

CAM

Ok, go water your horse and come on inside.

The rider pulls his horse away to go out back. Cam watches him as he starts toward the front door and disappears inside.

12

INT. TRADING POST - MOMENTS LATER

12

The rider is now inside sipping on the turned fruit juice that looks like muddy water in a glass. He makes faces at the bad taste as he takes a sip. The inside of the trading post is noticeably less supplied than in previous scenes.

CAM

Which way you headed?

LONE RIDER

Does it matter?

CAM

No... most folk going west are headed for the mountains and gold prospecting. Them headed north are looking for other things.

LONE RIDER

I ain't looking for those things.

CAM

It don't matter to me anyway. They always pass back this way in a year or two after they go bust.

Cam laughs but the rider doesn't see much humor in it.

LONE RIDER

I doubt you'll be seeing me again.

Cam smiles at first then considers what the stranger has said. It could be a warning not to ask too many questions. The rider turns slightly and Cam notices he wears his gun in a cross-draw holster.

CAM

I'm not trying to get up in your business mister.

LONE RIDER

Then don't.

(CONTINUED)

Cam is cautious but feels he needs to ask just one more question.

CAM

Would you happen to have noticed any new freight companies in any towns you been in recently?

The rider just seems to ignore the question. Cam is not sure if he understands what he's asking.

CAM

I lost my freight company about 6 months ago... and you can see...

Cam points out his lack of supplies

CAM

I need some inventory.

The rider takes a quick glance around then goes back to sipping on his drink.

LONE RIDER

Sorry, can't help.

CAM

I'm the only stop between Fort Smith and Little Rock. That's 150 god damn miles!

LONE RIDER

Still can't help.

CAM

All I get now is an occasional trader passing by with this shit I can't sell.

Cam holds up a bottle of the turned squeezing juice.

CAM

The stage ain't got no room.

Cam thinks for a moment.

CAM

It'd be too god damn expensive anyhow.

The rider stops for a moment and looks toward Cam.

(CONTINUED)

LONE RIDER

You got any 44-40 cartridges?

CAM

Naw, I traded my last box to them
fur traders last month.

The rider looks a little aggravated, finishes his drink and puts the glass on the counter.

LONE RIDER

I'll be going now.

The rider tosses a couple of coins on the counter, picks up a small sack of supplies and walks out. Cam walks over, picks up the coins and looks them over.

13 EXT. TRADING POST - CONTINUOUS 13

The rider getting on his horse and riding away.

FADE OUT:

14 EXT. TRADING POST - MID DAY 14

FADE IN:

The scene opens with Cam out back of the trading post tending to the corral of pony express horses. One of them is wet with sweat and looks as though it has just been ridden hard.

Cam starts to hear the noise of a wagon approaching from a distance. He walks over to the water trough and pumps up some fresh water to wash his face. He walks to the front of the trading post and stands on the front porch in the shade just as a covered wagon pulls up, driven by a large BURLY MAN with a barrel chest. The man seems friendly and smiles at Cam as he pulls his team to a stop.

CAM

Evening mister.

BURLY MAN

Hey friend!

The big man struggles to get off the wagon but makes his way down. He beats off his clothes for a moment, removes his glove and shakes the hand of Cam.

(CONTINUED)