

WESTERN SONG

by

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EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - WILD RIVER, WYOMING - DAWN

WESTON BEAUDURANT, a rugged cowboy in his early forties, sits atop the hood of his pick-up truck, expertly twirling a lasso. ZEBEDIAH CHANTRY, another cowboy also in his forties, watches. Zeb points at a fence post.

ZEBEDIAH

That one?

WESTON

Nope.

(pointing to a fence
post further away)

That one.

Weston throws the lasso, snagging the post.

ZEBEDIAH

Got 'em!

WESTON

Now what did you expect?

He pulls the lasso in.

WESTON

(continuing)

Goddamn! Where the hell is he?

A LOUD WHOOPING CALL breaks across the plain. Weston and Zebediah turn in that direction.

CODY GOODE, spindle-shanked and wild-eyed, streaks across the range executing a series of madcap riding tricks astride his Palomino.

ZEBEDIAH

What's he doin'?

Cody gallops fiercely toward them whooping like a madman, still spinning crazily in his saddle.

Weston stands atop the hood, unfurling his lasso.

Cody grins maniacally riding right at them. Weston throws the lasso, pinning his mark.

Cody halloas once more and tumbles to the ground. Weston and Zebediah approach.

WESTON

(to Zeb)

Should I hogtie 'im?

ZEBEDIAH

Maybe.

Cody lies motionless on the ground.

WESTON

Is he still breathin'?

ZEBEDIAH

I don't know.

Weston and Zebediah move closer in, peering down at Cody. Suddenly Cody springs up from the ground, the lasso still wrapped around his middle.

CODY

Gotcha!

Weston shoves Cody back down to the ground.

CODY

(continuing)

I was just practicin' for the rodeo.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY ROAD - DAWN

Weston's truck barrels up a steep incline.

INT. WESTON'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAWN

Cody, Weston and Zebediah are stuffed into the cab, Cody at the wheel.

CODY

I think I'm gonna ride me a bull today.

Weston and Zeb exchange looks.

CODY

(continuing)

Maybe a bronco, too.

Another exchange of looks.

CODY

(continuing)

Well, why in hell, not? I need the money.

WESTON

What the hell for? I've never seen you spend a dime in your life if you could find somebody else to do it for you.

ZEBEDIAH
Yup. Usually you.

CODY
(to Zeb)
Or you.

The truck crests the hill. Cody reaches down and shuts off the engine.

WESTON
What the hell're you doin' now!

CODY
We're goin' for the record!

The truck coasts downhill.

CODY
(continuing)
Okay, boys! Lean!

They lean forward in the cab.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY ROAD - DAWN

The pick-up truck gains momentum.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - DAWN

Cody's eyes are tightly closed. Weston, looking ahead shouts suddenly:

WESTON
To the right!

CODY
(eyes popping open)
Oh, shit!

They lean in unison to the right into the curve.

INTERCUT the boys inside THE CAB with the TRUCK careering like a demon possessed down the hill.

WESTON
Keep your damn eyes open!

ZEBEDIAH
What in hell's the record anyway?

WESTON
You don't know?

ZEBEDIAH
Do you?

They hit another curve.

CODY

Lean!

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY ROAD - DAWN

The truck crashes headlong to a halt.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - DAWN

Cody pounds the steering wheel.

CODY

Damn!

WESTON

I'm drivin'.

CODY

What?

WESTON

We're gonna be late, damn it!

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

Weston, Zebediah and Cody walk into the stadium underneath a banner that reads: CHESHOLM BROTHERS RODEO - WILD RIVER, WYOMING.

The stadium is abuzz with activity as cowboys and cowgirls arrive to register.

JACK DEERSTALKER, a mixed-blood Shoshone in his mid-twenties, walks towards Weston with MAD BULL, a Shoshone medicine man in his fifties.

JACK

Hey, Wes.

WESTON

Jack. You ridin'?

JACK

Thought I might.

MAD BULL

Hey, fellas.

CODY

I'm ridin', too.

MAD BULL

Okay, Cody.

Weston, Zebediah and Cody continue on to the stock building.

INT. WILD RIVER FAIRGROUNDS - STOCK BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

A long cavernous building lined with pens. At one end a desk is set up with a makeshift sign that reads: RODEO REGISTRATION. Weston, Zeb and Cody stand in front of the desk. RAY, a white-haired cowboy, hands Weston a card with a number on it.

RAY

You pulled a mean bull, Wes.

WESTON

Yeah?

RAY

Baby Face. I ain't puttin' any money on you this time.

Weston, Zebediah and Cody walk away from the table.

WESTON

(to Cody)

Ain't you gonna register?

CODY

Ah, hell. You know I got too much to do as it is.

MIGUEL FILLEPE, a young Hispanic man walks by.

MIGUEL

Hey, Wes.

WESTON

Hey, Miguel. How's the knee?

MIGUEL

Okay.

Miguel goes over to register.

ZEBEDIAH

You hear Miguel says if the Shoshone build that casino, he's gonna block the road to the reservation.

CODY

Rick Snowdown says if Miguel blocks the road, he's gonna blow up his land.

WESTON

Ah, shoot! Those two cowpokes'll

do anythin' to drive each other
crazy.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Bright October sunshine floods the stadium. A great cross-section of American people crowd the stands -- Hispanic, Native American, black, white and everything in between.

OLIVE CHANTRY, an engaging, no-nonsense women in her thirties, finds a seat in the bleachers with WYNONA VELEZ, an outspoken peppery lawyer also in her thirties. Wynona spots MAD BULL in the crowd.

WYNONA

Bull! Over here!

Mad Bull pushes toward Wynona and Olive.

MAD BULL

Hey, Olive, your brother better be in good shape. I got fifty bucks on him.

OLIVE

You see how good Zeb did this morning?

(she pulls a stack of bills out of her pocket)

And I'm holding all the cash. A wife's privelege.

IN THE ARENA

a cowboy finishes his ride. The BUZZER sounds.

RODEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Not bad, Kip. Eighty-five.

A smattering of applause.

Rodeo clowns rush onto the grounds to roust the bull back to the chutes.

RODEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Next up, from the beautiful state of Wyoming, from the lovely county of Wild River, our own Weston Beaudurant....

The crowd cheers loudly.

IN THE STANDS

Olive rises, waving a flag and cheering louder than anyone

else.

OLIVE
Come on, Weston!
(to Mad Bull)
Sit back and watch your fifty
bucks multiply.

RODEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Uh-oh. Looks like Wes pulled
himself a tough draw. He'll be
ridin' Baby Face!

AT THE CHUTES

Weston straddles a cranky, mean-spirited Brahma bull. Zeb helps Weston lash his hand securely to the beast. As they work, Cody, dressed in the full regalia of a rodeo clown, grabs hold of the chute gate.

CODY
Ready?

Weston finishes securing his hand.

WESTON
Let's go!

Cody steps back opening the bull pen gate. Baby Face charges from the pen.

CODY
(calling after him)
My money's on you, Wes!

The Brahma bucks crazily. Weston rides fiercely, but the beast is savage.

With one last wild buck, Baby Face hurls Weston tumbling to the dirt.

The Brahma charges Weston. Cody rushes in to distract the bull. Other clowns swarm the arena, but Baby Face continues charging toward Cody. Cody sprints toward the gate, but before he can leap to safety, the bull butts him viciously.

Cody spirals through the air. Weston, one hand pressed against his rib cage, pushes himself to his feet. Zeb leaps from the chute. In the air, Cody twists grotesquely, landing motionless on the ground.

Weston and Zeb reach their fallen friend. A thin stream of blood trickles from Cody's nostrils.

Weston, in obvious pain, kneels down beside Cody. He lifts Cody's head into his lap. Cody's body sags, lifeless.

Weston cradles Cody, fighting tears.

EXT. WILD RIVER FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

A steady rain washes over the tiny funeral home. The parking lot is jammed. The funeral parlor door stands open, TOWNSPEOPLE spilling down the steps.

INT. WILD RIVER FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Cody Goode rests inside a mahogany casket. Weston stands before it ringed by Olive, Zeb, Jack, Mad Bull and Wynona.

Zebediah holds a mewling kitten. Weston gingerly protects his ribcage.

OLIVE

He looks good, Wes.

WESTON

Ah, hell.

MAD BULL

Look, man, he played it like he wanted to.

WESTON

I got no business ridin' bulls.

JACK

This isn't your fault.

OLIVE

It's not your fault, Weston.

WESTON

(to Zeb)

What the hell's that cat doin' here?

ZEBEDIAH

She was Cody's.

WESTON

Ah, hell.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

A small cemetery behind a stone church. A crowd gathers to pay their final respects to Cody as he is laid to rest.

The grave side rite finishes. The crowd disperses. Weston stands looking at the grave. Wynona approaches Weston.

WYNONA

It's not your fault, Wes.

He says nothing, but continues staring at the grave.

WYNONA

(continuing)

Zeb brought me Cody's strongbox.
Come on up to my office. We'll see
what needs to be taken care of.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - DAY

A utilitarian eclectic gathering of office furniture that
looks as though it has been culled straight from the local
Good Will. Files and books bulge from every surface.

Wynona sits behind her cluttered desk. Weston, Olive and Zeb
in front of it. An opened metal strongbox sits squarely in
the center, papers scattered around it.

The four sit in a prolonged, stunned silence. After a moment,
Weston speaks.

WESTON

He was gonna do what?

Wynona shuffles a sheaf of papers.

WYNONA

Get married.

WESTON

How much money did you say he had
stock-piled?

WYNONA

Twenty-thousand. In two accounts.
Looks like he's been socking it
away for over two years.

Zeb stabs a piece of paper.

ZEBEDIAH

This letter says she's arrivin'
tonight. Nine o'clock train.

WESTON

Jesus.

They all look at him.

WESTON

(continuing)

What?

OLIVE

Somebody's got to pick her up, Wes.

INT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - WESTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The pounding rain continues. Weston, holding a sheaf of papers talks to Wynona on the telephone.

WESTON

You didn't find any pictures, Wy?
... Shoot! ... How'm I gonna even
know it's her? ... Right.... She
probably weighs 200 pounds and has
gold teeth.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Rain streaks through the erratic swipes of the broken windshield wipers as Weston drives through the mud.

EXT. WILD RIVER TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The LONESOME WHISTLE of a departing train fading in the distance. The pick-up spits to a stop.

WESTON'S P.O.V.

Huddled beneath the dripping eaves, wrapped in a shapeless sarong, sits a forlorn looking creature.

WESTON

Jesus.

Weston approaches her.

WESTON

(continuing)

Ah ma'am?

The woman gazes up at Weston.

WESTON'S P.O.V.

A heartbreakingly lovely young Asian woman, SONG PHAN RANG, in her mid-twenties.

She rises to greet him.

Weston stares stunned. After a moment:

WESTON

Let's get outta this rain.

EXT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Through the rain-streaked windshield we see Weston earnestly talking to Song. She stares straight ahead, pale and composed.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Weston sits hunched turned toward Song. She sits ramrod straight, still staring ahead. After a long moment, she speaks.

SONG

Dead?

WESTON

I'm afraid so.

Another silence.

WESTON

(continuing)

Look, I'll take you to my sister's place. You can, ya know, stay there, until we figure out this estate thing.

SONG

Sister?

WESTON

Yeah.

SONG

Cody live there?

WESTON

What? No. No. He lived with me. On my ranch. He worked for me.

SONG

That where I go, then.

WESTON

Excuse me.

SONG

I go to place where Cody live.

WESTON

Ah, Sssoo...

SONG

(pronouncing her name
carefully)

Song. Song Phan Rang.

WESTON

Song. You'd be much more comfortable at Olive's. Cody's place, the ranch, well, that just ain't a good idea. His bunkhouse's a wreck. It ain't even heated. And at my place, I live, ya know, alone -- I got stuff all over.

It's just a better idea, believe me, it is -- if I take you over to Olive's. Then in the mornin', if you want, I'll take you to Cody's. Okay? That's what we're gonna do.

SONG

I go to place where Cody live.

Weston looks at her a long moment. Then silently slips the truck into gear.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - NIGHT

The pick-up slides up in front of the ranch. Weston clambors out, in obvious pain, and sloshes to Song's side.

Awkwardly juggling her luggage and an umbrella, he leads Song into the house, unsuccessfully trying to protect her from the rain.

INT. BEAUDURANT RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old-fashioned parlor gone a seedy with neglect. Weston sets Song's luggage down, and shakes out the umbrella. Droplets spray landing on Song.

WESTON

Oh! Shoot!

He brushes awkwardly at her clothes. Song, stopping him, moves away.

SONG

It is only rain water.

She brushes at her clothes.

WESTON

You, uh, you want something? Maybe to eat?

She stares at him as if she hasn't understood. He makes an awkward gesture to indicate hunger.

WESTON

(continuing)

Hungry?

SONG

No. Thank-you.

WESTON

Drink, maybe?

He raises his voice and uses another awkward gesture to

indicate drinking.

WESTON

(continuing)

Thirsty? You want something to drink?

She looks at him a long moment, incredulous at his stilted efforts at communication. She shakes her head "no".

WESTON

(continuing)

Well, if you'll forgive me, by God, I would.

He strides to a liquor cabinet and pours himself a stiff shot of Wild Turkey, downing it in one gulp. Now what the hell is he supposed to do?

WESTON

(continuing)

Is there, uh, anything I can get you?

SONG

Cody live here?

WESTON

No. Me. Lived here. I ... I live here. Cody lived out back. You want to see?

SONG

Yes. Please.

INT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

A one room cabin, surprisingly well tended. Rodeo photographs cover the walls -- shots of Cody, Weston and Zebediah. A desk with books sits beneath the curtained window.

WESTON

We grew up together. Cody and me. Zeb.

SONG

(confused)

Zeb?

Weston jabs his thumb at a photograph.

WESTON

That's Zeb.

SONG

Ah. Zeb. You have candle?

WESTON

Candle?

SONG

White candle.

WESTON

Ah... I guess.

INT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

The rain has finally tapered to a fine shroudal mist.

Inside the bunkhouse, Song puts the finishing touches on her transformation of Cody's desk into a miniature altar, a shrine to Cody Goode.

A lace cloth drapes over the desk on which rests a photograph of Cody in a silver frame, a golden Buddha, a set of rosary beads, offerings of food, and a white candle set inside a Lancer's wine bottle.

INT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

Weston is on the phone with Olive.

WESTON

I tried to take her over there,
Ol. She insisted on comin' here.
... How should I know? I put all
her stuff in there and left. ...

(with deliberate calm)

Olive, don't make me sorry you
weren't switched at birth. Yes! I
will check on her! Okay!

He bangs the phone down back on the receiver,

WESTON

(continuing)

God damn.

EXT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Weston stands in the rain, knocking lightly on the door.

WESTON

Song?

INT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Weston pushes the door open.

WESTON'S P.O.V.

Song, in silence with poignant grace, offering up her simple prayerful ceremony.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun floods through the window as Weston bolts awake with a start. For a moment he doesn't know where he is.

SOUNDS filter in from O.S. softly -- A POT CLINKING, DISHES RATTLING. Weston throws the sheets back. He's still in his jeans. A white bandage is wound tightly around his ribs. He throws his feet to the floor.

WESTON

Ow!

He grabs his ribs.

WESTON

(continuing)

God damn!

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Weston enters the kitchen. He's pulled on a shirt, boots, and hat, but he looks rumpled and sleepy-eyed. Song stands at the stove preparing breakfast. She looks as polished as a jewel. Hearing Weston approach, she turns, and bows almost imperceptibly.

SONG

Good morning.

WESTON

Mornin'.

SONG

I make bacon and egg. Please. Sit.

WESTON

Ah... I usually don't partake of breakfast.

SONG

(ignoring this)

In Bangkok, all the Americans much like bacon and egg.

She carries a brimming plate of bacon and eggs to the table.

SONG

(continuing)

Please. Sit.

Song takes a half step back.

WESTON

Well what about you? Aren't you
gonna sit down?

SONG

Eat. Please. Before food catches
cold.

Song turns away, returning to the sink, where she busies
herself cleaning up. Weston watches her a moment, then not
knowing what else to do, sits and digs into his breakfast.
The food is delicious. He wolfs it back, not pausing long
enough to lay his knife down.

SONG

(continuing;
returning to his
side)

Hungry, yes? That's good.
Breakfast very important.

She reaches for his plate.

WESTON

No.

SONG

More egg?

WESTON

No.

SONG

Egg not good?

WESTON

Egg good.

(emphatically
correcting himself)

The eggs were good. The eggs were
great. Everything was delicious as
hell!

Abruptly he shoves his chair back from the table, picks up
his plate and marches to the sink. He dumps the dishes
noisily onto the immaculate surface.

WESTON

(continuing)

You don't have to do anything
else, okay? Nothing. Jus' ...Don't
do anything else!

He tramps back to the table and grabs his hat, planting it
squarely on his head.

WESTON

(continuing)

Look, Song. I've ... uh ... I've got work to do. You understand?

SONG

I understand work very well.

WESTON

Well, good. That's good, then. That's what I've got to do now. I'll be back around noon.

He turns and tromps out of the kitchen.

Song watches him go. She stands quietly a moment, then moves back to the sink, and washes up his dishes.

INT. CHANTRY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Weston sits at the kitchen table with Zeb. Topanga mewls and undualtes beneath the kitchen table. Olive prepares breakfast.

OLIVE

You want some, Wes? Did you eat?

WESTON

I don't eat breakfast.

Olive sets three plates on the table and sits. They all dig in, Olive eating with gusto and formidably for someone so trim.

OLIVE

How are you feeling?

WESTON

Hmmm?

OLIVE

Your ribs? Are they hurting you much?

WESTON

I'm okay.

OLIVE

Did you see Doc Washburn?

WESTON

I will if I need to.

OLIVE

Uh-huh. What did Dr. Zebediah say?

ZEBEDIAH

He just needed a wrap, Ol. I wrapped him up good and tight.

OLIVE

He's not as young as he used to be, Zebediah. Weston, your body does not heal like it did when you were twenty years old.

Weston suddenly pushes his plate away in disgust.

WESTON

Why am I doin' this! I ate.

OLIVE

I thought you said you didn't eat.

WESTON

I said I don't eat breakfast! She fixed me bacon and eggs. Huge piles of bacon and eggs. The floor's scrubbed, I swear I coulda seen my face in it if I'd wanted to look. Windows sparklin'. I walk into the kitchen and she says sit down and she serves me, she serves me. Stands behind me like a... I don't know, a marble statue or somethin'.

OLIVE

Well what are you going to do? You can't just toss her out on her ear.

WESTON

Do you think I am capable of that type of action?

He pushes away from the table, and winces, a small groan escaping. He grabs his side.

OLIVE

You are not taking care of that injury.

WESTON

Olive, I am about to no longer be responsible for my actions.

ZEBEDIAH

You might want to think about backing off a little there, Ol.

WESTON

I don't need no one takin' care of me.

(drains his coffee)

And that includes you!

He bangs the empty cup onto the table, and stomps out the door.

ZEBEDIAH

Welp, he's got himself all loaded
up for bear this morning, don't he.

OLIVE

Yeah, well I just may be the one
pulling the trigger.

Zebediah goes to her, wrapping his arms around her.

ZEBEDIAH

You can pull my trigger.

OLIVE

You are going to make me late for
school.

He kisses her deeply.

ZEBEDIAH

Mmm-hmmm. That's the idea.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NOON

Weston enters the room.

WESTON

Song?

She's not there. A vase of vibrant fresh-cut mums sits on the
coffee table.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE -KITCHEN - NOON

Weston enters the kitchen. It's immaculate. Fresh cut mums
adorn the table and counter tops. Sunshine sparkles through
the gleaming windowpanes.

WESTON

Song?

No answer.

EXT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NOON

Cody's one room cabin is set in the middle of a magnificent
garden bursting with fall colors. Weston walks through the
picket fence gate to the front door and taps lightly.

WESTON

Song?

Again no reply. Cautiously, he pushes open the door.

INT. CODY'S BUNKHOUSE - NOON

The room appears even tidier than before. The kitchen area shines in the early afternoon light.

The tiny altar has been moved to a corner of the room. On the desk now sits piles of books and notebooks. Weston crosses to the desk, inspecting the books. He picks one up that reads: "Learning English the American Way."

SONG

I can help you?

Startled, Weston spins around. He hadn't heard her enter the room. Song stands framed in the doorway holding a huge bouquet of mums.

WESTON

Oh. I didn't mean to just barge in. I knocked, I... Here, let me take those for you.

SONG

(handing him the
flowers)

Your garden is very beautiful.

WESTON

That was Cody. Cody took care of all that.

SONG

But it goes too big. I fix it a little.

WESTON

Fix it?

SONG

Cut flowers. Put flowers around in ... um ... vats.

WESTON

Vases.

SONG

Vases?

WESTON

Flowers go into vases.

Weston make another exaggerated gesture:

WESTON

(continuing)

Wine goes into vats.

SONG
(defensive)
I understand wine.

WESTON
Well, good. Wine's a good thing to
understand.

He sets the mums down. Song goes to her desk and writes out
the word "vases."

WESTON
(continuing)
This can't be easy for you.

SONG
English very hard language. But I
do pretty good.

WESTON
I meant.... everything that's
happened.

SONG
Oh.

WESTON
It can't be easy. Song, look....

He reaches inside his vest pocket, and pulls out a slim
envelope.

WESTON
(continuing)
I want you to have this.

SONG
What is it?

WESTON
A ticket. For Thailand. You just
take that and go home. Forget
about everything that's happened
here.

She takes the envelope, turning it over and over in her hands.

SONG
Thank-you. Thank-you very much.

She hands the envelope back to him, unopened.

WESTON
Song, you're gonna need that.

SONG
Oh, no. I do not need.

WESTON

That's your ticket back home.

SONG

Oh, no. Thank-you very much. I do not need ticket back home. This is my home now. Y -oh - ming.

WESTON

Wyoming.

SONG

This is my home now.

EXT. MAIN STREET - WILD RIVER, WYOMING - DAY

Weston's truck spits to a stop in front of Wynona's office. Next door, Mad Bull is just leaving SONJA'S WILD RIVER CAFE. He watches as Weston painfully climbs out of the cab, holding his side.

Weston moves around the truck, fighting the pain every inch of the way. He means to help Song out of the truck, but she jumps down before he can reach her.

Mad Bull approaches them.

MAD BULL

Hey, Wes.

WESTON

Bull.

(to Song, meaning
Wynona's office)

It's right over here.

Weston leads Song toward Wynona's office.

MAD BULL

Goin' to see Wynona?

WESTON

Yup.

MAD BULL

How're them ribs.

WESTON

Hurt like hell.

Mad Bull pulls a beaded necklace with a pendant from his shirt and tosses it to Weston.

MAD BULL

Catch.

Weston snags the necklace.

MAD BULL

(continuing)

I got it juiced up real good. Go on, put it on. You wanna feel better, don't you?

Weston pulls the beads on over his head.

WESTON

You're crazy, you know that?

MAD BULL

Why d'ya think they call me Mad Bull.

Mad Bull turns toward Song.

WESTON

Ah ... This is Song ... Song Ph...

He stumbles on the rest of her name.

SONG

Song Phan Rang.

WESTON

Song Phan Rang. Mad Bull.

Mad Bull approaches Song carefully, taking her in. He reaches for her hand, encasing it in his own meaty palm.

MAD BULL

Song Phan Rang. Thailand.

SONG

Yes.

MAD BULL

But not first.

SONG

(surprised)

No.

MAD BULL

It is very nice to meet you, Miss Song Phan Rang.

SONG

Very nice to meet you Mr. Mad Bull.

Mad Bull smiles broadly at Weston and claps him resoundingly on the back. He turns and walks away.

INT. WYNONA VELEZ'S LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Song sits ramrod straight facing the desk. Weston slouches in the chair next to her.

Wynona sits at her desk, Cody's strongbox opened in front of her.

WYNONA

He died intestate.

WESTON

You think you might wanna try English.

WYNONA

He died without a will, Weston. No next of kin ...

WESTON

Song's his next of kin.

WYNONA

They never got married. Right now Song's got a sixty day visa and that's it.

WESTON

What about his bank accounts ...

WYNONA

Everything's frozen until a search is completed.

WESTON

A search for what?

WYNONA

Debtors. Payees. Kin.

WESTON

Wynona, this is Cody Goode we're talkin' about here -- not the goddamn president of Missoula Timber. I was all Cody had. Me and Zeb. You know that.

WYNONA

I have to go through the proper channels, Weston.

WESTON

Well how the hell long are your "proper channels" gonna take?

WYNONA

They better not take longer than sixty days.

WESTON

Or what?

WYNONA

Or I'm afraid, they'll be shipping
Miss Phan Rang back to Thailand.

EXT. WESTON'S TRUCK - WYOMING HIGHWAY - DAY

The pick-up winds its way through the breathtaking Wyoming
landscape.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - DAY

Song and Weston sit in a deep silence as Weston drives.

SONG

I will not become burden to you.
I can work hard. Keep house. Help
on farm.

WESTON

I don't want you workin' for me.

SONG

As soon as I make enough dollars,
I will go.

WESTON

Song, Cody was my best friend.
It's his house. It's your house.
You're welcome to stay as long as
you want.

SONG

Mister Beau ...

WESTON

Weston.

SONG

Mister Weston.

WESTON

Just Weston.

SONG

I will pay you back everything.

WESTON

You won't owe me anything. As soon
as Wynona gets this mess cleared
up...

SONG

(with sudden

intensity)
I will pay you back everything! I
will not owe -- not ever -- not to
anyone!

EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A spectacular vista of mountain streams and snow-capped peaks. High winds scatter clouds across an aching blue sky. Faded dried leaves blow free from skeletal branches.

EXT. CODY'S GARDEN - DAY

In the distance snow-capped peaks ring the vista.

Song stands amidst Cody's garden, rake in hand, gazing silently at the mountains.

The final burst of color from his flowers has exploded and faded.

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

Weston rides the range, herding cattle.

Song drives Weston's truck into town for supplies.

Weston and Zebediah mend fencing blown down by the fierce winds.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

On her knees, her cheeks flushed with exursion, Song scrubs the pine-wood floor. Weston enters dust-covered from the range. Weston is embarrassed, by the dirt covering him, but more -- much more -- by the sight of her on her knees, scouring.

WESTON

Ahh .. damn ... I'm a mess.

SONG

Come in, please.

WESTON

I'm covered with shi... dirt. I'll go around the back.

He turns away, then turns back.

WESTON

(continuing)

Olive's expecting us. You remembered?

SONG

Yes.

WESTON

Well good. That's good, then. I'm gonna go get cleaned up. We should leave pretty soon.

She goes back to scouring.

WESTON

(continuing)

You're gonna be ready?

SONG

Yes.

Once again she returns to her work. Weston starts to leave, then suddenly slams the doorframe with his fist.

WESTON

(not looking at her)

Christ! I wish you would not do that!

Song's head pops up. Weston slams out of the room without looking back.

Song sits back on her heels, her face a slow burn. Suddenly she hurls her scrub brush with a bang to the floor.

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Song and Weston stand in the vestibule as Olive takes their coats.

OLIVE

Song, you look lovely.

(to Weston)

You'll do, I guess. Well, come on in, come on in.

They pass through the archway into the living room proper. Zeb watches Topanga chase two other cats. On the sofa, Wynona and Jack sit deep in conversation.

WESTON

You got more cats?

OLIVE

He's up to four now.

WESTON

Your place is gonna stink.

WYNONA

(looking up from her conversation)

Hey, Wes.

WESTON

Wy.

JACK

Wes.

He glances up briefly, and stops cold on seeing Song -- she's gorgeous.

ZEBEDIAH

(re the cats)

I find them stranded. What am I supposed to do? Leave 'em to die in the first snow.

WESTON

Leave 'em for the coyotes.

OLIVE

You are such a tough guy.

(to Jack)

Jack, have you met Song Phan Rang?

JACK

I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

Olive leads Song over to Jack.

OLIVE

Song. Jack. Jack. Song.

JACK

(completely taken with her)

Hello.

SONG

So very nice to meet you.

None of this has been lost on Weston who scowls fiercely at Olive's ministrations.

WESTON

Coyotes got to eat, too. Them cats look good and tender.

OLIVE

Those cats. Don't annoy me.

(to Song)

Sit down.

Jack indicates a seat next to him.

OLIVE

(continuing)

Jack is just back from Columbia University, Song. Earned his MBA in June.

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Weston, Song, Wynona, Zeb, Olive and Jack are gathered around the table finishing dinner.

WESTON

So Roy comes up to me an he is jus' all fired up. "Look at this horse," he says to me. "Now, jus' look at 'im." So I oblige. What am I supposed to do? I take a good long look. "Yeah?" I ask him. "Weston," he says. "That horse is just an awful color. Now you know damn well, a good horse jus' ain't never a bad color!"

The table erupts in laughter, except for Song who looks confused by the story. Olive rises from the table gathering up some plates.

SONG

I can help you?

OLIVE

That's all right, Song. Zeb'll do them up later.

ZEBEDIAH

Like hell I will.

WYNONA

(rising)

I can see where this is going. Come on, gals, let's go claim our rightful place.

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (LATER)

Olive, Wynona and Song finish up the dishes.

OLIVE

If anyone can cut through a legal maze, it's Wynona.

WYNONA

I'm going to do my best, Olive. But we got a tricky situation here.

OLIVE

Cody would have wanted her to have everything.

WYNONA

Yeah, well, wanting and the law
are two very different things.

SONG

I hope you fix it up real soon,
Miss Velez.

WYNONA

Wynona.

Loud laughter filters in from the other room, Weston's voice
soaring over the top:

WESTON (O.S.)

Now wait a minute, Zeb, sit down.
Let's see if Jack can do it!

Laughter explodes again.

OLIVE

He's got Jack shooting beers.

WYNONA

You'd better make up the spare
room.

OLIVE

They never learn. Tomorrow Zeb'll
be sick as a gopher, Jack'll be
incoherent ...

WYNONA

And Weston will be out riding the
range at dawn.

SONG

Tough guy.

OLIVE

Mmm-hmmm.

SONG

Before I come to this country, I
work hard in Bangkok. Everybody
like me. Everybody like what I do.
But here, with your brother,
everything ...mmmm...

(she casts about for
the right phrase)

Everything go straight to hell!

This catches Olive and Wynona so off-guard, they snort with
laughter, Olive spraying a mouthful of coffee across the
kitchen table. This sets Song off, and laughter explodes

again.

The kitchen door opens. Weston, Jack and Zeb peer in, Weston wearing his customary scowl.

WESTON

What's so funny in here?

The women find this even more hilarious than the coffee shower.

EXT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amidst a chorus of "goodnights", Weston and Song walk to Weston's truck. A light snow begins to fall. Song holds an open plam out to the delicate flakes, her eyes sparkling.

SONG

Snow stars.

Weston scours the sky with a scowl.

WESTON

Damn.

SONG

You no like snow either?

WESTON

What do you mean, either?

Hiding a smile, Song ducks into the truck.

THE WIND HOWLS FIERCELY

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

A shingle rips loose from the roof, flying off in the wind.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDRRROM - NIGHT

Weston sits up in bed. He throws back the covers and crosses to the window, looking out.

He turns back to the room, grabbing his jeans and his sheepskin jacket.

EXT. CODY'S CABIN - NIGHT

The wind continues to rise. Weston raps on the cabin door.

WESTON

Song!

He pushes the door open.

INT. CODY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Song huddles in Cody's bunk, shivering. A small electric heater hums uselessly.

WESTON

Jesus.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A fire blazes in the fireplace. Song nestles on the couch swaddled in blankets. Weston enters from the kitchen area carrying a cup.

WESTON

Here. Careful. It's good and hot.

SONG

Thank-you.

She sips. Involuntarily she makes a face.

SONG

(continuing)

Sweet.

WESTON

I probably used too much sugar.
Can you drink it?

SONG

(sips again)

Yes. The second time is not so bad.

Weston crosses to the fire, stacking on more logs.

WESTON

Are you warm enough?

SONG

Oh, yes. Thank-you.

He rises.

WESTON

You stay here now. There's plenty
of room. For the winter. You stay
here.

SONG

I don't want to be up your face.

WESTON

What?

(he grins)

Oh. In.

SONG

What?

WESTON

You don't want to be "in my face."

SONG

I'll never get these idiots right.

WESTON

Idioms.

SONG

See what I mean?

WESTON

Drink your chocolate while it's
still hot.

She takes another sip.

WESTON

(continuing)

You do okay.

SONG

Yes? You think so? I think so,
too.

(sips)

You not drink hot chocolate?

WESTON

I only made the one cup.

SONG

I not drink too much. Take. You
cold, too, yes?

WESTON

Not cold enough to drink that.

EXT. MAIN STREET - WILD RIVER, WYOMING

A small town Western street, looking probably not a whole lot
different than it did a hundred years ago, now decked out in
all it's Christmas finery.

Olive trundles down the street, barely able to see over a
huge cardboard box stuffed with decorations. Weston sees
Olive from the other side of the street. He dashes across
and falls in step beside her.

He lifts the laden box from her arms.

WESTON

Boo!

OLIVE

(she doesn't know who
it is at first)

Hey!

(sees it's Weston)

Weston!

WESTON

Why aren't you in school?

OLIVE

I am in school. I have the kids
decorating the hall.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

The hall is over run with teenagers stringing up Christmas
decorations. A huge banner stretched across the bandstand
reads: WILD RIVER CHRISTMAS COTILLION.

WESTON

(setting the box down)

Cotillion?

OLIVE

It has class, don't you think?

WESTON

No one's gonna know what it means.

In a sudden wave of exuberance, Olive throws her arms around
him, kissing his cheek.

OLIVE

It looks lovely, doesn't it?

WESTON

Like a picture postcard, Ol.

OLIVE

This dance is going to be a hoot!

WESTON

Cotillion.

OLIVE

You guys come to our house around
eight ...

WESTON

You guys?

OLIVE

You and Song.

A blank stare from Weston.

OLIVE

(continuing)
Weston, for God's sake, you were
planning on taking her to the
Christmas dance, weren't you?

WESTON

No.

She looks hard at him a moment. He turns and walks away from
her. She approaches.

OLIVE

You were, what? Going to leave her
all alone in that tiny cabin while
you came down here and partied all
night long?

WESTON

I wasn't plannin' on doin' any
partyin'.

OLIVE

This is about Cody, isn't it?
(no response)
Wes, Cody's death was not your
fault.

He doesn't turn around. This is hard for him.

WESTON

I never shoulda done it, Ol.

OLIVE

Wes... A bull can throw anybody.
You know that. This could've
happened to anybody.

WESTON

Yup. But it happened to Cody.

LYLE, a gangly senior, calls out from atop a ladder.

STUDENT

Hey Mrs. Chantry! Where should I
hang the mistletoe?

OLIVE

Be right there, Lyle.

She turns back to Weston.

OLIVE

(continuing)
Please come.

WESTON

Go hang your mistletoe.

(he tweaks her nose)
Someplace Zeb can't find it.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

A small cemetery laid out behind a stone church.

Weston stands before a grave marked: CODY GOODE. After a moment, he lays a branch of holly before the headstone.

INT. CHANTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Zeb lies on the floor playing with Topanga. The other cats mewl in the background.

Topanga attacks a strand of yarn again and again, as if her life depended on it. Weston watches. Topanga backs up, ears flattened and pounces. The men are dressed sprucely in suits.

WESTON
I think she's winnin'.

ZEBEDIAH
Oh, she's a devil, this one.
(to Topanga)
Okay, you, that's enough.

He rises from the floor, brushing hairs off his clothes.

ZEBEDIAH
(continuing)
I'm covered with cat hairs. Shoot!
Look at me. My Sunday-go -to
meetin' clothes, too.

WESTON
What in hell is takin' them so
long?

ZEBEDIAH
Women. It's a gene pool thing. You
gonna ride down there in Phoenix?

WESTON
Chandler Rodeo? I don't know. You?

ZEBEDIAH
I don't know. Maybe. Let's face
it -- won't be too much longer
before I cain't even heave my butt
into a saddle anymore.

Olive calls out from the top of the stairs.

OLIVE
We're ready!

Weston moves over to the bottom of the staircase....

WESTON

It's about time. What've you two
been doin'? Sewin' them
dresses.....

And stops dead.

At the top of the stairs, a vision of cream silk loveliness,
stands Song. She is stunning. Weston cannot tear his eyes
away from her.

INT. TOWN HALL - WILD RIVER CHRISTMAS COTILLION - NIGHT

The hall is packed with party-goers festooned in all their
frills and furbelows swirling amidst silver bells and
twinkling lights to the swelling music of a country band.

Zeb and Olive, Weston and Song enter. Zeb immediately sweeps
Olive out onto the dance floor. In the background, Wynona
dances with an older gentleman.

Jack notices their entrance and bounds up to Song.

JACK

(holding out his arm)

May I?

He sweeps Song off into the crowd.

Mad Bull approaches Weston.

MAD BULL

Hey, Wes!

Slapping Weston heartily on the back, Mad Bull jabs a few
rabbit punches into Weston's ribs before Weston can protect
the tender area.

WESTON

Hey!

Weston throws up his arm to block more punches when he
suddenly stops short. Gingerly he touches his ribs. He looks
at Mad Bull in amazement.

MAD BULL

Don't hurt, does it. You still
wearing that necklace?

Weston pulls the beads out of his shirt.

WESTON

I forgot I had it.

MAD BULL

That's the best way. The medicine
can work without any interference
that way. You can take it off now
if you want.

WESTON

Are you kiddin'? I'm thinkin'
maybe I'd better go find me
another bull.

MAD BULL

Maybe you'd better go find you
another lady.

WESTON

What?

MAD BULL

Looks like Jack's about to steal
that one away.

The dance ends. Jack bows to Song, who curtsies in return.
Before the musicians can strike up again, several MEN fight
their way to be first in line to dance next with Song.

MAD BULL

(continuing)

Gonna take some doin', I can see
that.

MUSIC STARTS UP again, a handsome young COWBOY whirls Song
away.

Jack makes his way through the crowd to Weston and Mad Bull.

JACK

Hey, Wes.

WESTON

Jack.

Abruptly, Weston turns and walks away, heading for the bar.

INT. TOWN HALL - COTILLION - NIGHT (LATER)

It's past midnight, the crowd has thinned, the band is tired.
Zeb and Olive stand in the middle of an emptied dance floor,
swaying more than dancing, looking more like newly-weds than
the old married couple they are. Song sits at a table, deep
in conversation with Mad Bull and Jack.

MAD BULL

My buddy, Doug, has a connection
with this community. They're in
Japan. But they're gonna try and
set up the conference in Thailand.

SONG

With this man? Sen Sei Kison?

JACK

You ever hear of him, Song?

SONG

I think so. Yes. In Thailand. I hear about a great healer.

MAD BULL

This guy is amazin'. He can heal by touch.

SONG

So you will go to Thailand, then?

JACK

You want to come with us.

MAD BULL

They'll be healers from all over the world. It's gonna be big.

A REEDY COWBOY, nervous and awkward, approaches Song.

COWBOY

Ma'am? Would you care to dance?

SONG

Oh, I am so sorry. Thank-you very much. But I think my feet have killed me.

Across the hall, Wynona, breathless from the last dance approaches Weston.

WYNONA

Haven't seen you out there.

WESTON

Nope.

Wynona pulls Weston's Bourbon and Branch from his hand and downs it.

WESTON

(continuing)

I believe I was drinkin' that.

WYNONA

Come on! I'll buy you another.

Wynona signals the BARTENDER. She and Weston are both more than a little tipsy.

The band leader steps up to the microphone.

BAND LEADER

Ladies and gentlemen ... Last
dance!

The crowd BOOS good naturedly.

ON SONG

SONG

(to Mad Bull)

Oh! Thank goodness! If I have to
dance again, I think I die!

ON WESTON AND WYNONA

Wynona throws her arms around Weston's neck.

WYNONA

Come on. Dance with me.

WESTON

Can't.

WYNONA

Why not.

WESTON

Can't find my feet.

A tall elegant gentleman, JUDGE SAMUEL HEDEMAN, approaches.
he bows deeply to Wynona.

JUDGE SAMUEL

Miss Wynona, may I have the honor?

WYNONA

See ya.

The Judge and Wynona spin away.

Weston glances across the dance floor.

WESTON'S P.O.V.

Song, deep in conversation with Mad Bull and Jack who leans
in very closely to her.

Weston pushes away from the bar.

AT MAD BULL'S TABLE

Weston saunters up.

WESTON

(to Song)

I do not beleive I am allowed to
escort a lady home if I haven't
danced with her at least once.

JACK

Oh, she can't dance, Wes. Her
feet've killed her.

WESTON

Excuse me, Jack.

Weston reaches past Jack and takes Song's arm.

He guides her to the dance floor. They dance.

The music swells, a haunting waltz. Weston gazes down at
Song. Her beauty is captivating.

Though he's had a considerable amount to drink, Weston can
hold his own, and he dances elegantly. Just as elegantly,
Song glides along perfectly in step with him.

Without being aware of his actions, Weston pulls her in
tighter.

They spin together, closer and closer, dancing now so tightly
that with one slight movement, he'd be kissing her.

The music swells to a crescendo and stops. Bright lights
flood the dance hall. Loud voices yell "good nights".

Like a schoolboy caught behind the woodshed, Weston pulls
back from Song. They are both stunned and fighting like hell
not to show it.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - JUST AFTER DAWN

Song stands at the kitchen sink, humming softly a country
western tune from the night before. Her feet are swaddled in
thick socks. Weston enters the kitchen.

WESTON

Good mornin'.

Song spins to face him. They look at each other a moment, the
air crackling with a strange brew of heightened electricity
and awkward embarrassment.

SONG

Good morning.

He gestures to her socks.

WESTON

Your feet hurt.

SONG

(remembering last
night)
Sweet pain.

WESTON

Ah.

A Federal Express Delivery truck glimpsed through the window,
lumbers up the driveway.

WESTON

(continuing)

What's this?

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - JUST AFTER DAWN

Song sits at the table, sifting through a sheaf of official
looking documents. She hands the papers to Weston.

WESTON

Your visa is up.

She nods wordlessly, rises, and begins clearing the table.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Weston sits at his desk, going over the books. Song stands in
the doorway and knocks softly. She carries a small wooden
box. She is dressed as if she were on her way to a job
interview. Weston glances up.

WESTON

Come in.

Song enters the room, placing the box in front of Weston.

SONG

This all I take with me when I
leave Thailand. All my papers in
here.

She opens the box, and takes out a carefully folded document.

SONG

(continuing)

This one the paper for my Uncle
Thieu's farm. He have big farm
outside of Bangkok. Very valuable.
Very good. Since I was a child, he
promise the farm to me. When I
leave Thailand, he give me that.

She hands Weston the paper.

SONG

(continuing)

Now, I give it to you.

WESTON

To me?

SONG

Wynona tell me Cody's estate be
settled very soon. Once that
happen, you and me get quickie
American divorce....

WESTON

What are you talkin' about?

SONG

Mister Wes ...

(corrects herself)

Weston. There is only one way I
can stay in Y-oh-ming. Only one
way if you will help me.

(with great dignity
and difficulty)

Mister Weston, please. Will you
marry me?

Weston stares at her speechless, still holding the paper to
Uncle Thieu's farm.

After a moment, he folds the document up and firmly places it
back in the box.

WESTON

Song.... That ain't a good idea.
I mean ... That jus' ain't a good
idea.

INT. - JUDGES CHAMBERS - DAY

Song and Weston stand stiffly before Judge Samuel, Zeb and
Olive on either side. Song carries a tiny bouquet and her
rosary beads.

JUDGE SAMUEL

I now pronounce you husband and
wife.

An awkward pause.

JUDGE SAMUEL

(continuing)

This is where you're supposed to
kiss her, Wes.

Weston leans over awkwardly to Song, and pecks her clumsily
on the cheek. Olive bursts into tears. Weston shoots her a
look.

WESTON

What the hell is the matter with
you?

A mewling sound emerges from Zeb's suit pocket. Now Weston
shoots him a look. Zeb withdraws a kitten from his pocket.

ZEBEDIAH

Found her on the courthouse steps.

Olive cries harder.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAY

Weston's truck pulls up in front of the house. Weston gets
out of the truck, and goes around the other side to help Song.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Weston holds the door open for Song. She enters the living
room stiffly.

WESTON

I'm gonna go get out of these.

Weston moves toward the bedroom.

SONG

I should come?

WESTON

What?

Song gestures shy and embarrassed toward the bedroom.

SONG

You want me to

Weston catches her meaning.

WESTON

No! No ... I mean ... you don't
have to ... I'm not gonna ... I
mean, it's not like we ... Jesus.

He moves back across the room to where she stands, still
stiff and uncertain.

WESTON

(continuing)

Song... I'm just gonna go change
my clothes.

Weston exits to the bedroom.

EXT. CODY'S CABIN - DAY

Weston, freshly showered and changed into jeans and a

workshirt taps lightly on the door. He carries a paper sack.

WESTON

Song?

No response. He gently pushes the door open.

INT. CODY'S CABIN - DAY

Song sits at Cody's desk, surrounded by her books and notebooks, fast asleep.

Quietly, Weston crosses to the desk. He pulls a split bottle of champagne and one glass from the sack and sets it beside the sleeping Song.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - DAY

Weston and Song sit in front of Wynona's desk.

WYNONA

Okay. The search has been completed and the court's satisfied there are no next of kin...

WESTON

I coulda told them that two months ago.

WYNONA

Well, we aren't out of the woods, yet.

SONG

Out of woods?

WESTON

What do you mean?

WYNONA

Well, historically, if the court can find no blood relatives, the property of the deceased is then reverted in entirety to the state.

WESTON

To the state of Wyoming!

WYNONA

I've found some interesting case law. It dates back to when Wymoming was just a territory ...

WESTON

What in hell does the state of Wyoming want with the earthly

possessions of Cody Goode!

WYNONA

Would you calm down! I'm tryng to explain to you I think I can make this work.

He rises.

WESTON

You think? That's real good, Wynona. I am happier than hell to know you are thinkin'.

WYNONA

Weston. Shut the hell up and sit down.

With a look that can kill, he does.

WYNONA

(continuing)

I've got all the documents. Cody's intent is clear. I believe I can prove that if not for the tragic and unforeseen event of Cody's accidental death, Song in fact would at this moment be his wife. Okay? So just stay calm. Goddamn. It'll all be over soon. I promise.

EXT. WILD RIVER, MONTANA - DAY

Montage of scenes as winter deepens:

Weston and Zeb herd the last remaining cattle bringing them to warmer ground.

Song mucks out the stables, pausing to nuzzle the nose of a beautiful white mare.

Weston kneels knee-deep in snow, mending a fallen fence.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAYBREAK

Weston enters the kitchen as Song prepares breakfast at the stove. She carries his plate to the table. Weston goes to the cupboard and takes down another plate. He scrapes half of his food onto the second plate.

He pulls out a chair, standing beside it until she sits down.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAWN

Song carries a bucket of feed toward the corral.

INT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - CORRAL - DAWN

Song feeds the white mare she was nuzzling before. She coos to her, stroking the silky hair and talking softly.

Weston enters, watching her a moment.

WESTON
You like her?

SONG
She very pretty.

WESTON
Don't have nothin' but pretty
horses. Won't allow it.

He saddles up his horse, a sleek black stallion.

WESTON
(continuing)
Come Spring, if you've a mind, I
can teach you to ride.

SONG
Oh, you don't have to teach me.

Weston mounts the horse in an effortless gesture.

WESTON
Up to you. Thought you might like
to learn.

SONG
I know how to ride.

WESTON
You do, huh?

SONG
I learn on my Uncle Thieu's farm.
I learn pretty good.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - THE RANGE - MORNING

Weston and Song ride in a secluded valley surrounded by mountain peaks. This is the winter ground for the cattle. Winter's been kept pretty much at bay here. Bare patches of ground poke through the snow's surface. In the distance cattle roam.

As they ride side by side, Weston talks to Song, gesturing as he explains this part of his ranch.

Suddenly, in the distance, a cattle lows mournfully, sounding on the edge of panic.

WESTON

Uh-oh. Someone's in trouble.

In one fluid motion, Weston turns his horse and gallops across the range. Riding swiftly behind him, Song follows.

They ride up over a ridge. A calf not yet a year old has slipped into deep snow on the other side of the embankment. She lows again, confused and frightened, not knowing how to get free.

Weston guides his horse down the hill, approaching the calf.

WESTON

(continuing)

It's okay, girl. You trapped?
What're you doin' so far away from
your mama, anyway?

With his stallion, Weston prods and guides the calf through the deep snow to a patch that is almost bare. Once there, Weston pushes the calf until awkwardly, she scrambles up the hill.

Song watching, dismounts, moving to the calf.

SONG

(to calf)

Scared, huh? You okay now.

Song smiles, rubbing her hand across the calf's head.

Weston canters up the hill.

WESTON

Yahhh! Yahhh! Get along now!!!

The calf turns and trots off to join the others. Song and Weston watch her go.

WESTON

(continuing)

I'd better get you back. Ready?

Song nods and mounts her horse. Weston rides on ahead.

Song following, suddenly spurs her mare, and with a burst of speed, passes Weston in a cloud of snow.

WESTON

(continuing)

Hey!

Weston bears down, galloping full bore behind her. They chase each other across the range, Weston gaining.

With expert precision, he gallops alongside of her, and leaping from his horse, lands behind her. Holding her

tightly, they tumble together to the snow.

They lie entangled, color high, eyes sparkling for a frozen breathless moment. Then clumsily, Weston rises, helping Song to her feet.

SONG

I told you I learn to ride pretty good.

WESTON

I guess you did.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Weston lies on top of the bed still wearing his jeans, alone, staring off into space.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - SONG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Song lies huddled beneath the covers, alone, staring off into space.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Jack sits with Song at the kitchen table drinking coffee.

JACK

Everybody listens to him, you know? Heck, I don't think there's anybody in town who hasn't worked for Wes at one time or another. Since I was about twelve, whenever I needed money, I could always depend on Wes for work.

Weston enters. Seeing Jack, he scowls.

JACK

(continuing)

Wes.

WESTON

What's up?

SONG

Would you like some coffee, Weston? I just made fresh pot for Jack.

WESTON

No, thanks.

(to Jack)

What can I do for you, Jack.

JACK

Well, the town meetin's tonight...

WESTON

Uh-huh.

JACK

We'd really like you to be there.

WESTON

I thought this was jus'an informal
get together. See how people feel.

JACK

If the town knows you're against
the casino, people'll be more of
a mind to be against it, too.

Weston pours himself a cup of coffee.

WESTON

I don't see what difference it
makes. It's your land. It's up to
you fellas what you want to do on
it.

JACK

Rick and Miguel are about ready to
kill each. The Nation's divided in
half. Town's at each other's
throats. Me and Bull'd jus' feel
better if you were there, Wes.

WESTON

This whole damn thing's a pain in
my ass.

JACK

Yes sir. It's a pain in mine, too.

EXT. WILD RIVER - OUTSIDE TOWN HALL - EVENING

A placard outside the hall reads: TOWN MEETING TONIGHT. HOW
DO YOU FEEL ABOUT A CASINO?

In front of the building a crowd of TOWNSPEOPLE - a cross
section of white, black, Hispanic and Native American --
swarm, spilling into the street.

Several people carry signs declaring their position -- for or
against gambling on the Shoshone reservation.

INT. TOWN HALL - EVENING (A LITTLE LATER)

A long table stretches across the stage. Seated behind it are
Wynona, Mad Bull, Jack Deersalker, and Judge Samuel Hedeman.
The crowd outside now jams the auditorium inside.

Among the audience are Weston and Song, and Zeb and Olive. RICK SNOWDEN, a young Shoshone man, stands in the audience, speaking forcefully.

RICK

I'm saying this is our business
and nobody else's. If we want to
set up a casino on the
reservation, then that's exactly
what we'll do!

MIGUEL FILLEPE, an Hispanic man rises.

MIGUEL

We got to live in this town, too,
man! What you do out there affects
all of us!

Several people in the crowd call out opinions loudly: "Sit down, Miguel!" "Rick's right" "No, he's not! Miguel is!" "We're talking about cold hard cash, here, man!" "We're talkin' about our town!" On the dais, Wynona bangs a gavel forcefully:

WYNONA

Out of order! You are all out of
order!

She sticks two fingers in her mouth and whistles shrilly into the microphone. EARSHATTERING FEEDBACK. The crowd quiets.

ON SONG AND WESTON

Song eyes Wynona with admiration. Weston quietly observes the mayhem -- not liking what he sees.

Wynona has regained order.

WYNONA

That's more like it. Look,
friends, yelling and screaming at
each other is not going to get us
anywhere. This is a meeting. Just
a chance for us to get together
and see how we feel.

RICK

I know how I feel.

WYNONA

Well, now so do the rest of us.

A few nervous chuckles from the crowd. TRAVIS, an older cowboy, rises from the back.

TRAVIS

I jus' don't see how anybody can

feel bad about gettin' rich!

JACK

This is not just about getting rich! There's a lot of other things that go along with it.

RICK

Like what, Jack?

JACK

Crime. Drugs. You think about

that? As if we don't have enough problems already. Prostitution. Everybody thinks gaming's the answer. Get rich quick. Bring in plenty of money. But I've seen the other side. And I know there's got to be a better way!

RICK

Why don't you tell that to the kids who're starvin', Jack?

This brings even more CROWD NOISES, people yelling once more yay or nay. Though most shout out their agreement to get good and rich good and quick.

On the dais, Wynona looks over at Mad Bull, throwing up her hands. Mad Bull leans into her, speaking quietly. Jack scrapes his chair back, looking at the crowd in disgust.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Weston rises quietly from his seat. The crowd still buzzes. Weston looks over to Wynona and gestures to be recognized. Wynona slams the gavel, speaking into the microphone.

WYNONA

The chair recognizes Weston Beaudurant.

(slams gavel again,
louder)

The chair recognizes Weston Beaudurant.

The crowd quiets.

WESTON

Thank-you, Wynona.

(he looks over the
crowd)

Seems to me what we have here is a difference of opinion.

A few nervous chuckles.

WESTON

(continuing)

And that's okay. Long as we can keep from killin' each other over it. Folks, look, I don't know how this thing is eventually gonna shake out. Maybe our Shoshone neighbors'll decide to go ahead an' build a casino, and maybe they won't. But either way, we're goin' to have to live with it, right? Rick and Miguel ... you two cowpokes work side by side on my ranch ... You want to kill each other over gamblin', I guess I can't stop you, but I'd sure as hell miss you both.

A few chuckles.

WESTON

(continuing)

We only got one town, folks. With or without blackjack. Seems to me, we'd better try rememberin' that.

INT. WILD RIVER CAFE - NIGHT (LATER)

Weston and Song, Olive and Zeb, Wynona, Jack and Mad Bull all cram into a booth at the Wild River cafe.

JACK

I told you it was gonna get ugly, Bull.

MAD BULL

It's gonna be okay.

JACK

What does that mean, it's gonna be okay? You're always saying it's gonna be okay. This thing is poison and it's what everybody wants!

WYNONA

Not everybody.

WESTON

I sure as hell don't want it.

WYNONA

Look, Jack, I've seen this a million times. You hold a meeting, a volatile issue and what're you gonna get? The loudmouths turning out in droves just to hear themselves talk. What we got to do is find the quiet

ones. The ones sitting in the back
or at home who aren't used to
making themselves be heard.

WESTON

How you figure on doin' that,
Wynona?

WYNONA

Mailings. Flyers. Education.
School meetings.

ZEBEDIAH

You plan on splitting yourself in
two?

WYNONA

Just buying a couple more pairs of
hands.

JACK

It's not enough! No matter how
hard we work! This thing has the
power to destroy us.

MAD BULL

Only if you give it that power.
Jack, you gotta remember that.
Only if you give it that power.
Don't open yourself up to that.

SONJA the waitress approaches them carrying her coffee pot.

SONJA

Serious pow-wow? I'll buy y'all
another cup of coffee.

WESTON

Whoa -- is that fresh?

SONJA

Fresh? It's ten o'clock, Wes. What
do you think?

WESTON

I think I'll pass. You got a check?

SONJA

Not on me, I don't.

Sonja sasshays back to the register to write up their bill.

MAD BULL

We're gonna work with this thing
no matter which way it comes out,

okay, Jack?

SONG

I have a pair of hands.

WESTON

What?

SONG

Never have I ever seen anything like what I saw tonight. Such firey words! Everybody talking and yelling all at the same time, all over on top of each other! And Wynona -- oh, my, Wynona, like a great dragon... banging and banging that little hammer ...

WESTON

Gavel ...

SONG

Bang! Bang! Bang! And when those people don't listen ...

(she imitates
Wynona's whistle)

At the register, Sonja's head pops up.

SONJA

Hey, chill over there. Your check's comin'!

WESTON

(to Song)

You're gonna get us booted outta here.

SONG

And then Weston! Mr. Weston Beaudurant. You know, you were not so bad yourself, too. I have a good pair of hands, Wynona. You bet. You don't even have to buy them. I give them free!

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - SONG'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Song sleeps peacefully curled up in bed. The clock reads: 5:30. A LOUD BUZZING NOISE pierces the early morning quiet.

Song jars awake.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

LOUD BUZZING CONTINUES.

Weston bolts up in bed.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - SONG'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Song struggles unsuccessfully with the alarm. Finally, she punches it off.

Weston appears in the doorway.

WESTON

What the hell's goin' on?

SONG

Oh, I'm so sorry. Did I wake you?

WESTON

Nah. Jus' feel like I've been shot
ass-end out've a canon.

SONG

(hides a smile)

I'm sorry.

WESTON

It's Spring. I shoulda been up an
hour ago. What're you doin' awake
at this hour?

SONG

Today I give my hands to Wynona!

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAWN

Weston and Zebediah ride side by side across the range among
a herd of cattle.

ZEBEDIAH

They're gonna be calvin' soon.

WESTON

Coupla weeks looks like. I got
some boys comin' on tomorrow.

ZEBEDIAH

Bout time to turn it loose.

WESTON

You know it.

ZEBEDIAH

You ever think we're gettin' too
damn old for this.

WESTON

Every day.

ZEBEDIAH

What we gotta do, Wes, is take on one of them boys comin' on. Train 'im up real good. Fix 'im up just so, so's he can take over and run this whole operation.

WESTON

Uh-huh. We could think about doin' that. But if we did, then what would we do?

ZEBEDIAH

Sit on our fat behinds and count the cash?

WESTON

Naw!

ZEBEDIAH

Naw!

Weston and Zeb dig their spurs into their horses and with a resounding whoop thunder off in a cloud of dust.

EXT. WILD RIVER MAIN STREET - MORNING

Weston's truck pulls up in front of Wynona's office and stops. Song hops down from the cab.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - MORNING

A jumble of papers, boxes, notepads and files crowd the tiny office. Wynona sits cross-legged on the floor in the midst of the mess with Jack beside her. Song stands at the doorway wide-eyed surveying the chaos.

WYNONA

Song! Pull up some rug. Jack's got a proposal that's gonna give this gaming problem the old k.o. once and for all!

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - SUNSET

Song pulls up in the pick-up truck. She looks exhausted. She climbs out of the cab carrying sheafs of papers.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Weston sits on the couch, sipping a Bourbon and Ranch, reading the paper. Song enters the room.

WESTON

There you are. I was beginnin' to wonder if I was ever gonna see you again. Not to mention the truck.

SONG

Oh my God, Weston! That Wynona!

She is some cattle driver!

WESTON

Cattle driver?

SONG

Slave driver! She work us to death!

WESTON

You'd better give me those. You look like you're about to drop over.

(takes her papers)

Ain't so easy bein' a politico, huh?

SONG

Weston, please, no more new words today. I think today I learn enough to burn my head off.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Weston sits at his desk going over the ledgers. After a moment he rises, stretches and exits.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

A fire burns in the fireplace. Weston enters the room from the hallway leading to the office.

WESTON

I was goin to brew up some coffee,
Song, you want ...

He stops himself. Song is fast asleep, her head lying awkwardly on the coffee table, papers spilling all around her.

Weston takes in the scene. He goes to her, gently lifting her off the floor. She sleeps like a child. He places her on the couch, and covers her with a blanket.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Song prepares the evening meal, humming as she works. She is beaming. Sitting in the center of the table is a rectangular piece of paper -- a check.

Weston enters through the back door.

WESTON

Hey.

SONG

Hello, Weston.

WESTON

Smells good.

SONG

It is almost ready.

WESTON

I'll go wash up.

SONG

That's good, then.

He stops, taking her in. Her mood is infectious.

WESTON

What?

She glides almost dance-like to the table, and picks-up the check.

SONG

Look!

She shows him the check.

SONG

(continuing)

Wynona says I am too good to be worth nothing.

INT. WILD RIVER BANK - MORNING

Song and Weston sit at a desk filling out papers. Song struggles with a form, puts it down in disgust, and pulls a pair of steel-rimmed glasses out of her purse.

Putting the glasses on, she tries to read the form again, without any more luck.

WESTON

Them English books you got don't seem to be doin' the trick.

SONG

Those English books. And this not English.

Weston takes the form from her, looks it over, hands it back.

WESTON

You're right about that.

They look at each other and laugh.

EXT. WILD RIVER - IN FRONT OF BANK - MORNING

Weston and Song emerge from the bank, Song tucking something away into her purse.

WESTON

Hang on a second, now. Not so fast. Let me see that.

She hands him her brand-new bank passbook.

WESTON

(continuing; reading from book)

What have we got here. First National Bank of Wyoming. Savings Account. Song Phan Rang-Beaurant. Yee- doggies, that's some handle.

He takes her arm, guiding her to the truck.

WESTON

(continuing)

You know, Olive teaches English and History. She always was a lot smarter than me. If you

want, I can see about her takin' you on as a student.

SONG

Oh, yes! Weston, please. I am so sick of my English stinking up so bad!

INT. WILD RIVER HIGH SCHOOL - OLIVE'S ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Song stands shyly in front of the class. Olive beams.

OLIVE

Students. This young lady is Song Beaurant, a new student from Thailand. She's also my sister-in-law. So heads up and mind your manners!

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN EVENING

Song and Weston prepare their evening meal together in the kitchen.

SONG

I like being with the kids. Olive tell them if they not nice to me, she going to give them hell.

WESTON

Olive said that? In class?

SONG

(giggles)

Oh, no. Olive never talk that way.

WESTON

So where'd you learn that kind of language?

SONG

From you.

WESTON

Come on, let's eat. Before our food catches cold.

EXT. CODY'S CABIN - DAWN

Song kneels in Cody's garden calling out:

SONG

Weston!

Weston bursts out the back door of his house on the run.

WESTON

What's wrong!

He runs up beside her. She is as joyful as a child.

SONG

Look, Weston! Forsythia! And daffodil! Soon the whole garden will be bursting full once again!

EXT. CHURCHYARD -DAY

Song and Weston stand in front of Cody's grave. Their horses are tethered to a tree in the background.

Weston lays a branch from Cody's forsythia beneath the headstone.

WESTON

He used to putter around that garden, up to his elbows in soil. But I don't believe I ever noticed it. Just walked right past.

SONG

Weston, you do not need to be so sad. Think of all the beauty he made here. Heaven always welcomes beauty. And now, you can see his garden.

Weston takes her in a long moment. Then placing his hand under her elbow, guides her back to their horses.

EXT. WILD RIVER -DAY

Weston leads Song through a meandering backwoods trail back to the ranch.

They ride up over a rise. Spread out in the valley below is the Beaudurant Ranch, now coming alive with Spring.

Wildflowers riot in the fields, cascading down the rolling hills.

WESTON

I gotta hire back all the ranch hands. I gotta move sixty head up over the creek. There's fencin' to the South that ain't nothin' more than a pile of lumber -- and I don't feel like doin' a blessed thing. You want to ride?

SONG

Oh, yes!

WESTON

Come on!

He spurs his stallion into a full gallop, Song's mare sprinting behind.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH -DAY

Weston and Song ride across the open fields, the wind whipping behind them, chasing each other in the crystalline Spring sunshine.

Weston leads her up over another rise to the feet of a towering range of snow-capped peaks. Spring melt-off thunders down the mountainface in a white boiling roar.

Weston and Song rein their horses to a stop, and dismount. Taking her hand, Weston guides Song to the foot of the waterfall. She looks at the cascade in breathless wonder.

SONG

Y-oh-ming.

WESTON

Y-oh-ming.

MONTAGE OF SCENES as Spring deepens toward Summer:

Weston, Zeb, Miguel, Rick and other hands work in the corral blood-splattered as the cows calve.

The hands drive cattle to the corral, push cows to be sorted, and brand cattle.

On the Shoshone rservervation, Wynona, Song, Mad Bull and Jack

talk to a small group of people assembled in a two-room bungalow. Song plays handgames with a group of children.

On the reservation, Song talks with a group of Shoshone women. Wynona and Jack speak with the men, Jack intensely drawing figures and graphs on legal pads for them.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - - SUNSET

End of a long day. Zeb and Weston call out "goodnights" to several of the hands as they make their way to Weston's house.

WESTON

Beer?

ZEBEDIAH

Better not. Olive's waitin' on me.
Good night, Wes.

WESTON

'Night, Zeb.

Zeb walks off towards his truck, Weston continues on to the house.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Weston enters the kitchen. It is dark and lifeless.

WESTON

Song?

No response. Weston stretches and heads for his bedroom.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Weston, showered and changed sits at his desk sorting through papers. He glances at the clock which reads 8:30. Weston shoves the papers aside and grabs the phone, dialing.

WESTON

Hey, Wynona, y'all still kickin'
down there?

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Song and Weston sit at the table holding chopsticks. Platters of Thai delicacies cover the surface.

WESTON

Like this?

He fumbles with the chopsticks.

SONG

No. Like this. Hold it like a
pencil.

WESTON

Okay.

(tries again)

Got it! Now for the grub.

He reaches across for a dumpling and snags it. Just as he's about to pop the delicacy in his mouth it squirts away.

WESTON

(continuing)

God damn!

Song tries to hide a smile, but he catches her.

WESTON

(continuing)

Harder than it looks.

SONG

Oh, yes. It is always very
difficult at first. The babies
have a very hard time.

He shoots her a look, and makes another stab. He snags another dumpling, but as he lifts it from the plate it spits away.

WESTON

Shii .. shoot! Damn! Hell!

Expertly, Song lifts another dumpling and places it on Weston's plate.

SONG

Try from here.

Weston steels himself and makes another go. He snags the dumpling but it wobbles and drops with a thud back onto his plate.

WESTON

You know how you eat these things?

He grabs onto the dumpling, holding it steady with his right hand, grabs a fork with his left and stabs -- himself right in the thumb.

WESTON

(continuing)

God damn!

Song can no longer hold her laughter in. It bursts from her. It's music infectious, Weston laughs, too.

Olive enters the kitchen from the back door, and watches them laughing together.

OLIVE

This a private party, or can
anyone join in?

SONG

Hello, Olive.

WESTON

Hey, Ol. Pull up a chair. the
forks're on me.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Weston, Song and Olive sit in the livingroom, Olive spreading
out books on the coffeetable.

OLIVE

Jefferson. Franklin. Paine.

WESTON

You got her reading Thomas Paine
now.

SONG

For the Fourth of July.

OLIVE

For the pageant after the parade.
You want to read something, Wes?

WESTON

I think I'll pass.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Weston stands beside Olive's Bronco, holding the door open
for her.

Olive climbs inside, starts the engine, then rolls down the
window.

OLIVE

When are you going to get married
for real?

WESTON

Excuse me?

OLIVE

You know, Weston, I love you,
truly. But you are the thickest
blockhead I have ever known.

Olive throws the Bronco into gear and spits out of the
driveway.

EXT. WILD RIVER - MAIN STREET - DAY

Weston loads supplies from the hardware store into the back of the pick-up. He slams the tail gate shut, and strides across the street to the Cafe.

INT. WILD RIVER CAFE - DAY

Weston, carrying a thermos, strides up to the register where Sonja sits buffing her nails.

SONJA
You joinin' them?

WESTON
Fill 'er up.
(hands her the
thermos)
Who?

SONJA
They're at the back.

She points with a newly buffed nail.

WESTON'S P.O.V.

Sonja sits at a booth with Jack, Rick and Wynona talking animatedly. She makes a point, slamming her fist onto the table, and the others explode into peals of laughter.

Jack throws his arm casually around her and rubs her back lightly before he pulls his arm away.

SONJA
Noisy as a flock of crows circling
a fresh-kill.

She hands him back the thermos.

SONJA
(continuing)
Just brewed that up.

WESTON
Thanks, Sonja.

Weston hands her a couple of bills, and begins moving towards the door.

SONJA
Ain't you goin' back there?

WESTON
Wasn't plannin' on it.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - MIDMORNING

Weston and Zeb sit on the corral fence watching RANDY, a young ranch hand, break in a new horse.

ZEBEDIAH
(calling out to Randy)
Watch it there! Watch it!

The young filly throws the cowboy. Randy picks himself up, grinning and dusts himself off.

RANDY
She's a good 'un, Mr. Beaudurant.
Spirited.

WESTON
Only way I like 'em.

RANDY
Yes sir. Know what you mean.

Randy grabs ahold of the horse's rope and hoists himself atop her again.

ZEBEDIAH
(to Weston)
You goin' out to Montana next
month.

WESTON
I don't know. You?

ZEBEDIAH
I don't know. Maybe.

WESTON
I was thinkin' maybe I'd retire.

ZEBEDIAH
From the rodeo?

WESTON
I was thinkin' about it.

The men watch Randy running the horse through her paces.

ZEBEDIAH
That devil Baby Face is booked on
the Montana circuit.

WESTON
Baby Face? Where'd you hear that?

ZEBEDIAH
Eric Branger. Told me some of the
fellas're tryin' to get that bull

pulled. You know what his bucks percentage is?

WESTON

You mean countin' me?

ZEBEDIAH

Seventy-five percent. That's three outta four, Wes. I don't know, I may go on over. You?

WESTON

I don't know. Maybe.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Song is on the phone.

SONG

Yes. I check it all. I check it all out. Jack and I went over all the numbers.

Weston enters the room, leaning against the doorjamb.

SONG

(continuing)

Yes, it looks very good, Wynona. Many of the People tell us they will vote "no" when the Tribal Council meets in July. All right. Okay.

WESTON

(loud enough for
Wynona to hear)

Goodnight, Wynona.

SONG

(shushing him)

Yes. All right. Goodnight, Wynona.

She hangs up the phone.

WESTON

Your ear on fire? Here. Let me see if you still got one left on that side.

Weston playfully pulls her hair away from her ear. Song pushes his hand away.

SONG

Weston...

WESTON

I'm jus' sayin' Wynona has been

known to talk an ear right off of
a body.

He perches on the edge of the desk.

SONG

This is very important stuff. I
thought you thought it is very
important stuff, too.

WESTON

I sure as hell don't wanna see a
bunch of greedy hucksters
overrunnin' Wild River.

Song leans back in the chair, closing her eyes.

SONG

Jack says if he can get the People
to vote the casino down at the
Council meeting in July gambling
will be a dead dog.

Weston laughs. Song pops her eyes open, she hadn't meant to
be humorous.

SONG

(continuing)

Jack says he's seen what gambling
can do. I, too have seen this.
Gambling is all over Bangkok. It
is just like Jack said.

WESTON

An' God knows Jack must be pret'
near a freakin' genius.

SONG

When everything is so easy,
everything grows cheap. When
everything so cheap, nothing -- no
one -- has any value.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - NOON

Wynona is finishing up a telephone conversation.

WYNONA

Yeah, Jenny, I'll look into it for
you. Okay.

A tap on the door and Weston enters.

WYNONA

(continuing)

Hey, Wes!

WESTON

Wynona. I thought I would treat Miss Phan Rang to lunch.

WYNONA

Oh! You just missed her. She just took off for the reservation with Jack.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Weston and Song sit in front of the fire.

WESTON

Travis can oversee the everyday operations. I'd only be gone two, maybe three days.

SONG

I think you should go.

WESTON

Maybe when I get back all this goldarn politickin' will be over.

SONG

Oh, no. This politicking will not be over until the Tribal Council Meeting in July.

WESTON

That's a long haul.

SONG

Yes. And already everybody's exhausted. But you know what, Weston? I think we're going to win! Imagine that! I think we're going to win!

EXT. LAMBERT COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - MONTANA - DAY

Weston and Zeb straddle the chutes that line the riding arena. In the arena a cowboy bucks to the end of his ride atop a bull. The timer buzzes, the cowboy jumps down. Rodeo clowns lead the bull back to his chute.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Way to ride, Dayton. Dayton Press ladies and gentlemen -- with a score of 82. Not too shabby.

Down the row, a Brahma kicks savagely in his pen. Zeb jabs his thumb in that direction.

ZEBEDIAH

Baby Face.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Next up -- Carl Tynan -- riding
Baby Face.

The gate opens, and Baby Face shoots out of the stall, bucking like a demon. Carl Tynan barely hangs on for a second or two and is thrown fiercely. He hits the ground, gains his feet and runs back to the safety of the chutes.

The rodeo clowns chase the beast, trying to corral him. The last clown jumps to safety, scrambling atop the chute just as Baby Face's horn misses his leg. The crowd responds.

ZEBEDIAH

Wes, if ol' Beelzebub ever put in
an appearance down here -- that's
him.

Weston jumps down onto the bull's back he'll be riding. With Zeb's help, he wraps his hand securely with the rope. When he's set, he nods.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From Wyoming -- Weston Beaudurant.
Ridin' Honky Cat.

Honky Cat shoots out of the stall. Weston hangs tight. Honky Cat spins and bucks. Weston's hat flies from his head landing in the dust. Then abruptly, as if the fight went out of him, Honky Cat slows. A few more meager kicks....

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Come on, Honky Cat -- give that
cowboy a ride!

And the buzzer sounds. Weston jumps clear of the bull.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

I guess not today, Wes. You
must've scared him. What we got
for a score. Seventy-five.

Weston picks his hat up and swipes it against his leg in disgust.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

You know, folks sometimes a bull
jus' don't feel like givin' a good
ride. 'Course when they don't
there's no way the cowboy's gonna

score well. Better luck next time,
Wes.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Weston drives, the highway spinning out in front of him as Zebediah sleeps noisily.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Thunder and lightning crackle outside the windows. Wynona, Jack and Song work as usual on the office floor, papers spread out around them.

JACK

Two thousand envelopes, Wynona.
That's what we need to get out.

Lightning splits the sky, thunder roars and the skies open up. Wynona's office is plunged in blackness. A collective "Oh!"

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack's jeep pulls up in front of the house. Jack, Wynona and Song tumble out.

JACK

(into the howling
wind)

Everybody grab a box.

Giddily, the three grab boxes and dash for the house in the pouring rain.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cardboard boxes, notepads and papers scatter across the coffee table and onto the rug. Candles glow on every surface.

JACK

Defeating this gambling issue is only the first step. We're going to need a stake. Twenty, maybe twenty-five thousand to buy into one of these deals with the Cherokee.

The Cherokee are completely independent, did you know that? No government, no gambling, no charities. Man, they set things up right.

WYNONA

You'll figure out something, Jack.
That's why Bull sent you to

Columbia.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

THE WIND HOWLS.

Song pulls down the bed for Wynona.

WYNONA

Thanks, Song.

SONG

See you in the morning.

EXT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Weston's pick-up pulls in front of Olive's house. The rain is still coming down. Sleepily, Zeb rolls out of the truck.

ZEBEDIAH

'Night, Wes.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Song enters the living room from the hallway leading to the guest rooms. Jack is packing up notebooks and papers.

JACK

What a night.

SONG

So fierce.

THE WIND HOWLS. In the living room, the fire glows softly, candles burning now very low.

Song moves beside Jack, helping him straighten up.

JACK

Why don't you sit down. Relax.

SONG

I'll help. It always goes much faster when two people help.

JACK

You sure Wes is going to be all right about this?

SONG

All right about what?

JACK

About us being here?

SONG

Of course! It is very bad out

there.

She moves to the window, looking out.

SONG
(continuing)

Hail!

Jack joins her at the window.

JACK
Final blow before the drought.

SONG
Weston hates hail more than
anything.

Jack watches her a long moment.

JACK
What about him, Song?

SONG
Hmmm?

JACK
What about Weston?

SONG
I don't know what you mean.

JACK
Wynona told me it's not like
you're really married.

SONG
Oh.

She moves away to the couch. He follows.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

The pick-up truck splashes up to the house and stops. Weston gets out. He treads up the driveway, and stops short -- noticing Jack's jeep.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Song sits on the couch, Jack hovers close to her.

JACK
Is it, Song? I mean is that the
way you feel about him?

SONG
Jack ...

He sits beside her on the couch.

JACK

I know you sleep in separate rooms
and all. And I .. I guess what I'm
trying to say is ... Jeez, Song
... you are so beautiful...

He reaches for her, drawing her in close. Song puts her hands
gently on his shoulders.

SONG

Jack ...

Weston enters the room. Song sees him.

SONG

(continuing)

Weston?

Takes in Jack and Song close together on the couch, the low-
burning fire, the candles.

WESTON

What the hell?

Jack pulls away from Song, turning towards Weston.

JACK

Weston?

WESTON

What the hell is goin' on?

JACK

But you supposed to be in Montana?

WESTON

You son of a bitch!

Weston takes the room in two strides, grabbing Jack by the
shirt and pulling him up.

SONG

(rising)

Weston!

WESTON

What the hell do you think you're
doin'!

SONG

Weston! Let him go!

JACK

Let go of me!

Forcefully, Jack rips free of Weston's grasp.

WESTON

I asked you a question!

JACK

What the hell's the matter with you?

WESTON

You stay away from my wife!

JACK

Your wife?

Wynona appears in the hallway.

WYNONA

What the hell's all the uproar?

WESTON

Get out! Both of you! Get the hell out of my house!

SONG

Weston!

JACK

You don't tell me to get out! I'm goin' on my own! Goddamn it, Weston, you're crazy, you know that! You've lost your goddamn mind!

(to Wynona)

I'll be in the jeep.

Jack slams out of the room.

WYNONA

I guess I'll go get my things.

She exits to the guest room.

Weston looks at Song. She stares back at him. Then without a word, she turns and exits the room.

THE WIND HOWLS FIERCELY

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DEEP OF NIGHT

Weston's asleep on the couch, still fully clothed. The fire's almost out.

The wind continues to rise. A shingle blows loose, rapping sharply against the roof. Weston jars awake.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - SONG'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE
DAYBREAK

A sharp rap on the door.

WESTON (O.S.)
(calling out)
Song!

Song bolts up in bed. Weston bursts into the room.

WESTON
You gotta get Zeb. The lines are
down and the creek's flooding.

He throws the truck keys to her. She snags them mid-air.

WESTON
(continuing)
Tell 'im we got thirty head on the
other side of the creek! North
forty!

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - DAYBREAK

Song sits at the wheel, vainly trying to get the truck to
turn over. It won't. She throws open the truck door.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAYBREAK

Song streaks across the driveway to the corral.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - THE RANGE - DAYBREAK

Song rides through the cascading sleet rain on her
snowwhite mare.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH -- NORTH FORTY - DAYBREAK

Icy waters swirl as the creek rises rapidly. In the pounding
sleet, Weston desperately tries to herd the panicked cattle
safely across the frigid waters.

Song gallops up, reining her horse to a stop on the other
side of the creek.

WESTON
(seeing her, yells
out:)
Don't try to come across! Did you
get Zeb?

SONG
The truck's flooded!

WESTON

Damn! I gotta get 'em across! Can
you head them back!

SONG

Yes!

WESTON

Ride straight back along the
creek! They'll follow!

Song spins her horse around, pushing her way through the
driving sleet and the lowing cattle.

The way is slippery and slow. The cattle bell plaintively.
Weston continues herding the stragglers across the rising
waters.

In the middle of the stream, a calf, the same one Weston
rescued earlier, suddenly loses her footing on the icy
bottom. With a panicked low, the calf tumbles onto her side
and cascades downstream.

SONG

(she recognizes the
calf)

Weston!

The calf cries out, struggling helplessly in the swift
current.

Moving swiftly, Weston unties his rope, fashions a lasso and
throws. The lasso falls short. He tries again, this time
snagging the calf. But the current is too swift, the calf
too panicked. She begins to sink.

Song rides her mare to the edge of the creek, and throwing
herself from the saddle, rushes to the creek's edge.

WESTON

Song! don't!

Without stopping, Song propels herself into the icy waters,
reaching out for the calf. She grasps ahold of the panicked
animal's neck.

The current catches Song and the calf, swirling them
downstream.

Weston spurs his stallion, pushing the horse deep into the
roiling current.

Song gains a foothold on the treacherous bottom.

With Weston pushing from behind, his rope lassoed around the
calf, and Song pulling from in front, they guide the calf to
the safety of the shore.

Weston leaps from his horse, pulling Song and the calf safely onto the creek bank.

WESTON
(continuing)
Are you okay?

Song nods. Weston unties the lasso. Wild-eyed, the animal pitches herself up the embankment.

Weston reaches for Song, and gently helps her to her feet. He stares at her speechless. He removes his sheepskin jacket, and wraps it tightly around her.

He helps her up onto his horse, tethering the one she rode to his. He mounts his horse behind Song. Enveloping her in his arms, he rides them home.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - CORRAL - MORNING

Weston helps Song down from his horse. She shivers uncontrollably.

WESTON
I gotta get you inside.

Weston throws his arm around her and guides her toward the house.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A fire blazes. Song, still wrapped in Weston's jacket sits in front of the fire. Weston enters carrying blankets and towels.

WESTON
Come on. We gotta get you out of everything.

He kneels beside her, helping her out of the Sheepskin jacket.

WESTON
(continuing)
Jesus. You're shivering.

SONG
I'm okay.

WESTON
Okay, huh?

He tosses the jacket aside and unbuttons the coat she wears beneath.

WESTON
(continuing)
Maybe okay for a penguin.

(she smiles)
That was pretty crazy. What you
did.

Weston helps her out of the her coat as she speaks.

SONG
During the war, My Uncle Thieu
lost everything in Viet Nam. When
he come to Thailand he work very
hard to build everything up again.
Many jobs. All the time, work,
work, work.

Weston tosses her coat to the side. He takes her hands
between his, rubbing them to get them warm.

SONG
(continuing)
Finally, he make enough dollars to
buy just one animal. After many
year he have enough to build
another farm.

He picks up a towel, and begins drying her hair.

WESTON
That's where you were born? Viet
Nam?

SONG
Yes. Everything Uncle Thieu
have -- every animal, very, very
precious. You understand? And so
now, Lucy is okay.

WESTON
Lucy?

SONG
That's how I called her in my
head. The little cow. Lucy.

WESTON
Oh. Yes. Lucy is doin' just fine.
Back safe and sound with her mama.
Thanks to you.

He tosses the towel aside. He goes to unbutton her flannel
shirt, and stops, realizing what he was about to do.

WESTON
(continuing)
I guess you can ...

He stares at her, his hand still resting on her shirt.

WESTON
(continuing)

Song ...

SONG
Weston.

WESTON
Oh, God.

He pulls her toward him, kissing her. The kiss swells, the power of it tumbling them backward. Song cries out softly. Weston kisses her again, undoing the buttons of her blouse with a rising urgency.

EXT. WILD RIVER - MAIN STREET - MORNING

Weston's truck squeals to a stop in front of the Wild River Hardware Store. Song and Weston hop out of the truck.

Weston pulls open the door to the store as Wynona comes out carrying two cans of paint.

When she glances up and notices Weston she mockingly backs away.

WYNONA
Take it easy, now, Wes. This is a public street. I believe I am allowed access on a public street.

WESTON
Mornin', Wy.

WYNONA
Mornin', shoot! Goddamn threw me out of the house! Well, that is a first.

(peering at him)
You look pretty calm this mornin'.
(to Song)
What miracle did you perform?

SONG
Ancient Oriental secret.

WYNONA
(to Weston)
If you promise not to act like a goddamned wounded jackass in heat, I'd like you to come on up to my office a sec.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - MORNING (LATER)

Song and Weston sit in front of Wynona's desk as she shuffles through a sheaf of papers.

WYNONA

The probate court, based on our documents and the antique case law I discovered, have agreed to accept our petition with no provisions.

SONG

No provisions?

WYNONA

They're giving you the whole thing, Song -- twenty thousand free and clear.

She reaches for another set of documents.

WYNONA

(continuing)

In addition, knowing your intentions, I took the liberty to draw up your divorce papers.

Weston and Song look blankly at Wynona.

WYNONA

(continuing)

You can go ahead and take those documents with you if you like.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - DAY

Weston and Song drive along the road headed back to the ranch, the divorce documents sitting on the console between them.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAY

Weston rides the range. He rides hard and he rides fast. He rides up to a stretch of broken fence.

Weston pounds stakes into the ground to build a new fence. He works alone -- hammering the stakes violently, rivulets of sweat streaking his face and soaking his shirt.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Song huddles on the living room couch, the divorce documents on the coffee table in front of her. She stares blankly.

In front of the fire, the clothing and blankets from the night before still lay tangled in a heap.

After a moment, Song rises. She picks up Weston's Sheepskin jacket, and carries it to the front closet, hanging it up.

EXT. WILD RIVER - MAIN STREET - DUSK

Jack bounds up the stairs leading to Wynona's office.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - DUSK

Mad Bull, Wynona and Song huddle around a black and white television set tuned to the news.

ON THE T.V. An ANCHORMAN and WOMAN are reporting the news.

ANCHORMAN

And now from the Wild River
Reservation...

Jack bursts into the office.

JACK

Is it on yet?

MAD BULL

Right now.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Our roaming reporter Chi Chi
Vallejo with an update on a story
some people were saying was going
to turn into a bloodbath.

ON BLACK AND WHITE T.V.

Grainy shot of a young Hispanic woman, CHI CHI VALLEJO on the Shoshone reservation.

CHI CHI

That's right, Frank. Well as most
of our viewers know, The Wild
River Reservation has been locked
in the grips of a raging battle
since last Fall -- would gambling
come to this Shoshone Nation?

JACK

No way!

MAD BULL

Sssshhh!!!

CHI CHI (V.O.)

Well last night, at a specially
held Tribal Council meeting, we
got the answer and it was a
resounding "No"!

Jack, Mad Bull, Wynona and Song cheer. Wynona snaps off the set.

MAD BULL

Now all we gotta do is try an'
figure out how to keep our heads
above water for the rest of our
lives.

JACK

Don't worry, Bull, I got it bagged.

INT. WYNONA'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

Song and Wynona pull on coats and shut off lights preparing
to leave the office. Wynona straightens some papers on her
desk.

WYNONA

You and Wes get a chance to look
over those papers I gave you?

SONG

Oh. No. Not yet.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

WYNONA

(referring to phone)

Damn!

(to Song)

What're you waiting for?

(picks up telephone)

You have reached the office of
Wynona Velez, and though it is
disgustingly after hours, I am
still here Hey, Jen! How's
L.A.! ... What? ... Wait a sec.
... In L.A.?

She sits behind her desk.

WYNONA

(continuing)

When? ... Oh, my God. ... How many
workers?

She looks over at Song.

WYNONA

(continuing)

Yeah. She's still with me.

INT. WYNONA'S JEEP - NIGHT

Wynona drives Song home in her late model Toyota Land Cruiser.

WYNONA

Thirty-eight garment workers. They

begged, borrowed or stole the equivalent of \$5,000.00. All coming over...

SONG

With promises of gold falling from the sky and their green cards to America.

WYNONA

You've heard about this kind of thing?

SONG

Bangkok is filled with desperate promises.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser pulls up the driveway and stops in front of the house.

INT. WYNONA'S JEEP - NIGHT

Wynona turns toward Song.

WYNONA

These bastards kept them imprisoned -- in some apartment complex out there in Culver City or Torrance -- imprisoned for two years! Kept them working sixteen, eighteen ...

SONG

Sometimes twenty hours a day.

WYNONA

Yeah. The case dropped into Jenny's lap. Her office is strapped for cash and she's swamped. All she's asking for right now is help with the initial interviews. And she thinks you'd really be an asset.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Song closes the door to the Land Cruiser. Wynona backs out of the driveway.

Weston appears on the front porch.

Wynona rolls down her window, calling out to Song:

WYNONA

(calling from jeep)
Give it some thought. Nothing'll
be happening until after the
Fourth, anyway.

Wynona waves and drives off.

Weston approaches Song.

WESTON
What she got you thinkin' about
now?

SONG
(startled)
Oh! Weston!

WESTON
Didn't you see me standin' there?

SONG
No.

WESTON
So what's Wy got cookin' now?

SONG
Oh. Just a case a friend of hers
is working on.

WESTON
Another case. Guess you ain't
through with this politico thing
yet, huh?

EXT. WILD RIVER - MAIN STREET - THE FOURTH OF JULY - DAY

A fourth of July parade rumbles down Main Street before a
cheering crowd. Song stands in the crowd with Weston, Zeb and
Olive, waving a tiny American flag.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - THE FOURTH - DAY

A bandstand draped with red, white and blue stands at one
end of the arena. The stands are full of men, women and
children -- a vivid cross-section of American People. In the
front section, Weston sits with Zeb, Wynona and Mad Bull.

ON THE PLATFORM

gangly Lyle, stiff and formal, mangles a speech by Tom
Jefferson.

LYLE
".... When in the course of human
events it becomes necessary for
one people to dissolve the

political bands which have
connected them with another ..."

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

a very pale Song leans up against the wooden structure, Olive
beside her, holding a bottle of water.

SONG

This is crazy, Olive. How did I
let you talk me into doing this!

OLIVE

(handing her the
bottle)
Here. Drink. You're going to be
fine.

A spattering of applause from the crowd.

ON THE PLATFORM

Judge Samuel Hedeman is at the podium re-enacting Benjamin
Franklin.

JUDGE SAMUEL

"...And so, I tell ye all in
utmost sincerity, we must all hang
together, or truly, we will all
hang separately...."

IN THE STANDS

Jack approaches the box where Mad Bull sits with Wynona,
Weston and Zeb. He doesn't see Weston at first. When he does,
he stands uncertain -- should he walk away or sit down?
Weston spots Jack.

WESTON

Hey, Jack. You comin' or goin'?

JACK

I don't know, Wes. You tell me.

WESTON

Up to you.

JACK

It would just about kill you,
wouldn't it?

WESTON

What'd kill me, Jack?

JACK

Ah, Weston, just ... just forget

it!

Abruptly, Jack turns to walk away.

WESTON

Hey, Jack.

Weston indicates the empty seat beside him. This is about as close as he's ever going to get to apologizing for his attack on Jack.

WESTON

(continuing)

Sit down.

MAD BULL

Sit down, Jack.

And Jack knows it. He takes the seat.

ON THE BANDSTAND

Judge Samuel finishes to applause.

JUDGE SAMUEL

And now ladies and gentleman,
reading from The Crisis Pamphlets
of Thomas Paine, Song Beaudurant.

More polite applause as a shakey Song approaches the podium. She sets her speech down and adjusts her glasses.

SONG

"These are the times that try
men's souls. The summer soldier
and the sunshine pa..

(she stumbles)

patriot will, in this crisis,
shrink from the service of his
country, but he that stands it now
deserves the love and thanks of
man and woman.

She continues with greater confidence.

SONG

(continuing)

"Heaven knows how to put a proper
price upon its goods, and it would
be strange indeed, if so celestial
an article as freedom should not
be highly rated.

The words begin to sweep her up.

SONG

(continuing)

"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: 'Tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Therefore fear not, the only road to peace and honor is the fight for independence."

Song finishes the speech. A moment of silence shattered as the crowd cheers.

Song stands facing the crowd, stunned.

Weston stands, applauding her, but the words she read have struck him deeply, with a discordant, jarring foreboding.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Weston drives home from the Fourth of July festivities, Song beside him. They sit in silence for a long moment.

SONG

They're illegal immigrants.
Garment workers from Thailand.
Most of them women. A few men.
And children. Children, Weston.
Locked up, imprisoned, kept from
the light of day for two years.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Weston's truck pulls into the driveway.

INT. WESTON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Weston shuts off the engine and turns to Song.

WESTON

How long did Wynona say these
interviews would take?

SONG

Two. Maybe three days.

WESTON

Uh-huh. And then?

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Song sits on the couch. Weston hangs up their coats in the front closet. The divorce papers Wynona had given them still sit where they left them on the coffee table.

WESTON

Cold for July. You want a fire?

Song nods. Weston crosses to the fireplace. As he moves past the coffee table, he accidentally brushes the papers to the floor. He leans down and picks them up.

WESTON

(continuing)

What I'd like to know is how come this is the first time I'm hearing about this?

SONG

I don't know.

WESTON

Yeah you do.

He tosses the papers on the table, and walks out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

Song and Wynona pass beneath a "Welcome to Los Angeles" sign carrying their luggage.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWNTOWN - DAY

A taxi pulls up in front of a graffiti covered four-story brick office building in a run-down neighborhood. Wynona and Song get out of the cab.

INT. JENNY CHANG'S OFFICE - L.A. - DAY

Jenny Chang's office is small and cramped, but unlike Wynona's, as neat as a pin. Books and files cram every available surface.

JENNY CHANG - an attractive Chinese-American woman in her late twenties rises to greet Song and Wynona as they enter her office.

JENNY

You made it!

WYNONA

Hey, Jen!

Wynona and Jenny hug. Jenny turns to Song.

JENNY

You must be Song!
(sticking out her
hand)
Jenny Chang.

SONG

How do you do.

JENNY

You want anything before we get started? Coffee? Tea?

WYNONA

I'm okay.

(to Song)

You.

SONG

Are they here?

JENNY

Down the hall.

INT. JENNY CHANG'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (LATER)

A tiny office room that has been haphazardly turned into an interview room. The room is stuffed with chairs. Several THAI WOMEN, looking scared and confused huddle around a sofa waiting to be interviewed.

Wynona and Jenny, in different areas, speak with TWO OTHER THAI WOMEN.

Song kneels on the carpet, talking to an ELEVEN YEAR OLD THAI GIRL in Thai. The GIRL'S MOTHER hovers uncertainly nearby.

Song asks the little girl a question. The child's eyes fill with tears. Song hugs the child, speaking softly, reassuringly. The girl's mother moves in. The child turns to her mother who embraces her.

Jenny finishes her interview and moves to Song.

SONG

(rising, to Jenny)

She tells me she can't remember anything more now. She says she is thirsty and her head hurts.

JENNY

All right.

(to the mother)

It is okay for now. Okay? Enough for now.

(to Song)

Can you take them down to Michael? He'll see they get to the shelter.

Song addresses the mother and child in Thai, and escorts them out of the room.

INT. JENNY CHANG'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Outside the grime-streaked window, a cityscape of a forgotten part of the city.

Inside, Wynona sprawls tiredly on the couch. Jenny sits on the floor. Song faces the window, looking out.

JENNY

(consulting a legal pad)

We made it through thirteen today. Not bad. Only twenty-five more to go. You'll be out of here day after tomorrow.

SONG

What happens then?

JENNY

Then these people begin their journey through that particular brand of hell known as the United States Justice System.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - THE CORRAL - DUSK

Weston rides up to the corral on his stallion. Jack, who's been waiting for him sitting atop the corral fence, calls out and jumps down.

JACK

Hey, Wes.

Weston dismounts. Jack approaches him.

WESTON

Jack. You lookin' for work?

JACK

Nope. Got plenty of that.

Weston prepares his horse for the night. Jack watches as he works. There's something on his mind, but he's not sure how to begin.

WESTON

Yup. Reckon you do.

Weston sets the saddle on the corral fence, and picks up a grooming brush.

WESTON

(continuing)

Was there something you wanted, Jack? Or did you just stop by to watch me work.

JACK

I need twenty-five thousand dollars.

WESTON

Don't think I can help you there.

JACK

I think you can. I got an investment deal worked out with the Cherokee, and that's the stake we need to throw in. Wes, I was thinking about a rodeo.

WESTON

A rodeo?

JACK

To raise the money. If you ride, I know we can make enough money to put together the deal.

WESTON

You contact the R.C.A. yet?

JACK

Yessir. Told me just how to handle everything. But I'd sure like to use your name.

WESTON

You get me Baby Face.

JACK

Baby Face?

WESTON

That's the Brahma that killed Cody. You get me that bull Jack, I'll ride.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - DUSK

Wynona's truck pulls up the driveway, and Song gets out carrying her bags.

Weston opens the front door, and crosses down to Song, grabbing her luggage from her.

WESTON

Good trip?

Song's eyes fill with tears. She turns into Weston, laying her head against his chest.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Song and Weston sit side by side on the couch.

SONG

My father was killed in the war.
In Saigon, everywhere there were
bombs exploding, tanks rolling in
the street. The air was filled
with people screaming. My mother
took me to Thailand. To be safe.
To be free.

She looks at Weston, tears spilling down her cheeks.

SONG

(continuing)

But even in Thailand, she could
not be free. I watched as her
spirit was taken away from her. I
watched her shrink and disappear,
until nothing was left but her
skin and her bones. And so I came
to America.

WESTON

Song....

SONG

In search of the desperate promise.

He rises from the couch, moving away from her to the
fireplace.

SONG

(continuing)

To be safe. To be free.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Song and Weston finish breakfast together in silence.

SONG

Would you like some more coffee,
Weston?

WESTON

No. Thank-you.

SONG

Can I get you anything else?

WESTON

No.

She rises, gathering up the plates. Weston doesn't move. He
sits staring down at the table. After a moment:

WESTON

(continuing)

Are you going into Wynona's?

SONG

Yes.

WESTON

Are you coming back?

SONG

Weston ...

WESTON

Or you gonna move straight out to
L.A.?

He pushes back from the table.

WESTON

(continuing)

What are you waitin' for, Song? My
permission to leave?

He walks out of the kitchen towards the living room.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Weston enters the living room. Song follows.

SONG

Weston ...

He swoops up the divorce papers, holding them out to her.

WESTON

Here. Sign 'em.

SONG

Don't do this.

WESTON

Don't do what? It's what you
want, ain't it? Hell, it's what we
both want. Ain't this exactly what
we've been movin' towards since
the first time I laid eyes on you?

He throws the papers down on the coffee table, and signs them.

WESTON

(continuing)

There. You're a free woman, Song.
Do whatever the hell you want.

He storms out of the room.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Weston enters through the back door. He looks tired, his face strained. The kitchen is dark. He throws his hat on the table and walks out.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Weston switches on his desk lamp, and goes to the liquor cabinet at the side wall. He pours himself a healthy Bourbon and Branch, and moves back to the desk.

He sits behind the desk, reaching for a ledger, when he spies a legal pad with Song's writing on it. He reads:

SONG (V.O.)

"We are, everyone of us, entitled to life with dignity. To life with honor.

There are those who would attempt to steal our dignity, to seize our honor. But it is only when we allow this very deepest core of our being to be ripped from us that we become enslaved. Remember, you too have been touched by God."

Song appears in the doorway to the office, carrying a heavy briefcase. Weston looks up, seeing her. Their eyes lock.

SONG

I'm sorry. I left that here this morning. It's for Jenny.

She moves into the room.

SONG

(continuing)

They are very frightened, Weston. Haunted by what may happen to them. Jenny's afraid they will lose their courage and not be able to testify against the beasts that did this to them.

He picks up the pad of paper, handing it to her.

WESTON

That's pretty powerful. What you wrote.

SONG

Thank-you. I'm glad you think so.

They stay in silence. After a moment, Song begins to move away.

SONG

(continuing)
I'll make dinner.

WESTON
I'm not hungry.

He moves away from her to the windows of the office.

SONG
Oh. Well. All right then.

She turns away.

WESTON
Song ...?

But it's too late, and he doesn't know how to bring her back.
Weston takes a long pull on his drink, staring straight ahead.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - DAY

Weston hammers a "FOR SALE" sign into the ground. Olive
drives up, stops, and gets out of the car.

OLIVE
What are you doing, Weston?

WESTON
I'm gonna unload it, Ol.

She moves in closer to him.

OLIVE
You can't do that.

WESTON
I'm the majority stock holder,
remember? That's the way Daddy set
it up.

He continues to swing the hammer.

WESTON
(continuing)
Passed the whole goddamn mess on
to me. And I've been pickin' up
the shit ever since. Pickin' up
the shit ever since I was about
ten years old.

OLIVE
Wes ...

WESTON
"Go an' help your father, Weston."
An' after he died-- "you gotta
help your Mom, Wes. She's all

alone." And after Momma, I gotta worry about you.

OLIVE

Weston ...

WESTON

Makin' sure you get through school. All my life, Olive.

Well that road's finally run out, hasn't it? I ain't got a goddamn thing left holding me now, do I.

He hurls the hammer viciously across the lawn. Olive waits a moment, then moves in close to him.

OLIVE

Weston, if you don't want her to go, stop her.

WESTON

How'm I supposed to do that? Hogtie her and throw her in the corral? We got married so she

could stay in this country...

OLIVE

Oh, horse shit!

WESTON

And that's the only reason we got married.

OLIVE

Weston, she loves you. I have never seen two people more in love in my life.

WESTON

Ollie, you got stardust in your eyes.

Weston walks away from her and sits on the porch. Olive follows, sitting next to him.

WESTON

(continuing)

I used to watch those young cowboys collectin' their silver buckles, you know? Match after match, knowin' they were on the circuit, knowin' they were gonna do nothin' but ride from Fall through Summer. Just once, I wanted to be able to do that.

Olive takes his hand.

OLIVE

Do it, Weston. Zeb and I are here
to take care of the ranch.

You go ahead and ride, if that's
what you want to do.

INT. BEUADURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Grey early light creeps beneath the curtains. Weston lies
awake, looking as though he's been awake for hours. Next to
him, Song sleeps heavily. Weston looks at her a long moment.
Then he pushes away the covers, and quietly crawls out of bed.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

THE SOUND OF WESTON'S TRUCK filters through the windows. Song
jars awake.

SONG

Weston?

She looks beside her. Weston is gone. She throws back the
covers, crossing the room to the windows.

SONG'S P.O.V.

Weston's truck pulling out of the driveway.

Song sits heavily back down on the bed. A moment, then she
picks up the phone.

SONG

Wynona? Can you come pick me up?
...I don't know ... He left
without me.

EXT. MAIN STREET - WILD RIVER - MORNING

A banner stretched across Main Street reads: 1ST ANNUAL
SHOSHONE DAYS RODEO.

Main Street is jammed with pedestrians -- a vivid cross-
section of Americans on their way to the rodeo.

A line extends out the door of Sonja's Wild River Cafe as
people wait impatiently for coffee and breakfast.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

People stream into the little stadium.

Behind the chutes, Weston's truck shoots up dust as it wheels
to a stop. Weston, Olive and Zebediah jump out.

Olive kisses Zeb.

OLIVE
(to Zeb)
Ride 'em cowboy.

ZEBEDIAH
I thought I jus' did that.

Olive punches him playfully on the arm.

OLIVE
(as she exits for the
stands)
I got my fingers crossed. Not to
mention twenty bucks on you.

WESTON
Hey! What about me?

OLIVE
You? Shoot! The bet's have been
closed on you since Jack first
told people you were going to ride.

EXT. WILD RIVER FAIRGROUNDS - ARENA - MORNING

The Wild River High School band marches in the arena complete with drum majorettes and cheerleaders. They finish a number, and then all rise for the Star Bangled Banner.

In the stands, Wynona and Song hurry to their seats next to Olive and Mad Bull. The anthem ends and the crowd cheers.

As the band files out of the arena, rodeo cowboys and cowgirls of every shape, size and hue including Hispanic, black, white, Native American and everything in between enter the stadium performing the serpentine grand entry march carrying banners representing the fifty states of the Union.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and
girls we welcome you one and all
to Wild River's First Annual
Shoshone Days Rodeo!

The crowd rises once again, cheering, whooping and waving hats.

MONTAGE OF RODEO SCENES

Chaps flare and hats fly as cowboys ride bareback, some toppling end over end, some riding heroically to the finish.

For the calf roping event, cowboys prepare in the roping box,

then bust out chasing.

BUZZERS SOUND and the crowd cheers or commiserates for a winning ride or a losing one. Cowgirls steer their ponies at dizzying speed around the cloverleaf pattern of the barrel racing event.

EXT. WILD RIVER FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Zebediah straddles a chute, adjusting a flank strap in preparation for the saddle-bronc riding event. The rider in the arena finishes his ride.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.

All right Jimmy Lee! Ninety-two!
I believe that'll place this young
cowboy in the lead.

Zeb drops down onto his horse, makes his final adjustments, and nods.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.

(continuing)
Zebediah Chantry. Riding Moon
Stalker.

Moon Stalker flies out of his shoot, bucking, kicking and spinning. Zeb rides, whooping as he bucks. The BUZZER SOUNDS and Zeb jumps clear.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.

(continuing)
An even ninety!! You're in the
runnin', Zeb!

With a gleeful "Yeehaw!" Zeb scoops up his hat and blows a kiss to Olive in the stands.

EXT. WILD RIVER FAIRGROUNDS - MIDDAY

In the arena, the rodeo clowns perform for the children who squeal with delight over their antics.

A clown fires a six shooter loaded with blanks into the air. The rest of the clowns cower and run out of the arena, the first one giving chase and waving his gun.

BEHIND THE CHUTES

Weston adjusts his spurs as Zeb watches. Weston straightens up. Zeb bear-hugs him.

ZEBEDIAH

You show ol' Beelzebub who's boss.

WESTON

I aim to.

Weston climbs the rails, straddling the chute where Baby Face paws and snorts.

QUICK MONTAGE OF BULL RIDERS

some dumped, some ride, some score high, some low, some not at all.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.

Next up, ladies and gentleman,
from the wild and wonderful state
of Wyoming, from the woolly county
of Wild River -- our very own,
Weston Beaudurant.

The crowd cheers.

ON WESTON

His face a study of concentration, he drops down onto the back of Baby Face.

The beast bucks and kicks within the narrow confines of the chute.

Weston secures his hand, hunches his body close to his riding hand, breathes deeply and gives the signal.

The chute flies open and Baby Face charges. This is no mediocre bull and this is no mediocre ride. The Brahma is vicious in his bucks, his great head twisting, horns grazing dangerously close to Weston's undulating body. Weston rides like a man possessed.

Baby Face can't shake him. The crowd thunders. The BUZZER SOUNDS. Weston prepares to jump clear.

Baby Face lets loose with one last savage kick and Weston tumbles over to the side, his feet dangling, his hand caught up in the rope.

RODEO ANNOUNCER V.O.

He's hung up! He's hung up!

IN THE STANDS

Song rises pale-faced.

IN THE ARENA

The clowns surround the bucking Brahma. Weston tries to wrestle his hand free, but the rope only pulls tighter.

The spinning bull whirls Weston in the air like a ball on a string. Weston yanks his hand free, flying through the air. In mid-air, Baby Face catches Weston in the mid-section, and

in an eerie simulation of Cody Goode's death -- the bull butts Weston toppling him through the air like a rag doll.

IN THE STANDS

Song cries out:

SONG

Weston!

And pushes through the crowd on the run.

IN THE ARENA

The clowns chase down Baby Face.

DOC HANK WASHBURN, a craggy-faced man in his late sixties, surrounded by several COWBOYS race out to Weston.

IN THE CHUTES

Zeb jumps from the rails hitting the ground running.

IN THE ARENA

Zeb grabs the six shooter from the rodeo clown.

ZEBEDIAH

I'll kill the bastard! I'll kill
him!

Song races into the arena.

A few cowboys wrestle with Zebediah, prying the six shooter from his grasp. Zebediah breaks free and rushes to Weston.

WESTON

lies unconscious on the ground like a twisted puppet.

SONG

kneels in the dirt beside him, her face streaked and pale.

SONG

Weston.

Gently she lifts his head into her lap. A thin trickle of blood flows from his nose.

Song cradles the lifeless form.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Song, Wynona, Mad Bull, Jack, Olive and Zeb wait restlessly in the corridor outside of Weston's room. After a moment, the door to Weston's room opens and Doc Washburn comes out.

WASHBURN
Mrs. Beaudurant?

Song rises.

WASHBURN
(continuing)
Just a few minutes.

Song nods and enters the room. Mad Bull makes his way to Washburn.

MAD BULL
Hey, Doc.

Mad Bull walks with Washburn down the corridor deep in conversation.

INT. HOSPITAL - WESTON'S ROOM - DAY

Song enters the room.

SONG'S P.O.V.

Weston lying in bed, pale and drained, his head swathed in bandages.

SONG
Weston.

WESTON
Song.

She moves across the room to him, sitting beside him.

SONG
Oh, my God, Weston.

WESTON
It looks a lot worse than it is.

But he's fighting pain and she knows it.

SONG
I thought ...

She bows her head, fighting tears.

SONG
(continuing)
I thought I was going to lose you.

WESTON
Not that way.

Doc Washburn enters the room.

WASHBURN
Mrs. Beaudurant?

SONG
Please. Let me stay.

WASHBURN
He needs rest.

SONG
I won't say anymore.

WASHBURN
Just a few more minutes. And let
him rest.

Song nods. Washburn exits.

SONG
Weston ...

But he's already drifted back into a restless sleep.

She looks at him, lightly caressing his face, his hands. She gently fixes his covers, and sits back down beside him. Taking his hand, she softly places her cheek against his fingers.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DUSK

Zeb's truck pulls up in front of the house and stops. Zeb, Olive and Song get out. Olive wraps her arm around Song's waist, and together the women move toward the house.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - WESTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Song has created an altar in one corner of the room.

A lace cloth covers the night stand on which rests a golden Buddha, rosary beads, tapered white candles in silver holders, and a picture of Weston.

Song kneels before the altar, offering up her simple ceremony.

EXT. WILD RIVER COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

Weston walks out of the hospital on crutches surrounded by Zeb, Olive and Song.

They squeeze into Zeb's truck -- the men in front, the women squished into the tiny jump seats in the cab and head for home.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Weston lies asleep on the couch, snoring noisily. Song and

Olive watch, giggling, then move into the kitchen.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Olive and Song work side by side in the kitchen preparing an elaborate meal.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Olive, Zeb, Song, Weston, Wynona, Jack and Mad Bull sit at the dining room table, gorging on the meal the women had prepared earlier.

WESTON

What the hell was that thing anyway, Zeb? A pop gun?

ZEBEDIAH

No it wasn't no pop gun.

WESTON

Water pistol?

ZEBEDIAH

That clown was packin' a six shooter. How was I supposed to know it was loaded with blanks. Hell -- didn't matter, I'd a killed that son of a bitchin' Brahma with my bare hands, excuse me, Olive, if those cowboys woulda let me at 'im.

They all laugh. Weston refills the wine glasses.

OLIVE

Careful there on that stuff.

WESTON

Hush. The doc says it's good for me.

OLIVE

What doc is that, Weston?

MAD BULL

Well, this doc's got somethin' that's realy good for you.

He pulls another beaded necklace from around his shirt.

MAD BULL

(continuing)

You lost that other one, didn't you?

WESTON

You said I could take it off.

MAD BULL

Well you weren't supposed to just
toss it away like some piece of
garbage ... is that what you did?

WESTON

I don't remember.

MAD BULL

You white guys are impossible to
help, you know that?

(hands the necklace
to Song)

Put this on 'im.

She takes the necklace from Mad Bull, and places it around
Weston's neck.

MAD BULL

(continuing)

That'll do it.

The PHONE RINGS.

OLIVE

Oh, shoot.

ZEBEDIAH

I'll get it.

OLIVE

Just let it ring.

ZEBEDIAH

You know how much business we
could be bypassin' if I let that
call go.

Zebediah dashes through archway to kitchen and picks up phone.

ZEBEDIAH

(continuing)

Beaudurant Ranch.... Song? Yeah,
she's here.

Zebediah holds the phone out to Song.

ZEBEDIAH

(continuing)

Jenny Chang. From Los Angeles.

SONG

Oh.

The entire room turns silent.

SONG

(continuing)

I'd better take it in the office.

INT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Song sits at the desk speaking with Jenny on the telephone.

SONG

(on telephone)

I don't know, Jenny. Yes, I
understand.... They did what? ...
To Kim? Where is she now?

Weston enters the room. Song looks up at him.

SONG

(continuing; still on
phone)

She's not speaking a word? Oh, my
God. I'll call her... Yes, yes.
Please tell her I promise I will
call....

(with difficulty)

I know it would be better for me
to be there.

The words are not lost on Weston. Weston and Song exchange a
brief glance. He moves across the room.

SONG

(continuing)

... All right. ... Good night,
Jenny.

Song slowly hangs up the phone. The call has effected her
deeply, but just as deeply, she is effected by Weston's
presece. A long moment.

WESTON

Was that bad news?

SONG

The little girl the one I
told you about...

WESTON

Kim?

SONG

Yes. Jenny told me these men --
the ones who brought the workers
to California -- somehow they got
to Kim and threatened her.

WESTON

Threatened a child?

SONG

They will stop at nothing to
continue their money-making
enterprise.

WESTON

Is she okay?

SONG

She is not speaking. Oh, they are
such monsters, Weston, feeding off
the poor and the hopeless. And do
you know what is worse? Jenny told
me some of the workers are
actually grateful! Grateful that
no matter what torture they had to
endure, at least they have made
it to America!

WESTON

They must be in search of an awful
desperate promise.

She looks at him stricken by these words, stricken with the
level of understanding they convey.

SONG

Yes.

He reaches out his hand to her.

WESTON

Come here. I want to show you
something.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - NIGHT

The sky explodes with a thousand stars. Song and Weston walk
silently beneath the canopy, coming to a small rise. They
sit, taking in the humbling beauty of the spectacular heavens.

SONG

Wyoming.

WESTON

You always did love my Wyoming sky.

SONG

Shot through with stars. In
Thailand, crowded on the streets
of Bangkok, the stars have lost
their power to shine.

(fighting tears)

I think the streets of Los Angeles
also steal this power.

She starts to break.

SONG
(continuing)
Weston....

WESTON
(holds her tightly)
Yeah.

SONG
I have to go.

WESTON
I know you do.

She can no longer stem her tears. They break, coursing down her cheeks. Weston takes her in his arms, fighting his own battle with his rising emotion.

SONG
Oh, God!

She buries her face in his chest.

WESTON
Sshhh ... It's okay.

He caresses her hair.

WESTON
(continuing)
I don't know when it happened.
Probably that first time I saw you
sittin' out there in the rain. All
this time. Too stubborn to admit
it. I love you, Song ...

SONG
Oh, Weston.

WESTON
Oh, God, I don't want you to leave
me. But I know you got somethin'
burnin' up inside. Somethin'
that's even bigger than my Wyoming
sky.

SONG
Never! Never bigger than that.

WESTON
Sweetheart -- maybe it took that
devil Baby Face to knock some

sense into me -- but I understand,
you got to let this thing soar
free.

SONG

Weston...

WESTON

Maybe someday you'll soar right
back to me.

SONG

Oh, God, Weston! I love you so
much!

He is very close to breaking.

WESTON

Oh, sweet Jesus, Song. If I didn't
believe that, I don't think I
could stand the pain.

EXT. BEAUDURANT HOUSE - MORNING

Weston, limping painfully but walking without crutches,
carries Song's bag to Zeb's pick-up truck, Song walking
beside him.

Olive, her eyes red and swollen slumps desultorily behind the
wheel.

Weston places the bag in the back, and helps Song inside.

WESTON

(to Olive)

You drive careful, you hear.

OLIVE

I always do.

Weston shuts the passenger door.

WESTON

(to Song)

Good luck, firebrand.

SONG

God bless, Wyoming cowboy.

Weston steps back from the truck. Olive pulls out of the
driveway. Weston stands motionless watching the truck until
it drives out of sight.

EXT. BEAUDURANT RANCH - DAY

Weston limps to the corral. He pulls his black stallion from

the stall, and throws a saddle over his back.

His movements are slow and deliberate, paining him considerably.

With great effort, Weston hoists himself into the saddle, and rides.

Weston gallops fiercely across the open plain, the wind whipping behind him.

He canters up over a rise to the feet of a towering range of snow-capped peaks -- the same place he took Song so many months, now seemingly a lifetime, ago.

Spring melt-off thunders down the mountainside in a river of boiling white.

Weston dismounts, walking to the foot of the waterfall. He stands a long moment, staring. Then, suddenly, he turns -- the realization hitting him with the force of a blow. What in hell is he doing?

He whistles piercingly for his horse. The stallion sprints, galloping towards him. Weston grabs the bridle, and with a heroic effort, thrusts himself into the saddle.

The stallion streaks back across the plains.

EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A train speeds along the tracks, whistle blowing.

ACROSS THE PLAIN

Weston gallops, the stallion straining mightily, giving the train chase.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

A crowd of people gather and point out the window, crying out in excitement. From her seat, Song rises.

SONG'S P.O.V.

Weston outside the window astride his coal black stallion, riding like the wind.

SONG

Weston!

She pushes through the crowd gathering at the windows and out the door to the platform between cars.

EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train, approaching the next station, slows.

Weston catches up, riding along side it.

Song, standing on the platform between cars, calls out:

SONG

Weston!!

Their eyes lock.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The passengers cheer.

EXT. WYOMING COUNTRYSIDE - TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station.

Song, without waiting for the train to stop, leaps to the passenger platform.

Weston leaps from his horse.

Song and Weston run toward each other.

Passengers crowd onto the platform.

Weston sweeps Song up in his arms.

WESTON

Song ... Oh, my God, Song!

FADE OUT