

QUIGLEY

Written by

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INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Super: Sweetwater County, Wyoming 1875

SAM QUIGLEY, a tall handsome man in his late sixties with long grey hair and a beard is seated facing his son MATTHEW QUIGLEY, a tall man in his mid thirties who bears a striking resemblance to his father. Matthew is standing facing his father.

SAM QUIGLEY

(puffing on a cigar)

Come on Matthew? I need you here to help me run our ranch. You want to travel over 10,000 miles to Australia just to shoot wild dogs. This doesn't make a bit of sense to me. The trip alone will take you over three months by boat.

MATTHEW QUIGLEY

(scratches his hair)

Well I know it doesn't make any sense to you father but I've been working on your ranch forever. I really need to get away for a while. This is a good opportunity to do just that. I'll be back in seven or eight months. Consider this a well deserved vacation. Hell, I might even look for a wife when I get back.

SAM QUIGLEY

(frowning)

Have you checked out this Marston fella? He's offering a lot of money just to shoot wild dogs.

MATTHEW QUIGLEY

He's wealthy rancher who owns one of the biggest spreads in western Australia. I figure I'll only be there a month or two. When I get back you can start to think about retiring.

SAM QUIGLEY

(stand up)

Matthew, this whole thing still sounds strange to me. Promise me you wont take any chances.

(he offers a hand shake)

You take care of yourself son.

MATTHEW QUIGLEY

(shakes his father's hand)
 Don't worry father. I'll be
 careful. OK if I take one of your
 Sharps? I like a longer barrel.

SAM QUIGLEY

Better bring lots of cartridges
 with you. 540 grain paper patch
 bullets might be hard to find where
 you're going.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE FREMANTLE PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Super: Fremantle Prison

NED MARSTON, a handsome man in his mid twenties with sharp
 angular features and long dark hair enters the wardens
 office. The WARDEN, a well built man in his fifties with
 short cropped grey hair is seated behind a large desk.

WARDEN

(motions to Ned Marston)
 Come in Marston and have a seat.
 Your discharge papers have come
 through and you are a free man.

NED MARSTON

(sits down)
 Well that's good news.

WARDEN

(bites his lower lip)
 Before you leave I have some very
 bad news for you. Today I received
 a wire from Major Pitt. Your father
 and all of his hands have been
 killed. His ranch and all of his
 holdings are now in government
 hands. You are lucky your father
 was able to pay off the governor
 before he got killed. Usually a
 person gets hung for murder in here
 in Fremantle.

NED MARSTON

(stands up and puts his
 hands on the Warden's
 desk)
 What happened? Was it those damn
 Aborigine's?

WARDEN

Afraid not. It was a man from the states named Quigley. He was an expert marksman with a Sharps rifle. Your father hired him to take care of the Aborigines who steal stock from his ranch. It seems Quigley was a man of principles and didn't take kindly to shooting them.

NED MARSTON

(sits down slowly)

Why is my father's ranch now in government hands?

WARDEN

As I understand it, Your grandfather was given possession the land by the government as long as he or his next of kin lived on it. Your father had no will or directive. After Quigley left, the Aborigine's burned everything. The government also was not very happy that your father hired Quigley to kill Aborigine's.

NED MARSTON

Where is this Quigley now?

WARDEN

All we know is Quigley skipped the country and booked passage on a steamer to San Francisco. He took one of the whores from your father's ranch with him. I believe Her name is Crazy Cora. It's out of our hands now.

NED MARSTON

(stands up abruptly)

It's in my hands now. I was my father's only heir.

FADE OUT.

EXT SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR - DAY

Super: San Francisco, four months later

MATTHEW QUIGLEY and CORA, a woman in her early thirties with long brown hair, walk out of hotel in San Francisco.

NED MARSTON wearing a black shirt and black trousers is following them at a short distance, keeping out of their sight.

CORA

Matthew, why haven't you wired your father that you are back? I wired my mother.

MATTHEW QUIGLEY

I want to surprise him.

CORA

How do you think he'll take the news of us getting married?

MATTHEW QUIGLEY

Oh I think he'll be real happy. He's been after me to settle down for the last ten years. I'm sure he will be surprised.

NED MARSTON pauses and pulls a nickel plated Smith & Wesson revolver from his coat. He breaks open the revolver and checks the cylinder.

NED MARSTON

(under his breath)

I'll give him a surprise he won't forget.

FADE OUT.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN EVANSON, WYOMING - DAY

SAM QUIGLEY enters the telegraph office and walks over to the TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, a thin man in his forties with a scraggly beard.

(tips his hat)

SAM QUIGLEY enters the telegraph office and walks over to the TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, a thin man in his forties with a scraggly beard.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

(in a nervous voice)

Yes. I have one for you.

(hands SAM QUIGLEY a telegram)

Here you are Mr. Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

Thank you George. I bet it's from Matthew. Probably returning early.

As he reads the telegram, SAM QUIGLEY'S smile turns into a look of horror.

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

Oh my GOD! Matthew is dead. He was murdered in San Francisco along with some woman he married from Australia. They say he was robbed and they don't have any idea who did it. I wish I'd tried harder to stop him from going there.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

(with a sad look)

I'm so sorry Mr. Quigley. What are you going to do? Can I help you with anything?

SAM QUIGLEY

Thanks George. There's not much anyone can do right now but I would like you to send a reply to this telegram.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

(picks up a pencil)

What do you want me to say?

SAM QUIGLEY

(places the telegram on the counter)

Tell them I'm coming to pick up my son and his wife. I want them buried in Wyoming. That's the least I can do.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

That's over a thousand miles. It's a rough trip Mr. Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY

(frowning)

I've made that trip many times before. I ain't that old. I can still ride besides it will give me some time to think.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
(starts writing)
What ever you say Mr Quigley.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAM QUIGLEY RANCH OFFICE - MORNING

SAM QUIGLEY is cleaning an 1866 Winchester when FOREMAN, a heavy set man in his forties with a walrus mustache walks in the office.

FOREMAN
(takes his hat off)
You wanted to see me Mr. Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY
(frowning)
Tom, how many times do I have to tell you not to call me mister?
(looks down)

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
(puts the Winchester down)
Tom, I'm going to California to pickup Matthew and his wife. I figure I will be gone a couple of months. I'll take the train to San Francisco and I'll buy a rig for the trip back. You're gonna be in charge while I'm gone. I've notified the bank to give you the hand's payroll and anything else you might need. Any questions?

FOREMAN
(in a nervous tone)
Mr. Quiggg uh Sam, that's a long and dangerous trip to San Francisco. Why don't you have the railroad bring them back here?

MATTHEW QUIGLEY
(in a stern voice)
I need to be at the train depot by 3:00 o'clock today. Have the buggy ready. You can take me to the depot yourself.

FOREMAN
(puts his hat on)
I'll be ready by 2:00 Sam.
(MORE)

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Say are you taking one of your
Sharps with you?

SAM QUIGLEY
(picks up the Winchester)
This will do fine. A Sharps was
what got Matthew into this.

FOREMAN
"What happened to your Henry?

SAM QUIGLEY
(points to the loading
gate)
This one is easier to load and I
don't get my hand burned on the
Barrel.

FADE OUT.

EXT RAILROAD PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Sam Quigley is staring out the window of a railroad passenger car. He has a pensive look on his face.

The train travels through the country. Mountains are visible in the background.

The train eventually is shown pulling into a railroad station in San Francisco.

FADE OUT.

EXT STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Sam Quigley walks down a brick paved street in San Francisco's harbor district. He stops by a white brick building with a sign on it that reads "Bay View Funeral Parlor, John Benson, Mortician". Sam Quigley looks up at the sign and enters the building.

INT. INSIDE THE BAY VIEW FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

Sam Quigley is greeted by JOHN BENSON a tall thin hawk faced man in his sixties with a thin mustache.

JOHN BENSON
Ah, Mr. Quigley. I've been
expecting you.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (with a slight frown)
 How did you know I'm Quigley?

JOHN BENSON
 (smiling, offers a hand
 shake)
 You bear a very strong resemblance
 to your son. Welcome to San
 Francisco Mr. Quigley. How was your
 trip?

SAM QUIGLEY
 (ignores the hand shake,
 speaks in a somber tone)
 Where is my son?

JOHN BENSON
 (in a more serious tone)
 I've already embalmed your son and
 his wife. I have them in an ice
 house just down the street. Would
 you like to see him?

SAM QUIGLEY
 Yes. I would. Thank you.

FADE OUT.

INT. INSIDE AN ICE HOUSE - DAY

Sam Quigley and John Benson are looking into a coffin with
 the lid off. Both men are holding their hats.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (A tear runs down Sam
 Quigley's cheek)
 Ohhh Matthew.

JOHN BENSON
 Your son was a handsome man. He
 sure looks like you. Would you like
 to see his wife?

SAM QUIGLEY
 (shaking his head)
 No. That's not necessary.

JOHN BENSON
 Will you be taking your son's wife
 with you?

SAM QUIGLEY

Yes. I'll bury them side by side next to my wife. I'll be back in two days with a rig. I do appreciate your help with this Mr. Benson.

JOHN BENSON

Mr. Quigley, I suggest you take your last look now. It's a long trip back to Wyoming and I'm going to place them in sealed lead coffins. You will not want to open the coffin again.

(pauses)

Oh, I forgot to mention that your son was shot in the back. His wife had her throat cut. I figured you'd want to know that.

SAM QUIGLEY

(sighs)

Yes. Thank you.

FADE OUT.

INT. INSIDE A FIREARMS STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Ned Marston wearing a brown frock coat is standing in front of a glass counter stocked with pistols. Behind the counter is a CLERK, a portly bald headed man in his fifties wearing a pair of spectacles.

NED MARSTON

(points to a rifle display on the wall behind the counter)

Tell me about Sharps rifles.

CLERK

(smiling)

What do you want to know?

NED MARSTON

(in a smug tone)

Well for starters, is it really possible to hit something at 1000 meters?

CLERK

(with a big grin)

Well I don't know about meters but last June a scout named Billy Dixon knocked an Indian off of his horse at 1500 yards.

NED MARSTON

How long would it take for someone to learn how to do that?

CLERK

Well it depends on a person's ability. I don't know about 1500 yards but if you fitted a Sharps rifle with a Malcom scope, you could learn rather quickly to hit things at 500 yards or so.

NED MARSTON

You don't say. Let's have a look at one.

The Clerk lays an 1874 Sharps rifle and a Malcom scope on the counter. Ned Marston picks up the rifle and aims it on a Buffalo head mounted on a far wall.

NED MARSTON (CONT'D)

So you say I could learn how to hit something at 500 yards with this?

CLERK

(smiling)

Well sir, I ain't a very good shot and my eye's are bad but I can easily hit a bucket at 300 yards with one of these fitted with a scope. Of course, I'm resting the rifle on a set of cross sticks.

NED MARSTON

(smiling)

I'll take one of these. How do I attach the scope to the rifle?

CLERK

(picks up the scope)

I'll mount it for you for free and throw in three boxes of cartridges. Is there anything else you need?

NED MARSTON

(points to the display of
pistols in the glass
counter)

I'm going to need a handgun. I
somehow misplaced mine. What do you
recommend?

The Clerk reaches in the glass counter and pulls out an 1873
single army Colt with a 7-1/2" barrel and hands it to Ned
Marston.

CLERK

I'd get one of these. It's a Colt
single action Army model in .45
Caliber. Good stopping power and
very reliable.

NED MARSTON

(aims the pistol at the
Buffalo head)

I've heard of this one. It's got a
good feel to it. I'll take one and
can you throw in a coupla' boxes of
cartridges?

CLERK

Sure. By the way, if you're going
to carry this pistol, I'd suggest
you just load five cartridges in it
and leave the hammer on an empty
chamber.

NED MARSTON

(rolls his eyes slightly)

Why do that?

CLERK

If you drop it with the hammer on a
live round, it could go off and hit
you.

NED MARSTON

(in a slightly sarcastic
voice)

If you say so.

Ned Marston notices an 1873 Winchester Carbine on another
wall. He motions to the clerk.

NED MARSTON (CONT'D)

Is that a Winchester repeater?

CLERK

Yes sir. It's a carbine. It holds
12 rounds.

NED MARSTON

12 rounds you say. Put one of these
on the list for tomorrow.

CLERK

(retrieves the rifle)

Do you want me to go over how to
load the rifle and pistol with you?

NED MARSTON

(in slightly harsh tone)

Not really. I think I can figure
out how to load them myself. Just
make sure you have everything ready
tomorrow.

CLERK

Yes sir.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAY VIEW FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

Sam Quigley is seated in a Chuck wagon pulled by two mules.
John Benson is standing next to Sam quigley. Two lead coffins
are in the cargo area of the wagon.

JOHN BENSON

(looks over the wagon)

That's quite a rig you have there
Mr. Quigley. You don't see many
like this one in these parts.

SAM QUIGLEY

It belonged to a rancher from Utah
who had no more use for it. It's in
good shape and we can use a new one
at our ranch.

JOHN BENSON

I still think you'd be better off
putting your son and his wife on a
train back to Wyoming. It's not too
late to change your mind.

SAM QUIGLEY

(offers a handshake to
John Benson)

(MORE)

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

It's only an 800 mile trip and it will give me time to think. Thanks for all of your help Mr. Benson.

JOHN BENSON

(shakes Sam Quigley's hand)

Well you have a safe trip Mr. Quigley. Which route will you be taking?

SAM QUIGLEY

I'll be taking part of the old California trail.

Sam Quigley tips his hat and reins the mules forward. As Sam Quigley moves down the road, Ned Marston steps out from between a nearby doorway. He watches the Chuck wagon move down the street and smiles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOODED AREA ON THE TRAIL BACK TO WYOMING - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley is camped by a stream. He is sitting on a rock smoking a pipe. A rabbit is roasting on a spit over a fire. Sam Quigley takes a swig of whiskey. He hears the sounds of rifle shots off in the distance. He stands up and looks toward the sounds.

SAM QUIGLEY

(under his breath)

By golly, that sounds like a Sharps. Must be a hunter nearby.

FADE OUT.

EXT. IN A VALLEY WEST OF SAM QUIGLEY'S CAMP - AFTERNOON

Ned Marston ejects a round from his Sharps rifle and sets the rifle against a tree. He walks two hundred yards and stops by a small tree with a 24" square piece of canvas hanging from a low limb. There are three bullet holes spaced within a 12" area on the canvas. Ned Marston picks up the canvas and smiles.

NED MARSTON

(under his breath)

300 yards. Guess that clerk was right.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL BACK TO WYOMING - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley is driving the Chuck wagon up a slight grade, Mountains are seen in the foreground. Sam stops the Chuck wagon. He winces and rubs his lower back. Sam Quigley takes a long drink of water from a canteen.

SAM QUIGLEY
(under his breath)
Might of bit off more that I can
chew.

Sam Quigley is about to spur the mules forward when he hears several rifle shots in the distance behind him. The shots sound further away than the previous shots he heard. He dismounts the wagon and looks off into the distance towards the sounds of the shots. Sam Quigley waits for a few minutes. He hears no more shots. He mounts the Chuck wagon and reins the mules forward.

FADE OUT.

EXT. IN A WOODED AREA WEST OF SAM QUIGLEY - AFTERNOON

Ned Marston is holding a piece of canvas with five bullet holes spaced within an 6" area on the canvas.

NED MARSTON
(smiling)
400 yards.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley pulls into Sacramento, California. He stops the Chuck wagon by a railroad depot. Sam Quigley dismounts the wagon. He stretches for a bit and walks into the depot office.

INT. INSIDE OF THE SACRAMENTO TRAIN DEPOT - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley walks up to the ticket window. The RAILROAD CLERK, a man in his twenties ignores him. Sam Quigley raps his knuckles on the counter.

SAM QUIGLEY
(in a courteous tone)
Excuse me. You got a minute to
answer a question Son?

RAILROAD CLERK
(in a snotty tone)
Yeah. Whadaya want old Timer?

SAM QUIGLEY
(with a slight smile)
My oh my.

Sam Quigley's slight smile turns into a serious look.

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
(looks the Railroad clerk
in the eye)
Somebody ought to teach you some
manners Son. Do you have a train
that goes into southwestern
Wyoming?

RAILROAD CLERK
(in a nervous tone)
I'm sorry sir. Didn't mean to be
rude. The first stop in Wyoming is
in Evanston. The train leaves
tomorrow at noon.

SAM QUIGLEY
I'll take a ticket. I have two
coffins that have to go with me
along with my gear. Can you help me
with that?

RAILROAD CLERK
(in a more nervous tone)
Coffins? Yes sir. Meet me in back
by the loading dock.

SAM QUIGLEY
Do you have a wagon shop here In
Sacramento? I won't needing my
wagon anymore.

RAILROAD CLERK
(in a courteous tone)
If you would like to keep it we can
load it o a flat car. They always
have plenty of room.

SAM QUIGLEY
Never thought of that. Yes, I'd
like to keep it. Thanks for
suggesting it.

FADE OUT.

INT. INSIDE OF THE SACRAMENTO TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

Ned Marston walks up to the ticket window. The RAILROAD CLERK is writing in a ledger.

RAILROAD CLERK

(looks up)
What can I do for you Sir?

NED MARSTON

(smiling, in a courteous tone)
I missed my uncle by one day. I believe he's going back to Wyoming. He's a tall man with long grey hair. Could you please tell me where he's headed for?

RAILROAD CLERK

He bought a ticket to Evanston, Wyoming.

NED MARSTON

When does the next train leave for Evanston?

RAILROAD CLERK

(points to schedule on wall)
The next train leaves in three days at noon.

NED MARSTON

I'd like a ticket please.

FADE OUT.

EXT RAILROAD PASSENEGER CAR - DAY

Sam Quigley is seen through the window of railroad car staring out the window with a sad look on his face as the train travels towards through the country. Mountains are visible in the background.

EXT. THE RAILROAD STATION IN EVANSTON, WY. - AFTERNOON

The train is pulls into the railroad station in Evanston, Wyoming. Sam Quigley's Foreman is standing on the dock smoking a cigarette. Sam Quigley gets off the train and greets his Foreman. They shake hands.

FOREMAN

How was your trip Sam?

SAM QUIGLEY

(ignores the question)

I see you got my telegram and brought the mules with you. I bought a pretty decent Chuckwagon for the return trip but I guess I'm not as young as I thought. I ended up taking a train back from Sacramento. The Chuckwagon is on a flat car. You can help me load the coffins on it.

(pauses)

How did things go at the ranch?

FOREMAN

Good except for a bad storm last week. We lost a few head to some nasty lightning.

SAM QUIGLEY

(with a slight smile)

Tom, I appreciate your taking charge for me. I'm goin to need your help more then ever now with Matthew gone. I know all of the hands respect you.

FOREMAN

Thank you Sam. Did they ever find out who killed Matthew?

SAM QUIGLEY

(ignores the question)

Tom, I want you help me bury Matthew and his wife. I want Matthew buried next to Mary.

FOREMAN

Yes Sir.

Sam Quigley and his Foreman load the coffins into the Chuckwagon and hitch up the mules.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

That's a decent Chuckwagon. We sure can use a new one. Our cook will be happy.

Sam Quigley mounts the Chuckwagon and reins the mules forward. His foreman follows on a horse.

FADE OUT.

EXT. IN AN OPEN FIELD NEAR SAM QUIGLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sam Quigley, his Foreman along with a group of ranch hands and neighbors are gathered around three graves. The wooden markers read Mary Quigley, Matthew Quigley and Cora Quigley. A minister with a black frock coat leads everyone in singing "Shall we gather at the River". After the song is finished, the Minister followed by everyone else file past Sam Quigley and pay their respects. After everyone leaves Sam Quigley goes down on one knee next to Mary's grave.

SAM QUIGLEY

Mary, Oh Mary. I'm sorry. I should
have stopped Matthew.
(wipes tear from his eye)

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - DAY

Sam Quigley is show doing several tasks around his ranch with vigor and enthusiasm including rounding up cattle, roping cattle and branding cattle along with grooming a horse.

After grooming the horse, he saddles the horse and rides past the graves of Mary, Matthew and Cora. He pauses and takes off his hat. He lingers for a minute then puts his hat back on and rides to a small bluff overlooking his ranch.

He stops, lights a cigarette and surveys the landscape. Sam Quigley finishes the cigarette and rides back to his ranch.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAM QUIGLEY RANCH OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley, wearing a pair of spectacles, is seated at his desk looking at a ledger. He frowns and shakes his head. His Foreman walks in and takes his hat off.

FOREMAN

(in a quiet tone)
Sam, you have a visitor.

SAM QUIGLEY

Well show him in Tom.

FOREMAN

It's not a him. It's a her.

SAM QUIGLEY

(in a slightly impatient
tone)

Well then show **her** in Tom.

ELIZA PARKER, an attractive and well dressed woman in her mid fifties with streaks of grey in her long dark brown hair enters the office. She walks up to Sam Quigley and offers him her hand.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

How do you do Mr. Quigley. I'm
Eliza Parker.

SAM QUIGLEY

(stands up and takes Her
hand)

How do you do Mrs. Parker. Please
call me Sam. What can I do for you?

ELIZA PARKER

(with a puzzled look)

You don't know who I am?

SAM QUIGLEY

(motions to her to sit
down)

I'm afraid I don't mam.
(sits down)

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

Oh come on now Sam. Cora must have
told you about me.

SAM QUIGLEY

(with a serious puzzled
look)

Lady, just who the hell are you?

ELIZA PARKER

Why I'm Cora's mother. She must
have told you about me.

SAM QUIGLEY

(with a look of surprise)

Mrs. Parker, I'm sorry for being so
rude. I'm afraid I have some very
bad news for you.

ELIZA PARKER

(with a distressed look)

What's wrong. Didn't Cora tell you I was coming here? She sent me a telegram from San Francisco saying she married your son.

SAM QUIGLEY

(looks down, bites his lower lip then looks up)

Mrs. Parker, your daughter is dead.

ELIZA PARKER

(stands up and screams)

Oh my GOD. What happened?

SAM QUIGLEY

(motions to her to sit down)

Please sit down. Would you like some brandy or whiskey?

ELIZA PARKER

(sit down and starts sobbing)

Please tell me what happened Mr. Quigley. Yes. I'd like a whiskey.

SAM QUIGLEY

(gets up and pours her a whiskey)

Here you are mam.

(sits down)

All I know is my son Matthew brought your daughter back from Australia and they were married in San Francisco. My son was robbed in San Francisco and the robber killed both of them. I went to San Francisco to get their bodies. I wanted my son buried next to my wife. I buried your daughter next to my son. Apparently my son was going to surprise me. I'd been after him for years to find a wife. I really don't know anything about your daughter except her name was Cora.

ELIZA PARKER

(wipes her eyes)

Cora wired me about Matthew and your ranch here in Wyoming. My visit was going to be surprise.

(MORE)

ELIZA PARKER (CONT'D)

I had not seen Cora since she went to south Texas and married a rancher by the name of Roy Westfield. What he did to her was terrible and cruel. The son of a bitch is dead now, killed by renegade Comanche's. Someday I'll tell you what Roy Westfield did to Cora.

SAM QUIGLEY

Why don't you stay for supper. I'd like to tell you more about Matthew and learn about your Cora.

ELIZA PARKER

(stands up)

Sorry but I have to go into town and find a hotel. Could you please show me where my daughter is resting?

SAM QUIGLEY

It's getting late. You are more than welcome to stay at my ranch. I have a nice spare bedroom. You'd be much more comfortable here and we can talk about Matthew and your daughter.

ELIZA PARKER

Why Yes. I believe I'd like that. Could I see my daughter now?

FADE OUT.

EXT. IN AN OPEN FIELD NEAR SAM QUIGLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are standing by the graves of Matthew Quigley, Cora Quigley and Mary Quigley. Sam Quigley is holding his hat in his hands. Eliza Parker is wiping her eyes with a white handkerchief.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH DINING ROOM - EVENING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are seated at dining room table. They both are finishing their meal and are drinking a glass of wine.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

That was a very good meal Sam. I'm not much of a meat eater but I did enjoy that beef steak. The wine is excellent.

SAM QUIGLEY

I've got a pretty good cook. He's real happy that I finally bought him a decent Chuckwagon. Do you mind if I smoke Mrs. Parker?

ELIZA PARKER

Sam, call me Liz. Please do smoke. I've always liked the smell of a good cigar. You have told me all about Matthew. I'm sure Cora would have been very happy with him.

(takes a sip of wine)

There are some things I want to tell you about myself and Cora.

(looks down at her glass
then up at Sam Quigley)

I was a sporting woman in Ellsworth, Kansas before I met Cora's father. He didn't care about my past and we got married. Jacob owned a ranch in Texas. He was a good man and we had a good life together. I still wear the gold band he gave me.

(Eliza Parker holds up her left hand to show Sam Quigley a heavy gold band worn on her ring finger.)

Cora was very young when Jacob drowned crossing a river while on a cattle drive. Jacob's holdings were enough to provide a comfortable life for Cora and me. I opened up a dress shop but Cora grew up without a father and became very headstrong. I tried to talk her out of marrying Roy Westfield but she wouldn't listen. When Roy was away their home was raided by Comanche's. Cora hid and accidentally smothered their baby boy. Roy went crazy. He blamed Cora for the death of their son and sent her off in bondage to Australia to become a whore like her mother was.

(MORE)

ELIZA PARKER (CONT'D)

I was so happy to see her come back to the states and now this.

Eliza Parker starts to cry. Sam Quigley gets a sad look on his face.

SAM QUIGLEY

Truth be told, my Mary was a sporting woman in Dodge when I met her. She was only seventeen when her parents were taken by the typhus. She was left on her own and did what she had to do to survive. It was lucky for Mary that I met her right after she started working in Dodge. She was a strong woman but she would not have lasted long as a sporting woman. She died many years ago. I miss her terribly.

Sam Quigley lights a cigar and blows a puff of smoke in up in the air. Eliza Parker dries her eyes with a handkerchief.

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Parker, You didn't have to tell me about yourself. I'm sure you did what you had to do.

ELIZA PARKER

Please call me Liz. Yes, I did what I had to do also. My mother left me in a railroad station in St. Louis. She ran off with a Gambler who did not want children tagging along. I was only fourteen years old. I fell in with some bad company and ended up in Ellsworth. I was also young when Jacob met me. I doubt I'd have lasted long either. It's a terrible life. I never forgave my mother for what she did to me. I tried to give my Cora a better life that I had.

Eliza Parker starts crying again much harder than before.

SAM QUIGLEY

(studying Eliza Parker)

You don't have to rush back. Your welcome to stay here for a while. A little change of scenery might be good for you. I'd like to show you our part of the country. I've been to Texas many years ago. Too flat for me.

ELIZA PARKER
(with a slight smile)
I hate to impose on you Sam but a
change of scenery would be nice.

SAM QUIGLEY
(stands up)
Good. I'll have one of my hands
bring your luggage inside. We will
put your buggy in our corral.

Sam Quigley's Foreman hurriedly enters the dining room with a worried look on his face. He notices Eliza Parker and removes his hat.

FOREMAN
(in a nervous tone)
Sam, someone shot your horse. One
of the hands heard the shot. He
said it sounded like the shooter
was a long way off.

SAM QUIGLEY
Excuse me Mrs. Parker.

Sam Quigley goes into another room and straps on a cross draw rig with an 1873 Single Action Army Colt in the holster. He removes an 1866 Winchester from a cabinet and re-enters the dining room.

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Parker, I don't want you to go
outside tonight. My cook will show
you where the guest bedroom is and
get you anything you might need.
I'll see you tomorrow at breakfast.

Eliza Parker notices that Sam Quigley is armed and gets a frightened look on her face. She starts to tremble slightly.

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
Are you okay Mrs. Parker? You don't
have to worry. You will be safe in
here.

ELIZA PARKER
I'm not worried about myself. It's
just that guns scare me. I'm sorry.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A CORRAL ON THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - EVENING

Sam Quigley follows his Foreman into a corral and leans his Winchester against a post. He walks over to the fallen horse and kneels down to inspect the wound.

FOREMAN

(point to a bluff)
Slim thinks the shot came from that bluff to the west of here.

SAM QUIGLEY

A head shot! Looks like it's from a big bore rifle. Who ever did this was a pretty good shot. That bluff is at least 400 yards from here.
(Sam Quigley stands up)
Tom, Let's ride out there.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ON A BLUFF OVERLOOKING SAM QUIGLEY'S RANCH - EVENING

Sam Quigley and his Foreman ride to a bluff overlooking Sam Quigley's ranch. They dismount their horse next to a wooded area on top the bluff. Sam Quigley and his Foreman walk along the fringe of the wooded area examining the ground. The Foreman stops and picks up an empty brass case.

FOREMAN

(holds the empty brass case up)
Sam, take a look at this.

Sam Quigley walks over to the Foreman. The Foreman hands Sam Quigley the empty brass case.

SAM QUIGLEY

(studies the empty brass case)
It's a .45-70 round. I wonder why someone would leave an empty case for us to find.

FOREMAN

(points to the ground)
There's some footprints and markings on the ground here.

SAM QUIGLEY

(kneels down)

Looks like he sat here while he shot. Also looks like he used cross sticks.

FOREMAN

What do ya wanna do Sam?

SAM QUIGLEY

(stands up)

It's too late to do anymore looking tonight. I'm sure whoever did this is long gone by now and if he is still around, I don't want to risk an ambush. Let the hands know what happened and tell them to wear their sidearms. I need to think this one out.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH DINING ROOM - MORNING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are eating breakfast. Sam takes a swig of coffee and lights a cigarette.

SAM QUIGLEY

(studying Eliza Parker)

Are your accommodations okay Mrs. Parker?

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

They are fine Sam and please call me Liz.

(stirs her coffee and looks at Sam Quigley)

Sam, please tell me what happened last night.

SAM QUIGLEY

Someone shot my favorite horse. He shot from a long distance and it was deliberate. I don't know of anyone who would have it in for me. I've always treated my hands good, paid them well. Never had to fire anyone.

((takes a puff on the cigarette))

Liz, I'm hoping you can stay for a while.

(MORE)

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can help each other forget what happened to our children. I'd like to show you around the country. I've been all around the west and this place is like heaven to me.

ELIZA PARKER

(with a sad look)

I'd like that very much Sam but would you still want me around here knowing what I've been.

SAM QUIGLEY

I told you about my Mary. She did what she had to do and I know you did the same. Let's not dwell on the past.

ELIZA PARKER

That's very kind of you Sam.

SAM QUIGLEY

(raises his index finger
and shakes it slightly)

One thing though, please don't wander away from the ranch unless I'm with you. I need to get a handle on this horse shooting business.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Super: One week later

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are sitting on the ranch house front porch. Sam Quigley is smoking a pipe. There are two glasses of wine on a small table between the chairs they are sitting on. It is a clear night with many stars in the sky.

ELIZA PARKER

(takes a breath)

It's beautiful here Sam. I've never seen so many stars in the sky. The air is so fresh here. My Cora would have loved this place.

(her eyes tear up
slightly)

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

I'm glad you like it here Liz. I wish I could have met your Cora. I'd sure liked to have met the woman who got Matthew to settle down. She must have been very special.

ELIZA PARKER

She was Sam.

SAM QUIGLEY

(puffs on the pipe)

It's been over a week since my horse was shot. I think it would be safe to go for a ride. How about if I hitch up a buggy and we go for a ride tomorrow? I'd like to start showing you the country.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

I'd like that Sam but I know how to ride. I'd rather be on a horse if you don't mind.

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

Well that's good to hear. Truth be told, I'd rather ride a horse myself.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A CORRAL ON THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - DAY

Eliza Parker is standing in a corral by her mount when she sees Sam Quigley enter the corral. She notices that he is wearing a cross draw holster rig and carrying an 1866 Winchester rifle. Eliza Parker gets a nervous look on her face. Sam Quigley inserts the Winchester into a scabbard on his mount. He notices the nervous look on Eliza Parker's face.

SAM QUIGLEY

(walks over to Eliza Parker)

I know you are scared of guns but you don't want to venture out into open country in these parts unarmed.

ELIZA PARKER
I understand Sam. I'll be okay.

They mount their horses and ride out of the corral.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A VALLEY WEST OF THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - DAY

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker ride towards a snow capped mountain range. They stop by a stream, to water their horses. Sam Quigley dismounts his horse and walks over to Eliza Parker. He helps her dismount. Sam Quigley is holding Eliza Parker in his arms. He kisses her gently on the lips.

SAM QUIGLEY
(smiling)
I'm glad we met Liz.

ELIZA PARKER
So am I but I wish it could have
been under different circumstances.

Off on a distant mountain peak, Ned Marston is aiming his Sharps rifle at Sam Quigley. Through the Malcolm scope He sees Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker embrace and kiss.

NED MARSTON
(under his breath)
Well, Looks like Mr. Quigley has a
wife. She could be useful.

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker walk over to a large rock and sit down beside each other. Sam Quigley holds Eliza Parker's hand and looks into her eyes.

SAM QUIGLEY
Liz, I hope you will stay here for
a while. I'd like to get to know
you better.

ELIZA PARKER
(blushes)
I'd like to Sam but I really should
be getting back to my dress shop.

SAM QUIGLEY
(puts a hand on Eliza
Parker's cheek)
I'm, I'm, uh.

ELIZA PARKER
Your what, Sam?

SAM QUIGLEY
(stands up)
We should be getting back.

ELIZA PARKER
(stands up)
Yes. We should.

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker mount their horses and ride back to Sam Quigley's ranch.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH DINING ROOM - EVENING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are finishing dinner. Eliza Parker notices Sam Quigley studying her.

ELIZA PARKER
(blushing slightly)
I really enjoyed myself today Sam.
This truly is beautiful country.

SAM QUIGLEY
Please think about staying for a while. There's a lot more of this country I'd like to show you.

ELIZA PARKER
(smiling)
I guess I could stay for another week Sam. I'll need to wire my dress shop.

SAM QUIGLEY
(smiling)
Good. I'll have one of my hands ride into town tomorrow and send a telegram out for you.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A VALLEY WEST OF THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - DAY

Sam Quigley shows Eliza Parker several different scenic areas during the week. They pause at times to admire the views.

Sam Quigley and Eliza stop at a mountain stream. They dismount and water their horses. Sam Quigley throws his hat back on the stampede string and takes Eliza Parker in his arms. He gives her a passionate kiss. Eliza Parker responds by embracing Sam Quigley and returning his kiss.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (looking into Eliza
 Parker's eyes)
 Liz, I never thought I'd say these
 words again but I've fallen in love
 with you. I want you to stay here
 and become my wife. I love you. I
 need you.

ELIZA PARKER
 Why Sam, I don't know what to say.

SAM QUIGLEY
 Just say yes Liz.

ELIZA PARKER
 (smiling)
 Oh Sam. Yes, yes.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (smiling)
 After we get settled, lets do some
 traveling. I ain't getting any
 younger.

ELIZA PARKER
 Oh Sam, what should I do with my
 dress shop?

SAM QUIGLEY
 We'll go back to Texas and I can
 help you sell it. Tomorrow I'll go
 into town and make a few
 arrangements.

ELIZA PARKER
 (smiling)
 Sam, I need you also.

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker kiss again. From a distance Ned
 Marston observes them kissing through his Malcom scope.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are standing on the front porch.
 Sam Quigley is holding his 1866 Winchester. He gives Eliza
 Parker a gentle kiss on her cheek.

SAM QUIGLEY
 My hands are out in the hills
 rounding up strays.
 (MORE)

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

My cook can help if you need anything. I'll be back by this evening.

ELIZA PARKER

Be careful Sam.

Sam Quigley walks over to a saddled horse. He inserts the 1866 Winchester into a scabbard and mounts the horse. He turns toward Eliza Parker and tips his hat then rides off. Eliza Parker watches Sam Quigley ride off into the distance and goes back inside the ranch house. Ned Marston is off in the distance watching Sam Quigley ride off and Eliza Parker go inside the ranch house through the Malcom scope. He smiles, returns the Sharps rifle to a scabbard and mounts his horse.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Sam Quigley rides up to his ranch house. Several of his hands are standing by the front porch. Some of them are carrying rifles and shotguns. Sam Quigley dismounts. Sam Quigley's foreman comes out of the ranch house and walks over to Sam Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY

Tom, what the blue blazes is going on here?

FOREMAN

(with a distressed look)
Oh Sam, I don't know where to start.

SAM QUIGLEY

(in an impatient tone)
Well just start from the beginning Tom.

FOREMAN

Mrs. Parker has been kidnapped and...

SAM QUIGLEY

(interrupts the foreman)
What? How do you know she was kidnapped? Where in the hell was our cook?

FOREMAN

(in a very nervous tone)
I found him with his throat slit.
Someone left a note inside for you.
Sam, you won't like what's in
there.

Sam Quigley and his foreman enter the ranch house. On the dining room table is a note with spots of blood on it. Next to the note is a woman's bloody severed ring finger with a wide gold band on it. Sam Quigley picks up the note and reads it.

Super:

Mr. Quigley,

Your son killed my father and ruined my inheritance. I killed him and his wife. You are also going to pay. Go to the telegraph office in Evanston in three days for further instructions. I have your wife. If you ever want to see her alive again do not try to follow me. If you do I will kill her very slowly. You know I mean it by the souvenir I left for you.

Ned Marston

SAM QUIGLEY

(puts the note down and
stares at the finger)
Ohhh GOD!

FOREMAN

Sam, who is this Marston?

SAM QUIGLEY

(shakes his head)
I think he might be the son of the rancher who hired Matthew to shoot wild dogs in Australia. I never did find out how things went for Matthew in Australia.

FOREMAN

What are you going to do Sam?

SAM QUIGLEY

Not much I can do right now. I'll have to see what this Marston fella wants. Now I know why Matthew was killed.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A WOODED AREA EAST OF THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - AFTERNOON

Ned Marston is camped next to a small stream. Eliza Parker is sitting down and leaning against a tree. Her hands and feet are bound with rope. She has bruises on her face and a bloody rag on her hand. Ned Marston is chewing on a piece of jerky.

NED MARSTON

(holds up a piece of
jerky)

Do want some of this? I need to
keep you alive until we meet your
husband.

(grins)

You know you probably looked pretty
good in your day Mrs. Quigley.

ELIZA PARKER

How many times do I have to tell
he's not my husband.

NED MARSTON

Shut up. I think you will lie to
help your husband.

Ned Marston takes swig of whiskey and offers the bottle to Eliza Parker. She shakes her head in refusal.

FADE OUT.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN EVANSON, WYOMING - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley enters the telegraph office and walks over to the Telegraph Operator.

SAM QUIGLEY

Have you received anything for me
George?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

(hands Sam quigley a
telegram)

This just came in a little while
ago Mr. Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY

Thanks George.
(starts reading the
telegram)
My oh my!

Super:

Mr. Quigley,

In one week bring \$25,000 in gold coin to Green River,
Wyoming Go to the Green Post office. A letter will be there
for you with further instructions.

Ned Marston

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
George, can you tell me where this
telegram came from?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
It came from Green River.

SAM QUIGLEY
(folds the telegram and
puts it in his pocket)
Thanks George.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAM QUIGLEY RANCH OFFICE - DAY

Sam Quigley is sitting at his desk. His Foreman is sitting
across from him. A bottle of whiskey is on the desk.

SAM QUIGLEY
(points to the bottle)
Have a drink Tom.

FOREMAN
No thanks Sam. What did you want to
see me about?

SAM QUIGLEY
Tom, you have been loyal to me for
many years and I trust you. I'm
going to be straight out with you.
I'm being black mailed by the son
of the big rancher Matthew killed
in Australia. Judge Gordon has some
contacts in England and did some
checking for me. I believe Matthew
was justified in what he did. I
would have done the same. This
Marston fella wants me to bring
\$25,000 in gold coin to Green River
or he'll kill Mrs. Parker. He
thinks she's my wife. Truth be
told, I've gotten rather attached
to her and I asked her to marry me.
I don't want to lose her.

(MORE)

SAM QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

I had to put the ranch up to raise the \$25,000. If I don't come back the bank will take over the ranch. I told them that the ranch would be worthless without you and the hands. You and the hands will be OK but there could be a new owner if I don't come back. I wanted you to hear that from me.

FOREMAN

Sam. I don't know what to say. Do you want me and the boys to go with you?

SAM QUIGLEY

Thanks Tom but this is something I need to do alone. Marston killed Matthew and his wife and there's no doubt in my mind that he'll kill Mrs. Parker. He's one mean son of a bitch. I'll be leaving tomorrow. I'm going to take that Chuck wagon I brought back from San Francisco. I'm also bringing one of my Sharps. I have to stop at the bank on the way to pick up the gold coins. I figure I can make it to Green River in four or five days.

FOREMAN

(stands up and offers a handshake)
Good luck Sam. You be careful.

SAM QUIGLEY

(shakes the foreman's hand)
Thanks Tom.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL TO GREEN RIVER - DAY

Sam Quigley drives the Chuck wagon through prairies, open fields, valleys, wooded areas and along streams.

He pulls into Green River, Wyoming and stops the Chuck wagon outside of the Green River post office.

INT. INSIDE OF THE GREEN RIVER POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sam Quigley enters the post office and walks up to the counter. The POSTMAN, a thin grey haired man in his sixties is busy sorting letters.

SAM QUIGLEY

Excuse me. My name's Quigley.
There's supposed to be a letter
waiting for me here.

POSTMAN

(stops sorting letters)
Yes. We have something for you. A
person dropped it off last week.

The Postman walks over to set of cubby hole shelves and puts out a letter. He hands it to Sam Quigley.

SAM QUIGLEY

Do you remember what the person who
dropped this off looked like?

POSTMAN

(scratches his chin)
I didn't see him but my assistant
did. He said the person had some
sort of an accent and gave him the
willy's.

SAM QUIGLEY

The willy's you say? Thank you sir.

Sam Quigley walks outside and sits on the Chuck wagon's seat. The letter is addressed to Sam Quigley. He puts a pair of spectacles on, opens the letter and reads it.

Super:

Mr. Quigley,

Take the north trail on the Green River out of town. Follow it for five miles. You will come to bridge. Cross the bridge and follow the road to a buggy. Put the money in the buggy and go back over the bridge. I'll release your wife. No tricks or your wife dies.

Ned Marston

Sam Quigley folds the letter and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF GREEN RIVER, WYOMING - AFTERNOON

He drives the Chuck wagon out of town along the north trail and reaches the bridge. Sam Quigley crosses the bridge and slowly follows the road for a half mile. He sees a buckboard with two horses hitched to it and stops. Sam Quigley opens the buckboard's tailgate and places a strong box on the floor of the buckboard. He notices a Sharps rifle and an 1873 Winchester carbine on the floor of the buckboard. He surveys the area and then mounts the Chuck wagon.

Sam Quigley slowly drives the Chuck wagon back towards the bridge. He reaches the bridge and crosses it. Sam Quigley dismounts the Chuck wagon. He walks up a rise where he can view the buggy. Sam Quigley is carrying his Sharp's rifle and a telescope with him. He flips up the Vernier sight on his Sharp's rifle and sights in on the buggy.

He patiently watches the buckboard through the telescope. Ned Marston slowly approaches the buckboard. He is pulling Eliza Parker along with a noose around her neck. She is weak and has trouble walking. When they reach the buckboard, Ned Marston throws her to the ground.

NED MARSTON

(with a smirk)

Well lets see how your husband did.

Ned Marston opens the strong box and views the gold coins. He grabs a handful of coins and smiling, he lets them fall through his fingers back into the strong box.

ELIZA PARKER

(yelling)

You bastard. Sam will come after you.

NED MARSTON

(laughing)

Oh I'm sure of that my dear, especially after I kill you. He will follow me and I'll kill him too. And here's the best part, I'll and up buying his ranch with his own money.

Ned Marston closes the lids on the strong box. He draws a knife and walks towards Eliza Parker. Sam Quigley sees Ned Marston walk towards Eliza Parker with his knife drawn. He drops the telescope and picks up his Sharp's rifle. Ned Marston is about to slash Eliza Parker's throat when a shot rings out. The knife flies out of Ned Marston's hand.

NED MARSTON (CONT'D)

(screams)

Shit!

Ned Marston gets a look of panic on his face and runs to the buckboard. He mounts the buckboard and whips the horses to a quick start. The strong box slides off the buckboard and falls to the ground.

Sam Quigley ejects the spent case and loads another cartridge into his Sharp's rifle. He raises the rifle to shoot but Ned Marston has driven the buggy out of sight.

Sam Quigley gets in the Chuck wagon and heads for Eliza Parker. He reaches Eliza Parker who is laying on the ground trembling. She looks up into Sam Quigley's eyes as he cradles her in his arms.

ELIZA PARKER

(sobbing)

That was a fine shot Sam. You saved my life.

SAM QUIGLEY

(frowning)

That was a terrible shot. I was aiming for his head. Are you OK Liz?

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

I'll be OK Sam. That bastard thought I was your wife.

SAM QUIGLEY

(strokes her forehead)

You will be as soon as we get back to my ranch.

ELIZA PARKER

Are you going to go after him, Sam? He said he was going to kill you and buy your ranch with your own money.

SAM QUIGLEY

No. He's long gone by now. I don't think he'll come back but if he does, I'll be waiting. I believe he's headed north into the Wind river country. Let's go back into Green river. We'll get a hotel room and have that finger looked at.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

Sam, that still was a good shot.

Sam Quigley spreads blankets on the floor of the Chuck wagon. He carries Eliza Parker into the Chuck wagon and covers her. Sam Quigley picks the strong box into the Chuck wagon. He picks up Ned Marston's knife and notices blood on it.

FADE OUT.

INT. A HOTEL IN GREEN RIVER, WYOMING - EVENING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are in hotel room. Eliza Parker is soaking in a bath tub. She notices that Sam Quigley is cleaning his Sharps rifle.

SAM QUIGLEY

(pauses cleaning the
rifle)

Liz, I know guns make you nervous
but I really need to clean this
one.

ELIZA PARKER

I'm OK Sam. My goodness! This bath
feels wonderful. Never in all my
life have I ever been so dirty. He
wouldn't even let me go in any the
creeks we stayed by.

SAM QUIGLEY

(continues to clean the
rifle)

Let's stay here one more night so
you can rest up. It's a good four
day trip back to my ranch. There
will be a few streams along the way
where you can freshen up if you
wish.

ELIZA PARKER

That sounds good.

(stands up with her back
to Sam Quigley)

Sam, please hand me a blanket?

Sam Quigley stops cleaning the rifle. He picks up a blanket and walks over to Eliza Parker. Sam Quigley covers her with the blanket. She turns around and looks into Sam Quigley's eyes. They embrace and kiss.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL BACK TO SAM QUIGLEY'S RANCH - DAY

Sam Quigley with Eliza Parker sitting next to him drives the Chuck wagon through prairies, open fields, valleys, wooded areas and along streams. They stop to camp along the way.

While Eliza swims and splashes in a small stream, Sam Quigley sits on a rock smoking a cigar. He watches Eliza Parker and smiles.

Sam Quigley pulls into Evanston, Wyoming and stops in front of the Evanston Bank. He dismounts the Chuck wagon and turns to Eliza Parker.

SAM QUIGLEY

Liz, I'll be back in few minutes.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

I'll be here Sam.

Sam Quigley retrieves the strong box from the Chuck wagon.

ELIZA PARKER (CONT'D)

Sam, how much is in that strong box?

SAM QUIGLEY

(grins)

Ten dollars.

ELIZA PARKER

(shakes her head)

Sam!

INT. THE EVANSTON, WYOMING BANK - DAY

Carrying the strong box, Sam Quigley enters the bank and walks over to the Bank President's office. The door is open. Sam Quigley knocks on the door jamb and walks in. The BANK PRESIDENT, a well dressed man in his sixties with a white beard looks up

BANK PRESIDENT

(smiling)

Hello Sam. How did things go for you?

SAM QUIGLEY

Good and bad. I got Mrs. Parker back and all of the money. Go ahead and count it.

BANK PRESIDENT

I don't need to count it Sam. Your word is golden. What's the bad news? I'm glad you got your woman back.

SAM QUIGLEY

She ain't my woman yet but she will be soon. I hope you and Martha will come to the wedding. The bad news is the son of a bitch who kidnapped my future wife got away.

BANK PRESIDENT

(smiling)

We'll be honored to be at your wedding Sam.

SAM QUIGLEY

One thing Henry, please don't tell anyone especially my future bride about the note I had to take. Only my foreman knows what I had to do.

BANK PRESIDENT

Sam, you ought to know that we hold all banking transactions as confidential. You be careful Sam. He sounds like a mean one. Are you going after him?

SAM QUIGLEY

(with a sigh)

I'll make him come to me. I was just lucky to find Mrs. Parker. I'm just going to count my blessings and leave things lay for now.

BANK PRESIDENT

(stands up and offers a handshake)

Good luck to you Sam.

SAM QUIGLEY

Thank you Henry.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH - DAY

Sam Quigley wearing a grey frock coat with along with a maroon puff tie and Eliza Parker wearing a plain white lace dress are taking their wedding vows.

In the crowd is the bank president and his wife, foreman Tom wearing a brown sack suit, all of the ranch hands, George the telegraph operator and several neighbors. After the wedding vows are taken, Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker greet their guests. After greeting their guests, they dance alone for a while and then the guests join in the dancing. Foreman Tom dances a jig alone and amuses the guests.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

Sam, really how much was in that strong box?

SAM QUIGLEY

(with a twinkle in his eye)

Never you mind Mrs. Quigley.

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker stop dancing and kiss.

FADE OUT.

INT. ON A BLUFF OVERLOOKING SAM QUIGLEY'S RANCH - DAY

From a bluff overlooking Sam Quigley's ranch, Ned Marston is standing behind a large rock. He watches Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker dance and kiss through the Malcom scope.

NED MARSTON

(under his breath)

Well now, looks like she was telling the truth.

Ned Marston walks over to his horse and puts the Sharps rifle into a scabbard. He leads the horse into the woods. Ned Marston unsaddles the horse and lays out a bedroll. He sits down resting against the saddle and takes a swig of whiskey. He looks at his heavily bandaged right wrist.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH DINING ROOM - EVENING

Super:

One week later

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are finishing their dinner. Sam Quigley pours them both another glass of wine.

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

That was a good meal Liz. The boys and I really appreciate your taking over the cooking chores. You're quite the cook.

ELIZA PARKER

Why thank you Sam. I used to help with the cooking on Jacob's ranch.

SAM QUIGLEY

(lights up a cigar)

Liz, I think it's time we went to Texas and settled your affairs. I have a new cook starting tomorrow. We can take the train and stop off in Denver for a few days. We'll make this trip our honeymoon.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAM QUIGLEY RANCH OFFICE - DAY

Sam Quigley is sitting behind a desk in the ranch office. His Foreman is seated across from him.

SAM QUIGLEY

Tom, Mrs. Quigley and I are going to take a trip to Texas. We need to sell her dress shop. It will be sort of a honeymoon for us. You will be in charge. We'll be gone around three weeks. I'll drive the buggy to Evanston and leave it at the livery stable next to the railroad station. That will save you a trip. When we get back lets talk about you becoming the owner of this ranch someday.

FOREMAN

Sam, how could I ever buy this place.

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

We could work out a deal where you would pay me with the profits over say a ten year period. It's been done before and I can't think of anyone better to take over this ranch. I ain't getting any younger.

FOREMAN

Sam, I don't know what to say. It's always been a dream of mine to own my own spread. I'll do my best to make this work for you.

SAM QUIGLEY

(stands up and offers a handshake)

I know you will Tom.

Sam Quigley and his Foreman shake hands.

FOREMAN

Sam, what about this Marston fella. Do you think he'll cause any trouble?

SAM QUIGLEY

I don't think so. Besides It would be me he's after.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Sam Quigley is loading luggage into the buggy. From the bluff overlooking Sam Quigley's ranch, Ned Marston watches Sam Quigley load luggage into the buggy.

NED MARSTON

(under his breath)

Looks like the lovebirds are going on a long trip. Well I'll have a big surprise for them when they return.

He helps Eliza Parker into the buggy. Eliza notice that Sam Quigley is carrying a side arm. They ride off.

ELIZA PARKER

Sam, do you really need to carry a gun?

SAM QUIGLEY

(grins)

Well, I'd feel naked without one in Texas.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE RAILROAD STATION IN EVANSTON, WY. - MORNING

In the shadows Ned Marson watches Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker board the train. After the train departs, Ned Marston walks into the train station office and goes to the ticket counter. A RAILROAD CLERK 2 is writing in a journal.

NED MARSTON

(in a polite tone)

Excuse me. I just missed my uncle Sam Quigley and his wife. Do you have any idea how long they will be gone?

RAILROAD CLERK 2

(looks up)

Let me see here. They booked tickets to Abilene, Texas. They will return in exactly three weeks. Hope that helps you.

NED MARSTON

(smiling)

Oh yes. You have been a big help. Thank you.

FADE OUT.

EXT. A RESTAURANT IN DENVER, COLORADO - EVENING

Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker are conversing over dinner.

ELIZA PARKERN

(cutting a steak)

I've never been to Denver before. I'm glad we stopped. Sam, this trout is wonderful.

SAM QUIGLEY

(smiling)

I always make it a point to stop here when I'm in Denver.

ELIZA PARKER

Sam, my living quarters are above the dress shop. They are very nice but I don't know who would want to buy my dress shop.

SAM QUIGLEY

(takes a sip of wine)

Do you have anyone that helps you run it?

ELIZA PARKER

Why yes. In fact she is running it right now while I'm gone. Her name is Rachel. She has been with me for almost five years. She lives on a ranch with her parents.

SAM QUIGLEY

She sounds perfect. Why don't you let her pay you out of the profits like I'm going to do with Tom. It would be a good deal for both of you.

ELIZA PARKER

(smiling)

Why that's a great idea. Thank you Sam.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE RAILROAD STATION IN ABILENE, TEXAS - DAY

The train pulls into the train depot in Abilene, Texas. Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker get off the train and walk into the depot.

FADE OUT.

INT. ELIZA PARKER'S DRESS IN ABILENE, TEXAS - DAY

Eliza Parker is talking with RACHEL, a full figured woman in her thirties with curly blond hair.

RACHEL

(smiling)

Why Mrs. Parker, I don't what to say. I've always wanted a shop of my own someday. It will be so nice living in town again.

ELIZA PARKER

I know You will do well Rachel. Oh and it's Mrs. Quigley now but please call me Liz.

RACHEL

I'm so happy that you found someone but so sorry about Cora.

ELIZA PARKER
 (gives Rachel a hug)
 Thank you Rachel.

The door opens and a bell rings. Sam Quigley walks in and tips his hat.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (smiling)
 Hello ladies.

ELIZA PARKER
 (smiling, she points to
 Sam Quigley)
 Rachel, this is my husband Sam. It
 was his idea to have you buy my
 store.

RACHEL
 (bushes a bit)
 Oh my! Nice to meet you Sir.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (tips his hat again)
 How do you do Rachel. Good luck in
 your new business.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH CORRAL - AFTERNOON

The Foreman and all of the hands are in the bunkhouse dining room eating supper when three shots are heard. They all stop eating and go outside. They all walk over to the main corral where three horses are lying dead. As they enter the corral, two of the hands are shot and fall dead. The rest of the hands run for cover. The cook steps out of the bunkhouse doorway and is immediately shot in the chest.

The hands wait until dark and then saddle their horses. As they start to leave, the Foreman halts them.

FOREMAN
 (holds his hands up)
 Boys, wait. Don't leave now. Mr.
 Quigley will be back tomorrow.

The hands ignore the Foreman and leave the ranch in groups.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Someone tell the sheriff what
happened here.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - MORNING

The Foreman is dozing in a chair on the front porch of the ranch house. A Winchester is resting in his lap. He wakes and looks at his pocket watch.

FOREMAN
(under his breath)
I better go into town and warn Sam.

The Foreman walks over to the main corral and starts to saddle a horse. As he starts to cinch the saddle down, a shot is rings out. The Foreman falls to the ground with a bullet wound in his thigh. He crawls behind a water trough and pauses. The Foreman slowly starts crawling towards the ranch house with the Winchester cradled in his arms. Through the Malcom scope, Ned Marston watches the Foreman crawl into the ranch house.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE RAILROAD STATION IN EVANSTON, WY. - MORNING

The train pulls into the train depot in Evanston, Wyoming. Sam Quigley and Eliza Parker get off the train and walk over to the livery stable and pick up the buggy. They head for Sam Quigley's ranch.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON

As they approach the ranch, Sam Quigley gets a very worried look on his face. The ranch appears deserted. As they get closer, Sam Quigley's Foreman Tom steps through the doorway onto the porch. He is holding a Winchester and a bloody bandage is wrapped around his thigh. Sam Quigley dismounts the buggy and rushes towards his Foreman.

SAM QUIGLEY
(shouting)
Tom, what the hell happened here?

FOREMAN
 (in a weak voice)
 Oh Sam. Sam...

The Foreman collapses into Sam Quigley's arm. Eliza Parker dismounts the buggy and helps Sam Quigley carry the Foreman into the living room. They gently lay him down on a couch.

ELIZA PARKER
 (looks at the bandage)
 He's lost a lot of blood Sam.

FOREMAN
 (opens his eyes and looks
 at Sam Quigley)
 Sam, it was terrible. I tried to
 stop them. I, I...

SAM QUIGLEY
 (kneels down next to the
 Foreman)
 Just take it easy Tom. Can you tell
 me what happened.

FOREMAN
 (in a raspy voice)
 It started last night after the
 evening meal. Someone starting
 shooting horse's in the main
 corral. When the hands came out to
 see what was happening, he shot
 three of them dead on the spot
 including our new cook. Any time
 someone showed their face, He would
 fire a shot at them. The shots came
 from that same place on the bluff.
 (coughs, his voice grows
 weaker)
 During the night all of the hands
 saddled their horses and took off.
 I tried to stop them but it was no
 use. I told them to tell the
 Sheriff what happened but I think
 they were all too scared to go into
 town. This morning I saddled my
 horse and was going to warn you
 when I got shot. Sam, we, we....

The Foreman passes out. Sam Quigley goes to his gun cabinet and retrieves his 1866 Winchester.

SAM QUIGLEY
(pointing to the Foreman)
Lis, can you take a look at his
leg. Make sure the bleeding has
stopped.

Sam Quigley walks over to a window and looks to the bluff. He
walks back to the couch. He lays the Winchester on a table.

ELIZA PARKER
(wipes the Foreman's
Forehead)
What are you going to do Sam?

SAM QUIGLEY
(shakes his head)
I don't know. I guess I misjudged
Marston. Poor judgement on my part.

Ned Marston steps out from a bedroom. He is pointing his 1873
Winchester at Sam Quigley.

NED MARSTON
(grinning)
You sure did misjudge me Quigley.
Don't make a move or I'll kill your
bride.

SAM QUIGLEY
(put his hands up halfway)
What do you want you son of a
bitch?

NED MARSTON
(snarling)
First of all take that pistol out
of the holster and lay it on the
floor, slowly. I want that \$25.000
in gold you owe me. Tomorrow
morning you are going to the bank
to get my money. Any tricks this
time and I'll slit her throat sure
as I'm standing here.

Sam Quigley draws his Colt from the holster and gently lays
it on the floor.

SAM QUIGLEY
Why did you kill my hands? They did
you no wrong.

NED MARSTON

(smiling)

I wanted to give you a taste of
your son's medicine.

SAM QUIGLEY

You won't get away with this.

NED MARSTON

(grinning)

I believe I will Quigley. This time
I won't misjudge you. Just sit your
ass down in that chair. You will be
leaving for the bank at daylight.

Sam Quigley sits down in a large leather chair. Ned Marston pulls out one of the dining room chairs and sits down with his back to the couch. He keeps the 1873 Winchester aimed at Sam Quigley. The Foreman opens his eyes and notices Ned Marston sitting with the Winchester aimed at Sam Quigley. The Foreman draws a knife, slowly rises up and slowly walks toward Ned Marston. As he walks, he coughs and starts to shake. Ned Marston hears the sound and turns around. He levers the 1873 Winchester rifle and it jams. The lever will not close.

NED MARSTON (CONT'D)

(screams)

What the hell?

He throws the Winchester on the floor. Sam Quigley sees the 1873 Winchester hit the floor and gets up. He moves toward the table with the 1866 Winchester on it. Ned Marston see's Sam Quigley moving toward the 1866 Winchester. He draws his Colt from the holster and shoots Sam Quigley in the chest just below his shoulder. The force of the shot sends Sam Quigley to the floor. Ned Marston cocks the Colt and takes aim at Sam Quigley laying on the floor. Eliza Parker picks up Sam Quigley's Colt.

ELIZA PARKER

(screams)

Marstonnnn.

Ned Marston turns and looks at Eliza Parker. Using a one handed grip, she cocks the pistol and shoots Ned Marston between the eyes. Ned Marston falls backwards onto the floor. Sam Quigley looks up at Eliza Parker with a puzzled expression.

ELIZA PARKER (CONT'D)

(with a slight smile)

I said guns scare me. Never said I
didn't know how to use one.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (in a weak and raspy
 voice)
 Well I guess the \$25,000 in that
 strong box was worth it!

INT. THE SAM QUIGLEY RANCH DINING ROOM - EVENING

Super:

One week later

Sam Quigley, Eliza Parker along with the Bank President and the Foreman are seated at the dining room table finishing dinner.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (raises his glass in a
 toast)
 Hers's to the future owner of this
 ranch. Tom, if you wouldn't have
 made that move om Marston. We all
 would be pushing up daisies.

FOREMAN
 Thanks Sam. By the way, All of the
 hands are back now. I told them you
 and I hold nothing against them for
 leaving me alone.

Eliza Parker and the Banker raise their glasses and smile.
 They all drink a toast to the Foreman.

ELIZA PARKER
 (with s curious look)
 Sam, you never told me why
 Marston's rifle jammed.

SAM QUIGLEY
 (smiling)
 You can't chamber a .45 Colt
 cartridge into a rifle chambered in
 .44-40. Luck for us Marston never
 levered the rifle until he was
 ready to use it.

BANK PRESIDENT
 Well I'll be dammed.

THE END