

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. OLIVER'S PLACE - OLIVER AND BRONSON - DAY

111

They're finishing breakfast.

BRONSON

Oliver, you're a good cook.

OLIVER

Jim, you're a good eater.

Bronson gets up.

OLIVER

Where're you going?

BRONSON

Work.

OLIVER

No rush.

BRONSON

I'm leaving after the race.

OLIVER

Yeah.

Jim is already to the door so he doesn't see Oliver's sad look.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESERVOIR - ROAD ALONG SHORE - BRONSON AND LORENE
- DAY

112

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH them. Now Lorene "digs" cycles. She wears slacks and a shirt. Her hair is loose for the first time, and it flows long and glistening in the wind and sun. It's a great day for it; cycling and love.

VARIOUS ANGLES - BRONSON AND LORENE

113

as they drive along, the scenery adding to the romantic mood. As they move along THEIR VOICES ARE HEARD OVER:

LORENE

You're the first guy I ever picked up.

BRONSON

C'm on. I picked you up.

LORENE

That's what you think?

(then brightly)

Know what's on my mind?

BRONSON

I hope.

A beat.

LORENE (sadly)

You'll be leaving after the enduro.

BRONSON

Yeah.

LORENE (pause)

Know what's on my mind now?

BRONSON (sadly)

Yeah.

LORENE (brightly)

Wrong! Same as before.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRONSON AND LORENE

114

as Bronson, seeing something O.S. begins to slow down, then comes to a stop. Lorene looks past his shoulder.

POV SHOT - JOHN CARBONA AND HIS GRANDSON

115

Their BACKS TO CAMERA, the old Navajo and the boy sit at the water's edge, looking deep into the reservoir. The boy turns to look to the O.S. Bronson.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST BRONSON AND LORENE

116

with John and the boy in B.G. Bronson waves a greeting to the boy, but John's grandson, after a sharp look from John, resumes looking into the reservoir with the old man.

LORENE

You know them?

BRONSON

Sorta.

LORENE

What are they doing?

BRONSON

Looking in the water?

LORENE

At what?

BRONSON

Their home's down there...

Her tone is now tolerant, bordering on the superior, and is quite a shock to Bronson.

LORENE

Oh?

(Bronson looks at her)

You don't know this part of the country very well, do you?

Bronson looks, and waits some more. Then:

LORENE

You don't have to feel sorry for them. What did they ever do with what they had? Nothing. Did you ever see a reservation? Ever see how they live? We give them opportunities and they ruin it up for themselves.

In the meanwhile, Bronson, angry, has started his motor. He's heard enough. He starts to head the bike around, towards "home."

LORENE

Wait! Why're we headed back?! We
still got the rest of the day.

116
CONT'D
(2)

BRONSON (turned off her)

No we haven't.

He guns and bike and we PAN them away.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

117

Just down from the shoe store, Bronson pulls up. Lorene
gets off in obvious anger.

SAME SCENE - LONG POV FROM SHOE STORE

118

From Valerie's ANGLE we watch Bronson watching Lorene
stomp off.

INT. SHOE STORE - VALERIE - DAY

119

A bit guiltily, she looks around to satisfy herself that
Russ isn't there, and on impulse, EXITS the store.

EXT. STREET - BRONSON - DAY

120

Just preparing to leave, he notices Valerie approaching.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST BRONSON

121

as Valerie approaches him reluctantly. He tries to make
it easier for her, and smiles:

BRONSON

Hi.

There's a pause.

VALERIE

My husband's got to win that
enduro!

BRONSON

He's got a good bike. He knows how to ride.

121

CONT'D

(2)

VALERIE

That's not the problem. You are!

BRONSON

I'm just another rider.

VALERIE

Not to him.

(then)

What did he tell you last night?

Bronson shrugs, avoids answering.

VALERIE

He's not a drinker.

(then)

He told you something. I know.

This morning he was like a man who had peeled off his own skin. What did he say?!

BRONSON

Forget it.

VALERIE

Don't you understand, he can't deal with you knowing about it.

BRONSON (helplessly)

What are you trying to say?

She opens her purse and offers him some money as:

VALERIE

Winning the enduro means two hundred and fifty dollars. There's a hundred and thirty here. It's all I have. It's just a little more than half but at least you can be sure of it. You never know about winning. Right?

BRONSON

Yeah, that's what makes horse races.

VALERIE

Then don't show up tomorrow. It's happened before, when someone like you comes along. He gets hung-up on winning. Then he tries too hard, and something goes wrong. This time he's determined not to lose. He's out to beat you no matter what.

121
CONT'D
(3)

BRONSON

I'm not the only one racing him.

VALERIE

Yes, you are. He's arranged for a match race! Just the two of you!

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

122

reacting to that information. He is about to say something sharp, borne of acute exasperation. We don't hear it, but we know it is NO!!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHOE STORE - CLOSE SHOT - RUSS - DAY

123

Russ is reacting to having heard what Bronson said that we didn't hear.

RUSS (to Valerie O.S.)

He's going to WHAT?!

ANGLE - RUSS, VALERIE

124

VALERIE (trying to be
calm)

It's over. He's pulling out of the race.

RUSS (fighting rage)

You bought him off, didn't you?!

You think I'm going to lose!

(paranoid beat)

What did you pay him, Valerie?!

VALERIE (hurt, but
perserveres)
He wouldn't take any money.
(beat)
I tried...

124
CONT'D
(2)

RUSS (also hurt,
lashes out verbally)
I'll bet you did! What WAS his
price?!

(That's the one too many. She slaps Russ.)*

*(CLOSE SHOT - RUSS)

125

(Mostly surprise. Then he goes pale with repressed anger.)

CLOSE SHOT - VALERIE

126

There are tears in her eyes. She looks at him sadly, but
squarely.

VALERIE
Russ...some day you're going to
hurt me more than I love you.
(sad beat)
We'll both be sorry.

ANGLE - VALERIE, RUSS

127

Russ turns from her and walks out. As he goes, we glimpse
his face close enough to suspect he might be fighting
tears. Whether of guilt, rage or humiliation (or all
three) we can't tell. It's academic, anyway.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - RUSS - DAY

128

He's riding out to Oliver's place. He's going too fast.

RIDING SHOTS - RUSS - DAY

129

We bring him into Oliver's place. In a state of obvious
agitation he hovers the bike to a stop and gets off. He
looks around.

VARIOUS ANGLES - RUSS

130

looking around. In an INSERT POV he sees Bronson's bike.

INT. OLIVER'S PLACE - BRONSON, OLIVER - DAY

131

They're looking out the window. Obviously at Russ. Oliver "clucks" nervously and glances at Bronson, who seems cool enough - signified by a slightly humorous expression meant to reassure Oliver.

THEIR POV - RUSS

132

through the window. He sees us looking at him and walks toward our location.

INT. OLIVER'S PLACE - FULL - BRONSON, OLIVER - DAY

133

Russ ENTERING. He glares at Bronson, who looks at him with calm. Oliver glances back and forth between them nervously, sensing imminent trouble.

OLIVER (to Russ,
improvising)
Want to see a menu?

Russ ignores Oliver and moves closer to Bronson.

ANGLES - FEATURING RUSS, BRONSON

134

We INSERT Oliver's reactions now and then.

RUSS (to Bronson,
tight)
I want you back in it! I didn't
send her to buy you off.
(beat)
I'm not afraid of you.

There's an invitation to combat in the tone of Russ' last line. Bronson looks him over carefully, all straight in the eye, analyzing the moment and the best way to handle it.

BRONSON (level)

I came to enter a race.

(beat)

Not a war.

134

CONT'D

(2)

RUSS (rising intensity)

The others'll think I bought you off.

They'll think I'm afraid of you.

(level)

Are you in or not?!

CLOSE SHOT - BRONSON

135

He looks hard at Russ, weighing the threat implied in the tone of the question. He shakes his head subtly, and a touch of pity crosses his face.

BRONSON (long beat)

You don't seem to understand.

(beat; almost playing with him)

Now take motorcycle racing. Win a few bucks, meet some people, make a lot of dust and noise...flex a muscle...impress a girl...fun!

(beat)

But with YOU...it's all life and death.

(shakes his head)

No fun. No fun at all. Someday you're going to get taken apart and buried like an old machine I know.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURE RUSS

136

Russ is slightly disoriented by Bronson's detached attitude and calm manner. Russ moves up face to face with him, ready to throw a punch. Bronson is ready - coiled internally, not in stance.

RUSS

I'm going to take you...one way or another.

Bronson takes us all by surprise with a somewhat rapid rise in intensity - amounting to yelling in Russ' face. Oliver is startled.

BRONSON (almost shouting)
I'm tired of you, chief! I don't believe you!
(beat)
Got that?! I don't care whether you're afraid of me or not. I can't seem to get interested. You know? Now get off my back!!

136
CONT'D
(2)

Now it is Bronson who looks like he's barely containing an urge to throw a haymaker. This time it's Oliver who's the calm one. He looks at Bronson.

OLIVER
Jim...you're not his problem. It isn't worth wasting a night in jail for.

ANGLES - BRONSON, RUSS, OLIVER

137

Bronson's edge is reduced by Oliver's calming tone.

BRONSON (to Russ, subsides a bit)
He's right. Win, lose or draw...
I am definitely not your problem.
(beat)
You might try a mirror.

Valerie ENTERS. She shuts the door behind her. Russ looks at her, then at Bronson, who is looking at him, waiting for the move he knows he isn't going to make. Valerie just looks at him. He can't meet her gaze.

ANGLE - FOLLOWING RUSS

138

Valerie's look softens a little as she agonizingly watches Russ walk out of the place, his carriage maintained erect in the almost napoleonic sense - just a touch. Bronson and Oliver also watch him go. Bronson is relieved more than anything else. He doesn't like Russ much.

EXT. OLIVER'S PLACE - FOLLOWING RUSS

139

He goes to his bike, gets on, and as he does an uplifting takes place. The NOISE drowns out an imagined laughter

and the feel of it restores his more artificial manhood. He revs it up a few times to hide from an impulse to cry. Then he roars off - much too fast.

139
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. OLIVER'S PLACE - ANOTHER ANGLE - VALERIE, BRONSON

140

He's walking her to her car, parked in front. Oliver stands in B.G., then, satisfied Russ has roared off into the distance, returns inside.

ANGLE - VALERIE, BRONSON

141

BRONSON

I'm sorry.

VALERIE

If it wasn't you, it would be someone else. It's always somebody.

She gets into her car.

BRONSON

You going after him?

VALERIE

I always do.

BRONSON

Why?

VALERIE

I just want to help him. Is that so bad?

BRONSON

What about you?

VALERIE

I don't know. I just don't think about myself. What would you call that?

BRONSON (sadly,
uncritically)

Waste.

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VALERIE (she has
started the car engine)
Funny. I call it love.

141
CONT'D
(2)

That leaves Bronson with something to think about as she drives into B.G.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF OLIVER'S PLACE - DAY

142

It's nearing sunset. The linotype has disappeared, the dismantling complete, and Oliver is burying the last piece. Bronson, packed and ready for travelling, looks on. Oliver pats the final spadeful, then:

OLIVER

Buried. Best place for the past.

BRONSON (ready to leave)

You take care of yourself, Oliver.

OLIVER

Hey, there's something I wanted to show you...the new speciality of the day. Come on.

Bronson wheels his bike as they move towards the front of the shack. Oliver continues.

OLIVER

You keep in touch, Jim.

BRONSON

I'm not much better at letters than I am at "talk."

OLIVER

Every little word gratefully received.

They both stop as they see:

POV SHOT - JOHN CARBONA AND HIS GRANDSON

143

It could be another Remington painting come to life. CAMERA PANS them across the mesa to Bronson and Oliver for the intuitively sensed moment of farewell. The old Navajo remains impassive but the boy now smiles freely,

unafraid, evidently with his grandfather's permission.
Not a word is spoken. Bronson reaches up, swings the
boy off the pony and onto his bike.

143
CONT'D
(2)

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE BIKE

144

as Bronson takes the boy for a happy ride.

INTERCUT - JOHN AND OLIVER

145

John remains impassive as always, but not quite. Oliver
grins, looks up to him as:

OLIVER

John...for a guy who doesn't talk
you sure say an awful lot.

John doesn't even look at him. There's no need to look,
no need to say anything...in his book...or for that matter
in anybody's now.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BIKE

146

Bronson rides back, replaces the boy on the pony. John
reins the pinto around and they ride off in the direction
they had come. The boy turns to look back, smiles, waves.

POV SHOT - INSERT - SIGN IN THE FRONT WINDOW

147

which reads: "TODAY'S SPECIAL - LOVE!"

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY AND OLIVER'S PLACE

148

Bronson rides out as a station wagon, multi-colored and
decaled, drives in to "TALK." The FLOWER CHILDREN in
the wagon and Bronson exchange waves as they pass.

FINAL ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY AND BRONSON

149

as he continues on...toward tomorrow.

FADE OUT.

THE END