gazing.

LESLIE:
My horse"

BICK:
(a long pause)
Dead.
(hesitates)
I shot him.
(looks at her squarely)
Somebody had to do it. Thought maybe it would be better if it was me.

Leslie drops her head and nods understandingly. Bick turns and we find them both looking out the window.

BICK:
And the baby?

LESLIE:
(after a moment)
Alive -- thanks to Doctor Walker.

We hear the end of a stanza of the Spanish song from below.

BICK:
Good.

DISSOLVE:

127. INT. MAIN HALL REATA

DAY

It is crowded with people. Familiar and unfamiliar faces are

127 (Cont.)

in evidence. The room is rocking with the sound of high-pitched conversation. Leslie is to be observed at the foot of the grand staircase functioning in her new position as Reata's First Lady.

128. CONSOLE OF REATA'S PIPE ORGAN

UNCLE BAWLEY is sitting at the keyboard playing softly and gracefully -- Claire de Lune. He's a romantic looking old Texan -- tall, and straight, and handsome. He is watching --

129. LESLIE

and a GROUP OF GUESTS, which includes VERN DECKER and his wife, MARY LOU DECKER.

LESLIE:
It was good of you to come.

MARY LOU DECKER:
Vern and me thought a lot of Luz, Miz Benedict -- but I guess everybody did.

VERN DECKER:
-- at least everybody came. It was the biggest gathering for a funeral I ever did see in Texas.

MARY LOU DECKER:
It's too bad Luz weren't here to enjoy it. She always loved a big get-together.

VERN DECKER:
(with unctious)
She'd of had a fine time.

They exit. Leslie is relieved to find herself alone for a moment. She takes a few steps up the stairs, turns and looks back down on the room.

130. REVERSE ANGLE

We see many faces turned in her direction - with curiosity.

131. CLOSEUP UNCLE BAWLEY

Observing this, he segues to the simple notes of "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You". Leslie hears, looks over the rail to Uncle Bawley. She comes down the stairs quickly, the CAMERA WITH HER, directly to Bawley.

(CONTINUED)

131 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Uncle Bawley, it's been frightening enough with all these people.

BAWLEY:

You're passin' inspection real fine. I think they like what they found.

LESLIE:

I hope so for Jordan's sake.

BAWLEY:

I do - for one.

LESLIE:

What a nice thing to say.

BAWLEY:

That isn't sweet-talk, Leslie. I'm kind of out of the habit of charming the ladies.

132. INT. LIBRARY

Bick is now sitting behind his desk, pencil in hand, studying a document. Some letters and papers are spread out around it. Gathered around, in conference fashion, are Bick's friend GABE TARGET, and his lawyers - BALE CLINCE, a contemporary, and the older Ollie Whiteside. Clinch locks over Whiteside's shoulder and reads off two or three names of Reata's Mexicans. Crossing the room to a window that looks onto the veranda, he remarks --

CLINCH:

Generous woman -- a token, it seems, to almost everyone on the place.

As the CAMERA COMES TO THE WINDOW, we see gathered out there, a group of the familiar faces of Reata's Mexicans. Standing apart, leaning against a column, is Jett Rink, idly spinning a little rope.

CLINCH:

-- and I'm sure those people will be proud to have the personal mementos that she's willed to them.

WHITESIDE:

(his finger points to an item)

-- but this little piece of land -- that's another matter -- not good.

(he thinks seriously)

And you're goin' to listen to me here, Jordan.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

BICK:

(studying the paper)

I know it wouldn't support a three-legged calf.
It's that little piece we use to call the
Buffalo Wallow.

WHITESIDE:

-- nothing -- just mesquite and some rocks --
(sanctimoniously)

-- and, Jordan, I think you'll agree with me, your
sister was a generous woman. She wanted this boy
to have something -- something worthwhile. That
little piece is worth five - six hundred dollars
at most. Now I'm going to ask you, Jordan, in
reverence to the memory of Luz Benedict, I'm going
to ask you to give one Jett Rink a check for twice
what it's worth and clean up the matter now.

CLINCH:

As your lawyer -- pardon me --

(with a deferential look to Whiteside)

-- as one of your lawyers here, Bick, I can tell
you it's the practical thing to do.

Bick studies the top of the desk for a moment, thoughtfully,
and with no more comment than a slight nod of the head, he
goes to the window.

133. EXT. VERANDA

CAMERA CLOSES ON Jett Rink, somewhat secluded, as he leans
against a column. He slips a pint bottle of tequila from his
jeans and has a pull on it. Bick comes to the door in the
b.g., and steps partly out.

BICK:

Jett - I want to talk to you.

JETT:

Look, Bick -- I'm beatin' you to it - I'm gettin'
out. I lost the one lone friend I got on this
place - and I know it. I'm gettin' - and you don't
have to tell me.

BICK:

Nobody's firin' you, Jett.

JETT:

You're dang tootin' nobody's firin' me -- I'm
quittin'.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

BICK:

Nobody wants to fire you. You just come inside and hear what we've got to say.

134. INT. LIBRARY THE GROUP

Bick holds the door open and Jett enters. He is somewhat taken aback by the importance of the group present, and he affects good natured humility.

BICK:

Sit down a minute, Jett. We want to tell you about some good luck that's come your way.

WHITESIDE:

(indicating a big leather armchair)
Sit down, young man -- it's a real bad wind that doesn't blow somebody some good. Amen.

135. CLOSEUP BICK

who has taken an envelope of currency from a strong box in his desk drawer, counts out an amount, replaces the balance, locks the box.

BICK:

Jett, I don't have to tell you that my sister was a woman with strong sentimental feeling -- here she prepared a list of things of hers she wanted to leave to people on the place --

(he gestures toward the paper in Whiteside's hand)

136. CLOSEUP JETT

listening. He looks over to Ollie Whiteside and the paper.

137. GROUP SHOT

Whiteside senses this and looks up.

WHITESIDE:

Ah - yes - we - we find that she wanted to - we find that her bequest to you was in the nature of a little piece of ground.

138. CLOSEUP JETT

His face is inscrutable.

139. BACK TO BICK

BICK:

It's that little piece by the old Buffalo Wallow.
My sister wanted you to have something -- I know
she did -- but it's always been my aim to keep
Reata intact, and within the family. That little
piece is worth - at the most -

(he looks up)
How much, Bale?

CLINCH:

At the most - five or six hundred dollars.

WHITESIDE:

-- Ah -- Mr. Benedict, wanting to respect his
sister's wishes - and in line with his own regard
for you - is going to see to it that you have
something really worthwhile. Now - to get right
to it, Mr. Rink -- we're going to place in your
hands, in currency, twelve hundred dollars - which
any of these gentlemen will tell you - I am sure -

(he looks around the room for
acquiescence, and gets it)

-- is twice the value of that ground.

140. CLOSEUP JETT

He is pleased.

141. BACK TO GROUP

Bick fans out the bright new currency and places it on the part
of the desk closest to Jett. The others react warmly, sensing
Jett's pleasure. He squirms a little in the chair as he feels
himself the center of all this friendly attention.

JETT:

(leaning to take a good look at
the \$100, bills)

I don't know what to say.

(struggles to think of something)
She certainly was a fine lady.

(finds words difficult)
I appreciate her generosity - and yours, too,
Bick -- thanks. But you know what, Bick? --
I think I ought to just gamble along with the
old Madama.

BICK:

(quietly)
How do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

JETT:

Just gamble along --

(he stands -- his friendliness toward everyone has the quality of oil)
-- and keep what she gave me.

(a little embarrassed by
his weakness)

You know what, Bick? -- I guess I'm sentimental too.
(he lazes over toward the door)

I'll gamble along, Bick. I know it isn't much,
but some day I might put my own fence around it
and call it 'Little Reata'.

142. CLOSEUP BICK

as we hear --

JETT'S VOICE: (O.S.)

-- and thank you all.

And the sound of him closing the door.

143. INT. MAIN HALL CLOSEUP VASHTI

VASHTI:

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ON THIS EARTH BETTER
THAN MONEY - AND THAT'S LAND! I heard Luz
say that a thousand times - Pa said it - and
Bick Benedict says it - and it's true.

144. INT. MAIN HALL CLOSEUP JETT

He has stopped on passing through the room and notes this
remark. He then looks the room over and sees --

145. LESLIE

standing with Uncle Bawley, saying goodbye to GUESTS.

CLAY HODGINS: (the father)

(loudly)

If you ever get up to Deaf Smith you
come and pay us a visit -- we're just
outside Umberger --

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

JETT:

Sure. I did want to say goodbye to you.
We're friends.

LESLIE:

(offers her hand)
Of course, Jett, we're friends.

Bick enters from the library. Jett drops Leslie's hand and moves off, stopping for a moment at the improvised bar to pour himself a big drink, which he downs and exits.

DISSOLVE:

11.8. SHOT OF ROUGH GROUND

SUNDOWN

The barren landscape is accented by the figure of a man. It is Jett Rink pacing off his land, long shadows marking his long strides. He comes to a corner, piles up stones to mark it. A LOW MOANING SOUND, almost a voice, causes him to look up.

149. CLOSE SHOT OLD WINDMILL

that has neglectedly been groaning its way through the lone-some years. It stands alongside a tumble-down shack that served at one time as a farm house.

DISSOLVE:

150. CLOSEUP. JETT RINK

Sitting on a rock, surveying the house, the windmill, the rocky ground -- his property. In his eyes we see pride -- the pride of a man who is now more than just a man; he is the sum of a man and his possessions. Jett seems more interested in the quiet earth beneath him than he is in the creaking windmill above. His look is fixed on the barren ground. What he sees is of great importance to him, -- perhaps green crops bursting from the earth -- perhaps a fence and paint and improvements -- perhaps he is looking far below the surface, where water lies to make this transformation possible. Jett is a man of intuition, of keen instinct. Perhaps he penetrates below the water, -- perhaps he senses the ocean of oil that lies beneath. The strange sense of triumph that the ORCHESTRA CONVEYS leads the audience to sense some of this.

DISSOLVE:

151. INT. REATA MAIN HALL

NIGHT

All is now quiet. A great fire is blazing in the stone fireplace. Its light is reflecting on the six flags of Texas that stand out from the wall above, in panoply. At the far end of the room the men are sitting around a table. Some distance from them, and out of hearing, the girls are idly embroidering and playing solitaire. In the f.g. Uncle Bawley sits at the organ, idly picking out the strain of "Claire de Lune". Leslie is leaning across the organ, relaxed and listening.

BAWLEY:

Now that it's over - you get that fellow of yours to take you around and show you our country. See San Antonio, Houston, and Dallas. The wonders, my dear, that this great Western land of ours hold in store for you are many and varied.

LESLIE:

I'm so impatient, I want to see it all right now.

BAWLEY:

You don't have to hurry, honey. It'll be here when you get around to it.

(he smiles)

It's been here a long time --

(he muses)

-- and when you see it all, and have lived with it as I have - why - Leslie, twenty-five years from now you will feel about it just like I do.

LESLIE:

Twenty-five years! -- Why twenty-five years from now I'll be almost fifty.

BAWLEY:

That's a nice age, Leslie, and --

(he smiles)

-- you'll see wonderful things in Texas when you're fifty.

LESLIE:

(grows thoughtful)

Perhaps - but I won't care so much then.

BAWLEY:

You will care more - cause then you'll have been part of it all.

CLINCH:

(calls from far end of the room)

Bawley! - you turnin' into a ladies' man - you? We need you in this pow-wow!

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

BAWLEY:
Coming, gentlemen, coming.

Bawley makes a gracious bow to Leslie, and leaves her. She looks from the group of men to the girls. Reluctantly she goes over and joins the girls.

DISSOLVE:

152. MED. SHOT THE GROUP OF MEN

sitting around the table at the far end of the room. Present are Bick's lawyers, Clinch and Whiteside, and Gabe Target and Pinky. Standing, hat in hand, is an ostentatiously dressed man of Mexican descent -- FIDEL GOMEZ.

WHITESIDE:
Now you get with it, Gomez! Get your people out!
I don't want anybody sitting on their honkers come election day.

GOMEZ:
Everything will be bueno, Senor. It will be the same - good. Adios - buenas noches, Senores.

With much smiling and bowing, he exits.

153. REVERSE ANGLE THE GIRLS

Adarene is embroidering, Vashti is playing solitaire. Leslie is rocking. She looks to Bick and the men talking.

VASHTI:
Jack on the Queen - ten on the Jack - for goodness sakes where's that nine?

Leslie watches this for a moment, but does not find it interesting. She turns and moves toward the men.

154. LONG SHOT

the men in the f.g. talking quietly -- Leslie in the b.g. as she slips up behind Bick.

155. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

She whispers in his ear.

LESLIE:
(softly)
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

BICK:

(not displeased, but a little embarrassed)
Thanks.

156. MED. SHOT LESLIE AND THE MEN

She looks up, noting that the conversation has stopped. Bick is a bit uneasy.

LESLIE:

Go right on. Don't mind me, please.

BICK:

(sweetly)
This is business, honey.

CLINCH:

Yes'm - we're working it out so you can keep on with all that fancy shoppin' you girls do when you get to Dallas.

More silence develops.

BICK:

This is business, Leslie - just business.

LESLIE:

Well do go on. Don't mind me. I'll just listen quiet as a mouse.

BICK:

You'd be bored. It's dull.

LESLIE:

I'll be fascinated.

BICK:

Leslie, this is about politics.

LESLIE:

You married me in Washington, remember darling? I lived next door to politics -- was brought up on it. Go on talking. I love it.

BICK:

This is men's stuff.

There is absolute silence.

157. VASHTI AND ADARENE

watching with a note of anxiety. Adarene busies herself

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)
pouring coffee.

ADARENE:

Leslie, how 'bout a cup of coffee, or a drink, or somethin'?

With a move of his head, Bick indicates for Leslie to join them

LESLIE:

Men's stuff --

(blood pressure rising)

Lord-a-mercy!

(with a glance to Adarene)

Set up my spinning wheel - I'll join the harem section in a minute.

WHITESIDE:

(to the rescue)

Now, now, my dear - you don't want to fret your pretty little head about politics.

LESLIE:

You mean my pretty, empty head, don't you, judge?

Bick flares -- Bawley notes this and stands.

BAWLEY:

Can I get the coffee for you, Leslie?

LESLIE:

(in disappointment)

You, too, Uncle Brutus?

Bick rises.

BICK:

Leslie, you don't feel well.

LESLIE:

I feel great! My adrenalin glands are pumping beautifully.

158. CLOSEUP VASHTI

Her right hand now holds card suspended in mid-air.

159. CLOSEUP ADARENE

Her needle held motionless above her embroidery frame.

160. CLOSEUP LESLIE, FROM THE GIRLS' ANGLE

She turns quickly to them.

LESLIE:

Boo!

161. CLOSEUP THE TWO GIRLS

They go back to their occupations.

162. MED. SHOT LESLIE AND THE MEN

LESLIE:

If I may say so before retiring -- you men date back about one hundred thousand years. You ought to wear leopard skins and carry clubs. Politics! Business! What's so masculine about conversation that a woman can't enter into it?

BICK:

(restraining himself)

Leslie, you are tired.

LESLIE:

Perhaps I am.

(she turns and walks)

VASHTI:

(helping out)

Pinky, believe I'll get my beauty sleep.

PINKY:

You go ahead, honey.

LESLIE:

Yes - send the children to bed. Then the grownups can talk.

Leslie goes to the stairs as Vashti and Adarene fold up their work and follow.

163. CLOSEUP BICK

looking into the glowing fire. Its heat is reflected in his eyes.

DISSOLVE:

164. LONG SHOT MAIN HALL AT TOP OF STAIRS

The men are retiring to their respective rooms, saying "goodnight", etc. A light shows through the glass transom of only one bedroom. It is Leslie's. Bick notices this and hesitates a moment, his hand on the door knob.

165. INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM

She is sitting up in bed with a book in her lap. She has fallen asleep reading. Bick enters, looks over, sees Leslie, closes door none too quietly, sits down on a chair facing her, and kicks his boots off. Each one falls on the tile floor with a clatter, giving the impression perhaps that he'd like Leslie to wake up.

166. CLOSEUP LESLIE

as she awakens, finds Bick looking at her.

LESLIE:

Oh, I must have dropped off.

(senses that he is angry)

I am sorry about my cave-man speech, darling.

(smiles)

I'll apologize tomorrow to the others, first thing.

167. CLOSEUP BICK

pulling his shirt off.

BICK:

That's big of you.

(loudly)

You certainly distinguished yourself.

LESLIE:

Shhh -- Jordan, they can hear --

BICK:

Hear.

(somewhat louder)

They heard you already - every word you said out there -- 'We date back one hundred thousand years'.

168. LONG SHOT IN THE HALL

Through transom, we see a light come on in Vashti's and Pinkie's room. As the loud words echo throughout the hall --

169. INT. BEDROOM BICK AND LESLIE

She glances anxiously at the door and speaks quietly.

LESLIE:

I said I am sorry about name calling.
It was very impolite.
(then she whispers)
-- but in principle, I was right.

BICK:

(not influenced by the tone of her voice)
You come down here, and you try to tell us how
to run things.
(takes his sock off, throws it in the corner)
-- insulting my friends --
(stands at the foot of her bed, looking
down at her)
Now look here, Leslie. You're my wife, Mrs. Jordan
Benedict - and I'm asking you - when are you going
to settle down and behave like everybody else?
(he moves a step closer)

She hops out of bed and stands resolutely facing him.

LESLIE:

NEVER!

BICK:

WHO IN HOHENZOLLERIN DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? --
JOAN OF ARC - OR SOMETHING?

170. LONG SHOT UPPER HALL

Lights are going on in other bedrooms.

171. INT. BEDROOM BICK AND LESLIE

He puts one boot back on, without the sock. His Stetson is
back on his head.

LESLIE:

Jordan! Take your hat off.

Bick opens a door and enters the adjoining bedroom.

LESLIE:

Jordan, where are you going?

172. ADJOINING BEDROOM

Bick enters, throws his Stetson on the bed. Through the open
(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.)

door we see Leslie in b.g.

BICK:

Carryin' on like Carrie Nation! Preachin' stuff
that's none of your - business! Fixin' the world!
-- Why don't you join a club?

173. LONG SHOT UPPER HALL

More lights coming on.

174. INT. BEDROOM LESLIE AND BICK

LESLIE:

You make me sound awful, darling. I'm not
that bad.

Bick returns for his other boot.

LESLIE:

Jordan, you knew I was a frightful girl when you
married me. I did not deceive you, sir. From
the first moment, I couldn't have been more
unpleasant.

BICK:

True -- true.

LESLIE:

Anyway, you're stuck with me.

BICK:

(thinks a long time)
Yeah, I guess so.
(turns to go into other room)

LESLIE:

Besides - you love me very much.

BICK:

(halts in doorway)
Yes - only that fine mind of yours gets pretty
repulsive at times.

LESLIE:

That's not what you told me on the train.

BICK:

(stands astride the threshold)
Now you're goin' to throw that up to me. I thought
what I said on the train was in confidence.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Of course -- but I shall never forget a word you said. You know, you can be pretty wonderful at times.
(she turns out her light)
Why don't you kick off your spurs, partner --

175. LONG SHOT UPPER HALL

All the other bedroom lights are on now, as the remaining light in Leslie's room goes out - leaving it in darkness.

DISSOLVE:

176. INT. BEDROOM NEXT TO LESLIE'S

MORNING

Bick's Stetson remains on the unused bed where he tossed it the night before. Through the open door we see the early sun streaming into Bick's and Leslie's room. Leslie, in a negligee, appears in the b.g., at the window.

LESLIE:

(exuberantly)
What a glorious, gorgeous, brand new day.
Let's use every hour of it - just you and I.

BICK'S VOICE: (O.S.)

Honey, I'm beat.

LESLIE:

Why? Today you have all of the good things in the world and a woman who loves you very much.

Bick appears -- his pants and one boot on, dressing.

BICK:

I know - but that arguing takes a lot out of me.

He finds the sock that he was looking for and goes back into Leslie's room.

LESLIE:

(notices him - laughs a little)
That was frightful -- you storming around in your bare feet. It's a wonder you didn't catch cold.
(she studies him as he sits on the bed)
You know something?

BICK:

What?

Leslie moves over and sits cozily alongside of him.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

About lovers' quarrels - best part is making up.

BICK:

(draws her to him, kisses her earnestly)
When we make up - we make up -- don't we, honey?

177. LONG SHOT TOP OF STAIRS

Vashti and Pinky appear, dressed for traveling. They meet Adarene and Bale coming from their quarters. As they proceed down the stairs they make a slight acknowledgment to the blessed quiet now coming from their hosts' suite.

178. MED. SHOT INT. BEDROOM BICK AND LESLIE

Her exuberance moves her. She rises.

LESLIE:

Why don't we take a trip - see Texas - and just let somebody else run Reata?

BICK:

(looks at her strangely)

Huh?

LESLIE:

(turns back to him)
Couldn't we?

BICK:

(realizes she means this - stands)
Honey, I want you to understand this. I run Reata, at all times.

LESLIE:

Of course, Jordan.

BICK:

Everything in it and on it is run by me.
That's the way it is.

LESLIE:

Jordan, don't raise your voice.

BICK:

(louder)
That's the way it's always been. Everything that has the Reata Brand on it is all run by me.

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

(after more than enough deliberation)
Does that include me?

179. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Pinky, and Vashti, Adarene and Bale have stopped at the door and cast a look back to the head of the stairs from whence loud voices are coming. With no comment they exit to their cars.

180. INT. BEDROOM BICK AND LESLIE

BICK:

That's how my father ran this outfit and that's the way my grandfather ran it -- all of it! He kept it together for his son and my father kept it together for his -- and I'm keeping it together for mine.

LESLIE:

All five hundred thousand square miles.

BICK:

All of it -- for my son.

LESLIE:

Our son.

BICK:

Our son.

LESLIE:

Couldn't all of it be too much for one little baby?

BICK:

Not if he's a Benedict. -- Oh, Leslie --

LESLIE:

(sits down)
Well, we'd better hope this is a boy.

BICK:

Yeh! - Huh?

Bick sits down alongside of her rather quickly.

LESLIE:

Our baby. -- I'm hoping he is a boy.

BICK:

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

Leslie nods her head affirmatively.

BICK:

Why didn't you tell me?

LESLIE:

I'm telling you now.

BICK:

Honey - Oh, darling, I should have known.
Are you sure?

(puts his arms around her)

LESLIE:

(serenely)

Sure. -- Our baby is going to be a boy, Jordan,
I know it. He's going to be a boy, very much
like his father -- in many ways - but not all.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

181. CLOSEUP INFANT

wrapped in a pink robe, gurgles happily. PAN UP TO Bick, who
is holding it. By the look on his face we can tell that he
is troubled.

BICK:

(to Leslie)

Shouldn't she be puttin' on a little weight, honey?

182. CLOSEUP LESLIE'S FACE

She looks from Bick to the child that he is holding, then DOWN
to an object in her arms. The CAMERA PANS DOWN and discloses
another INFANT, this one wrapped in blue.

LESLIE:

It's natural - I think - for him to gain faster.

183. TWO SHOT BICK AND LESLIE

They exchange the infants. Bick's face takes on a pleased look
as he hefts the weight of the boy, as if he were a sack of
barley.

BICK:

He's building up fine.

DISSOLVE:

184. A LETTER

held in hand. It reads: "Jordan considers our twins the finest specimens Roata has yet produced -- and this, from Jordan, is praise indeed."

185. INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

Of Bick and Leslie holding their two lovely children.

186. DR. LYNNTON AND MRS. LYNNTON

sitting at their breakfast. He is reading the letter, she is looking at snapshot.

DR. LYNNTON:

'I am now stronger than ever and am helping a young Doctor Guerra get started here. Most every day I find myself walking three or four miles' --

DISSOLVE:

187. A DUSTY ROAD

DAY

Leslie's feet, lightly shod, trudging through the dust. Along-side of hers another pair of feet, with well-worn black oxfords -- unusual for Texas.

DISSOLVE:

188. LONG SHOT SQUALID MAIN STREET OF VIENTECITO

Coming TOWARD THE CAMERA are Leslie and DR. GUERRA, a young man of Mexican descent.

DISSOLVE:

189. TRANSIENT CAMP

set up as an extension of the settlement. It consists of wooden shacks, lean-tos, tents, and other improvised dwellings. Squalor is the motif. A few women and children are in evidence. Leslie and Dr. Guerra COME CLOSE TO CAMERA -- it PANS WITH THEM to the next house, a clean, white one -- the only good structure to be seen. An OLD MEXICAN is working in the yard.

LESLIE:

We'd like to talk to Senor Gomez - the boss - the man who runs this place.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

The Mexican shrugs. Gomez comes from inside, bows uneasily in Mrs. Benedict's presence.

GOMEZ:

Please, Mrs. Benedict, - what is it I can do?

LESLIE:

I'm going to leave Doctor Guerra here with you, Mr. Gomez, and he will tell you a number of things that must be done immediately. This whole camp is a scandal.

DISSOLVE:

190. SIGN ON A GATE

DAY

It reads: "Little Reaba".

DISSOLVE:

191. LONG SHOT THE JETT RINK PROPERTY

has a fence around it and the old windmill shack has been repaired and painted. Near the gate Jett Rink is working beside some simple well digging equipment, and has a well flowing. Holding an old dipper in his hand, he is enjoying a drink of the refreshing liquid -- as he hears the sound of an automobile motor. He looks in its direction.

192. CLOSEUP JETT

A kind of excitement shows in his face. He picks up his old double-barreled shotgun -- points it in the air, fires one barrel. His old hound dog reacts excitedly with a mixture of barking and baying.

193. MOVING SHOT LESLIE DRIVING

She looks and sees Jett, waves a gesture of recognition, and turns the wheel.

DISSOLVE:

194. LONGER SHOT AT JETT'S GATE

as Leslie pulls up and stops.

195. INT. BUILDING IN VIENTECITO

Fidel Gomez is at a telephone. We see Dr. Guerra through a window, waiting in the street.

196. INT. LIBRARY AT REATA BICK

as he takes the telephone off the hook and listens to a conversation. His face clouds a bit.

BICK:

All right, Gomez -- Yes -- I understand. Thank you.
(he hangs up)

197. JETT RINK AND LESLIE

walking toward his abode. Jett is carrying his shotgun under his arm, with a string of three or four doves he's collected during the morning. The hound dog is busy ingratiating himself with Leslie, who pets him as he jumps around her.

JETT:

Down, Mike! Take it easy!

LESLIE:

(looking ahead at the building)
Why I can't believe it -- the Buffalo Wallow --
Jett - you've really done wonders.

JETT:

It's not much.

LESLIE:

I just wouldn't have believed --

JETT:

Believed what?

LESLIE:

Truthfully, Jett, I wouldn't have expected this sort of talent to be one of your virtues.

JETT:

-- the first time I've been accused of having any of that.

He breaks his gun and removes the shells, and rests it by the door, which he opens for Leslie.

198. INT. RINK'S PLACE

Considerable care and some imagination have gone into the work

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

of making it attractive and livable. Jett, we sense, is eager for Leslie's approval.

LESLIE:

(as she gazes around)
Why it's nice -- really it's nice, Jett.

JETT:

Well - sometime I'm going to have a place around here nobody'll have to be ashamed of.

He goes into kitchen.

199. CLOSEUP LESLIE

She is looking around. Her eyes fix on --

200. INSERT PHOTOGRAPH OF LESLIE.

in her bridal costume, cut from a newspaper, and neatly arranged on the wall along with some other pictures, which include two or three bathing-girl photos.

201. MED. SHOT JETT

in the kitchen. He is pouring some hot water from his kettle into a tea pot, as he watches Leslie through the open door.

JETT:

I cut that out of the newspaper just to dress the place up a little.

LESLIE:

How nice of you.

202. MED. SHOT LESLIE IN F.G.

Jett is partly seen through kitchen door.

JETT:

Won't you rest yourself a minute?

LESLIE:

Thank you.

She starts to sit down. Her eye is caught by some pamphlets and a couple of books.

203. INSERT THE PAMPHLET

It is one of Sherwin Cody's Improve Yourself Series - "ENGLISH USAGE AND GUIDE TO BETTER SPEECH" - by mail.

204. BACK TO SCENE

Leslie replaces the book, glances towards kitchen.

JETT:

Havin' kids seems to agree with you. You're lookin' prettier than ever -- well, anyways, just as good.

He brings in teapot, cups and saucers -- places them by Leslie.

LESLIE:

And tea!

(she laughs).

He starts back into the kitchen, smiling slightly.

JETT:

You like tea don't you?

LESLIE:

Of course. But everyone here drinks gallons of coffee.

205. CLOSEUP JETT

in the kitchen. We have noticed his uneasiness in Leslie's presence. He pours himself a stiff drink and replaces the bottle in the cabinet.

LESLIE:

What brings all this about?

Jett has just swallowed the drink. It is a moment before he can reply.

JETT:

What?

LESLIE:

This gentling influence that's at work.
Who's the girl?

206. LONG SHOT LESLIE

seated, as Jett comes back. He feels easier now.

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

JETT:

Me -- I'm the gentling influence. I'm no hobo.

LESLIE:

Of course --

(sipping)

May I pay you a rather personal compliment?

JETT:

What's that?

LESLIE:

You make a very good cup of tea, Jett.

JETT:

(smiles a bit sheepishly)

Yeah -- I can do a lot of things in a pinch.

He is about to hand her a bowl of sugar with a spoon in it.
He notices the book Leslie has picked up and replaced.

JETT:

Er -- one lump, or two?

LESLIE:

I'll take mine straight.

JETT:

Me too.

He takes a sip of tea, pretends to choke a little, for fun.

JETT:

Ugh!

LESLIE:

When are you going to get married, Jett?
It's time you had someone to help you with --
(indicates tea things)
-- with this kind of responsibility.

JETT:

When I get time to look around -- back East --
Maryland and places. Got any sisters back there
that might like poor people?

LESLIE:

Money isn't all.

JETT:

Not when you've got it.

LESLIE:

Jett -- you should be able to tell me --

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.1)

JETT:

What?

LESLIE:

The other people around here - why don't they do more for themselves?

(she looks around the room.)
Like you do.

JETT:

Other people? -- How do you mean?

LESLIE:

I've just been in Vientecito --

JETT:

You mean that bunch of wet-backs? Don't you get me mixed up with them. I'm as much Texas as Bick Benedict is. I'm no wet-back.

LESLIE:

I know -- you're very like Jordan in that respect -- attitude -- everything. Yet you -- your situation is so different. You're a working man.

JETT:

Yeah -- that's somethin' I'm trying to fix. Maybe some day I will. -- But that bunch - them - they wouldn't do anything to help themselves if they could.

DISSOLVE:

207. MOVING SHOT EXT. RINK'S PLACE

Leslie walking. Jett half a step behind.

LESLIE:

Thanks for the tea party. And don't be such a stranger, Jett. You must drop in and pay us a visit.

JETT:

I don't know about that - ol' Bick's still got his kettle on for me.

As she opens the gate, her raised heel makes a deep imprint in the mud from the new well. His eyes are on this as we --

DISSOLVE:

208. INT. LIBRARY REATA

Bick is sitting behind his desk, which is cluttered with the

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

business of running a ranch. He hears the sound of a motor, and moves to the window. The CAMERA GOES WITH HIM, as he turns and walks rapidly into the main hall. At the far end we see Leslie coming in.

LESLIE:

Hello, darling.

(she comes rapidly toward him)
I've been having tea with Jett Rink.

BICK:

Gomez telephoned --

LESLIE:

Yes?

BICK:

'Mrs. Benedict comes to Vientecito -- I hope you will not be displeased', he said. 'I do not know what to do' -- Look, Leslie, I've told you before -- (he continues)

What's this about Jett Rink?

(he follows Leslie into the Library)

LESLIE:

He made tea. Isn't that unbelievable?

(takes her hat off and drops it)

He does so want to improve himself -- but your Gomez and that camp he runs -- it's hopeless.

(she throws herself on the settee)

BICK:

(sitting alongside of her)

Honey, you just can't be tearin' around this place with no regard for who you are - interfering with those people. Gomez - he was embarrassed. Can't you see that they don't like that kind of thing?

LESLIE:

That place is a scandal! Doctor Guerra threw his hands up in horror.

BICK:

That's his problem.

LESLIE:

You've been a great big rich powerful Texan for a hundred years. You're the one to do something.

BICK:

I'm not the Red Cross! I'm a cowman!

"GIANT"
FINAL

4/4/55
81.

208 (Cont.1)

LESLIE:
If you don't - I will.

BICK:
Leslie, if you ever go near one of those dumps again -- if I ever hear of you mixing into this migratory mess --

At this moment, two nursemaids enter, one carrying the infant Jordy, the other carrying his twin, Judy.

LESLIE:
What will you do?

BICK:
I'll leave you.
(the boy is carried to him)
How are you, Big Boy?

LESLIE:
(takes the girl baby in her arms)
My little girl -- did she think her naughty mama wouldn't come up to say goodnight?

BICK:
(a thought)
One thing you can be sure of -- one of these days I'm going to run Jett Rink's hide right out of this country.

DISSOLVE:

209. CLOSE SHOT AT JETT RINK'S GATE

SUNDOWN

Jett is kneeling with a trowel in his hand, examining the heel print that Leslie left in the running water. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE and we see the gleam of a petroleum slick on the surface. He digs in with the trowel.

DISSOLVE:

210. INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM

CAMERA IS ON a closed door. It opens cautiously. Peeping around are the twins, Jordy and Judy -- about two years old. With exaggerated caution, they tiptoe into the room. We see behind them Bick's boots and legs. CAMERA PANS ALONG TO a be-ribboned bassinet.

211. MED. SHOT BICK, THE TWINS, AND LESLIE

She is reclining on a chaise longue in a lacey peignoir. Bick takes the two children up so they can see in the bassinet.

BICK'S VOICE:
Say 'hello' to your little sister.

THE TWINS:
(together)
Hello, Luz.

BICK'S VOICE:
I don't care what you say, Leslie - she does look like Luz.

DISSOLVE:

212. INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

It is of Bick and Leslie with their three lovely children.

DISSOLVE:

213. VERANDA MARYLAND HOME

DAY

Dr. and Mrs. Lynnton are joined in their admiration of the photograph by Swazey, who is serving their tea.

DISSOLVE:

214. LONG SHOT SQUALID MAIN STREET OF VIENTECITO DAY

Walking TOWARD THE CAMERA are Leslie and Dr. Guerra. They turn and look in the direction of --

215. MED. SHOT ROW OF NEW DWELLINGS

under construction. They are modest but, none the less, an improvement is evident.

DISSOLVE:

216. A VAQUERO

leading a little horse, on which is a tiny, brand new, silver saddle.

217. FULL SHOT BENEDICT VERANDA

A birthday party for the Benedict twins, age four, is in progress. We see Jordy and his twin sister, Judy, blowing out four candles on a birthday cake. Jordy is dressed in a magnificent cowboy suit and is wearing an over-size Stetson. Grouped around the children are Bick, and Uncle Bawley, and Leslie -- with the baby Luz in her arms. Vashti and Pinky are there with their three children, girls -- age two, three, and four. Present also are Adarne and Bale, and Judge Whiteside. Below the veranda stands a group of other Reata people -- prominent are the patrician Old Iolo, and the Obregons with their boy, little Angel, now five. The vaquero leads the horse right up to the veranda steps. The "ohs" and "ahs" and "cooings" of the adults are meant to give impetus to the forlorn little Jordy, who is eyeing the proceedings with less than enthusiasm.

LESLIE:

Oh, my! My! - Isn't he a beauty?

BICK:

He may not look it now - but one day this boy is going to be the best hand on Reata Ranch.

218. CLOSEUP JORDY

as he looks at the horse with disinterest and returns his attention to the cake.

219. CLOSEUP LITTLE ANGEL

lost in admiration as he stares at the fine little animal with its magnificent saddle.

220. FULL SHOT GROUP

BICK:

Here you are, son.

(takes the boy by the hand)

He's all yours.

As they move closer to the horse the boy makes a little move away, toward his mother. Bick reacts quickly to cover up. He picks little Jordy up, big hat, chaps, and all, and swings him into the saddle. Jordy's eyes search anxiously for his mother and, arms outstretched, he starts to slide off the horse, in her direction. Bick slides him back into the saddle. The boy's face clouds as if he were about to cry.

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.)

LESLIE:
(comes forward)
Jordan!

BICK:
Easy does it now, son.

He hands the reins to little Angel, who starts to lead the horse around. Jordy bursts into tears.

LESLIE:
(takes Bick by the arm)
Bick - he doesn't want to.

BICK:
I rode before I could walk.

LESLIE:
That was you. This is another person.

BICK:
He's a Benedict.

The boy cries loudly, as if to refute this.

BICK:
-- and he's going to stay in that saddle if I have to throw a hitch on him.

The crying youngster reaches out to his mother. She takes him from the saddle to the table where the other presents are displayed, and calls his attention to their delights. He continues to whimper. Bick is enormously embarrassed.

BICK:
(to Angel, holding the horse)
Take him away.

The little Mexican boy swings into the saddle and rides off with a flourish.

POLO:
(in Spanish)
Angel! No!

BICK:
(watching the boy with interest)
Let him ride, Polo. Let the boy ride.

Leslie is taking Jordy to Lupe, the nursemaid.

LESLIE:
Now, darling, go with Lupe like a good boy and have your nap.

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.1)

This is oil on the flame of Bick's anger and humiliation. Bick swings into the saddle of Polo's horse. He reaches down and picks up Jordy, sets the child on the saddle in front of him, kicks the horse in the ribs and takes off fast.

221. CLOSEUP LESLIE

as she watches this.

222. CLOSEUP BAWLEY

He, as well as the others, feels uneasy at being witness to this family conflict.

223. REVERSE ANGLE

We see Jordan ride away at a full gallop, one arm around the boy in front of him. He swings in a big circle and heads back.

224. CLOSEUP LESLIE

holding her breath.

225. REVERSE ANGLE

Bick approaching the CAMERA on a gallop. He pulls up with a skid. The boy's face shows he is numb with fright.

BICK:

That wasn't bad, was it, son?

Leslie moves from her frozen position, takes the boy from the saddle into her arms and without a word, walks toward the house, followed by Lupe. The CAMERA MOVES IN on Bick, as he watches her go.

DISSOLVE TO:

226. CLOSEUP BICK'S FACE

NIGHT

A flickering light from the fireplace reflects on his serious countenance. In the b.g. Leslie is seated on a window seat, looking through the rainswept glass. Uncle Bawley stands tall beside her. At the far end of the room are the other guests. Silence hangs heavily over the company.

227. CLOSEUP PINKY

by a window on which we see rain falling. He clears his throat uncomfortably.

PINKY:

-- Rain'll come in handy. Long dry spell.

He looks around. Nobody picks up the cue. Tries again.

PINKY:

Norther like this -- likely to beat down more than it brings up. Maybe.

VASHTI:

(helping him out)

I like to hear the rain beating down on the roof. Long - long as it's - all safe and cozy indoors.

She looks around as if she said the wrong thing.

228. FIGURE SHOT LESLIE AND UNCLE BAWLEY

BAWLEY:

I don't want to build a loop and stick my neck into it, Leslie -- at a time like this - when it's serious - but - Bick knows all there is to know about running a ranch - bone, hide and hair. But he don't know a dang thing about raising kids any more than his father did. You just stay with it your way, and help 'em grow up to be what they want to be.

LESLIE:

I will, Uncle Bawley. I promise that.

BAWLEY:

Don't push 'em, fence 'em, or ride 'em, Leslie. Let 'em range.

They are interrupted by the guests passing.

PINKY'S VOICE:

We're going to hit the hay, Leslie. 'Night, Bick.

229. LONG SHOT THE GUESTS

leaving.

VASHTI:

(self-consciously)

'Night, kids.

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

Uncle Bawley lights his pipe, looks from Bick to Leslie.

BAWLEY:
Time for me to turn in. Goodnight, Bick.

BICK:
'Night, Bawley.

BAWLEY:
Goodnight, Leslie.

LESLIE:
Goodnight, Uncle Bawley.

230. LONG SHOT INCLUDING VASHTI

at the top of the stairs.

VASHTI:
Goodnight, everybody. Don't forget to
turn off the rain.

Bawley leaves. Bick and Leslie are alone in the big room.
She joins him in watching the blaze.

BICK:
You tired?

LESLIE:
No.
(a lengthy thought)
Jordan, what's happening is we're getting
on one another's nerves.

BICK:
Could be.

LESLIE:
We've been together every day and every night
since the first minute we saw one another.

BICK:
Is that bad?

LESLIE:
No, but we've gotten into the habit of snarling
at each other - on things we should have adjusted
to years ago. -- I think it would be good if I took
the children home -- for a visit.

(CONTINUED)

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230 (Cont.)

BICK:

(not facing the issue)

Home? Well, if you're homesick - I mean, if that's the way you want it --

LESLIE:

It's not the way I want it.

BICK:

Well - a --

LESLIE:

It will be better if we're apart for a time. It'll be better for us and the children. Give us both a chance to think things out.

BICK:

Well - Gee, I don't know, Les -- a --
you know best --

He's hit pretty hard. Leslie goes to him and kisses him gently.

LESLIE:

I think it will be best.

She starts the long walk toward the stairway as Bick takes a thumb and flicks what might be a cinder out of the corner of his eye -- and continues to look into the fire.

DISSOLVE:

231. BENEDICT SIDING

DAY

A through train has halted here. Bick is standing by it, his back to the CAMERA. His family is facing him, grouped behind the glass of a window in one of the pullmans. Leslie and her three children are busy, each in his own way, indicating goodbye to father. We hear the voice of the conductor.

VOICE: (O.S.)

All 'board!

There is a sound of puffing exertion from the locomotive ahead. The train's couplings grab and clatter and the window which holds Bick's family, slides out -- as Bick makes a final gesture in their direction. A blur of other windows pass by rapidly, and with a "swoosh" the end car clears. Bick alone, his back to us, finds himself looking out onto miles of open Texas country -- an expanse of nothingness.

DISSOLVE:

232. LUSH, GREEN, MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE

DAY

Two mounted figures, a man and a woman, take a hedge and are COMING TOWARD CAMERA.

DISSOLVE:

233. CLOSEUP

One of the riders, David Karfrey, smiles at his companion.

234. CLOSEUP THE WOMAN

It is Lacey, Leslie's younger sister -- now mature, blooming, and beautiful.

235. TWO SHOT LESLIE AND HER FATHER

They are in the rose garden, beside the Lynnton house. Her eyes follow the riders. Her expression is one of approval and perhaps a shade of wistfulness. Dr. Lynnton is studying her. As the riders pass, greetings are exchanged.

LESLIE:

Lacey is a lucky little girl.

(aware of her father's examining eyes)
If I had it to do again I'd still walk off with Jordan - even if I knew it was going to end like this.

DR. LYNNTON:
You don't love him?

LESLIE:
I do -- but - the truth is we don't harmonize -- we don't think alike - on one single thing.

DR. LYNNTON:
Except those new Benedicts -- Jordy and Judy and your little Luz.

Leslie turns away.

DR. LYNNTON:
So you don't see eye to eye on a lot of things -- you love the boy, and you love his children. I suppose he loves them too.

LESLIE:
Oh, we love each other - but I can't live with him. -- I'm rebelling all the time.

(CONTINUED)

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235 (Cont.)

DR. LYNNTON:
(laughs a little)
That sounds exciting. Why, baby, you're livin'.

LESLIE:
(amused despite herself)
Oh, daddy.

Mrs. Lynnton appears from the house, onto the veranda.

MRS. LYNNTON:
Leslie - I need some help.

LESLIE:
All right, mother.

MRS. LYNNTON:
You'll have no time to be homesick -- with this wedding and Thanksgiving on us together.

DISSOLVE:

236. CLOSE SHOT

Large turkey gobbler in a pen.

237. CLOSE SHOT LESLIE'S THREE CHILDREN

watching with interest as the turkey spreads his tail magnificently and struts. They beam with pleasure as they feed him corn from a pail.

JORDY:
Sultan - you eat your dinner like a good boy.

DISSOLVE:

238. GROUP SHOT LYNNTON DINING ROOM

EW DES-
RIPTIVE
BUSINESS
Present are -- Dr. and Mrs. Lynnton, Lacey and Karfrey. Leslie and her three children are sitting alongside of one another at the festive Thanksgiving table. Luz, the littlest, is sobbing.

LUZ:
I can't eat Sultan.

Jordy and Judy bravely encourage their little sister to buck up.

239. CLOSEUP HUGE TURKEY

Roasted and brown.

DR. LYNNTON'S VOICE:

Oh, most merciful Father, we bow our heads in gratitude on this our Thanksgiving Day. We give thee humble and hearty thanks for this, thy bounty --

240. MED. SHOT LESLIE AND THE CHILDREN

She joins the older two in pantomiming to the little one to stop crying. Leslie's aid contributes weakness rather than strength, for now the two older children, infected by the grief of their little sister, join in the tearful reaction to the browned carcass of their departed friend.

241. CLOSE SHOT DR. LYNNTON

He continues with the prayer.

DR. LYNNTON:

-- beseeching thee to continue thy loving kindness to us, that our land may still yield her increase, to thy glory and our comfort. Amen.

242. FULL SHOT THE GROUP

around the table. Dr. Lynnton, having finished, picks up the cutlery and with a surgeon's grace is about to sever a drumstick. He hesitates as the children's cries grow louder.

243. REVERSE ANGLE

Leslie and her brood, as she attempts to console them. Her efforts are rewarded by even louder lamentations. As the butler Swazey enters with a telegram, Leslie takes this opportunity to exit with her children into the adjoining room.

244. CLOSEUP MRS. LYNNTON AND SWAZEY

She looks at the telegram.

MRS. LYNNTON:

It's for Miss Leslie, Jefferson.

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245. HALLWAY

Leslie is on her knees comforting her tearful children.

LESLIE:

It's -- a day when we're all supposed to be happy. - Smile like mommy.

She affects a bright smile. The children try it. It only makes them cry more. Swazey enters.

SWAZEY:

Somethin' wrong, Miz Leslie?

Leslie shakes her head. No. Swazey then hands her the telegram and his face is clouding in response to the children's grief. He shakes his head mournfully and exits.

246. CLOSEUP LESLIE AND THE CHILDREN

Leslie opens the telegram. As she reads it a genuine smile comes over her face.

LESLIE:

Now perhaps you'll stop crying. It's a message to you from your father.

LITTLE LUZ:

(brightly)

Daddy?

Jordy and Judy uncloud too.

JORDY:

Is he coming for dinner?

LESLIE:

(uneasily)

No. - No. - He says -- 'I hope my darlings are all very happy. I want them to know --

(she now starts to cloud up)

I want them to know I miss them very much and love - each - one - very --

(she chokes)

LUZ:

I want daddy.

Luz bursts into tears. This sets off the other two again and Leslie, completely undormined, joins them.

DISSOLVE:

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247. INT. GREAT DINING HALL REATA . DAY

Bick is seated alone at the head of the table, lost in thought, as Eusubio enters bearing a roasted turkey on a large silver platter. Eusubio beams as he puts his delicacy on the table in front of Bick, who doesn't bat an eye. Eusubio's smile fades as he observes Bick's indifference.

DISSOLVE:

248. EXT. LYNNTON HOUSE DAY

Bick is walking up the path from the driveway. He is carrying his suitcase, and wearing a nice city suit, triple-stitched boots, and a small Western hat.

249. REVERSE ANGLE BICK IN F.G.

He stops and looks the old Lynnton house over. The house has an air of ceremony about it. Vehicles are to be seen - activity can be noticed on the inside, through the large front windows. Bick resumes his way to the front door, is about to knock when the door opens and Swazey appears, in somewhat formal attire. Strains of an organ are heard.

SWAZEY:

I could see you comin'. Why, Mister Benedict - this is a good surprise.

BICK:

How are you, Jefferson?

SWAZEY:

(quietly)

We're havin' a weddin'. -- Jest plenty of excitement.

250. INT. ENTRANCE HALL

Bick enters, as Swazey closes the door. Through arch we see the ceremony in progress -- the ladies ornamentally dressed, the gentlemen in cutaways. Bick, unnoticed, removes his Western hat and withdraws a little. The organ plays softly as the bridesmaids, with Leslie as matron of honor and her two older children as attendants, appear.

251. CLOSEUP BICK

His eyes glow warmly as he sees Leslie looking so beautiful.

252. ANOTHER ANGLE TOWARD LESLIE

As she passes by, not seeing Bick. The organ segues to the strains of "Lohengrin". Little Lacey comes down the stairs on her father's arm.

253. CLOSEUP BICK AND SWAZY

Bick is lost in thought.

SWAZY:

(in a whisper)

Let me rest your hat, Mister Benedict.

This arouses Bick and he feels to be an intruder in his informal attire. He withdraws a little and slips around through the dining room to the open sliding doors close by the Minister where he can see and not be seen. Leslie is behind the bride, her back to Bick.

254. REVERSE ANGLE OVER MINISTER'S SHOULDER

Showing the bride and groom.

MINISTER:

David, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?

KARFREY:

I will.

255. ANGLE PAST LESLIE TOWARD BICK

She is quite moved and misty-eyed. His interest in the ceremony has brought him closer, narrowing the gap that separates them.

MINISTER:

-- wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health -- and forsaking all others --

Bick's thoughts are hard on Leslie.

MINISTER:

-- keep thee only unto her, so long as you both shall live?

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256. BRIDE, GROOM, AND MINISTER

KARFREY:

I will.

MINISTER:

Lacey, wilt thou --

257. TWO SHOT LESLIE AND BICK

Leslie, very much moved. Intuitively she senses something, looks around, sees Bick, reacts, but dutifully maintains her interest in the ceremony.

MINISTER:

-- have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the Holy Estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honor, and --

258. GROUP SHOT MINISTER AND BRIDE AND GROOM

MINISTER:

-- keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

LACEY:

I will.

As we hear the words, - "I now pronounce you man and wife", the Lohengrin music swells. The whole assemblage is in motion and alive with excitement -- with the exception of Bick and Leslie. They stand quite still, gazing at one another. The crowd swirls the bride and bridegroom away. Leslie and Bick stand for an instant in front of the altar, then they are in each others' arms.

BICK:

(as they break apart)

Are you ready to come back to your old beat-up cowhand?

LESLIE:

Jordan, I'm no different from what I was when I went away.

BICK:

In Texas we like a little vinegar on our greens - gives 'em flavor. Honey, let's go home.

(as they start to move - afterthought)

Where's my kids?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

259. JETT RINK'S PLACE

DAY

CLOSE IN F.G. is Jett, grimy from work and sweat. He has paused to take a drag from a pint bottle. Behind him is the lower structure of a derrick supporting a rotary drill driven by an old steam engine. A MEXICAN and his BOY are having difficulty lifting a length of casing from the back of an ancient truck. Jett caches his bottle and moves over quickly to add his strength to their task. He shoulders one end of the pipe while the two helpers on the other end struggle to keep up with him.

DISSOLVE:

260. EXT. REATA RANCH HOUSE

DAY

OMISSION
OF TWO
PEOPLE
FROM SCENE

In the f.g. we see a huge prize bull. Little Angel Oregon is holding the halter rope. Watching are little Jordy and Judy, dressed alike in boys' ranch clothes. Grouped around on the veranda are the Benedicts and their guests, -- Vashti and Pinky, Adarene and Bale Clinch, Ollie Whiteside, Gabe Target and Uncle Bawley.

BICK:

Well, Gabe - that's him -- King Tut. He's what we've been working towards for the last ten - twelve years. I don't care where you've been - in what part of the world - you won't see anything to come up to this. This is it.

GABE:

Some hunk of beef.

BAWLEY:

When Bick finishes his breedin' program he'll have an animal that's ninety-nine percent beef and the rest exaggeration.

At this moment there's a clatter of metal on metal, as dust from a passing truck blows in on them.

BICK:

Oliver! See that -- that's Rink's. I don't want him hauling through my place any more.

WHITESIDE:

He has the easement -- no two ways about that, Bick.

(CONTINUED)

260 (Cont.)

BICK:

I know .. but I've had enough of his prospec'in' and I want him out.

CLINCH:

He's down to his last collar button.

BICK:

Sure. Buy him out. Buy him out and get him out of here.

261. TOP OF AN OIL DERRICK

DAY

There is a tremendous roar and rumble, the sound of an explosion. The derrick shakes and a gigantic spout of black liquid spumes up.

262. CLOSEUP JETT

As he sees his gusher come in. The raining oil splashes and glistens on his face.

263. LONG SHOT

The full crescendo of the gusher's fury bursts as, shooting from the depths of the earth, it engulfs the derrick and roars into the sky.

DISSOLVE:

264. EXT. REATA VERANDA

EVENING

The company is sitting around lazily enjoying the warm summer evening, as Jett careens his truck into the driveway and, with screeching of brakes, comes to a stop. He jumps out, covered with oil and unsteady with whiskey. Deliberately, he mounts the veranda steps and stands there. Jett's teeth are white against his oily face as he grins at Bick and the guests. His voice is low and husky with emotion.

JETT:
My well come in.

BICK:
(quietly)
That's fine, Jett.

LESLIE:
That's really wonderful, Jett.

(CONTINUED)

264 (Cont.)

JETT:

Everybody said I had a duster. You all thought ol' Spindle Top and Burkburnet was all the oil there was. I'm here to tell you it ain't. It's here -- and there's not a dang thing you can do about it, Bick.

Bick turns and leans forward.

JETT:

I'm rich, Bick! I'm rich! Me - I'm goin' to have more money than you ever saw -- you and the rest of the stinkin' sons of Benedict!

Bick stands up - quiet and deliberately.

BICK:

Leslie, honey - you and the girls go on indoors.

Leslie rises - so does Lacey - but they do not leave.

LESLIE:

Jett, we're glad you struck it -- and you go along home now.

JETT:

(looks heavily in her direction, smiles)
My, you look pretty, Leslie. You always look so pretty.

BICK:

Rink! Get goin'!

JETT:

(he moves close to Leslie)
You look just good enough to eat.

Bick moves quickly - turns Jett and punches him in the face. Jett staggers back but regains his balance and his poise.

JETT:

(a smiling expression)
My you're techy, Bick -- you're techy as a cook.

As Bick makes a grab for Jett, Jett lunges at him. The other men quickly grab and hold the two antagonists. As Bick stands there with his arms pinned, Jett suddenly breaks free and lands a wicked blow low in Bick's mid-section. As Bick sinks to the ground Jett walks from the veranda, CAMERA WITH HIM, gets into his car and drives off.

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265. EXT. VERANDA

Bick has risen to his feet, helped by Uncle Bawley. He is in pain and Leslie soothes him.

BAWLEY:

Would have saved a heap of trouble, Bick, if you'd have shot that so and so before. Now he's too rich to kill.

DISSOLVE:

266. NEATLY PAINTED SIGN

It reads: "Little Reata". SUPERIMPOSE, LONG SHOT, Jett's oil rig pumping. PAN OFF and DISSOLVE -- PAN ON TO another oil rig pumping. DISSOLVE -- GROUP of oil derricks. OVER THIS GROUP OF SHOTS, SUPERIMPOSE CLOSEUP, JETT RINK, dressed in Texas fashion, surveying it all imperiously. DISSOLVE. Only "Little Reata" sign remains. SUPERIMPOSE, BICK BENEDICT, some ten years older, thinking hard. The sign HOLDS LONG OVER his face.

DISSOLVE:

267. INSERT MIDLAND NEWSPAPER

Headline reads: "LITTLE REATA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY EXPANDS".

DISSOLVE:

268. INT. LIBRARY REATA

Bick, on the phone, as he looks down at the paper angrily. Ollie Whiteside is with him.

BICK:

-- and you tell your client that Reata is my property, and the name of Reata is my property.
-- and the Texas courts are fair -- that he is to cease usin' the name of my ranch in his oil schemes. I won't have oil diggin' on Reata -- and I won't stand for its name being used.

DISSOLVE:

269. "LITTLE REATA" SIGN

It is taken down and replaced by a new sign -- "JETEXAS COMPANY".

DISSOLVE.

270. BACK END OF A HANDSOME PETROLEUM TRUCK

in motion. Bold sign on rear of truck says: "JETEXAS". CAMERA HOLDS, letting truck pull away, showing double line of concrete highway. CALLING FOWARDS --

DISSOLVE:

271. OLD MAIN GATE OF REATA

In the f.g. Bick and Old Polo, mounted. Behind them a small herd moves through the gate. The men turn back and look long in the direction of the departing truck.

DISSOLVE:

272. BICK AND LESLIE'S SITTING ROOM

NIGHT

It is modern -- handsomely redone to suit Leslie's present mood. Bick is sitting in a big chair by the window, reading his magazine. Young Luz, now about fourteen, is stretched out prone on the chaise longue, with her head at the foot, turning pages of a fashion book. Leslie is in a chair, tete a tete with her daughter. She wears the added years lightly and gracefully. Moping around the room is young Jordy, now seventeen. He has a problem on his mind.

LUZ:

(while studying the fashions)
They say Aunt Luz was really in love with Jett Rink herself -- even if she was old enough to be his mother.

LESLIE:

Why, Luz!

LUZ:

She was a character! -- They say she was always trying to keep him --
(a quiet nod toward her father)
from getting married. -- He had to sneak off to marry you.

BICK:

(looks up)

What's that?

Luz shrugs.

BICK:

Who said what?

(CUTTED)

272 (Cont.)

LUZ:
Somebody -- I forgot.
(confidentially, to her mother)
They say every girl in Texas tried to catch
papa -- They said, quote, there wasn't a prize
bull like him since Sam Houston got married.

BICK:
Leslie, that's enough from her.

LESLIE:
(to Luz)
I'm sure it's true, darling -- it took me
two whole days to land him.

Jordy stands in the adjoining door and by gesture indicates
for his mother to come. She rises and goes to him.

LUZ:
(leaving)
Really - it all sounds so fascinating and uncouth.

BICK:
Where're you going?

LUZ:
Down the road for a coke - to Sritty's.

BICK:
With who?

LUZ:
Nobody.

BICK:
Stay home.

She shrugs and slithers out the door, closing it heavily.

BICK:
Hey! - You --

The door opens and Judy (Jordy's twin sister) appears.

JUDY:
Hello, papa -- you busy?

BICK:
Where you been?

JUDY:
Down the road -- for a coke.

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.1)

BICK:

Who with?

JUDY:

Bob.

The door opens a little wider. A hulking boy (BOB DACE) sticks his head in somewhat uncertainly.

BOB:

'Lo, Mr. Benedict.

BICK:

Hello, Bob.

BOB:

'Night, Mr. Benedict.
(he withdraws)

JUDY:

Excuse me, papa.

(she closes the door to say goodnight to Bob -- after a brief moment the door opens and she reappears)

JUDY:

Look, papa --

(she sits on the arm of Bick's chair)

You busy now, papa?

BICK:

Never too busy for you, young feller, - what's on your mind?

273. ADJOINING BEDROOM

Leslie seated - Jordy pacing.

JORDY:

I am, mom - I'm going to be. I want to go to Harvard and then Columbia pre-med.

LESLIE:

(silent a moment - she smiles, touched)
You want to be a doctor?

(as she thinks on, her smile fades)
How about Reata? He's counting on you to take over.

JORDY:

Yeah, yeah - I know. But there's fifty thousand guys can do it better.

(CONTINUED)

273 (Cont.)

Leslie studies him.

JORDY: (Cont.)

I don't want to live my life pushing cattle around.
(he softens)

Mama, I'd die for papa if I had to --

LESLIE:

You know your father doesn't want you to die
for him. He wants you to live for him.

(she puts her arms around him)

I'll talk to papa, -- myself.

JORDY:

You can swing it, mom. I know you can.

LESLIE:

It's not going to be easy. Let me try to
smooth the way a little first.

274. SITTING ROOM

Bick and Judy are in earnest conference.

JUDY:

Talk to her, will you, papa? Reason with her.

BICK:

I don't want this pinned on me.

JUDY:

I'll take the blame. Just you soften the blow.

BICK:

Well - maybe I can catch her in a weak moment.

JUDY:

You can do it, dad.

(she gives him a big hug and a kiss
and starts to leave the room)

BICK:

You know your mother -- it's not going to be easy.

DISSOLVE:

275. BEDROOM

NIGHT

Leslie and Bick are sitting up reading, in the twin beds
which have replaced the old-fashioned double bed, for years

(CONTINUED)

275 (Cont.)

a fixture in the room. Between them is a tray with coffee service.

LESLIE:

(listlessly)
Darling, I've been thinking.

BICK:

Me too.

LESLIE:

- about the children.

BICK:

(warms up)
That's funny. Me too. We must be getting old.

LESLIE:

Speak for yourself. -- I've been wondering if we love them enough to do what's really best for them.

BICK:

Why sure.

(he thinks)
I hope so.

LESLIE:

I mean, so we love them too much, perhaps, -- so much we keep from doing what is right for them.

BICK:

Not me. - You don't have to worry about me.

The honesty of his statement is somewhat tempered by the guarded look he throws in Leslie's direction.

BICK:

It's always the mother. The theory is she doesn't want her fledglings to leave the nest and try their wings - and all that.

LESLIE:

(she sits up)
You -- You'd be perfectly willing to sacrifice?

BICK:

I'd sacrifice for them. You know that.
(with an eye on Leslie he leans over
and pours himself a cup of coffee)
I'm not so sold on that girls' school in
Switzerland you're stuck on.

(CONTINUED)

275 (Cont.l)

Leslie closes her book sharply. Bick sits up in bed with his cup of coffee.

BICK:

Now don't get your feathers up. Judy's not crazy about that Switzerland stuff either.

LESLIE:

Of course she isn't - that's why she needs it.

BICK:

I wouldn't push her. She wants to go to Texas Tech.

LESLIE:

That's a man's college.

BICK:

Girls go too. It's got the best husbandry course in the country - she says.

(he laughs a little, pleased)
She wants to be a rancher like her old man.

LESLIE:

Like Bob Dace. She's just got a little girl crush on that hulking Bob Dace.

BICK:

Well, she's got her mind set on it - that's what she wants - and I for one am willing to sacrifice.

He looks to Leslie, expecting a protest - gets none. She turns out her light, lies back on her pillow thinking.

BICK:

What do you say?

LESLIE:

It seems we've hatched an odd pair of fledglings, darling. -- Brace yourself.

(she now casts a guarded look in Bick's direction)
Jordy wants to be a doctor.

BICK:

He wants WHAT?

LESLIE:

He wants to be a doctor. He's absolutely set on it.

BICK:

Over my dead body -- you know what he's going to be.

(CONTINUED)

275 (Cont.2)

LESLIE:

He isn't. He'd die for you but he won't live his life for you -- and he's right.

BICK:

He'll do as we've all done.

LESLIE:

He wants to go to Harvard first and then to Columbia pre-med.

BICK:

Pre-med? Huh! You're pretty handy with those terms. I can see who's been cookin' this up.

LESLIE:

Of course, this would be a big sacrifice on your part.

Silence. He sits there thinking, reaches behind and turns out his light. He lies back in darkness.

BICK:

Well - no matter where he goes to school, he comes back home and runs Reata.

LESLIE:

I guess you're right on one thing, Darling.

BICK:

Me?

LESLIE:

On one thing -- we're getting old.

BICK:

Who?

LESLIE:

We are, Jordan. We're the older generation. Aren't we - suddenly?

He thinks this over and laughs softly.

BICK:

Yeah - I guess so.

LESLIE:

Jordan, what became of our generation?

DISSOLVE:

276. INT. LARGE, ELABORATE OFFICE

In the room are Jett Rink, with MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF. An older man, WATTS, is seated at the desk, reading. Jett is slumped in a large leather armchair. He is expensively dressed in a dark business suit, but without a tie. He does not seem to be paying any great attention as Watts drones out the paragraphs of an oil lease contract. Suddenly something catches his attention. Jett gets up.

JETT:
Is that the Vashti Hake ranch?

WATTS:
We got it.

JETT:
Good. How about Reata?

WATTS:
No, Benedict's a tough nut to crack.

JETT:
Keep purchasing.

Jett sits down, starts reading the documents.

DISSOLVE:

277. MANY OIL LEASES

sliding OVER the scene. SUPERIMPOSE Jett Rink's face, and as the oil leases disappear CAMERA PULLS BACK to show him at the wheel of a special-built car, driving at 100 miles an hour past a field of oil derricks.

DISSOLVE TO:

278. JETT IN THE SAME CAR

NIGHT

driving up to a night club. As he pulls up and stops, he crashes his car into one parked at the curb. He opens the door and starts towards the night club entrance. The OWNER of the other car comes protestingly to Jett. He gets banged in the face and a brawl starts.

DISSOLVE:

279. INSERT FRONT PAGE, HERMOSO DAILY NEWS

The headline reads: "Jett Rink Dedicates Hospital". PULL BACK

(CONTINUED)

279 (Cont.)

to show Uncle Bawley seated in a big chair in the main hall of Reata, reading the item. Bick is looking over his shoulder.

BAWLEY:

Hospital! What's he covering up now? That hombre's goin' to overstep the mark one of these days.

BICK:

Just give him enough rope --

BAWLEY:

Give him enough rope and he'll hang you.

Bick straightens up as he hears the phone ring. Luz appears from the veranda.

LUZ:

I'll get it.

280. CLOSEUP LUZ

as she picks up telephone receiver.

LUZ:

Hello -- Yes -- No, this is her daughter.

(giving with charm)

You did? -- Well, you'll have to find that out for yourself.

281. MED. SHOT INCLUDING LUZ, BICK, AND BAWLEY

BICK:

Look, Luz - take your social life onto the other phone, will you?

LUZ:

It's for you.

(puts receiver to one side)

I think he's nice.

BICK:

Who's nice?

LUZ:

(as she hands him the phone)
Jett Rink.

BICK:

I don't want to talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

281 (Cont.)

LUZ:
What will I tell him?

BAWLEY:
Let me -- I'll tell him.

BICK:
I'll take it.
(he takes the telephone)

Luz hesitates on her way out and hovers near the door.

BICK:
(listens a bit, then -)
You've heard from me before on this, Jett.
Judge Whiteside's told you and I've told you --
This is a cattle ranch, not an oil field. That's
the way it's going to stay.

282. CLOSE SHOT BICK AND BAWLEY

Bick hangs up the phone.

BAWLEY:
That was a most expensive phone call, Bick.
Cost you about a billion dollars a year for
the next fifty years.

283. CLOSE SHOT LUZ

LUZ:
Couldn't we have just one little bitty oil well?
-- so I could get me my own personal phone?

DISSOLVE:

284. HALL CLOCK REATA

NIGHT

It chimes three o'clock.

285. EXT. REATA MAIN HOUSE

A roadster pulls in and stops quietly.

DISSOLVE:

286. CLOSEUP YOUNG JUDY AND BOB DACE

They embrace and kiss passionately.

287. ILLUMINATED RADIO DIAL ON DASHBOARD

As the music of a rhumba ends we hear the voice of a newscaster.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE:

As of two-thirty this morning, Eastern Standard Time, a communique from the headquarters of General Douglas MacArthur informs us that our Air Force Base at Manila, damaged in the Japanese sneak attack of a fortnight ago, is once more operational. The position of the U.S. Forces in the Lingayen Gulf Sector has been strengthened. Repeated enemy attacks --

288. CLOSEUP THE BOY AND THE GIRL

break their kiss long enough for her to shut the radio off.

JUDY:

That only makes me realize I'm losing you.

They get out of the car. Bob Dace takes a traveling bag with him and they go toward the house.

DISSOLVE:

289. INT. MAIN HALL

as they tiptoe toward the stairs, passing a Christmas tree.

DISSOLVE:

290. UPSTAIRS HALL

Judy opens one of the bedroom doors slowly. As they slip in and close the door quietly, we see the moonlight from the window shining on the downy counterpane of the old-fashioned bed. We hear the key turn in the lock.

DISSOLVE:

291. MAIN HALL REATA

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Family and friends are gathered and all seem happy, opening packages and chattering. Jordy is in Oxford grey suit and pinned collar, Harvard style. He is engaged in jocular by-play with his father, who disapproves of the outfit.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.)

BICK:

Try this on -- it'll do something for you.

Jordy puts on the hat, his old man's Stetson. It is too big and comes down over his ears.

JORDY:

(with a look into the mirror)

Therein is the story of my life.

(takes hat off, returns it to his father)

Leslie, having observed this byplay, looks up to the head of the stairs.

LESLIE:

Well, there you are! Come here my darlings.

292. JUDY AND BOB

coming down the stairs. Bob is in shirt sleeves, Judy in pajamas and robe. The group around Christmas tree react enthusiastically.

LUZ:

When did you two sneak in?

JORDY:

The honeymooners!

LUZ:

You're in for it, Judy - you know mother wanted a big wedding.

LESLIE:

Hush - that's not true. Well - not quite true.

The two newlyweds join the group. There are kisses and embraces all around.

293. THE FRONT DOOR

as Lupe opens it. Standing there are Old Polo and the two Obregons, dressed in their Sunday best -- with young Angel, in khaki uniform, obviously a brand new G.I. He is grinning from ear to ear. They enter and stand in the hallway.

294. GROUP AT CHRISTMAS TREE

as Leslie sees them.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Come in! - and Christmas greetings to all of you.

Luz gathers some Christmas gifts and hands them to her mother.

295. MED. SHOT AT FRONT DOOR

The Obregons stand where they are, smiling but timid.

OLD POLO:

We came for you to see Angel. He is the first soldier from Reata.

Angel is being marked with attention, as if he were already a hero - he beams with pleasure. Old Polo warmly shares his pride, as Leslie bestows a gift upon Angel.

LESLIE:

Today the wish of all of us is that the war ends soon and that you, Angel, will return safely to Reata, to all those who love you very much.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as all join in similar sentiments. At this time, Dr. Guerra enters with a lovely young Latin-American girl, JUANA.

296. CLOSE SHOT

Jordy makes his voice heard above the others.

JORDY:

Hello, Doctor Guerra.

297. CLOSE SHOT DR. GUERRA AND JUANA

as Jordy comes to them.

DR. GUERRA:

Hello, Doctor Benedict.

JORDY:

You're a little premature, Doctor Guerra.

DR. GUERRA:

(nods knowingly)

I know. It takes time. -- Jordan, this is Juana. She's training at the hospital.

Juana offers her hand. As Jordy takes it they are flicked with a shock of static spark. Jordy laughs. Juana smiles.

(CONTINUED)

297 (Cont.)

JORDY:

It's the darned North wind - static.

DR. GUERRA:

Haven't you learned, Jordan, that dry wind, friction, and a thick carpet are not the only means of creating electricity between human beings?

Jordy and Juana experiment with a hand shake again. This time although there is no spark, we sense that they feel a current

298. GROUP SHOT IN THE HALL

The Obregons are ill at ease.

OLD POLO:

Thank you. We should go now.

Bob Dace buttonholes Angel.

BOB:

Can't you stick around a minute, Angel - give me the low down on what it's like?

The Obregons exchange looks and acquiesce. They exit as Bob takes Angel aside to talk.

DR. GUERRA:

We must go, too, Mrs. Benedict. We just stopped by to pay our respects.

In the b.g. we notice that Jordy and Juana are quietly talkin

DISSOLVE:

299. ORNATE PUNCH BOWL

with gold lettering - "Tom and Jerry". Around it are many little mugs, similarly inscribed. CAMERA PULLS BACK and shows Bick ladeling from it. He is filling two cups for Bob Dace. He is about to pour one for Jordy, who we see standing on his right.

JORDY:

Not for me, dad - right now.

BICK:

(pours one for himself)

I'm going to drink a toast to the young men of Reata -- my two sons, Jordan and Robert.
(he takes a sip)

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.)

BOB:
Thank you, Mr. Benedict.

Bob takes his two mugs. We see him go back through the arch to a bench by the hall door, where Angel has been sitting listening.

JORDY:
Better take it easy on the bourbon, dad.

Bick gives him a look.

JORDY:
It's not good for you, papa. I'm not kidding.

BICK:
(good naturedly)
All right, doc.

JORDY:
Certainly hate to see Angel go.

BICK:
That boy's the best dang man on the place.
(he plants himself in an easy chair)
Yeah - this war's caught up with us. We've all got to do our part -- now that you've finished college is a good time for you to take your place here and produce beef for the war.

JORDY:
I'm not going to change, dad. I'm going on to med school - at least until I'm drafted.

BICK:
Grow beef. -- That's the important thing for us to do.

JORDY:
They need doctors, dad. They need doctors in the war too. I'm going on and finish medical school if I can.

BICK:
(sits back heavily)
You're being bull-headed.

JORDY:
Never would be any good running this place --
(with a look at the two boys in the hall)
Any man on Reata could do it better.

Bick follows Jordy's look, he angers, stands.

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.1)

BICK:

Son, you're the one -- you have the responsibility -- to -- to --

JORDY:

(quietly)

Look, papa - your blood pressure's going up just while we're talking here. -- Please, papa, it isn't good for you. -- Relax.

BICK:

Now don't you get fresh with me.

Leslie, having sensed that she's needed, walks in.

BICK:

(to Leslie)

We're talking.

LESLIE:

Yes - I heard you. It's Christmas morning --
(to her son)

Isn't this a matter that can be discussed tomorrow?

JORDY:

-- nothing to discuss. When I come home I'm going to work with Doctor Guerra in Vientecito. I love Texas as much as you do, I want to work here, dad, but in a different way, that's all.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Bick -- as the others exit, he slumps back in the chair.

BICK:

Work with Guerra! -- Madre de Mia!
(he sits there thinking)

BOB'S VOICE: (O.S.)

So long, Angel - be seeing you.

ANGEL'S VOICE: (O.S.)

So long, Bob - be good.

We hear the door close, then there is a pause. Bob Dace walks over to where Bick sits.

BOB'S VOICE: (O.S.)

(to cheer him)

Here's to you, sir.

Bick looks up, smiles.

300. TWO SHOT BOB AND BICK

BOB:

You look beat, Mr. Benedict. - Here's to you!
(he drinks up)

It's good. Did you make this yourself?

BICK:

Make it every year - my Christmas special.

BOB:

I mean the liquor -- do you make the liquor?
(he laughs to cheer Bick)
If you don't, it's the only thing you don't
produce on Reata yourself.

BICK:

(he warms up - chuckles)
Maybe you got something there. We'd sure as
heck make better bourbon in Texas than Kentucky
ever thought of making.

(he goes to the bar)
Have another?

BOB:

Don't mind if I do.

(throws a careful look over his shoulder)

BICK:

(looking in the same direction)
Has she already started taking you in hand?
(chuckles)
Just like her mama.
(quietly - man to man)
To tell you the truth, you can get to like it.
(puts his arm around Bob)
Come over here and sit down. I've got some
serious talk to make with you.

They take their mugs with them - CAMERA PANS ALONG - as they
sit down.

BICK:

I been watching you pretty close for a lot of
years. You're a ranchman and you're smart.

Bob looks a little uneasy.

BICK: (Cont.)

This place isn't just a ranch any more - it's
a great big industrial plant -- takes know how.
More important - you got to love it.

(CONTINUED)

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300 (Cont.)

Bob nods his head in agreement as --

BICK: (Cont.)

(takes another drag on his Tom and Jerry)
Now, Bob, you're wondering why I'm talking to you.

Bob shows great interest but a cross-current of emotion causes him to shrug noncommittally.

BICK: (Cont.)

Bob Dace, look me right in the eye. You could never be anything but a rancher - could you?

BOB:

(looking him right in the eye)
No, sir!

BICK:

That's my boy!

BOB:

But there's somebody else thinks I could.

BICK:

(his face clouds heavily)
Not Judy! - Not my girl!

BOB:

No, sir. - Not Judy.

BICK:

(fiercely)
WHO?

BOB:

President Roosevelt.

(he reaches into his inside pocket,
produces a paper)
Listen to this. To Robert Haskell Dace. Greetings from the President of the United States.

BICK:

(takes it from Bob and reads)
You are hereby notified to report, on December twenty-eight, at five a.m., for induction --
-- When did you get this?

BOB:

Last week.

BICK:

Why didn't you tell us?

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.1)

BOB:

Maybe you wouldn't let us get married.

BICK:

(ponders a moment on the new
problem - then brightens)

Don't worry. Your draft board won't let you leave
this ranch. They'll make you stay right here.
This is as important as carrying a gun.

BOB:

Sir, I thank you for your confidence, but this is
one thing I'm not going to try to get out of.

BICK:

Well, have it your way. You might as well --
everybody else does around here.

The two of them are a bit startled to find Bob's wife, Judy,
standing behind them.

BICK:

(smiles)

Well, to show you my heart's in the right place,
when you come back and this fracas is over, the
job's yours. It'll be waiting for you.

BOB:

I couldn't take it, sir.

JUDY:

Papa, Bob and I have planned - we want a place
just our own.

Bob nods acquiescence.

BICK:

You crazy kids - can you imagine you'll ever
have a ranch like this?

(with a sweeping gesture)

Like Reata?

BOB:

Gosh no - we just want a little place.

JUDY:

Just a little place - that will allow us time
for experimentation and progress.

BOB:

You see, sir - big stuff is old stuff, now.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.2)

BICK:

(blows)

So big stuff is old stuff -- Why, I --

BOB:

Sir - I'm sorry --

JUDY:

Bob didn't mean to upset you, papa. Just wants to be honest. We want something little, and all our own - that's all - just ours.

(winningly)

You see, dad?

BICK:

with difficulty - he pretends to)
Yes, honey. I see.

Judy gives him a kiss, takes Bob by the hand and exits. Bick goes over to the bar by himself, pours a stiff drink, stands there sipping it and muttering, while looking in the mirror.

BICK:

Keeping it together all my life for 'em. Fighting mesquite - dust - wind -- keeping it big -- for who? Might as well give it back to the dirt-eating Comanches.

The door bell rings. Bick looks up as Luz breezes by to go to the front door.

LUZ:

That's the Christmas spirit, dad - give it all back to the poor Indians.

His eyes follow her with a silent reprimand, of which she is unaware.

301. MED. SHOT FRONT DOOR

Luz opens it. Standing there is a figure long foreign to this portal -- Jett Rink. He is handsomely dressed, hat in hand. Behind him we see Watts and another MAN standing by a luxurious sedan.

LUZ:

Don't tell me - I know - you're Jett Rink.

JETT:

(pleased by what he sees)
You're Judy.

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

LUZ:

No, I'm Luz.

JETT:

(thoughtfully)
You're Luz Benedict.

LUZ:

That I am -- come in..

They shake hands and are touched by a little static shock.

LUZ:

Let me have your hat. Dad's at the bar.
Come this way.

They exit.

302. THE FRONT ROOM

They come around the corner, head on into the Christmas tree. In passing, Luz takes a net stocking from it, which is filled with little trinkets. She offers it to Jett. He hesitates.

LUZ:

Feel free - it's Christmas. Everybody gets one..

JETT:

Christmas! - I thought that was next week.
Why didn't somebody tell me?

CAMERA PANS THEM to include Bick at the bar.

LUZ:

Christmas greetings, from Mr. Jetexas, himself.

BICK:

Hello.

JETT:

Hello, Bick.

BICK:

Jett, I'd like to offer you a Christmas
Tom and Jerry.

JETT:

Fine. Just what I need. Leave out that
batter and the hot water.

BICK:

Sit down.

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

Jett takes a chair.

JETT:

Bick, I guess Christmas is as good a day as any other to talk business.

(perhaps he sees a resemblance, because he finds himself distracted by the figure of Luz standing at the foot of the stairs)

BICK:

You can run along, honey. We're going to talk business.

LUZ:

Bye bye. Bye, Mr. Rink.

JETT:

Everybody calls me Jett, honey. Bye bye.

(he turns his attention to Bick)

Any day is a good day for business now that the war's on us and the country needs petroleum.

Jett has been unconsciously undoing the Christmas stocking. Trinkets are in his lap. He is amusedly examining a tiny toy slot machine.

BICK:

What's on your mind?

JETT:

I'm going to Washington tonight. Why I'm going and why I'm here is oil.

BICK:

I figured.

JETT:

Yeah. Let's talk business.

BICK:

I'm ready.

303. CLOSE SHOT JETT

He is pleased with the mood of the moment and interested in the toy, an object the nature of which he can understand.

JETT:

Good, Bick - whenever we made a deal - you and me - it's turned out pretty lucky for somebody.

With a finger he pulls the lever on the little slot machine.

304. INSERT THE SLOT MACHINE

The symbols WHIRL. They STOP on the three gold bars lined up -- the jackpot. There is a METALLIC SOUND as of coins spewing.

DISSOLVE:

305. CHAIN POURING OUT OF BARREL

down into oil well casing. METALLIC NOISE of coins spewing carries OVER this.

DISSOLVE:

306. EXT. LONG SHOT THE REATA PLAIN

As far as the eye can see stretches a forest of oil derricks. In the f.g. a truck with the Reata markings is unloading cattle feed. Two vaqueros, on foot, are giving the feed to a small herd. INTO THIS scene there come two large, modern trucks with the "JETEXAS" sign on them. They are carrying oil workers.

DISSOLVE:

307. CLOSE SHOT OLD POLO

sitting on his horse -- now a very old man. Only his eyes move as they scan the horizon.

DISSOLVE:

308. CLOSEUP BICK BENEDICT

He is dressed for play, in swim shorts and a white terry cloth robe -- sprawled comfortably on a deck chair.

BICK:

This oil business hasn't made a lot of difference. We live pretty much the way we've always lived here at Reata.

309. FULL SHOT

Group of business men relaxing around the new Benedict swimming pool. We hear the sounds of a tennis game in progress. Those at poolside are -- Senator Bale Clinch, Judge Whiteside, Uncle Bawley, and Pinky.

(CONTINUED)

309 (Cont.)

BAWLEY:

(a gleam in his eye)
Yeh - just like the old-timey days, Bick.
The Lord was good to you to set this concrete
pool down right in your own front yard.

We hear a splash. Water comes in OVER the group.

310. CLOSE SHOT YOUNG LUZ

her head in a tight fitting bathing cap, appears from beneath
the water alongside of them. She is enjoying some mischief.

311. GROUP SHOT

Bick laughs.

BICK:

It's good for the young folks. We'd have had
improvements of this kind around here oil or
no oil.

CLINCH:

That twenty-seven and a half percent tax
exemption on oil helped a bit. Didn't it, Bick?

Bick shakes his head -- half "yes", half "no". A tennis ball
bounces into the scene. Uncle Bawley grabs it. Leslie, racket
in hand, bronzed, and in white tennis shorts, is entering from
b.g.

PINKY:

Bale, I'll tell you what old Pinky thinks.
That oil tax exemption is the best thing's
hit Texas since we licked Geronimo.

With that, Pinky lets forth with an authentic Apache yell, doffs
his robe, and dives into the pool.

WHITESIDE:

(muses pontifically)
One of the finest laws ever passed in Washington,
--- and joking aside, Bick, --- Bale and I are not
averse to accepting a share of credit for it.

Bick smiles.

LESLIE:

(looking for ball behind Clinch's chair)
How about an exemption for depreciation of
first-class brains, Senator?

(CONTINUED)

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311 (Cont.)

BICK:

Whose? Yours?

LESLIE:

(as Bawley hands her the ball)
My father's for instance. He's spent his life
saving other men's lives. How about some tax
exemption there?

She takes the ball from Uncle Bawley, gives him an impish
look, and exits.

WHITESIDE:

(as he watches her go)
Leslie's always been real sharp talkin',
hasn't she?

BAWLEY:

Fair enough, Judge --. You always been smooth
enough for two.

DISSOLVE:

312. CLOSEUP WARM BROWN EYES

CAMERA PULLS BACK and discloses the beauty of Juana.

DISSOLVE:

313. LONG SHOT

She is kneeling at the altar in the little church at Vientecito.
Beside her, kneeling, is Jordy Benedict. We discern the robes
of the priest as we hear the concluding words of the marriage
ceremony.

DISSOLVE:

314. A BANNER

with the bold letters: "WELCOME HOME, SGT. DACE" on it.

315. MED. SHOT A SMALL BAND

playing lustily as a train pulls to a stop at the old Benedict
siding.

316. CLOSEUP JUDY

Her face is aglow with excitement. She is looking up, arms outstretched in welcome. As CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS, we see her smiling family -- Leslie, Bick, Luz, etc.

317. REVERSE ANGLE PULLMAN CAR STEPS

Sgt. Dace makes his appearance -- lean and very G.I. His face is alive with warmth and excitement. He dives from the steps into his young wife's arms.

DISSOLVE:

318. FULL SHOT TERRACE AT REATA

Beside the pool a rather elaborate square dance is in progress. The ORCHESTRA is continuing with the music that the band played at the station. Some of the young people are in bathing suits. The CAMERA MOVES IN on Bob Dace, his arm around his wife. He is being lionized.

DISSOLVE:

319. MED. SHOT BENEDICT DRIVEWAY

A car pulls to a stop. Jordy steps out, helps Juana alight. He is wearing a dark suit - she in a simple but very attractive dress. Together, hand in hand, they walk toward the music, the lights, and the excitement.

320. PANNING SHOT AMONG THE DANCERS

Jordy and Juana, hand in hand, thread their way through the noisy crowd to Leslie, where Jordy confides to his mother something that we cannot hear. Leslie seems not quite to comprehend what he said. He repeats it. Juana's face reflects pride and touching uncertainty as to how this news will be received. Now Leslie regards the two young people with a mingling of happiness and apprehension as she glances in Bick's direction. She kisses Juana impulsively, then with them she makes her way through the whirling crowd to Bick, who is looking up at Luz perched on the high diving board. Jordy confides his news to Bick who fails to hear above the din what Jordy has said. We see Jordy pass along, taking Juana with him to where Pinky is calling the dance.

321. CLOSE SHOT BICK AND LESLIE

Bick takes her by the arm and shouts.

BICK:
What did he say?

322. MED. SHOT ON THE ORCHESTRA PLATFORM

Jordy and Juana mount the platform as Pinky stops the music.
Jordy faces the crowd.

JORDY:
Friends and neighbors - I want you to all meet
my wife - Mrs. Jordan Benedict the Third.

323. CLOSEUP BICK

He hears this clearly now. CAMERA takes in Leslie. Her face
wears an expression of tenderness and compassion as she watches
his stunned look.

324. CLOSEUP LUZ

On the high diving board, as she reacts to the news. She
closes her eyes, affecting to have blacked out, and takes off
in a straight-back. The CAMERA FOLLOWS her DOWN for the
splash.

DISSOLVE:

325. SMALL, ONE COLUMN HEAD ON NEWSPAPER STORY

CAMERA CLOSES IN so that notice can be read -- "ANGEL OBREGON
COMES HOME TODAY".

DISSOLVE:

326. FULL SHOT BENEDICT SIDING

In the f.g. is a three-car train, a local made up of outdated
equipment. The rear car is half baggage, half passenger. As
it pulls out we see a baggage truck standing there with a
flag-draped coffin resting on it. The welcomers are about
fifteen in number, standing somewhat apart from the flag-draped
object of their interest. They huddle close together as if to
find shelter from the persistent wind.

DISSOLVE:

327. CLOSEUP OF THIS GROUP

Muted by grief, weeping softly as she stands in a handed-down black costume, is Angel's mother. She is being steadied by the father and some sympathetic females. PAN OVER TO the baggage truck as it creaks into motion, pulled by the Station Master, aided by FOUR MEXICAN BOYS in well-worn and somewhat makeshift American Legion uniforms.

DISSOLVE:

328. MAIN HALL REATA

Prominent are the six flags of Texas in the f.g. Bick and Leslie are formally dressed. Bick has a white Stetson in hand. Bick steps on a chair to get to the flags as CAMERA MOVES IN ON Leslie.

LESLIE:

He was the first Reata baby I saw. I remember as if it were yesterday - when I picked him up. He had a fever - I was afraid he wasn't going to live the day out.

DISSOLVE:

329. THE CEMETERY BEFORE INTERMENT

A group of little MEXICAN CHOIR BOYS are singing. The Padre is concluding his offices as he steps back from the flag-draped casket which holds all that remains of the young Reata-bred hero. All of those who were at the station are present. The color of their costumes is predominantly black, except for the blue of the boys' Legion coats and a MEXICAN G.I. in khaki, a discharge insignia on his shirt. A second group, to one side, includes Bick and Leslie, Jordy and Juana, Bob Dace and Judy.

330. CLOSEUP OLD POLO

in his seldom worn collar and tie. The deep lines in his face serve as convenient channels for unashamed tears. He feels a hand on his shoulder. CAMERA PULLS BACK. He looks up to see Bick Benedict alongside of him. Folded over Bick's arm is Reata's heirloom, the Lone Star Flag. He drapes it over the arm of Old Polo. Nothing is said but as these two men look one another squarely in the eye, much is understood. Polo walks over to the graveside and lays the folded flag across the box, at the foot, so that now young Angel's mortal remains

(CONTINUED)

330 (Cont.)

will have additional honor on the little distance they have yet to travel. CAMERA PANS TO the choir boys, who are singing bravely.

DISSOLVE:

331. CLOSEUP INFANT BOY BABY

PAN UP TO Juana, who is holding the child, madonna-like. Jordy behind her, is looking at the infant with almost professional interest. PAN OVER TO CLOSEUP of Bick, looking down at the dark-eyed baby. His face wears trouble. PAN TO CLOSEUP of Leslie, as she glances to catch Bick's expression.

DISSOLVE:

332. CLOSEUP INFANT GIRL BABY

pale and fair. Judy, the mother, and Bob Dace, the father, regarding their offspring. PAN TO Bick, looking down at the blond infant. His face wears a brilliant smile. He shakes his head enough to say "that's better". PAN TO CLOSEUP, Leslie, as she notes Bick's attitude and finds herself philosophically amused.

DISSOLVE:

333. INSERT ELABORATE, EMBOSSED ANNOUNCEMENT

in blue and gold, as the MUSIC SWELLS in a BRASSY, REGAL EFFECT, which requests the presence of the Benedictos on the occasion of the dedication of the Jett Rink Airport in conjunction with the opening of his new hotel, the Emperador, at Hermoso.

334. LESLIE'S SITTING ROOM

Leslie and Luz, busy with the day's mail, have come onto the invitation. Their choice of apparel varies widely -- Leslie in something that suggests sophistication -- Luz in jeans and moccasins.

LUZ:

Everyone, just everyone in the world, is going to be there.

(dreamily)

I'm going to fly up to Dallas, and I'm going to Neiman's, and I'm going to buy a sort of starlight white, very simple and plain -- and deadly.

(CONTINUED)

334 (Cont.)

LESLIE:

Before you get so simple -- and elaborate --
you'd better hear what your father has to say.

LUZ:

We're certainly going. I promised Jett..

LESLIE:

JETT! -- What are you talking about?

LUZ:

He likes me. He likes my parents too. He's
always talking about you.

LESLIE:

Dear darling Luz, if I didn't know you had a
level Benedict head on those immature shoulders
of yours I'd prescribe a good spanking.

LUZ:

He's dreamy. Ask the Snythe girls. Ask anybody.
He's a rough diamond.

LESLIE:

He's a rough rhinestone. And he's old enough to
be your father.

LUZ:

He's yummy.

DISSOLVE:

335. GROUP SHOT LIBRARY

Bick, with the menfolks, talking. Gabe, Pinky, Senator Clinch,
Whiteside, and old Bawley.

BAWLEY:

Hotel Emperador! The Emperor. Bick, you
should've shot that fellow the day his gusher
come in.

BICK:

If I should've shot anybody, it should have been
my lawyer, -- the day he let Jett Rink walk out
of this very room with a piece of Reata in his hip
pocket. That's when I ought to have done some
shootin'.

PINKY:

You got to hand it to that wild-catter, though --
dang if you don't! Settin' up Hermoso with the
USA's biggest airport.

(CONTINUED)

335 (Cont.)

Leslie enters.

LESLIE:

What are you six evil men up to now?

BAWLEY:

It's the coronation -- old Jett is about to crown himself King.

WHITESIDE:

This is going to be a memorable event.

PINKY:

Yeh, you have to have ten million just to get on the guest list.

WHITESIDE:

The most important people in the country -- a national broadcast -- a magnificent speech Jett's making -- I'm going to write it -- be heard across the nation by everyone.

BICK:

Eliminating one.

PINKY:

Yeh?

BICK:

That's me.

LESLIE:

Good!

BICK:

Anything in my oil lease says I have to go, Judge?

CLINCH:

Some mighty fine print there in places, Bick.
(he laughs)

TARGET:

Bick, boy, you've got to go. You've just plain got to.

PINKY:

If you folks stay away, Leslie, you'll be the only people in Texas who ain't there.

BICK:

Yeh - I'm afraid you're right.

(CONTINUED)

335 (Cont.1)

BAWLEY:

You're roped in with the herd, Bick. You'll put on your pink shoes and dance to Jett's fiddle, just like everybody else.

BICK:

If we go, we'll do it right. We're new oil-rich -- just like the rest of 'em, so we'll go like the rest of 'em -- only better -- the old Benedict spirit. Leslie, you set up one of your grand weekends. Invite everybody. We'll take 'em all down with us. Yeah. We'll show that so and so who's top people around this country. I'll buy that four-engine Douglas they've been trying to sell me.

BAWLEY:

You can fly in some orchids from Hawaii.

BICK:

We'll load up our party and buzz in low -- right on top of the building -- shake the tiles right off that hotel roof.

(makes a gesture with his hand like a zooming plane)

DISSOLVE:

336. THE OPEN RANGE

In a cloud of dust, we see the remuda at full gallop -- horses underway at breakneck speed. They are being crowded on all sides by shouting vaqueros who are trying to halt their pace.

337. CLOSEUP OLD POLO

as he reins his mount to a quick stop and looks directly into the sun. A roar of motors -- a shadow comes over his face.

338. FOUR-ENGINE AIRCRAFT, NEW AND SHINY

The Reata Brand on its side. It is swinging low over the remuda.

DISSOLVE:

339. LONG SHOT TOWER OF LARGE, NEW HOTEL

On its roof is a sign which reads: "EMPERADOR".

DISSOLVE:

340. INT. HOTEL SKYROOM LARGE, PLATE-GLASS WINDOW

A WAITER is carrying a large tray of drinks, balanced on the palm of his hand, shoulder high. Through the window we see Benedict's transport plane coming head-on, in level flight. It lofts its nose, zooms up and roars over the building. The vibration from the plane's motors gives the contents of the glasses a shimmering effect.

DISSOLVE:

341. LONG SHOT REATA PLANE

as it touches down on runway of magnificent modern airport. All flags are flying.

DISSOLVE:

342. MED. SHOT PLANE'S COMPANIONWAY

The door is opened and the Benedict GUESTS have started to emerge.

PINKY:

Is this somethin', Miss Lane?

VASHTI:

Jett's always tryin' to do things bigger or spend more money than anybody else.

(to Lona Lane)

I'll bet even in Hollywood, Lona, you don't have this much excitement.

LONA LANE:

Perfectly fabulous! Can't wait to meet him. What does he do?

BAWLEY:

To some people, he's just a no good, wild-cattin' so and so.

WHITESIDE:

You got to say this for Mr. Rink -- he gets it done.

The group is assembling at the bottom of the companionway. PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS are closing in with cameras and flash bulbs.

343. LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

A parade, as in a rodeo, is passing.

344. CLOSE SHOT BICK AND OTHERS

as they watch the horses and riders pass.

BICK:

(smiles wryly)

There he is - the Emperor, himself.

345. WHAT BICK SEES

At the head of the parade is Jett Rink, mounted on a fine palomino, decked out in handsome Western costume, surmounted by a huge, snow-white Stetson. He smiles and lifts his gloved hand slowly in a majestic greeting.

346. CLOSEUP LESLIE

She looks farther down the line of the parade.

347. WHAT LESLIE SEES

Luz, in a fine, open car, enthroned in the back seat, holding a large bouquet of bluebonnets.

348. GROUP SHOT BICK, LESLIE, AND VASHTI IN F.G.

Leslie looks from the car to Bick with interest.

BICK:

What's this?

VASHTI:

Isn't this terrific? Luz is queen of the parade.

(to Leslie)

You never told me.

BICK:

Did you know this?

LESLIE:

No, I didn't --

BICK:

Good Lord -- my girl queen of Jett Rink Day.
What is this?

DISSOLVE:

349. INT. LAVISH SUITE EMPERADOR HOTEL DAY

Flowers are everywhere to welcome the guests. Bick is pacing.

BICK:

Why didn't somebody tell me? Somebody knew.

LESLIE:

Jordan, she's only a kid. She thought it would be wonderful to be the queen.

BICK:

Oh! - You knew about it then.

LESLIE:

I didn't. I'm as surprised as you are.

BICK:

It's no surprise - it's a shock. She's done things before that I haven't gone along with -- but she's never been sneaky.

LESLIE:

It's not exactly sneaky, Jordan, appearing in a parade.

BICK:

Don't try to be funny.

LESLIE:

I'm not -- I'm as upset as you are. I just know that Luz is intelligent enough not to be imposed upon by him or anyone.

BICK:

(takes the phone)

Give me the desk.

(waits a moment).

This is Bick Benedict. Did my daughter, Luz Benedict get in yet? -- Now get this -- As soon as she comes in have her call me.

DISSOLVE:

350. INT. BOTTLE CLUB OF THE EMPERADOR NIGHT

Flowers are everywhere, ready for tonight's opening. A BAR-TENDER is behind the bar readying it. A WAITER is arranging tables. Luz Benedict and Jett Rink occupy a booth in lone-some splendor. Bottle of bourbon is on the table and Jett has obviously had quite a few. Music is piped through and is playing continually.

(CONTINUED)

350 (Cont.)

JETT:

You know, Luz, I think I'll keep it like this. I think I'll send them all home and just won't open up the place at all.

LUZ:

Some girls might like a hotel all to themselves. Me - I like company, Jett. I like lots of people.

JETT:

All right. Lots of people. That's the way it's going to be with you and me, honey. Whatever you want, just say it and you got it.

(he pours himself a drink, and one for her)

LUZ:

Okay, I'd like a coke.

JETT:

That's impossible -- don't ask for the impossible. Soft drinks are taboo here.

LUZ:

You make the rules?

JETT:

I make the rules.

LUZ:

You like things your own way, don't you, Jett?

JETT:

Don't you? -- It ain't everybody that can have things their way.

LUZ:

I don't get them my way often.

JETT:

You won't 'til you get married. 'Til you marry someone that'll give you what you want when you want it.

LUZ:

So ---

JETT:

So - you'd better think about getting married.

LUZ:

That's an idea.

JETT:

You looked like a queen in that parade today.

(CONTINUED)

350 (Cont.1)

LUZ:

It was my job.

JETT:

That's what you are - Luz Benedict the Second. You could be head lady this part of the whole country, Luz -- if you married right -- if you married the right man.

LUZ:

What a sweet idea.

JETT:

Look - suppose I was to announce it tonight - with a thousand of 'em sittin' there, listening. The whole State of Texas. Wouldn't that blow the roof off?

Jett starts to raise his glass.

LUZ:

Jett, tell me something.

JETT:

What?

LUZ:

Is this a proposal?

JETT:

Does it sound like one?

LUZ:

After a fashion - but not quite.

JETT:

What do you want me to say? Do you want me to say something that you can laugh at?

LUZ:

No.

JETT:

What I'm saying is - you're wonderful - you're beautiful - you're fascinating. I've been always, I know, lookin' for someone just like you.
(he starts to pour another drink)

LUZ:

(her hand gently restraining him)
You've got a long way to go tonight.

(rises)

I'm very flattered - any girl would be. Be a good boy now and I'll see you later.

(CONTINUED)

350 (Cont.2)

She blows him a kiss, crosses the room to the door. The waiter turns the key and lets her out. Jett rises, takes a step in her direction, then stops and watches her go through the door and into the crowded lobby.

351. LONG SHOT OTHER END OF THE ROOM

Jett comes to the glass door that leads to the terrace and opens it. Wind and rain hit him in the face. The wind blows the door out of his hands. The waiter rushes over to help him close it and the barman comes from behind the bar.

WAITER:

I hope the storm doesn't louse up your party, Mr. Rink.

JETT:

Just a slip up - I forgot to order the right kind of weather.

BARTENDER:

Heard on the radio a twister hit Waco.

He goes out into the storm as the boys close the door.

352. INT. HOTEL LOBBY MAIN ENTRANCE DOORS

Outside we can see the rain falling heavily and the wind blowing. A CROWD OF ON-LOOKERS, held back by a velvet rope, are lined up alongside of the red plush carpet watching the GUESTS arrive. Through these doors come young Jordy and Juana, carrying their baby. Jordy is wearing a trench coat and is drenched. Juana has a simple raincoat and a scarf over her head, which somehow accentuates her Spanish heritage. The baby is bundled up in a parka and is comfy despite the rain. Jordy, carrying two suitcases, passes through the door quickly to escape from the throng outside.

353. TWO SHOT JUANA AND GUARD

He is barring her way.

GUARD:

No entrada!

JUANA:

Pero estamos juntos - toda la familia.

GUARD:

No importa.

(CONTINUED)

353 (Cont.)

Jordy comes back angrily and interrupts.

JORDY:

Can't you talk United States? You're talking to my wife. My name's Jordan Benedict, if that means anything to you.

GUARD:

I'm just followin' orders. Mr. Rink said he'd have my neck if I let any wrong people in.

Jordy takes Juana's arm, exits hurriedly from scene. CAMERA HOLDS ON guard. He shrugs a little puzzledly.

354. INT. LOBBY JORDY AND JUANA

as they press their way through a milling CROWD of high-fashion Texans. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM. A BELLBOY relieves Jordy of the luggage. They pass Lona Lane, who is signing autographs and being photographed with some important looking people. Jordy comes up to the reservation desk and asks an ASSISTANT MANAGER for his reservation.

JUANA:

I'm a wreck. I must get in the beauty parlor.

JORDY:

You run for it before they close. I'll take the baby.

Juana passes the child to Jordy. She takes a step or two, notices the house-phone, picks it up and asks for the beauty parlor. CAMERA HOLDS ON Jordy and the Assistant Manager.

ASST. MANAGER:

(reading from card)

Yes - you Benedicts are all close together.
They've got the Coronado Suite -- you have the Fernando. -- Front!

355. CLOSEUP JUANA

She is talking into the phone.

JUANA:

Can you take me? -- Thank goodness! --
I'll be right in. -- Mrs. Benedict. --
Thank you.

356. FULL SHOT INT. OF THE CORONADO SUITE

The Benedicts' GUESTS are assembled for pre-dinner cocktails, which are being ably dispensed by Uncle Bawley, tall and distinguished in evening clothes. He is now pouring one for Vashti, who is ablaze with diamonds. ABOVE THE SOUND of the guests' voices is the ubiquitous announcer on the radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

-- Jett Rink, whose name is already a by-word in this State for his contributions to the wealth and welfare of its citizens. The grand opening of the fabulous Jett Rink Airport and Hermoso's new Emperador Hotel is the latest milestone in the dramatic life of this virile son of Texas --

The CAMERA PANS across the room, past Clinch, Gabe Target, and other gentlemen in evening clothes, and their wives, elaborately costumed. The CAMERA HALTS on the bedroom door. As it opens, Bick's head appears.

BICK:

Uncle Bawley, you keep everybody freshened up. We'll be with you quick.

PINKY'S VOICE: (O.S.)

Knock on it, Bick. We wanna see Jett come outa th' chute!

357. INT. BEDROOM

as Bick closes the door. He is half dressed, with a drink in his hand. CAMERA PANS WITH him as he crosses to the mirrored table where Leslie is sitting. She is cold-creaming her face hurriedly.

BICK:

(temper has been building)
Why couldn't they come with us, the way other people's kids do? No - Luz had to fly her own plane an' Jordy an' Juana had to drive.

358. INT. BEAUTY PARLOR

Juana enters hurriedly. There is no one in the reception room. She calls into a booth.

JUANA:

Anybody here?

A young, blondish OPERATOR appears -- sizes Juana up.

(CONTINUED)

358 (Cont.)

YOUNG OPERATOR:
We're all booked up.

JUANA:
I just called --

An older OPERATOR comes out, superior in rank to the first one. She looks Juana over, casts a knowing look in the direction of her associate and says --

OLDER OPERATOR:
I'm sorry, we're busy.

She goes back to her work.

JUANA:
I'll wait a little.

She sits down.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
-- our City is able to boast one of the greatest edifices of its kind in the Southwest - a monument to the vision, foresight, and enterprise of the man who conceived it --

359. INT. BEDROOM BICK AND LESLIE

LESLIE:
They're driving - it takes time.

BICK:
I know it takes time. I know it. I made the drive myself four hundred times.
(mimics her)

Don't worry about the children. They're behavior's odd but their manners are beautiful.
(he lathers his face to shave)

LESLIE:
Look - I've had enough of this from you. I didn't want to come here in the first place -- wouldn't be here if you hadn't let them bully you into it.

(aggressively projects her cold-creamed face close to his lathered one)

Now for Heaven's sake let's make the best of it.
-- If you want to cool off and go on with your shaving and get into your pants -- I'll go downstairs with you. -- Otherwise,

(loudly)

You can go alone.

(CONTINUED)

359 (Cont.)

They stand glaring at one another. Then Bick steps back so that he can get a good look at her.

BICK:

You know, honey -- you're cute when you're riled.

360. INT. SITTING ROOM

Jordy enters among the guests, wet and disheveled and carrying the baby.

JORDY:

Hi, everybody. Where's mother?

Judy pops out of the crowd, comes to him.

JUDY:

Lupe's taking care of the babies - in with mother.

VASHTI:

Jordy, you'd better get in there quick -- they're havin' a battle.

Jordy shakes his head, goes to the bedroom door, knocks, and then looks in.

361. INT. BEDROOM THROUGH DOOR

Bick and Leslie. She is standing on tiptoes, kissing Bick.

LESLIE:

If you don't mind the cold cream, I can stand the lather.

362. REVERSE ANGLE BICK AND LESLIE

Jordy at the door in b.g.

BICK:

Where have you been?

JORDY:

We got tied up in the traffic right here in town.

LESLIE:

Where's Juana?

(CONTINUED)

"GIANT"
FINAL

4/4/55
142.

362 (Cont.)

JORDY:

In the beauty parlor for a quick duco job.
Where's Lupe?

Leslie takes the baby from Jordy and crosses to boudoir.
Lupe comes out and takes the child -- murmuring to it in
Spanish.

363. INT. BEAUTY PARLOR

Juana is sitting there, waiting, as a well-dressed, blondish
YOUNG WOMAN enters. The Younger Operator steps out to meet her

YOUNG WOMAN:
I hope I'm not too late.

YOUNGER OPERATOR:
Not too. Come right in.

364. CLOSEUP JUANA

The significance of this dawns on her. She crosses over to
house-phone, takes it off the hook.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
-- The Emperador, said the Congressman, is more
than just a hotel; it is the giant example of the
hospitality of the Texas people --

DISSOLVE:

365. INT. BEDROOM THE PHONE

ringing. Bick picks it up.

BICK:
Oh, hello, Juana. -- Yes, he's right here. --
Jordy, it's for you.

Jordy COMES INTO SHOT, takes the phone.

JORDY:
Yes, dear --
(he listens, then a note of anger)
You stay right there, honey. I'm coming down.

He hangs up the phone. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he crosses to
the door, turns to his mother.

(CONTINUED)

365 (Cont.)

JORDY:

Look, mom - don't you folks wait on us.
We'll catch up.

366. INT. SITTING ROOM

as Jordy comes swinging through. On his way to the door, Uncle Bawley stops him.

BAWLEY:

Son - you're way behind.

He hands Jordy a double martini. Jordy throws it down in one gulp.

JORDY:

Thanks.

(he exits)

367. EXT. TERRACE JETT

is standing against the outer balustrade, looking onto the rain-swept swimming pool. A waiter enters, collar on his white jacket turned up, guiding Watts, one of Jett's associates.

WATTS:

(holding an open newspaper over his head)
Well, there you are! We were gettin' worried.
You'd better get dressed, Jett.

JETT:

(his face streaming with rain)
Oh, yes -- sure.

WATTS:

You wanted me to run over the speech with you, too.

JETT:

Oh, yeah -- sure --

After a moment, they start slowly for the door.

DISSOLVE:

368. INT. BEAUTY PARLOR

Jordy, with his hands punched into his trench coat pockets, is standing at the reception desk, Juana at his side. Both of the lady attendants are on.

(CONTINUED)

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of the lady attendants are on.

(CONTINUED)

368 (Cont.)

OLDER ATTENDANT:

I'm sorry, but it happens to be Mr. Jett Rink's orders, himself, - and I'm just working here.

YOUNGER ATTENDANT:

It's everybody's orders - same all over town.
The young lady should've gone to Sanchez's place, where they do her people.

With this, Jordy picks up a forty-five dollar bottle of perfume, sees the monogram "J.R." on the big mirror.

369. CLOSEUP BIG MIRROR (THE GROUP REFLECTED)

The attendants duck. The bottle hits the glass, crashing it, obliterating the scene.

370. INT. THE CORONADO SUITE

as Luz enters, magnificently dressed in a white gown. Her throat is encircled with a necklace of diamonds. Uncle Bawley spots her as she comes directly to where he is standing.

BAWLEY:

Well, if it isn't the Queen herself!

LUZ:

Hello, everybody - having fun?

BAWLEY:

We're making out. How about you?

LUZ:

Where are they - mom and dad?

BAWLEY:

Don't trifle with your luck.

371. ANGLE PAST LUZ ON BEDROOM DOOR

Bick enters, handsomely dressed.

BICK:

(sees Luz)

Oh, there you are.

LUZ:

You want me, dad?

(CONTINUED)

371 (Cont.)

BICK:

Yes. If you could spare just a minute of your time, I'd like to talk to you.

LUZ:

Oh, dad - must we, now?

At this moment, Leslie comes hurrying out. She is simply but beautifully dressed, smiling at various guests as she passes.

LESLIE:

Jordan, darling -- we'll have to hurry, or we'll miss the grand entrance.

(to the others)

Sorry I took so long.

(to Luz)

Why, hello there - you look beautiful! -- Come on, Uncle Bawley, help me round everybody up.

372. FULL SHOT INT. CORONADO SUITE

The French windows, opening on the balcony, are blown open by a sudden, violent gust of wind. The electric lights in the room dip low and back up again. Wind-driven rain flies into the room and spatters the guests. Pinky sounds his warwhoop above the howling wind, as Bick forces the windows shut.

LESLIE:

All right, everybody - time for dinner.

BAWLEY:

Hee-yoh - Hee-yoh - get along --

He starts rounding up the guests. There is a general movement toward the door, everyone laughing.

DISSOLVE:

373. INT. JETT RINK'S PENTHOUSE

Jett is being helped dress, by a MEXICAN VALET, while he runs over the text of his speech.

JETT:

-- and when he steps forth, the world stands back in admiration and says, 'behold, the Texan' -- applause here --

(looks up at Watts)

You switch this around?

(CONTINUED)

373 (Cont.)

WATTS:

Lord, man - no!
(with a nod toward Whiteside,
who is standing nearby)

We haven't changed a comma. Changes tend to
throw you.

Jett continues reading, gropes out with his right hand.
Another man, HARPER, puts a drink in it. Whiteside comes up
and reads over Jett's shoulder.

WHITESIDE:

Columbus discovered only the shell of this
country. Agassiz came and discovered fossiliferous
America. Silliman came --

JETT:

Let me. -- and discovered geological America.
Audubon came and discovered ornithological America.
(assuring himself)
I got it - got it.

He has had one ear on the subdued voice on the radio. He turns
up the dial to hear. --

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

In a few minutes now, Mr. Rink, himself, will
be before the microphone --

Jett turns it low again.

WATTS:

Let's go.

374. INT. BOTTLE CLUB

Jordy throws the door open and enters with Juana.

ATTENDANT:

Members only.

Jordy brushes him aside, crosses to bartender, taking Juana
along by the hand.

JORDY:

Where's Rink?

BARTENDER:

(thumbs in the direction of the terrace)
He went thata way.

Jordy heads in this direction hurriedly, Juana with him.

375. FULL SHOT INT. BANQUET HALL

It is a vast chamber, thronged with GUESTS. At far end of the room, on the raised dais, is a great long table for the honored guests. Above it, against the wall, is draped a banner with "J.R." emblazoned upon it in gold. The TOASTMASTER is on his feet, talking into the p.a.

TOASTMASTER:

He has risen, in the past fifteen years, to the stature of an almost legendary figure --

The CAMERA PANS by the tables. At one, Luz is sitting with a group of the Benedict guests -- Pinky, Vashti, and Lona Lane. She looks anxiously about for Jett. CAMERA CONTINUES ALONG the table of dignitaries seated along the dais and PASSES where Bick and Leslie are seated with the GENERAL and his LADY. IT PASSES the GOVERNOR, and STOPS on the Toastmaster.

TOASTMASTER:

-- and symbolical of the kind of two-fisted, dare devil enterprise which has put the Lone Star State in the forefront of our national development --

376. LOBBY AT ELEVATOR DOOR

as Jett comes out with his RETINUE. Two of the men obviously are bodyguards.

377. EXT. TERRACE

Jordy comes along the rain-swept terrace with Juana. Having failed in his search for Jett, he turns back into --

378. LOBBY.

Over the shoulder of Jordy and Juana, we see Jett Rink at the far end, as the crowd makes way for him to pass on to the banquet room. Applause is heard.

379. INT. BANQUET ROOM GROUP SHOT

Bick, Leslie, the General and his wife, and Bale Clinch.

TOASTMASTER:

In a very few minutes now, folks, this program will be on the air.

(CONTINUED)

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379 (Cont.)

LESLIE:
I'm sorry - I didn't hear.

GENERAL:
I was just asking - when does our host appear?

CLINCH:
(who is near Leslie)
You want to know something? -- They're busy sobering him up or I'll eat a live rattlesnake.

At this moment Judy comes to the table in a state of excitement
She goes to her father, grasps his arm.

JUDY:
Dad, Jordy's smashed up the beauty parlor.
He's looking for Jett Rink.

BICK:
What beauty parlor? Why?

JUDY:
Where we have our hair done and everything --
He's looking for Jett -- to fight him. Says it was his orders.

LESLIE:
Why? -- What? -- Why --

BICK:
What was?

JUDY:
It was Juana. The girl in there said they didn't take wet-backs.

With a sudden blare that jolts the ears, the loudspeaker comes on.

380. FULL SHOT

From the band there is a roll of drums. All eyes go to the archway as Jett comes through. On each side of him walks a protector. The band plays "THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU". As he somewhat mechanically marches down the center aisle, he accepts greetings right and left.

381. BICK, LESLIE, AND GROUP
tensely watching.

CLINCH:
Sure enough - he's got a skin full.

.382. SIDE DOOR

Jordy and Juana have entered and are standing there wet and disheveled. Jordy is looking around.

383. PAN SHOT

Jett and his bodyguards, as he continues his entrance. He is pulling himself together to maintain dignity.

384. CLOSEUP LESLIE

She is the first to see Jordy at the doorway.

385. JORDY AND JUANA

JORDY:
You just stay here, honey.

CAMERA WITH HIM, he pushes by an attendant and heads for the center aisle. He catches Jett just as he reaches the dais.

JORDY:
Mr. Rink, I want to say something to you.
(he swings Jett around - they are face to face)

JETT:
What's this? -- Oh, young Benedict —

JORDY:
You invited me down here to insult my wife, and you're going to answer for it.

JETT:
Oh, yes - you're the one that married the squaw. What's the matter, aren't you having a good time?

JORDY:
Get 'em up, Rink! Everybody knows you've got this coming to you.

Jordy squares away. Jett doesn't move, just smiles glassy-eyed. Jordy's at the boiling point -- his right hand itching to go.

JORDY:
Rink! Get 'em up!

(CONTINUED)

385 (Cont.)

The two strong-arm boys grab Jordy, one on each arm. Rink is eyeing Jordy. The people around have risen. The atmosphere is tense.

386. CLOSEUP LUZ

LUZ:

Jordy - no --

387. FULL SHOT

At this moment Jett lashes out with a left and hits Jordy somewhere around the beltline, then straightens him up with a hard right to the face -- the "crack" of which can be heard throughout the room. Jordy, out on his feet, is surrounded by a group of men who ease him out in the direction from which he came.

388. CLOSEUP LUZ

She sits down, stunned.

389. CLOSE SHOT BICK AND LESLIE

Bick jumps to his feet. Bale Clinch tries to restrain him. He sits Clinch down hard and exits.

390. MED. SHOT JETT

as he moves along, with affected nonchalance, to find his place on the dais. Bick comes in, grabs Jett in a vise-like grip, and swings him around. Bick has his back to the table to avoid Jett's cohorts.

BICK:

Jett, you want it here, in front of everybody, or do you want to come outside?

Jett gestures to his aides to stand back. He smiles.

JETT:

I don't care much, Bick, whether it's right here or we go outside - so long as I get one punch at that stuck-up face of yours.

BICK:

You just leave your guards and tackles here and you come on outside alone.

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391. LONGER SHOT

The place is astir as the two thread their way toward the swinging doors. Leslie makes her way toward the archway where Jordy and Juana were. She looks for them.

TOASTMASTER: (O.S.)

To introduce the guest of honor, we hear from that wise Texas mentor whose opinions and judgments have contributed so much to the law and the folklore of the great Southwest - Judge Oliver Whiteside.

(applause)

392. PASSAGEWAY KITCHEN AREA

as Bick and Jett halt before a storeroom door. Jett opens the door, fumbling, and goes inside. Bick follows.

393. INT. STOREROOM

A large room lit by a single, naked bulb -- its walls lined with bottles of liquors and wine. Cases and crates are piled high. The naked bulb on its cord has been brushed by Jett in passing, and as he turns to face Bick, its swinging motion imparts an unsteadiness to the shadows. He seems to be swaying slightly on his feet.

BICK:

Get 'em up - here's where you get it.

Jett makes no effort to put up his hands. He simply stands there -- a vacant look, his eyes are glassy, a half smile. Bick, on guard, moves close, draws his clinched fist back. Jett tries to get his hands up. They appear to be enormously heavy. He is aware of his helplessness and grins.

BICK:

Fight - start punchin', skunk -- you're going to get what you gave my boy.

Jett tries to get 'em up.

JETT:

(grins stupidly)
Come on - I'm ready.

Bick pulls back to let Jett have it. Jett just stands there helpless. Bick tries to make himself throw one but he just can't do it. Jett is utterly exposed to Bick's wrath. The two men stand thus for a few moments.

(CONTINUED)

393 (Cont.)

BICK:

You're finished. You're no good.
(drops his guard)
You ain't even worth hitting!
(goes to the door)
Jett, you want to know something true? --
You're all through.

Bick walks from the room as Jett stands there thinking.

DISSOLVE:

394. BANQUET HALL

WHITESIDE:

Tonight we are to hear from a man who, let us say, built an empire from a few acres of dusty sagebrush -- a man who --

We are aware of nervous tension and divided interest. Many heads are turned away from the speaker toward the door. Bick enters and quietly walks toward the dais. Swiftly, heads turn back toward the doorway and look for Jett.

395. CLOSE SHOT LESLIE

She has resumed her place at the table and is doing her best to conceal her feelings. She sees Bick returning and slides swiftly along in back of the table to meet him.

WHITESIDE'S VOICE: (O.S.)

-- a man who has devoted his resources ever since to the greater glory of the State which reared him --

396. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

as they meet at the corner of the room.

BICK:

Where's the boy?

LESLIE:

He and Juana went upstairs.

BICK:

Come on, honey - let's get out of here.

397. LONG SHOT

In the b.g. we see Jett Rink enter and come toward the dais. From this distance it is difficult to detect the degree of his inebriation.

398. CLOSEUP LUZ

at her table. She is sitting up erectly and has been watching her parents. She turns and looks for Jett just as he is passing. He gives her a folksy wink and mumbles --

JETT:

(with reassuring gesture)
Everything's okey-dokey, baby.

She responds nervously as Bick and Leslie come past.

BICK:

(to Luz)
You come on - we're getting out of here.

Reluctantly, and almost in tears, she rises and leaves with them.

399. MED. SHOT JUDGE WHITESIDE

as he continues. He indicates to an aide, by gesture toward his wrist watch, that they had better hurry and get Jett Rink up there pronto.

WHITESIDE:

-- and which, in turn, does honor to him tonight in this great gathering here present.

400. CLOSEUP JETT

PANNING SHOT as he makes his way along behind the chairs of the great table to his seat of honor.

WHITESIDE'S VOICE: (O.S.)

-- and now my friends here - and to the many thousands of you listening across the nation --

The CAMERA PANS ALONG WITH Jett to where he takes his place in his chair of honor, and turns open the cover to page one of his speech, smiling modestly.

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401. CLOSEUP JUDGE WHITESIDE

WHITESIDE:

-- I have the privilege and the great honor,
to introduce, my friends - a man - I GIVE TO
YOU, JETT RINK!

There is a burst of applause, the band picks up in double time "THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU". The Judge, with great warmth turns to Jett. CAMERA PANS OVER PAST the array of microphones and FOCUSES ON Jett Rink in his chair. The ring binder in front of him is turned open to page one -- and his head is resting on it. He has passed out cold.

DISSOLVE:

402. EXT. TERRACE

The pavement, glassy wet from the storm, reflects the moon breaking through a clearing sky. Much of the canvas has been torn by the wind and hangs in a sort of quiet dilapidation. From these remanents we hear rhythmic drops of water falling.

DISSOLVE:

403. INT. BEDROOM CORONADO SUITE

The large glass doors to the balcony have been flung open. Leslie and Luz are standing there quietly (in the b.g.) absorbed in the tranquility of the changed scene. We can observe Juana and Lupe, the maid, in a far part of the room attending the sleeping babies. The only thing audible is Juana's voice crooning Brahms' lullaby, in Spanish. Bick is slumped in the big chair in the f.g., no movement at all, meditating, thinking hard. CLOSE TO CAMERA, Jordy talks into the telephone.

JORDY:

(soft - the children are sleeping)
All right, doctor - I'll get over there as soon
as I can get on the road.

(he listens for a moment)
Certainly, Doctor Guerra -- certainly -- you
can count on me.

(he hangs up)

Bick looks up to Jordy with some interest.

BICK:

How bad?

(CONTINUED)

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403 (Cont.)

JORDY:

Hit pretty hard in Vientecito. Guerra's set up an auxiliary hospital -- needs help -- I've got to get there.

BICK:

You'll make better time if you wait 'til first light and fly.

JORDY:

I don't relish the idea of spending the night under Jett's roof.

BICK:

Me too. If it weren't for transporting this circus --

(a gesture toward the front room)
We'd all get going.

404. CLOSEUP JUANA

attending the sleeping babies. She takes some things and goes into next bedroom.

405. MED. SHOT BICK AND JORDY

Bick watching Juana, thoughtfully.

BICK:

I hope she doesn't let it upset her too much - this business tonight. It's just one of those things. The best thing to do is to forget it.

JORDY:

Go ahead - you forget it. Me - I'm going to remember it.

(the paper clip that he has in his hand he throws hard into the metal waste basket)

BICK:

Look now, son - take it easy. We've had enough excitement for one night.

JORDY:

(cooling)

Yeah -- I guess --

BICK:

Sure -- you've got a mind of your own and you've always used it - done things your way --

(he hesitates a long moment)

(CONTINUED)

405 (Cont.)

BICK: (Cont.)

You knew what you were doing when you married in that direction.

(a flick of his head toward Juana)

-I told you myself the morning after you broke the news -- remember? I told you then that I knew Juana was a mighty fine girl - but when you and she married you were askin' for trouble. Remember I told you that? -- There are lots of people in our part of the country jumpy about that sort of thing. Jett's only one of them.

JORDY:

I know those people - we've run into this before. Leave them to Heaven - we're doin' fine. - If I'm concerned, papa, it has to do with people that ought to know better. Like - well - like my own father.

BICK:

What?

JORDY:

Just the simple truth - that's you. That's the way you think. Good Lord! I don't care about Jett Rink - but you, papa - that's different.

BICK:

(rises)

Look here, son - you can't talk to me like that. Why, Lord, no man can. I'm fair - I been fair with people all my life - and you - my own son - can't stand there and tell me that I'm not a fair man.

(his passion subsides a little - he sits on the arm of the chair, contemplatively)

Son - just this - there's ways of living and ways of doin' things that folks abide by when they want to live right and happily in comfort with their own people.

(placatingly)

I always say - Juana's a mighty fine girl, but --

JORDY:

(interrupts)

Don't sit there and prove what I say - please, papa. I don't like to hear you.

BICK:

Dang it, boy - you're not being fair. When that trouble started down there tonight, who went after Rink - your old man. Who took him to count - your old man.

(CONTINUED)

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405 (Cont.1)

JORDY:

And why?

BICK:

Why because -- I -- I --

JORDY:

Because of my wife?

BICK:

Yes.

JORDY:

No - because your son, Jordan Benedict, descendant of the line of proud Reata, got knocked right on his back in front of all Texas.

CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON Bick. He sits, thinking. Jordy walks over, gives his father a pat on the shoulder which is half patronizing, half affection.

JORDY:

Forget it, papa. Don't worry yourself.

He turns and goes towards his mother and sister on the balcony.

406. REVERSE ANGLE EXT. BALCONY

Leslie is standing at one side. Her troubled daughter, Luz, is leaning against the open door, welling over with an inner anguish. Jordy coming from the b.g.

JORDY:

I'm sorry, mom. I guess you made a mistake when you got yourself mixed up with us rowdy Texans.

Luz is standing behind him. He has not noticed her tear-drenched face.

LUZ:

(slowly)

I'm shocked at you. I'm shocked at all of us. I'm just so ashamed.

Jordy looks to her, turns back to his mother and shrugs helplessly.

LUZ:

I'll never be able to forget the sight of my brother barging into the grand ballroom, with all my friends there, disgracing us. -- Then my father had to make it a bigger brawl. -- I just don't know when I'll be able to face people again.

(CONTINUED)

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406 (Cont.)

JORDY:

You keep on seeing Jett Rink and you won't have to face me. What about that anyway, mom?

LESLIE:

I haven't been asked.

LUZ:

It seems my family just can't tolerate his success.

LESLIE:

Oh, darling --

LUZ:

Tonight meant a lot to Jett - really - I know. If I could only think of how to apologize I'd go to him now, but I can't face all those people.

JORDY:

The party's over -- they've all gone home.

LUZ:

Oh?

JORDY:

He passed out like a light - in front of the whole crowd.

LUZ:

No!

(looks to her mother)

LESLIE:

That's what we heard.

LUZ:

How awful - he must have been ill - weak from shame or something.

JORDY:

Plain drunk - if you'll forgive me.

LUZ:

I don't believe you.

At this moment Uncle Bawley enters from the living room, from which we hear a babble of voices. He surveys the scene.

BAWLEY:

The party broke up early - but not a minute too soon.

(CONTINUED)

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406 (Cont.1)

LUZ:

(goes to the telephone)
Give me Mr. Rink's penthouse -- Luz Benedict.

LESLIE:

You're not going there - if I have to sit on you.

LUZ:

(into phone)

Well do you know where I can reach him -- it's important.

LESLIE:

Luz, it's not like you to make a fool of yourself.

Luz listens a moment and then hangs up. She rises determinedly and marches across the room. Uncle Bawley is standing by the door.

BAWLEY:

I know where he is, honey. Come along with Uncle Bawley.

(a look to Leslie)

LESLIE:

All right, Luz - if you must go.

LUZ:

I must.

BAWLEY:

(very formally offers Luz his arm)
I've always had a strange power over your mother.

Bawley opens the door. Luz starts to go with him, turns back a moment.

LUZ:

I'm sorry, mama.

Then she and Uncle Bawley exit.

DISSOLVE:

407. INT. BALLROOM TWO MEXICAN BUS BOYS

standing in semi-darkness. Something has their interest and they are observing it quietly. We hear a noise from the p.a. system. It is first heavy breathing, then a jumble of words.

(CONTINUED)

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407 (Cont.)

JETT'S VOICE:

(incoherent - over the p.a. system)

Go away -- just lemme be. Lemme be, you
cochina so-an'-so --

The eyes of the boys narrow as they watch and listen. The CAMERA MOVES AWAY from where they stand at the back of the ballroom, and PANS ACROSS its demi-lit vastness. The chairs are pushed back, the tables are empty - the party's over. Brilliance, order and array have been succeeded by litter and semi-gloom. At the far end of the room, the long dais table still presides. The CAMERA MOVES DIRECTLY TO IT. The room fills with a RASING SOUND; "Lemme be". We discern at the center of the table, behind the neglected p.a. mike, the movement of a hand in protest, to brush away an imaginary disturber. It is Jett -- his head on his notebook, sleeping it off. He stirs a little.

408. FAR END OF THE TABLE A LONESOME FIGURE (WATTS)

Wearing his hat with his dinner clothes, rocked back on a chair. He notes Jett stirring and moves wearily along the table to him.

409. JETT RINK

as Watts enters and touches him on the shoulder.

WATTS:

How 'bout it now, doll face? You about ready
t' come 'long with your pal?

The hand again brushes away -- this time rather savagely.

JETT:

(mumbling)

Get off me -- lemme be.

WATTS:

(bored, shrugs)

I give up.

The CAMERA GOES WITH HIM over to the door, where he stops and looks at the two Mexican boys. Behind them, peering through the glass loophole in the service door, we see the faces of other Mexican help; KITCHEN WORKERS and CLEANERS. One of the two at the door speaks to Watts.

BOY:

We go to work now?

(CONTINUED)

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409 (Cont.)

WATTS:

He owns the place. Let him enjoy it.

Watts drifts out through the door as --

JETT'S VOICE:

Mother -- mother --

410. CLOSEUP MEXICAN BOYS

BOY:

(with a look Heavenward)

Madre -- Madre mia --

411. CLOSEUP THE SLEEPING HOST, IN HIS CHAIR OF HONOR

As if in response to the closing door, he stirs and sits up, heavy with sleep and drink. He looks about, not quite seeing anything.

412. CLOSEUP TWO MEXICAN BOYS

They quickly slide back into the shadow, to be unobserved.

413. CLOSEUP JETT, BEHIND THE MIKE

JETT:

(mumbles)

Oh, oh --

Now it is as if some life bestirs his intellect. He tries his fingers to detect movement. He tries his vocal apparatus hoping to find response.

JETT:

How --

The word bangs around the four walls. He flinches slightly at the success of his effort, stupidly utters --

JETT:

How -- how --

He vaguely sees the microphone in front of him.

JETT:

How --

(with rounded vowels)

How now, brown cow --

(CONTINUED)

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413 (Cont.)

Peering left and right to see who's with him. His eyes close sleepily. His head sinks. He pulls himself together with a kind of flinch. His eyes remain cast down and he sees faintl

414. INSERT NOTEBOOK

Enormous black type on a white background.

415. CLOSEUP JETT

JETT:

(feebley, he takes up the corner of the page)
Ladies an' gents -- Ladies, gentlemen, distinguished
guests ---

(he turns to his right)
Gov'nor Suchamuch, Judge Fatso --
(chuckles)

His voice bouncing back catches his interest. He examines the blackness in front of him shrewdly -- he feels his tie, his hair, slyly, to reassure himself that all is in order. Looking left and right, he sees people, apparently, because he continues to smoothly feel out his appearance, which is beyond repair.

JETT:

Welcome, my friends -- welcome, welcome, welcome.
(like testing a mike)

His voice booming back fascinates his dulled mind -- brings forth a smile. He opens his mouth to send forth words. No words come. He struggles for a thought to make a word that will cause a sound. Nothing comes. Dimly he sees the words on paper. He investigates.

JETT:

(with quiet dignity)
I am deeply moved by - reception accorded me.
I -- I -- shall always - always - remember this
night with - greatest pleasure. -- Would in some
degree relieve my embarrassment - embarrass - if
-- felt myself worthy of great honor me -- tonight.
(to himself)

Yeah -- yeah --

(a glance at the page)
From the depths of my heart, I pay homage to this
great Commonwealth --

(mumbles to himself)
Okey-dokey --

(CONTINUED)

415 (Cont.)

JETT: (Cont.)

(senses he has struck a rich vein)
to this bountiful State of ours that has held
to her bosom - rocked and cradled by her
gentle winds --

(he loses his place)
This great homeland -- our mother Texas --

(develops an air of grandness)
Tonight, I count the blessings that this great
domain has bestowed upon her humble son, as I
welcome you, my guests, to the many halls and
rooms and suites of the Emperador --

(aside)
Four hundred rooms and four hundred baths, you
count 'em.

(back to speech)
I reflect that my father was grateful for one
room - four walls an' a roof - to shelter his --
Texas had in store for an only son of this humble
man, treasure beyond his simple comprehension --

(he interpolates)
Jett Rink's no fool --

(with a drunkish gesture he indicates
assurance)

I knew it was there.

(he points toward the ground)
Yeah - I ain't the only one -- some of you other
boys plenty smart too.

(his eye has again hit the page - orates)
Humbly, I acknowledge these blessings. Mother
Texas' greatness to me I have to repay with the
building of a college -- with the building of a
stadium --

(to himself)
Give 'em the axe -- hello, horn frogs.

(laughs, loses trend of thought)
Damn fool Jett Rink - poor boy - no education -
no brains --

(the ego surges)
You're crazy -- he's no fool. Texas, huh?
He'd have done it anywhere in the world.

(a note of oratory)
My friends, this is a man.

(he laughs, amused at his own presumption)

416. DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Uncle Bawley is opening the door for Luz. They stop right
where they are.

417. CLOSEUP JETT

JETT:

--- ol' mother Texas - what she give me? Not a gol-dang; thing. You got to sweat and - steal it from her - great lady -- the old gal won't even give you a drink of water. -- Bountiful madama - give you drought - and a shack - and a bad time. She'll get it back. She'll rain you out -- blow you down -- get you drunk --

(he slides down in his chair)

I got mine - right out of the ground. I got it. Jett Rirk's dough. Try to get it away from me - all of you.

418. LUZ AND UNCLE BAWLEY AT THE DOORWAY

Luz relaxes her fixed attention and throws a noticeably embarrassed glance at Uncle Bawley. He is tactfully looking elsewhere.

419. CLOSEUP JETT

JETT:

(he is unraveling pretty fast)
Get him drunk - take it away from him. -- Slice him - carve him - get him broke - back cotton picking - where he belongs. Madre - madre Texas. She gives and she takes away.

(tears flow, without sadness, from the alcoholic eyes)

Poor boy Jett -- fighting for what's good -- poor Jett -- flunky for the great Benedicts. Pretty Leslie. Grand Mrs. Bick -- poor boy -- pretty Leslie -- June girl bride -- poor boy -- beautiful -- Woman a man wants -- a man's got to have. Yean - old proud king Bick -- king cow farmer -- 's got the do-re-mi -- Jett boy -- Benedict's got it - you get it - Benedict's got what he wants -- the buzzard!

(he is completely shot - he sobs and sniffles and pleads with his imaginary audience as if to a friendly bartender)

Madama - she gives and she takes away. Get you drunk. She'll drunk you up and take back every last little red cent.

(he is about to fold - a resurgence of vitality gives him enough strength to rise full height. Poisedly turns to his right and looks down at a chair disdainfully -- with great rudeness)

Governor - you know what you can do?

(CONTINUED)

419 (Cont.)

He blacks out, reels, leans forward. Part of the long table in front of him yields under the pressure. Erect to maintain dignity, he clutches onto the tablecloth, and pitches headlong out into the aisle, taking with him the white damask, with its burden of china, silver, and glass, from the entire length of the table.

420. CLOSEUP JETT, IN THE DEBRIS

under a table. He makes himself comfortable by pillowing his head on his hands and sleeping peacefully.

421. CLOSEUP LUZ AND UNCLE BAWLEY

as the orchestra interpolates a phrase of "EYES OF TEXAS". Luz, with a quiet dignity, turns to leave, stops for a moment.

LUZ:

Thanks, Uncle Bawley.

BAWLEY:

(as they exit)

--- they come and they go.

DISSOLVE:

422. CLOSE SHOT THE BIG PLANE WITH ITS REATA MARKINGS DAY

looms close -- blue and silver, humming in a clear sky. We can see the windows and the casual faces of the passengers -- the Benedicts' homing guests.

423. CLOSER SHOT A WINDOW PANEL

Uncle Bawley peers down at the ground. His practiced old eyes search -- narrow upon something beneath.

424. LONG SHOT FROM AIRPLANE

A vast, brown plain is cut by a thin silver line -- the highway far below. Upon its surface we discern the automobile, a tiny bug-like object crawling along.

DISSOLVE:

425. CLOSE SHOT THE AUTOMOBILE

It is Jordy's open Ford, driven by Bick. Beside him sits

(CONTINUED)

425 (Cont.)

Juana. In the back seat are Luz and Leslie, holding little Jordy Benedict, the Fourth. Leslie and Juana wave at the plane overhead. The distant engines have not interrupted the gay and noisy singing of a song. Bick, Leslie, and Juana are, in their various ways, giving out with a rendition of "SOUTH OF THE BORDER". Liz displays little interest and sits slumped in a corner. Bick indicates the plane overhead.

BICK:

Just as soon as the darn thing lands, I'm gonna sell it.

LESLIE:

(interrupts her rendition long enough to shout)

Good!

BICK:

This is for me, boy -- the simple life!
No more of that high-flyin' nonsense.

He resumes singing and is pleased when Juana harmonizes with him on a difficult little phrase. He throws a glance over his shoulder in Luz's direction, raising his voice as if to encourage her to join in. Luz looks even more glumly at the roadside flashing past. Bick and Leslie exchange an understanding glance. Suddenly a horn honks O.S.

426. CLOSEUP THROUGH THE MIRROR A VERY FANCY JAGUAR
about to pass.

427. MED. SHOT FORD AND JAGUAR

As Bick edges his car over to the right, the Jaguar draws level. It seems in no great hurry to pass. Luz steals a glance at the Jaguar, then looks straight ahead.

428. CLOSE SHOT THE JAGUAR

driven by a very personable young man. Without being too obvious about it, he is taking a good sidelong glance at Luz.

429. CLOSE SHOT GROUP IN FORD

Luz again glances at the car. A softening expression crosses her face. Leslie notes it. She and Bick exchange a second look of understanding, which is underscored by an added flourish in their singing. Luz reacts and sits more noticeably upright

(CONTINUED)

429 (Cont.)

in her seat. The Jaguar, with a gay honk of its horn, zooms ahead. The singing is now interrupted by a sudden fit of crying on the part of the baby. Juana looks back to Leslie.

JUANA:
I believe he is hungry.

BICK:
That makes two of us. How about you, Luz?

LUZ:
(a reflex)
Yeah!

BICK:
Juana, how does a hamburger and a piece of pie sound?

JUANA:
It sounds very good.

LESLIE:
Poetic.

BICK:
Or some fried chicken. No more this high-falootin' stuff. Let's stop in this drive-in an' have chicken in the basket - and we can just eat it with our fingers.

DISSOLVE:

430. INT. SARGE'S PLACE

-- chromium and spic-an'-span. Behind the counter is SARGE, with his back to us, a great bull of a man, ladling hot water into the coffee urn. He is accompanying this effort with some strident, verbal horseplay with a TRUCK DRIVER. Bick and his party enter, Juana carrying the child. Sarge turns to acknowledge his new customers. A fleeting expression of displeasure crosses his face.

431. REVERSE ANGLE OUR GROUP

being seated in a booth by the window. The emphasis from this angle is on Juana and the child.

432. SARGE

raises his eyes.

433. GROUP AT THE BOOTH

A WAITRESS enters to them with menus. She looks over her shoulder in Sarge's direction, then puts menus around to all. The last to receive one is Juana. The waitress turns to leave, feels that her boss is looking at her. As she exits, she answers this attention with an almost indiscernible shrug.

434. SARGE

wipes his hands on his white apron and walks over, CAMERA WITH HIM, to the booth to better appraise the situation. He stops alongside of Bick. Bick looks up, pressing his intention of good humor.

BICK:

Well, hello! Nice place you have here. Been intendin' to stop every time I drove by.

SARGE:

Uh huh.

BICK:

What do you recommend, landlord? How's the fried chicken?

Sarge still finds his interest in Juana and the child.

LITTLE JORDY:

Jordy wants ice cream, grandpa.

BICK:

Grandpa - huh, huh. Ice cream it will be.

SARGE:

(sort of to himself)

Ice cream - thought that kid would want a tamale.

(full voice)

I'll get you the girl.

He exits. Bick throws a look in the direction of the departure. He had expected more warmth in response to his own geniality.

435. CLOSEUP SARGE

as he comes around behind the counter, passing the waitress.

SARGE:

Okay. Give 'em what they want.

436. CLOSEUP JUANA
strangely tense.

437. GROUP SHOT AT TABLE

BICK:
Whata you say, Juana? This is th' life,
isn't it?

JUANA:
It is good.

BICK:
(to the others)
Yes, sir - after all that fancy food and
high livin', this is all right.

The little bell on top of the door is heard, as the door opens.

438. THREE TRAVELERS

enter, an air of poverty about them — a WOMAN, her DAUGHTER, and a tiny, little OLD MAN wearing city-style clothes. They look about, somewhat timidly, and then head for a table at the far end of the room.

439. SARGE

notes their progress across the room. He is not pleased by the prospect of their patronage.

440. THE GROUP

Juana is strangely aware -- more tense. Leslie is not comfortable. She looks to Bick. He has turned to see --

441. THE THREE MEXICANS AT THE TABLE

The little, old man is counting the coins in his purse. He looks much like Old Polo would in city clothes. The younger woman nudges him to get his attention. He stops his counting and looks up at the bulky figure in the white apron that towers above him. The old man salutes rather timidly.

OLD MAN:
Senor - buenos di --

(CONTINUED)

441 (Cont.)

SARGE:
You're in th' wrong place.
(with a gesture)
Let's go. Vamoose. Andale!

Old man makes a feeble indication with his purse that he has money enough.

442. FLASH BICK AND THE FAMILY AT THE BOOTH

The feeling of tension which held Juana now holds the group. Leslie's reflex is to talk.

LESLIE:
Now, let's see -- the big plane comes into Benedict at one-thirty. That should give the Hollywood people time to make their connection for Dallas.

443. THE MEXICAN TABLE

Sarge takes the old man by the shoulder and is about to apply his version of the bum's rush.

444. BICK AND THE GROUP

LESLIE:
Judy and Bob will keep an eye on them, I'm sure. Anyway, we can count on Uncle Bawley to hold the fort —

BICK:
(watching Sarge)
Now wait a minute!

Juana busies herself with the cole slaw. Bick starts across the room.

445. OLD MAN'S TABLE

Sarge loses interest in him for a moment as Bick comes up.

SARGE:
What do you want?

BICK:
Look here, Sarge — I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd be more polite with these people.

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445 (Cont.)

SARGE:

You would, would you?

BICK:

I'm Bick Benedict, your neighbor - you might say.

SARGE:

That gives you special privileges, huh?

BICK:

The name Benedict has meant somethin' to people around here for a considerable time.

SARGE:

(a glance to Bick's table)

That there papoose, his name Benedict, too?

BICK:

(turns and looks at the child)

Yes. Come to think of it, it is.

SARGE:

All right - forget I asked you. You just sit down and we won't have no trouble. This bunch eats elsewhere.

He picks the old man up by the back of the neck.

SARGE:

Vamoose!

BICK:

Take your hands off him.

SARGE:

Sue me --

Bick roughly pulls Sarge's hand away from the old man's neck, throwing Sarge off balance. Sarge turns livid with anger -- forgets his first victim, takes his apron off and starts for Bick.

446. TWO SHOT BICK AND SARGE

Bick stands his ground as Sarge comes on, he meets and nails him with a well placed punch, which upsets the big fellow, who expected nothing of this kind.

447. FLASH LESLIE AND THE GROUP

A strange gleam of excitement comes to Leslie's eyes.

448. THE CUSTOMERS

scatter.

449. BICK AND SARGE

Sarge, really hostile, gets to his feet and comes for Bick. They engage in an exchange of blows, and the struggle takes them back and forth around the room.

450. THE MEXICAN WOMEN

start murmuring incantations in Spanish.

451. BICK AND SARGE

Bick still has much skill and he scores heavily, but so does Sarge. And, he is many, many years the younger man. It is a rugged battle until Bick's years count heavily in Sarge's favor. It is pathetic to see Bick's somewhat heroic effort to avoid the embarrassment of a physical defeat. In a clinch, Bick is holding on tightly, hoping for a resurgence of strength. But, Sarge pulls loose and like an executioner, he draws back his right hand and throws the heaviest and cleanest blow so far. It lands mightily and sends Bick spinning and reeling to crash amidst a litter of debris in the corner of the room. Bick sits glassy-eyed. No new surge of strength comes to inspire further effort.

452. CLOSE SHOT LESLIE

rushes to Bick and cradles his chastened head in her arms. Her feelings run strong and primitive -- pride in this, her man -- the feminine sense to protect the one she loves.

453. FLASH THE TRIUMPHANT SARGE

still breathing hard, as he puts on his apron and moves behind the counter. He pulls down a sign and spins it in Bick's direction.

454. FLASH BICK AND LESLIE

on the floor among the wreckage. The sign falls in Bick's lap. CAMERI IN CLOSE, we read -- "THE MANAGEMENT RESERVES THE RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE".

DISSOLVE:

455. CLOSEUP A TINY LAMB

watching with interest. It bleats.

456. CLOSEUP A BABY CALF

also watching curiously. It bawls.

457. THE TWO CHILDREN

the Latin-type boy and the blond and ruddy little girl -- Reata's heirs, paired in their ranch-style play-pen. (Even to the Reata Brand carved in wood.) The two stand close, heads together, watching their elders with great interest.

458. BICK

He lies on the sofa, his head cradled in Leslie's lap. She is comforting him. Bick reacts as sounds come from the babies.

BICK:

Look at 'em. Those kids in their infinite wisdom are smarter than we are. They know I'm a disgrace -- don't hesitate to say so.

The calf bawls.

BICK: (Cont.)

Sure - even the calf's got my number.

(the sheep bleats - Bick sits up with feigned wrath)

But I'm not goin' to take it from a -- from a sheep.

LESLIE:

Now, Bick.

Leslie laughs - so does Bick.

459. THE LAMB

It holds its ground and looks insently at Bick.

460. CLOSEUP THE TWO CHILDREN

They find some mysterious significance in this tableau. The phone rings.

461. BICK AND LESLIE

Leslie goes to the phone.

LESLIE:

Hello, Vashti. -- We're all fine - how did you make it? -- Good.

(to Bick)

They made it all in one piece.

BICK:

Jolly.

LESLIE:

(into phone)

-- Yes, they've all gone on their way.

LESLIE AND BICK:

(together)

Thank goodness!

LESLIE:

More left than we bargained for. Luz has gone on to Hollywood with Lola, or Lona, whatever her name was. Luz wants to look in and see how she likes Hollywood.

(pause)

No - we've never had one in either side of the family.

BICK:

(sotto voce)

Good Lord - an actress!

LESLIE:

Well, all you can do is raise them, Vashti. You can't live their lives for them.

(pause)

No, Judy and Bob are looking at a ranch, a small one. -- Uh huh --

Bick reacts to this with a wince.

LESLIE:

Yeah, Jordy and Juana are moving into Vientecito and we -- we're home minding the babies.

We hear notes picked out on the organ at the far end of the room. They spell out "HOW DRY I AM".

462. LONG SHOT MAIN HALL OF REATA

Uncle Bawley is seated at the organ at the far end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

462 (Cont.)

BAWLEY:

Bick, the sun's down under the yardarm.
When do we open the bar?

BICK:

Anytime - go ahead - but, remember that
bourbon's gonna kill you.

BAWLEY:

Okay.

(he gets up to pour himself a drink)
It'll be me or it. One of us has gotta go.

463. CLOSEUP LESLIE

concluding her phone conversation.

LESLIE:

Me, I'm staying right here. It's going on
Spring --

(calf bawls)
Roundup time's no time to be away from Reata.
Yes, dear, 'bye.

464. CLOSEUP THE TWO BABIES

They're watching elders with extraordinary interest.

465. CLOSEUP BICK AND LESLIE

His eyes follow her as she comes to the sofa behind him.

BICK:

Yeah, honey, everybody's on the move. The
strays are leavin' the herd. I suppose I
wouldn't mind it too much if you want to pack
up an' go back home for a spell.

She looks down at him softly.

LESLIE:

Home? Where do you think I've been this last
breathless quarter of a century?

(she sits down alongside of him, pulls
his head over on her lap)
Home. Look, boy - I belong here.

Bick has to laugh against his mood.

466. CLOSEUP LITTLE JORDY

his thoughtful, brown eyes on Bick.

467. BICK AND LESLIE

Bick senses this and looks to the boy.

BICK:

You really know what's got my goat? - My own grandson don't look like us. Honey, so help me -- He looks like a little wet-back.

Leslie is shocked, but she can't help smile.

468. CLOSEUP THE LITTLE BOY

looking at Bick. He blows through his lips, a murmuring sound comes out, a bubble forms and blows away.

469. BICK AND LESLIE

BICK:

Little muchacho fires up, don't he?
(studying the boy)

I'm sorry, Jordy Benedict the Fourth, but there's times when a man's just got to be honest.

(to Leslie)

You know, Leslie, it's no use kiddin' -- I'm a failure. Nothing's turned out like I planned. I just feel -- feel like my saddle's turnin' right from under me.

470. THE ORGAN AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM

Uncle Bawley sits at the organ. A large bourbon highball rests on the mahogany. He picks out a strain of "CLAIRES DE LUNE".

471. BICK AND LESLIE

BICK:

Is that the best that old horse thief can do?

LESLIE:

He feels your mood - sympathico - darling. There is a lot of Claire de Lune in both of you old fire eaters. You're both rather gentle creatures, you know.

(CONTINUED)

471 (Cont.)

BICK:
(grimaces)
How awful.

LESLIE:
Would you like to know something?

BICK:
What?

LESLIE:
I think you're great.

BICK:
What?

LESLIE:
Don't ask me why -- some things are difficult to explain. You know all that fine riding you used to do, that fancy roping and all that glamor stuff you did to dazzle me? -- It was impressive -- but none of it ever made you quite as big a man to me as you were on the floor in Sarge's hamburger joint.

Bick looks at her puzzled.

LESLIE: (Cont.)
When you tumbled rearward and landed crashing into that pile of dirty dishes, you were at last my hero. -- That's what you always wanted to be, you know.

BICK:
(nods)
Could be.

LESLIE:
When we went in that place - before you had that fight --
(she glows)
Oh what a fight - glorious!

Bick risks being a little pleased with himself.

LESLIE:
(continues)
Before we went in that place, I was feeling like you do now - I was thinking to myself -- 'well, Jordan and I and all the others behind us have been failures' -- and then it happened. You wound up on your back on the floor, in the

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471 (Cont.)

LESLIE: (Cont.)

salad, and I said to myself -- 'well, after a hundred years, the Benedict family is a real big success!'.

BICK:

You know, Leslie --
(studying her like a new problem)
I'm never gonna be able to figure you out.

472. CLOSEUP UNCLE BAWLEY'S FINGERS

on the keyboard. He segues to picking out the notes of "THE EYES OF TEXAS".

473. CLOSEUP THE EYES

of the two children - on them.

FADE OUT

"The End"