



MEXICO 1960

14/18-146

T H E Y O U N G O N E

A Screenplay

by

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(Inspired by the story  
'Travelin' Man' by  
Peter Matthiessen)

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"THE YOUNG ONE"

FADE IN:

SHORE OF AN ISLAND OFF THE U. S. GULF COAST -  
AFTERNOON

- 1.- Traver becomes visible, through a gap in the shore-growth; he rows a small plywood rowboat on the stern of which is a silent five horse-power outboard.
- 2.- He glances wearily, apprehensively, over his shoulder towards land --- and again bends to his oars.

~~ANOTHER ANGLE - TRAVER IN ROWBOAT~~

- 3.- The bow of the boat hits mud and stops. Traver climbs out of the boat into ankle-deep water and grabs the bow and begins to haul it ashore.
- 4.- He wears a worn blue work-shirt, worn blue-jeans, a cap; under the cap is visible a handkerchief stained with dried blood. He is exhausted and now, pausing for breath as he turns and sees something OFF, a look of anger and irritation comes to his face:

- 5.- TRAVER'S ANGLE - A SIGN

Hammered into the mud of the bank it reads:

PRIVATE GAME PRESERVE  
Trespassers on this island  
will be prosecuted to the  
full extent of the law.

~~NEW ANGLE - TRAVER~~

- 6.- He tugs the boat violently off on another angle and finishes drawing it ashore in the matted undergrowth of the island shore.

## 7.- MED. SHOT - TRAVER

He reaches to the stern seat of the boat and retrieves a battered clarinet case; tucking this into his lap he finally collapses on the bank, shivers violently (from cold, lack of food) and rests his head in his hands.

CAMERA MOVES IN SLIGHTLY. Traver hears in memory the bark of dogs and faint SOUNDS of voices; he puts his hands over his ears and tries to block them out. CAMERA MOVES IN FASTER:

8.- EXT. SECTION OF A FOREST - TRAVER - NIGHT

Sounds of dogs and men's voices is loud and immediate, the crash of their passage through the underbrush. "Which way'd that black bastard go?" "Look at the dogs! Watch your dogs! They got the scent!" "Follow 'em. That's it". "Keep going!"

- 9.- The dogs' baying increases and sound of voices is nearby as Traver bursts into sight. He has been whipped by branches, his head bleeds from a cut and the blood washes down his cheek. He is breathless, gasping. He is dressed in a cheap tux coat, bow-tie and white shirt. All he carries is the clarinet case. For a blessed moment he leans against a tree, as the hunt swirls close, and regains his breath.

## EXT. AN ORCHARD - TRAVER - NIGHT

- 10.- Sounds of the hunt are now fainter as Traver walks from BEHIND CAMERA, lays the clarinet case in the crotch of a tree and, eyes always alert, watchful, rips off the tux coat, the tie, the shirt and pulls on the worn blue work-shirt.

## 11.- EXT. SWAMP BANK - TRAVER - NIGHT

He creeps into foreground, surveys the four or five boats pulled up on the bank; only one has a motor and this he takes, pushes it down to the water and jumps in and pushes off OUT OF SHOT.



CAMERA HOLDS: sound of the motor choking and then starting and then roaring to life and turning away.

Sound of motor fades away; water laps quietly against the other boats, sends them bobbing up and down, up and down.

Sound of gently lapping water and then -- sound of a loud shot.

13. CLOSE UP - MILLER - DAY

The island gamekeeper, he aims and fires a second shot.

12. ORIGINAL ANGLE - TRAVER ON ISLAND

He takes hands from his ears, sound of shot still echoing. He gets slowly to his feet and turns to creep forward and look about.

CUT TO:

15. MILLER

Lowers his rifle and walks forward to retrieve his game; over his shoulder is slung a heavy trap for some largish animal.

14. TRAVER

He draws back into underbrush, crouches quietly.

16. MED. SHOT - MILLER

He walks to foreground, picks up a rabbit which still kicks with life. He holds it by the hind legs and dispatches it with a cutting blow from the side of his palm to the back of its neck.

At some sudden sound he looks up and off:

17. MILLER'S ANGLE - A WILD PIG

It charges through the undergrowth -- followed by another.

## 18.-ORIGINAL ANGLE - MILLER

He makes no move to aim his gun but throws it over his shoulder, and starts forward, CAMERA PANS WITH HIM and we see him start to mount a trail which leads upwards away from the shore.

~~EXT. ISLAND CLEARING - MILLER~~

- 19.-He enters, selects a spot where there are a few shrubs and prepares to secure and set the heavy trap slung on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

## EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - CLOSE SHOT KEROSENE LAMP - DAY

- 20.- Evalyn removes the chimney, unscrews the wick-adjuster and fills base with kerosene. Evalyn is blonde, thirteen, unkempt. She wears a boy's T-shirt and sneakers. She has been crying.

She screws the top on the lamp, places the chimney, and carries the lamp from the workbench.

21.- NEW ANGLE - ~~EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN~~

It is the smaller of the two cabins in view, the larger, which is Miller's, stands about a hundred feet away. Evalyn enters the door of her cabin.

Miller comes into sight in b.g., and moves toward his cabin.

22.- MED. SHOT - ~~EXT. MILLER'S CABIN~~

Miller approaches, pushes door open with his foot and enters.

## 23.- INT. MILLER'S CABIN

as Miller enters and, from long habit, lays his gun on two wooden pegs to one side of the door.

Against one wall of this cabin is a threequarters-size bed which is unmade; several strings of well-used decoys hang from the wall, along the top of



the wall is a shelf with canned-goods and a box of tools, boxes of shotgun shells and ammunition, etc. Apart from a few dog-eared comics, magazines of the FIELD AND STREAM variety, the only book visible is a well-used Bible which rests on the second shelf of an apple-box improvised as a bed-table. The light, at night, is furnished by a Coleman gasoline lamp which hangs above the crude kitchen table. A well-used banjo hangs on one wall.

- 24- Miller turns from placing his gun and is about to throw the rabbit to the kitchen table when he sees that the breakfast dishes have not yet been cleared. He curses quietly to himself, kicks the kitchen chair aside and crosses to the improvised dry-sink and drainboard. He throws the rabbit to the drainboard and holds his hand above the wood-burning stove, he presses his hands on the black greasy top and, as it is clearly cold, turns angrily and crosses to the cabin door.

25- EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER

As he leans in doorway and shouts off in irritation:

MILLER  
Evvie!...Evvie!

There is no answer and, muttering something to himself he strides off toward the other cabin.

EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - MILLER

- 26- as He approaches, pushes open the door:

MILLER  
Evvie!... Get cracking. The breakfast dishes ain't even washed.

27- INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - MILLER AT DOORWAY

MILLER (cont'd:)  
What you been doing all day anyways...?

His voice trails away at what he sees inside.

~~MILLER'S POINT OF VIEW - INT. CABIN~~

Evalyn kneels beside one of two single beds and has been staring at the sixty-five to seventy-year-old man who lies dead there, his arm and body twisted in some last arrested action. He has several days' growth of beard, wears patched pants, an open shirt.

EVALYN  
Gramps is dead.

~~WIDER ANGLE - CABIN~~

28- Miller is affected for a moment, moves forward, looks.

MILLER  
Yeah?...Finally went, eh. Poor old Pee-Wee.  
(she rubs her hand over her eyes)  
Well, look -- it comes to everyone sooner or later. Sure. To me. To you.  
(takes her by the arm brusquely)  
Now stop the bawling. Get on over to my cabin and make me a wood fire. Stove's cold as a dog's nose.

She rises and shuffles slowly out of the cabin. Miller picks up the half-emptied bottle of cheap whisky that sits on the shelf beside the bed, examines the empty, finger-printed jelly glass, looks at the dead man and shakes his head.

29- He adjusts the dead man's limbs in a more composed position, covers the face with the sheet, goes to the door and looks back a moment. Finally he shakes his head again, grunts to himself, and goes.

30- EXT. SHORE OF ISLAND - TRAVER

Traver squats on a rocky outcropping, the crude weapon he has made by binding his pocket-knife to a heavy stick is poised above the surface of the



water, tracking something beneath the water.

He stabs the weapon down fast.

~~ANOTHER ANGLE - TRAVER~~

31- He draws the knife from the water, a live crab impaled on the blade.

32- He pulls the crab from the knife, lays the weapon across his knees and chews and sucks ravenously at the meat. Some sound makes him start, look behind and up:

33- TRAVER'S ANGLE - A LARGE BIRD

It has left a dead tree and flies, now silent, through the quiet air.

34- ANOTHER ANGLE - TRAVER

He finishes the crab, drops its shell on top of a small pile of similar leavings and creeps back through undergrowth to where his boat lies, upside down, camouflaged with swamp grass. Miserably, with one more look to make sure he is not observed, he edges under the boat and, lying on his back, tries to make himself comfortable.

He shivers uncontrollably.

35- INT. MILLER'S CABIN - PAPER AND PITCH PINE IN GRATE

Evalyn's hand brings a match to the paper and flames spring up with a crackle. She turns from the stove and gathers the dirty dishes from the table, places them in a chipped enamel dish-pan.

36- Miller sits on the chair, He removes his boots and pulls off his sweat-stiff socks.

MILLER

Here. Wash these while you're at it.

She sets clean knives and forks on table, climbs on chair to grope for a can of hominy grits.

MILLER

Tomorrow's Monday. Right?

(turns; squints at calendar  
on wall; she reaches precari-  
ously for can)

Right. Jackson'll be by with the  
launch. I'll send you into town  
with him. Thing to do is --

(the can crashes to table and  
spills his drink)

-- now look what you done!

- 37.-He is on his feet dashing whisky off his pants,  
flicking whisky from his fingers; he gives her a  
whack across the skull with his half-clenched hand  
as she gets down from chair.

MILLER

Knucklehead!

- 38.-Tears cloud her eyes as she retrieves the can, rubs  
her head, moves to drainboard.

Miller subsides, pours himself another drink.

MILLER

(sits)

Now, where was I? Oh, yes.

(sips drink)

Thing to do is let the folks at the church  
know about you. Sure. You go see them --  
they'll straighten you away.

(lights his pipe, considers  
her through its smoke)

Huh. A brat like you -- never been to  
school. Can't read. Can't write. Grown  
up like a damn swamp rat.

(lifts glass, thinks for  
a moment of the dead man)

He sure sopped this up. Yeah.

(drinks)

Old Pee-Wee! Many's the time I told him  
how I felt about the way he was bringing  
you up, that he should send you to school  
in town. He always said next week, next  
week.

(laughs)

Well, tomorrow's next week.



She goes outside, hardly having heard him, carrying the pan of dishes and his socks. He takes another drink.

He crosses, holds the rabbit up by its hind feet and makes the first long cut down its stomach, preparatory to removing its entrails.

39- EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - EVENING

Evalyn rubs socks energetically. She dumps out soapy water and puts in fresh water from a tap that climbs up side of building.

She starts to rinse the socks.

40- INT. MILLER'S CABIN

Miller hangs up the gutted, gleaming body of the skinned rabbit; ~~takes another drink~~ and stoops to put wood on the fire.

There is no wood left in the box. He shakes his head, long-suffering at Evalyn's sloppiness, and turns and goes outside.

41- EXT. MILLER'S CABIN

Miller removes his pipe, stretches his back muscles, luxuriating in the sensation of relaxation, the drink.

MILLER

Your fire's about to die. Needs fuel.

He moves past Evalyn who squeezes water from the socks; leans down over one of half-a-dozen chicken nests nailed to the side of the cabin.

MILLER (con'd.)

As for me, I got my mouth all set for a plate of ham, eggs and grits.

42- CLOSER SHOT - MILLER

He bends over the nests, and takes one egg from one nest, three from another:

MILLER  
(fondling them)  
Nice, fresh white eggs.

He slams the nests shut and straightens up to stare off, smoke rising from his pipe, eyes suddenly contemplative:

43-ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Evalyn.

She stands on tip-toes to hang his socks on the line. Her thin T-shirt, now drawn tight across her front, reveals two sharp-tipped buds of breasts. Miller, in b.g., takes his pipe from his mouth.

MILLER  
Pee-Wee'd only held on a little  
longer he'd have seen you a woman,  
Evvie.  
(approaches, inspects her)  
Yes, sir. A real woman.

Evalyn has paid no attention to him and turns to lean over pile of fresh-cut wood and begins to heap some in her arm.

MILLER  
(gallant)  
Here. You take the eggs -- I'll tote  
the wood.

But she ignores him, still angry, and moves toward cabin.

Miller watches her, appreciating her movement, as she does so; watches her enter cabin, then follows.

44-

INT. MILLER'S CABIN, EVENING

Evalyn crosses and puts wood in the stove while Miller places eggs on drainboard and pumps and lights the Coleman lamp. During this operation he keeps his eyes on her, ~~interrupts his staring only to reach absently down and take a drink of whisky.~~



MILLER

How old you, anyways?

EVALYN

Used to know. That was when Ma was  
alive. Before Gramps brought me out here.

She puts frying pan on stove, spoons tinned butter  
into pan.

45- Miller adjusts lamp's volume, moves up and down  
thoughtfully, finally half-sits on edge of table.

MILLER

Here. Come here.

(obediently, she turns from  
frying-pan, crosses)

Tell the age of a horse by its teeth.

You know that?

(she shakes her head; he  
nods, laughing)

Yeah. But with a hog or woman what  
counts is weight.

With an assumed detached, scientific interest, he  
holds up her arm and palpates it; here, there.

MILLER

You're fleshed out, at that.

(looks down at her legs, lifts  
the hem of her skirt)

Let's have your leg.

She lifts it, automatically obedient, glances toward  
melting butter as he feels her calf, her knee, the  
thigh.

46- She pulls her skirt a bit higher to accommodate him.  
He glances at her quickly to see if there is any  
deliberateness in the act. There is not. She, too, is  
curious to know how old she is; then something more  
important catches her attention. She looks off to  
where the butter sizzles loudly in the pan.

EVALYN

(alarmed)

It'll burn!

Miller drops her leg but holds her skirt, looks at her two legs as they stand straight and close together.

She pulls away and salvages the butter; ~~he again reaches for his drink.~~

47. He paces up and down ~~after the drink~~, wrestling with his own desire.

MILLER

(almost to himself)

Ain't healthy for a kid to pass a night alone with a dead person.

(turns)

You'd better sleep here tonight.

(starts for door)

I'll go get your cot.

He pauses, crosses, takes her chin in his hands and examines her face.

MILLER

(disgusted)

And wash your face and hands. Your knees, too. Yeah. And brush your hair.

(grunts, lets go of her chin)

Way Pee-Wee let you run around's a crying shame.

He ~~takes drink~~, starts for door.

EVALYN

Your dinner -- ?

MILLER

(hoarsely)

Go do what I say.

(nods outside)

Go on.

She places the pan to one side and he, confused, ~~comes back to table and pours another drink --~~ and watches her go.



48- Suddenly, he notices that the skinned rabbit, red and raw, drips blood onto magazines below where it is hung.

He takes a big plate and, crossing, places it so as to catch the dripping blood.

49- EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - EVALYN

She finishes washing her face, dries it, her hands and knees, picks up her comb and runs it through her hair. But the comb is old, broken, gap-toothed; it leaves her hair in widely-separated swatches, better ordered but still far from being combed.

She examines her reflection in the scrap of mirror that Miller uses to shave in, shrugs, puts comb back where she got it and goes inside.

50- INT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER, EVALYN

as Evalyn enters, conscious of her appearance. Miller glances at her, grunts, indicates chair:

MILLER

Sit down. Here.

(she crosses and sits as he takes his own comb from toilet articles)

You look better, I'll say that. Thing is you just don't know how.

(slaps dandruff out of his comb on his pants, starts to comb her hair)

You'll have to learn. Take a bath every day. Out here it's okay to go around all ratty and rumpled. In town those kids'll make fun of you. Know what I mean?

(finishes combing her hair, secures it behind her head with an elastic band)

There! Now look at yourself. Go on!

51- He steps back, not without a certain pride in her appearance and she, slowly, crosses and looks at herself in the mirror.

For the first time she sees herself, hair combed and neat, face shining -- beginning to bud out.

52- He crosses behind her, smooths her hair, leans down and kisses her on the neck. She reacts in sudden bewilderment, almost paralyzed as she stares at him.

MILLER  
(laughing)  
What's wrong? Tickle?

Still laughing he stoops, sweeps her up in his arms and starts to carry her toward bed.

53. EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - THROUGH WINDOW

Miller enters FRAME, Evalyn in his arms, looking down at her, laughing, reassuring her.

He moves away from window towards his bed and CAMERA PANS TO HOLD on where shaft of light comes from the half-open door.

We hear Miller's laughter, his voice: "Nothing to be afraid of." And then his exclamation as she jumps up, evades him.

She runs out of cabin and turns and closes door, breathing hard.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN

54. He looks toward door, keeping his eyes off, steps to table, finishes drink at a gulp and strides to door, pulls it open and goes outside after her:

MILLER  
Evvie! Evvie!

55-

FULL SHOT - EVALYN'S CABIN F.G., MILLER'S B.G.

Evalyn moves quickly into her cabin, closes the door at her back as Miller is seen coming from his cabin behind her.

He moves easily up to her cabin, pushes door open:

56-

MILLER'S ANGLE - EVALYN

She stands at table, just lighting the lamp, looks off at Miller, shrinking back.

57. EVALYN'S ANGLE - MILLER

He stands on the threshold, staring at her; suddenly laughs:

MILLER  
Want to keep the old man company tonight, eh? Well -- that's all right with me.  
See you in the morning.

He pushes away and leaves the doorway empty.



## 58- EVALYN

She finishes lighting the lamp, replaces chimney, adjusts wick, and becomes conscious of her under-shirt, which, during her encounter with Miller has broken a strap which hangs down on her shoulder.

59- Irritably, she crosses to mirror and pins this back in place, catches sight of herself in the mirror, and, angrily, rumples up her freshly-combed hair, rips off the elastic band and throws it aside.

60- Then her eyes catch the body of her grandfather off and she picks up mirror, crosses slowly, and sets it down at his head.

She crouches down and, for a moment, regards his covered face with fear and fascination. Over Shot we hear the sound of Miller's banjo as his fingers strike the opening chords of "My Love is Like a Rose". The sound of his playing and singing is a usual one to Evalyn and she pays it no attention but leans forward and gently lifts the sheet from the dead man's face.

61- She regards this for several seconds, eyes wide and interested, then, just as gently she replaces the sheet and rises, remembers that she has been placing boots on Pee-Wee's feet and crosses to foot of bed where she leans over to make laces tight. Miller's Voice is heard O.S. singing the words of the old song but she pays no attention until, straightening up, moving to window, some distant aroma strikes her nostrils.

She sniffs it hungrily:

62- INT. MILLER'S CABIN - FRYING SLICE OF HAM.

ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL Miller, seated on the table, strumming, singing, as his dinner cooks.

63- EXT. EVALYN'S DOOR - EVALYN

As she comes to door, smells ecstatically, is tempted but, with an angry expression turns back into cabin and crosses to breadbox. CAMERA ENTERING as she finds several slices of bread, takes all but one, takes a jar of honey and crosses to table.

She scrapes bottom of honey-jar to cover one slice of bread and sinks into straight-backed chair, eyes off on her grandfather. As Miller's Voice continues O.S., she eats slowly, with relish.

DISSOLVE TO:



64. EXT. TRES PALOS. DAY.

FULL SHOT

Jackson's boat, powered by an ancient fifty-horse Johnson outboard motor (with remote control), lays at the wharf; Jackson has just hoisted a carton packed with supplies to the wharf: now gets out of the boat, and picks the carton up.

CUT TO:

## 65. MEDIUM SHOT - TRAVER

Half hidden in the undergrowth, his back to CAMERA, we see Traver, who, a good distance away, keeps a watchful frightened eye on Jackson's landing.

## 66. FULL SHOT JACKSON

He lifts carton to shoulder and proceeds away from wharf. We see that hanging to his belt at back, customary part of his dress, is a sheath-knife.

## 67. MEDIUM SHOT - TRAVER

Facing CAMERA now. As he realizes that Jackson is walking towards him, he leaves his observation post. Creeping through the bushes, he is soon lost to sight.

## 68. MEDIUM SHOT

Almost crawling, he arrives at the place where he has hidden his boat. Alongside is the primitive weapon with which we have seen him spearing crabs. Instinctively, he takes it in his right hand. He listens warily for the approach of the boatman. He hears nothing. Reassured, he lays the weapon beside him. His head is still bandaged. He feels the wound and tears the bandage off. The dry blood, sticking to his hair, has formed a protective scab. Traver throws down the bandage and, squatting, rests his arms on his knees. His head on his arms, he assumes a pensive, absent air.

69. EXT. REVOLCADERO. DAY.

Jackson is seen approaching, begins to climb the slope between the beach and the wooded hillside.

CUT TO:



~~EXT. A SMALL WHARF AT SHORE - DAY~~

~~Jackson's boat, powered by an ancient fifty-horse Johnson outboard motor (with remote control), lays at the wharf; Jackson has just hoisted a carton packed with supplies to the wharf; now gets out of the boat, picks the carton up and starts from the wharf.~~

~~EXT. A PATH - JACKSON~~

~~He pauses, lifts carton to shoulder, and proceeds away from wharf. We see that, hanging to his belt at back, customary part of his dress, is a sheath-knife.~~

EXT. SECTION OF ISLAND - MILLER - DAY

70 -

He is finishing the digging of a grave. He heaves the last few shovels of dirt to the pile beside the hole, throws up the shovel and jumps out himself.

He brushes off the dirt that clings to his trousers and shirt and, with a look of satisfaction at his handiwork, starts off down toward the cabin.

71 - EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - JACKSON

He comes into clearing, stops, yells:

JACKSON

Hap! Oh, Hap!

(yells off to  
other cabin)

Pee-Wee! Hey there, Pee-Wee!

He waits for an answer, but receives none and proceeds to rustic table where he sets carton down and, taking out a soiled handkerchief to wipe his face, crosses to cabin door and looks inside; he sees no one is there and, wiping his face, looks off:

JACKSON

Hi there, kid.

72 - HIS ANGLE - EVALYN

She has come from her cabin; she wears a soiled gingham dress, unfastened boy's boots, and is just putting on an ancient overcoat, a little too small for her.

JACKSON'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Where's Mr. Miller?

Evalyn gestures up and off.

73-ORIGINAL ANGLE - JACKSON

He nods, grunts and takes a seat at the rustic table as Miller appears around corner of cabin.

JACKSON  
Oh, Hi. Just asking for you.

MILLER  
How about a drink?

JACKSON  
Nothing hard. But I'd sure appreciate a  
dope -- you got one ain't being used.

Miller nods and goes into cabin from where his voice comes o.s.:

MILLER  
What's new from the mainland?

JACKSON  
Mr. Hargreave wants you to come back  
to town with me is all.

74- Miller appears at doorway, two coca-colas in his hand.

MILLER  
Yeah?

JACKSON  
Had a meeting of the club board other night.  
Finally decided to build the clubhouse out  
here.

(Miller removes coke top with  
eye-teeth, his eyes widening:  
'don't say?')



JACKSON (cont'd)

Goin' to start next month. Surveyors  
and architect (archeetec) coming first.  
(receives coke)

Thanks. They got me contracted to bring  
'em out, keep the carpenters and all  
supplied when they start.....Hell, you  
know some nigger came close to beating  
me out of the contract? Yeah. Claims  
he's got a boat with twin thirty-fives.  
Said he'd do it cheaper. Hell, I told  
Hargreave, you give me the job and I'll  
get me twin fifties and, you know, can't  
depend on no nigger. So we shook on it.  
(lifts coke)

Luck.

75-Miller responds with a lift of his bottle; they both  
drink.

JACKSON

(sighs)

I needed that.

MILLER

Me, too.

(sets down bottle, starts  
to unbutton shirt)

Finally going to build, eh? Been talking  
about it since before I got here. Well,  
that'll be nice, real nice. Going to  
build me a room. Butane. Hot running  
water. Be like living in a hotel.  
(goes into cabin)

Visit me next year, Promise you some  
hunting and a hot bath.

76-Jackson grunts, finished his coke, head thrown back,  
adam's apple bobbing.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Old Pee-Wee finally kicked off.

JACKSON

Noticed he wasn't around.

(belches)

What got him?

77-Miller emerges buttoning clean shirt, a new windbreaker on his arm, town cap on his head. He makes a gesture of drinking.

MILLER

White mule. Age, too. He was over sixty-five, pushing seventy. You'll have to help me with the burial.  
(drops windbreaker on table, hurriedly stuffs shirt in pants)

Mr. Hargreave says come to town I got to 'come to town'. We ain't got much time. Come on.

He grabs windbreaker, starts to put it on as Jackson rises and follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

78-

EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN

Evalyn comes outside, a string-bag with all her possessions in her hand; she watches them approach and go inside.

A muffled sound of voices from inside and in a moment Miller backs out. He holds tight to one end of the stained and tattered piece of canvas that he has used to devise a combination shroud and coffin.

Grunting with effort, Jackson brings the other end:

JACKSON

No mother. No father. What're you going to do with the kid here?

MILLER

Figure that's up to Mr. Hargreave. Going to put it to him today.

JACKSON

(pauses, takes another grip)

Never knew alcohol weighed so heavy.



They move away from the cabin and up toward where the grave has been dug, bending under their load. Evalyn follows.

EXT. ISLAND PATH

79-

Traver emerges from the shelter of some shrubbery, holding the knife stick in his hand. He looks up and down the path and starts across, as he enters shrubbery on other side there is a sudden click and jerk at his stick. He looks down; startled.

80-CLOSE SHOT - A SMALL TRAP

Anchored to a stake it has been sprung by the stick which it has failed to catch.

81-TRAVER

Looks around, nervous:

TRAVER (to himself)

Man! Real friendly folk. Real friendly.

He starts off.

82-

EXT. THE GRAVE - DIRT FALLS ON CANVAS

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Miller, shovelling dirt into the hole, Evalyn and Jackson standing to one side, watching. Both men have their hats on and both are sweating from the climb up the hill.

Evalyn steps forward and taps Miller on the forearm; he looks down at her and sees that she proffers a battered-looking Bible.

MILLER

(guiltily)

Oh, yeah.

He takes the Bible, removes his hat and tucks the shovel's handle under his arm.

83-CLOSE UP - MILLER

He thumbs through Bible awkwardly; coughs, embarrassed.

84-CLOSE UP - EVALYN

She watches, expectant.

85-FULL SHOT - GROUP

MILLER  
Look, -- this here's the Bible. It  
doesn't have the burial service.  
You understand?  
(she makes no response)  
I'll tell the coroner, see? He'll  
get a preacher out here and do the  
whole thing proper. Okay?  
(he hands her back the Bible)  
Okay?

Finally, she nods, accepts the Bible.

Miller sighs, exchanges a look with Jackson, puts back  
his hat (as does Jackson) and throws on the last of  
the dirt.

Then he and Jackson move around, stamping down the  
earth and finally, everything to their satisfaction,  
stand back, Miller wiping his face with his handker-  
chief.

Jackson nudges Miller to look down at Evalyn.

86- THEIR ANGLE - EVALYN

She is on her hands and knees and is carefully putting  
in place at head of grave the half-empty bottle of  
whisky from which her grandfather took his last swallow.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
What's that for?

87- THREE SHOT - THE GROUP

Evalyn doesn't even look up as she answers:



EVALYN  
He likes it.

MILLER  
None of that. Go on, take it out. Got  
to learn to respect the dead. Besides --  
(a glance at Jackson)  
--it's a waste of bad whisky.

They both grin and Evalyn, who has received his order with interested eyes, removes the bottle, pats dirt back in the hole.

Miller hikes shovel over his shoulder:

MILLER  
(humoring her)  
Next week I'll make a marker, real pretty,  
and put it up. What was Pee-Wee's full  
name, anyways?

EVALYN  
Clinton Ignatius Stroud.

MILLER  
Clinton Ignatius? Okay.  
(turns to start off)  
Next week.

Evalyn pauses for a moment to regard the grave, then starts after him.

# 88 THREE SHOT - MOVING CAMERA

Miller and Jackson stride down the trail; Evalyn runs to keep at Miller's elbow. Finally, he becomes aware of her. Looks at her a couple of times, at the string bag.

MILLER  
What you sticking so close for? How come  
you're all dressed up? Got that bag?

EVALYN  
I got to go back to town with Mr. Jackson.  
You said.

MILLER  
You got no place to stay in town.

EVALYN  
You said yesterday I was going.

MILLER  
(irascible)  
So? Now I say you aren't.

EVALYN

Why not?

MILLER

Because I say so. Now stop bothering me.

89- He continues down path with Jackson; she stops, hurls bag furiously to one side.

JACKSON

(glances back)

How come you treat her that way?

MILLER (sore)

Look, do I have to give written explanations for everything? I've changed my mind. That's all.

They walk on in silence.

90- EVALYN AND GRAVE

She walks back to grave, looks down at it, angrily kicks at the fresh dirt, turns and picks up the bag, the bottle, and starts off.

91-

EXT. LONG SHOT - THE TWO CABINS

Evalyn's cabin is closer, the door swinging open; Miller slams shut the door of his cabin and moves away after Jackson toward wharf and boat.

As they both disappear from sight Traver's head and shoulders appear in f.g., partially concealed by bushes.

92- CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER

As he surveys the tranquil scene.

93- TRAVER'S ANGLE - THE TWO CABINS

Both doors wide open; chickens pecking in the yard. Traver moves quietly, quickly INTO SHOT; CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY as he moves to quick shelter behind Evalyn's cabin; he holds in his hand the crude weapon he has made with his pocket-knife.



## 94-CLOSER SHOT - CABIN &amp; TRAVER

Slowly, back against the cabin, Traver edges to open window; quietly (as taught to G.I.'s) he slowly moves his head till he can see inside.

He surveys cabin thoroughly and then moves around to front; again surveys yard; takes two long steps and is inside.

## 95 - INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - TRAVER

He sees the table is empty, runs to shelf, grabs bread-box, finds a dried crust which he gnaws ravenously as he searches frantically along shelves -- finds honey-jar, pulls it down, finds it is scraped empty. He throws it aside angrily -- looks under bed -- in closet.

## 96- EXT. TRAIL NEAR CABIN - EVALYN

She walks down from the burial place above; she swings the bottle over and over to the full extent of her arm then, seeing a rock nearby she stops, swings bottle once more and lets it go. It crashes against the rock.

~~INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - TRAVER~~

~~He hears the sound and freezes. Then, frantic, he turns and plunges out the door, across the clearing to disappear into the undergrowth.~~

~~For a moment the door is empty.~~

~~Evalyn comes into doorway; unbuttons and takes off her overcoat. Humming to herself she picks up a large jar, a basket, a bee-smoker and face veil; and starts to leave.~~

~~Her foot kicks the honey-jar that Traver threw on the floor. She picks it up, looks at it, curious; replaces it on shelf and leaves.~~

## EXT. WHARF

The motor-boat turns, moves away from the wharf; Miller and Jackson talk in the cockpit.

104-

## EXT. A BEE-HIVE

ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL that it is one of half-a-dozen which stand in the sunshine before a grove of trees.  
SOUND: hum of bees as they come and go.

Evalyn walks INTO SHOT, adjusts her face veil, testing the smoker.

105- She goes about the business of smoking the bees, removing the top of the hive, taking out a comb heavy with honey, placing it in the jar.

106- The bees hum and fly about her face and arms but she pays them no heed.

107- Several bees crawl drugged across the back of her hands. She brushes them away, affectionately:

EVALYN  
(smiles as one persists)  
Dopies!

She replaces top on hive and goes on to next hive.

## 108- MED. SHOT - LAST HIVE

Evalyn places the top on the hive; no sound is heard but the steady humming of the creatures inside.

She picks up her jar, now filled with comb, and turns away.

109- CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIVE ENTRANCE as the bees come and go.

## 110- EXT. AN ISLAND TRAIL - EVALYN

She comes down trail TOWARD CAMERA carrying the jar and bee equipment. She is carefree and humming to herself, stopping to examine the honey in jar, holding it up to the light so that the sun shines through it; satisfied with her morning's work.

Suddenly she stops, looks down at path.

~~EVALYN'S ANGLE - FOOTPRINTS ON PATH~~

~~They cut across path and disappear into underbrush.~~



## 111. CLOSE SHOT

Traver's blood-stained handkerchief. Evalyn's hand picks it up. CAMERA follows hand till girl's face is framed. She looks puzzled at kerchief. Thinking for a moment, she starts walking while examining kerchief which is of fine silk. DOLLY with her as she passes among trees. She stops again and lays down the objects she had been carrying. Again looking at the handkerchief, she strokes the silk, surprised at its softness. A hand, followed by an arm comes out from behind one of the trees and is clapped firmly over her mouth.

TRAVER

Don't yell!

(looks down at her  
startled eyes)

No yelling or I'll cut out your heart  
and feed it to the fishes.

(he relaxes his grip a bit)

Okay?

(she stares up at him, nods;  
and he, slowly, relaxes his  
hand from her mouth)

No need to be scared. Like, I mean, I  
ain't bad. I won't hurt you none. Get it?

(she nods, staring with wide,  
interested eyes)

Guess you're thinking how come he's  
here on this here island? Well, I was  
out fishing an' like, I run out of gas.  
Look at here.

He holds out his hands.

## 112. CLOSE SHOT - HER ANGLE - HANDS

Stripped of skin, raw and blistered.

TRAVER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Man, I had to row here.

## 113- ORIGINAL ANGLE - THE TWO

Traver looks at his hands, surprised himself.

TRAYER  
(surprised himself)  
Long time since I saw 'em like that.  
Chopping cotton.  
(quickly)  
Your mammy and pappy live here?

EVALYN  
They're dead.

TRAYER  
Who else is here then? I mean, who  
takes care of this here hunting pre-  
serve, private, keep off?

EVALYN  
Gramps and Miller. No, Gramps is dead.  
Just Miller.

TRAYER  
Where's he at?

EVALYN  
He went to town.

TRAYER  
Just you then?

EVALYN  
Just me.

114- Traver, for the first time, relaxes a little.

TRAYER  
Look, child, I'm so hungry I could eat  
the tail of a dead skunk. You got  
anything I could put in an empty stomach?

She glances down at jar of honey, then at him, shakes  
her head.

TRAYER  
Give me that honey.

EVALYN  
No. It's Mr. Miller's.



She steps back, determined.

TRAYER  
Give it to me, child.

115- He reaches for the jar but she turns away and he ends up with a handful of her dress -- but this, of a sudden, interests him.

TRAYER  
What's this here!

EVALYN  
Nothing. It's mine!

He pulls an apple from her pocket and, not waiting for anything, begins to devour it, core and all.

EVALYN (furious)  
Thief!

She starts away.

116- He looks after her, chewing.

TRAYER  
(starts after her)  
Now look here, girl - don't go getting a mad on.  
(she continues away)  
Come back here.  
(reaches into his pocket, pulls out a coin)  
Here. Here's a dime for you.

117- She pauses, looks back at him.

EVALYN  
Don't want anything from you.

118- He reaches out and places it on a log beside the path; it shines brightly in the sun.

119- Slowly tempted, Evalyn comes back, picks it up, drops it in her pocket.

TRAYER  
That wasn't a bad price for an old apple now, was it?

She looks at him but says nothing; she turns and walks up the path.

He, chewing up last of apple, follows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

420.-

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - PLATE OF HAM AND EGGS

Traver's hand rubs a piece of bread around in the last of it and, as CAMERA PULLS BACK, washes it down with the last big swallow from a cup of coffee.

121- Evalyn sits across from him, entranced with his appetite. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

TRAYER  
(pats his stomach)  
Ahhh! Now -- only one thing missing.

She looks at him a moment, then rises, gets a crude ash-tray on which is one of Miller's half-smoked cigars.

122- Traver smiles at her as he takes it.

TRAYER  
Girl, you can read my mind.

He picks it up, blows it free of ash, and leans back to light it but, at this moment, hears some sound from outside and springs to his feet, strides to door and peeks out.

123- TRAYER'S ANGLE - A RACCOON

It scurries from woodpile into the bushes.

124- NEW ANGLE - TRAYER & EVALYN

Traver relaxes.

TRAYER  
Just an old daddy coon.

Smiles, lights another match and puffs on cigar.

TRAYER  
Jumpy, you know. This Miller man he might not like for me to be here eating his food, smoking his cigar.

He sits and leans back again.



TRAVER (con't.)  
(curious)  
I don't frighten you none. How come?

EVALYN  
You're just like Jeb. He helped Gramps  
here before Miller came.  
(smiles, for the first  
time happily)  
He made me windmills. They worked.

TRAVER  
Windmills, huh? Well, I don't dig that  
kind of gismo but I can tell you, girl,  
you just look like the angel of mercy to  
old Traver  
(puffs)  
The bright golden angel of mercy. Yes, sir.

125 - Evalyn mouths the words to herself: "angel of mercy",  
trying them out.

126 - He gets up and steps to door again and glances quickly  
about.

EVALYN  
I told you; there's no one here.

TRAVER  
You told me all right -- but can't never  
tell when someone's going to get here.

EVALYN  
Duck season there's members. They put  
tents down on the flat.  
(reminiscently)  
They tip good. One, a lawyer, give me five  
dollars to buy me a dress.

TRAVER  
(mock surprise)  
Five bucks! Man!

EVALYN  
He shot his limit two days in a row. He  
give Gramps ten.

TRAYER

Ten! Hey now, hold up there. You're spinning me one.

EVALYN

No. I gave it to Gramps to buy me a chrome pistol. Twenty-two. He came home drunk. Said he couldn't find it.

127- Trayer watches her a moment, compassionately, then lets his eyes stray speculatively about the cabin; suddenly gets to his feet.

TRAYER

But I got to get my tail off this island. I mean like five minutes ago. Where's this Miller man keep his gas?  
(at her look)  
Gasoline, girl. For my motor.

She points OFF. He looks where she indicates:

128- THEIR ANGLE - GASOLINE CAN

A five-gallon can, it stands under a shelf.

EVALYN'S VOICE (o.s.)

He uses it to fill his lamp.

129- EVALYN AND TRAYER

He crosses, lifts it, swishes it to find out it is almost full; then he reaches up and takes several cans of sardines, a carton of crackers.

EVALYN

(rising)

What you taking?

TRAYER

Getting me to eat, girl.

EVALYN

It's Mr. Miller's. You got no right.

TRAYER

He won't even miss 'em.



He crosses, takes ancient shotgun down from its pegs, takes shell from nearby box, loads the gun, hefts it, smiles.

TRAYER

Long time since I had one of these.  
Used to go hunting possum.

EVALYN

You leave it be.

TRAYER

I'd like to. But I can't. Just plain can't. Anyone comes after me -- I got to have this to fight 'em off.

He reaches up for handful of shells and pours them into his pocket.

With sudden determination Evalyn jumps forward and tries to wrest the shotgun from him.

EVALYN

Give it to me! Give it to me!

Just as determinedly, Trayer pulls it, inexorably, beyond her reach.

Suddenly, the gun goes off. Dazed, they both look off:

130- THEIR ANGLE - THE SKINNED RABBIT

It sways from the impact of the charge; one shattered leg hangs loose.

TRAYER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Man!

131- TRAYER & EVALYN

TRAYER

We got ourselves a rabbit.  
(amused)  
That's real togetherness.

He pushes her firmly away from gun. She stands, stares at him.

EVALYN  
(scornfully)  
Angel of mercy!

TRAYER  
You are, honey. You are.  
(shudders)  
If you knew the trouble I've seen these  
last days. You'd know I meant it when  
I called you that.

EVALYN  
You still got no right to steal. Mr.  
Miller he's going to be real mad at you!

132- This causes Trayer to pause; he looks down at the  
shotgun, at the gasoline can in his hand.

TRAYER  
That's right. He will, won't he.  
(comes to a decision, sets  
down can, and reaches into  
his pocket)  
Tell you what. This here gun is old,  
like I mean, real old. I could buy me  
a good one for twenty-five dollars --  
but seein' as it's you --  
(he grins)  
-- I'm going to give you this twenty.  
That should cover the gas and the rest  
of the truck, too.  
(quickly, an after thought)  
Ain't got a revolver has he?  
That'd be even better.

EVALYN  
No. shotgun and rifle's all.

Evalyn picks up the twenty-dollar bill and turns it  
over, examines it with wide-eyed interest.

TRAYER  
Okay, then?

EVALYN  
Okay.

He goes out the door, smiling back at her, leaves.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - EVALYN

133- Eyes still on the bill she turns slowly back inside,  
crosses to the drainboard and reluctantly places the  
bill under the big box of kitchen matches.



134-

## EXT. SHORE OF ISLAND - TRAVER &amp; BOAT

He finishes filling the outboard from the can of gasoline, screws on the top of the motor and places can in bottom of boat.

He crosses back to the bow and, with one hand, begins to rock the boat back across the mud and grass to deeper water; the cans in his shirt front bother him and he removes them, tosses them into bottom of boat with carton of crackers. He then tosses the shotgun, barrel first, into bottom of boat.

There is a shattering explosion as the shotgun goes off.

## EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - EVALYN

135-

She has paused in midst of washing dishes outside cabin; she runs forward, cups her hands and shouts off angrily:

EVALYN

No hunting allowed!

She waits for a reply, but gets none.

136-

## EXT. SHORE OF ISLAND - TRAVER

He stares at bottom of boat.

## 137- TRAVER'S ANGLE - BOAT BOTTOM

Water gushes through a large, ragged hole on the plywood.

## 138- TRAVER

Almost amused.

TRAVER

Traver, if you aren't God's own fool.  
Yes, sir, God's own fool!

He bends down and starts to haul the boat laboriously back to dry land.

## 139 - ANOTHER ANGLE - TRAVER AND BOAT

Disgusted, he drops boat back to the shore, thinks a moment, then picks up the shotgun, reloads it, and starts off in long impatient strides.

## 140 - EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - A CRUDE OUTDOOR SHOWER

Evalyn stands, half-covered by the wooden partition which half-encloses the shower; water pours down from the rusty showerhead.

Her hair is tied behind her head, she soaps herself, rinses herself.

TRAVELER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Hey, you, child.

She stops, looking off:

## 141 - EVALYN'S ANGLE - TRAVER

He comes around corner of cabin.

TRAVER  
This man -- he got any boats on his island?

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he encounters her; she shuts off the shower, so she can hear.

TRAVER  
Boats? You got any on the island?

EVALYN  
In the swamp is all.

TRAVER  
Any way to get from there to the ocean?

EVALYN  
Nope.

She turns the shower on again; he leans, disconsolate, against the cabin.



TRAVER  
(shouting)  
Then I got to borrow me a hammer, some  
nails, tar. You got that around here,  
ain't you?

Evalyn finishes rinsing herself, turns off shower.

EVALYN  
I thought you'd gone.

She takes a towel from the nail where it hangs, dries  
herself.

TRAVER  
So did I. But I ain't.  
(pleading)  
Come on, child, does you want to help me  
leave this island or no? All I need's  
that boat-mending junk.

She steps out of the shower, the towel wrapped around  
her, and stands looking at him.

He takes in her appearance at a glance.

EVALYN  
What you need?

TRAVER  
A hammer.

She nods and walks past him, turning into cabin.

He follows.

142-

INT. EVALYN'S CABIN

Evalyn takes a rusted hammer from a rough workbench.

EVALYN  
What else?

TRAVER  
(takes hammer from her)  
Nails.

She walks into F.G. and reaches up to get a can of nails from the shelf; her breasts press against the wet towel. He eyes her from across the room.

TRAYER

And tar or pitch, or whatever they call it.

143-NEW ANGLE - EVALYN F.G., TRAYER B.G.

She climbs onto chair to reach down the tin of tar with its brush stuck inside.

Trayer sweats slightly now and looks about for some covering for her.

TRAYER

You got no show to walk around like that, child. Don't you know nothing? You going to catch yourself a cold or somp'n.

He snatches up her threadbare topcoat and drapes it over her shoulders.

EVALYN

It's not cold.

TRAYER

You keep it on anyways. It might get cold.

(takes nails, hammer and tar and backs toward door)

I'll be gone by sunup. So long.

EVALYN

(shrugs)

Bye.

He backs out, reaches back, closes door.

NEW ANGLE - EVALYN

She shrugs, impatiently removes coat, drops it on bed and begins to dry her hair.

DISSOLVE TO:



144-

## PANORAMA SHOT - ISLAND - NIGHT

Water shines with reflection from the moon; dead branches stick up straight and stark. CAMERA HOLDS on Traver who has finished nailing patch to the bottom of his boat, looks at the tar yet to be applied, collapses beside the boat in weariness.

He sighs, exhausted, looks off at the clarinet case which is close, reaches it over and, from some hidden recess takes a cigarette, rather longer, cruder of manufacture than most. He stares at it a moment and then, decisive, taps it on his thumbnail, puts it to his lips and inhales its familiar smoke, sucking it deep into his lungs, half-closing his eyes as he does so, and, anticipating its effect, relaxes against the boat.

As CAMERA MOVES CLOSER and as he takes a second drag:

CUT TO:

145-

## INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - NIGHT

CAMERA ADVANCES SLOWLY toward her bed where she lies, arms limp, head pillowed in sleep.

As CAMERA HOLDS there comes the faint sound of some musical instrument -- a high, promising yet plaintive sound that makes Evalyn's eyes flicker open.

She listens, eyes open, for a moment. And then, slowly, sits up.

The sound is clearer now, brought on by some change of wind and she throws back her covers, crosses to the door which she opens.

With the opening of the door the sound becomes even louder and Evalyn, curiosity awakened, reaches for a ragged shawl across a chair, puts it over her shoulders and starts out.

146-

## EXT. CABIN - EVALYN

as she comes outside there is a slow scraping noise from nearby and she looks off.

## 147- HER ANGLE - A SNAKE

It eases away through dried leaves that have been blown against the cabin.

148- EVALYN

She takes a heavy stick (probably her grandfather's) that leans nearby, cocks her head to listen to the distant music, and so armed against snakes and small beasts, starts off.

149-

MED. SHOT - AT BOAT - TRAVER

His case lies open nearby, his eyes are closed as his head is bent forward in deep concentration. The music flows smoothly, some broken rhythm of his own, and his hands move lightly on the keys.

150- EXT. A GROVE OF TREES - EVALYN

She comes down the path to the trees and stops against a giant trunk to look off and down, the music clearer now; she starts off again.

151- HIGH ANGLE - TRAVER B.G. & BOAT

Evalyn comes into foreground, looks down, curiously at the musician and at the instrument.

152- CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN

As she listens, entranced, and starts forward.

153- TRAVER & EVALYN

He continues to play, oblivious to the fact that she approaches.

She stands a moment, looks closer at the clarinet and then, satisfied just to hear the music, sits on a boulder nearby and listens -- beginning to sway slightly, even as Traver does, and to smile.

Suddenly, the music comes to a halt and Traver takes the reed from his lips.

He still doesn't see Evalyn. He licks his lips, preparatory to playing again:

EVALYN

How come you're playing?

He turns, surprised and yet, not surprised either.

TRAVER

Hey, girl. Where you come from? I mean, you gave me goose pimples!



EVALYN

(indicates instrument)

What is that anyways?

154- He looks down at the clarinet, turning it in his fingers, admiring its qualities -- maybe remembering, too, its defects.

TRAVER

That, honey? Why that's called a clarinet.  
(mockingly; a chuckle)

These here southern rednecks they call it 'clareenet'. Wise guys, trying to be hip, they call it a "licorice stick".

155- He smiles up at her wondering face and, suddenly, becomes aware of his situation, and of her presence.

TRAVER

You got to get, child. I mean, like, that Mr. Miller lives here he won't like it one bit does he find out you were here with me.

(winks)

You know -- so dark and all.

EVALYN

Play me some more.

TRAVER

(grins)

Tell you -- you start back -- and I'll play for you. How's that?

(as she starts to demur)

You don't go -- I won't play -- not a lick.

EVALYN (rises)

So I'll go.

TRAVER

Be seeing you and, I'll be gone, come sunup. Wish me luck.

EVALYN

Luck.

(forcefully)

Now play.

She starts off and he, half in compliment and half in mockery puts the clarinet to his lips and begins to play a version, his own, of "The Wedding March".

## 156. HIS ANGLE - EVALYN

She stops at top of path, looks back, listening, a smile on her face. Starts off again.

## 157. TRAVER

As, eyes off, watching her, he continues to play.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 158. EXT. ACANTILADO. SUNRISE. (Pick up)

The sun shows its edge above the horizon. Sounds of sea birds.

CUT TO:

## 159. EXT. TRES PALOS. DAY.

Traver climbs out from under his boat where he has slept; he checks the bottom which has been sealed with tar; nails and hammer lie nearby; Traver slaps another couple of swipes of tar around the edges of the wooden patch, turns the boat over and begins to push it toward the water.

## 160. He gets the boat to the water and pushes it out in the shallows and looks down.

## 161. TRAVER'S ANGLE - BOAT BOTTOM

Water seeps in here and there around the patch, enough to cause him concern.

## 162. MEDIUM SHOT TRAVER.

Traver freezes because there comes the steady pulse of an approaching motor boat. He crouches down and crawls forward.



## 163. TRAVER'S ANGLE - JACKSON'S BOAT

It passes, with Miller and Jackson in cockpit, towards the distant wharf.

## 164. MEDIUM SHOT TRAVER

He draws back, allows the sea-grasses to come together in front of his face - turns and crawls back to his boat.

## 165. MILLER AND JACKSON (El embarcadero)

Miller waves goodbye to Jackson and, a carton of supplies and packages under his arm, a paper bag in his hand, starts up toward the cabins.

## 166. FULL SHOT

The boat turns to head back to mainland.

167. EXT. REVOLCADERO. DAY.

Miller walks up towards hill top where cabins are.

DISSOLVE TO:

168. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

Miller is walking along path and is lost among trees.

CUT TO:

169. EXT. OAXTEPEC. DAY.

Evalyn is sweeping small clearing outside Miller's cabin. Suddenly she stops, listening to someone's approaching steps. She sees Miller drawing near.

MILLER

I spoke to Mr. Hargreave about you. He's going to give the preacher over at the church a call today. Seems the county don't have any provision for kids over twelve.

EVALYN

(casually)

There was a man here. Nice, too. I gave him something to eat.

She picks up carton and takes it inside; Miller follows.

170. INT. MILLER'S CABIN. DAY.

Miller takes a coke from the case inside the door and he offers bottle to Evalyn.

MILLER

What was he doing here? Couldn't he read the signs?

EVALYN

He ran out of gas.

MILLER

Yeah?

(his eyes stray to place where gasoline can is kept)

Hey!

(crosses, looks)

He took my gas. Why didn't you stop him?

She looks at him, shrugs.

MILLER

He take anything else?

She shakes her head.

MILLER

(eyes up)

Hell he didn't! Took the old shotgun, too.

(quickly)

When did he leave?

EVALYN

Last night. He said.

MILLER

Where'd you see him?



EVALYN (waves)  
Down there. By the slough.

Miller grunts, downs his coke. Has an afterthought:

MILLER  
White or colored?

EVALYN  
Like old Jeb.

Grimly, Miller takes down his rifle, expertly, slips in a clip.

EVALYN  
He ain't here. He'll be gone by now!

Miller grabs match-box from drainboard, revealing twenty-dollar bill.

171- CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN

She stares down at the bill.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)

If he ain't -- he soon will be. Long gone!

172- ORIGINAL ANGLE - EVALYN, MILLER

Failing to see the bill, Miller takes handful of wooden matches, tosses box back to drainboard and, purposefully, leaves. Evalyn watches him go -- then her hand reaches for the bill; she looks at it, thoughtfully, then takes a safety-pin from her slip and pins bill inside her dress.

C.T. To:

EXT. ISLAND PATH - ANGLE UP

Miller strides down TOWARDS CAMERA, pauses, looks about him carefully, and starts forward.

EXT. SHORE - TRAVER

He is about to carry things to boat, he looks off and up:

HIS ANGLE - DISTANT - MILLER

He approaches.

173. EXT. HILLSIDE SEA. DAY.

Miller walks down among trees towards sea, visible in background. He glances right and left without stopping rifle at the ready, to be used immediately should the need arise.

174. EXT. TRES PALOS. DAY.

SHORE

Traver is bailing the little water left on the bottom of his boat. His movements are hurried, nervous. He is using an empty can, one he took from the cabin. He finishes bailing, and CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM as he walks hurriedly to some bushes nearby where he has hidden the rest of his property. He takes the motor and the oars and walks back to the shore.

CUT TO:

175. EXT. REVOLCADERO. DAY.

Miller is walking quickly down the path leading to the shore; looks searchingly at bushes, walks towards CAMERA and goes off frame.

176. EXT. TRES PALOS. DAY.

As Traver places motor on stern of boat he hears noise of Miller's approaching steps. He comes forward, peers around a tree, sees him.

## 177. Miller approaches, rifle at the ready.



178 ORIGINAL ANGLE - TRAVER

He grabs shotgun, turns and runs.

179 EXT. A SWAMP

It is flat, extensive; Traver runs in, looks over his shoulder and starts out only to discover that the surface which looks safe enough is treacherous. He begins to sink.

He turns, backs out, and moves off to the left.

EXT. SEA SHORE - MILLER

180 He walks forward, looks down at Traver's boat. It rests in a few inches of water.

Miller contemplates it a moment, looks off toward island where, no doubt, Traver has fled.

Quickly, expertly, he unscrews the outboard, hoists it from the stern and puts oars under same arm. He is about to leave when he gets an idea.

He turns and, holding his rifle almost idly in his right arm, scatters six shots into the boat's bottom.

181 MED. SHOT - BOTTOM OF BOAT

The bullets are soft-nosed and they have shattered the wood around the holes almost irreparably; muddy water begins to ooze up, covering the whole bottom.

SECTION OF ISLAND - MILLER

He carries motor lightly in his hand, oars under his arm, but now, coming to a hollow tree, he props motor and oars inside, checks loading of his rifle, and starts forward.

182 EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP

CAMERA PANS ACROSS water, the tranquil tangle of trees, HOLDS on Traver who has come to top of the bank and who now scrambles down to step into one of the two heavy boats there and push off, sitting in the stern and paddling with a crude paddle.

183 He glances behind him for some sign of pursuit, sees none, and continues paddling.

Dissolve

EXT. THE SWAMP - MILLER

Comes to the same place as Traver has been, glances about, starts off left, in same direction Traver took.



## 184. LONG SHOT

Traver paddles on as the boat advances along one of the waterways, turning to the right.

## 185. FULL SHOT

Miller appears; walks in long strides closer and stops at top of bank. He notes the missing boat and turns off to where, shielded by the roots of a mangrove is a similar boat to the one Traver took, but this one equipped with a motor.

## 186. MILLER AND BOAT

He jumps in, pushes off and turns to start motor.

## 187. ANOTHER ANGLE - BOAT &amp; MILLER

As the motor catches and he spins it in its own length, sits amidships, reaching back to steer.

## 188. CLOSE UP - MILLER

As he scrutinizes the water ahead, the passing banks.

## 189. MILLER'S ANGLE - (Pick up)

CAMERA PASSES SLOWLY the wall of woven branches and roots that rise from the water to the leafy tops above.

## 190. MED. SHOT - MILLER &amp; BOAT

As he passes and swings away from CAMERA, negotiating a bend in the waterway.

## 191. MED. SHOT - TRAVER

He paddles inexpertly, but fast, and now, far behind he hears a sound.

He pauses in his paddling. The only sound is the passage of his boat through the water, drops of water falling from the tip of his paddle and -- the approaching sound of the motor in Miller's boat.

He resumes his paddling with renewed force.

## 192. MILLER AND HIS BOAT

His eyes are straight ahead, searching with the expertness of a hunter for some sign of movement.

## 193. MILLER'S ANGLE - WATERWAY (Pick up)

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD accompanied by sound of motor.



~~CLOSE SHOT - MILLER~~

~~He hears some sound and turns his head purposefully.~~

~~CLOSE SHOT - AT BANK~~

~~Some water creature slips from a log and slaps the water.~~

194- MED. SHOT - MILLER

~~He relaxes.~~ Then, Suddenly, he looks forward, eyes squinting.

195- ~~HIS ANGLE - TRAVER & MILLER~~ (tie up shot)

He paddles frantically, trying to round a point. He looks behind.

~~MILLER~~

Satisfied, triumphant, he keeps going a moment or two, then reaches back, turns his motor to low speed and sights his rifle expertly.

He squeezes off the round.

~~HIS ANGLE - TRAVER~~

Traver's boat pitches as Traver plunges overboard on opposite side from Miller.

196- TRAVER IN WATER

Shotgun held high he comes to surface, then, quiet, eyes behind, he swims with one hand to the bank.

197- FULL SHOT - MILLER & BOAT

He flips the motor to top speed and, rifle held ready, eyes off, surges forward.

## 198- ANOTHER ANGLE - MILLER &amp; HIS BOAT

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY WITH HIM as he rounds point and comes abreast of Traver's boat.

He circles it, then moves alongside.

## 199- CLOSER SHOT - MILLER &amp; TWO BOATS

Miller grabs Traver's boat, takes its painter expertly in his hand, looks off toward shore, from right to left.

200- MILLER'S ANGLE - ~~THE SHORE~~

Quiet; flickering with light reflected from the water, sound of a bird. No more.

## 201- MILLER

As he secures the painter, lets his eyes sweep the shore, he sees suddenly, floating on the water something that interests him.

## 202- CLOSE SHOT - HIS ANGLE - TRAVER'S CAP

White and black hounds tooth sharp check. It is waterlogged and about to sink.

## 203- MILLER

He allows a grin to crease his lips; takes a cigarette, lights it, flicks the match away, satisfied.

## 204- FULL SHOT - MILLER &amp; BOATS

As he guides his own boat back, towing the empty behind him.

## 205- CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER

He lies full length in underbrush, shotgun at hand, still breathing hard; he sees Miller leave, hears sound of engine fading, gratefully lets his head fall forward on his wet, muddy arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 206- INT. MILLER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Miller smokes pipe, works on steel trap; Evalyn finishes putting away the freshly-washed dishes from dinner.



MILLER  
(contentedly, pushes  
cup forward)  
Another cup of java.

Evalyn, wiping her hands, picks up pot and pours coffee into his cup, eyes him, interested.

EVALYN  
Did you find him?

MILLER  
The nigger? Look, forget about him.

He takes a drink of coffee, rises, pulls a package from the carton he brought from boat.

MILLER  
Have a look at what I bought you.

He unwraps package and allows a bright washdress to unfold.

MILLER  
How about that, eh?  
(gives it to her,  
pats her on shoulder)  
Go ahead. Try her on. Let's have a look.

He watches her as she rises, tries the dress on her front for length, starts for door.

MILLER  
Change here. Go on. I'm old enough  
to be your daddy, anyways. Besides -  
(watches her)  
-- I'll keep my back turned.

He swings the whisky demijohn down from the shelf and pours himself a drink, studiously keeping his back turned, but aware that behind him, face to a corner, she is changing.

He drinks and as he does his eyes catch her reflection in a piece of mirror.

207 - HIS ANGLE - MIRROR - EVALYN REFLECTED

Her shoulders are bare, she has slipped her old dress off.

208 - MILLER

By an effort of will he looks away from mirror, his hand trembles slightly as he relights his pipe, looking down:

MILLER

Something you got to learn, Evvie -- not all men are like your Gramps, you know. Not every man's like old Hap here, either.

(his eyes go to the mirror, then, by effort, away)

No. I mean -- you got to learn to be careful of yourself over in town there. You know that?

EVALYN

Uh-huh.

MILLER

(worried; finishes ~~drink~~ coffee and pours another)

You don't even know what I'm talking about. Do you now?

EVALYN

No.

Miller glances again at the mirror and now whirls angrily.

MILLER

I mean you can't go around half-naked like you do here. You got to be careful. Watch yourself. All the time!

209 - She still has her back to him though she now wears the new dress and she turns, tying the sash at her back and looking at him to see his reaction.

MILLER

Hey, that looks good. Real good.



EVALYN

It's nice.

She crosses to finish with dishes but he stops her, holding her arm, turning her around so he can see the dress.

MILLER

Little snigger here maybe, huh?

He reties the belt, drawing it in slightly; her hair is close to his nostrils and he scents it.

MILLER

Washed your hair today, didn't you?

(she nods; his hands are  
on her shoulders)

Thought so...There, see --

(turns her around)

--you can't let anyone touch you  
like that. See what I mean?

(she shakes her head  
and now genuinely provoked  
he gestures wildly with  
his hands)

There'll be men in town who'll take  
one look at you and then -- look out. .  
I mean, to them, you're just country  
stuff.

(looks down at her)

Bet you don't even know what a bra is?

EVALYN

Bra?

MILLER

Yeah. You know --

(gestures)

-- a thing women wear to keep their  
breasts up. *part.*

She has turned away again to go to dishes and he  
gestures around her front from behind.

MILLER

Here -- like this --

He slowly gives in to the temptation and allows his hands to touch her --

MILLER

Here.

She looks down coolly, curiously.

MILLER (softer)

You don't know anything at all, do you?

He draws her closer so that his hands are pressed tight against her front and his nostrils are buried in her hair.

MILLER

Nothing at all.

EVALYN

Let go.

240- She draws away and he holds her hands, sits in chair.

MILLER

Here, sit down. Now listen, in town, you mustn't ever let anybody touch you like that, you understand?

She sits on edge of table in front of him.

MILLER

There's other things, too.

(puts his hand on her knee)

Like this. Mustn't let 'em do that.

EVALYN

They won't anyways.

MILLER

They won't! That's all you know.

(he rises, kisses her on cheek)

That's all right. Get me? And that.

(kisses her on forehead)

This too.

(kisses her on other cheek)

But not here, Evvie.

(kisses her on shoulder)

Or here either.

He succumbs completely and kisses her on lips and then holds her tight against him until when he lets her go the breath is out of her and she stands looking up at him, half-puzzled.



MILLER, breathing hard, stares down at her; then his eye catches something beyond her shoulder:

211- MILLER'S ANGLE - EVALYN'S OLD DRESS

It lies crumpled on a chair; visible, still pinned to inside of hem, is the twenty dollar bill.

212- MILLER & EVALYN

He pushes her aside and grabs up dress, rips bill from where it is pinned.

MILLER

What's this? Where'd you get it?

Who gave it to you, eh?

(comprehension)

That nigger? He give it to you?

Evalyn nods.

MILLER

(suspicion)

How come he gave it? How come?

(beginning to rage)

What you give him that he gives you this?

(she stares back,  
silent)

Tell me!

She is still silent and he hits her across the face.

MILLER

Tell me the truth!

(steps forward, she  
retreats)

I'll give you until tomorrow — if you  
don't tell me then, I'll

(throws her dress to  
bed)

—go to bed.

(turns)

Go to bed, I said.

She backs up to door and leaves.

He looks down at bill, crumples it up furiously and  
throws it to weedbox.

213-

## LONG SHOT - THE TWO CABINS

Evalyn runs from Miller's cabin to her own, slams the door at her back.

214-

## INT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER

He sits, picks up the trap he was working on and, savagely, springs it shut.

A sound from behind and:

TRAVER'S VOICE (o.s.)

On your feet! On your feet!

Miller freezes, ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Traver standing at the door, the shotgun levelled at Miller's back.

TRAVER

(harshly)

Up! Up! Hands on your head!

Miller rises slowly, arms lifting to put hands on his head.

TRAVER

Faster! Faster, damn you. Or I'll shoot.

MILLER

Nigger kill a white man. That'd fix you up good.

Traver reaches up, lifts rifle from pegs.

TRAVER

Damn near killed me this afternoon. Didn't you?

MILLER

You're a thief. That's my job.

He sees that Traver takes rifle and sways dangerously.

TRAVER

Get back. Or I'll shoot sure as hell.

(sets rifle outside door,  
eyes on Miller)

And I ain't no thief. Twenty I left, for this trashy old shotgun and some gas.



215- Miller reacts to this; notes, over his shoulder that rifle is gone.

MILLER

What you take the rifle for?

TRAVER

I'll leave it on the shore. Where my boat is. You know -- where you stole these--  
(picks up motor and oars easily, keeps oars under arm, motor swinging easily from hand)

Now you stay froze -- dig? 'Cause I just may stand right outside this here door and the first thing opens it -- boom.

He steps quietly backwards -- then, staying on the inside -- closes door with a slam at his back.

216- Miller whirls on the balls of his feet, finds himself facing the muzzle of the shotgun.

TRAVER

Ever see a man hit by a shotgun?  
(Miller nods, for the first time sweating with fright)

It leaves a big old hole you could put a watermelon in. You like watermelon, man?  
(Miller shakes his head)

TRAVER

So next time I say stay put -- just you stay.

(gestures with shotgun)  
Now turn around like you was. I came here peaceful and I want to leave peaceful. I don't want to kill nobody.

MILLER

Figure on leaving in that boat of yours?

TRAVER

I do.

Miller's eye-brows go up. Traver, he figures, has a surprise in store for him, when he puts the boat in the water.

MILLER

Okay. So go --

There is silence and, bit by bit, lowering his hands, he realizes that Traver has gone. Slowly he turns, then crosses and looks the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. TWO CABINS - EVALYN - DAY

217 Evalyn, wearing flopping boy's boots, unlaced, a ragged shift, crosses yard toward Miller's cabin.

218 INT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER

He finishes filling with powder and screwing in the fuse of a hand grenade; a GI colored machine-gun ammunition box stands on table nearby.

He hears sounds of approaching footsteps and hurriedly tightens fuse on grenade, pushes it into his pocket as Evalyn enters, searches for her dress and begins to slip it on:

MILLER

Evvie?

(she pulls dress over her head, looks at him)

It's important that you tell me the truth, see? Important for him that is. Why'd he give you that twenty?

She looks at him, buttons dress, shrugs.

EVALYN

For the shotgun. Some gas.

Miller sighs, relaxes.

MILLER

Okay. I believe you.

(starts for woodbox, remembers, straightens up and pulls crumpled bill from breastpocket)

Here.

(she stares, uncomprehendingly)

It's for you. That's what you get for telling the truth.

Unbelievably, she takes it, and, bright eyes on him, takes a safety-pin and starts to pin it inside her dress.



MILLER

Now, is old Hap your friend or ain't he?

She nods and, still pinning money to her dress, goes out.

Slowly, taking his eyes from her retreating form, he takes grenade from pocket, replaces it in box and secures top.

DISSOLVE TO:

219 EXT. SHORE TRAVER

He works with great concentration on his boat, which is bottom up on the beach. He has cut one of the seats into several patches with the saw and these he is now nailing, one after the other, over the shattered holes that Miller left.

The rifle and shotgun lean close at hand, the motor in b.g.

At sound of approaching footsteps he grabs the rifle and whirls.

Evalyn comes into view, waves, smiles, and climbs down to shore.

~~EXT. SHORE - TRAVER & EVALYN~~

220 Traver sighs, wipes sweat from his forehead and lays the rifle to one side; he goes back to his work.

EVALYN

He didn't say so, but I thought, maybe he shot you.

Traver looks at her, grunts.

TRAVER

Shot my boat.

EVALYN

You were lucky.

TRAVER

(scornful)

Child, the man cuts me got to be hip. Like, well, no square like that ever going to do it.

EVALYN

Anyways, you're alive. I'm happy.

He looks at her, curious.

TRAVER  
How come -- like, you don't even  
know me.

EVALYN  
(smiles up at him)  
Know you well enough.

He smiles, touched, pats her on the head.

TRAVER  
Child, I do believe you dig it.

EVALYN (puzzled)  
What's it?

Traver smiles mysteriously, goes back to work.

TRAVER  
Why that's that big, fat, invisible,  
just-around-the corner something that  
everyone's always chasing and looking  
for, and crying for that, well, that  
you got no other name for so you say  
it.  
(points)  
Hand me that there chunk of wood.

She picks up the patch of plywood and he applies it to  
boat, starts to nail.

221- MED. SHOT - FARTHER UP BANK - MILLER

He comes quietly into foreground, looks down.

222- HIS ANGLE - TRAVER & EVALYN

They talk and work; Evalyn holds one end of patch as  
Traver nails it home.

223- MILLER

He starts forward, easily, hands in pocket.



224- TRAVER & EVALYN

EVALYN  
(still puzzled)  
And dig. What's that?

TRAVER  
Why that's to get with it. To swing.

He follows her eyes which have turned to where Miller appears in background.

Traver grabs the rifle and holds it at his hip.

TRAVER  
Get back, man.  
(gestures)  
Do like I say.

225- MILLER

Smiles coolly.

MILLER  
But suppose I like it here.

Judging each step, measuring it against Traver's mood, he walks closer.

226- TRAVER

Holds gun to his shoulder, takes careful aim.

227- TWO SHOT - TRAVER P.G., MILLER B.G.

Miller reaches his objective, a grassy hillock, and taking his time, sits.

Traver slowly lowers the rifle.

TRAVER  
Don't come no closer. Hear?

Miller pulls out a pack of cigarettes; Traver, keeping an eye on him, continues work.

MILLER  
(eyes amused, imperious tone)  
Evvie! You come away from there.  
Come over here.

He gestures.

228 Evalyn turns to obey, then thinks better of it, turns back to the boat.

MILLER  
Evvie.  
(icily)  
You don't want trouble. You come here.

Obediently, with a glance at Traver, she leaves; sits a good distance from Miller.

MILLER  
(conversationally)  
You know when I was a baby I was kind of puny; needed special feedin'. I got my milk from an old black Mammy.

TRAVER  
(flat)  
No kidding. So did I.

MILLER  
My Pa used to run a store near that big old cotton gin that Colonel Mercer owned outside of town.  
(contemplates cigarette)  
We sold snuff-and-fatback, credit mostly, to niggers worked around there. Till we went broke that is.

TRAVER  
A real old southern family.

MILLER  
I seen a lot of niggers, might say some were my friends. But I never yet seen one as fresh as you.

TRAVER  
Man tries to kill me. Man steals my motor. Busts my boat — and he says I'm fresh.  
(to Evalyn)  
What kind of man could that be? Why, no kind of man at all. That's just white-trash.



229-Miller is on his feet and Traver has the rifle levelled.

MILLER  
Don't call me that.

TRAVER  
(faint smile)  
How come, man -- you think you're  
'passing'.

MILLER  
Don't never use it -- don't matter you  
do have a gun.

TRAVER  
Then don't ever use that other word on me.

MILLER  
'Nigger'? Why that don't mean nothing  
down here. Up north, maybe.

TRAVER  
Down here, too. You just like to let  
on it don't.

230-Miller sits, slowly.

MILLER  
You know -- you sure are fresh.  
(flicks stone with  
thumb. To Evalyn:)  
But I don't mind. Long as he ain't too  
fresh -- why you can count on him. He's  
got spirit. He turns out the work, a fresh  
nigger does, and --

There is the sound of a shot and a tin which lies on  
grass beside him jumps into the air.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Traver who stands, rifle at  
shoulder.

TRAVER  
You used that word again. Up where I live,  
in the army, it don't go.  
(deliberately)

White-trash!  
(Miller starts to rise)  
Now don't press me.

Miller relaxes.

MILLER  
Where was you in the army?

TRAYER  
(replaces rifle)  
Italy.

231- Miller reacts.

MILLER  
I was in the Fifth. Third Division.  
Red Beach. Salerno, Naples.....The  
whole tour.

TRAYER  
I went that way. Forty-fifth. Supply.

MILLER  
We were combat.

TRAYER  
I suppose we weren't! Man -- you know  
that country -- that weather. And when  
all the mules was shot why we carried  
the ammo up on our backs.

232- Miller regards Trayer skeptically.

MILLER  
Packboards. I remember. Yeah. One  
night, we'd been out of ammunition, food,  
all day -- no way to get back, either --  
this little scrawny guy, just about  
frying-size, comes shagging up through  
the rain, a hundred pounds of supplies,  
ammo, mortar shells. Had a bullet in his  
lung. Died in my lap.  
(takes a last drag)  
But he was a poor white, out of South  
Carolina. He wasn't no --  
(sees that Trayer has  
stiffened, reaches for  
the rifle)  
--he wasn't no colored person.  
(flicks cigarette, rises)  
Evvie. Let's go.

He pats Evalyn's head as, reluctantly, she moves on  
ahead of him, pauses, looks back, amused.



## 233- HIS ANGLE - TRAVER

The cigarette has fallen, two thirds smoked, almost at his feet. He watches it hungrily -- then glances at Miller.

## 234- TRAVER'S ANGLE - MILLER

Watches, expectant.

## 235- TRAVER &amp; CIGARETTE

TRAVER

You nigger-lipped it.

Deliberately, lets go a blob of spit. It hits the cigarette neatly.

## 236- MILLER AND EVALYN

Miller regards Traver, for the first time, with the faintest show of respect.

MILLER

And that rifle, when you go -- leave it where it's dry.

He moves away after Evalyn.

## 237- TRAVER

Looks after him, goes back to his work on the boat, applies the last of the six outside patches, carefully holds and nails it.

## 238- MILLER AND EVALYN

Miller stops on path, Evalyn at his shoulder, looks back:

MILLER

(grudgingly)

I'll say one thing -- that nigger sure puts out the work.

Evalyn glances up at him sharply; he turns and leads way up the path.

*Dissolve To.*

EXT. CLEARING - CLOSE SHOT - WOODBLOCK & AXE

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Miller chopping wood; he completes a blow, straightens up, looks off, surprised as ANGLE INCLUDES Traver who stands at edge of clearing, shotgun on one shoulder, rifle on the other, his personal things bundled in a cloth held in his left hand.

MILLER (chuckles scornfully)  
I knew it. You work from 'kin to kain't' you won't repair that hull today.

TRAVER  
She's repaired. Needs soaking is all. Tomorrow she'll be tight as a warden's mouth.  
(starts forward, pauses)  
Do you touch that boat again --  
(gestures with rifle significantly)  
-- and I'll find you -- wherever you hid.

MILLER  
I can't shoot no more holes in it, that's for certain.

TRAVER  
Could sure as hell kick those patches off.

MILLER  
Stop putting mean ideas in my head.

TRAVER  
(shakes his head, pityingly)  
Man, you got to be lifted to be mean.

He starts off again to water trough, near which Evalyn hangs up clothes to dry.

MILLER  
Hey. Wait up.  
(Traver turns, Miller fills pipe)  
Less'n a week there'll be a boat by from the mainland. Comes every seven days. They'd give you a lift back to town -- meanwhile, why my handyman just died -- you could help around here.  
(lights pipe)  
Need stove wood for winter. Plenty of it. Twenty-five a week, minus five for board and room. What do you say?



TRAVER  
I got friends. They'll be wondering  
where I'm at. I got to cut out of  
here. Soon as I can.  
(nods, starts off,  
pauses)  
Sure could use some of that 'board' though.

MILLER  
(cool)  
No work, no food.  
(scornful)  
Less you want to steal it, that is.

Traver looks at him, bitter with himself that he made  
the plea; his lips start to form some answer, then he  
turns and strides to the water tap.

Miller shoots an amused glance at Evalyn, shrugs,  
indicating, 'you see, it's hopeless'; drives axe into  
block, starts for Evalyn's cabin.

241 - CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN - MOVING CAMERA

She looks after Traver and then, CAMERA MOVING WITH HER,  
crosses to where he stands at tap, careful to keep the  
trough between himself and Miller, he ducks his head  
under the cooling flow of the water, allows it to  
trickle down his face, sucking part of the flow into  
his mouth.

MILLER  
(to Evalyn, as he passes)  
Looks like we got company. Better  
do you sleep in my cabin tonight.

EVALYN (to Traver)  
Whyn't you do what Mr. Miller says?  
Take the job?

TRAVER  
Whip a dog hard enough, he don't come  
when you call.  
(grins)  
Same goes for 'cats'.

He starts to fill bottle.

EVALYN

How come you two can't be friends.

TRAVER

Ask him.

Evalyn glances at Miller who enters her cabin, b.g., - looks back to Traver.

EVALYN

He says ask you.

242- Traver puts bottle to lips and takes first luxurious swallow.

TRAVER

I got this, right?

(taps rifle; she nods)

But, I don't much want to use it on him. He knows that. Did he have it why, one bad step and -- like yesterday, PAM!

(elegant gesture)

You boy, just brush that black trash under the mat!

(refills bottle)

Easy for him to kill me. Hard for me to kill him. So, he still got the power. Offers me his hand! Expects me to kiss it. Yassuh! Nossuh!

(taps rifle)

I like it better this way. Yeah. Might say it made us almost equal.

He leaves; Evalyns stands, looks after him, then moves to Miller's cabin.

243- EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - MILLER

He backs out the door, heaving Evalyn's folded cot after him. ANGLE INCLUDES TRAVER who approaches, rifle under his arm:

MILLER

(mock civility)

You ain't goin' to get all ruffled up an' hurt inside because I'm moving the kid's bed? I mean, you don't think it's discrimination not to let her sleep in here?

TRAVER

(his southern colonel accent)

Not at all. Not at all, suh. Just you treat these cabins like they was your own. Be my guest.



Evalyn arrives from other cabin, relieves Miller of sheets and bedding.

MILLER

Thanks.

He moves off as Evalyn turns and, hand held behind her, slips Traver two oranges, moves off.

Traver grins, delighted, after her, bites into orange as if it were an apple, chewing it slowly, closing his eyes as he savors the bitter sting of the peel.

DISSOLVE TO:

244. INT. MILLER'S CABIN. NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT - A BANJO

Miller's hand comes INTO FRAME to take it down as ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL Evalyn; she finishes making her bed, Miller tuning up the banjo.

MILLER

Going to give that old boy out there a little serenade. Something to make him feel at home.

Idly tuning, he crosses to door.

245. EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER - NIGHT

He leans against outside of doorframe, lets his eyes go off, amused, to where Traver sits leaning back against front of his cabin, rifle across lap.

Miller strums a chord or two and then lifts his head and sings as he accompanies himself. He sings with a broad southern Negro dialect.

MILLER

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

246. TRAVER

Looks off, irritated.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away.

Evalyn with a shawl over her nightgown, comes to doorway and looks out, from Miller to Traver.

## MILLER'S VOICE

Gone from this earth I know -- I hear  
their gentle voices calling, Old Black  
Joe.

He winks at Evalyn, strums a chord or two.

## TRAVER

Nervous, irritable, he is on his feet, rifle in hands,  
sound of strumming banjo o.s.

He turns and moves inside cabin.

## INT. EVALYN'S CABIN

Traver pulls clarinet case from his bundle, takes  
matches from shelf, goes outside.

## MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is  
bending low --

## MED. SHOT - EVALYN &amp; MILLER

Evalyn looks off to Traver as Miller strums, repeats:

## MILLER

Yes sir I'm coming, for my head is  
bending low --

Evalyn starts, interested, OUT OF SHOT.

## MED. SHOT - TRAVER

He has taken from the false bottom of the clarinet case  
one of his homemade cigarettes, this he puts to his  
lips, snaps a match on his fingernail and lights.

## MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)

I hear those gentle voices calling, Old  
Black Joe. --

Traver sucks in the smoke of the cigarette and inhales  
it with ravenous pleasure.

As he lets the smoke out he hears Evalyn approaching  
and looks up.



EVALYN  
Going to play again?

TRAVER  
Thinking of it, child. Thinking of it.  
I hear gooney-bird music like that -  
(nods off at Miller)  
--I get the urge to blow.

He smiles, lets smoke out slowly and, keeping cigarette between lips, opens and begins to assemble the clarinet.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

So taken up with his own mastery of the banjo he has failed to even notice Evalyn's departure. He thrums out his idea of a jazz version of the song, singing rapidly:

MILLER  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is  
bending low.....I hear those gentle voices  
calling, Old Black Joe.

MED. SHOT - TRAVER AND EVALYN

Evalyn holds the clarinet while Traver, now brighter, eyes sparkling, watches, drags smoke and holds, and drags again.

EVALYN  
You must have played a lot.

TRAVER  
Not enough. Not near enough. But some.

EVALYN  
Go ahead. For me.

He sucks in the last of the cigarette, holds it, looks unhappily at the burning stub and flicks it away -- then, slowly, and with a workman's respect for the tools of his trade, he takes the clarinet.

He wets the reed with expert tongue, puts the clarinet to his lips and begins to blow.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

Still chording he hears the notes of the clarinet and looks off.

The piece starts on a high, whinnying, scornful run, that takes him by surprise.

He stops playing.

EVALYN & TRAVER

Traver, eyes closed, head back, gets with the music as, brilliantly, he begins to state and then adorn his basic theme.

Evalyn watches, wide-eyed.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

He drops the banjo to a chair, takes out his pipe and with irritated fingers, tries to fill it. Traver's music, o.s. mocks him lightly, then, it seems -- with a driving attack that makes Miller actually start -- it scorns him.

MED. SHOT - TRAVER & EVALYN

Traver's sits, the instrument held so lightly it seems a caress, yet at the same time, with so firm a grip it would seem nothing could dislodge it.

Evalyn has begun, unconsciously, to clap her hands to the rhythm that Traver blows.

Now the music sinks, takes on a softer, almost sentimental mood.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

He stuffs pipe in his pocket, cups his hands and yells:

MILLER

Evvie!

HIS ANGLE - EVALYN & TRAVER

She turns and looks off at Miller.

MILLER

He gestures irritably that she come.

EVALYN & TRAVER

Reluctantly, she moves away. Traver, still with eyes closed, doesn't even notice.



He continues to play, softly, caressingly.

EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER & EVALYN

She comes up to him and he, with eyes off on Traver, indicates with a nod that she get inside to bed.

She goes inside and he, after a moment, follows, purposefully.

MED. SHOT - TRAVER

Head back, clarinet pointed high, he plays.

EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER

He comes outside, checks on the grenade which he holds in his hand, pulls the pin, holds the safety handle tight and, CAMERA PRECEDING HIM walks across yard toward Traver, finally stops.

MILLER  
Hey you -- boy. Watch this!

TRAVER

Clarinet at mouth, rifle across lap, looks off. The clarinet is silent.

MILLER

He takes a couple of steps forward and, with arm straight, heaves something out into the night.

EFFECT SHOT

Silence -- black night -- roar that deafens and a flash that blinds.

TRAVER

He rises from chair, clarinet in one hand, rifle in the other.

TRAVER  
(mock alarm)  
Man! Some cat just fell in the drum!

MILLER

Turns, smiles affably:

MILLER

See how I could have minced you up,  
did I want to? Now why don't you  
hand me over those rifles and get you  
a good night's sleep?

(gently)

I got two more souvenirs from Italy --  
(pats other pocket)

--right here.

He is greeted by a high, cackling, derisive blast from  
the clarinet.

MILLER

(sore)

Okay. I'll give you five minutes.

He crosses back to his own cabin, keeping his eye off  
on Traver CAMERA INCLUDING Evalyn who stands in doorway,  
wide-eyed, looking out.

MILLER

(sharply)

Get back inside. Go to sleep.

He pushes her inside and backs quickly to corner of  
cabin where he can still keep his eyes off on the  
faintly-seen Traver.

MILLER'S ANGLE - TRAVER

On his feet, stretching, yawning; he turns and goes  
inside cabin, closing door.

MILLER

He squints off, waiting. There comes the sound of  
Traver's clarinet, improvising faintly inside the far  
cabin.

CAMERA PRECEDES HIM as, slowly, he starts forward  
across the yard, interested in something he thinks he  
sees outside the other cabin.

Finally, he stops; ANGLE INCLUDES THE CABIN DOOR which  
is closed, the chair which now stands straight and, on  
its seat, the rifle, the shotgun and shells, butts  
toward Miller's hands.

He smiles, relieved, triumphant, leans down to pick  
them up.



MILLER  
Convinced you, eh? Okay. Tomorrow,  
early, to work.

A faint whistle on his lips he moves away, a glance  
back at the silent cabin.

INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - TRAVER

He lies on the cot, the clarinet at his lips, and  
'goofs' a faint, soft melody.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER

He has checked rifle and placed it on its accustomed  
pegs, the shotgun, beneath it; he now puts grenade  
back in its ammunition box and swings down demijohn  
to table.

He pours himself a drink, glances off toward Evalyn:

EVALYN F.G. - MILLER B.G.

Her eye-lids quiver in feigned sleep; in b.g. Miller  
smiles, walks quietly to get matches, strikes one, and  
puts it to pipe.

Puffing, he pours another drink, sits at table and  
selects a comic from pile of magazines.

CLOSE SHOT - MILLER

He puffs pipe, sips drink, becomes interested in comic.

EVALYN F.G. - MILLER B.G.

She allows her eyes to open, thinks of the man behind  
her, closes them purposefully.

MILLER

He finishes drink, closes comic and again his eyes go  
to Evalyn in bed.

He finishes drink, rises, takes off jacket, moving on  
tip-toes; goes to door and locks it, turns back, looks  
off at Evalyn, crosses still on tip-toes, lays jacket  
on bed.

He moves to side of Evalyn's bed, looks down.

275. EVALYN & MILLER

He kneels at her back, she feels his eyes on her back and opens eyes (unseen by him) -- his face is close to the back of her neck.

MILLER  
(gently)

Evvie? Evvie? Don't be frightened.

276. LARGE CLOSE UP - CAMERA DOWN ON EVALYN

O.S.:

MILLER'S VOICE

Evvie?

She turns, her eyes wide, to stare up as Miller's head fills the FRAME.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

277. EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - DAY

CLOSE SHOT

The saw works methodically on the wood which is held firm in a criss-cross saw-horse; ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL Traver sawing wood, a considerable pile of fresh-cut wood lies piled around his feet.

He saws through the block, kicks it to ground and stoops to place another in the saw-horse, as he straightens up the door behind him opens and Evalyn appears -- Half-dressed, dishevelled, frowning, seemingly angry.

TRAVER  
(cheerily)

Hi ya, child?

She doesn't answer, nor does she even look at him, but turns and walks up path away from cabin.

Traver looks after her, puzzled.



TRAVER & CABIN

TRAVER  
Evalyn! (calls) Hey there, Evalyn!

Miller appears at cabin door, tucking shirt into pants; looks at Traver, disapproving:

MILLER  
What you holler<sup>ing</sup> for. She any of your business?

Traver doesn't answer and Miller reaches his rifle down from inside, steps outside.

MILLER  
And when you finish the wood you can rake this mess up in the yard.

TRAVER  
(his southern colonel accent)  
If I got time, boss-man. Soon as that boat's swelled tight I cut out.

MILLER  
(irritated)  
Go, then. As far as I'm concerned — the sooner, the better.

He turns and strides up trail after Evalyn; Traver puts saw to wood and starts to work.

## 278- EXT. ISLAND PATH - MILLER

He comes up the path, looks to one side and the other for Evalyn, stops in foreground beside a sturdy, thick-branched tree, cups his hands and calls irritably:

MILLER  
Evalyn! Evalyn! Where you at?

There is no answer and, CAMERA PRECEDING HIM, he moves forward, angrily looking for some sign of the girl.

Now, as he halts once more, looks from side to side of the path, we see Evalyn behind him, seated in the crotch of the tree.

MILLER  
Evvie! Oh, Evvie!

279-MED. CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN IN TREE

She stares down at him, hunched back against the tree trunk, frightened.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Where are you, Evvie? Evvie!

Evalyn nervously twists a small dried twig in her hand which, suddenly, breaks with a snap.

280-EVALYN'S ANGLE - MILLER

He turns at sound and looks up:

MILLER  
What you doing up there?

281-CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN

She looks down at him, eyes filled with rancor, makes no answer, no sign of response.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Get down from there. I got something to say to you.

282-MED. FULL SHOT - EVALYN AND MILLER

He crosses to tree, grabs first her ankle, then her wrist, and pulls her down from tree.

MILLER  
Get down. Come on. Get down.

She scrambles back from where she falls, turns, rises and lunges off up the path.

283-NEW ANGLE - MILLER, EVALYN

He catches her, turns her by the shoulders.

MILLER  
(breathing hard)

Now listen, you. Stay put. Hear me.

He leads her with firm hand to where a large log rests beside the path, CAMERA PRECEDING HIM, seats her forcefully, slowly sits himself.



MILLER

You're not a kid anymore. You're a woman.  
And I want to buy you something nice. When  
we get you into town why we'll get you all  
dolled up -- so's you'll really shine when  
you go to that school, or whatever it is.

(glances at her)

How's that sound?

(only her eyes widen  
slightly with interest;  
he laughs)

Buy you a decent bag for your things. A  
valise. One of those that look like leather  
at the drugstore.

(her interest is awakened)

Sure. And some shoes -- shoes with those  
new pointy toes.

(glances at her casually)

Okay, Evvie? Now what do you think of  
old Hap? Not so bad, is he?

(she makes no response)

Or is there something else you'd like, too?

EVALYN

The pistol.

(as he looks at her,  
uncertain as to what  
she means)

Chrome. That Gramps was going to buy me.

MILLER

The little twenty-two at the hardware?

Sure. Okay. That's a deal.

(sees her eyeing his own  
rifle)

Want to go hunting?

(still fearful, she  
nods; he teases her)

Ah, but a kid like you, can't handle a  
rifle yet.

She holds out her hands for the rifle, he gives it to  
her and she expertly yanks the breech-bolt, inspects  
the loading, slams it shut, puts rifle to her shoulder,  
sights.

MILLER

(amused)

Okay. So we'll go hunting. Whereabouts?

She is on her feet:

EVALYN

(the guide)

There's a possum I been watching almost a week.

She turns and starts off but he calls her back, squats down so that his face is level with hers:

MILLER

One thing, Evvie. What I said. How I acted. Don't tell 'em in town. Okay?  
(grabs her arm)

Okay?

(CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE IN)

No matter what questions they ask, you don't know anything. Not a thing. Don't answer. Because Evvie, if you do, why I'm just liable to take that rifle, put it here --

(touches her temple)

--and pull the trigger? Hear me?  
Now hear me?

Her eyes are wide, as, slowly, she nods.

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. A SEASCAPE - NIGHT

Waves kicked up by a hard wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A GROVE OF TREES - NIGHT

The wind agitates them; rain beats down hard.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - EVALYN, TRAVER, MILLER - NIGHT

Evalyn has just pulled a sizzling roasting pan from the oven, its browned contents she now places on top of the stove and tests to see if they are done. Sound of rain in b.g.

Traver glances up from comic book he has been glancing through to pan; Miller, seated at table, b.g., smokes pipe, looks up from refurbishing with new paint several decoy ducks.

MILLER  
(takes pipe from mouth)  
That rabbit cooked yet?

EVALYN  
It's done now.

CLOSE SHOT - EVALYN

As she starts to serve the rabbit into plates. Her face is illuminated by a flash of lightning.

EXT. SKY - EFFECT SHOT

A streak of lightning darts across sky.

EXT. A GROVE OF TREES

Rain dashes against them, bending their tops toward the ground. Sound of thunder.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - EVALYN

She turns from stove, places two plates on table, turns back and gets one to put on table as ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Traver who is on his feet; he relieves her of the plate and is about to sit down when Miller catches his eye, signals (with eye movement) 'over there'.

Traver, plate in hand, straightens up and starts off.

EVALYN

You don't want to eat with us?

Traver glances from her to Miller who, stolidly, his work pushed aside, starts to eat.

TRAYER

Man, you ain't raised this southern child right.

MILLER

Nobody raised her.

TRAYER

(to Evalyn)

Thanks anyway.

He crosses to edge of bed and sits.

291 - MED. SHOT - EVALYN, MILLER F.G., TRAYER B.G.

Evalyn sits, watching Trayer curiously.

EVALYN

(to Miller)

How come he won't eat with us?

Miller continues to eat, doesn't bother to answer.

Trayer, seated on edge of bed, plate on lap, looks up, face bland.

TRAYER

I got the message. That's northern style. Everything's smooth on the front, see -- no signs that say 'white only', real polite. But then the owner looks up from his greasy old counter and --

(imitates Miller's eye signal)

you been deprived of your rights. You just been hung, lynched.

(quietly)

And everyone's been a gentleman, and you, you ain't felt a thing. Least --

(indicates his neck)

not here!

He picks up his knife and fork and prepares to eat.



MILLER  
(who has ignored this)  
Did Jeb eat with you?

EVALYN  
(shrugs)  
Don't remember.

MILLER  
If I know Pee-Wee he didn't. Pee-Wee  
was touchier on that than me.

EVALYN  
How come not?

MILLER  
Colored.

EVALYN  
Don't you ever eat with colored?

MILLER  
(shrugs)  
When I went to collect a bill, maybe.  
They'd invite me to their table. Something  
like that.

EVALYN  
You never invited them back?

MILLER  
Never.

Curious, Evalyn leans back so she can get a better look  
at Traver.

292- HER ANGLE - TRAVER

He eats with relish, picks up rabbit bone, cleans it.

293.-ORIGINAL ANGLE - EVALYN & MILLER

EVALYN  
(still puzzled)  
Eats the same as you.

Miller makes no answer and Evalyn, still bewildered, begins to cut her food up.

DISSOLVE TO:

294.- INT. MILLER'S CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - DEMIJOHN OF WHISKY

Miller's hand seizes it as ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Traver, Miller and Evalyn. Traver sits on a kitchen chair, back of chair in front of him; Evalyn sits on edge of bed, b.g. sewing buttons on a shirt of Miller's; Miller sits as before, feet up on table, refills his glass and shoves demijohn to Traver who pours some in a preserve glass. Helps himself to cigarette from pack on table. Sound of rain continues, rain streams across window, b.g.

MILLER  
Those Italian women. There was a dish!  
(looks at Traver, knowingly)  
Guess you colored boys thought so, too, eh?

Traver drops pack, lights up.

TRAVER  
What you mean by that?

MILLER  
Man was telling me, not so long ago, lot of trouble with you black boys over there.  
(lights pipe)  
Assault. Rape.

TRAVER  
'Course none of you white boys ever tried it?  
(puffs cigarette)  
Yes, sir. Funny, how clean living all you cats were -- just us got into trouble.



MILLER

This guy said they strung up over a hundred of you on that charge.

TRAVER

Yeah?

(exhales)

But did one of you get caught out at first why they'd swear the chick was professional. Yeah. And she'd better watch herself or she'd get time in the jailhouse.

MILLER

(shrugs)

Just what this guy said is all.

TRAVER

Man, it gave us a kick, the way those Germans worried about a "second front".

(laughs)

We had ours going against us all the time. Built-in. Do-it-yourself. Yeah. The Germans and our own M.P.'s.

(bitterly)

Even colored boys, give 'em a white hat, arm-band, leggings -- and they'd use that club on us like any other "snowwhite".

(crushes cigarette)

Sometimes we really had to think which way to point that gun.

There is silence, broken by Evalyn.

EVALYN

(to Traver)

Go get your licorice stick.

TRAVER

(chuckles)

You mean the clarinet?

EVALYN

Yes. I like to hear it.

Traver glances at Miller whose face has clouded, who drinks, irritably.

TRAYER

Don't you know, child -- dad, here -- he don't like it.

(rises, winks)

But nothing like educating 'em -- yes, sir, bring the peasants music. Expose them to culture.

Laughing, he goes to door, glances out, sees that it is raining, picks up piece of paper to cover his head and runs outside.

Evalyn crosses, putting needle absently in her dress, drops shirt on Miller's lap.

EVALYN

All fixed.

In spite of his irritation at her request to Traver, he can't help picking it up, checking the buttons, nodding approval.

295-INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - TRAVER

He rises from bed from under which he has taken the clarinet case, comes to door and starts out, only to pull back, looking off, startled:

296-TRAVER'S ANGLE - AT GROVE OF TREES - JACKSON & REV. FLEETWOOD

Jackson leads the way through swelling rain from wharf; he is dressed in warm oil-skins, fisherman's waterproof hat, carries a large electric lantern; Reverend Fleetwood, a tall, youngish man, wears a wet black fedora, a businessman's raincoat, rubbers, and carries an umbrella and, in the other hand, a black briefcase in which are the appurtenances of his office.

They have both had a wet, windy five or six hours; the trees behind them glisten and writhe with rain.

JACKSON

(pauses, waits for Fleetwood to catch up with him, points off, shouts:)

That's it, reverend. Just about made it --



Fleetwood takes off hat, beats rain from it, nods and follows.

297-INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - TRAVER

He draws back tight into the shadows. Sound of voices  
o.s.

298-EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - JACKSON & FLEETWOOD

The door is open as they come up to it and Jackson pushes it open, lets the minister enter first.

Sound of their voices as they enter.

~~EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN~~

299- Traver looks out, watches them enter far cabin; sound of door slamming shut. He continues to stand, rain pouring down, watching, calculating.

300-INT. MILLER'S CABIN - REVEREND FLEETWOOD

He takes off his soaking raincoat, dries his hands on a towel that Jackson hands him as ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the others.

FLEETWOOD (briskly)

Lucky to be here, I can tell you. Five hours late. Took us three just to cross the bar. Right, Jackson?

(Jackson nods)

Too rough to come in and too rough to stay out.

(wipes neck of rain,  
face)

Preserve me at all cost from nature in her adverse moods.

301- Evalyn occupies herself hanging up the wet clothing; Miller, alarm and surprise still on his face, watches, speechless.

JACKSON (to Miller)

Sure could use a shot. You got one?

Miller, keeping his eyes on Fleetwood, reaches demijohn down, pushes it to Jackson who offers it to Fleetwood.

FLEETWOOD

(shakes his head)

Hot coffee -- if there is any?

Miller indicates to Evalyn that she provide this and she puts pot over hot part of stove, sets out cup and saucer and sugar.

MILLER (to Jackson)

How come you folks ended up here? Get blown off course?

FLEETWOOD (laughs)

Not at all, Mr. Miller. This was our destination.

(sits, eases out of rubbers)

Mr. Hargreave called me. Naturally I was affected -- at Mr. Stroud's passing that is; his wife was a member of our congregation, before my time of course.

(accepts cup of coffee

from Evalyn, smiles)

And this, I imagine -- is the child?

(at Miller's blank look)

Mr. Stroud's granddaughter?

MILLER

That's right.

FLEETWOOD

(shakes hands)

Glad to meet you, Evalyn. I know we're going to be good friends. Tell me, what Mr. Jackson tells me is it true -- you've never even been baptized?

302- Evalyn stares, puzzled, looks to Miller.

MILLER

Right. Pee-Wee just never got around to it.

Fleetwood nods, understanding.

FLEETWOOD

The ladies' auxiliary has already arranged for a place where you can stay, until final plans can be made.

(sips coffee; to Miller)

I'll take her back to town with me tomorrow.

MILLER

(involuntarily)

No you won't.

Fleetwood looks up at him, curious.



FLEETWOOD

And why not?

308 Miller, surprised by his own reflex, quickly organizes his reason. He glances at Evalyn, speaks with emphasis that is for her ears:

MILLER

Not before I give her the little shopping tour I promised, that is. A promise is a promise. I make a habit never to break one.

Deliberately controlling himself, hand trembling, he lights up his pipe.

FLEETWOOD (laughs)

She won't be put behind bars, Mr. Miller. I'm sure your treat can be arranged.

MILLER

(again with emphasis  
for Evalyn)

Just so long as she understands I'm going to get her all the things I said.

(to Jackson, sits,  
eyes off on Evalyn)

What's new from town?

JACKSON

Nothing. Like the man says, everything happens today, I already heard on the radio last night. So it's dull as hell.

(quickly)

Excuse me, Reverend.

(Fleetwood makes a gesture;  
Jackson drinks)

Aw, yes, day before yesterday, day I brought you back -- no, day before that, over in the south side of Hammersville, nigger raped a white woman. They phoned our sheriff, last night.

(laughs)

He cussed 'em out for not phoning sooner. Heck, he says, that coon's hitched a freight north by this time. Ain't nothing I can do to help you now.

He drinks again.

MILLER

Day before you took me to town?

JACKSON

Yeah, in Hammersville. One of those fresh niggers, come down south here playing with a little old six-bit orchestra.

(grunts)

Excuse me. You don't call 'em that no more. No. That's my daughter talking, see -- 'combo'. She says. "Pa, it ain't orchestra it's combo".

304-Miller is on his feet.

MILLER

Why, that black  
(to Jackson!  
-- he's here!

JACKSON

(electrified)

What?

MILLER

Right here! In the other cabin!  
(furious; snatches  
shotgun, rifle)

How do you like that! Fooled me clean.  
Even hired him as handyman.

(hands Jackson shotgun)

Take that.

Jackson, delighted, hands shaking with excitement, takes the shotgun, fills his pockets with shells.

JACKSON

You promised me a bit of hunting out here--  
but never this good!

MILLER

(at door, to Evalyn,  
Fleetwood)

You two sit tight.

He's out the door, Jackson hard on his heels.



Fleetwood, disturbed, rises, follows as if to protest but it is too late.

EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN - MILLER, JACKSON

305-They slow their run to a walk, Miller edges up to one side of the door, Jackson to the window.

Miller, with a nod of warning to Jackson, kicks in the door with his foot and enters.

306-INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - MILLER

He swings rifle around empty room as Jackson enters; crosses, looks under bed, in closet.

MILLER

Must have seen you coming.

He puts rifle under arm, goes to door, cups his hands and calls:

MILLER

Traver! Oh, Traver!

(no answer, angrily he drops hands -- then, spins)

Your boat!

JACKSON

(a sly grin)

No chance. I got these!

(holds up ignition

keys. Quickly:)

Any other way to leave?

Miller shakes his head.

MILLER

His boat is all.

(nods off)

And here's his cars and motor.

He crosses, picks up motor, places cars under arm, gives one last disappointed look around empty cabin and goes out door.

307-INT. MILLER'S CABIN - FLEETWOOD, EVALYN

Fleetwood peers out window, shading eyes, to observe the two men; Evalyn stands, concerned, on chair at his side.

FLEETWOOD

Here they come.

He turns from window, opens door as Jackson and Miller enter.

JACKSON

(walks to demijohn)

Flew the coop.

MILLER

(kicks door behind him; sets motor, oars down)

No use looking tonight. We'll go out first thing in the morning.

FLEETWOOD

(mildly)

How are you so sure it's the same man?

MILLER

(hot)

He's a musician. Jazz. Hell, I knew there was something funny about him. Felt it.

(slams rifle onto its pegs)

Eating right here. Tonight. Drinking! Buddying-up! That's something I won't forget. What a sucker he must figure me for.

FLEETWOOD

Well, perhaps it's fortunate we have all night to sleep on it.

(changes subject)

Tell me, Mr. Miller, how do you plan to bed down your unexpected guests?

MILLER

What? Oh -- yeah. Well, Jackson and me in my bed I figured. Evalyn in hers here. And you, reverend, well, over in the other cabin. How's that?

FLEETWOOD

Excellent.



JACKSON  
That the bed the nigger used?  
(Miller nods)  
Better have the kid put on clean blankets.  
It'll be kinda funky.

308- Miller's eyes go quickly from Evalyn to the minister.

MILLER  
Good idea.  
(reaches to shelf  
for clean blankets,  
hands them to Evalyn)  
I'll go with her.

He picks up electric lamp from table, opens door and  
allows Evalyn to precede him, closes door.

FLEETWOOD  
(rises for raincoat,  
umbrella)  
Tomorrow, Mr. Jackson, early as possible,  
we'll have to head back.

Jackson regards him over rim of glass, cynically polite.

JACKSON  
Oh sure thing, reverend. Of course.  
Of course.

309- INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - EVALYN, MILLER

Evalyn crosses to lamp in f.g., starts to light it;  
Miller looks through window to make sure the minister  
is not coming yet.

MILLER  
Evvie! (crosses, whispers  
urgently)  
If he asks you anything about me,  
-- don't answer. Is that clear?

EVALYN  
About you? What's he gonna ask?

MILLER  
Last night. You and me. Not a word.  
Look, I'll explain --

390- Sound of footsteps and door opens as Fleetwood enters, raincoat over his head.

MILLER

(covering, all smiles)

Everything's okay, reverend. Evvie'll change blankets for you. Anything else you need, just tell her.

(puts electric lamp on table)

Leave this for when you come back, Evvie.

FLEETWOOD

Thank you, Mr. Miller, thank you.

Miller, at door, catches Evalyn's eye, indicates 'don't speak'.

She catches his signal. Looks at him flatly.

MILLER

See you in the morning. Hurry it up, Evvie. Don't want to keep the reverend up all night.

He leaves.

391- NEW ANGLE - EVALYN, FLEETWOOD

She rips off old blankets, prepares to put on new, but Fleetwood catches her, turns from hanging up rain-coat.

FLEETWOOD

How many nights did this -- this man sleep here.

EVALYN

One night.

FLEETWOOD

Here, we'll turn the mattress.

He crosses and between them they turn mattress to reverse side.

FLEETWOOD

You know, Evvie, I think you have the wrong idea of this place you're going. It won't be an orphan asylum. It'll be a foster home.

(feels mattress to make sure it's not damp)



FLEETWOOD (con't.)

They'll treat you there like one of their own. Dress you. School you. Put you to bed at night. Tuck you in.

EVALYN

(unfolding blanket)

I'd rather they left me alone.

FLEETWOOD

(compassionately)

You don't even know what it's like to have parents. Do you?

EVALYN

Can I have my own bed?

FLEETWOOD

Of course.

EVALYN

My own room, too?

FLEETWOOD

(laughs)

That I doubt. There'll be other children there, you know. I imagine all children share rooms.

EVALYN

But I'm not a child.

FLEETWOOD

(looks at her, smiles)

You most certainly are.

EVALYN

(vehemently)

I am not. Mr. Miller said yesterday I wasn't.

FLEETWOOD

And pray, how not?

EVALYN  
Ask him. He told me not to tell anyone  
anything.

She continues tucking in blankets; Fleetwood turns and  
looks at her, puzzled.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - MILLER, JACKSON

Jackson kicks off his pants and now in long, none too  
clean underwear, hops into bed, lies on his back,  
smoking, talking; Miller undresses more slowly, eyes  
off on the door:

JACKSON  
(gleefully)  
--way the sheriff told us it was funny as  
hell. Seems the guys over at Hammersville,  
soon's they heard about this rape, and that  
the guy played the clarinet, took off coat  
for this here cabaret where the guy'd been  
playing

(Miller gets into bed)  
Well, there was four, five other colored  
boys there a-playing away but all these  
Hammersville guys knew they was looking  
for a clarinet player ---

The door opens and Evalyn enters; Miller props himself  
up on an elbow, interrupts Jackson.

MILLER  
What took you so long? What did he  
say to you?

EVALYN  
(shrugs, gets out of  
dress)  
Told me about this home I'm going to.  
About school.

MILLER  
That's all?

EVALYN  
That's all.



She turns out lamp, gets into bed.

Jackson exhales a plume of tobacco smoke, passes the butt to Miller who absently crushes it out in ash-tray.

JACKSON  
(giggling)

"This a clareenet?" yells old Charlie Johanson, and picks up a shiny old horn. "Hell, no," says one of these smart colored boys. "That's a saxe". "Looks like a clareenet to me," says Charlie, and whammo right over the nigger's head.

Chuckling, repeating to himself "Is this a clareenet" he turns on his side and prepares for sleep.

Miller puts his hands behind his head, stares at ceiling.

EXT. THE WHARF - CONTROL PANEL - JACKSON'S BOAT

ANGLE WIDENS as Traver's hand tries starter button, moves to ignition switch, feels for key, finds none. ANGLE NOW INCLUDES Traver who stares about, frustrated, moves to stern and examines motor and then, angrily turns, leaps to dock and moves quickly to the shore.

He disappears in some underbrush which closes at his back.

EXT. PATH UPWARDS - TRAVER

He mounts rapidly TOWARD CAMERA, pauses, looks behind him to all sides, moves off path to right.

EXT. GROVE OF TREES - TRAVER

He enters, moves slowly now, looks through the moisture-dripping grove for some shelter. CAMERA PANS with him to include a large hollow bole of a tree; he pauses, beginning to grow frightened at some fantasy that rushes in on his consciousness and then, suddenly he leans for support against the tree and holds his head in his hands as, Over Shot, we hear the same clamor of dogs and men as when we first saw him: Voices: "Which way'd that black bastard go?" "Look at the dogs!" "Watch your dogs!" etc. etc.

At the height of this sound Traver, hands to his ears, terrified eyes staring behind him, retreats into the hollow of the tree, crouches down for shelter.

As CAMERA APPROACHES he manages to take his hands from his ears, the sounds, slowly, in receding echo, fade away.

He sits, lowering his hands to grip his knees, shivering, chattering with the cold and damp.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Miller glances at Jackson who, face to the wall, snores loudly; folds back the covers gently, gets from bed and crosses to kneel beside Evalyn.

CAMERA PRECEDES HIM TO INCLUDE Evalyn; he shakes her softly, keeps his hand poised to clap it over her mouth if she should make a sound.

MILLER

Evvie?

(her eyes open,  
regard him)

Evvie, did the preacher ask any questions about me?

(slowly, she shakes  
her head)

Nothing?

EVALYN

Nothing.

Miller sighs in relief, but returns again to the subject.

MILLER

But if he had -- what would you have answered?

EVALYN

I wouldn't have.

MILLER

(gratefully)

Good girl.

(his hand starts to caress  
her head, he turns quickly as  
there is some interruption in  
Jackson's snoring; it continues,  
thunderous, as before; he turns  
and continues caressing her head)

You are a good girl, Evvie. A very good girl.



As he continues stroking her hair.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

319- SEASCAPE - DAWN

The sun's upper edge is seen on horizon; its rays shoot up into the scattered clouds.

320- INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - DAWN

The preacher, dressed in pants, shirt, socks and shoes is finishing his Swedish exercises: touches left foot with right hand, touches right foot with left hand. He straightens up, breathes deeply and begins to button his shirt, crossing to mirror on wall.

321- As he ties his tie, gives it one last decisive yank there comes, loudly Over Shot:

EVALYN'S VOICE:  
Reverend! Reverend! They're going  
to kill him!

He is at door, pulling it open.

322- EXT. CABIN - FLEETWOOD, EVALYN

as she runs up.

FLEETWOOD  
Who, child? What are you talking  
about?

EVALYN  
Mr. Miller! Jackson. There.

She points off:

323- MILLER AND JACKSON, CABIN-B.G.

They walk purposefully away from coffee-pot and cups on rustic table, guns under their arms.

MILLER  
We'll start at the south end of the island and work north.

FLEETWOOD'S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Mr. Miller!

They stop, turn.

324- ANOTHER ANGLE - MILLER, JACKSON

They turn, look off, as Fleetwood comes INTO SHOT: he is abrupt, armed with his suspicion of Miller.

FLEETWOOD  
What are you going to do?

JACKSON  
Hunt down this nigger. What else?

FLEETWOOD  
This is nothing that can be judged out of hand. It must be decided justly.

JACKSON  
You keep your nose out of this, reverend.

He starts off:

FLEETWOOD  
No. Wait.  
(seizes Jackson's arm)  
Why are you armed?

Jackson looks at Miller, as if to say "what a question".

MILLER  
In case he attacks us.

FLEETWOOD  
(decisive)  
It's far better for Jackson and myself to return to the mainland with the child here. We can report the matter to the police.



MILLER  
On this island that's me, reverend.

325- He produces a deputy's badge; displays it on his palm.

FLEETWOOD  
Mr. Jackson, I order you to take me  
back to the mainland.

MILLER (coolly)  
I need him to help me.

Fleetwood looks from one to the other; Jackson grins,  
provocatively.

FLEETWOOD  
I hope you think well before you start  
out like this. Hunting a man down.

JACKSON  
We're losing time.

They start off:

FLEETWOOD (after them)  
Remember - let he who is without sin  
cast the first stone!

326-MILLER & JACKSON

Miller halts violently, turns to stare back.

MILLER (puzzled)  
What was that?

JACKSON  
(shrugs impatient)  
Who can tell -- what words a guy like  
that'll spiel.

Miller glancing back, they start off.

327-REVEREND & EVALYN

Looking after them.

EVALYN  
(innocently)  
Why? Do they want to throw stones?

Reverend looks down at her, pats her on the head, takes her hand.

FLEETWOOD (gently)  
Evalyn, don't you want to show me where your grandfather is buried?

She nods, turns, but looks after Miller and Jackson as she leaves.

328- EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Traver, moving cautiously, comes through a grove of saplings, looks behind, starts forward, stops and looks down and off:

329- TRAVER'S ANGLE - MILLER & JACKSON

Guns in hand they move, single file, down a trail that leads into a cluster of mangroves.

330- TRAVER

TRAVER (to himself)  
Those old boys ain't hunting duck.  
No, sir.

He watches them; withdraws slowly.

EXT. GROVE OF SAPLINGS - TRAVER

He moves quickly off in opposite direction.

INT. A GROVE OF TREES - MOVING CAMERA

331- CAMERA PANS ACROSS the screen of leaves, branches that hide the white trunks of the trees. CAMERA HOLDS on Miller and Jackson as they stand at edge of grove, Miller holding a branch to one side to peer beyond.

MILLER  
(indicates)  
You go that way -- I'll head there.

Jackson nods; fingers trigger purposefully.

JACKSON  
Do you see that dinge -- let him have it.

Dissolve



MILLER

No sir. This is one fresh nigger  
I want alive.

Jackson looks after his friend with a faint smile.

JACKSON

Not me. I shoot.

He turns and starts off.

352-MED. SHOT - JACKSON

As he moves slowly through the trees, searching.

333-MED. SHOT - MILLER

As he walks, looks.

334-HIGH LONG SHOT - EXT. THE GRAVE - EVALYN AND REVEREND FLEETWOOD

He stands at the head of the grave, his hat rests on his open briefcase, foreground; Evalyn stands opposite him, trying to be impressed with the words but impatient, restless. CAMERA APPROACHES and we do not hear his first words:

FLEETWOOD

--and awake up after thy likeness; through thy mercy, who livest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end ---- Amen.

He allows his head to be bowed, silence to reign, for a moment.

FLEETWOOD

The main thing to remember, Evalyn, is that your grandfather is better off in heaven.

(puts on hat; smiles at her affectionately)

And now, Evalyn, I'm going to make you a gift of the most valuable single thing you ever had in your life?

EVALYN

(interested)

What's that?

335-He takes her by the hand and starts off:

FLEETWOOD

A key of gold. Beyond price. A gift you will treasure all your life. There is nothing like it in worth -- in this world or the one to follow.

Evalyn's eyes are wide as she listens to him:

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - BANK OF A RIVER

Fleetwood leads Evalyn down to the sandy edge, carefully places his briefcase on a rock, tightens his belt and adjusts his coat, his tie, before he takes her hand.

EVALYN (puzzled)  
Where are we going?

FLEETWOOD  
That gift I promised you.

Benignly he leads her forward into the water. At first she is hesitant but when she sees that he proceeds with complete confidence so does she.

MED. SHOT - FLEETWOOD, EVALYN

The water reaches above his belt; he stops, seeing that the water reaches almost to Evalyn's chest. He takes her hand:

FLEETWOOD  
Now have no fear.  
(he raises his eyes to heaven)  
(Ritual words of total immersion baptism)

Evalyn watches, wide-eyed, he then gently puts his hands behind her head and just as gently forces it forward.

Her head goes under.

NEW ANGLE - EVALYN  
as her head comes up; fear, surprise in her eyes as she wipes the water frantically away, splutters water from her mouth.

FLEETWOOD'S VOICE (o.s.)  
(Ritual words of end of ceremony)

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - BEACH, FLEETWOOD AND EVALYN

Fleetwood has removed his shoes to empty water from them and now puts them back on. Evalyn squeezes water from socks and dress:

EVALYN  
Now do I get the key of gold?



FLEETWOOD

(amused, smiles)

You have it, child. The baptism. That is your key of gold. That opens to you the whole world of heaven. Heaven and its wonders.

(at her disappointment)

Why? Can you think of any other gift that has more value?

EVALYN

Yes. That chrome twenty-two pistol Mr. Miller promised me.

She continues squeezing her dress.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND - WAIST-HIGH SCRUBS - TRAVER - MOVING CAMERA

He moves up the slope of the land, pausing to look behind, and closely on all sides.

CAMERA PRECEDES HIM as, without caution for anything close to hand, he proceeds to push through the scrubs. Abruptly, there is the sound of snarling, barking, close at hand — Traver steps aside, startled.

CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER'S RIGHT FOOT

It sets off a heavy trap. (NOTE: this is the trap we saw Miller set the first time we saw him; it is anchored by chain and an iron peg driven in ground).

There is a metallic clash.

CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER

Agonized, groaning, he falls.

MED. SHOT - TRAVER

Behind him, caught in a nearby trap, is a dog coyote; it pulls and wrenches at its trapped hindleg to get at Traver.

Traver pulls back from this hazard; sits up, examines his foot with eyes that flutter, on the point of closing in a faint.

The trap holds his foot securely. He tries to pull it open but has no leverage and only increases the agony of the steel teeth in his flesh.

He tries to prize the jaws apart again -- again, weakens now, and his hands relax and he falls back in a faint.

CAMERA MOVES UP to coyote which snarls, and drags at its anchored trap, to get at him.

EXT. GROVE OF TREES - JACKSON - MOVING CAMERA

Shotgun held at the ready ahead of him he moves, CAMERA DOLLYING WITH HIM through the trees and low-hanging branches of the large trees. He stops to stare off, raises the shotgun:

JACKSON'S ANGLE - BRANCHES

They move with suspicious movement.

JACKSON

He fires.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

He looks off, rifle in his hands, as shots pepper leaves ahead of him:

MILLER  
(yells; furious)  
Watch yourself!

JACKSON'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Hap! It's you!



MILLER

Yes. No thanks to you....Now move ahead.  
Slow. Careful.

He starts forward.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING GROVE OF TREES - FLEETWOOD,  
EVALYN F.G.

Fleetwood looks off, disturbed, angry. Evalyn is  
alarmed.

EVALYN (listening)

I don't hear any more shots. They must  
have killed him.

FROM IN FRONT - FLEETWOOD, EVALYN

FLEETWOOD

(almost to himself)

To see men, hunting man, and with such  
delight.

(his eyes drop to Evalyn,  
his jaw sets, he reaches  
for his watch)

I had a christening this afternoon,  
too. My wife will be half-dead with  
worry, thinking I'm drowned. But of  
course such gentle matters don't count  
with Mr. Jackson down there, or Mr.  
Miller.

(takes her hand)

We'll wait for the mighty hunters at  
the cabin, Evalyn. But wait --

(looks down)

--last night, what you said, about no  
longer being a child, I couldn't sleep.  
Come, we'll walk -- but as we do, I  
want you to explain that to me. All  
of it.

He turns, and with Evalyn at his side, walks AWAY FROM  
CAMERA, looking down at her, waiting for her to speak.

She stoops, picks up a formidable thick branch which  
she finds beside the path, swings it angrily at the  
weeds.

FLEETWOOD'S VOICE

(faint)

Come, child, tell me.....

MED. SHOT - TRAVER

He regains consciousness, sits up, and tries once more to free himself.

Behind him the coyote snarls and yaps.

He strains at the jaws of the trap; they begin to open, they are too much for him and snap back. He puts his hands behind him, supports himself in this half-swoon, sweat running from his face, eye half-closed, tongue clenched between teeth.

EXT. TRAIL - FLEETWOOD AND EVALYN

The minister gravely leads the way down trail, Evalyn walks at his side; she has answered his question.

FLEETWOOD

I see. I understand everything now.

Suddenly, there is the sound of the coyote's snarling bark; they both stop, turn and listen. There is silence and then, the sound of low groaning.

Evalyn leads the way from the trail, plunging into the scrub and forcing herself forward.

EXT.SCRUB - EVALYN F.G., FLEETWOOD B.G. - MOVING CAMERA

CAMERA PRECEDES Evalyn, STOPS with her, REVEALING Traver; half-sitting, foot caught in the trap; the coyote nearby.

NEW ANGLE - THE THREE.

Fleetwood takes in Traver's situation in a moment, kneels and examines the trap.

TRAVER (writhing)

Help me. Get me out of here.

FLEETWOOD (angry)

Hold still. Hold still. I can't do a thing.

Evalyn, behind him, turns and moves toward coyote, lifts stick and brings it down hard; there is sound of a yelp of pain.

FLEETWOOD

Stop that! You, child.

Evalyn has raised stick to strike again.



EVALYN

Mr. Miller always does. They kill the game -- chickens.

FLEETWOOD

Poor beast. It's wounded. Leave it be now.

(sharply)

Do as I say.

Reluctant, she lets stick fall, looking back at the trapped animal, as Fleetwood returns his attentions to feeling the effects of the trap on Traver's leg.

TRAVER

It's broken.

FLEETWOOD

We'll soon see. I'm going to try and remove it.

He bends forward, exerts with all the force of arms and shoulders; Traver strains back to withstand the pain.

TRAVER

I didn't do what they say, reverend. I didn't do it. Can you hear?

FLEETWOOD (calmly)

I'd take this trap off, even if you had.

Trap comes apart --

FLEETWOOD

No. Not broken. The pants saved you.

TRAVER

Ohhhh. That dog all but got me, too.

He leans forward as the minister drops trap to one side and pulls up trouser leg.

CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER'S LEG

Just above the ankle the trap has bitten deep, on both sides, into flesh and muscle.

FLEETWOOD'S VOICE (o.s.)

The bone looks whole. Muscle -- tendon, no more.

354 THE THREE - TRAVER, FLEETWOOD, EVALYN

Traver stares down at his injured leg.

TRAVER  
Man! That bit deep!

Fleetwood gets to his feet.

FLEETWOOD  
Now, let's see if you can walk.

He puts his arm under Traver's and lifts; Traver pushes up with free hand and, manages to stumble to his feet but, as he puts his injured foot to ground he winces, grimaces.

TRAVER  
Looks like I earned that Purple Heart after all.

FLEETWOOD  
Now -- let's see how that leg works.

Evalyn gets on Traver's other side so he can rest his weight on her shoulder and, so supported, he starts to move off.

EVALYN  
(genuinely concerned)  
And the coyote?

FLEETWOOD  
(pauses)  
Better to kill it. But I have nothing to do that with.  
(decisive)  
Leave it. Better to leave it as it is.

Evalyn gives him a disgusted look.

CAMERA HOLDS as the three move off slowly, painfully, through the scrub.

358 CLOSE SHOT - COYOTE

Snarling, pulling at its trap.

DISSOLVE TO:



## 359-INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER'S LEG

Fleetwood finishes bandaging it with torn pieces of shirt as ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Traver, stretched out on the bed, weight rested on his elbows; Fleetwood kneeling at his leg, Evalyn standing by with extra pieces of the crude bandage ready for the preacher's hand.

He takes the last piece from her and begins to apply it:

TRAVER

I told you, reverend, I didn't do this thing like they say. I didn't.

FLEETWOOD

Unfortunately, they claim you did.

TRAVER

Claim! Chaim!.. Reverend -- listen --  
(Fleetwood continues bandaging)

-- I was boxed in. There was this white woman -- kept coming to the "Hot Note" -- that's where we were blowing, and, well, she had dough -- she asks me to come around her place next day to talk business. Look, Reverend, you believe me?

FLEETWOOD

There's nothing to disbelieve, so far.  
(becomes aware of Evalyn, behind him, her growing interest -- holds up hand for Traver to wait)

Go outside, child. And let me know when you see them coming.

360-Reluctant, but obedient, she goes outside.

TRAVER

She said she was thinking of having some folks in and she wanted me to bring the orchestra over and play a few sets -- you know -- for dancing?

(Fleetwood nods)

TRAVER (cont'd.)

So, next evening, late afternoon it was, I went to this address -- she let me in herself. Was she ever lushed! Looping. Really looping. Tells me to go into her living room and pour myself a drink. Well, I did -- to be sociable -- and then she calls me -- so, I looks around -- I mean, I been out of the south for some years, see? But she called again and says she wants to speak to me, and I went down this hall -- hadn't even had a drink, Reverend, now believe me -- she calls again and I went to this here door and it was open! But look, it was the bedroom -- and, get this, she was lying on the bed. You believe me, Reverend?



TRAYER

She takes a drink from this high-ball, or whatever it was and says, come on in, fellow -- and she pats the bed -- sit here, she says. Now listen -- I'm no saint, and was she a chick, you know -- well, can't say what would have happened. But, man, she was old, she was like puckered all over. Anyways, I says Mrs. Brownell -- that was her name --

FLEETWOOD

Brownell, you say? Mrs. Brownell?

TRAYER

Right. Mrs. Brownell, I says, you better come around to the cabaret tonight and we can talk business there, okay?

(Fleetwood nods)

But now, she pats the bed again. Come on over, she says -- this's the place to settle our business, and then she comes over and kind of grabs me and begins to pull me over and, well, honest she stank of whisky an' cigarettes an' I just pushed her away. "No, ma'am," I says. "Thanks."

He stops, breathing hard at the memory.

FLEETWOOD

And then?

TRAYER

She just sat on that bed and looked at me, eyes all little and narrow -- then she runs to the door, locks it and begins to holler like it was her last breath. Rape! Rape! Help! And I -- man, that door was really locked. The window had bars, that Spanish kind, you know -- well, I wrestled the key away from her, her screaming all the time, opened that door and cut out of there -- by then neighbors was running and one yelled as he saw me and, well -- I been running, it seems, ever since.

He leans back, exhausted by his recital, stares at Fleetwood, hopefully.

TRAYER

Reverend? You believe me? I mean,  
I'm innocent.

Fleetwood looks at him thoughtfully for a moment.

FLEETWOOD

I have knowledge of Mrs. Brownell. Yes.  
I am inclined to believe you are.

(finishes bandage with a knot)  
In fact, I'd feel obliged to appear as  
a witness for you, at a trial.

TRAYER

Trial! Reverend, they ain't going to  
wait for no trial. Not now they ain't.

FLEETWOOD

I have some influence in town. I'll use  
it as best I can.

He makes Trayer comfortable, consults watch and moves  
out of cabin.

365-EXT. CABIN - EVALYN, FLEETWOOD

Evalyn stands staring down toward the distant mangroves;  
Fleetwood appears at her side, consults watch.

FLEETWOOD

See them yet?

EVALYN

No.

FLEETWOOD

It's too late to leave tonight. That's  
settled.

Evalyn looks behind him, points:

EVALYN

Look!

366-~~THEIR~~ ANGLE - TRAYER

Using a stick to support him, he tries to hobble away  
from the cabin.

FLEETWOOD'S VOICE (o.s.)

Hey there! You!



Traver redoubles his effort -- the minister runs INTO SHOT.

367-CLOSER SHOT - TRAVER & FLEETWOOD

Fleetwood grabs his arm.

TRAVER  
(tries to shake him off)  
Leave me be. They'll kill me.

FLEETWOOD  
They won't. I take that responsibility.  
(takes his arm)  
Here. Stay. I'll protect you. Come.  
Come back -- you should be lying down --

He half-leads, half-forces Traver back into cabin.

368-MED. SHOT - EVALYN

She turns from watching Fleetwood and Traver, looks off with quick interest; starts forward.

369-HER ANGLE - MILLER & JACKSON

They enter clearing from direction of woods, weary, dirty, guns held across their arms

Evalyn runs up to them:

EVALYN  
Traver's here. Inside the cabin.  
He's hurt.

MILLER  
Here? The bastard!  
(to Jackson, disgusted)  
And we, shagged over hell's half acre!

He starts off rapidly for cabin; Jackson follows; Evalyn looks after them, follows.

370-INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - FLEETWOOD AND TRAVER

Fleetwood turns from making him lie down in bed as Miller bursts inside, Jackson on his heels.

MILLER  
Here he is!

Fleetwood interposes himself between them and Traver; Traver is up on his elbows.

FLEETWOOD  
Leave him alone. Might well be he's innocent.

JACKSON  
Innocent!  
(pushes Fleetwood to  
one side; stands over  
Traver)  
You claim to be innocent?

TRAVER  
Yes.

Jackson grabs him and pulls him to his feet.

JACKSON  
She swears you raped her.  
(sticks his face close to  
Traver's)  
You mean, boy, a white woman would lie

TRAVER  
Yes.

371- Jackson brings his hand up in a cruel cross blow to  
Traver's mouth.

JACKSON  
Tell me, Hap, ever remember a nigger who  
pleaded guilty!

Holding Traver by one wrist he reaches down some cord  
that hang from a peg on the wall, forces Traver's arm  
up behind his back and pushes him forward.

JACKSON  
Let's go.

Miller catches Traver's other arm and between them they  
push and hustle him from cabin.

Fleetwood tries to stop them but Miller pushes him to  
one side.

MILLER  
One side, reverend!

372-EXT. CABIN - GROUP

Evalyn jumps back as the two men wrestle Traver through  
the door, and, hardly letting his feet touch the ground,  
lead him towards Miller's cabin.



JACKSON  
Over there. Your cabin!

Hardly letting Traver's feet touch the ground they carry and drag him across the yard.

Reverend Fleetwood runs after them to catch up.

FLEETWOOD  
What do you intend?

JACKSON  
Tie him up. Take him to town when it's light.

They have reached the post outside Miller's cabin and begin to tie him, hands behind him. Fleetwood grabs Miller's arm, turns him around.

FLEETWOOD  
Why can't you lock him in one of the cabins?  
He can't even sit here.

Anger in the minister's eyes, manner, cowers Miller, he turns Traver's arms in front; pushes him down to sill of porch.

JACKSON  
(laughs)  
Don't you know, Hap, nigger's favorite position, sitting.

But Miller is regarding the minister, curious, concerned. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON CORDS as they are bound with vicious yanks and savage pulls tight on Traver's wrists.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - NIGHT - FLEETWOOD, MILLER, EVALYN & JACKSON

Fleetwood sits at table in shirt sleeves, the book of Common Prayer open before him; Evalyn listens, chin on hands, a faraway look in her eyes; Miller listens with close attention; Jackson, openly bored, finishes of shot glass of whisky, rises, yawns, turns to door as the minister continues:

FLEETWOOD  
(a challenging look at Miller)  
--and above all, keep in our minds a lively remembrance of that great day, in which we must give a strict account of our thoughts, words and actions; and according to the works in the body, be eternally rewarded or punished--

In b.g. Jackson has opened door and looks outside.

334-EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - TRAVER

He sits slumped against the post; he opens his eyes at light from door, and looks up.

Sound of the minister's voice is audible from inside cabin.

375-MED. SHOT - JACKSON

Stares down at Traver with a mixture of pleasure and triumph, moves forward, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM as he bends down and checks the ties.

JACKSON

(a chuckle)

Tight. Tight enough to hold any coon alive.

(he stares at Traver,

Traver returns the look)

Well, say something. Say something fresh.

TRAVER

(levelly)

Easy enough to cut a man -- when you got him hog-tied.

376-Jackson starts away and then, effected by the remark, comes back and squats down.

JACKSON

You intimating I'm a coward, 'cause I got you tied up here. That ain't it. Believe me. Don't believe me. Makes no difference. I seen my death half-a-dozen times. Never yet been scared. Don't know what it is to be scared.

(smokes)

That's the truth. See, it's like do you have a ~~pessum~~ or a 'gator, why you tie him up. A lot of soft-hearted people try to make out a nigger's a man.

(another drag)

I just don't believe you are. God left something out of you. Soul or something. Was you a man I'd be mad at you. But I ain't. Not really. Trying to prove he's a man -- that's what gets a nigger into trouble. Hell -- I'm sorry for you. Yes, sir. And that's the truth. Thirsty? Want some water?



377- Traver turns his head away; Jackson shrugs, flicks cigarette away, rises and moves off back to cabin, CAMERA PANNING as he goes inside and Evalyn comes to door, passing him, to look over at Traver.

Fleetwood's Voice still audible.

378- TRAVER

He looks off at Evalyn, eyes alight with hope.

TRAVER  
Evalyn? Evvie?

379- EVALYN

She looks off at him.

TRAVER'S VOICE (a whisper)  
Come here. Come here, child.

Slowly, closing door after her, she advances; ANGLE INCLUDING TRAVER.

TRAYER

Want you to do me a favor. Bring me  
a knife, Evvie. A sharp cutting knife.

Evalyn looks down at him, glances at cabin:

EVALYN

They'd hit me.

TRAYER

Wait till they're asleep.

She shakes her head; afraid.

TRAYER

In your cabin. Under my bed. Tied to an  
old stick -- my knife. Throw that stick  
away. Bring me that knife.

Evalyn looks at cabin, then back at Trayer

EVALYN (a whisper)

Under the bed?

He nods, eyes wide, excited.

TRAYER

That's right.

She turns and moves quietly from the cabin toward her  
own.

INT. MILLER'S CABIN - FLEETWOOD, MILLER, JACKSON

The minister has closed the book and is putting on his  
coat; Jackson sits in a chair, tilted back, Miller  
cleans his nails, aware of the minister's pent-up anger:

MILLER

Cigarette, reverend?

FLEETWOOD

No. I don't smoke.

MILLER

Cup of coffee then?  
(starts to rise)  
Only take a minute.



FLEETWOOD  
No. Nor coffee.

MILLER  
Isn't there anything I can give you?

FLEETWOOD  
Yes. A few minutes of your time. I  
want a private word with you.

He indicates the other cabin, crosses to pick up his  
hat and briefcase.

EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - TRAVER, EVALYN

As she places knife in his hand; it is the fish-knife  
we have seen before; it's six inch blade now tight in  
its clasp.

TRAVER  
Child. Child.  
(he grabs her hands,  
kisses them)  
You're the angel of mercy. That's no lie.

She pulls back her hands; backs toward cabin and goes  
inside. She is met at door by Fleetwood, on his way  
out.

He pats her on the head, turns to cross over to Traver,  
ANGLE INCLUDES Traver who, head down, doesn't even  
look up.

FLEETWOOD  
You thirsty? Need anything?

TRAVER  
(not looking up)  
Nothing.

The minister looks at him compassionately, turns,  
encounters Miller at door, he indicates that they talk  
in his cabin and Miller closes door at his back,  
throws a look at Traver, and follows.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER

He lifts his head to look after them, opens his hand  
slightly to reassure himself of the knife there, rests  
his head on his hands, eyes open, waiting, thinking.

INT. EVALYN'S CABIN - FLEETWOOD, MILLER

Fleetwood adjusts flame in the kerosene lamp. Miller stands inside door.

FLEETWOOD

I have an unpleasant duty to perform and I feel that you should know of it.

MILLER

What is that?

FLEETWOOD

(turns)

I hold the gravest suspicions that you have abused the innocence of this child.

MILLER

(growing angry)

~~Thought you were a preacher, not a cop -- asking questions of a kid. You're the one who's "abused her innocence".~~

FLEETWOOD

Your manner tends to confirm my suspicions. If true, you're guilty of an abominable crime, Miller, certainly before Jesus Christ - the violation of an innocent is an unforgiveable act.

MILLER

(hotly)

She's not a child -- she's a woman --

FLEETWOOD

Then you accept the accusation?

MILLER

No, sir. I do not. Why should I?

FLEETWOOD

The child told me. I know. You're lying.

MILLER

(furious)

All right. I admit it. And what?



FLEETWOOD

You're an adult. She's a child. The law is explicit. I'll have to report you to the authorities.

MILLER

(brutally)

Hell, she's a wild thing. And things that are wild -- it's the way of life. Even you can see that. You can't leave a man cooped up here on this stinking island. Why look -- it almost had to happen.

FLEETWOOD

I cannot make myself a party to your crime.

MILLER

Look. A thing like this -- reporting it, it'll mean my job.

(desperate)

I built myself up from nothing. From sharecropper. Poor white. I am somebody. I have a good name in town.

FLEETWOOD

It was you who risked it. This is a child. She has been injured.

MILLER

Aren't preachers supposed to have a little charity? Mercy?

FLEETWOOD

Toward the helpless, the weak, yes.  
(coldly angry)

There are always excuses, always extenuating circumstances, Mr. Miller, and I'm tired of them. He's sick. He's poor. His parents beat him when he was young. His parents didn't beat him when he was young. I've heard that kind of cant used to excuse the most scabrous crimes. Well, I won't accept it. It is an old-fashioned belief I know but I believe in sin. Yes. And expiation. There must be guilt, and expiation, or the sin will be readily committed again.

He crosses to his bed and begins to turn back the covers.

387- Miller pauses at door, would make one last plea, but sees that it is hopeless and turns and goes out.



## 382-EXT. EVALYN'S CABIN

as Miller exits, starts for his own cabin, Fleetwood in b.g. unbuttoning his shirt comes to half-open door, looks after Miller, slams door shut.

## 384-EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - TRAVER F.G., MILLER B.G.

As he slams door shut behind him. Traver, slowly lifts his head, looks from one cabin to the other and then, as CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIM struggles to open knife, begins to cut at the cords that bind his wrists.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 390-EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - DAY

MED. SHOT - EMPTY DOORWAY

Over shot we hear:

JACKSON'S VOICE (angry)  
Miller! Ha! Come here!

Miller comes out of cabin, belting his pants, pauses and crosses as CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE Jackson who has picked up the severed cords from dust, gestures with them, raging.

JACKSON  
Look here! They been cut! It's that damn preacher. That's who!  
(turns, yells)  
Preacher! You come a-running. Come right here now!

391-Reverend Fleetwood comes from trough where he has been washing.

FLEETWOOD  
Yes? What is it?

JACKSON  
You know right well what it is. It's this here.  
(holds cords under his nose)  
You damn well cut him loose!

Fleetwood pushes hand and cords to one side.

FLEETWOOD  
It wasn't I.

JACKSON

Then who did?

He turns, surveys Miller, his eyes find Evalyn who has just come from cabin.

392- She averts her head from his gaze.

JACKSON

You!

He advances, white with rage, swings a blow that knocks her to the dust.

MILLER

(involuntarily)

Damn you. Keep your hands off ----

He spins Jackson by the shoulder and hits him in the mouth.

395- Jackson staggers back, hand going to his mouth from which blood creeps.

JACKSON

(bewildered)

Now what was that for?

Miller feels his fist, looks from Jackson to Evalyn whom Fleetwood helps to her feet; he can't supply the answer himself.

FLEETWOOD

You hurt a defenseless child, Mr. Jackson. There's no excuse for that.

But Fleetwood's eyes, as he says this, are on Miller.

JACKSON

She had it coming.

397- Picks up shotgun, checks it, turns away.

JACKSON

He's got to be close because of that leg of his -- and this time I won't take any chances. I'll shoot on sight.

MILLER

I'll go with you.



He goes into cabin for rifle.

Fleetwood shouts after Jackson:

FLEETWOOD  
Jackson! Mr. Jackson! I order you  
to take me to town.

Jackson continues, unhearing, away; Evalyn, still  
tearful, walks off toward tool-shed and disappears.

### 395. NEW ANGLE

Fleetwood turns to put his hand on Miller's arm.

FLEETWOOD  
Mr. Miller -- this colored man is innocent.

MILLER  
How do you know?

FLEETWOOD  
I know the white woman who accuses him.  
Know her well. The poor creature once  
came to me for help. I couldn't give it.  
Since her husband died -- she drinks.  
Two years ago she accused a white man of  
this same act.

JACKSON  
(in distance)  
Miller! Come on.

MILLER  
(shouts)  
Go on ahead. I'll catch up with you  
(turns to Fleetwood)  
Look, what would happen if I was to  
marry Evalyn?

FLEETWOOD  
(after a moment)  
That would be nothing I could prevent,  
Mr. Miller.

MILLER  
Would you still report me?

FLEETWOOD  
I would have to seek advice on that --  
from my superiors in the church.

MILLER  
~~Then I have a chance?~~

FLEETWOOD  
I'd say yes. You have.

Miller's shoulders sag in relief, he wipes his face, picks up rifle and turns to start off.

Fleetwood puts his hand on his arm.

FLEETWOOD  
Suppose he were guilty, this colored man, your killing him would be bad enough. But innocent! And of all people to hunt him -- yourself!

Miller stops as though he had been hit bodily; his eyes meet Fleetwood's, he turns and sits slowly.

Fleetwood watches him a moment, then turns and moves off.

EVALYN & JACKSON

She catches up with him, tugs at his arm.

JACKSON  
(furiously)  
Sure I heard the preacher. And I say to hell with him. Now go on back. Go on!

He pushes her away and she stops, watches him go and moves back up path toward cabin.

MED. SHOT - MILLER

He has pulled a pipe from his mouth, put it to his mouth, puffs at it as he thinks; now, with sudden wild decision he rises, grabs his rifle and starts off.

EXT. ISLAND PATH - JACKSON

He comes into foreground, stops; looks carefully to right and left, proceeds on way, the shotgun held ready.



399-EXT. GROVE OF DEAD TREES - JACKSON

He MOVES INTO SHOT, searching, CAMERA DOLLIES AHEAD of him, as he moves methodically, searching behind every trunk and bush.

Over Shot comes:

MILLER'S VOICE  
Jackson! Yay, Jackson!

He stops, turns and looks off, cups his hands, yells.

400-HIS ANGLE - PATH - SHOOTING UP - MILLER

He searches for some sign of Jackson.

JACKSON'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Here! This way!

Miller sees him, starts off on the run, rifle in hand.

401-MED. SHOT - JACKSON

He moves back as Miller runs INTO SHOT:

MILLER  
(breathless)  
Leave off.

JACKSON  
Leave off? What you talking?

MILLER  
(stubborn)  
I said leave off. And hand over that shotgun.

JACKSON  
(steps back)  
Hell I will.  
(puzzled)  
You gone crazy? The heat got you?

MILLER  
(hand out)  
Let's have that gun --  
(levels rifle at  
Jackson's chest)  
Now.

Slowly, openly contemptuous, Jackson passes over the shotgun.

MILLER  
(gestures with rifle)  
Now get on back to your boat.

He starts off.

JACKSON  
(yells after him)  
But I'll be back. Yeah. With the sheriff.  
With a posse. We'll see who's boss out  
here then.  
(cups his hands)  
Cotton-pickin' nigger-lover!

402- MED. SHOT - JACKSON

He looks after his departing friend's back, his own hands on his hips 'how do you like that?'; shakes his head, draws out a pack of cigarettes, collapses on large rock, scratches match and lights up.

He takes first drag, shakes his head again, still unable to fathom it, fuming.

403- EXT. MILLER'S CABIN - FLEETWOOD

He stands at the rustic table, packing his briefcase, trying to get his wrapped-up galoshes to fit inside:

EVALYN'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Reverend! Reverend!

He turns and she runs up to him, excitedly, pointing off, takes his hand, pulls.

EVALYN  
Come. Over here, Reverend. Quick.

Smiling, he allows himself to be dragged along.

FLEETWOOD  
What is it?

EVALYN  
Traver. That's what. He was here. All night.



904-ANGLE NOW INCLUDES TOOL-SHED beside cabin; she pulls the door wide as Traver, blinking in the bright light, trying to smile, pulls himself awkwardly outside:

TRAYER

Just run out of gas.

(indicates leg)

Last night I couldn't even touch it to the ground. Figured least I'd sleep warm.

(tests leg)

Does feel a bit better this morning though.

FLEETWOOD

Catch onto my arm here.

Traver does and he helps him back across to rustic table and benches.

TRAYER

If only I'd had a stick. But, like, it ain't easy when you can't perambulate.

He eases himself to edge of table, stiffens, looking off in sudden fear.

TRAYER

(mockingly)

Oh, oh -- here comes the boss-man!

405-NEW ANGLE - EXT. CABIN - MILLER

He walks up to group at table, shotgun and rifle in hands, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

EVALYN

(to Miller, explains)

He was in the tool-shed.

Miller has been regarding Traver, a conflict going on in his mind, now he resolves it:

MILLER

That boat of yours tight by now?

TRAYER

Kick it. Whip it. Do what you want with it.

(indicates leg)

I'm frozen. Immobile. I crapped out.

Miller eyes him a moment, steps inside cabin and, as others watch, comes out with pair of oars.

MILLER  
Try walking with these.

Traver, puzzled by this change in Miller, gingerly takes oars, fits them under his arm-pits, like crutches, takes a few steps forward.

TRAVER  
Yeah. Sure.  
(bewildered)  
I don't dig you, daddy. What riff you on?

MILLER  
Huh? Oh. A lot of things have happened round here. Just take it easy. I'm going to help you.  
(indicates crutches)  
Can you get to the boat then?

TRAVER  
Can I? I'm with it. I'm swinging.

MILLER  
So go ahead -- make time. I'll be right along with the motor.

TRAVER  
Man! I'll be there like --  
(grins)  
--five minutes ago.

He starts off, stops, smiles at Evalyn, half waves.

TRAVER  
Thanks. You, too, reverend.

He is off, making slow but consistent progress across the clearing.

NEW ANGLE - GROUP

As Miller turns to face Fleetwood, Evalyn.

MILLER  
Reverend, I'll come into town, take her out shopping like I promised. Will you hold off that report till then?

Fleetwood looks at Evalyn, at Miller.



FLEETWOOD

I think that might be arranged. Yes.  
Why not?

(gently; a glance at Evalyn)

After all, it is not for us to decide,  
Mr. Miller.

MILLER

Right. It'll be up to her.

(softly)

But I think I can sell her on it.

408 Fleetwood turns, gives Evalyn his hand and starts  
away.

Evalyn looks back at Miller, pulls her hand free, comes  
back, tries to speak but can't.

409 Miller reaches out his hand, caresses her cheek. She  
suffers it for a second, then pulls away, turns and  
rejoins Fleetwood on the path.

MILLER

'Bye, Evvie. See you Saturday!

She turns and waves her hand.

He watches them as they disappear from view; turns back into cabin, comes out with motor, rifle, sets off toward Traver's boat.

410-EXT. ISLAND PATH - TRAVER

He moves along on his improvised crutches, swinging along path toward his boat.

There is the sound of a yell, he turns:

411-HIS ANGLE - JACKSON

He runs towards him:

412-LONG SHOT - JACKSON & TRAVER

Jackson runs up to him, circles him, talking fast, then ducks in fast and pushes him. Traver falls backwards to the ground.

413-MED. SHOT - TRAVER F.G. - JACKSON B.G.

Jackson spits the cigarette from between his lips.

JACKSON  
(triumphant)  
Thought you'd made it! Eh? Figured you'd get away!

His hand goes behind his back and comes out with his sheath-knife in it.

414-TRAVER fumbles for his own knife, but Jackson moves in, circling to find the best vantage point for attack.

415-TRAVER shifts, frantically, on his back, keeping Jackson always in view.

Jackson moves deliberately, wickedly, sees his opening and moves forward quickly.

416-CLOSE SHOT - TRAVER

He swings car.

417-ORIGINAL ANGLE - TRAVER & JACKSON

The car sweeps Jackson feet from under him and he falls heavily.



417-CLOSE SHOT - HIS HEAD

It strikes a rock.

419-CLOSE SHOT - HIS KNIFE

It flies to rest in roots of scrub.

420-MED. SHOT - TRAVER

Knife open in his hand he lunges forward, drags himself to a sitting position on Jackson's chest.

Smiling in savage anticipation he puts the blade of his knife to the man's throat.

421-CLOSE SHOT - KNIFE AGAINST SKIN

The knife makes a pressure line against the skin -- and stops.

422-TRAVER

The savagery drains from his face -- he regards the knife, the throat -- he closes his eyes, opens them, starts to press the knife home -- but again, fails.

423-CLOSE SHOT - JACKSON THROAT & KNIFE

Slowly, the knife is withdrawn:

Jackson's eyes flicker open, he looks up, sees Traver seated on his chest; his eyes blaze hatred.

424-TRAVER & JACKSON

Jackson struggles but Traver's knees hold his arms tight:

JACKSON

Go ahead. Kill me. Let me have it.

Kill me. Go ahead.

(spits violently)

Dirty nigger!

TRAVER

(contemptuous)

White trash. Did I kill you I'd never get away with it.

(spits back)

That's the only reason I don't.

He reaches out, picks up Jackson knife and puts it in his pocket and then, keeping his own knife pointed, ready, reaches for his two oars.

425- LOW ANGLE - TRAVER

He gets to his feet slowly, carefully, eyes on Jackson, then turns on the two oars and starts off awkwardly.

He moves through the scrub, pauses, looks back, turns and keeps going.

426- MED. SHOT - A LARGE ROCK

Jackson's white hand comes in deliberately, picks it up.

427- MED. SHOT - TRAVER

He MOVES AWAY FROM CAMERA, concentrated on his progress, step by step he moves along.

Some sudden sound makes him stop, turn, his face -- looking up, grimaces and he starts to raise his hand to shield himself but the rock crashes into his temple.

He starts to fall.

428- EXT. TRAVER'S BOAT - MILLER

He strides up to it hurriedly, sets down motor, pulls boat from water by gunwale and carefully begins to empty it of water.

429- EXT. THE WHARF - FLEETWOOD & EVALYN - JACKSON'S BOAT

They put their various personal belongings beneath the seats in the cockpit.

The minister consults his watch, looks up at sound of feet.

430- HIS ANGLE - JACKSON

He casts off bow-lone, nimbly moves to stern line, casts that off, too.

FLEETWOOD

We thought we'd lost you.

Jackson makes no answer, jumps into boat, puts key in ignition.



431. MED. SHOT - FLEETWOOD & EVALYN, JACKSON - BOAT

The motors catch and it backs up; stops, goes forward, swinging away from the wharf.

432. EXT. BEACH - MILLER

He has finished screwing on the motor; the boat floats lightly on the water; he swings the gasoline can to its place, surveys his work and turns, to step to shore, impatiently looking.

Miller cups his hands:

MILLER  
Traver! Oh, Traver!

433. MED. SHOT  
433. MED. SHOT - IN SCRUB - TRAVER

On his back, arm thrown back, the oars on either side of him; blood stains the whole front of his white shirt, trickles thinly from his mouth.

Flies buzz about him.

MILLER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Traver! Everything's ready! She's all set to go. Come on there, you travelling man!

434. LONG SHOT - MILLER & BOAT

He stands, hands cupped, impatient, yelling, small on the shore:

MILLER  
Traver! Oh, Traver!

He continues to call:

FADE OUT:

THE END.

