

# **SMALL IN THE SADDLE**

An original screenplay

by

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**SAMPLE PAGES**

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**SMALL IN THE SADDLE**

FADE IN:

EXT MOUNTAINS DAY

An 1880's STEAM TRAIN belches smoke, RUMBLING through rugged mountain terrain.

On a bluff, several OUTLAWS sit on horseback watching the train below. They appear bigger than life, all rugged men in their prime, each with a determined, noble look in his eyes. Their leader, CLINTON SOTO, a tough man with a thick mustache, checks his revolver.

BODINE (VO)

Clinton Soto was a regular bird 'o  
prey, he was. Could smell a gold  
shipment ten miles away.

The outlaws spur their horses, heading down the incline at a dangerous speed.

BODINE (cont'd, VO)

And his men... loyal to the death,  
every one!

The outlaws THUNDER towards the train, their horses kicking up dust and dirt.

The train ROARS past throwing sparks, cinders and steam.

The OUTLAWS reach the tracks and take off after the train.

BODINE (VO)

There just weren't nothin' could  
stop 'em.

The outlaws reach the rear passenger car. With practiced ease, all but one of the men jump from horseback to the train.

A swarthy outlaw climbs to the roof of the car. The rest draw guns as SOTO leads them inside.

EXT TRAIN ROOFTOPS DAY

The swarthy outlaw runs along the rooftops towards the locomotive.

BODINE (VO)

Clint was smart as they come. Had it all planned out. Every damn move timed to the second.

INT PASSENGER CAR DAY

Soto and his men make their way towards the front of the train. Two of the outlaws pause to remove valuables from the PASSENGERS.

BODINE (VO)

And every man-jack of the bunch could make any lady light-headed.

One of them politely tips his hat to a WOMAN as he removes a broach from her. In awe, she swoons.

EXT LOCOMOTIVE CAB DAY

The swarthy outlaw climbs across the tender and jumps down behind the ENGINEER and FIREMAN. He gestures with his gun. The fireman respectfully raises his hands as the engineer pulls back on the throttle and applies the brakes.

The train comes to a SCREECHING stop.

EXT EXPRESS CAR

Two outlaws FIRE their guns at the rear door lock, shattering it.

BODINE (VO)

Clint could be fierce as a bear. Had ta be... seein' he was the best.

Soto ceremoniously holsters his gun, steps forward and kicks in the door.

INT EXPRESS CAR DAY

Soto bursts through the doorway. The EXPRESS CLERK leaps for his shotgun. A DEPUTY moves into position and goes for his gun.

BODINE (VO)  
 Just lucky for the folks he  
 robbed... ol' Clint had a merciful  
 streak about him.

Lightning fast and with style, Soto draws his gun and SHOTS.  
 The gun flies from the deputy's hand. The deputy is impressed.  
 The express clerk, equally impressed, drops his shotgun.

EXT TRAIN DAY

The side door of the express car slides open.

An outlaw gallops up leading the horses.

Soto supervises as his men transfer bags overflowing with gold  
 and currency from the train to their horses.

BODINE (VO)  
 With that kind of take, Clint lived  
 like a king... him and his boys.  
 Lordy, what a life!

The outlaws mount up. Soto jumps from the express car to the  
 back of his horse.

BODINE (cont'd, VO)  
 We had money, good whiskey... saw  
 every part of the country a man  
 could wanna see.

A couple of COWBOYS, guns drawn, make their way out to a  
 passenger car platform. The outlaws SHOOT at them, splintering  
 the door frame as the cowboys duck back inside.

The outlaws rear their horses, then gallop away down the trail.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT SHERIFF'S OFFICE DAY

TOMMY BODINE, early twenties but looks older, thin, grizzled and  
 worn.

BODINE  
 Those were good times... ridin'  
 with Clinton Soto.

Reveal that Bodine is sitting on a cot inside a jail cell. He closes the dime novel in his hand and passes it through the bars to...

Ten-year-old ANDY GARITY, a rugged boy with shaggy hair and mischievous eyes. Andy is adventurous, often acting without thinking first. Wide-eyed and excited by the story, Andy looks at the novel in his hand.

Entitled CLINTON SOTO: RAILROAD BANDIT, the cover illustration depicts a thickly-mustachioed man with protruding eyes and a revolver in each hand. A train surrounded by armed bandits is pictured behind him.

Andy looks back at Bodine, wanting to believe.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Wow... excitin' business.

DEPUTY BILL SWINTON napping in a chair, his feet up on the sheriff's desk, slowly awakens at Andy's exclamation. He is in his twenties. The office is small, dusty and well-worn. It is littered with musty wanted posters and unfinished reports.

ANDY

But I thought Clinton Soto was just in the dime novels.

BODINE

That's what they all want ya' to believe.

SHERIFF JAMES GARITY enters, immediately seeing Andy at the cell and not liking it. He is a rough-hewn man of medium build with a friendly face and no-nonsense bearing. The sheriff is dressed for cold weather.

ANDY

They...?

BODINE

The law! 'Cause they never been able to catch 'em.

SHERIFF GARITY

But they didn't have too much trouble catchin' you... did they Bodine?

Andy is glad to see the sheriff. He immediately dives behind a chair and points a pretend gun (his finger) at his father.

ANDY  
(tough)  
Hands in the air, lawman.

The sheriff raises his hands out of habit. He notices Bodine grinning at him and quickly returns to his official posture.

SHERIFF GARITY  
It's "pa" to you, Andy. And whatta  
you think you're doin'... wasting  
good time around this two-bit  
chicken rustler?

Bodine looks pained.

CONTINUED:

BODINE  
Now, sheriff, you cut me to my  
heart, talkin' like that.

Swinton, fully awake now, CHUCKLES, drawing the sheriff's attention.

SHERIFF GARITY  
And how many times have I told you?  
I don't want my son in here with  
the prisoners... and get your feet  
off my desk.

Swinton hurries to obey, almost tipping his chair over.

SWINTON  
I didn't even see him come in.

SHERIFF GARITY  
Didn't see him. Fell asleep again,  
didn't ya'?

Swinton is embarrassed at giving himself away.

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)  
You keep on doin' that with  
prisoners in the cell... some day  
I'm gonna come in here and find you  
slit from top to bottom.

Andy's eyes widen at the gory thought. He decides to change the subject.

ANDY

Tommy was just tellin' about when  
he used to ride with Clinton Soto.

SHERIFF GARITY

Clinton Soto?

Andy enthusiastically holds up the dime novel. The sheriff fondly puts his arm around Andy's shoulders and begins ushering him towards the door.

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)

Son, that's just a made up story...  
and Tommy Bodine's own mother  
wouldn't ride with him.

ANDY

But he said—

CONTINUED:

BODINE

(interrupting)

You leave my mama out of this,  
Garity.

SHERIFF GARITY

Come on. We gotta get ready for  
your trip tomorrow.

Andy's attitude darkens.

ANDY

Don't see how it's "my trip" when  
it ain't *my* idea.

SHERIFF GARITY

*Isn't* my idea. You just get along.

Andy fastens his coat as the sheriff ushers him out the door. Sheriff Garity turns back to Swinton.

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)

And *you*... see that you stay awake.

SWINTON

Yes, sir.

Sheriff Garity begins to exit but turns back to Swinton.

SHERIFF GARITY

Kind of gotten used to you, Bill.  
Shame if you got yourself killed.  
I'd have to break in a new man.

The sheriff gives Swinton a friendly wink, then exits.

EXT SILVER BOX MAIN STREET DAY

SHERIFF GARITY and ANDY walk up the moderately busy street, muddy from recent rain.

SHERIFF GARITY

You know I've told you to stay away  
from the prisoners. They got  
nothin' you want or need in life.

ANDY

You know that Tommy Bodine can spit  
all the way up to the ceiling...  
an' catch the same spit in his  
mouth when it comes back down? And  
he's got some stories—

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF GARITY

(interrupting)

That's just what they are, son...  
stories. Tall ones at that.

Two WORKMEN are tying a banner across the balcony railing of the Silver Box Hotel that reads VOTE SIPEL FOR CITY COUNCIL.

CHARLIE WILBUR and HAROLD SIPEL, spineless as their names might suggest, supervise the workman. They see the sheriff and wave.

WILBUR

Hey, sheriff... where's your  
banner? Election day's not all  
that far off, ya' know.

The sheriff waves a greeting but keeps moving.



SHERIFF GARITY

Been meanin' to get my deputy on it.

SIPEL

Don't wait too long. Be a shame if we couldn't work along side ya' another term.

The sheriff and Andy continue up the street.

ANDY

Only thing those two ever work alongside is the bar at Billy's Saloon.

Sheriff Garity "shush's" Andy and lightly cuffs him for his lack or respect.

ANDY (cont'd)

Well, that's what *you* say.

The sheriff holds back a laugh as they continue down the street.

EXT GARITY HOUSE NIGHT

Lantern light burns from the windows of this small, rough-hewn house.

INT GARITY HOUSE NIGHT

A small room with a cooking area built off to the side. Rustic, hand-made furniture. A bunk is built into an alcove next to the stone fireplace. A collection of wanted posters cover the walls around the bunk. Several dime novels are piled on a nearby shelf.

ANDY is at the bunk, dutifully packing clothes into a grip. He chooses a couple of wanted posters and a few of the novels, carefully placing them in with the clothes. SHERIFF GARITY enters from the only bedroom.

ANDY

Tommy Bodine said Clinton Soto only picks banks holdin' at least ten thousand dollars.

The sheriff checks a pot bubbling on the stove, trying to ignore the outlaw talk.

SHERIFF GARITY

He did, did he? Smells good.

ANDY

But he said the trains usually carry more. Payrolls and the like.

SHERIFF GARITY

You know this is boilin'?

Andy hurries to the stove and moves the pot off the fire. He and the sheriff then team up to set the table and dish out the food. They work together efficiently - a well-oiled machine.

ANDY

My new book's mainly 'bout trains.

SHERIFF GARITY

(frustrated)

Ya' know... I just don't get why you're always goin' on about those hard cases. Can't ya see how excitin' my job is?

ANDY

Ah, pa... not *this* again?

SHERIFF GARITY

Well?

ANDY

Filling out reports ain't my idea of excitin'?

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF GARITY

What about the time the bank was robbed? I rode those boys down in three days.

ANDY

Boring.

SHERIFF GARITY

Boring?

ANDY

All I saw was you writin' out all those papers on 'em while they slept in the cell.

They sit down at the table. Andy reaches for a slice of bread and begins to stuff it in his mouth. A raised hand from his father stops him. He puts down the bread and they bow their heads.

SHERIFF GARITY

Lord, another day and once again we're beholdin' to ya for giving this food. Much obliged.

ANDY/SHERIFF GARITY

Amen.

They dig in.

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)

(sighing)

Well... maybe you'll see things different at your new school.

ANDY

I don't see nothin' wrong with school here.

SHERIFF GARITY

(correcting)

I don't see *anything* wrong.

ANDY

Then why do I have ta go?

SHERIFF GARITY

The Baxter School's well thought of in Denver. Your ma always wanted you to have a chance like this.

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Stuck up school... probably turn ya' into one of those gents who drinks tea from a little cup with a pinky finger stuck up his nose.

SHERIFF GARITY

Just more civilized... that's all.

ANDY

I like it here just fine.

SHERIFF GARITY

This town's growin'... too fast if ya' ask me. Nothing but miners, hunters, trappers settlin' in... men out to make a dollar. Don't care 'bout much else. Then we got everybody else who wants to get that dollar away from 'em.

ANDY

That's what makes it interestin' There's always... there's always adventure.

SHERIFF GARITY

Son... I want something more for you than we got 'round here. I know your ma would. Besides, your Aunt Flo's dyin' to have you stay with her.

ANDY

I seen prize bulls carryin' less weight than Aunt Flo.

The sheriff reaches across the table to cuff Andy but the boy dodges him.

ANDY (cont'd)

(indignantly)

Well, that's what you—

SHERIFF GARITY

(interrupting)

You just never mind what I said.

Andy glumly plays with his food. Gradually, he meets his father's gaze and they both smile.

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)  
She does give livestock a run for  
the money, doesn't she?

They share a LAUGH. Sheriff Garity thinks a moment, gets an idea.

SHERIFF GARITY (cont'd)  
So you don't think ridin' the train  
all the way to Denver by yourself  
is an adventure?

Andy thinks about it, torn between the adventures he knows and the new possibilities.

ANDY  
Ridin' the train does sound fine...

The sheriff is pleased.

ANDY (cont'd)  
It's not comin' right back home  
that don't set well with me.

Sheriff Garity fights his growing frustration.

SHERIFF GARITY  
Set well or not, we're gonna give  
it a try. You be ready first thing  
in the morning?

Andy purses his lips.

ANDY  
(unhappily)  
I'll be ready.

Andy pushes away from the table and hurries out the front door. Sheriff Garity shakes his head with a bemused and weary smile.

EXT MOUNTAINS DAY

A steam train CHUGS through rugged foothill terrain. The engine pulls an express car and two passenger cars. Forest surrounds the railroad right-of-way. The soil is moist from rain.

INT 1ST PASSENGER CAR

PASSENGERS bundled in heavy clothing do their best to keep warm. The CONDUCTOR bustles in, hurriedly shutting the door behind him. He moves towards the opposite end of the car, past ANDY, where a few passengers are huddled around a small pot-bellied stove. A MAN turns from the stove.

MAN

Conductor. How long 'till Denver?

The conductor consults his pocket watch.

CONDUCTOR

'Bout two hours... give or take.

The conductor exits the car. Andy looks up from his dime novel, beginning to enjoy the adventure of his trip in spite of himself.

Andy excitedly reads, alternately referring to the novel, then peering out the window with the hope of spotting a few holdup men. Andy turns to the GENTLEMAN sitting in the seat facing him. The gentleman, in his fifties and rather obese, is trying to sleep.

ANDY

Do ya' think the train'll be  
stopped, mister?

One or two passengers, not amused, look towards Andy.

ANDY (cont'd)

Mister.

The gentleman slowly opens his eyes.

ANDY (cont'd)

You think this train'll be robbed?

The gentleman looks sternly at Andy, then closes his eyes.

ANDY (cont'd)

My book says any train pulling an  
express car is a sure target for  
bandits.

The gentleman doesn't stir.

CONTINUED:

ANDY (cont'd)

Says here that Clinton Soto wiped out a posse of twenty men with just six men of his own. That was during the Union Pacific job.

(pause)

My pa says I talk too much 'bout bandits, train robbers and the like.

(pause)

You think that, mister?

The gentleman's eyes slowly open. He looks as if he might speak, but thinks better of it, gradually becoming annoyed.

ANDY (cont'd)

Bandits tried to hit our bank last year. Excitin' business.

(pause)

I'd rather've stayed in Silver Box.

GENTLEMAN

(attempting patience)

I'm sure your pa knows best.

Andy returns to his dime novel as the gentleman shuts his eyes. MOVE IN CLOSE on the novel. The moustachioed sketch of Soto fills the FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT MOUNTAINS DAY

FLYNN HAGGERTY'S face is momentarily SUPERIMPOSED over the face on the dime novel. He is in his late thirties with a thick beard and mustache that almost completely hides his face. After twenty-some years in a criminal career, Flynn still can't claim to be very successful. Bad luck or lack of concentration holds him back.

A distant TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS. Flynn looks down the slope.

About a mile away, the train approaches around the side of the mountain.

Flynn gallops his horse down the slope.

EXT ROAD DAY

Flynn rides up to GABE SLEEKER and JUD MALLET who are sitting on horseback beside a narrow, rutted road. They, too, wear hats and dusters.

Gabe is in his thirties and wears a heavy beard, mustache. He has had a hard life but makes the best of all situations with his sense of humor and easy-going attitude. Gabe is occupying his time by hacking away at a small block of wood with his jackknife.

Jud, about forty-years-old, also sports a beard and mustache. Jud's ruthlessness and meanness provide him with the most potential for success in the criminal field. If he were as bright as Flynn, he might be able to make a name for himself.

JUD

I don't like it a bit. Too damp...  
road's too muddy. What if the  
wagon gets stuck? We'll be—

FLYNN

(interrupting)

She's a comin'. 'Bout a half-mile  
off by now.

JUD

This wagon idea's stupid, Haggerty!  
Nobody uses a wagon.

FLYNN

We're using a wagon.

Flynn spurs his horse forward.

FLYNN (cont'd)

(shouting)

Sam!

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

SAM WESLY stands beside a wagon driven by a team of two horses. He is dressed exactly like the other three men, right down to the whiskers. The oldest member of the gang, Sam's most active days in the outlaw business have come and gone. He takes a piece of licorice out of a small cotton bag.



The bed of the wagon is covered by a canvas tarpaulin. The rig is parked directly over the railroad tracks. A rear wheel is off its axle, leaning against the side of the wagon.

Flynn leads Gabe and Jud into the trees.

CONTINUED:

Sam pops the candy into his mouth, then rolls the loose wheel to the axle. As the train comes into view, he begins to struggle with the wheel, trying to get it onto the axle.

INT/EXT RAILROAD CROSSING ENGINEER'S POV

Seen through the locomotive cab's front window, Sam struggles with the wheel as the train begins to slow down. The WHISTLE BLOWS.

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

The locomotive comes to a stop only a few feet away from the wagon. Sam casually leans the wheel back against the side of the wagon and strolls over to the engine cab. The ENGINEER and FIREMAN watch from the cab. Sam leans on the handrail on the side of the tender.

SAM

Whoeee! Sure glad you saw me in time. Brand new rig.

ENGINEER

Lose a wheel? Ya' picked one hell-of-a place...

Sam swings himself up into the cab, pulling a revolver from under his duster.

SAM

Yes-siree! Sure glad you stopped in time. Up there on the tender, please.

Sam waves his gun towards the tender and the startled men obey.

INT 1ST PASSENGER CAR

Excited, Andy peers through the window. Seen through the window, Flynn, Gabe and Jud ride out of the trees, guns in their hands.

EXT TRAIN

The gang rein their horses up beside the express car. The conductor walks out on the platform of the 2nd passenger car.

FLYNN

Inside!

CONTINUED:

The conductor hesitates. Gabe quickly FIRES a few shots that splinter wood beside the conductor's head. The conductor quickly disappears inside the car. Passengers begin lowering windows, looking outside.

FLYNN (cont'd)

Keep yer heads inside. Stay in yer seats.

More passengers appear at the windows. Flynn SIGHS, then joins Gabe and Jud in aiming at the passenger cars. They FIRE repeatedly, shattering glass and splintering wood.

INT 1ST PASSENGER CAR

The passengers dive for the floor as glass and wood chips fly. The gunfire stops and the passengers slowly move back into their seats.

EXT TRAIN

The gang quickly reloads. Flynn guides his horse closer to the express car.

FLYNN

You in the express car... open it up!

There is no response from the express car.

FLYNN (cont'd)  
You in that express car. Open that  
door!  
(sarcastically)  
Please.

EXPRESS CLERK (OS)  
(from inside the car)  
I won't open any door... and I  
ain't afraid of any low, scum-  
sucking rail-robbers.

Jud GROWLS. Flynn glances at Gabe who sadly shakes his head.

FLYNN  
He's just real dedicated, ain't he?

GABE  
Nasty attitude, though.

CONTINUED:

Flynn tiredly draws a sawed-off, double-barrel shotgun from under his duster as he walks his horse up beside the express car door. There is a terrific EXPLOSION as he triggers the first barrel at the lock on the door. He quickly FIRES the second barrel and the lock is replaced by a gaping hole.

EXPRESS CLERK (OS)  
Alright, alright... don't shoot.

The door begins to slide open. The nervous EXPRESS CLERK appears with his hands over his head.

EXPRESS CLERK (cont'd)  
Don't shoot no more.

FLYNN  
Get on out of there.

The clerk jumps to the ground. Gabe climbs down from his horse.

GABE  
You wait on over there... where my  
business associate can keep an eye  
on ya'.

The clerk moves over to the front of the train where Sam is guarding the engineer and fireman. Gabe climbs into the express car.

Jud dismounts, and pulls an old canvas feed sack from his saddlebag.

JUD  
I'm gonna do the passengers.

FLYNN  
Don't shoot anybody.

Jud heads for the first passenger car.

INT 1ST PASSENGER CAR

Andy watches Jud walking towards the car through the window.

ANDY  
(excited)  
He's comin' in here!

GENTLEMAN  
Oh, good Lord!

CONTINUED:

The gentleman takes his wallet, pocket watch and places them under his hat.

Jud SLAMS open the car's front door and walks into the aisle, his gun threatening. A COWBOY sitting nearby begins to rise from his seat. Jud quickly brings his revolver barrel down across the cowboy's neck.

JUD  
Keep yer seats, get yer hands where  
I can see 'em.

The cowboy sinks back into his seat, glaring hatefully at Jud. The passengers raise their hands as Jud removes a small coin pouch from the cowboy.

Too absorbed in the action, Andy doesn't bother raising his hands.

Jud moves down the aisle collecting valuables. He reaches Andy's seat and notices the boy's hands aren't raised. It annoys him.

JUD (cont'd)  
You got any money, kid?

ANDY  
What gang is this, anyway?

JUD  
(annoyed)  
I said, you got money?

ANDY  
Your gang... what do ya' call yourselves?

JUD  
Now listen, kid!

A large, over-middle-aged WOMAN quickly stands up.

WOMAN  
You leave that child alone, you—

JUD  
(interrupting)  
Shut up and sit down!

The woman begins to object but Jud aims his gun at her. She sits down indignantly. The other passengers are giving Jud the "you're picking on a helpless child" look and he is embarrassed just enough to not bother with Andy any longer.

CONTINUED:

Jud turns to the gentleman who nervously returns Jud's gaze. Jud quickly lifts up the gentleman's hat, snatches out the wallet and watch, then crumples the hat back down on the gentleman's head. He moves on down the aisle. Andy follows.

ANDY  
(to Jud)  
Can I give ya' a hand?

Jud turns towards Andy, amazed. The passengers are equally startled.

GENTLEMAN  
You can't be serious!

JUD  
Get back to yer seat, kid.

ANDY  
Just thought I might be—

JUD  
(interrupting)  
Go sit down! Go on... get out of  
here.

Jud moves on to the next passenger. Andy follows, determined to give train robbing a try. Jud reaches for a necklace worn by the woman who spoke up for Andy. She tries to fend him away.

WOMAN  
Keep your hands off of me!

Jud keeps after the necklace.

ANDY  
But mister, I—

Jud swiftly turns on Andy and kicks violently at him. Andy jumps back, narrowly avoiding the kick.

JUD  
(shouting)  
You get out of here ya' little...

Jud lunges at Andy with the pistol barrel. Frightened, Andy again dodges Jud's attack, runs down the aisle and out the rear door.

GENTLEMAN  
Young man! No!

CONTINUED:

A few passengers begin to rise out of their seats and move towards Jud. Jud quickly turns his gun on them.

JUD  
(shouting)  
Sit down... all of ya'!

Jud continues his quest for the necklace.

WOMAN

Get away from me! You won't get  
one penny, you won't.

Jud finally tears the necklace chain from the woman's throat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

You, you... thieving from women and  
children. You'll pay. The likes  
of you always pay.

Jud drops the necklace in his sack and continues up the aisle.  
He glances back at the woman.

JUD

(to himself)

Lordy!

EXT TRAIN

Andy stuffs his dime novel into his coat. He scrambles along  
beside the cars on the opposite side of the train from where the  
gang is working. He pauses, trying not to panic. Andy looks  
towards the front of the train.

The team of horses and the front of the wagon are seen across  
the tracks in front of the locomotive.

Andy quickly moves towards the front of the train.

EXT 1ST PASSENGER CAR

Jud emerges from the rear door.

WOMAN (OS)

(from inside the car)

You'll pay, I tell you. You will  
for this...

Jud turns back, leaning through the doorway.

CONTINUED:

JUD

Just shut up, lady!

Jud SLAMS the door shut, crosses the platform to the second passenger car and enters.

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

Andy cautiously approaches the locomotive. He hesitates when he spots Sam standing in the cab. Andy slips past the engine cab just before Sam turns in his direction.

Andy runs to the wagon. He quickly raises up the tarpaulin and crawls underneath.

INT WAGON BED

In the darkness of the tarpaulined wagon, Andy burrows in among a couple of wooden crates, camping supplies and food. His breathing is heavy as he tries to get a hold on his fear.

EXT TRAIN

Jud approaches the express car, uneasily looking around for Andy. He even glances under the train. Flynn and Gabe are in the doorway of the car, struggling with an obviously heavy strongbox. They attempt to drag it out the doorway.

JUD

This thing's taken too long.

GABE

(to Flynn)

Push it!

FLYNN

I *am* pushing it!

Flynn and Gabe slide the strongbox closer to the doorway. It begins to clear the floor of the car.

FLYNN (cont'd)

That's almost got it.

The strongbox clears the floor of the car and pulls Flynn and Gabe out the doorway, crashing to the ground. Jud is disgusted as Flynn and Gabe get to their feet.

FLYNN (cont'd)

You wasn't holdin' up your half.



CONTINUED:

GABE

I wasn't holdin' up my half? You  
was pullin' when ya' should of  
been-

Sam leans out of the engine cab.

SAM

(interrupting)

What's holdin' things up? We gotta  
get out o' here.

FLYNN

(annoyed)

Can't think of nothin' I'd like  
better.

(to Gabe)

The more I do this work... the more  
I think I'd like ta try something  
else.

Flynn and Gabe drag the strongbox across the ground, straining with the weight. Jud covers the conductor, engineer and fireman while Sam climbs down from the engine and hurries to the wagon.

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

Sam slips the wagon wheel back on the axle with little effort, then raises the tarpaulin.

INT WAGON BED

Andy silently winces, pulling into his corner as SAM'S HAND grabs a wrench.

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

Using the wrench, Sam quickly secures the wheel. He then helps Flynn and Gabe hoist the strongbox onto the wagon and slide it under the tarpaulin.

INT WAGON BED

The strongbox joins Andy in the wagon.

EXT RAILROAD CROSSING

Flynn, Gabe and Jud mount their horses as Sam climbs onto the wagon seat. Sam drives the wagon up the road at a fast pace. Flynn, Gabe and Jud follow.

JUD

This thing took too long, Haggerty.

FLYNN

Well... we get better at it with practice.

The gang disappears around a bend in the road.