

#2306

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"She Ain't Deep But She Sure Runs Fast"

By

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#2306

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"SHE AIN'T DEEP BUT SHE SURE RUNS FAST"

CAST

MILTON C. HARDCASTLE  
MARK McCORMICK

TAYLOR WALSH  
TRAVIS BAKER  
LESTER SMITH  
BUZZ BIRD  
CLYDE JEWKES  
STALLER  
SHERIFF

#2306

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"SHE AIN'T DEEP BUT SHE SURE RUNS FAST"

SETS

EXTERIORS

WILDERNESS - VARIOUS ANGLES  
THE ROGUE RIVER - VARIOUS ANGLES  
GULL'S WAY  
THE TOWN OF MYRTLE CREEK, OREGON - VARIOUS ANGLES  
AIR STRIP  
PLANE CRASH SITE  
CAMPSITE  
ANOTHER CAMPSITE

INTERIORS

HARDCASTLE'S PICKUP TRUCK  
MOUNTAIN PLANE

"She Ain't Deep But She Sure Runs Fast"ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. WILDERNESS - DAWN 1

We are somewhere in that great expanse of Northwestern outback. Maybe ten million acres of uncharted evergreen and redwood. This is grizzly territory. The land of Indian folklore... A timeless kind of wonderland that modern man has left alone. Then:

MUSIC - UNDER AND IN

"Run Through The Jungle" by Credence Clearwater:

*oh God he was a nightmare  
Lord it was so true  
here come old bones walkin' slow  
the devil's on the loose  
let it run through the jungle  
and don't look back*

and:

HARD CUT TO

2 CLOSE ON - THE RIVER 2

But this is not just any river...this is the Rogue. One hundred and sixty-eight miles of foaming torrent, suck-holes and standing waves the size of condominiums. Battling through the white-water in the center of this raging river is a MAN in an open canoe... And he is a kind of man that hasn't been around for more than two hundred years. His long hair is tied back in a leather knot and he wears what's left of an Army issue poncho, deerskin moccasins and ragged olive drab pants. An M-16 Carbine is slung over his shoulder and a buck-knife that measures maybe a foot and a half is sheathed to his leg like a splint. This is TAYLOR WALSH. He is a mountain man...a bandit...a savage.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

*thought I heard a rumblin'  
brought me to my knees  
two hundred million suns alone  
make me cry for Cane*

CUT TO

3 CLOSE ON - PORTABLE STEREO

3

This is one of those hot-shit ghetto blasters and now the music plays through it as SOURCE.

*make me run through the jungle  
better run through the jungle  
oh run through the jungle  
and don't look back*

Then:

4 WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE - EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

4

McCormick carries the ghetto blaster over to Hardcastle who is loading up the rear of his pickup truck with about a ton and a half of camping gear. McCormick wears sunglasses, jeans and a T-shirt that reads:

"Let's Get This Over With"

Hardcastle, by comparison, wears one of those silly bush hats with about a hundred hand-tied flys circling the brim and his flannel shirt, canvas vest, hiking boots and combo wristwatch/wind-compass all come right out of the L. L. Bean catalogue.

HARDCASTLE

(Re: stereo)

Now, you're not thinkin' of bringin' that along with us, McCormick?

MCCORMICK

A week and a half in the boondocks with you?  
Absolutely.

CONTINUED

## HARDCASTLE

Why? There's all kinds of  
better stuff to listen to  
up there, kiddo. You have  
your birds, babblin' brooks,  
moose calls, the cry of the  
coyote, beavers slappin'  
their tails on flat water...  
Poetry.

McCormick cranks up the stereo and sings along.

## McCORMICK

That's poetry, Judge. Credence  
Clearwater.

## HARDCASTLE

And to think all this time I  
thought your favorite poet  
was Sonny Bono.

McCormick puts the stereo into the rear of the pickup  
truck.

## McCORMICK

Hey, when I'm not using it  
you can play your Wild  
Kingdom tapes.

(as Marlin Perkins)

While Ranger Jim tracks the  
three legged tree toad of  
Bora Bora he comes upon a  
cagey sea otter aroused by  
the mating call of a mule  
deer... Living on small  
rodents and wingless bats,  
Ranger Jim spent five days  
tracking this unique love  
affairs in the North woods.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look and then loads a knapsack into the truck.

HARCASTLE

I don't know why you're fightin' me on this, McCormick? Two weeks in the out-back of Oregon is the chance of a lifetime.

MCCORMICK

No, Judge. Uh, uh... The chance of a lifetime was the trip we planned to Hawaii. Two weeks at the Kahala Hilton. Baking on the beach and watchin' girls in six square inches of wet silk body surfin' right up next to me at the pool side bar. Hawaii, Judge. Two weeks of room service and luaus.

Hardcastle climbs into the pickup and starts the motor.

HARCASTLE

Don Ho and old guys with skinny white legs.

McCormick gets into the passenger side...and as the pickup drives off sown the drive:

HARCASTLE (V.O.)

Hawaii is nothing but a hot hunk'a mud the Pentagon uses to refuel our S.A.C. bombers. I'm gonna show you America, kiddo... Just wait 'til you track your first beaver...

And we:

CUT TO

5

CLOSE ON - A HAND

5

as it fingers a "boot-print" that has been pressed into some soft mud.

6 WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE - TAYLOR WALSH 6

He is bending over in the underbrush, tracking two sets of footprints and in the b.g. we can see his canoe beached on the shore of the Rogue... Then as he slips off like a cougar silently stalking its prey:

MUSIC - UNDER AND IN

*oh God he was a nightmare  
Lord it was so true  
here come old bones walkin' slow  
the devil's on the loose*

CUT TO

7 CLOSE ON - A ROAD SIGN 7

it reads:

MYRTLE CREEK, OREGON 400 MILES

and after a beat Hardcastle's pickup truck streaks past CAMERA, the music still blasting from the stereo.

8 INT. HARDCASTLE'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY 8

just as Hardcastle punches the Credence Clearwater cassette out of the pickup's stereo.

MCCORMICK

Forget it, Judge... I still have three minutes on my two hours.

McCormick punches the cassette back in.

HARDCASTLE

Not according to my time, you don't.

Hardcastle punches the cassette back out and motions to his fancy combo-wristwatch. McCormick shakes his head.

CONTINUED



McCORMICK

Is that North by North West  
Rocky Mountain standard  
survival time? Wind chill  
factor minus forty degrees,  
canned fruit and Coleman  
lantern time? Or just your  
regular I'll never grow up  
Eagle Scout time?

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look and smiles.

HARDCASTLE

Now, I can understand how  
some kid who's never been  
outside the wilds of Atlantic  
City might be a bit over-  
whelmed by an expedition that  
is this ambitious...

McCORMICK

Is it my imagination, or are  
you really starting to sound  
like Sir Edmund Hillary?

HARDCASTLE

Hillary? Hah... That palmy  
couldn't dig a latrine  
next to Daniel Boone and  
Jedediah Smith, Davey  
Crocket and Sam Houston,  
Lewis and Clark.

McCORMICK

Yeah, but my bet is he's got it  
all over Hardcastle and McCormick  
like a pup tent. Judge, we're  
out in the middle of nowhere  
here--

HARDCASTLE

And Buzz Bird is the best  
damn mountain man I know.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

(quietly)

Sounds like one'a those traffic  
copter guys, "there's sig-alert  
on the 405 off-ramp. This is  
Buzz Bird, chopter five."

HARDCASTLE

Look, kiddo. Buzz Bird just  
happens to be the best photo  
journalist in the business.  
Been snapping pictures for  
magazines like Field and Stream,  
Argosy, Geo, Wildlife and  
Bear Hunter's Annual since  
before you were born. This  
is his last expedition, he's  
retiring, he's a friend, he  
said I could go, I asked if  
you could come...and I want  
you to enjoy it whether  
you like it or not.

MCCORMICK

"Bear Hunter's Annual?"

HARDCASTLE

Grizzlies, kiddo. One damn  
proud beast that lives off'a  
nothin' but raw wits and  
animal instinct.

CUT TO

CLOSE ON - A PICNIC COOLER

One of those red and white jobs with the styrofoam locks.  
Then, a huge BEAR PAW slashes it in half and:

WIDEN ANGLE - CAMPSITE - DAY

as a huge GRIZZLY BEAR chomps through a dozen sandwiches  
and a couple of six-packs of beer. This campsite is in

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

10

ruin, an expensive nylon tent shredded to nothing but strips of shining cloth, sleeping bags and hiking gear are strewn everywhere and in the b.g. we can see TWO MEN stranded on the roof of a Blazer, their .30 odd .6 Winchesters laying on the ground a hundred yards away. They are dressed only in long underwear and are named TRAVIS BAKER and LESTER SMITH, both from Dallas, Texas. We should note that these guys have spent a pile of dough on the camping gear that is now torn up around their campsite and it is clear that they have been stuck on the Blazer's roof since the middle of the night.

SMITH

(to bear)

Get! Get outt'a here! Go!

BAKER

Forget it... Let me make a run for the radio.

Baker motions toward a two-way radio that sits by a burned out campfire.

BAKER

Cover me.

SMITH

With what? You want me to throw my socks at him?

Baker jumps off from the Blazer and makes for the radio, but before he can get half way there, the Grizzly wheels and charges after him... Baker barely scrambles back to the roof as Smith hauls him up.

11

ANGLE - TAYLOR WALSH

11

as he watches all of these from behind a screen of small trees and regards the bear, fearless. We can see that he is almost smiling here, and then he steps out into the middle of the campsite and braces his rifle.

12

WIDER ANGLE - CAMPSITE

12

CONTINUED

Baker and Smith react to Walsh who is slowly moving toward the Grizzly... He pick up a smoking stick from the campfire and quietly steps to the bear.

SMITH

Thank God! Hey, mister!  
Shoot'em...! Shoot'em!

And on that the Grizzly turns and charges, but Walsh doesn't shoot. He just side-steps this beast like some kind of matador and whacks it on the rump with the smoking stick. The Grizzly stands and roars just as Walsh cracks it across the nose with the flat of his hand... Baker and Smith look on with awe as the bear scampers off and Walsh starts to pick up various pieces of their camping gear. Then, they climb off the Blazer's roof and cautiously make their way toward Walsh, looking over their shoulders for the renegade Grizzly.

SMITH

I've never seen anything  
that brave before in my  
life... Thanks alot, mister.  
That bear like'ta torn our  
heads off.

Walsh doesn't answer, he just continues to sort through their gear.

SMITH

I'm Lester Smith from Dallas,  
this here's my buddy Travis  
Baker... Didn't catch your  
name?

WALSH

(quiet)  
Didn't offer it.

There is a beat as Baker and Smith exchange looks.

BAKER

Yeah, well, ah, thanks a lot.  
(Beat)  
You from around these parts?

WALSH

(Beat)

What are you doing up here?

Walsh looks to the two Winchesters that lie in the dirt at the edge of the campsite.

BAKER

(a little nervous)

Just come up from Myrtle Creek yesterday, do some hiking, take some pictures... Lester here is a real shutter bug.

WALSH

Yesterday...

(Beat)

Myrtle Creek's six days from here by jeep.

There is a beat as Walsh walks over and picks up the two rifles.

WALSH

What kind'a pictures you two taking with these?

SMITH

Look, we don't want any trouble.

And on that Walsh smashes the stock of one of the Winchesters. Baker makes a move at him and gets flattened by the butt of the other Winchester.

WALSH

I'm asking you again, what are you doing up here?

There is no answer and Walsh walks to the rear of the Blazer, covering Baker and Smith with his M-16. He opens the rear of the Blazer and there is a moment of rage that flashes in his eyes. Then he pulls out the horned rack and bright wool pelt of a Big Horn Sheep... Walsh shoots a deadly look back to Baker and Smith.

WALSH

Huntin' the Big Horn's against the law...

12 CONTINUED - 3

12

He cocks his gun.

BAKER

Look, Mister. You can take that rack with you. Probably get five or six thousand dollars for it.

WALSH

But where am I gonna get another Big Horn? Not many more'a them left.

We can see that Walsh is more than a little crazy. Baker makes a break for it, and Walsh just watches, letting him go. Then, he smiles back at Smith.

SMITH

Hey, Mister, don't. It was Travis that poached that, not me.

(Tries to smile)

I can't even shoot pool.

(Beat)

Please...

And on that:

CUT TO

13 CLOSE ON - M-16

13

as Walsh squeezes off a single shot and:

CUT TO

14 EXT. MYRTLE CREEK - DAY

14

This is a town of maybe one hundred and fifty people located up in Oregon just off the Western slope of Crystal Mountains. After a beat, Hardcastle's pickup splashes through the mud puddles of Main Street and in the b.g. we can see town folk lingering in front of the local Seed & Feed store.

15 INT. PICKUP

15

As McCormick checks out the local action and Hardcastle

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

15

sits and waits for some kind of smart-ass remark. There is a beat, then:

HARDCASTLE

Okay wiseguy, go ahead, say it.

MCCORMICK

Say what?

HARDCASTLE

One'a your wiseguy "I could'a been in Maui sippin' pineapple juice" remarks. That's "What?" Go ahead, fire away.

MCCORMICK

I wasn't thinkin' about Hawaii, Judge. No way... I was thinkin' about how many sapplings it takes to make a lean-to.

(smiles)

I'm really stoked for this. Sleepin' out in the rain, diggin' latrines... Goin' to the bathroom outside.

(Beat)

Hawaii? Nah...

And off Hardcastle's look:

CUT TO

16

EXT. AIR STRIP - DAY

16

And it's nothing more than about a quarter mile of gravel and mud. All kinds of mountain planes are tethered to stakes and Hardcastle and McCormick stand next to the pile of their camping gear. A couple of planes taxi about and various groups of hunters and fishermen load up and fly off into the outback... Hardcastle scans the skies and then checks his watch.

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

16

McCORMICK

I hope he's okay, Judge.  
These mountains look pretty  
tricky.

HARDCASTLE

Relax, Buzz is the best bush-  
pilot alive. Not to mention  
mountain man. Guy's about  
six foot three... can make  
camp outta nothing but pine  
boughs and boonedoggle. And,  
listen to this, once he lived  
in the woods for six months on  
nothin' but roots and berries  
just to see if he could do it.

And on that:

CUT TO

17

ANGLE - AIRPLANE

17

This is a single engine mountain plane with pontoons  
and wheel-skis for landing gear. But what it really is,  
is a pile of junk, in need of paint and more than likely  
a new motor... As it circles for a landing a little  
smoke trailing out from the engine cover and of the side  
of this plane written out in faded paint we can read:

Buzz Bird - BUSH PHOTOGRAPHER

18

ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

18

McCormick looks toward the plane that stutters in for  
a shaky landing.

McCORMICK

How come I get the feelin'  
that's him...?

CONTINUED



Hardcastle doesn't respond, he just looks as the plane lands and taxis in.

MCCORMICK

That's him, isn't it, Judge?  
Buzz Bird, junk man of the  
mountain skies.

Again, Hardcastle just watches the plane and after a quick beat a very FAT and out of shape MAN of about sixty climbs out. This is BUZZ BIRD and he looks like a poster child for The Heart Attack Foundation. Red nose, wet eyes and an ever present cigarette hanging from his mouth. Hardcastle and McCormick watch as Buzz moves toward them.

MCCORMICK

It's him, I know it.

HARDCASTLE

If it is, he looks a little  
outta shape.

MCCORMICK

Probably from piggin' out on  
all those roots and berries.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look as Buzz walks up and gives Hardcastle a big wave.

BUZZ

Hardcastle! Why you old hole  
in the sole of a bad boot.

MCCORMICK

(sotto voce)

I knew it was him.

HARDCASTLE

Buzz?

They shake hands.

HARDCASTLE

I almost didn't recognize you.

MCCORMICK

I did, though. Right off. Hi  
Buzz, Mark McCormick.

18

CONTINUED

18

BUZZ

So, this is the flat-lander you  
wanna bring along, huh Milt?

McCORMICK

Well, actually, I'm just  
droppin' Milt off.

BUZZ

Nonsense... We better move.  
My plane motor cools down too  
much.

(laughs)

It'll take a day and a half  
to get started.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle an "are you kidding me"  
look, and we:

CUT TO

19

CLOSE ON - TOGGLE SWITCH

19

Inside the cab of this mountain plane. Buzz flicks a  
couple more swiches and the engine struggles to life.  
This thing doesn't run very well.

20

CLOSE ON - PROPELLER

20

As it stumbles into a jerking spin.

21

ANGLE - THE PLANE

21

Choking down the dirt runway.

22

INT. MOUNTAIN PLANE

22

Hardcastle sits in the jump-seat next to Buzz and McCormick  
is piled into the rear with all the camping gear. They are  
bouncing around pretty good as Buzz tries to get this bird  
up to speed.

HARDCASTLE

This thing airworthy, Buzz?

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

23

McCormick is pretty freaked and looking out the front windshield to a line of tall trees at the end of the runway.

McCORMICK

(quietly)

We'll clear the trees, right?

BUZZ

(answering Hardcastle)

Of course it is, did the tear-down on this bird myself not more than two years ago.

The trees are getting closer and McCormick's getting a little more nervous.

McCORMICK

No problem in gettin' over the trees in this bird, huh Buzz?

BUZZ

(to Hardcastle)

Pulled the motor out of an old Cesna, got a Beechcraft tail section and the wings are off'a a bent-up Oscar.

McCORMICK

Buzz, the trees!

CUT TO

24

CLOSE ANGLE - THE PLANE

24

as it lifts off and barely clears the tops of the trees.

25

RESUME - INT. MOUNTAIN PLANE

25

Both Hardcastle and McCormick open their eyes and try to get some air into their lungs.

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

BUZZ

(a grin)

What about the trees, Mark?

McCORMICK

Nothing...

Buzz smiles.

BUZZ

C'mon, that was the easy part.

Wait'll you see where we're gonna  
land this baby.

And as Hardcastle and McCormick exchange looks, we:

CUT TO

26

EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

26

And again, we see nothing but miles and miles of uncharted outback, thick brush, deer herds and bird calls. Then, from somewhere off the side of a thick covered deer run we see TRAVIS BAKER stumble out into a clearing. He looks terrified, running for his life and totally lost in the deep woods of the Northwest. He stops for a beat, not knowing which direction to run and then he just flails off into the outback.

CUT TO

27

CLOSE ON - TAYLOR WALSH

27

surveying the forest around him. He is patient and steadily stalking his prey as he bends down and picks a piece of Baker's clothes off the thorny branch of a small bush...walking off like a man with plenty of time his side.

CUT TO

28

ANGLE - AIRPLANE

28

as it flies over a beautiful mountain range. The engine stutters a little bit.

29

INT. AIRPLANE

29

Buzz flies while McCormick and Hardcastle take in the incredible view.

BUZZ

Yeah, I figured Milt here wouldn't want to pull any light weight duty on this trek, so I'm gonna put this bird in three hundred miles up from nowhere.

HARDCASTLE

(a little sheepish)

Say, that's great, Buzz.

BUZZ

Yeah, wanna film a herd'a Caribous moving down to feed near Fordman's Folly.

McCORMICK

"Three hundred miles up from nowhere." Now, there's a place I've always wanted to go.

BUZZ

Great spot, Mark. Nothing but God's own, livin' off guts and wild grit.

And as Buzz banks the plane over a mountain peak he starts to hack again and lights up another smoke. Then:

CUT TO

30

CLOSE ANGLE - THE ROGUE RIVER

30

as Travis Baker barely makes his way across the narrow and crawls out onto the river bank. He is exhausted, cut and gasping. He climbs on his feet and looks back to Taylor Walsh who steps out from the forest on the other side of the river, maybe three hundred yards behind.

31 NEW ANGLE - TRAVIS BAKER

31

He is running wildly now...and in the b.g. we can see Taylor Walsh tracking him from off on the top of a hillside. Closer now.

32 CLOSE ON - TRAVIS BAKER

32

as he runs for a beat and then smack into ANOTHER MAN... and he is just like Taylor Walsh: a wild mountain man with the look of an animal in his eyes. His name is CLYDE JEWKES. Baker stumbles back as Jewkes covers him with an old Long rifle.

JEWKES

Taylor said we was to be  
lookin' for you.

Jewkes smiles, slack-jawed and ignorant as Walsh steps into the clearing and Baker breaks down, sweating hot and hard.

BAKER

You guys just tell me how you  
want me to beg for my life and  
I will... Please?

Walsh walks over to Baker and looks down at him.

WALSH

You feelin' like that Big  
Horn you killed?

There is a beat.

JEWKES

You want I should kill him,  
Taylor?

And Baker's eyes go raw with fear... Then, Walsh slowly shakes his head.

WALSH

Nay, he just learned somethin'  
'bout stayin' alive, let's see  
what he can do with it.

Jewkes and Walsh just walk off, leaving Baker alone a barefoot in the wilderness.

CUT TO

33

ANGLE - AIRPLANE

33

as it dips over a row of Redwood and flying wildly,  
almost out of control.

34

INT. AIRPLANE

34

Buzz is barely hanging onto the stick of his plane and  
Hardcastle is loosening his collar as McCormick tries  
to open a canteen.

HARDCASTLE

Buzz!? What is it?

BUZZ

I don't know.

Buzz grips his chest and Hardcastle has to grab the stick.

McCORMICK

It's his heart, Judge.

McCormick leans forward as Buzz tries to flex his left  
hand. He starts to cough and then slumps forward.  
McCormick reaches for him and looks out the window  
at a hillside of trees.

McCORMICK

Pull it up, Judge! Pull  
it up!

Hardcastle does, and:

CUT TO

35

ANGLE - THE PLANE

35

as it barely misses the row of trees.

36

SERIES OF SHOTS

36

as Hardcastle struggles with the stick and McCormick  
attempts to perform CPR on Buzz... It's no use. Buzz  
is dead. Hardcastle fights to keep the plane balanced  
but it's really touch and go, then, as he stalls the  
plane out in a climb that was far too steep, we:

CUT TO

37

ANGLE - AIRPLANE

37

as it piles into a pasture of brush and trees, skidding wildly out of control in a crash landing and catching fire. Play this, then

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN

38 EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY 38

And we see the charred remains of Buzz Bird's mountain plane smoldering and twisted in a pile of brush and trees. It's clear that all the supplies that were on board have been destroyed.

CUT TO

39 CLOSE ON - A HANDFUL OF DIRT 39

as it is packed on the mound of a make-shift grave and:

40 ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 40

both of whom are bruised and cut and their clothes are torn as they finish off Buzz's grave. Maybe we can see that Hardcastle has a pretty good gash on his head and McCormick limps on his left ankle as though it might be broken. Hardcastle climbs to his feet and stands next to McCormick as they look down at the grave. Then:

McCORMICK

You think you might wanna say something?

Hardcastle nods.

HARDCASTLE

I guess somebody should...and  
I guess it should be me.

(looks up)

Buzz Bird was a good man. I liked him and most who knew him liked him, too. He probably died where he wanted, in the mountains. I guess a man can't ask for more. I just wish it wasn't so soon.

There is a beat and then Hardcastle and McCormick exchange looks.

McCORMICK

What's next?

CONTINUED

Hardcastle shrugs.

HARDCASTLE

Could you salvage anything out  
of the plane?

McCormick shakes his head.

MCCORMICK

We're three hundred miles from  
nowhere, Judge...what are we  
gonna do?

HARDCASTLE

We're gonna try and stay alive  
and see if we can walk out of  
here.

(beat)

I told you not to wear sneakers,  
and you'll freeze to death in  
that T-shirt.

There is a beat.

HARDCASTLE

Sorry...

MCCORMICK

Keep it up, it makes me feel  
like I'm home.

(smiles)

You're the lead scout, Wild  
Bill. Which way you wanna go?

HARDCASTLE

Myrtle Creek's somewhere about  
two hundred and fifty miles  
that way.

(looks up)

South, south east, probably.

MCCORMICK

Which means if we make twenty  
miles a day we'll starve to death  
three days before we get there.

HARDCASTLE

(laughs)

We're not gonna starve to death,  
you dummy...we'll probably die  
of exposure.

40

CONTINUED - 2

40

Hardcastle walks off into the woods and McCormick shoots him a warm look.

MCCORMICK

Grace under pressure, Judge.  
It's always been your strong  
point.

McCormick follows Hardcastle off into a thicket of trees.

MCCORMICK

No kidding, old Hardcase spittin'  
into the eye of life. Laughin'  
in the face of death. That good  
old firing squad mentality.

HARDCASTLE

Make a lot of noise kiddo,  
attract a couple of Grizzlies,  
we can use the company.

MCCORMICK

If you're trying to scare me,  
forget it...anyway, Grizzlies  
don't eat meat, Judge. They're  
vegetarians.

HARDCASTLE

Californians don't eat meat,  
McCormick. Grizzlies'll eat  
anything.

And as McCormick goes quiet, we:

CUT TO

41

CLOSE ON - A GRIZZLY BEAR

41

standing maybe ten feet tall and pawing the air, its  
nose searching for the scent of man. Then:

CUT TO

42

CLOSE ON - TRAVIS BAKER

42

as he sprints down a deer run and holds a length of tree  
branch now fashioned into some kind of primitive club.  
Baker stops at the trickle of a small stream and crouches  
down for a drink, eyes alert and now living on nothing  
but fear and instinct. Off his look:

43 RESUME - THE GRIZZLY 43

as it drops down on all fours and loops off toward:

44 ANGLE - TRAVIS BAKER 44

And he reacts to the sound of something crashing through the brush.

CUT TO

45 CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE 45

pushing his way through the dense foliage and into a clearing. We can see he is exhausted, cut and sweating. After a beat, McCormick breaks his way into FRAME and sprawls out on the ground.

MCCORMICK

How far do you think we've made it?

There is a beat, and then Hardcastle looks up to the sun.

HARDCASTLE

A couple of miles, maximum.

MCCORMICK

A couple of miles? We've been going for about six hours.

HARDCASTLE

I know...

Hardcastle gets up and helps McCormick to his feet.

HARDCASTLE

And we better find someplace to spend the night.

(looks up)

We might be getting some weather.

And on that:

DISSOLVE TO

46 EXT. SKY - DAY 46

As a front of thunder clouds moves in low along the mountains...and:

- 47        SERIES OF SHOTS - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK        47  
as they push on through the dense forest, stumbling down  
ravines and climbing hillsides...then:
- CUT TO
- 48        CLOSE ON - THE GRIZZLY        48  
in a full charge now and bashing through a patch of  
saplings.
- 49        ANGLE - TRAVIS BAKER        49  
Maybe a hundred feet in front of the Grizzly and running  
for his life. The Grizzly closes in and just as it's  
about to catch Baker with a vicious wave of a huge front  
claw, he leaps onto the branch of a tree and swings him-  
self up from death... Baker scrambles to the top and then  
looks down at the Grizzly swaying back and forth, foaming  
with the blood rush of the hunt.
- CUT TO
- 50        ANGLE - HARDCASTLE        50  
SHOOTING DOWN from ANOTHER TREE as Hardcastle looks  
up into CAMERA.
- HARDCASTLE  
Can you see anything?
- 51        HARDCASTLE'S POV        51  
McCormick has climbed to the top of a tall pine and scans  
the forest around him.
- McCORMICK  
Yeah,.. I think I can see your  
house from up here, Judge.
- 52        RESUME - HARDCASTLE        52  
as he shakes his head and McCormick drops down out of the  
tree.
- HARDCASTLE  
We could die out here, kiddo.

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED

52

There is a serious beat.

MCCORMICK

I know.

(beat)

Got a canyon about two miles off, maybe a river...I couldn't see.

HARDCASTLE

We better find a cave or something, it's either that or build a lean-to...if it rains the temperature could drop enough to make a snow and --

MCCORMICK

Yeah, yeah, I'm gonna freeze to death in this T-shirt.

53

ANGLE - SKY

53

and a flash of lightening streaks across the sky.

54

RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK

54

as it starts to rain...Hardcastle slips off his vest and hands it to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

No you're not...

There is a beat as McCormick puts it on with a look of thanks and they resume their trek into the wild.

CUT TO

55

EXT. THE PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

55

It's raining pretty good now and we can guess that it's getting cold. Then, from off in the distance we can see the bright flow of a search light making its way toward the plane. We hear a voice or two, but we can't make out what is being said...we can only hope that this is a search party looking for our guys.

56

ANGLE - THE CRASHED PLANE

56

as the search light washes over the wreckage...

VOICE (OVER)

Doesn't look like anyone could  
live through this.

WALSH V.O.

Don't bet on it.

and:

57

CLOSE ANGLE - TAYLOR WALSH

57

as the search light catches him bending over Buzz Bird's  
freshly piled grave.

WALSH

Unless dead men can bury each  
other.

Clyde Jewkes and ANOTHER MAN step into FRAME and look  
down at the grave. The new man's name is JAY STALLER  
and he is nothing more than the same loose jointed country  
viciousness as Jewkes and Walsh. Walsh checks out some  
tracks and looks off toward the woods.

WALSH

Couldn't'a be more'n a day  
and a half...maybe ten miles  
if they know what they're doing.  
(re: plane)  
And it doesn't look like they do.

JEWKES

Whoever it is, we got nothing  
against them, Taylor.

WALSH

Yeah, we do. This is pure land  
Clyde, it's God's land. And we  
gotta stop 'em from rapin' it.

Off that:

CUT TO

58

CLOSE ON - A CAMPFIRE

58

as a small Brook Trout that is skewered on a stick spins over the flames. It is maybe five inches long, head intact and unscaled. Then:

59

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

59

huddled around the fire and tucked up close beneath a rock overhang. It's cold, McCormick shivers and tries to push himself up against the rocks and away from the rain as Hardcastle cooks the trout.

HARDCASTLE

Have half'a this, kiddo.

Hardcastle offers McCormick the Trout on a stick.

McCORMICK

You caught that, Judge. You eat it.

HARDCASTLE

You eat half or I'm throwing it out.

McCORMICK

Smart move, Judge. That way we'll both starve.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look.

HARDCASTLE

There's two ways we can do this, kiddo...and one'a them hurts.

He smiles and puts the fish right under McCormick's nose.

McCORMICK

(re: fish)

You mind if I close its eyes?

HARDCASTLE

Eat it.

McCormick bites off a piece of trout and hands it back to Hardcastle...almost puking.

CONTINUED



MCCORMICK

You used a little too much  
lemon in the du jour sauce.

There is a beat as Hardcastle looks up to the rain.  
Then:

HARDCASTLE

I'm sorry I got you into this,  
kiddo.

MCCORMICK

Forget it, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I can't forget it...we got a  
good shot at dying out here.  
It's my fault.

MCCORMICK

Not going to Hawaii was your  
fault...dying is somethin'  
we are all individually re-  
sponsible for...like bad breath.

Hardcastle can't help but smile, as he tries to take  
a bite of the trout...but, he can't.

HARDCASTLE

Now, I know this is gonna sound  
right outta a Duke Wayne movie,  
but if we don't make it outta  
here, well, ah, I want you,  
ah, to know, ah, that, well,  
y'know.

MCCORMICK

(smart)

Why Judge, I'm touched.

HARDCASTLE

Listen wiseguy, I just want to  
say that knowing you these last  
few years has made me feel damn  
lucky. And I thought you ought'a  
know in case one'a us has to bury  
the other one.

MCCORMICK

(nods)

Okay.

(MORE)

McCORMICK (cont'd)

(beat)

Thanks.

There is a long moment.

McCORMICK

You got any regrets, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Me...hah, nope. Not one.

(thinks)

Well, maybe one...

(thinks more)

Two things at most, a couple,  
not many...you?

A beat as McCormick shivers against the cold.

McCORMICK

A ton'a them...

(re: rain)

But, I guess they don't make  
any difference out here.

HARDCASTLE

Like winning Indy or something  
like that?

McCORMICK

Nah...more like being in love, and  
for real. Maybe having a son...  
I never thought of this before,  
but if I don't make it out of  
this alive, I haven't anything.  
No one's gonna know I was here.

HARDCASTLE

I'll know.

McCORMICK

Yeah, but you might not make  
it out of here either.

Hardcastle smiles and then tosses a stone into the  
campfire as McCormick settles back against the rocks.

HARDCASTLE

Nobody thinks the tracks they  
leave in the sand are deep enough,  
kiddo. A good wind'll blow

(MORE)

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)  
most'a them away... But you did  
the best you could.

McCormick pushes a stick through the sand.

McCORMICK

(shrugs)

No I didn't.

(Beat)

They find our bodies out here  
in about ten years and the  
headlines will read: "The  
bodies of Judge Milton C.  
Hardcastle and Another Man  
Found After Ten Years." That's  
me, Judge. The "other man,"  
always somebody's side-kick,  
the guy who almost won the  
big race and could'a got the  
girl...but didn't.

(Beat)

You ruled on stuff, made  
decisions, changed people's  
lives... They'll remember  
Judge Hardcastle. But they won't  
remember me because I was just  
the guy standin' next to you.

McCormick is almost starting to dose off here.

HARDCASTLE

You sound like I'm Sir Thomas  
Moore. I'm not... And if life  
is like holdin' a handful of  
clear water, I've loosened my  
grip enough times to let most of  
it run through my fingers...

(Beat)

Made mistakes.

(Thinks)

Some big ones...

(Beat)

Maybe some real big ones.

(shoots a look to

McCormick)

Like that deal with you being  
put into my custody...

(MORE)

59

CONTINUED - 4

59

## HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

I did that all for me, not you. I mean, sure, I had the law on my side and all the rest of the judicial mumbo jumbo. Made it look like I was trying to redeem a troubled kid and give him a chance... But maybe I wired it up just so I wouldn't have to retire alone and disappear... Maybe I just wanted to have my son back... Maybe I wanted someone to make sure the wind wouldn't blow my tracks off the sand...

Hardcastle looks up to McCormick and we can see that he is asleep and maybe he hasn't heard a word of Hardcastle's confession. There is a beat and then as Hardcastle takes off his thick wool shirt and puts it over McCormick, we:

CUT TO

60

EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

60

as Travis Baker drops down from the tree where he obviously spent the night and stalks off through the brush.

CUT TO

61

LONG ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK

61

as they walk along the banks of the Rogue River. Then they stop by a section of rapids.

62

CLOSE ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK

62

The water is roaring and Hardcastle shouts above the noise.

## HARDCASTLE

South, south east has still got to be that way.

(points)

Whatt'ya think?

CONTINUED

62

CONTINUED

62

McCormick steps knee deep into the river.

McCORMICK

I think we should try and make  
it across.

HARDCASTLE

(re: river)

Are you crazy? She ain't deep,  
but she sure runs fast... We'll  
drown.

McCormick takes another step into the river and braces  
himself against the current.

McCORMICK

Relax, I'm a Pisces.

He takes another step.

HARDCASTLE

McCormick, don't!

And in an instant McCormick is swept into the raging Rogue.

63

SERIES OF SHOTS

63

as McCormick flashes down the white water and fights to  
keep his head above the water, Hardcastle sprints down the  
banks of the Rogue and tries to keep him in view. We play  
all the action here as McCormick bounces over rocks and  
slides down water falls, surely taking the scariest ride  
of his life... Then, Hardcastle climbs out on a fallen  
tree that stretches part way into the river and hauls  
McCormick to safety as the river roars past below. There  
is a beat and then Hardcastle mimics McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

"Relax, I'm a Pisces." A Pisces  
with an idiot rising, maybe.

CUT TO

64

CLOSE ON - A SAPLING

64

as Travis Baker cuts it down with a sharp rock and starts  
to fashion it into something that might look like a  
primitive bow, stringing a vine to serve as a bow-string,  
then:

CUT TO

65 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

65

And this is the camp where we first saw Travis Baker and Lester Smith trapped on top of their Blazer by the Grizzly. The place is still in ruin and we can see that the Blazer has been torched, now nothing but a burned-out shell.

66 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

66

as they step into the campsite.

HARDCASTLE  
Hey! Anyone here?!

Then McCormick tugs Hardcastle on the sleeve and points to:

67 ANGLE - LESTER SMITH

67

his body lies in the brush off to one side of the campsite.

CUT TO

68 EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

68

and slashing their way through the thick forest are Walsh, Jewkes, and Staller. All three carry their weapons at the ready and Walsh is on point as he leads them out into a clearing on the banks of the Rogue River. He bends down and puts his hand over the imprint of Hardcastle's boot in the wet sand.

WALSH  
(Simply)  
That way.

and:

CUT TO

69 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

69

CONTINUED

Just as Hardcastle rolls Lester Smith's body over onto its back. He checks the neck for a pulse and then the wrist, nothing.

HARDCASTLE

Dead.

MCCORMICK

From what?

(Looks around)

Did he starve to death or something?

Hardcastle looks closer.

HARDCASTLE

I don't think so...

(Re: Smith)

He's got about a thirty calibre through hole in his chest.

(Beat)

The guy's been murdered, Mark.

Off that:

CUT TO

CLOSE ANGLE - WALSH, JEWKES AND STALLER

Stalking silently toward Hardcastle and McCormick, then:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

71 EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY 71

As we play an appropriate music cue and get the feeling that some time has past.

CUT TO

72 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 72

And from this distance it looks like Hardcastle and McCormick might be burying the body of Lester Smith.

73 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVOR McCORMICK 73

Alternately bending IN and OUT of FRAME as though he's working with a shovel (but we can't tell because of the FRAME LINE that cuts him just below his mid-riff).

McCORMICK

C'mon Judge, why don't we just throw this thing in the water and climb aboard?

HARDCASTLE

'Cause it'll bend in half unless the skin's real tight.

Then:

74 WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL 74

that McCormick is not working with a shovel to dig Lester Smith's grave but pumping a hand pump as he inflates a rubber river raft that is maybe ten feet long. Hardcastle is dismantling one of the smashed Winchesters, removing the stock, firing mechanisms and etc.

HARDCASTLE

You gotta pump a lotta air into it to get it stiff enough.

McCORMICK

Are you sure you know how to float one'a these things?

CONTINUED



HARDCASTLE

Nothin' to it, kiddo. Just point it down river and paddle like hell...

MCCORMICK

The previous message was brought to you by the Water Safety Commissioner of Death Valley.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, Major Powel shot the rapids in the Grand Canyon a hundred years ago in a row boat...this'll be easier than the water ride at Magic Mountain, relax.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look.

MCCORMICK

You always been an E-Ticket, Judge.

(re: Winchester)

Whatt'a ya gonna use that for, a paddle?

HARDCASTLE

If we've got a murderer runnin' loose around here we might need some fire power. I found a couple of shells in the dirt, figure maybe I can rig some-  
thin' up.

(beat)

C'mon.

Hardcastle picks up one end of the raft and starts to drag it toward the water as McCormick hauls up the other end and follows him.

CUT TO

still a raging snake of white water and suck holes. Hardcastle and McCormick are struggling to put the raft in at a jetty that backwashes into a small rock cove. We can play some humor here as Hardcastle unlashes a paddle and straddles one of the tubes at the raft's center.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Cast off, kiddo.

McCormick stares at the water and then looks back to Hardcastle. We can see that he is more than a little skeptical.

McCORMICK

Major Powel did this in a row boat, huh?

HARDCASTLE

C'mon, get in...

McCORMICK

Look, Judge...tell you what, I'll stay here and make sure that the grizzlies don't eat any of the evidence...look for a signal fire in about a week and a half, okay?

Hardcastle stares at McCormick. Then:

HARDCASTLE

God knows where I'll be in a week'n a half.. and I'm not leaving you up here to die alone.  
(smiles)

Anyway, I'm not real crazy about dying alone myself. Get in.

After a beat McCormick climbs aboard and grabs a paddle. Hardcastle smiles as they start to paddle out toward a raging set of rapids and shouts above the roaring water.

HARDCASTLE

Just like painting the garage.  
Even strokes, nice and smooth.  
Don't get too much paint on your paddle, and stroke, stroke, stroke...  
yeah, that's it...

And as the raft spins helplessly in a circle and then backs into the first set of rapids:

CUT TO

76

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE ROGUE RIVER - DAY

76

As Hardcastle and McCormick go blowing down the river, fighting hard against the current and hanging on for dear life as we shoot some outstanding white water river footage, then:

CUT TO

77

CLOSE ON - TAYLOR WALSH

77

As he stands atop a canyon wall that overlooks the Rogue River and watches Hardcastle and McCormick float past on the rapids below.

78

WIDER ANGLE

78

as Jewkes and Staller step up and look down at the raft that is now a couple of hundred yards away. Jewkes aims his rifle for a long shot but Walsh pushes it down.

WALSH

Outt'a range, Clyde.

(beat)

If they got the raft, they more'n likely found the body.

STALLER

So maybe you two letting that other guy live ain't such a smart idea now.

JEWKES

Relax, Jay. That fat city cowboy weren't gonna make it more'n a day or two out here.

And we:

CUT TO

79

CLOSE ON - TRAVIS BAKER

79

And all we can see is that he is soaking wet, shivering and in need of a shave: his eyes now alive with a kind of passion for survival that would surely surprise his colleagues back in the Houston oil biz.

- 80 WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL 80  
that Baker has tied himself to a log that floats down the Rogue River toward a set of rapids, a primitive bow and a couple of hand-made arrows strapped across his back like an Indian Brave.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 81 EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT 81  
As something or maybe someone moves surreptitiously through the brush, quiet and wild.
- CUT TO
- 82 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 82  
Their raft is now propped up on paddles, serving as a make-shift lean-to and Hardcastle sits awake on guard duty, holding just what's left of the Winchester rifle's barrel while McCormick sleeps.
- 83 RESUME - EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT 83  
and whatever it is, it's moving toward Hardcastle and McCormick's campsite.
- 84 RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 84  
McCormick jerks in a fitful sleep and maybe Hardcastle reacts for just a beat to something he may or may not have heard from out in the brush...the mind can start to play tricks on you in the outback. Hardcastle settles down and:
- 85 POV SHOT 85  
moving through the brush, bending over saplings and breaking twigs...play the drama.
- 86 RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 86  
as Hardcastle clearly hears something moving toward them in the dark. He pulls on McCormick's sleeve and McCormick jerks wide awake with a start.

CONTINUED

- 86 CONTINUED 86  
McCORMICK  
What?  
Hardcastle presses a finger to his lips and points to:
- 87 ANGLE - THE THICK WOODS 87  
that surround the campsite...louder now, moving toward us.
- 88 RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 88  
McCormick picks up a large stick and Hardcastle levels his rifle barrel. In his free hand we can see that he holds a rock...the sound of breaking brush is much louder now...Hardcastle and McCormick wait, hardly breathing, then:
- 89 ANGLE - WOODS 89  
and a ten foot tall Grizzly bear charges into the camp. McCormick goes stiff with fear and his mouth opens to scream but for a second he's too freaked to make a sound. The Grizzly turns to him and rushes just as McCormick drops his stick and heads for a tree. He climbs into it just as Hardcastle smashes the butt of the rifle barrel with the rock and:
- 90 CLOSE ON - RIFLE BARREL 90  
and the shell just fizzles...nothing.
- 91 RESUME - SCENE 91  
as the Grizzly rears up, turns to Hardcastle ready to charge, and Hardcastle quickly tries to push another shell into the rifle barrel, but he drops it as the Grizzly charges. Hardcastle moves to sidestep the bear, but catches a paw on the shoulder and is tossed to the ground like a rag doll. McCormick drops from the tree and grabs the stick, whacking the Grizzly on the ass as Hardcastle rolls for cover from the bear's slashing claws. It is like McCormick is playing the clown at a rodeo here as he dances to distract the bear and Hardcastle reloads his make-shift rifle. Finally, he enters a shell and smacks the barrel with the rock... a loud blast and the Grizzly bolts into the woods:

CUT TO

92 EXT. ANOTHER CAMPSITE - NIGHT

92

Taylor Walsh reacts to the gun-shot that echoes through the night. He's getting closer and knows it. Play the moment, then:

CUT TO

93 CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

93

The Judge has a pretty good gash on his shoulder and McCormick helps him tie his arm up in a sling.

McCORMICK

How does it feel?

HARDCASTLE

Hurts like hell. But,  
(tries to smile)  
it's better'n giving him the  
whole main course I guess.

(beat)

That was pretty brave, Mark.  
Thanks.

McCORMICK

You might'a been the main course,  
Judge. But I was looking like  
being dessert.

(looks to the sky)

It's almost dawn, we better get  
out of here and back on the  
river. I mean, I know it's a  
real tough choice, but I'd  
rather drown than be eaten alive.

He helps Hardcastle to his feet and starts to pull the raft down from the paddles.

McCORMICK

(shivers)

They don't have Grizzlies in  
Hawaii, Judge.

They start to drag the raft toward the river.

McCORMICK

No way. They don't even have  
snakes...the worst thing that  
can happen to you in Hawaii is  
gettin' run over by a renegade

(MORE)

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

McCORMICK (cont'd)  
surfpunk, maybe a bad sunburn,  
get punched out by some girl's  
boyfriend. That's about it.

CUT TO

94 EXT. THE ROGUE RIVER - DAWN

94

McCormick and Hardcastle put their raft into the river.

McCORMICK

(imitates Hardcastle)

"I'm gonna show you America,  
kiddo. Crash planes, eat moss,  
get clawed by Grizzlies, find  
bodies, fight for your life".  
You ought'a put that in a travel  
brochere, Judge.

(waves hand)

"Hardcastle's World Wide Suicide  
Travel Agency". Bored with  
O'Dee-ing on sleeping pills,  
the hackneyed jump off a bridge,  
that hose in the exhaust pipe  
cliche? Try us, we aim to please?

HARDCASTLE

Are you done?

McCORMICK

No Judge, I'm not gonna be done  
with this one for a long, long  
time. No, for this one you get  
extra credit.

and as they paddle off in their raft:

CUT TO

95 EXT. THE ROGUE RIVER - DAY

95

Hardcastle and McCormick spin silently in their raft  
on some flat water just above a section of rapids. We  
can hear the roar of the water from off in the distance  
and our guys are starting to look really beat. In need  
of shaves and a bath, good food and warm clothes.

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

McCORMICK

(re: his paddle)

I'm driving, Judge. You just  
try and hold on.

McCormick starts to paddle down river as something way  
up river catches Hardcastle's eye.

HARDCASTLE

Wait a minute, Mark.

(points)

What's that?

96

THEIR POV

96

as Staller and Jewkes paddle down river in an open canoe.

RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

McCormick stands up and looks toward the canoe.

McCORMICK

It's a canoe, Judge. Maybe it's  
a search party looking for us...

(waves paddle)

Hey! Over here! Hey...!

HARDCASTLE

(softly)

Or maybe it's the guys who  
killed that camper we buried  
yesterday...

They exchange looks and McCormick pulls his paddle from  
the air as the canoe closes in, now maybe three hundred  
yards away.

HARDCASTLE

A search party'd come by plane...  
we would'a heard it.

Off their looks:

97

RESUME - THE CANOE

97

Jewkes rises up and braces his rifle raking aim on  
Hardcastle and McCormick. He pulls the trigger and:



## 98 CLOSE ON McCORMICK

98

As his paddle is shattered by a bullet and he ducks for cover...a couple of more shots now as the canoe closes in and Hardcastle and McCormick paddle like hell for the rapids...the chase is on:

## 99 SERIES OF SHOTS - WHITE WATER RIVER CHASE - DAY

99

and this scene is one of the major reasons we wrote this script. We play an incredible series of action shots here as Hardcastle and McCormick smash their way through section after section of standing waves that measure maybe ten, fifteen feet tall. The canoe closes in and Jewkes tries to pull off a couple of shots in the foaming torrent, his aim way off due to the wild ride... The raft hits a wall of white water and McCormick flips over the side and swims a set of rapids as Hardcastle tries to back off the canoe that is not fifty yards away now with a blast from his rigged-up Winchester. Maybe he gets a shot off and blows a hole in the gunnel of the canoe, but it is almost impossible to hit anything while hanging onto a raft. McCormick shouts for help and Hardcastle reaches him, extending the rifle barrel out into the white water: McCormick climbs aboard but the rifle barrel goes over as the raft almost flips upside down in a suck-hole. Jewkes pulls off another shot and blows a hole in the raft and it starts to deflate. Hardcastle and McCormick struggle to stay aboard, but the raft is sinking fast and finally they bail out into the water... We play our two guys thrashing down river ala "Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid" and finally McCormick gets a grip on Hardcastle's collar and fights to swim them both to shore. On their knees now in shallow water, they fight the current and climb to their feet as the canoe closes in and Jewkes continues to fire.

## 100 NEW ANGLE - THE SHORE OF THE ROGUE RIVER

100

Hardcastle and McCormick run for cover into the woods. Staller beaches the canoe and Jewkes leaps out in pursuit.

## 101 VARIOUS ANGLES - THE WOODS

101

As Hardcastle and McCormick race for their lives and run for cover. Then, McCormick stumbles to the ground and right into:

102 CLOSE ON - PAIR OF DEER SKIN MOCCASINS 102

McCormick looks up to:

103 ANGLE - TAYLOR WALSH 103

He holds a rifle on McCormick and Hardcastle runs into  
FRAME: stopping cold and fighting to catch his breath.

WALSH

Get up.

McCormick climbs to his feet as Jewkes and Staller close  
in from the rear. There is a beat as they all exchange  
looks and Staller frisks Hardcastle and Jewkes does the  
same to McCormick. Then, Walsh motions them down a narrow  
deer run, their hands now on their head, P.O.W. style.  
And:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

104 EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

104

Hardcastle and McCormick have been brought to a clearing and we can see that Walsh and his men have set up some sort of primitive campsite. Thatched huts from saplings and etc, but what really catches our eye is the abundance of "store-bought" camping gear that fills the place. Maybe ten or fifteen camping coolers are stacked to one side, tents, sleeping bags, a jeep or two, canoes, porta-toilets, stoves and etc. are everywhere. It almost looks like an Eddie Bower department store. Hardcastle looks around at all this stuff and then shoots a look to Walsh.

HARDCASTLE

Looks like you guys are doing a real good business up here.

McCORMICK

Where the hell did they get all this stuff, Judge?

Walsh doesn't say a word and signals Jewkes and Staller to stay quiet.

HARDCASTLE

They're pirates, kiddo. Livin-off the land and stealin' whatever they can from the poor slobs who come up here to hunt and fish. Ain't that right, chief?

(Beat)

You do figure yourself to be some kind of hot shot chief, right?

Still Walsh doesn't respond.

HARDCASTLE

Sort of a Warrior Lord? These two creeps your loyal tribe?

CONTINUED

On that Walsh smiles.

WALSH

What I figure myself to be is someone destined to save this land from the plunderers and rapists. People who murder the wild life and scar the earth.

MCCORMICK

(Aside to Hardcastle)

Great news, Judge. He's a headcase.

WALSH

The wilderness is my court and I alone pass judgement.

HARDCASTLE

Look, Chief, we were just up here to take some pictures of the cariboo.

WALSH

And those pictures will bring more people up here to soil our land... You're all guilty, all of you. You make the acid rain and your smoke fills the sky. Your factories turn the rivers into sewers.

MCCORMICK

(Again: aside to Hardcastle)

What did I tell you? Headcase.

WALSH

We have all seen the bodies...

(Smiles)

And know the natural law. We must kill what we hunt or nature will fall out of balance...

(Beat)

I hunted that man you found who hunted the Big Horn... and now I have hunted you.

104 CONTINUED

104

Walsh nods to Jewkes and Jewkes raises his rifle and points in at Hardcastle execution style.

WALSH

It is your time, your lesson.

And just as Jewkes goes to pull his trigger we hear a low whistling sound and then a thump. Jewkes eyes go wide for a beat and then he falls over, face first: a crude arrow sticking out of the center of his back.

105 ANGLE - TRAVIS BAKER

105

almost naked and standing on a rock like a caveman. He strings up another crude arrow and pulls back his bow, letting it fly.

106 WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE - SCENE

106

As Staller takes an arrow in the shoulder and Walsh turns and fires on Baker, shooting him dead center in the chest. Baker tumbles and Hardcastle and McCormick take advantage of the moment and bolt for safety into the wilderness... On the run once again.

CUT TO

107 EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

107

As Hardcastle and McCormick smash through the underbrush, running for their lives... Maybe Hardcastle stumbles down the side of a ravine and McCormick hauls him to his feet. Then:

108 RESUME - CAMPSITE - DAY

108

Walsh has pulled the arrow out of Staller's shoulder and is tending to the wound with an ancient mixture of mud and natural herbs.

STALLER

Those two get to a town we're gonna have a hundred people up here lookin' for us, Taylor. We gotta find 'em.

CONTINUED

WALSH

We'll find them,...

(Re: Jewkes and Baker)

But first we bury our dead.

STALLER

Forget that. We gotta  
get goin'. Now!

But Walsh is not listening and a strange and distant  
smile shapes his lips.

WALSH

Even the Texas hunter had  
the privelege of dying with  
pride, Jay,

(Beat)

A warrior's death is the only  
way to the land of soft  
light. Remember that.

and as Walsh picks up a shovel and moves to bury his  
dead, we:

CUT TO

Hardcastle and McCormick are huddled against a rock ravine  
and hiding from the moonlight.

MCCORMICK

That lunatic knows this land  
a lot better than we do, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I know.

MCCORMICK

How's the shoulder...?

And we can see that it still hurts like hell. Hardcastle  
shrugs.

HARDCASTLE

I know I'm usually the guy  
who thinks he knows what to  
do, Mark. But this time I  
don't. I'm outta ideas...

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Are you scared?

Hardcastle doesn't answer.

MCCORMICK

I am.

HARDCASTLE

He's gonna hunt us down.  
Come daybreak he's goin' to  
be chasing us like wild  
turkeys on Thanksgiving day...

There is a beat.

MCCORMICK

(Simply)

Unless we hunt him.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look.

MCCORMICK

When I was in the sixth grade  
there was this kid in my  
class who flunked a couple'a  
years. Name was Eddie Hawkinson  
and I swear to God judge, he had  
yellow eyes... Every day Hawk-  
inson used to punch me out and  
take my lunch money. I was  
terrified of the guy.

(Beat)

But, one day after about six  
months of this, I punched  
him first, not very hard but  
right in the nose.

HARDCASTLE

And Eddie Hawkinson kicked your  
head off...

MCCORMICK

No Judge, he started to cry.

HARDCASTLE

So you think that maybe who's  
after us is like this guy  
Eddie Hawkinson guy?

MCCORMICK

I hope not... Two days later  
Eddie's older brother got me  
after school and broke my arm.

There is a beat and Hardcastle and McCormick exchange  
smiles.

MCCORMICK

Let's hunt this bastard down  
until we make him cry, Judge...  
If he's got an older brother,  
we'll worry about that after  
school.

Off his look:

LONG DISSOLVE TO

110

EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

110

Walsh and Staller are tracking Hardcastle and McCormick,  
searching through the brush for broken twigs, fresh  
footprints and etc. It should be clear that maybe these  
guys have been stalking their prey for a couple of days.  
Then, Walsh points off toward the North and motions  
Staller to follow him, quietly... CAMERA FOLLOWS them,  
and:

111

MUSIC - UNDER AND IN

111

*oh God he was a nightmare  
Lord it was so true  
here come old bones walkin' slow  
the devil's on the loose  
let it run through the jungle  
and don't look back*

112

REVERSE ANGLE - ON A THICK ROW OF PINE TREES

112

After a beat Hardcastle steps out from some dense brush:  
Less than a hundred feet from where Walsh and Staller  
stood not more than a moment before... Hardcastle looks  
different to us, almost wild, in need of a shave, hungry and  
covered with dirt and sweat. Then:

CONTINUED



112 CONTINUED

112

*thought I heard a rumblin'  
brought me to my knees  
two hundred million suns alone  
make me cry for Cane.*

CUT TO

113 CLOSE ON - A PAIR OF HANDS

113

As they claw into the ground, digging a large whole in the dirt.

WIDER ANGLE - McCORMICK

Shirtless, sweating and standing in a hole about waist deep. Play his exhaustion as he bends back to his task, and:

RESUME - WALSH AND STALLER

In single file like a couple of headhunters on the prowl.

*make me run through the jungle  
better run through the jungle  
oh run through the jungle  
and don't look back*

CUT TO

114 CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE

114

As he strips off a shred of his shirt and hangs it on a thorny branch... Then he runs off into the forest.

115 RESUME - WALSH AND STALLER

115

As Staller picks the pieces of Hardcastle's shirt off the thorny branch and nods to Walsh. Walsh smiles and as they stalk off:

CUT TO

- 116 CLOSE ON - McCORMICK 116  
Digging, deeper now, almost over his head and near collapse from exhaustion.
- 117 RESUME - HARDCASTLE 117  
Taking cover behind a tree and listening...
- 118 ANGLE - WALSH AND STALLER 118  
Silently walking down a deer run,... and then, after a beat, Hardcastle steps into view maybe a hundred yards behind them. He breaks a stick that he holds in his hand and it makes a loud snap... Both Walsh and Staller whirl as Hardcastle highballs it off into the wilderness.
- CUT TO
- 119 CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE 119  
Running as fast as he can through the forest, breathing hard.
- 120 INTERCUT - WALSH AND STALLER AND HARDCASTLE AS NECESSARY 120  
The chase is on and getting tighter...
- MUSIC - UNDER AND IN
- make me run through the jungle  
better run through the jungle  
oh run through the jungle  
and don't look back*
- Then:
- CUT TO
- 121 ANGLE - CLEARING IN THE FOREST 121  
As Hardcastle comes rumbling into FRAME like a runaway freight train, turning hard to his left and taking cover behind a large rock... A beat, then Walsh and

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

Staller come sprinting into view and make it about ten yards before they pile into a LARGE PIT that has been covered over with leaves and branches. Hardcastle jumps to his feet and raises a river stone above his head as McCormick explodes from out of the brush and cracks Walsh with a club-like stick. Staller is stunned and tosses his rifle away and for a beat Hardcastle and McCormick stand over their prey holding their primitive weapons like a couple of cavemen on a Mammoth hunt.

122 CLOSE ON - WALSH AND STALLER

122

Trapped in the pit and helpless as Hardcastle and McCormick stand over them.

123 CLOSER ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

123

And for a beat we think that Hardcastle is going to smash Walsh with the stone he holds high over his head, functioning with the pure simplicity of an animal... He flexes to throw the stone and McCormick gently grabs his arm.

McCORMICK

Don't Judge... We won.

(Beat)

Let's just take them in.

Hardcastle looks up.

HARDCASTLE

Winter'll be up here in a couple of weeks. We'll never make it.

McCORMICK

We can try...

and off Hardcastle's haggared face, we:

DISSOLVE TO

124 EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

124

As it starts to snow in this majestic wonderland of mountains and rivers, life and death. It has been a

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

couple of weeks at least and the cold beauty is both  
stunning and dangerous. Then:

CUT TO

125 ANGLE - THE CRASHED PLANE

125

as maybe four inches of fresh snow piles up on its broken  
wings and Buzz Bird's grave is now nothing but a quiet,  
pure white mound... Above it, Hardcastle's fishing hat  
hangs on a stick that serves as this grave's only marker.

126 MOVE IN ON - HARDCASTLE'S FISHING HAT

126

and we can't help but wonder where our guys are...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

127 EXT. THE TOWN OF MYRTLE CREEK, OREGON - DAY

127

This small town is bustling with the business of the day and the town folk are out in force... Then, after a beat we play off some of their expressions as they stop what they're doing and look to whatever is causing an OFF SCREEN commotion in the center of Main Street.

128 ANGLE - MAIN STREET

128

And Hardcastle and McCormick are almost unrecognizable, full beards, feet wrapped in rags and dressed in animal skins like a couple of real mountain men. Both of them hold rifles on Staller and Walsh who, like Hardcastle and McCormick can barely stand; all four suffering from exposure and exhaustion... A crowd gathers and after a beat the Sheriff of Myrtle Creek comes out of his office and walks up to this strange foursome.

HARDCASTLE

(nods)

Sheriff... I'm Milt Hardcastle,  
this is Mark McCormick.

And the Sheriff can hardly believe his eyes.

SHERIFF

The same guys who were lost with  
Buzz Bird the end'a last month?

McCORMICK

We're not quite the same guys  
anymore sheriff... and I think  
the judge'd like you guys to  
book these two on a couple of  
counts of murder one.

The Sheriff is still a little stunned as he starts to cuff Walsh and motions one of his deputies to do the same to Staller.

HARDCASTLE

We'll fill you in on the details  
after we have a couple of beers  
and find a bathtub... Maybe a  
big steak with a side of fries.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK  
Roots and berries, some bark.

The Sheriff shoots a weird look to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE  
(re: McCormick)  
Don't ask, 'cause you can't  
change him anyways...

Hardcastle gently pushes McCormick off down the street  
toward one of those little country hotels. He looks  
around at the civilized surroundings of Myrtle Creek.

HARDCASTLE  
We made it, kiddo.

MCCORMICK  
Yeah, I guess we did.

There is a beat as they walk down the street: exhausted.

MCCORMICK  
So, judge...

HARDCASTLE  
Huh?

MCCORMICK  
You had me placed into your  
custody just because you didn't  
wanna spend your retirement  
alone?

HARDCASTLE  
Now, where the hell do you get a  
dumb idea like that?

MCCORMICK  
From you...

There is a beat.

HARDCASTLE  
Look, I only said that 'cause I  
thought you were sleepin'.

MCCORMICK

I wasn't.

HARDCASTLE

(Looks around)

Well, don't get excited, 'cause  
no one was around when I said  
that 'cept me, and I don't  
remember.

(Beat)

Anyway, kiddo...next year.

A beat.

MCCORMICK

"Anyway, kiddo, next year", what?

HARDCASTLE

Next year, we go to Hawaii...

Then they turn and start to walk down the dirt street of  
this tiny northwestern town and:

MUSIC - UNDER AND IN

*oh God he was a nightmare  
Lord it was so true  
here come old bones walkin' slow  
the devil's on the loose  
let it run through the jungle  
and don't look back  
thought I heard a rumblin'  
brought me to my knees  
two hundred million suns alone  
make me cry for Cane  
make me run through the jungle  
oh run through the jungle  
and don't look back*

then:

FREEZE FRAME  
FADE OUT

THE END