

OLD YELLER

Prod. 2103

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Fred Gipson/William Tunberg
REVISED SHOOTING SCRIPT
January 22, 1957

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WHEN DUTIES IN CONNECTION WITH PRO-
DUCTION ARE COMPLETED.

FADE IN

1 SCENIC SHOT - DAY - BOUQUET CANYON 1

Over the hills there trots a big, lop-eared mongrel yellow dog. As he stops close to CAMERA we superimpose the main title "OLD YELLER."

DISSOLVE

2-5 OTHER SCENIC SHOTS - BOUQUET CANYON (FIRST UNIT) AND ANY OTHER SUITABLE LOCATIONS USED BY EITHER UNIT - DAY 2-5

Old Yeller trots across each scene. These scenes should be at least fifty feet long and should only be shot on locations of exceptional beauty and grandeur. Over them the credit titles are superimposed.

DISSOLVE

6 THE TRAIL TO THE CABIN - DAY - ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 6

Old Yeller trots toward us and begins to drink thirstily at the spring. A SOUND is heard, which makes him raise his head.

6a WHAT HE SEES - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 6a

Travis and Arliss are leading Jumper, the mule, and Jim Coates' horse from the corral towards the cabin.

With a high-pitched clapboard roof and built of rough logs, the cabin consists of two rooms connected by a roofed-over breeze-way. At one end is a chimney, and this half of the cabin has an outside, or front door, and on the wall a deer hide is nailed up for drying. The cabin is protected by a split rail fence. Just outside the fence, not far from the gate, is a two-wheeled cart.

6b RESUME PREVIOUS SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 6b

Old Yeller watches warily a moment, then turns and trots back down the trail.

7 DOLLY SHOT - TRAVIS AND ARLISS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 7

ARLISS

What's Papa (pronounced
Póp-pa, not pa-pá) goin'
to sell our steers for?

TRAVIS

For money, of course.

ARLISS

What's money?

They have reached the fence which surrounds the cabin and tie the horse and the mule to the hitching post.

7a NEW ANGLE AT CABIN FENCE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 7a

TRAVIS

What's money?
(hesitantly)
Why, it's what you buy
things with.

Travis takes a saddle which he has previously set on the fence and begins to saddle the horse. Arliss climbs up on the fence to watch him.

ARLISS

(puzzled)
Buy things with? What's
that mean?

Travis has to devote full attention to the question. He scratches his head.

TRAVIS

(slowly, uncertainly)
Well, if you got money you
give it to people for stuff.
(in sudden inspiration)
They say you can git anything
with money.

Arliss is intrigued. Mouth open, he looks up at Travis.

ARLISS

Gol-lee! What's it look like?

(CONTINUED)

7a CONTINUED

7a

TRAVIS

Well, I never seen but one piece. A dollar bill Papa had. It was paper, but he told me mostly money's round pieces of silver and copper.

ARLISS

What'd Papa git with his dollar?

TRAVIS

Nothing. It wasn't no good.

ARLISS

But you just said you could git anything with it.

TRAVIS

(flustered)

You can, but Papa's was Confederate money!

ARLISS

What's Confederate money?

TRAVIS

(at sea)

Why, it's -- well -- it's money that --

(giving up)

Aw, why don't you hush up?

Quickly Travis turns to the horse, pretending to inspect the saddle. Arliss eyes him quizzically.

8 INT. COATES' CABIN - KITCHEN - FIRST UNIT - STAGE

8

Occupying most of the end wall opposite the doorway to the breezeway is a fireplace built of rough, uncut stone. Cooking utensils hang on either side of it. On the mantel is a candle stuck into the neck of a bottle, and beside it is the family "library": a huge, well-worn Bible, and a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Above the mantel is a gun rack of deer antlers, with a "cap and ball" rifle lying across it. Shot pouch and powder-horn depend from the antler points on looped strings.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED

8

To one side of the room is a kitchen table made of axe-hewn boards, with log benches on either side. In a corner of the opposite wall is the "grownups'" bed. It is built against the wall and spread with a white counterpane.

KATIE COATES, a pretty young woman in her early thirties, is standing at the table, packing spare shirts and socks into a pair of saddlebags. She is wearing a simple, full-skirted calico dress. JIM COATES, a tall, strongly-made man of thirty-five, wears a hickory shirt, leather vest, and homespun pants stuffed into high-topped boots. Also on the table is Jim's rifle, in a scabbard. On the verge of tears, Katie turns to Jim.

KATIE

Jim, I wish you didn't have to go.

Jim puts an arm about her shoulder.

JIM

Right now, I sort of feel the same way, Katie girl. But I throwed a hundred of our steers into that pool herd. Was I to back out now, it wouldn't hardly look right.

KATIE

I know -- but --

JIM

In Kansas we can git maybe four or five dollars a head for 'em.

(smiling)

Cash money, too. That's all we need to git a tight tail-holt on the world!

He takes a piece of paper from the table and puts it on the floor. Lifting Katie by the elbows, he plants her on the paper.

JIM

Now you stand right there, so I kin see just how big your feet are.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED

8

He kneels and removes her shoes, one by one. Then, using the soft lead end of a bullet, he traces the outlines of her feet.

9 CLOSE UP - KATIE

9

Her face reflects her sadness at the parting which is so near. After a moment, looking down solemnly, she speaks.

KATIE

You'll really be gone three months?

10 TWO SHOT - KATIE AND JIM

10

Jim replaces her shoes and takes up the paper.

JIM

(as he does so)

All of three months -- maybe four.

The tears come into Katie's eyes. For a moment she tries to fight them back -- while Jim is folding the shoe-size papers and stuffing them into a pocket. Then she begins to sob. He rises and takes her into his arms to comfort her.

JIM

Now, honey, it ain't nothing to cry about.

KATIE

This'll be the first time we've ever been separated.

Jim smiles tenderly at her.

JIM

You know the first thing I aim to do when I sell them steers? I'm gittin' you a store-bought dress. The first you've had since we came to Texas!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED

10

Katie looks at him, realizing he is trying to make the parting easier. She fights back her tears and manages a smile. Jim encircles her waist with his big hands. He holds up the circle for her to see.

JIM

This about the right size?

Katie nods, then suddenly goes into his arms, clinging to him. Jim kisses her.

10a CLOSE SHOT - AT FRONT DOOR

10a

The door inches open and Arliss peers in, looking OFF at his parents in their embrace.

ARLISS

Hey, Papa!

10b TWO SHOT - KATIE AND JIM

10b

They separate, turning toward the door.

10c GROUP SHOT - TO INCLUDE ARLISS IN DOORWAY

10c

Jim and Katie exchange a look of affection, both smiling a little at the interruption.

ARLISS

(eagerly)

Papa, I'm goin' with you!

Jim picks up rifle and saddlebags from the table, and he and Katie go toward Arliss and the door.

JIM

(as he does so)

You better stay here and take care of your Mama.

10d EXT. CABIN AND YARD - STAGE - FIRST UNIT

10d

Katie and Jim start toward the gate. Arliss trots along beside his father. CAMERA PANS them to Travis at the gate. Travis is busy fastening a bedroll behind the cante of Jim's saddle.

ARLISS

But Papa, I wanna go.

(CONTINUED)

10d CONTINUED

10d

KATIE

Arliss, be quiet.

Jim puts the saddlebags on the horse while Travis ties the rifle and scabbard to the saddle.

JIM

You ride a piece with me,
Travis.

Travis nods. He unties and mounts the mule. Jim unties his horse. Arliss grabs at Jim, clinging like a leech to his father's leg. Jim disengages Arliss and swings up into the saddle. With a howl of dismay Arliss hurls himself at the horse and grabs the stirrup.

ARLISS

But I tell you I wanna go!

JIM

Arliss!

Jim lifts Arliss up for a brief hug.

10e CLOSE TWO SHOT - JIM AND ARLISS

10e

ARLISS

I kin drive them old cows,
same as you!

JIM

Boy, you can't go on no cow
drive. Them Enjuns would
scalp you, for sure.

Arliss, wide-eyed, subsides.

10f GROUP SHOT

10f

Jim leans from the saddle to set the boy on the ground. Arliss moves close to Katie, and both watch as Jim swings his horse away.

KATIE

Goodbye, Jim.

Jim gives his wife a final look, and starts his horse out. Travis rides the mule in beside his father.

11 SHOT FROM KATIE'S ANGLE - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 11

As Jim and Travis ride away.

11a KATIE AND ARLISS - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 11a

As they silently watch them go.

DISSOLVE

12 DOLLY SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 12

Jim and Travis approach CAMERA. As they come into CLOSE SHOT, Jim begins to speak.

JIM

Now, son, while I'm gone
you'll be the man of the
family.

TRAVIS

(gravely)

Yessir.

JIM

You'll have the young pigs to
mark and fresh meat to shoot,
and mainly there's the corn
patch. You let the varmints eat
up that corn and we'll be without
bread this winter.

(he pauses and reins
his horse to a stop)

It's a sure-enough man's job.

TRAVIS

Yes, sir.

They exchange a look.

JIM

Well, all right then, boy.
I'll see you this fall.

Jim is about to ride out when Travis suddenly remembers something important.

TRAVIS

Papa, you ain't forgetting
that horse?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED

12

Jim turns in the saddle.

JIM
(teasing smile)
What horse?

TRAVIS
Now, Papa, you know I've been
aching all over for a horse to
ride. I've told you, time and
ag'in.

JIM
(seriously)
What you're needing is
a good dog.

TRAVIS
Maybe so. But what I'm
wanting the worst is a
horse.

JIM
(smiles)
All right, boy, you act a
man's part and I'll bring
you a man's horse.

Jim puts out a big hand.

JIM
(continuing)
You want to shake on that
deal?

Travis is impressed. Awkwardly he shoves out his hand
and they gravely shake. Then Jim turns and rides OUT
OF SCENE. CAMERA STAYS ON TRAVIS, who sits Jumper,
staring after his father.

13 ALBERTSON RANCH - JIM COATES - TRAVIS'S POV - FIRST UNIT

13

Jim rides on, disappearing from sight where the trail
winds between trees.

14 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

14

He watches a moment longer. His expression becomes
wistful, lonely. Then he squares his shoulders, reins
the mule around and rides OUT OF SCENE.

DISSOLVE TO

- 15 thru 25 OMITTED 15 thru 25
- 26 LONG SHOT - CORN PATCH - SHOOTING TOWARD CABIN IN B.G.
- SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 26
- The corn patch is enclosed by a split rail fence, the far side of which is a portion of the yard fence. Between the yard fence and the first rows of corn is a narrow strip given over to watermelon and cantaloupe. In F.G. Travis is plowing, using a "double-shovel" type plow hitched to Jumper.
- 27 DOLLY SHOT - TRAVIS AND JUMPER - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 27
- The corn -- in silk and tassel stage -- is in rows about three feet apart. It has been thinned to single stalks, each stalk three to four feet from the next one in the row. Travis is grave and business-like -- a boy fully aware of the man's job he is doing successfully.
- 28 CORN PATCH - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 28
- Travis is turning the plow at the end of the row when Jumper suddenly throws up his head and points his ears at an OFF SCENE bark of a running dog. Travis looks toward the SOUND in sudden concern.
- 29 TRAVIS'S POV - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 29
- A hard-running jackrabbit approaching CAMERA with Old Yeller in pursuit. Rabbit and dog drive through the fence into the cornfield.
- 30 TRAVIS AND JUMPER - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 30
- The escaping jack-rabbit darts right under Jumper's belly, with Old Yeller nipping at the rabbit's tail again. With a snort of fright, Jumper bolts.
- 30a NEW ANGLE - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 30a
- Jumper taking off in a high run, dragging behind him the plow and Travis (double), round whose shoulders the reins are looped.
- 30b OLD YELLER AND RABBIT - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 30b
- Old Yeller turns, lets the rabbit escape through the fence, and chases after Jumper.

- 31 CLOSE DOLLY SHOT OF TRAVIS AS HE IS DRAGGED - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 31
- He fights to free himself from the reins.
- TRAVIS
(yelling)
Whoa, Jumper! Whoa, now!
- He frees himself from the reins just as Old Yeller hurdles through the shot.
- 32 TRAVIS' POV - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 32
- The mule, Yeller at his heels, catches the corner of the cornpatch fence with the plow and brings it down.
- 33 TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 33
- TRAVIS
(shouting)
Let that mule alone!
- He runs forward.
- 34 EXT. CABIN - STAGE 34
- Katie rushes out.
- KATIE
Whoa, Jumper! Whoa, now!
- 34a KATIE'S POV - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 34a
- Jumper, chased by Yeller, catches the yard fence with the plough, tears it down with a crash.
- 35 FLASH OF TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 35
- As he races after Jumper.
- 35a THE END OF THE YARD FENCE - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 35a
- The plow gets caught in the fence post, the braces break and Jumper gallops off, still chased by Yeller.
- 36 TRAVIS, KATIE IN THE B.G. - STAGE 36
- After glaring after the dog a moment, he moodily examines the wreckage. Katie comes up to him, eyes him with motherly concern. Travis is on the edge of frustrated tears.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED

36

TRAVIS

Papa ain't gone a full
day and look what a
mess!

Katie puts an arm round him consolingly.

KATIE

It's no fault of yours,
son.

TRAVIS

Maybe not, but --

He is interrupted by a cheerful bark.

36a OLD YELLER - ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

36a

Old Yeller, tired of chasing the mule, has been
barking to attract their attention and is now cheer-
fully watching them and wagging his tail.

36b TRAVIS - STAGE

36b

Angrily he picks up a rock, throws it.

TRAVIS

Git, you crazy fool dog!

36c OLD YELLER - ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

36c

Travis has missed, but Yeller scampers off. Another rock
comes into scene as he races away down the trail.

36d TRAVIS AND KATIE - STAGE

36d

Travis throws one more rock, then steps back to his
mother.

TRAVIS

Know one thing. That old
dog better not show up
around here when I've got
a gun in my hands!

DISSOLVE

37 INT. COATES' CABIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT - STAGE

37

Travis, the dust brushed off his clothes and his hands and face washed, is seated glumly at the table. The table is all set for supper. The meal itself waits in big iron pots at the fireplace while Katie, in the doorway to the breezeway, calls out.

KATIE
(calling)
Arliss! You better get in
here if you want any supper.

Katie goes to the fireplace and begins to dish up supper. As she heads for the table with a platter of cornbread, the door opens and Arliss, hands and face streaked with dirt, straggles in.

ARLISS
Who busted down the fence?

KATIE
(sternly)
Where have you been?

ARLISS
(importantly)
Bear hunting. Who busted the
fence down?

TRAVIS
Danged old stray dog. Run
Jumper right through it.

ARLISS
(interested)
A dog? Where is he?

TRAVIS
(darkly)
You won't never see him.
I done rocked him clean
off the place.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED

37

KATIE

Arliss, go wash up before
supper's all cold.

ARLISS

(protestingly)

Aw, Mama.

She looks at him more closely.

KATIE

What's in that pocket.

38 CLOSE SHOT - ARLISS

38

His pants pocket is twitching as though it were alive.
Arliss drops a protective hand in front of it.

ARLISS

(a picture of
innocence)

Nothin'.

39 GROUP SHOT

39

Katie places the platter on the table, then advances
upon Arliss.

KATIE

Let's see what you've got
this time.

ARLISS

(pleading)

Aw, Mama.

KATIE

Come on.

Reluctantly Arliss fishes into his pocket, slowly
extracting by its tail a large horned-toad, swollen
with indignation. Travis smiles. Katie is slightly
repelled.

KATIE

Oh, Arliss, how can you even
touch those ugly things!

Arliss holds up the toad.

40 CLOSE UP - THE HORNED TOAD

40

ARLISS'S VOICE

Aw, Mama, he's not ugly. Look here at his belly. See how smooth and soft and pretty it is.

41 GROUP SHOT

41

Arliss advances on his mother to show her. Katie steps back in alarm. Travis chuckles.

KATIE

(hastily)

I know. Everything you catch is pretty -- but take it away. We can't have it in the house.

ARLISS

You mean I got to throw him away?

KATIE

(nodding)

And everything else you've got in that pocket.

ARLISS

(tragically)

My frog, too?

Exasperated, Katie closes in on Arliss.

KATIE

(severely)

Arliss! What all have you got in that pocket?

Arliss tries to run, but Katie grabs him and makes a quick turn-out of his pocket. As she does so she leaps backward with a cry of alarm. Travis pushes up from the table. Onto the floor spill a frog and a wriggling snake.

42 ANGLE CLOSE SHOT - THE FLOOR

42

The frog leaps OUT OF THE SHOT, leaving a twitching, striped garter snake.

43 GROUP SHOT

43

TRAVIS

Nothin' but a garter snake,
Mama.

KATIE

I don't care! Get it out
of here.

Travis catches the frog and picks up the snake by the tail. He opens the front door and tosses them out. Katie fixes Arliss with a stern glance.

KATIE

Arliss, if you don't stop catching things and bringing them into the house, I'm going to switch you good. And don't you ever pick up a snake again, do you understand?

ARLISS

Yessum.

KATIE

Now get out there and wash up for supper.

Arliss dashes for the door to the breezeway and exits. Katie turns distractedly to Travis.

KATIE

I wish he had a good dog like old Bell.

TRAVIS

There ain't another dog in the world like old Bell was.

(musingly)

He sure would of made short work of that old yeller stray.

KATIE

When you were little, old Bell never would let you near anything harmful.

TRAVIS

A little old garter snake ain't harmful.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED

43

KATIE
(troubled)
If he'll pick up one kind of
snake, he'll pick up another.
Next time it could be a rattler.
I still wish we had us a good
dog.

As Travis soberly gets the logic of this,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

43a SCOPE SHOT OF CABIN EXTERIOR - DAY - SECOND UNIT -
ALBERTSON RANCH

43a

It is early morning and Travis is carrying a load of
firewood to the cabin.

44 INT. KITCHEN - STAGE

as Travis enters, he stops at the door and reacts.

45 CLOSE SHOT - KATIE - TRAVIS'S POV

45

A far-off look on her face, Katie stands at the fireplace
with a spoon poised in her hand, having suddenly forgotten
all about the mush pot, which needs stirring.

46 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS

46

He is smiling at Katie.

TRAVIS

Mama --

47 MED. SHOT - THE KITCHEN

47

Slowly Katie turns toward Travis.

KATIE

I was just thinking about your
Papa. Guess he's eaten his
breakfast by now.

Travis crosses with the wood.

TRAVIS

Guess they'd want to git
an early start.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED

47

KATIE

I wonder how far they got
yesterday?

TRAVIS

Papa says fifteen mile a
day is a long haul for a
trail herd. Guess maybe
they made ten mile.

Katie sighs and turns back to the fireplace.

KATIE

Mush is about ready. If
you want middling meat to go
with it, you better go cut
down some.

Travis opens the door to the breezeway.

48 INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE

48

This is the roofed-over area between the two rooms of the cabin, about ten feet wide. Doors from both ends of the cabin open into it. The floor is dry sand, cleanly swept. Near the kitchen door are two barrels: a covered one containing cornmeal; an open one holding water. Close to the water barrel is a shelf for the wash basin and a wedge of lye soap. Above, a rag towel hangs from a peg. Against this wall are propped a crude "eye" hoe, a spade, and a "battling stick," used to beat beat clothes on wash day. Against the opposite wall are two chairs with rawhide seats. From the cross-beams depends a chain for the drinking water bucket. Travis steps to a number of broken bear grass strings where normally meat is hung, automatically raises his hand, but finds to his surprise no meat there.

TRAVIS

(calling)

Mama, what happened to the
middling meat?

He is interrupted by the cheerful yap of a dog. He turns his head.

49 CLOSE SHOT - OLD YELLER - TRAVIS'S POV

49

Despite the fact that a distended belly and a piece of bacon rind on the ground prove him a thief, Old Yeller greets Travis cheerfully, his tail wagging.

50 INT. BREEZEWAY - FULL SHOT 50

Travis recovers from his surprise and angrily grabs up the hoe.

TRAVIS
(explosively)
Why, you no-account, thieving
rascal!

Travis raises the hoe threateningly. Old Yeller flings himself to the ground.

51 CLOSE SHOT - OLD YELLER 51

He crawls on his side as though trying to sneak away, howling mournfully.

52 OUT 52 OU

53 FULL SHOT 53

As Katie, attracted by the din, runs in from the kitchen.

KATIE
Where on earth did that
dog come from?

TRAVIS
It's that old stray dog
what wrecked the fence.
(indicates
crossbeams)
And he stole that big side
of middling meat.

Then, Arliss issues from the bedroom door. He rushes to Old Yeller.

ARLISS
A dog! A dog!

54 TWO SHOT - OLD YELLER AND ARLISS 54

Protectively, the kid puts an arm about the dog and begins to pet him. Old Yeller responds by wagging his tail.

55 GROUP SHOT 55

Arliss glares at the hoe held in Travis's hands.

55 CONTINUED

55

ARLISS
(outraged).
You hit my dog and I'll
wear you to a frazzle!

Arliss grabs up Katie's washday "battling stick" and takes a swing at Travis. Travis throws up a forearm to block the blow. Katie darts in and disarms Arliss.

KATIE
Arliss! Don't you dare
hit your brother!

Arliss bursts into tears of indignation.

ARLISS
He was trying to kill my dog!

TRAVIS
(disgustedly)
He's not your dog, and I never even
teched him.

Arliss turns back to the dog, hugging Old Yeller, then faces Travis and Katie.

ARLISS
He's my dog! Ain't nobody
gonna hurt him!

Old Yeller licks the tears of rage from the face of his champion. Katie looks at the disgusted Travis and laughs.

KATIE
Well, it looks like we've
got us a dog.

TRAVIS
(in disbelief)
Mama, you don't mean we're
gonna keep that old, ugly
yeller dog. After what all
he done?

ARLISS
(fiercely)
He ain't no ugly yeller dog!
He's a purty yeller dog!

Arliss puts a hand on the dog's neck.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED (1)

55

ARLISS
(crooning it)
Come on, Yeller. Come on,
boy!

Boy and dog exit from the breezeway. Katie turns thoughtfully to Travis.

KATIE
Why not let Arliss claim
him?

Frowning, Travis leans the hoe back against the wall.

TRAVIS
And have him stompeding Old
Jumper ag'in?

KATIE
You can break him of that.

TRAVIS
But he's a thief, Mama. He'll
steal us blind.

KATIE
Most creatures will steal
when they're hungry enough.
(laughing)
But you'll have to admit
he's a smart thief, else he'd
never have figured a way to
get at that meat. Must have
jumped from the top of the
meal barrel.

56 OMITTED

56 OUT

57 MED. SHOT - TRAVIS AND KATIE

57

KATIE
(a cheerful smile)
Let's give him a chance.

Travis turns protestingly to his mother.

TRAVIS
But, Mama --

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED

57

KATIE

Come on, son, we'll eat.
Then you can take to the
woods and get us a deer.

Travis lets his mother guide him into the kitchen. CAMERA
HOLDS ON THE SCENE Presently Arliss and Old Yeller re-
turn. Old Yeller is panting.

ARLISS

(happily)

You want a drink, boy?

Arliss pushes a chair under the water bucket, climbs up
and by exerting all his strength, lifts the bucket from
the hook. He manages to put the bucket on the floor
and gets down beside the dog.

ARLISS

Come on, Yeller. Water!

CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT OF OLD YELLER as he begins
to drink.

DISSOLVE

58 SCOPE SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT - DAY

58

Travis riding Jumper begins to descend from the summit
of a range of hills. He has a shot pouch and a powder
horn cross-looped over his shoulders. His rifle is in
his right hand, and he guides the mule with his left.

DISSOLVE

58a SCOPE SHOT - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY

58a

Travis, riding Jumper, fords a stream.

DISSOLVE

58b ANOTHER SCOPE SHOT OF SIMILAR ACTION - SECOND UNIT -
DAY

58b

To be found on the Albertson Ranch, or on any of the
other locations at which Travis and Jumper will be
working.

DISSOLVE

59 SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY 59

As Travis rides Jumper towards CAMERA through a peaceful thickly-wooded oak grove.

59a SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY 59a

As Jumper enters past CAMERA, some twenty-five bobwhite quail erupt upward from a thicket. It is literally an explosion of sound and movement. Jumper snorts, shies away; and Travis (double) falls off with a thud.

60 CLOSE ON TRAVIS AS HE FALLS - SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 60

TRAVIS
(shouting)
Jumper! You jughead!

He gets up out of picture.

61 JUMPER - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY 61

Travis rises into picture and grabs the rein. As he leads him over to tie him to one of the saplings, he reproves the animal.

TRAVIS
(chidingly)
A bunch of bobwhites, and you
act like you ain't got the brains
of a blind goose in a hailstorm.

Gun in hand, he starts to angle off toward BG. Then, suddenly, he remembers and stops. He moistens a finger, holding it aloft to test the breeze. Then he starts out in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO

- 62 WATER HOLE - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY 62
A weak seep spring feeds water into a small pool. Behind is a thicket, heavily brushed in. This shot is taken past the head and shoulders of Travis as he sits motionless watching the waterhole.
- 63 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY 63
He is sitting on an old dead tree, partially concealed by brush, his rifle held across his knees. He sits in complete silence, without movement save for his alert glance, directed OFF SCENE. Now the SOUNDS begin to come to him... the distant bawling of a cow...the whistle of bobwhite... the melancholy cooing of a mourning dove...then a rustling in the brush which makes Travis grow tense.
- 64 THE WATER HOLE - TRAVIS' POV - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 64
The brush is rustling as if some animal were passing through.
- 65 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 65
He raises his rifle, tensely looks off scene.
- 66 THE WATER HOLE - TRAVIS' POV - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 66
The brush parts, and a doe and her fawn trot over to the water hole to drink.
- 67 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 67
Travis watches them gently, very slowly lowers his gun.
- 67a CLOSER ON THE FAWN AND DOE - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 67a
They finish drinking, disappear again in the brush.
- 68 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 68
He waits motionlessly - and the country is now alive with the SOUNDS of birds and animals. There comes the whirring sound of a chaparral bird...then, from a nearby oak, the chatter of squirrels. Travis' glance goes toward the squirrels.

- 69 MED. CLOSE SHOT - OAK - TRAVIS' POV - STOCK 69
Two fox squirrels romp in the branches, leaping from one branch to the other.
- 70 NEAR THE WATER HOLE - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 70
In the far BG a buck deer appears.
- 71 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 71
His attention is on the squirrels, and he smiles at their OFF SCENE chatter.
- 72 ANGLE SHOT - THE SQUIRRELS - STOCK 72
Their antics are intensified. They seem to be making longer and more daring jumps, all the time chattering at each other.
- 73 THE WATER HOLE - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 73
The buck is much closer now. He approaches the water and begins to drink.
- 74 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 74
He is grinning broadly at the OFF SCENE romping of the squirrels.
- 75 MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE SQUIRRELS - STOCK 75
The romp has picked up in tempo.
- 76 CLOSE SHOT OF THE BUCK - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 76
He continues to drink, completely unaware of Travis' presence.
- 77 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SQUIRRELS - STOCK 77
One squirrel makes a daring leap. The second squirrel, trying to outdo his rival, leaps for a branch and misses.
- 78 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 78
He chuckles at the mishap.
- 79 THE BUCK - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 79
Travis' chuckle has frozen the buck in his tracks. He stares straight AT CAMERA. He sniffs loudly and stamps a foot.

- 80 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 80
He looks OFF SCENE at the buck, and his eyes widen in amazement.
- 81 THE BUCK OVER TRAVIS' SHOULDER - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST
The two stare at each other. The buck is not quite sure whether or not Travis represents danger.
- 81a CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 81a
Very slowly and cautiously he begins to raise his rifle to his shoulder.
- 82 BUCK - TRAVIS' POV - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 82
The buck stands poised, alert, looking OFF SCENE at Travis. The slightest movement could send him into flight. Then, tentatively, the buck stamps his feet, and takes a couple of steps forward.
- 83 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 83
He has almost got the gun to his shoulder. From OFF SCENE comes a louder sniff from the buck, almost a whistle.
- 84 THE BUCK - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 84
Deciding that Travis represents danger, the buck wheels in sudden flight.
- 85 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 85
Travis whips his rifle to his shoulder, squints along the sights. He turns his body to keep his aim. Then the gun crashes, the recoil sending Travis back against the tree. He heaves to his feet, running ahead and through the gunsmoke, and OUT OF SCENE.
- DISSOLVE
- 86 TRAVIS RIDING JUMPER - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH - DAY 86
Travis, with the buck slung across Jumper's withers, rides along Birdsong Creek. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY with him, until nearing the spring and pool area, he reins in, and glares angrily O.S.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONT INUED

86

TRAVIS
(shouting harshly)
Arliss! Git that dirty old
dog out of our drinking water!

87 ARLISS AND OLD YELLER IN POOL - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

87

The metallic whine of cicadas is heard during the following scenes. Boy and dog are romping in the water. Arliss is startled by Travis, and makes haste to climb out of the water. But Yeller stays in.

87a CLOSE ON YELLER - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

87a

He barks defiantly at Travis.

88 TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

88

Travis slides from Jumper's back and angrily picks up a rock.

TRAVIS
(shouting)
Git out'a here!

He hurls the rock at the dog.

88a YELLER IN THE POOL - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

88

The rock kicks up a splash of water three feet from Old Yeller. Howling and yelling, he whirls and runs for the house.

89 REACTION SHOT - ARLISS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

89

He is on the bank. His clothes stream water; his face is contorted with rage.

ARLISS
You quit rocking my dog!

90 FULL SHOT - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

90

Arliss grabs up rock and throws it at Travis. Travis ducks barely in time.

TRAVIS
Quit chunking them rocks
at me!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED

90

Screaming with fury, Arliss grabs up more rocks, large ones, and begins to pelt Travis. Travis manages enough evasive action to avoid being hit. Arliss, in the grip of a monumental rage, continues to pick up rocks, and, since Travis does not retaliate, the kid is able to fire one rock after another.

It gets too hot for Travis. He gives ground, then runs toward the house. Arliss, picking up progressively bigger rocks, follows, throwing as fast as he can.

91 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING FROM SPRING - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

91

In B.G. and closest to the gate and house is Old Yeller. He is flying for home, screeching with fright. Farther back, running a poor second to the dog, is Travis. Bringing up the rear is Arliss, in FG. He is toting a rock too big to throw.

ARLISS
(screaming as he
runs)

You rock my dog ag'in and I'll
bust your head open!

We HOLD ON the uphill chase until in BG Katie appears from the cabin.

92 FULL SHOT - COATES' CABIN AND YARD - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH, IF NECESSARY STAGE

92

Katie comes into the yard just as Old Yeller flies past and scuttles for the safety of the breezeway. Then Travis runs in to her, with Arliss behind, still toting his big rock.

Katie blocks Arliss' path, and, after a brief tussle, makes him drop his rock. Travis, disgruntled, turns to his mother.

TRAVIS
Him and that dirty old dog.
Both wallowing in our drink-
ing water!

ARLISS
(defiantly)
He was rocking my dog.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED

92

KATIE

Arliss! You get in that house
and take off those wet clothes,
do you hear?

Glad to get off so easily, Arliss runs for the house.

TRAVIS

(blackly)

Ought to cut me a sprout and
give him a good thrashing.

KATIE

Take it easy, son. He's only
a little boy.

TRAVIS

Papa wouldn't want that old
dog in our drinking water.

KATIE

Papa wouldn't start a rock
fight with Arliss, either.

TRAVIS

I never started no rock fight.
He started it.

Katie turns back toward the house. Travis looks after
her.

TRAVIS

(to himself,
scowling)

What I oughta do is run that
dog clear off the place.

DISSOLVE TO

93 INT. BREEZEWAY - FULL SHOT - STAGE

93

Travis is hanging the last of the venison -- a hind
quarter -- from the crossbeams when Old Yeller appears.
He stops, looking tentatively at Travis. Travis glares
at the dog.

TRAVIS

Tech a bite of this meat,
and come morning I'll shoot
you right between the eyes!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED

93

Deliberately Travis lowers the meat so it will hang in reach of the dog. Travis exits into the kitchen. CAMERA HOLDS on the SCENE. Old Yeller looks after Travis, then looks at the meat, his tongue lolling out.

93a CLOSE UP - CHUNK OF VENISON - STAGE

93a

It is swinging gently back and forth.

93b CLOSE UP - OLD YELLER - STAGE

93b

He eyes the meat.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

94 INT. TRAVIS' AND ARLISS' ROOM - MORNING - STAGE

94

Travis and Arliss are still asleep. Their bed is similar to the one in the kitchen, except that it has a corn shuck mattress that rustles and squeaks when either of the boys moves. Arliss shifts his sleeping position, invading Travis' half of the bed. Travis frowns, rolling himself toward the edge. Then the muffled, OS VOICE of Katie is heard.

KATIE'S VOICE

(calling)

Travis! Arliss! Time to
get up!

Travis awakens first, swinging his feet to the floor and sitting on the edge of the bed. Arliss, reluctant to get up, keeps his eyes tightly closed.

94a CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - STAGE

94a

He yawns, stretches -- and suddenly remembers something that makes his face go grim. He pushes to his feet.

94b WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DOOR TO BREEZEWAY - STAGE

94b

Nightshirt flapping, Travis hurries to a corner of the room, where his rifle stands. He grabs it, runs to the door and opens it. He looks out into the breezeway.

94c INT. BREEZEWAY - CLOSE SHOT OLD YELLER - TRAVIS' POV - STAGE

94b

Old Yeller is lying near the cornmeal barrel. His belly is distended, about as full as it could get without popping. He looks warily TOWARD CAMERA.

95 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS IN BEDROOM DOORWAY - DOG'S POV - STAGE 95

Travis is looking OS in complete amazement.

TRAVIS
(to himself; amazed)
Well, I'll be dogged!
(calling out)
Mama! Hey, Mama! Come here!

96 INT. BREEZEWAY - FULL SHOT - STAGE 96

Travis steps into the breezeway. The dog still lies by the barrel -- and hanging from the crossbeams is every bit of the venison -- untouched. Katie enters from the kitchen.

TRAVIS
Mama, did you feed that old dog anything?

KATIE
(apologetically)
Well, no, I forgot to. Been so long since we had a dog.

Travis indicates the venison.

TRAVIS
He ain't teched a bite of this meat --
(points at dog)
but look at him. Full as a tick.

Katie looks from the meat to the dog and laughs.

KATIE
You might know he was too smart for that. You could have put it on the ground and he wouldn't have touched it.

TRAVIS
(shaking his head)
Well, he's sure gone and rustled grub somewhere.

Arliss, in his nightshirt and barefooted, enters from the boys' sleeping room. He goes straight for the dog, who rises to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED

ARLISS
(Joyfully)
Good morning, Yeller, old boy, old
boy!

He fondles the dog.

KATIE
Breakfast's nearly ready. Hurry and
get dressed if you want an early
start cutting those fence posts.

Katie starts back into the kitchen. Travis reaches for the
wash basin.

DISSOLVE TO

97 FULL SHOT - SHERWOOD FOREST - FIRST UNIT - DAY 97

Travis is felling a tree. Nearby Katie is sawing a tree
which he has previously felled. By her, Jumper is hitched
to the cart into which a number of trimmed posts have
already been loaded. In the BG is a creek where Arliss
and Yeller are playing. The tree begins to fall. He
steps back until it hits the ground...Wiping sweat from
his brow, he looks OS between the trees. What he sees
catches his interest.

98 ARLISS AND YELLER AT CREEK - TRAVIS' POV - SHERWOOD 98
FOREST - SECOND UNIT - DAY

Arliss and the dog are attracted by something in the water.
Suddenly Arliss grabs for it, loses his balance and tumbles
into the water. He bounces up, streaming mud and water,
and yells at the dog.

ARLISS
Go on, Yeller. Git him, boy, git him!

98A CLOSER SHOT - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 98A

Yeller splashes after it successfully, turning back to
drop a fairly large catfish on the bank. It wriggles and
flops until Arliss grabs it up joyfully and starts to
leave the SCENE, followed by the dog.

99 MED. SHOT - KATIE - SHERWOOD FOREST - FIRST UNIT 99

From BG Arliss joyfully hails her.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED

99

ARLISS

Mama! Mama!

Arliss runs up to Katie, the dog following. Arliss proudly holds up a catfish of about four to five pounds.

ARLISS

Mama, look what a fish I caught! Ain't he a whopper?

KATIE

(looking him over)

Oh, Arliss, you're all wet and muddy again.

ARLISS

But, Mama, I had to.

KATIE

Had to?

Travis enters, axe in hand. He stands watching Arliss.

ARLISS

Sure. Had to dive 'way down under to catch this fish.

(his eyes widen)

You see, he was 'way down deep in this cave. Under there where it was all dark and muddy. 'n there was about a million other fish, and they all tried to eat me and I had to throw rocks at 'em, and then two big snakes came and --

TRAVIS

(cutting in
jeeringly)

Yeah, sounds like that cotton-tail you roped this morning.

Arliss glares defiance at Travis.

ARLISS

(appealing to
his mother)

But I did rope it, didn't I, Mama? It came running by and I roped it right by the ears.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED - 1

KATIE
(smiling)
Well, you sure brought home
a rabbit. And now this big
catfish.

Katie reaches for the fish and holds it up admiringly.

KATIE
You're getting to be as good
a hunter as Travis.

Arliss beams proudly and exits. Travis shakes his head
disgustedly.

TRAVIS
Aw, Mama, you know them are
all big windies he's telling.

KATIE
Now, Travis, let him tell his
stories like he wants to.

TRAVIS
But, Mama, I just seen that
old yeller dog catch that
fish.

KATIE
Arliss is just a little boy
with a big imagination. It
won't hurt to let him use it.

Disgruntled, Travis takes out his knife. His mother
hands him the fish. He frowns as he carries the fish
to a nearby boulder to clean it.

100 CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - FIRST UNIT

100

TRAVIS
(grumpily)
We keep that old dog much
longer, he's gonna make
Arliss the biggest liar in
the country.

On his line,

DISSOLVE TO

- 101 A SMALL BEAR CUB - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) - SECOND UNIT - DAY 101
A piece of cornbread comes into shot. The bear cub cautiously advances towards it.
- 101a LONGER SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) - SECOND UNIT - DAY 101a
We see that it is Arliss who has thrown the bread. He throws another piece; the cub comes a little closer to him to get it. Then a third piece, and this time the cub comes close enough for Arliss to grab it by the hind leg. It lets out a piercing screech.
- 101b THE WOODPILE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 101b
Travis and Katie are trimming up the fence poles with a hatchet and axe. Jumper and the cart are in the BG.

TRAVIS
What's that?

He walks over to the edge of the gully, looks down
CAMERA LEFT.
- 102 ARLISS AND THE BEAR CUB FROM HIS POV - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) - SECOND UNIT - DAY 102
The bear cub is screeching and struggling to get away, Arliss trying to hold on to it.
- 103 CLOSE ON TRAVIS AND KATIE AT WOODPILE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 103

TRAVIS
Arliss! Turn it loose!

Suddenly his eyes widen at something he sees (also to the LEFT OF CAMERA, but closer to lens).
- 104 TRAVIS' POV - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) - SECOND UNIT - DAY 104
An angry black she-bear lumbers out of the brush. (Left to right).
- 105 CLOSE ON TRAVIS AND KATIE AT WOODPILE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 105

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED 105

TRAVIS
(yelling)
Arliss!

He and Katie hurry out of shot, exiting CAMERA LEFT.

106 PROCESS SHOT - BACKGROUND PLATE BY SECOND UNIT 106
AT ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY)

In the FG Arliss looks up, still holding the cub. On the plate the mother bear charges towards him (left to right). Now Arliss turns.

107 CLOSE ON ARLISS AS HE TURNS - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON 107
RANCH (GULLY)

His face suddenly fills with terror.

107a THE CHARGING BEAR - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 107a
(GULLY)

The bear passes CAMERA, exiting CAMERA RIGHT.

108 CLOSE ON ARLISS - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 108

Frozen with terror, he still grips the bear cub.

108a THE BANK BELOW THE WOODPILE - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON 108a
RANCH

As Katie and Travis race down the bank (right to left).

TRAVIS
Arliss! Turn it loose!

109 PROCESS SHOT - PLATE BY SECOND UNIT AT ALBERTSON RANCH 109
(GULLY)

The bear is just about to reach Arliss, when out of nowhere (through from CAMERA RIGHT) comes Yeller; he bumps hard into the bear and momentarily stops her.

109a CLOSER SHOT OF YELLER AND THE BEAR SCRAPPING - SECOND 109a
UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY)

Close enough to identify Yeller. (Probably shot with a man in a bear suit).

109b ARLISS AND THE BEAR CUB - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 109b

Travis and Katie race in from CAMERA RIGHT. Travis tears loose Arliss' grip on the cub, slings him to Katie who exits with him CAMERA RIGHT. Travis, swinging his axe, turns CAMERA LEFT towards the fighting animals.

110 THE DOG AND THE BEAR - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 110

They continue to fight.

110a CLOSE ON TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 110a

They are fighting so close he is unable to use his axe. He shows sudden concern for the dog.

TRAVIS

Yeller! Let her alone, you old fool! 'Fore she kills you!

110b CLOSE ON YELLER, SHOOTING PAST THE BEAR - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 110b

Yeller makes one more determined drive at the bear. (Probably shot with our lead dog and a man in a bear suit). The bear turns tail.

110c THE BEAR - SECOND UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 110c

As she lumbers off into the brush, followed by her cub.

110d TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH (GULLY) 110d

As Travis watches, Yeller enters picture and stands beside him watching too, his tail wagging. Travis looks down at him. He feels differently about the dog now, but after the way he has treated him, feels shy about showing it. Then suddenly he bends down, gives him an embarrassed pat.

TRAVIS

Come on, Yeller, let's go home.

He takes to his heels, Yeller bounding after him.

111 INT. KITCHEN - FULL SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR - STAGE 111

The door flies open and Katie stumbles in with Arliss. Near the bed, she falls to her knees. Arliss pitches from her arms onto the bed. Katie, sobbing with fright, continues to kneel, her forehead down on the white counterpane.

There is a soft thump of paws outside, and Old Yeller races into the room. He seems almost delirious with joy at the safety of his family. Baying mightily, he circles the room, upsetting a churn and a bench. Then he leaps up on the bed, smearing the counterpane with his dirty paws. He licks Arliss' face.

Katie reaches out both arms and hugs Old Yeller to her. Wagging both tail and hind quarters, he licks her face, too.

KATIE

Oh, you crazy, wonderful old dog!

Travis enters. With a sigh of relief, he stands his axe in a corner of the room.

KATIE

(to dog)

You act like it was all a great big romp.

(looks at Travis)

Doesn't he, Travis?

Travis nods, moving over to the bed. He smiles at Katie, and reaches out to give Yeller's ear a tug.

TRAVIS

(admiringly)

Crazy as a bull bat. But he's a heap more dog than I ever had him figured for.

DISSOLVE TO

112 INT. TRAVIS' AND ARLISS' ROOM - NIGHT - STAGE 112

Moonlight spills through one small window...and between cracks in the log walls. Travis and Arliss are in bed. Arliss is asleep, but Travis is awake, lying there thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED

112

In a pile on the floor are Arliss's clothes. Travis's clothing is more neatly arranged on a chair.

The door is nudged open and INTO THE SCENE comes Old Yeller. He approaches the bed tentatively. Amid a rustling SOUND from the mattress, Travis turns toward the dog.

CAMERA TRUCKS INTO A CLOSER SHOT at the bed. Old Yeller sniffs at both boys, making sure that they are safe. Travis smiles and reaches out to pat Old Yeller on the head. Immediately Old Yeller responds by wagging his tail.

Travis's smile widens into a grin. He lifts his hand from Old Yeller's head and pats the bed. With quiet alacrity Old Yeller jumps up on the bed and settles down blissfully between the two boys.

CAMERA MOVES INTO A TIGHT THREE SHOT of Travis, Old Yeller and Arliss, and we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

113 EXT. CABIN - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 113

In the vegetable patch Katie and Travis are lifting potatoes. After a moment Katie straightens and smiles.

KATIE

Listen to these mocking birds!
EXT. CABIN Just singing their heads off
this morning.

She glances O.S., and Travis follows her glance.

114 MED. SHOT - THICKET OF BEE-MYRTLE - STOCK 114

The thicket is white with bloom. There is a veritable chorus of mocking birds in the myrtle, all in full-throated song.

KATIE'S VOICE

(reminiscently)

It's like it was the year
your Papa and I settled here.

115 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS AND KATIE - FAVORING KATIE 115
FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

Katie smiles dreamily.

KATIE

We'd meant to build over at the Salt Licks settlement, where it would have been safer from the Indians. But we camped at the spring the last day of the trip -- and the bee-myrtle was in bloom and full of singing mocking birds, like now. It was all so pretty that I couldn't go on. I told your Papa: 'Jim, this is the place. This is home.'

Her reminiscent mood is suddenly interrupted.

SEARCY'S VOICE

Hello, the house!

She and Travis turn.

115A THEIR POV - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 115A

BUD SEARCY and his grand-daughter LISBETH are approaching, mounted on a shad-bellied, ewe-necked pony. Searcy, about fifty-five, is a big slob of a man, with bristling whiskers and a belly bulging out over the saddlehorn. Lisbeth, about twelve, is a slight, wistful little girl with large brown eyes and stringy blonde hair. She rides behind the saddle, holding to her grand-father's leather suspenders. Following is Searcy's dog, Miss Prissy.

115B KATIE AND TRAVIS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 115B

TRAVIS

Bud Searcy! And Lisbeth, too!

Katie sighs and shakes her head.

KATIE

You might know he'd land here right at meal time!

They advance to meet them.

116 AT THE YARD GATE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 116

As Searcy and Lisbeth arrive. Searcy lifts a ponderous arm in greeting, as Katie and Travis enter scene.

SEARCY
Howdy, Miz Coates!
(to Travis)
Howdy, son. How's everybody?

KATIE
(doing her duty
as a lady)
Get down, Mr. Searcy.
Hello, Lisbeth.

Lisbeth slips to the ground backward over the pony's rump. She stand primly, staring at Travis.

SEARCY
(as he dismounts)
Just rode over to see if there
was airy little thing I could
do for you folks.

Searcy waves a hand at his pony.

SEARCY
Travis, boy. Take this old
pony down to the crib and
strip the saddle gear off.

Travis goes to the pony.

SEARCY
Might feed him a bait of corn,
while you're at it.

Searcy chuckles and turns to little Arliss. Suddenly he reaches down and picks up the boy, placing him in the saddle.

SEARCY
(laughing)
Here, boy. You ride along
and see the job's done right.

As Travis leads the pony out with Arliss aboard, Searcy turns to Katie. He pulls out a big bandana from his pocket and mops his head and his hat band.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED

116

KATIE

Won't you come sit for
awhile, Mr. Searcy?

SEARCY

Believe I will shade up
for a spell.

He starts toward the house with Katie. Lisbeth demurely follows. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM TO THE BREEZEWAY.

SEARCY

(as he walks along)

Hot and dry, ain't it? Don't
look for this year's corn to
be nothing more than whirlwind
nubbins. Come winter, folks'll
be scraping the bottoms of their
meal barrels.

They reach the breezeway and enter, followed by Lisbeth.

117

INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE

117

Immediately Searcy takes up the dipper to drink. He sips the water, frowns and tosses the rest of it on the ground. He takes down the water bucket and hands it to Lisbeth.

SEARCY

Lisbeth, run down to the spring
and fetch your pore old grand-
pappy a bucket of fresh water.
This here has hung too long.

Silently Lisbeth takes the half-full bucket, empties it, and exits.

Searcy makes a big production of settling himself in one of the chairs in the breezeway, tilting it back against the wall. Katie seats herself in the other chair.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED

117

SEARCY

I tell you, Miz Coates, it's a heavy responsibility, riding herd on the settlement while the men is gone. Wears a man down to a frazzle.

As he talks he takes a twist of tobacco from his pocket, cuts off enough to bulge his cheek, begins chewing and gabbing again.

SEARCY

(going on)

But I ain't complaining. I was chose for the job, and I'll git her done.

He pauses to squirt an amber stream of tobacco juice on the clean sand of the breezeway. Katie follows this with a slight frown, but being the hostess, she says nothing.

SEARCY

Figgered to head up that cow drive to Kansas. But when man after man called me off and spoke private, begging me to stay and look out after you women-folks and younguns, I seen my duty. Knowed I was being called on for a bigger job.

KATIE

(with a slight smile)

Jim said you were going to stay and protect us all.

SEARCY

(leaning forward)

And it's a mighty lucky thing I done it! You know what happened the other day?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED (1)

117

SEARCY (CONT.)

(pauses to spit)

That fool kid of Jed Simpson's shot into a bunch of javelina (hava-lee-na) hogs. Wounded one and set it to squealing. Be dog, then if the rest didn't tree that boy. Kept him there till I happened along and seen what a pickle he was in. Couldn't run them pesky javelinas away, of course. But I did go tell his Ma where the kid was, so she could rest easy till the varmints finally left out and give him a chance to climb down.

Again Searcy pauses and spits as Lisbeth comes in, carrying the heavy water bucket with both hands. She is breathing hard, has spilled water on her legs, but valiantly places the bucket down in the middle of the area. Searcy pushes to his feet, beaming at Lisbeth. He hangs the bucket on the hook, at the same time spitting out his tobacco cut. He dips enough water to rinse his mouth, spits, takes a drink and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

As he returns to his chair, Travis and Arliss come INTO THE SCENE. Travis seats himself on the ground. Arliss goes to his mother, and starts hanging to her chair. Lisbeth, watching Travis with a shy admiration, edges closer and closer to him during the following dialogue. Searcy cuts off another chew.

SEARCY

(continuing)

Biggest bother I've had, though, is the thieving going on at Salt Licks. Meat stole out of smokehouses. Hens' nests gettin' robbed.

ARLISS

Mama!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED (2)

KATIE

Hush, baby! Mr. Searcy's talking.

SEARCY

Women-folks losing bread they've set out on their winders to cool. Turrible.

TRAVIS

(interested)

Sounds like some varmint.

Lisbeth edges closer to him. Searcy, looking wise, slowly shakes his head.

SEARCY

Ain't no varmint that clever.

ARLISS

(louder)

Mama! I'm hungry! When we gonna eat dinner?

KATIE

Arliss, I told you not to butt in when Mr. Searcy's talking.

Searcy laughs heartily.

SEARCY

That's all right, Miz Coates. Ain't nothing like a little old boy to know when it's time to eat.

(he spits)

KATIE

Guess it is getting on toward dinner time. Travis, would you go to the corn patch and get some roasting ears?

Searcy puts up a hand in protest.

SEARCY

Now hold on, Miz Coates, that boy'll need help to tote all that corn.

(CONTINUED)

RETURN THIS MATERIAL

117 CONTINUED (3 TO ART PROPS DEPT. 117

Searcy rises from his chair as if he were going to help Travis -- but then he pauses at the water bucket, readying for another drink.

SEARCY

Lisbeth, you go along with Travis. Make sure you pick ears that is sweet and juicy!

As the two kids start out,

DISSOLVE TO

118 CORN PATCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS AND LISBETH 118
STAGE

CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM, the two are at the far end of the corn patch, moving from one corn stalk to another, using their thumbs to split the green husks on the undersides to take a peek at the grain. Travis has a sack of ear corn slung over his shoulder. Lisbeth looks from the corn to Travis. She watches Travis admiringly as he splits a cornhusk, examines it, then wrenches it from the stalk. He feels her glance, looks at her, then looks away. Shoving the ear into his sack, he moves along the row, Lisbeth close on his heels. This time Travis halts suddenly, showing concern.

TRAVIS

Why, coons have been in this corn! Looky yonder!

He points ahead.

119 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - ROW OF CORN - STAGE 119

With Travis and Lisbeth, we see dozens of ears that have been eaten by the coons. The ears are still on the stalks, husks stripped back, grains eaten, leaving only the bare cobs. Many of the stalks are bent and broken.

TRAVIS'S VOICE

Them thieving rascals!

120 TWO SHOT - TRAVIS AND LISBETH - STAGE

120

LISBETH
(sympathetically)
You'll have to take to dogging
them of a night.

TRAVIS
(sudden pride)
Well, I got just the dog for it.
Old Yeller'll wipe up the ground
with them pesky varmints.

Lisbeth suddenly becomes uneasy. She looks down,
digging her toes into the ground. Travis misunder-
stands her attitude, and shows belligerence.

TRAVIS
You think he can't do it?

LISBETH
Oh, no, it ain't that. I --
(hesitantly)
Well, I didn't want to tell you
at the house -- but it was him
what done it.

TRAVIS
What done what?

LISBETH
What stole all them eggs and
bread and meat and stuff.

TRAVIS
(concerned)
You mean Old Yeller?

LISBETH
(with downcast
eyes)
I seen him suck a batch of
eggs. Seen him swipe a pan of
Grandma's cornbread, too.

Travis stands aghast, staring at Lisbeth.

LISBETH
(softly)
But I'm not going to tell.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED

120

TRAVIS
(disbelievingly)
Bet you do.

Lisbeth plucks a leaf from the corn and begins to roll it between her fingers.

LISBETH
No, I won't. Wasn't going to,
even before I knowed he was
your dog.

TRAVIS
How come?

LISBETH
Because Miss Prissy is going
to have pups. Your dog'll be
their papa, and I wouldn't
want him to get shot for steal-
ing.

Lisbeth, shredding the corn leaf now, stares pleadingly at Travis, wanting desperately to make him believe. Travis stares at her until he can't stand it any longer, then looks toward the ground. He takes a breath, then, in sudden decision, starts digging into his pocket. He fishes out a beautiful stone arrowhead. He thrusts it at Lisbeth.

121 CLOSE UP - ARROWHEAD - STAGE

121

Of first-rate workmanship, it lies in the palm of Travis's hand.

TRAVIS'S VOICE
Just an old arrowhead I picked
up.

122 TWO SHOT - LISBETH AND TRAVIS - STAGE

122

Lisbeth is staring at the arrowhead.

TRAVIS
(continuing)
Comanche, Papa said. Here --
you can have it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED

122

Lisbeth looks at him as if he had just offered her the British crown jewels. Slowly, she takes the arrowhead. Then, almost fiercely, she closes her fist over it.

LISBETH
(eyes shining
radiantly)
I won't never, never tell!

She whirls away and goes racing through the corn. CAMERA STAYS WITH Travis. Worried, puzzled, he stares after her a moment, then shoulders the sack of corn and starts slowly OUT OF SCENE.

DISSOLVE TO

123 CLOSE SHOT - PLATTER OF BACON - STAGE

123

INTO THE SHOT comes Searcy's big fist gripping a fork. The fork stabs into the bacon. SLOWLY CAMERA PULLS BACK, FOLLOWING the movement of the fork. The bacon drips on the table on its way to Searcy's plate. Before the plate is a pile of six gnawed corn cobs, and on it are crumbs of cornbread, smears of butter and jelly, and other foods he has consumed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO A GROUP SHOT at the table. Katie, Travis, Arliss and even Lisbeth are awed at Searcy's tremendous capacity for food. He jams the whole forkful of bacon into his mouth as they watch.

SEARCY
(chewing)
When you git right down to it,
a hog's about the best eatin'
alive. Yep, and I reckon he's
about the meanest critter alive
when you go after his meat.
Cut you fourteen different ways
before you can git fixed to run.

ARLISS
Gol-lee!

KATIE
They just scare me to death.
Always dread when the time
comes for Jim to do the marking.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED

123

Searcy reaches in front of Lisbeth and snatches the last ear of corn. He chomps away on it, talking as he does so.

SEARCY

Hogs is bad, mighty bad. Had me an uncle once. Down in East Texas. Tangled with a bad hog and got cut all to pieces.

ARLISS

Gee whiz!

Arliss seems entranced with Searcy's story. Travis shows interest -- which gives Lisbeth a chance to shoot a shy look his way. Katie seems disturbed by the trend of the talk. And Searcy is delighted with his audience.

TRAVIS

Kill him?

SEARCY

(chomping his corn)
Kill him! Kilt him deader'n a door nail.

ARLISS

(excitedly)
Mr. Searcy, I roped a rabbit --

KATIE

Arliss, be quiet. Mr. Searcy's talking.

ARLISS

(objecting)
But Mama, I did! A mean, old biting rabbit!

Searcy throws back his head and laughs.

SEARCY

Well now, boy, that's really doing some roping.
(soberly)
Speaking of roping, I always done my hog work from a tree. Heap safer that way.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED (1)

123

TRAVIS

(surprised)

How can you work hogs from
up in a tree?

SEARCY

Why, it's slick as a whistle,
boy. Pick you a tree with a
low limb, but still out of hog
reach. Git your dog to rally
the hogs around the tree. Reach
down with your loop and pick up
your pig and go to work on him.

TRAVIS

By golly. That sure sounds like
it might work.

SEARCY

Work! 'Course it'll work. Old
hogs can fuss and charge around,
all they please. But, up a tree,
you're as safe as at home in bed.

Searcy looks about the table, which is now bare of food.
Then turns to Travis.

SEARCY

If you'll go fetch my pony,
boy, we'll pull out for home.
Got a powerful lot to do before
supper.

He rises, starts for the door. As he passes Katie...

SEARCY

It was right neighborly like
for you to feed us, Miz Coates.

DISSOLVE TO

124

EXT. COATES CABIN - GROUP SHOT NEAR GATE - ALBERTSON 124
RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY

Katie, Travis and Arliss are inside the yard, with Old
Yeller beside them. Searcy is mounted on his pony.
Lisbeth is seated behind him, hanging on to his suspenders
with one hand.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED

124

SEARCY
(heartily)
Now don't fret yourself
a'tall while your man's
gone, Miz Coates. I'll be
looking in on you folks
again before you know it.

Searcy and Lisbeth ride out, followed by Miss Prissy.

125 REVERSE ON KATIE, TRAVIS AND ARLISS - FIRST UNIT - 125
ALBERTSON RANCH OR STAGE, IF NECESSARY - DAY

As they watch them go. Arliss hurries off with Yeller.
Katie is about to go back to the cabin when Travis stops
her.

TRAVIS
Mama, Lisbeth claims it's
Old Yeller what's been doing
all that stealing at Salt Licks.

KATIE
(as she works)
Old Yeller?

TRAVIS
Lisbeth claims she ketched him
at it.

KATIE
Why, that old rogue! We'll
have to stop that, or every-
body in Salt Licks will be
mad at us.

TRAVIS
Somebody'll shoot him.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED

125

KATIE

We'd better start shutting
him inside the corn crib of
a night.

TRAVIS

(he frowns, consider-
ing, then his face
clears)

Reckon we won't have to bother
for awhile. I'll keep him so
busy fighting coons out of the
corn that he won't have time to
prowl off nowhere.

DISSOLVE TO

126 FULL SHOT - CORN PATCH - NIGHT - STAGE

126

It is a peaceful, beautiful scene. The breeze-rippled
corn blades glint silver in the light of a full moon.
We hear the other night noises: Crickets chirruping...
the spooky, booming SOUND of a great horned owl,
answered by another farther away... and from a greater
distance, the lonesome howl of a prairie wolf.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY THROUGH the area, pausing where
Travis and Old Yeller have made their bed upon a cow-
hide. CAMERA TRUCKS INTO A MED. CLOSE SHOT of Travis
and the dog. Old Yeller restlessly gets to his feet
and starts to move away from Travis. Travis reaches
out and pulls the dog back.

TRAVIS

(quiet tones)

No, you don't. I ain't letting
you prowl off to the settlement
and git shot for sucking eggs.

Old Yeller responds by licking Travis in the face.

TRAVIS

We're staying right here and
keeping them coons run out.
You hear?

Old Yeller lies down patiently. Travis settles back,
pillowing his head with his arms.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED

126

He looks up at the sky.

TRAVIS
(after a moment)
Just look at them stars,
Yeller....

126a LONG SHOT - NIGHT SKY - TRAVIS' POV - (ELLENSHAW)

126a

CAMERA IS SHOOTING UPWARD, PAST the upreaching corn-
stalks. With Travis, we see a sky filled with stars.

TRAVIS' VOICE
(continuing)
Bushels of 'em. Wonder if
maybe Papa's lying out some-
wheres on the trail, looking
at 'em, too.

126b CLOSE TWO SHOT - TRAVIS AND OLD YELLER - STAGE

126b

Travis looks from the sky to the dog.

TRAVIS
(continuing)
Wish we was there with him,
'way off yonder, up in Kansas...
seeing all that big, new country...

Old Yeller lifts his head, looking at Travis. Travis
looks up at the sky again. Then he makes himself
comfortable and prepares to sleep. After a moment the
dog closes his eyes too.

127 CLOSE SHOT - EDGE OF CORNPATCH - STAGE - NIGHT

127

A big boar coon peers under the fence, sniffs inquisitively,
quietly slips into the cornpatch.

127a A ROW OF CORN - STAGE

127a

as the boar coon selects a stalk of corn and by climbing
up it, brings it down with his weight.

127b EDGE OF CORNPATCH - STAGE

127b

as half a dozen other coons hurry through shot into the
cornpatch.

- 127c CLOSE ON THE BOAR COON - STAGE 127c
as he strips a husk baring the corn and begins to eat.
- 127d TRAVIS AND YELLER - STAGE 127d
Sound asleep.
- 128 LONGER SHOT - STAGE 128
The row of corn is now alive with coons, having a high old time pulling down the stalks, and eating the corn.
- 128a CLOSE ON TWO COONS - STAGE 128a
Scrapping over the same husk of corn. In their excitement they begin to yap.
- 128b YELLER AND TRAVIS - STAGE 128b
The noise wakes them. Simultaneously, they race out of scene.
- 128c THE CORN ROW - STAGE 128c
Yeller dashing barking into scene scatters the coons in all directions.
- 128d FLASH OF THE FENCE - STAGE 128d
The coons racing through the fence and away.
- 128e A DEAD TREE TRUNK - STAGE 128e
as the big boar coon scurries into a hole at the base of the trunk.
- 129 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - STAGE 129
seeing this.
- TRAVIS
Git him, Yeller! Get the
thieving rascal.
- 129a LONGER SHOT - STAGE 129a
as Yeller and Travis rush forward to the base of the trunk, trying to root out the coon.
- 129b TOP OF THE TRUNK - STAGE 129b
as the coon emerges from the hole at the top, makes a flying leap.

- 130 YELLER - STAGE 130
The coon has landed on top of him. Yeller whirls around helplessly, fights desperately to shake him off.
- 130a CLOSE ON TRAVIS - STAGE 130a
TRAVIS
(excitedly)
Git him, Yeller! Wipe up the ground with him.
- 131 YELLER AND COON - STAGE 131
The coon leaps off Yeller's back and disappears, not having been touched by Yeller.
- 131a THE FENCE - STAGE 131a
as the coon scuttles through.
- 131b TRAVIS AND YELLER - STAGE 131b
as they lie down again to sleep.
TRAVIS
Well, at least you taught him a lesson, boy.
- 131c CLOSE ON YELLER 131c
as he looks up at Travis, cocking his head in a rather sour and cynical expression.
- FADE OUT
- FADE IN
- 132 INT. COATES' KITCHEN - MED. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE - STAGE - DAY 132
Travis, looking sleepy and tired, is seated alone at the table, finishing his breakfast. Katie watches as he eats the last bite of mush, then takes his bowl.
TRAVIS
(proudly)
That Old Yeller! He's sure giving them coons the mortal fits.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED

132

KATIE
(with a smile)
He must be, from all the
racket I hear down there
every night. You tired,
son?

TRAVIS
(yawning)
No'm.

Katie seats herself on the bench beside Travis.

KATIE
(worried)
Old Spot didn't come up last
night. That makes three days
she's missing. I think she's
hid out somewhere and had a
calf.

TRAVIS
I better go hunt her.

Travis rises. He goes to the fireplace and takes
down his rifle, shot pouch and powderhorn.

TRAVIS
(as he does so)
Wolf or meat-killing hog finds
her hideout, they're liable to
eat up her calf.

KATIE
Be careful, son. If she's got
a calf, she'll be on the fight.

As he starts for the door,

DISSOLVE TO

133 SCOPE SHOT OF A STEEP HILLSIDE - SECOND UNIT -
SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH - DAY

133

Travis, followed by Yeller, wanders along a track
in the steep hills above a canyon. In the canyon
floor below him is a thicket of oaks and brush.

- 134 CLOSER SHOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH - DAY 134
- Travis peers down, trying to see if Spot can be in the thicket below. Then he turns to the outcropping rock which is behind him, dislodges a fairly large boulder, starts it rolling down the steep canyon wall.
- 135 PANNING SHOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH 135
- The boulder as it bounces down the hillside until it disappears with a crash into the thicket. A moment later there is the startled blat of a cow, and perhaps the lighter bleat of a young calf.
- 136 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH 136
- knowing that he has found his quarry.
- TRAVIS
Come on, Yeller.
- He races out of shot.
- 137 TRAVIS AND YELLER - SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 137
- as they race down the steep hill, exiting past CAMERA.
- 138 DOWN SHOT FROM TOP OF THE HILL - SHERWOOD FOREST OR ALBERTSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 138
- as the small figures of the boy and the dog disappear underneath the big oaks.
- 139 INSIDE THE THICKET - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 139
- Travis and Yeller race towards CAMERA. As they pass a clump of brushwood, the CAMERA SWINGS ROUND with them. Travis stops dead, though Yeller charges on.
- 140 TRAVIS' POV - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 140
- Spot, angrily at bay and beside her, her newly-born calf. Yeller enters the picture barking, in doing so separating Spot and her calf.
- 140a TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 140:

(CONTINUED)

140a CONTINUED

140a

TRAVIS
Quiet, Yeller! Don't
rile her.

He advances cautiously out of picture.

141 LONGER SHOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

141

Spot is now some little distance from her calf. She watches threateningly as Travis enters the picture.

142 THE CALF AND TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

142

Travis bends over to hoist the calf on his shoulders.

143 CLOSE OF SPOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

143

As soon as he touches her calf, Spot lets out a bawl of wrath and charges toward CAMERA.

144 THE CALF AND TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

144

Travis drops the calf and runs.

145 FULL SHOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

145

The cow chasing Travis (double). In a matter of seconds he almost has her horns in the seat of his pants.

145a CLOSE ON YELLER - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

145a

Seeing what is happening, he dashes forward.

145b THE COW - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

145b

Yeller leaps into shot, throws the cow.

146 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

146

as he delightedly sees what Yeller has done.

TRAVIS
That's a gittin' her,
boy.

146a SPOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST

146a

She gets to her feet to charge again.

- 147 TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 147
He gives ground, yelling.
- TRAVIS
Git her, Yeller. Bust
her agin!
- 147a SPOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 147a
Once again she charges. Once again Yeller throws her.
- 148 TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 148
TRAVIS
Try it again, sister! Old
Yeller'll bust you wide open.
- He exits towards the calf.
- 148a SPOT AND YELLER - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 148a
She struggles to her feet, Yeller cautiously watching.
- 148b THE CALF - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 148b
Travis enters to the calf. Gently lifts it across his
shoulders, then exits again.
- 149 SPOT AND YELLER - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 149
Yeller is holding the cow. Each time she tries to turn,
he leaps growling in front of her, forces her back.
Travis enters with the calf.
- TRAVIS
All right, Yeller.
Git her home.
- Yeller starts the cow in motion.
- 149a FULL SHOT - SECOND UNIT - SHERWOOD FOREST 149a
as the procession moves off under the oaks; first Spot,
then Yeller driving her, then Travis carrying the calf.
- DISSOLVE
- 150 INT. CORRAL - CLOSE ON SPOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST 150
UNIT - DAY
Her head tied to a post, she snorts and rears angrily.

150a INT. CORRAL - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 150a

Shooting past Spot, we see Travis standing with Katie.
He carries a milking pail and a stool.

TRAVIS

(soothingly)

Now, old sister, take it easy.
We aim to milk you -- if we
have to break every bone in
your body.

He advances towards her.

151 CLOSER SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY 151

Spot stamps around, paws the ground ominously as Travis
sits down on the stool.

152 CLOSE ON KATIE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 152

KATIE

Saw now, Spot. You know
as well as I do we're not
going to hurt you.

153 TRAVIS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 153

Talking softly he moves in with his bucket.

TRAVIS

You ain't got a chance,
sister. You're done milked
and don't know it.

He reaches out for the teat.

153a REVERSE SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 153a

Spot's hind foot lashes out, kicking the bucket from
Travis' hand. Travis (double) falls back.

153b TRAVIS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 153b

as he falls to the ground.

153c CLOSE ON SPOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 153c

She turns her head, snorts angrily at Travis.

- 154 TRAVIS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 154
TRAVIS
(getting up)
I know what.
He crosses to the gate of the corral.
TRAVIS
(calling)
Here, Yeller! Here, boy!
- 154a CLOSE ON KATIE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 154a
Protesting.
KATIE
Why, son, you bring that
dog in here and Spot'll
go crazy.
- 154b TRAVIS AT THE GATE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 154b
Yeller bounds in, trots through shot towards the cow.
TRAVIS
All right, Yeller. Hold her
there.
- 155 LONGER SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 155
Yeller is standing in front of Spot. The two animals
stare at each other motionless.
- 155a CLOSE ON YELLER - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 155a
Fixing Spot with a threatening stare.
- 155b CLOSE ON SPOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 155b
staring down at Yeller, as though hypnotized.
- 156 TRAVIS - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 156
as he sits down by the cow and begins to milk.
- 157 REACTION CLOSEUP - KATIE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 157
She is amazed.

(CONTINUED)

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157 CONTINUED

157

KATIE

Well, if that don't beat
all! I never saw such a
dog!

158 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS MILKING - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST
UNIT

158

He looks upward toward his mother.

TRAVIS

You won't never see another'n
like him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

159 SCOPE SHOT - THE TRAIL SHOT PAST THE CABIN - 159
ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY

BURN SANDERSON, a lean pleasant-looking man in his early twenties, is riding up from the trail.

SANDERSON
(calling)
Hello, the house!

159A DOOR TO KITCHEN - STAGE 159A

It flies open and Travis appears. His face falls as he sees a stranger and he speaks to Katie who appears behind him.

TRAVIS
I thought for a moment it
was poppa.

They advance to meet Sanderson.

160 GROUP SHOT - AT YARD GATE - SHOOTING AWAY FROM 160
CABIN - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

As Katie and Travis come out. Sanderson reins in, smiles at Katie and removes his hat politely.

SANDERSON
G'morning, Ma'am. Howdy, boy.
I'm Burn Sanderson from down
near Santone. Running me a
few head of cattle over on
Little Devil's.

Travis and Katie eye Sanderson with some reserve, since he is a stranger.

KATIE
Yes, Mr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON
Bud Searcy told me about an
old stray dog you folks had.
Sounded like it might be the
one I lost.

160A CLOSE ON KATIE AND TRAVIS - STAGE

Travis is shocked at the words. He looks from his sober-faced mother to Sanderson.

KATIE

You mean a big yeller dog?

161 CLOSE ON SANDERSON - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 161

Sanderson's smile widens and he nods his head decisively.

SANDERSON

That sure sounds like him,
Ma'am.

161A CLOSE ON TRAVIS - STAGE 161A

As Sanderson goes on, Travis seems thunderstruck, then he looks O.S. at Sanderson with something approaching hatred.

SANDERSON'S VOICE

(continuing)

The worst egg sucker and camp robber you ever laid eyes on. Steal you blind, while you're watching. But there never was a better cow-dog born -- or a hog-dog, either.

162 KATIE AND TRAVIS - STAGE 162

Soberly Katie turns toward Travis.

KATIE

Travis, go call Old Yeller to the house.

TRAVIS

(sudden panic)

But Mama --

KATIE

(severly)

Travis!

Travis looks mutely at his mother, then at Sanderson, who is no longer smiling, but eyeing mother and son inquiringly. Travis, shoulders slumped, starts OUT OF SCENE. Katie looks up at the stranger.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED

162

KATIE

Won't you get down, Mr.
Sanderson?

Sanderson starts to dismount,

163 EXT. CORN CRIB - ARLISS & YELLER - STAGE

163

Arliss and the dog are playing a game and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Arliss has given him rope reins and is trying to ride him round the crib. Yeller bucks him off just as Travis strides INTO THE SCENE, his face dark with forboding.

TRAVIS

(quietly)

Arliss, bring Old Yeller
and come to the house.

Arliss looks up at his brother as if he means to argue, but one look at Travis sobers him.

ARLISS

What's the matter?

TRAVIS

(bitterly)

Come on an' find out.

Travis starts out.

Arliss shoots a puzzled look at Travis, then starts after him. The dog follows, then trots on ahead.

164 MED. SHOT - KATIE AND SANDERSON - YARD GATE - STAGE 164

SANDERSON

Well, Ma'am, you and the boys
don't have much protection here.
Bad as I need that old dog, I
can give you the loan of him
till your man comes home.

KATIE

No, Mr. Sanderson. If he's
your dog, it's best that you
take him now.

SANDERSON

Well, maybe you're right, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

164. CONTINUED

164

Old Yeller bounds INTO THE SCENE, followed by Travis and Arliss. Old Yeller rushes to Sanderson, baying a hearty welcome. Sanderson pets the dog.

SANDERSON

(to dog)

You prowlin' old rascal!

Old Yeller wags his tail. Sanderson looks at Katie, then at Travis. It is an uncomfortable moment for Sanderson as he realizes how he is upsetting them. Awkwardly he puts his hat on, turns and takes a rope from his saddle. He stoops to tie one end of the rope around Old Yeller's neck.

165 REACTION CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - STAGE 165

He is fighting to hold back unmanly tears.

166 CLOSE UP - ARLISS - STAGE 166

He still doesn't realize what is going on, showing us no more than a puzzled expression.

167 SHOOTING AWAY FROM CABIN - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON 167
RANCH

Sanderson enters and holding the other end of the rope, swings up in the saddle. He lifts his hat to Katie and turns his horse to ride away.

SANDERSON

Well, goodbye, Ma'am. I'm
sure much obliged.

168 CLOSE SHOT - ARLISS - STAGE

Now he realizes what is happening. His little face works in outrage.

ARLISS

(screaming it)

That's my dog! You can't
have my dog!

169 WIDER ANGLE - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 169

Sanderson turns in his saddle. Arliss grabs up loose rocks and starts hurling them at the surprised Sanderson.

KATIE
(distressed)
Arliss! Arliss!

She rushes toward Arliss, who sidesteps her and continues to throw rocks. One catches Sanderson's horse in the flank. With a snort, the horse bogs his head and starts bawling and pitching. Sanderson drops Old Yeller's rope to give full attention to the horse.

170 GROUP SHOT - KATIE, ARLISS, TRAVIS - STAGE 170

Travis is in BG, doing nothing to restrain his brother. Arliss heaves another rock as Katie closes in on him.

ARLISS
(still screaming)
You can't take my dog off.
You hear?

Katie makes a quick grab and catches Arliss. Arliss continues to scream and hurl rocks with the right arm.

KATIE
(frantically)
Travis! Grab him!

Travis moves in to clutch Arliss by his throwing arm. Together Travis and Katie lift the kicking Arliss clear of the ground, holding him while they watch Sanderson.

171 SANDERSON AND THE BUCKING HORSE - FIRST UNIT - 171
ALBERTSON RANCH

Sanderson (double) is putting on a real bronc-riding exhibition. Old Yeller, obviously enjoying himself, adds to the commotion by baying at the horse, thus helping to nullify Sanderson's attempts to bring the animal under control. After a moment he is thrown.

171A SANDERSON - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 171A

He hits the ground heavily.

172 CLOSER GROUP SHOT - AT FENCE - STAGE 172

Katie shakes Arliss. Travis, still fighting his emotions, is quiet.

KATIE

Arliss! I'm ashamed of you.
Throwing rocks at the man.

ARLISS

(fiercely)
I'll bust him with another'n
if he takes my dog off.

172A CLOSE ON SANDERSON ON THE GROUND - FIRST UNIT - 172A
ALBERTSON RANCH

At first he is angry, but as he listens to the little boy, his face softens.

SANDERSON

(to Katie)
Maybe he's right, Ma'am. Man
come to take my dog off, I'd
throw a fit, too. Let me
talk to this boy for a minute.

He moves towards them.

173 TWO SHOT - ARLISS AND SANDERSON - STAGE 173

As Sanderson enters, Katie and Travis release Arliss. Sanderson squats to set a reluctant Arliss upon one knee, forcibly holding him there. Silently Arliss and Sanderson look each other over. Sanderson notes that one of Arliss's pockets is twitching as if it were alive.

SANDERSON

What you got in that pocket,
boy?

Arliss stares at him with some defiance.

SANDERSON

Come on, let's take a look.

Sanderson fishes into the pocket and brings out a huge horned toad. Holding it up by the tail, he examines it admiringly.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED

SANDERSON

Why, ain't he a jim dandy?
Finest looking horned toad
I ever seen.

Arliss eyes Sanderson, mollified to a degree, but still suspicious. He reaches for the horned toad and stuffs it back into his pocket.

ARLISS

What about my dog?

SANDERSON

You mean you really want that
thieving old yeller dog?

Arliss stares at him, not answering.

174 TWO SHOT - KATIE AND TRAVIS - STAGE

174

They exchange a glance--the first glimmering of hope between them.

SANDERSON'S VOICE

Well, do you?

ARLISS'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

175 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - TO INCLUDE KATIE AND TRAVIS - STAGE-175

Sanderson looks gravely at Arliss as if considering an important decision. Katie and Travis have their attention riveted upon Sanderson.

SANDERSON

Well, then, might be we could
do some swappin'. I been
wantin' mighty bad to get me
a big horned toad like you
got there.

Arliss stares at Sanderson's face and sees nothing but complete seriousness.

ARLISS

You mean you'd swap me Old
Yeller for this here horned
toad?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED

175

SANDERSON

(hedging)

Well, now, that's a fine horned toad, and I want him bad. On the other hand, he ain't hardly as big as a dog. Seems to me I ought to get a little to boot.

ARLISS

Like what?

SANDERSON

Well, I'll tell you how it is. Been in that cow camp, starving on my own cooking so long I don't hardly throw a shadow any more. Now, if you could talk your Mama into feeding me one big woman-cooked meal, I figure it and that horned toad would be worth at least a lop-eared yeller dog. Don't you?

Arliss considers this, then turns to Katie.

ARLISS

Will you feed him, Mama?

Katie is too choked up with emotion to speak. She nods. Travis is slack with relief.

ARLISS

All right, then. I'll swap you.

Sanderson emits a shrill whistle that brings Old Yeller INTO THE SCENE. He gravely lifts Arliss off his knee and turns to untie the rope from Old Yeller's neck. He gestures at the dog.

SANDERSON

He's all yours, boy. Now gimme my toad.

Gravely Arliss hands over the horned toad. Just as gravely Sanderson stuffs the toad into the breast pocket of his jacket.

176 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS

176

He is looking at Sanderson as if the newcomer were some sort of a god.

TRAVIS
(blurting it out)
I'll go split you plenty of
cooking wood, Mama.

He turns and rushes away.

DISSOLVE TO

177 INT. KITCHEN - GROUP SHOT AT TABLE - STAGE

177

Travis, Arliss and Katie have finished eating. The empty dishes on the table show that they have had a bountiful meal. Sanderson eyes a platter upon which remain two squares of cornbread. Sanderson's breast pocket twitches with the movement of the horned toad inside. Arliss notes this with grave interest.

SANDERSON
(with a smile
for Katie)
Believe I will have just one
more piece of that cornbread
to go with this hog-plum
jelly I got left over.

KATIE
Help yourself, Mr. Sanderson.

Travis looks at Sanderson with something approaching awe as Sanderson spreads a thick layer of jelly on the bread. Sanderson intercepts the look.

SANDERSON
(laughs)
Haven't ate like this since
the time I splurged on a big
feed at the Menger Hotel in
Santone.

KATIE
(pleased)
I'm happy you enjoyed it,
Mr. Sanderson.

Sanderson rises from the table.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED

177

SANDERSON

Well, Ma'am, guess I better
be gettin' back to camp.

(to Travis)

Come on with me while I get
my horse saddled, boy.

TRAVIS

Yes, sir.

Katie, Travis and Arliss rise from the table and start
toward the door.

KATIE

(to Sanderson)

When Mr. Coates gets back,
come and see us. I want
you to meet him.

SANDERSON

Thank you, Ma'am.

As they reach the door,

DISSOLVE TO

178

DOLLY - ALONG TRAIL TO SPRING - CABIN IN BG - FIRST
UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH - DAY

178

Sanderson leads his saddled horse toward the spring.
Travis walks beside him.

SANDERSON

Didn't want to tell your Mama
this. Didn't want to fret
her. But there's a plague
of hydrophobia in the country.

Travis is concerned.

TRAVIS

Hydrophobia. You sure?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED

178

SANDERSON

(nodding gravely)

I've done shot two wolves, a
fox and a skunk that had it.
Wanted to warn you not to take
any chances.

TRAVIS

(disturbed)

Don't know if I could tell if
a critter's got the sickness.

They reach the pool, and Sanderson leads the horse to it.

179 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS, SANDERSON AND THE HORSE - 179
FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

Sanderson slips the bridle bits from the horse's mouth,
allowing the animal to drink.

SANDERSON

(as he does so)

You can't hardly tell, at first.
Not until they've got to the point
of slobbering and staggering
around. You see any critter in
that fix, you know for sure.

Sanderson looks at the horse, putting a hand on its mane.

SANDERSON (cont'd)

But you want to watch for others
that ain't that far along. You
take a bobcat or fox. You know
they'll run from you if they get
a chance. But when one don't
run, or maybe makes fight at you,
why you shoot him, and shoot him
quick. After he's bitten you,
it's too late.

Travis stares at Sanderson, who pauses to let the informa-
tion sink in.

SANDERSON (cont'd)

You done with your hog-marking
for this year?

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED

179

TRAVIS
(shaking his head)
Fixin' to start tomorrow.

SANDERSON
Well, you watch them hogs, too.
Same as everything else.
(pauses)
I know your Papa left you in
charge of things while he's
gone, and I figure you're man
enough to handle the job.

The horse lifts his head from the pool. Sanderson
slips the bits back into the animal's mouth. Then
Sanderson turns to Travis.

SANDERSON
Don't scare you, does it,
boy?

TRAVIS
(too quickly)
Nosir.
(pauses)
Well, yessir, I reckon I am
skeered a little, but I'll
sure do like you told me.

Sanderson slaps Travis on the shoulder.

SANDERSON
That's the way a man talks, son.

Sanderson turns from the grim Travis to mount his horse.
He gets one foot in the stirrup when he remembers.
Grinning, he turns back, and reaches into his pocket.
With a wink for Travis, he pulls out the horned toad
and lets it go. Travis musters a smile. Sanderson
swings into the saddle, lifts a hand in farewell, and
rides OUT OF SCENE. CAMERA STAYS ON Travis, staring
soberly and a bit fearfully TOWARD CAMERA. On this we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

180 SCOPE SHOT - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH - DAY 180

Travis and Yeller are following the crest of a hill, searching for sign of hogs. They are some distance from home and the country is wild and rocky. Travis carries a rope wound around his shoulders.

181 CLOSER SHOT - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 181

Travis stops, bends down to examine some tracks.

TRAVIS

Hog tracks, Yeller! Go
git 'em, boy!

Yeller bounds off.

181A SCOPE SHOT - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 181A

As Yeller races ahead following the scent of the hogs, gradually outdistancing Travis.

182 YELLER - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 182

Bounding away from CAMERA, and scrambling over rocks behind which he finally disappears.

183 TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 183

Running towards CAMERA, he stops, hesitates, not knowing which way to go. Suddenly there comes the barking of a dog, the squealing of hogs. He dashes forward past CAMERA.

184 PANNING SHOT OF TRAVIS - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 184

He scrambles over the rocks that Yeller previously climbed. The barking and squealing increases.

185 ANOTHER SHOT OF TRAVIS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 185

He swings round a large boulder, comes to a stop.

186 A HOG WALLOW - TRAVIS' POV - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 186

Yeller has got the hogs cornered...three or four old barrows, eight or ten lean-flanked old sows, a few half-grown shoats and a number of small pigs that might weigh ten or fifteen pounds.

187 TRAVIS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 187

TRAVIS
Hold 'em there, boy.

He looks around him, then exits shot.

188 THE HOG WALLOW - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 188

The hogs try to break out with a charge. Yeller, baying lustily, drives them back.

189 A ROCKY BANK - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 189

A group of rocks make a semi-circular enclosure above which hangs a live-oak tree.

TRAVIS
Bring 'em along, Yeller!

190 THE HOG WALLOW - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 190

Old Yeller starts to lead the hogs out of the wallow.

191 THE ROCKY BANK - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 191

Travis is climbing the tree, finds a place that suits him.

192 YELLER AND HOGS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 192

As he drives the hogs nearer, evading their charges and charging back himself if any try to break away.

192A TRAVIS IN THE TREE - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 192A

He uncoils his rope, runs out a loop.

TRAVIS
Bring 'em on, Yeller. Rally
'em right under this tree.

193 HOGS AND OLD YELLER - TRAVIS'S POV - IVERSON RANCH 193
SECOND UNIT

Yeller continues to work them. He charges, baying loudly, until he almost collides with an old barrow, then the dog wheels out of the way as the furious hog counter charges. Old Yeller evades the charge, retreating closer to the tree and drawing the group of hogs closer. Then, giving

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED

193

them no respite, Old Yeller pesters them into a series of charges...finally leading them under the tree. (NOTE: Both for practicality and dramatic effect this scene will be broken up with many cuts).

193A TRAVIS IN THE TREE - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

193A

He watches excitedly, calling out encouragement to the dog below. Rising all about is the fearsome SOUND made by the angry hogs.

TRAVIS

That's a-doin' it right, boy!
Now, hold 'em!

194 OVERHEAD SHOT - HOGS AND OLD YELLER - TRAVIS'S POV -
IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

194

Old Yeller now has maneuvered the hogs into making their stand, with their rumps backed up to the rocky bank at the base of the tree. It is a fearsome bunch Old Yeller faces and must hold--angry, roaring, teeth-popping hogs.

195 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS IN TREE - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND
UNIT

195

He looks searchingly below, his loop cocked and ready. Suddenly he leans forward, makes his cast with the rope.

196 OVERHEAD SHOT - HOGS - TRAVIS'S POV - IVERSON RANCH -
SECOND UNIT

196

As the loop settles and jerks tight about the body of a terrified and squealing pig. As the pig is lifted into the air, the hogs mill about, reaching a new pitch of fury. One hog rears up on his hind legs at the trunk of the tree, roaring and popping his teeth.

197 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS IN TREE - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND
UNIT

197

He draws the squealing pig up and onto the limb, clamping the struggling animal between his knees as he removes the rope. Then he takes out his knife.

198 CLOSE UP - TRAVIS'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS - TO EXCLUDE 198
PIG - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

We see his concentrated expression as he does the actual marking with the knife. The squeals of the pig increase in volume from OFF SCENE -- and the BG SOUNDS from the ring of hogs seems to rise in a crescendo.

TRAVIS

(to pig)

All right, pig, now you're wearing the Coates' mark.

199 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS IN TREE - IVERSON RANCH - 199
SECOND UNIT

Holding the wriggling pig--who is partially concealed by the tree limb--Travis leans out to drop the animal to the ground.

200 SHOOTING TOWARD HOGS - AT GROUND LEVEL - SECOND UNIT - 200
IVERSON RANCH

Old Yeller, enjoying this battle of wits with the infuriated hogs, is holding them under the tree. From the limb of the tree, we see the marked pig drop squealing into the milling mass below--and the clamor from the others increases in volume.

201 TRAVIS IN TREE - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 201

Grinning, he takes up his rope. He runs out another loop and makes another cast.

202 THE HOGS - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 201

The loop jerks tight around a second pig, who squeals in terror. Then, just as the rope goes taut, an old hog, infuriated beyond endurance, launches a charge at Old Yeller--and slams into the rope.

203 TRAVIS IN TREE - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 203

The unexpected weight against the rope throws him off balance. He lets go of the rope, scrambling frantically to keep from falling. Somehow, he manages to recover his balance, dropping farther out on the limb, where it is thinner and forking out into smaller branches. Momentarily it seems he is safe...then a rending, splitting SOUND is heard as the thinner section of limb gives way under his weight.

204 OVERHEAD SHOT - FROM TREE - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 204

As the limb breaks off and Travis, screaming out in terror, falls with it into the mass of hogs below. The branch and Travis fall on the back of a huge old barrow.

205 THE MILLING HOGS - TREE IN BG - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 205

As Travis hits the ground, and the old barrow fights free of the branch. Travis tries frantically to gain his feet and succeeds, only to be attacked in a flash by the old barrow, who cuts viciously at the boy's legs. Emitting a scream of pain, Travis goes down, rolling away from the hog but completely at the maddened animal's mercy.

206 CLOSE SHOT - PROCESS - PLATE BY SECOND UNIT 206

Shooting past Travis, we see him trying to shield his face from the charging hogs.

207 OLD YELLER - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 207

Seeing what is happening he chases forward past CAMERA.

207A THE HOGS - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 207A

As Yeller charges in among them, if possible bringing the old barrow down.

207B TRAVIS AND HOGS - EXCLUDING YELLER - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 207B

He gets to his feet, runs out of scene.

208 PANNING SHOT - TRAVIS RUNNING - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND-208 UNIT

Still filled with terror, he flees. We see the ripped, bloody cloth of his pants flapping as he runs. From OFF SCENE come the roaring of the hogs and the growls and snarls of Old Yeller.

209 YELLER AND THE HOGS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 209

In the rock enclosure under the live oak is a swirling melee and the rising dust obscures much of what is happening.

- 210 TRAVIS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 210
His panic a little abated, he flops down on a bank, begins to examine his injured leg.
- 210A CLOSE ON TRAVIS, EXCLUDING HIS INJURED LEG - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 210A
The examination of his leg makes him wince with pain. Then suddenly he notices that the SOUND of the fight between Yeller and the hogs has ceased. He looks up.
- 210B THE ROCKY BANK UNDER THE LIVE OAK - TRAVIS' POV - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 210B
The herd of hogs swing out of the enclosure and rush away. There is no sign of Yeller.
- 211 CLOSE ON TRAVIS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 211
TRAVIS
(worried)
Yeller!
He pauses for an answering bark, hears none, then calls again in panic.
TRAVIS
Yeller!
Again there is no answer. He rises, hurries out of SHOT.
- 212 SHOOTING PAST THE LIVE OAK - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 212
As Travis, limping heavily, hurries toward the rocky enclosure.
- 212A CLOSE SHOT AS HE ARRIVES - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT-212A
He looks around, at first sees nothing. Then there comes the SOUND of a weak whining; he turns his head and his face turns to horror at what he sees.
- 212B TRAVIS' POV - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT 212B
Yeller, badly cut and mauled, lies at the entrance of a cave-like hollow in the rock.

213 TRAVIS SHOOTING OVER YELLER - IVERSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 213

(NOTE: This shot will be taken with a foreground piece representing the roof of the cave. This scene will of course be also covered with close-up of boy and dog).

Yeller licks Travis's hand and whines while the boy examines him.

TRAVIS
(in horror)
Yeller -- Yeller -- you're
all cut to pieces!

Tears come into Travis's eyes. The dog whines again, impelling Travis to action. He takes off his shirt, tears it into strips and begins to bandage the dog's wounds.

TRAVIS
(as he does so)
You're gonna be all right,
Yeller, you hear? I'm gonna
git Mama. Mama'll doctor
you up right.

He finishes the bandaging, lurches to his feet and takes a step away from the cave. Whining, Old Yeller tries to drag himself after Travis. Travis turns back to the dog, kneeling down to gently move Old Yeller back into the cave.

TRAVIS
Yeller, git back in that cave.
You want them hogs to git you?

Travis stands again, looking deeply troubled.

214 OUTSIDE THE CAVE - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 214

Travis, straining and pulling, hauls a piece of dead mesquite tree over to block the cave opening. Then he kneels once more to speak to the dog.

TRAVIS
Now you got to stay there,
boy, till I come back.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED

214

The dog whines piteously.

TRAVIS

I mean it, boy. I'm comin'
back -- I promise.

Travis gets to his feet and limps OUT OF SCENE.

214A SCOPE SHOT - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT

214A

As Travis limps OFF SCENE away from CAMERA, we hear
from Yeller O.S. a lonesome, frightened howl.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

215 INT. BREEZEWAY - FULL SHOT - DAY

215

Travis, shirtless and sweaty, his face white with pain,
sits in a chair. The ripped pants leg is pulled up over
his knee. Katie kneels before Travis, winding a clean
bandage about his wounded leg. Arliss squats on his heels
close by, his dirt-smudged face registering grave interest
in the operation.

Katie finishes the job and stands up. She helps Travis
get to his feet.

KATIE

Come on, now, I'll help you
to bed.

TRAVIS

(shocked)

Mama, we got to go back
after Old Yeller.

KATIE

(firmly)

You're not going anywhere till
that leg gets well. I've doctored
hog cuts before. One like yours
can be as dangerous as a rattle-
snake bite.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED

215

Travis frees himself from his mother's helping hand,
staring wildly at her.

TRAVIS
(forcefully)
Mama, you don't understand.
I promised Old Yeller - and
I'm a-goin'!

KATIE
(shocked)
Travis!

TRAVIS
(with determination)
I aim to go after Old Yeller.
He'll die without help.

216 CLOSE UP - KATIE

216

She stares at him a moment. Defeated, she turns away.

KATIE
All right. We'll all go.

DISSOLVE TO

217 SCOPE SHOT - IVERSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

217

Katie appears over the ridgetop, leading the mule, Jumper.
Arliss walks beside her. Travis rides the mule, seated
on several pillows and a cowhide, lashed to the animal's
back. Also tied to the mule's side is an axe.

218 CLOSER SHOT - TRAVIS AS HE RIDES - IVERSON RANCH - FIRST-218
UNIT.

He looks up.

219 A FLIGHT OF BUZZARDS - IVERSON RANCH - SECOND UNIT - 219
OR STOCK

If we have any buzzards left after shooting Scenes 222
and 224, we will attempt to shoot a shot of buzzards
circling down on our actual rocks. Otherwise use a stock
shot of buzzards in the sky.

220 CLOSE ON TRAVIS AS HE RIDES - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH-220

His grim reaction to this.

221 THE RESCUE PARTY - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 221

As they emerge from behind a large boulder and see the "cave" where Yeller is hidden for the first time.

222 THE CAVE - THEIR POV - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 222

Half a dozen buzzards are fighting to get into the tree-blocked "cave".

223 TRAVIS AND KATIE - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 223

A sudden light comes into the boy's pain-filled eyes.

TRAVIS

Mama, them buzzards ain't
got him yet!

Katie leads the mule forward out of the picture.

224 THE CAVE AREA - SECOND UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 224

At their approach the buzzards fly off, the CAMERA PANNING UP with them.

225 SHOOTING PAST LIVE OAK - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 225

As Katie leads Jumper close to the "cave". Travis awkwardly dismounts, and the three peer into the cave.

225A CLOSER SHOT - AT CAVE ENTRY - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 225A

From behind the stump and the roots, Old Yeller is whining piteously.

ARLISS

(indignantly)

What's the matter with Old
Yeller, Mama? Who stopped
him up in that hole?

KATIE

(with forced
cheerfulness)

We've come to get Old Yeller
out, baby. But first I wonder
if you'd do something for me.

ARLISS

What?

(CONTINUED)

225A CONTINUED

225A

KATIE

Go catch me a green striped
lizard. We passed one back
there apiece. The prettiest
I ever saw.

ARLISS

Sure, Mama. I'll ketch him
for you.

Arliss wheels about and races OUT OF SCENE.

Travis rises, and he and Katie tug at the mesquite stump
blocking the hole, pulling it away.

KATIE

(as they do so)
We'll have to hurry if we want to
get him patched up before Arliss
comes back.

225B SHOOTING OVER YELLER - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH

225B

The dog, now visible in the opening, lets out a gusty
breath of relief and whines at them. Together, Katie
and Travis reach into the hole and gently slide the dog
into the sunlight.

Katie starts unwinding the crude bandage Travis applied
earlier to the dog.

226 KATIE AND TRAVIS - TO EXCLUDE DOG - FIRST UNIT -
IVERSON RANCH

226

Katie looks down at the dog and gasps.

KATIE

Oh, Travis! I didn't know
it would be this bad.

TRAVIS

Them hogs never would have
teched him, only he was keeping
'em off me!

Katie shudders, then reaching for a large sewing needle
stuck in the bodice of her dress, looks gravely at Travis.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED

226

KATIE

We'll have to sew him up.
Jerk me a hair out of Old
Jumper's tail.

Travis nods, turning OUT OF SHOT.

227 SHOOTING AWAY FROM CAVE OPENING - FIRST UNIT -
IVERSON RANCH

227

As Travis goes to the mule, reaching for the lead rope.

TRAVIS

Whoa, now, Jumper.

Jumper pays little attention as Travis steps toward his rear, lifts the tail and singles out one long, black hair. But when the boy yanks the hair loose, Jumper lashes out with a hind foot, snorts and lunges. Travis throws his weight on the lead rope to hold the upset mule.

TRAVIS

(shouting)

Jumper!

The mule stops fighting the rope. Travis then drops it and turns back toward his mother.

228 KATIE AND TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH

228

Katie takes the hair and threads it through the eye of her needle.

KATIE

The sooner we get him home,
the better. You take the axe
and cut us a couple of long
poles for the litter.

Travis nods, and again rises OUT OF THE SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO

229 NEAR CAVE OPENING - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH

229

Jumper stands patiently, rigged and ready for the return trip. Two cottonwood poles extend from either side of the animal to the ground behind him. Just above the mule's hocks there is a cross-piece, holding the two poles in

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED

229

place, and slung behind this, between the poles, is the cowhide, piled with pillows.

Katie and Travis together are lifting the bandaged Old Yeller and placing him in this improvised litter.

Then, hollering excitedly, Arliss races INTO THE SCENE and right up to Katie. In his hand he clutches a squirming lizard. He proudly thrusts it at Katie.

ARLISS

Here, Mama! I got your lizard!

Katie takes it squeamishly.

KATIE

Why, that's fine, son.
(looks down at
the lizard)
Now if you'll just keep him
for me till we get home --

ARLISS

Sure, Mama.
(beaming at lizard)
Ain't he purty?

KATIE

(with a shudder)
Yes, he really is.

She hands the lizard to Arliss, who takes it and tucks it into his pocket.

KATIE

Now, Arliss, we're going
to play a game.

ARLISS

(brightly)
A game?

KATIE

(nodding)
We're playing Old Yeller
is sick and you are taking
care of him.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED (1)

229

ARLISS
(looking at dog)
Is that why he's all wrapped
up?

KATIE
That's right. You're going
to ride on that cowhide and
hold him.

ARLISS
(enthusiastically)
Like we was two sick Injuns?

Katie nods and directs Arliss as he gets on the cowhide
with the dog.

KATIE
That's fine. Now you sit there
and make sure Old Yeller don't
slide off.

ARLISS
On account of he's a sicker
Injun than me?

KATIE
That's right. Now remember,
don't lean on him or don't play
with him. He's a very, very
sick Indian.

Arliss nods his understanding. Painfully Travis tries
to climb aboard the mule, when suddenly his wounded leg
gives way. He stumbles, sprawls flat on his back on the
ground. Katie, her eyes filled with concern, rushes to
help him up, but without assistance, he manages to pull
himself up on the mule. Katie takes the lead rope, and
they start out. CAMERA PANS WITH them.

230 LONG SHOT - RESCUE PARTY - FIRST UNIT - IVERSON RANCH 230

Dust rises from the pole ends as they move through the
rocks away from CAMERA.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

231 INT. KITCHEN - STAGE - DAY

231

Katie, looking weary and troubled, is at the table, washing prickly pear roots in a pan of water. Arliss stands near the table, watching as his mother takes the roots one by one from the pan, shakes off the surplus water, and puts them in a cloth bag.

ARLISS

Mama, is them prickly pear roots gonna make Travis well?

KATIE

I hope so.

ARLISS

When you git done, will you play with me?

KATIE

I'm sorry, son, I'm too busy. You go play out in the yard.

ARLISS

(bitterly)

But, Mama, I tell you there ain't nothing to do out in that old yard.

KATIE

(sharply)

Arliss, will you stop it? You go outside this minute and --

She is interrupted by a call from outside.

SEARCY'S VOICE

(calling)

Hello, the house!

ARLISS

(excitedly)

Mama! It's Mr. Searcy!

Arliss turns and dashes out. Katie sighs wearily and shakes her head.

KATIE

Oh, no!

232 EXT. CABIN - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH - DAY 232

Arliss is capering around Lisbeth, who carries a yellow-colored puppy, as Searcy ties up his horse.

ARLISS

Look at the little bitty pup!
Ain't he purty?
(hopefully)
Is he for me?

LISBETH

(shyly)
Partly. Mostly he's for Travis.

ARLISS

Travis can't play with no pup.
He's sick.

LISBETH

(concerned)
Sick?

ARLISS

(importantly)
Hog cut. Him and Old Yeller.

232A EXT. KITCHEN DOORWAY - STAGE 232A

Katie appears reluctantly in the kitchen doorway.

KATIE

(wearily)
Good morning, Mr. Searcy.
Hello, Lisbeth.

232B GROUP SHOT - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH OR STAGE 232B

Searcy turns toward her, almost in the manner of a doctor.

SEARCY

What's this about that
boy of yourn gitting hog
cut? Whatta ya doctoring
with?

KATIE

(nervously)
Prickly pear root.

(CONTINUED)

232B CONTINUED

232B

LISBETH
(diffidently)
Miz Coates, I brung something
for Travis.
(holds up pup)
Kin I take it to him?

KATIE
Why, go right in, honey.

Lisbeth starts for Travis's room.

KATIE
Now, if you'll excuse me, Mr.
Searcy, I'm in the middle of
making up a new poultice --

SEARCY
It's right providential I
come along when I did. Ain't
nothing better'n a prickly pear
poultice -- if a body knows
how to fix it.

Katie goes back into the kitchen, followed by Searcy.

233 INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM - STAGE

233

Travis lies quietly on the bed, his eyes half closed.
At the foot of the bed and to one side, the battered,
bandaged Old Yeller lies upon a cowhide, spread to
protect the quilt. The dog looks up as Lisbeth enters,
then lowers his head between his paws. Lisbeth, the
pup held behind her back, stops a few feet from Travis.
He looks up at her with reserve.

LISBETH
You hurt pretty bad?

TRAVIS
(gruffly)
I'm all right. Take more'n
them old hogs to kill me.

LISBETH
(awkwardly)
Well, I brung you a surprise.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED

233

TRAVIS

What?

LISBETH

One of Miss Prissy's pups.

She brings the pup from behind her back, holding it by the scruff of the neck. Travis eyes the pup soberly. Old Yeller looks at the pup, then sighs weakly.

TRAVIS

Don't look much like Old Yeller.

LISBETH

They was born in a badger hole.
Seven of 'em. This is the
best of the bunch.

Travis makes no comment. Lisbeth holds up the pup.

LISBETH

See? He don't holler when you
hold him up by the neck hide.
Grandpa says that means he's a
good dog.

TRAVIS

That don't mean nothing. If
his mouth's black inside,
that's what counts.

LISBETH

Well, anyhow I brung him to you.

TRAVIS

(gestures at
Old Yeller)

I done got me a dog. Old Yeller.

He sees the quick hurt leap into Lisbeth's eyes and lamely tries to ease it.

TRAVIS

Why don't you give the pup
to Arliss? He'll like it.

Lisbeth stares at Travis a moment, then turns and rushes out of the room.

234 INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE

234

As Lisbeth comes into it from the bedroom. Arliss is squatting down on his heels, drawing designs in the sand floor with a stick. Lisbeth, her eyes misty with tears, hands the pup to Arliss.

LISBETH

Here, you can have him, Arliss.

Arliss rises, clutching eagerly at the pup. Lisbeth, ready to burst into tears, exits quickly toward the yard.

ARLISS

Gol-lee! He's all mine?

Arliss turns toward CAMERA, holding the wiggling pup against his neck and giggling as the pup licks his face.

234A DOOR FROM BREEZEWAY TO KITCHEN - STAGE

234A

It opens and Katie enters, carrying the new poultice. Searcy is right on her heels.

SEARCY

That's the secret, Miz Coates.
A-beatin' them roots till
they're soft and squashy as
mush, so's they kin suck out
the pizen.

Arliss, beaming, holds the pup toward his mother as she goes toward the bedroom door, the CAMERA PANNING.

ARLISS

Mama! Look at the little
bitty pup Lisbeth give me --

Katie pays no attention. She hurries into the bedroom, followed by Searcy. Arliss looks after them.

235 INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM - STAGE

235

Travis eyes Katie and Searcy as they enter. Old Yeller rolls his eyes upward, but is too tired to react further. Searcy pushes ahead of Katie and leads the way to the bed. Again the medical authority, he leans over the bed to look at the injured leg. Carelessly he yanks loose the bandages. Travis groans and flinches.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED

235

SEARCY

Ahhhh! Shore cut up, ain't
you, boy? Clear to the bone,
looks like.

Hastily Katie interposes herself between Searcy and the
bed, and begins to apply the poultice. Searcy peers
over her shoulder at Travis.

SEARCY

Now that poultice is shore
the stuff to suck out the
pizen -- providin', of course,
he ain't got hydrophoby.

236 CLOSE UP - KATIE - STAGE

236

She is shocked and concerned over this possibility.

KATIE

Hydrophobia!

237 GROUP SHOT - AT BED - STAGE

237

SEARCY

(nodding gravely)
Could be. It's all over the
country. Stuff dying like
flies. Foxes, wolves, pole-
cats, hogs --

Katie's fear increases as he mentions hogs.

KATIE

Hogs!

SEARCY

Hogs can git it. Same as
this here boy or that old
yeller dog.
(gestures at dog)

238 CLOSE UP - OLD YELLER - STAGE

238

The dog looks up at Searcy, then lowers his head.

SEARCY'S VOICE

Seen airy one of 'em foaming at the
mouth? Showed any fits of temper?

239 GROUP SHOT - AT BED - STAGE

239

Katie is shocked at Searcy's grim questions.

KATIE

Why, of course not!

SEARCY

Well, I'd keep a close watch
on 'em. And keep outa their
reach. It's liable to show
up on 'em yet. Recollect --
I had me an uncle once. Down
in East Texas.

240 CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - STAGE

240

Growing tense at Searcy's dire word picture, Travis
looks at him.

SEARCY'S VOICE

(continuing)

Got mad-dog bit. Knowed he was
bound to die. Chained hisself
to a sweet-gum tree, he did.
Stayed there till the sickness
took hold.

241 GROUP SHOT - AT BED - STAGE

241

Katie notes the tensing of Travis's muscles as the sick
boy stares up at Searcy. Her fear begins to change into
anger at Searcy's callousness.

KATIE

Mr. Searcy -- please --

SEARCY

Why, it's the gospel truth,
Miz Coates. He went to snarling
and snapping at everything in
sight. Would run at his woman
and younguns, trying to bite 'em.
Would of got 'em, too, only for
that chain holding him back.
Stayed right there till he died
of the slobbering fits. Buried
him under --

KATIE

(turning angrily on Searcy)

Mr. Searcy! That's enough of that!
Not another word!

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED

241

She rises and shoves him away, toward the door, then through it. She follows and slams the door behind her.

242 INT. BREEZEWAY - MED. SHOT NEAR BEDROOM DOOR - STAGE 242

Katie faces Searcy, her eyes snapping with anger. Searcy looks bewildered. He pulls a twist of tobacco from his pocket and bites off a chew.

KATIE
(furiously)
What do you mean? Telling an ugly story like that to a boy who's just been hog cut!

SEARCY
Huh? What? Why, Miz Coates, I was jest trying to give a word of warning.

Uneasy under Katie's furious stare, Searcy turns as if to leave.

SEARCY
Reckon if I can't be of no help here, I jest as well be gittin' along back home.

KATIE
(sharply)
Help? There's plenty of ways a man could be of help here!

SEARCY
Huh? Like doing what, Miz Coates?

KATIE
Like hitching up the mule and gathering in our corn crop before the deer and coons eat it up. Or a blowing rain rots it in the field.

Searcy squirts tobacco juice on the breezeway floor.

SEARCY
(consolingly)
Well, now, Miz Coates, don't you fret yourself a minute

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED

242

SEARCY (cont'd)
about that corn crop. I'll
be glad to take care of that.
(calls out loudly)
Lisbeth!

Lisbeth comes obediently around the corner and into the
breezeway. She looks up at her grandfather.

SEARCY
Lisbeth, Miz Coates, here,
she's in a bind. Ain't got
her corn in the crib yit.
Figured I'd leave you here
to help her with the job.

KATIE
(shocked)
But, Mr. Searcy! Lisbeth's
just a little girl.

SEARCY
(proudly)
Well, yeah, she ain't much for
size. But she's like her old
grandpappy -- stout and willing.

In what seems almost emphasis to his words, he squirts
more tobacco juice on the floor, then leaves.

242A EXT. CABIN - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

242A

Searcy turns at the gate.

SEARCY
Now, don't forgit, Miz Coates.
If there's airy other little
thing I can do for you, don't
be bashful about telling me.
(he mounts his horse)
I'm on call, day or night.

He rides off.

242B KATIE AND LISBETH - STAGE

242B

Katie stares after him shocked and amazed. Lisbeth shoots
an embarrassed glance at Katie, then wordlessly, takes up

(CONTINUED)

242B CONTINUED

242B

the shovel leaning against the wall. CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of Lisbeth as she begins to scatter sand to cover Searcy's spittle.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

243 SCOPE SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY

243

The cart, filled with corn still in the husk, is creaking its way from the corn field toward the corral. Jumper is pulling the cart; Katie is driving; Lisbeth and Arliss sit behind Katie atop the corn. Arliss holds the pup in his arms.

243A EXT. CABIN - STAGE

243A

As the cart passes the cabin, Travis comes out, limping on his injured leg, followed by Old Yeller also limping slightly.

ARLISS
(importantly)
We got the last of the corn
this trip. Me'n Mama and
Lisbeth.

Travis looks toward the cart.

KATIE
Now I can draw an easy breath
again. With you back on
your feet and the last of
the corn in the crib.

From OFFSCENE has come the bawling of a cow in distress. Travis gestures towards the SOUND.

TRAVIS
Ain't that old Spot I hear
bawling?

KATIE
(nodding)
Spot's not well. Been acting
flighty lately, like she was
scared of her own shadow.

(CONTINUED)

243A CONTINUED

243A

LISBETH
(solemnly)
This morning she wouldn't
let her calf suck, neither.

KATIE
She acts like maybe she'd
got a bait of pea vine.

TRAVIS
(shaking his head)
Mama, it can't be pea vine,
this late in the year.

Now the bawling is very near, and all look toward it.

244 SPOT - THEIR POV - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 244

Following a circuitous path, Spot is shambling along, her head low and wobbly. Obviously in pain, she drools as she stumbles TOWARD CAMERA, bumping into a small mesquite tree, then reeling off to one side.

245 GROUP SHOT - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 245

Katie looks away and toward Travis.

KATIE
(sudden alarm)
Why, the poor thing. She's
blind sick.

We hear another bawl from the O.S. cow.

TRAVIS
Mama,
(pauses, then with
certainty)
that cow's got hydrophobia!

246 SPOT - THEIR POV - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH 246

The miserable Spot stands a moment, her head wobbling from side to side, then starts shambling away.

247 GROUP SHOT 247

Travis looks at his mother. Lisbeth and Arliss stare O.S. at the cow.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED

247

KATIE
(with resignation)
She was making such a gentle
milk cow.

TRAVIS
(deciding)
I'll go git my gun.

He starts toward the cabin. Katie, crushed by the impending loss, stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO

248 CORN CRIB - STAGE - DAY

248

In B.G. the cart is backed up to the opened door of the corn crib. Katie and Lisbeth are in the cart, pitching ears of corn into the crib. This is the larger of the two corn cribs; the smaller one we use later to pen up Old Yeller.

In F.G. Arliss is playing with Spot's calf and the pup. He is holding the pup's nose close to the calf's.

248A CLOSE SHOT - ARLISS - STAGE

248A

ARLISS
(to pup)
This here's Spot's calf.
You ain't to bite it, you
hear?

From O.S. comes the sharp crack of a rifle fired, and wonderingly Arliss looks toward the SOUND.

248B CLOSE SHOT - KATIE AND LISBETH IN THE CART - STAGE

248B

The crack of the rifle has stopped them in their work. They exchange a sober glance.

KATIE
(woddenly)
Let's get finished and go
burn the carcass. If the
varmints get at it, could
be that might spread the
sickness.

(CONTINUED)

248B CONTINUED

248B

They resume the job of unloading the corn, pitching it from the cart into the crib.

DISSOLVE TO

249 FULL SHOT - FIRE - FIRST UNIT - BACK LOT - NIGHT

249

The fire is a big one, and the burning wood almost completely covers the carcass, so that we can hardly see it. Lisbeth stands to one side of the fire. INTO THE SHOT FROM CAMERA comes Katie, leading Jumper. The mule is pulling a log. Old Yeller trots protectively beside Katie. She stops the mule near the fire. Lisbeth takes one end of the log, Katie the other, and together they heave it into the fire. It sends up a shower of sparks.

DISSOLVE TO

250 INT. BREEZEWAY - TRAVIS - STAGE - NIGHT

250

Travis is sitting in a chair, staring out at the coming of evening. Then his gaze shifts thoughtfully in the direction of the fire.

251 LONG SHOT - FIRE - TRAVIS'S POV - FIRST OR SECOND UNIT-251
AS TIME ALLOWS - BACKLOT

With him we see the glow of the fire, and an occasional thin finger of flame, rising above the intervening brush which obscures the rest of it. Katie and Lisbeth are not visible.

252 INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE

252

Travis continues to look OFF at the fire, paying no attention to Arliss, who comes trotting in dragging a frayed length of rope which the pup attacks repeatedly with fierce, little growls and angry yaps. Still holding the rope, Arliss steps close to his brother and stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

252. CONTINUED

252

ARLISS

How come you shot Spot?

Travis shifts his gaze slowly to Arliss.

TRAVIS

She was sick.

ARLISS

Well, you was sick, too. How
come they didn't shoot you?

TRAVIS

(slightly dis-
comfited)

Well, that's some different.

The pup tugs on the rope again, and Arliss drops his end,
staring thoughtfully OFF at the gathering night.

ARLISS

Where'll Spot go, now she's
dead?

TRAVIS

(gruffly)

Nowhere, I reckon. She's
just dead.

ARLISS

Won't she go to heaven?

TRAVIS

I don't much reckon.

ARLISS

When's Mama and Lisbeth
coming back? I'm hungry.

TRAVIS

I'll go rustle you some milk
and bread.

Travis starts toward the kitchen door, followed by Arliss
and the pup, who of course is dragging his rope along.

253 INT. KITCHEN - STAGE - NIGHT

253

Travis goes to the fireplace and tosses a couple pieces of kindling on the bed of coals. As the wood catches, he takes the candle from the mantel and lights it from the fire. He puts the candle on the table.

The pup continues to worry his piece of rope about the floor while Arliss seats himself on the edge of one of the benches, watching the fire blaze up. Travis brings bread and milk to the table and breaks pieces of corn-bread into a bowl.

ARLISS
(suddenly)
Ain't there no cows in heaven
for the angels to milk?

TRAVIS
How do I know?

Travis pours milk over the bread and gestures at the dish.

TRAVIS
Here's your supper.

Travis turns away and goes to lean against the mantel-piece. He tosses a small piece of wood into the fire, and moodily watches it burn.

Meanwhile Arliss transfers his supper from table to floor, and the pup eagerly joins him. Companionably, both eat from the same bowl. Arliss stops eating as another question occurs to him.

ARLISS
How far off is heaven?

TRAVIS
(back to Arliss)
I dunno. A far piece, I guess.

254 CLOSE TWO SHOT - ARLISS AND PUP - STAGE

254

Arliss goes back to eating with the pup. He takes several spoonfuls. Then a dreamy look crosses his face, and he rises to his knees with another question. The pup goes on eating.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED

254

ARLISS
Is heaven as far off as
Papa went?

255 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE TRAVIS - STAGE

255

Travis is still staring moodily into the fire, his back to Arliss.

TRAVIS
A heap farther than that.

Arliss returns to his communal eating -- until still another question hits him. He rises to his knees.

ARLISS
Where'd Papa go?

TRAVIS
(shortly)
Kansas.

Arliss resumes supping with the pup. Travis tosses another piece of wood on the fire, turns and sees the pup and Arliss. He frowns in exasperation.

TRAVIS
Arliss! Quit eating with
that nasty old pup!

ARLISS
(defensively)
Well, he's hungry, too.

TRAVIS
You git up to that table.
I'll fetch another bowl.

From OFF SCENE comes the frantic, distance-muted voice of Katie, followed by Jumper's snort of fear and the sudden, savage uproar of dogs in combat.

KATIE'S VOICE
(calling in terror)
Travis! Travis! Bring your
gun!

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED

255

Travis is momentarily frozen, then whirls to snatch down the rifle, shot pouch and powder horn. Arliss looks at Travis in alarm.

KATIE'S VOICE
(from the distance)
Travis! Travis!

ARLISS
(alarmed)
That's Mama. What's the matter with her?

TRAVIS
(harshly)
You stay in this house,
Arliss! You hear?

Travis runs out, leaving the frightened Arliss staring after him.

256 EXT. CABIN - BACK LOT - NIGHT - FIRST OR SECOND UNIT 256

In the B.G. we see the fire though we do not see Katie or Lisbeth. As Travis comes out, he stops dead to avoid Jumper who is galloping in panic past the cottage. Broken traces are dragging behind him. Then Travis dashes away from CAMERA TOWARDS the fire.

257 NEAR THE FIRE - STAGE - FIRST UNIT - NIGHT 257

SHOOTING PAST THE edge of the fire, we see Katie and Lisbeth staring in panic. Behind them is the overturned cart. We hear the NOISE of two snarling fighting animals coming from O.S. Travis races into SHOT.

258 TRAVIS' POV - BACK LOT - SECOND UNIT - NIGHT 258

Old Yeller and a huge grey loafer wolf are locked in mortal combat.

259 THE GROUP - STAGE - FIRST UNIT - NIGHT 259

Travis raises his gun to kill the wolf.

260 PROCESS - STAGE - PLATE BY SECOND UNIT - ON BACK LOT 260

SHOOTING OVER TRAVIS'S SHOULDER and along his gun, we appreciate the difficulty of shooting the wolf without hitting Old Yeller.

OLD YELLER - #2103
Gipson/Tunberg
January 22, 1957

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- 261 THE FIGHT - SECOND UNIT - BACK LOT 261
Old Yeller and the wolf are rolling in the dirt, snarling and growling, each trying for a throat grip.
- 262 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 262
Again he tries for a shot at the wolf. His face reflects his concern for fear he'll kill Old Yeller instead of the wolf.
- 263 THE FIGHT - SECOND UNIT - BACK LOT 263
Now the wolf succeeds in latching onto Old Yeller's throat. Old Yeller writhes and squirms, trying to break free, but the stronger wolf rolls him over on his back.
- 264 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 264
His face tells us that now is the moment. The barrel wavers a second, then steadies, and he pulls the trigger. With the roar of the shot, smoke momentarily obscures both rifle and Travis.
- 264A TRAVIS'S POV - SECOND UNIT - BACK LOT - NIGHT 264A
The smoke clearing reveals two inert bodies - the wolf and beneath him, Old Yeller.
- 264B CLOSE ON TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 264B
Terrified at what he may have done.
- 264C TRAVIS'S POV - SECOND UNIT - BACK LOT - NIGHT 264C
Yeller moves, begins to free himself from the dead body of the wolf.
- 264D CLOSE ON TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 264D
His reaction of infinite relief.
- 265 KATIE AND LISBETH - FIRST UNIT - STAGE 265
As they look at each other, there comes the distant and frightened voice of Arliss.

ARLISS'S VOICE
(screaming)
Mama! Mama!

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED

265

Katie, hearing the cry, turns to Lisbeth. Lisbeth runs
OUT OF SCENE.

LISBETH'S VOICE
(calling as she runs)
I'm coming, Arliss.

266 TRAVIS AND OLD YELLER - FIRST UNIT - STAGE - NIGHT 266

He is fondling the exhausted Yeller as his mother enters
scene.

TRAVIS
What happened?

KATIE
It was so sudden, I don't
hardly know. Just saw the
wolf leaping at Lisbeth.
Lucky I had a stick in my
hand.

TRAVIS
Lucky you had Old Yeller.

KATIE
(slowly)
It was lucky for us, son,
but it wasn't lucky for
Old Yeller.

Travis looks at her sharply, then kneels down to examine
the dog.

TRAVIS
He's chewed up some, but
he ain't bad hurt.

KATIE
No wolf in his right mind
would have jumped us, right
here at this fire. Not even
a loafer wolf. That wolf
was mad.

Travis jerks to his feet, staring at Katie in growing
horror.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED

266

KATIE
(slowly, painfully)
I'll shoot him, if you can't.
But either way, we've got it
to do.

Frantic at the words, Travis takes his mother by the
shoulders and shakes her as he tries to make her see.

TRAVIS
Mama, listen! Old Yeller's
just saved your life. He's
saved mine and Arliss's.
Lisbeth, too! We can't --
we don't know for certain!

Katie stares at him, tears rolling down her face.

TRAVIS
(continuing
frantically)
We'll shut him up in the
corn crib, where he can't
git out. Then we'll wait
and see.
(with great
urgency)
We can't just shoot him
down. Like he was nothing.
You understand?

He kneels down beside the dog.

KATIE
(hopelessly)
All right, son. If you
think there's any chance.

266A CLOSE TWO SHOT - TRAVIS AND OLD YELLER - FIRST UNIT - 266A
STAGE

TRAVIS
(looking up at his
mother)
Chance? Of course there's a
chance! You just wait and
see.

As he continues to look at her, his arm about the dog, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

267 EXT. CORN CRIB - STAGE - DAY

267

Travis and Katie approach the smaller corn crib. Travis is carrying a pan of food for the dog. The dog, hearing their approach, begins to make friendly noises.

TRAVIS
(smiling)
Hear that?

KATIE
(smiling hopefully)
Well, now, that sounds like
a healthy dog to me.

TRAVIS
Look at him, Mama. See
for yourself.

He opens the door to put the food in.

268 CLOSE SHOT - OLD YELLER IN CRIB - KATIE'S POV - STAGE -268
DAY

Old Yeller, looking fine, stands facing the door expectantly. His tail is wagging at a great rate and he whines joyously.

KATIE'S VOICE
He sure looks fine, all right.

Yeller begins gobbling the food that Travis's hand puts in.

269 KATIE AND TRAVIS AT CRIB DOOR - STAGE - DAY

269

Travis looks at his mother.

TRAVIS
Two whole weeks, and nary a
sign of a thing. Think we
could let him out?

For a moment Katie is tempted. Then she shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED

269

KATIE

They say sometimes it
takes a month or more
to tell.

(soberly)

We'll keep him in here
till your papa comes home.

She closes the door. Travis is disappointed as they
turn away from the crib.

DISSOLVE TO

269A INT. KITCHEN - STAGE - NIGHT

269A

Supper is just over. Katie is dumping table scraps into
a pan held by Travis. Lisbeth is at the fireplace, lad-
ling hot water from a big pot into the dishpan. Arliss
and the pup are playing on the floor.

KATIE

(putting last left-
overs in pan)

That ought to make Yeller
a good supper.

Travis nods and starts toward the breezeway door. Arliss
rises from the floor.

ARLISS

Mama, kin I go with Travis?

KATIE

(shaking her
head)

You're going to stay right
here and feed that puppy.

Travis exits.

269B INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE - NIGHT

269B

Travis is about to pass on through when his attention
is caught by the venison hanging from the rafters. He
looks at the pan of scraps, then decides it isn't enough.
He smiles as he cuts off a big chunk of venison and adds
it to the dog's supper. Then, whistling, he exits.

270 EXT. CORN CRIB - STAGE - NIGHT 270

Carrying the pan of food, Travis walks INTO THE SHOT FROM BEHIND CAMERA. He pauses at the crib door.

TRAVIS

Here we are, boy. More grub!

All is silent inside the corn crib. Travis lifts the latch and swings the door open.

TRAVIS

Yeller?

271 INT. CORN CRIB - TRAVIS'S POV - STAGE 271

The big dog, lying among the corn, lifts his head to stare at Travis with an odd gleam in his eyes.

TRAVIS'S VOICE

What's the matter, boy? Come on. Time to eat.

Yeller's only response is to curl his upper lip in a silent snarl.

272 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHOOTING FROM INSIDE CRIB - YELLER'S POV - STAGE 272

Travis's head and shoulders are framed in the open door. We see the cheerfulness of Travis's face give way to anxiety and fear. He continues to stare silently at the dog while he sets in the food. Then he quietly closes the door, exits FROM THE SHOT.

273 INT. KITCHEN - SHOOTING TOWARD BREEZEWAY DOOR - STAGE 273

Candles and light from the fireplace illuminate the room. Katie and Lisbeth are at the table, washing dishes. Arliss is hunkered down on his heels, watching the puppy finish up his supper. The breezeway door opens and Travis stalks in. Katie notes the sober expression on his face.

KATIE

How is he tonight?

TRAVIS

(gruffly, with reserve)

All right, I reckon.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED

273

Both Katie and Lisbeth detect a note of uncertainty in his voice and look more directly at him. Arliss picks up the pup's empty supper dish and puts it on the table.

KATIE
(worried)
You sure?

TRAVIS
(darkly)
I said he was all right,
didn't I? Guess you wouldn't
feel good all the time, either,
if you had to stay shut up in
a corn crib.

ARLISS
You ain't gonna keep Yeller
in that old crib any more!

Suddenly Travis grabs Arliss by the shoulders and pulls him roughly around.

TRAVIS
(fiercely)
You stay away from that dog,
you hear?

Then he releases the frightened Arliss, turns and hurries out into the breezeway, leaving the door open. Katie, Lisbeth and Arliss stare after him as Travis crosses the breezeway, enters his room and closes the door behind him. Then Arliss turns toward his mother as if to speak, but she forestalls him.

KATIE
(firmly)
Arliss! Go to bed.

ARLISS
But, Mama --

KATIE
Right this minute.

ARLISS
Yessum.

He goes toward the door and exits.

273A INT. BREEZEWAY - AT KITCHEN DOOR - STAGE

273A

Arliss closes the door. A look of rebellion comes over his face. Instead of going into the bedroom, he hurries quietly out into the moonlit yard.

274 EXT. CORN CRIB - STAGE - NIGHT

274

The high door of the crib is obviously out of reach for Arliss. Arliss, barefooted, makes no noise as he crosses to a feed trough, made from a hollow log. Struggling mightily with the load, he manages to drag the trough under the crib door. The noise of his labors and his nearness rouse the dog. From inside we hear the low-pitched growls of Old Yeller.

275 INT. CORN CRIB - OLD YELLER - STAGE

275

Moonlight slanting through the log sides of the crib throws a striped pattern of light and dark across the scene. The diseased-crazed dog stands facing the door. His hackles are up and he is a fearsome sight as he bares his teeth, snarling and growling.

276 EXT. CORN CRIB - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ARLISS - STAGE

276

Arliss obviously misinterprets the snarls of the dog.

ARLISS

(to dog)

That's all right, boy. I'll
git you out of there.

From the OFF SCENE house Katie's call comes.

KATIE'S VOICE

Arliss! Arliss!

Arliss glances fearfully toward the OFF SCENE house, then steps quickly upon the log trough. He reaches up, stretching to the limit toward the latch that bars the crib door. He can't reach it.

From OFF SCENE Katie's voice comes again, sharper now, and edged with concern.

KATIE'S VOICE

Arliss! You come to the house
this minute!

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED 276

Katie's cry serves only to speed Arliss in his actions. He hops to the ground, races OUT OF SCENE. Then he races back in the shot a moment later, dragging a slab of sandstone.

277 INT. CRIB - CLOSE SHOT - OLD YELLER - STAGE 277

The dog lunges at the door, snarling.

278 EXT. CORN CRIB - MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR - STAGE 278

The door shakes from the impact of Old Yeller's body. Arliss, grunting and straining, hoists the piece of sandstone on top of the log trough. He looks up reassuringly at the door.

ARLISS
(to Old Yeller)
Ain't gonna keep you shut up in
there all the time. I'll show 'em.
You just wait and see.

The fierce growling continues from inside the crib. From O.S. there is the SOUND of running feet. Arliss looks toward the SOUND.

279 EXT. CABIN - ARLISS'S POV - STAGE 279

Katie, turning the corner of the house in search of Arliss, now sees him.

KATIE
(in terror)
Arliss! Get away from that
door! Arliss!

She breaks into a run TOWARD CAMERA.

280 MED. SHOT - AT CRIB DOOR - STAGE 280

In frantic haste now, Arliss leaps to stand on the slab of sandstone. By pushing up on tiptoe, he reaches the latch and shoves it up.

Katie races INTO THE SHOT as Arliss swings the door partly open, then loses his footing and nearly falls.

KATIE
Arliss!

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED

280

There is a savage roar from inside the crib just as Katie reaches the door. She slams it into the face of the charging dog, and it takes all her strength to hold it shut and drop the latch back into place. Then, jerking the whimpering Arliss with her, she sags against the wall of the crib, all but fainting from terror. With a shuddering gasp she looks TOWARD CAMERA.

Now Travis and Lisbeth run INTO THE SCENE. The terrible growls of the crazed dog can be heard, and Travis and Lisbeth look toward the crib door as Old Yeller slams into it again from inside, making it shake and rattle against the latch. Then they both stare at Katie. Pulling herself together determinedly, Katie, dragging the yelling Arliss by the arm, exits past Lisbeth and Travis. Lisbeth, her eyes round with fright, turns slowly to Travis.

281 CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - STAGE

281

He is horrified, but refuses to believe Old Yeller has gone mad.

282 EXT. CORN CRIB - MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS AND LISBETH -282
STAGE

Travis goes slowly to the wall of the crib to peer in between the logs.

283 INT. CORN CRIB - CLOSE SHOT - OLD YELLER - STAGE

283

The dog, crazed by suffering, is still savagely growling. Sensing Travis's presence on the other side of the wall, Old Yeller lunges fiercely at the logs.

284 EXT. CORN CRIB - MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WALL - STAGE

284

Travis flinches back from the charge, although the logs are between him and the dog. He looks at Lisbeth without really seeing her. His face is tragic as he stumbles back a few paces from the crib. Lisbeth looks at him with a great compassion.

285 EXT. CORN CRIB - LONGER SHOT - KATIE - STAGE

285

Tragically, Katie comes hurrying back carrying Travis's rifle. CAMERA PANS HER OVER TO where Travis and Lisbeth stand. The stunned Travis eyes her dully as she moves

(CONTINUED)

285 CONTINUED

285

with resolution toward the crib. As Katie comes even with him Travis grabs hold of the barrel of the rifle. Katie, fearful that he is trying to stop her, jerks the rifle away.

KATIE
(frantically)
Travis! You know we've got
to.

TRAVIS
(dead voice)
I know, Mama. But I'll do it.
He was my dog.

Katie releases the gun to him, and tears start in her eyes. Rifle in hand, Travis walks toward the crib like a man going to his doom. Lisbeth suddenly cannot stand it. She turns away, buries her face in both hands.

286 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS AT CORN CRIB - STAGE

286

From inside the crib we hear again the savage snarls of the dog. Travis eases the muzzle of the gun into the crack, and crouches to take aim.

287 CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - STAGE

287

His face is tortured. He can't quite bring himself to shoot. He closes his eyes as if trying to shut out what has to be done. Then, by an extreme effort of will, he forces himself to take aim. The rifle becomes steady and his finger tightens evenly on the trigger. The gun fires and the butt of it slams back against his shoulder in recoil.

288 WIDER ANGLE - STAGE

288

Travis takes the gun from between the logs. He stares down at it a moment, then suddenly flings the rifle from him. He turns then and walks blindly past the staring Katie, the sobbing Lisbeth, and on out through the gate.

289 MED. CLOSE SHOT - KATIE AND LISBETH - STAGE

289

They are staring off into the darkness after Travis.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED

289

LISBETH
(sobbing)
Where's he going, Miz Coates?

KATIE
I guess he's got to be alone
for awhile.

Katie starts toward the gate with Lisbeth.

DISSOLVE TO

290 FULL SHOT - TRAVIS - NIGHT - SHERWOOD FOREST - SECOND UNIT 290

Like a man in a trance, Travis wanders aimlessly along a trail. From far O.S. comes the lonely howl of a wolf... and slightly nearer, savage squall of a wildcat launching his attack and the death cry of a rabbit...the quavering plaintive cry of a screech owl. Travis pays not the slightest attention to these SOUNDS of the woods, or to the woods themselves.

291 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - SHERWOOD FOREST - NIGHT - SECOND-291 UNIT

He is walking directly TOWARD CAMERA, looking upward with unseeing, pain-filled eyes. A catclaw branch rasps across his chest, tearing his shirt, but there is no reaction from him as he goes blindly on. HOLD ON THIS A MOMENT, then

FADE OUT

FADE IN

292 MED. SHOT - JIM COATES RIDING TRAIL FROM SPRING - DAY 292 ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

Jim, weary but smiling, rides his small, tough cow horse and leads a beautiful gray pony. CAMERA PANS with him until he reins in, looking ahead.

293 LONG SHOT - COATES CABIN AND YARD - SHOOTING PAST JIM -293 ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

We see the cabin, a wisp of smoke curling from the chimney top.

294 CLOSE SHOT - JIM - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT 294

He is drinking in this long-anticipated view of home. His face is widened by a big, happy grin. Taking a deep breath, he cups his hands about his mouth and yells.

JIM

Hel-lo, the house!

295 CLOSE SHOT - ARLISS - BREEZEWAY - STAGE - 295

Frolicking with the pup, he whirls about toward the VOICE. At first he can hardly believe what he sees, then an expression of excited joy comes over his face.

ARLISS

Old Papa! He's done come home!

He starts running toward his father.

296 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - KATIE AT TABLE - STAGE 296

Katie is washing dishes. Arliss's shouts come to her. Life and hope brightening her face, she rushes for the door.

297 MED. SHOT - NEAR YARD GATE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT-297

Arliss races through the gate and up to Jim's horse. Without stopping the horse, Jim reaches down and sweeps Arliss up into his arms.

JIM

Hi-yah, boy! Ain't them
Injuns sculped you yet?

Katie rushes INTO SCENE and through the gate as Jim rides up.

KATIE

Jim! Jim!

ARLISS

(gleefully)
Old Papa! What'd ya bring
me, Papa?

Jim reins in and dismounts. He sets Arliss on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED

297

JIM
(as he does so)
Oh, I brung you something,
all right. But hold your
pertaters while I kiss your
Mama.

Katie comes flying into his arms.

KATIE
Jim! Oh, Jim!

Happily he kisses Katie. Arliss yanks excitedly at his
father's leg.

298 CLOSE TWO SHOT - JIM AND KATIE - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST-298
UNIT

Jim is holding Katie tight, kissing her.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to Arliss, who is impatiently tugging
at his father's leg.

ARLISS
What'd ya bring me, old
Papa? Where is it?

299 GROUP SHOT - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT

299

Jim looks down at Arliss and laughs. With some reluctance,
he releases Katie, turning to the horse and lifting down
the heavy saddle bags. The contents clink as he sets
them on the ground.

JIM
(looking at Katie)
Hear that? It's money --
cash money. The first we've
had since the war.

Jim squats down to unbuckle the saddlebag straps. Eagerly
Arliss squats with him.

JIM
But that ain't all.
(looks up at Katie)
I got that dress. Purtiest
thing you ever seen. And a
fancy pair of shoes to go
with it.

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED

299

Katie bends over her husband as he reaches into one of the bags. At the same time Arliss is digging into the second bag. Jim takes out a bulky package and hands it to Katie. Arliss drags out a stone-headed tomahawk and a bundle of gay-colored feathers, which unrolls into the gaudy headdress of some Indian chief.

ARLISS
(amazed)
Gol-lee!

Katie and Jim laugh at the rapt expression on Arliss's face.

JIM
Let's put it on, boy!

Jim sets the war-bonnet on Arliss's head and ties it down.

JIM
All right, chief, hit the warpath!

Brandishing his tomahawk, Arliss goes whooping about the clearing. The tail of the warbonnet, much too long, whips about on the ground behind him. The pup chases after the dragging tail, yapping ferociously.

Katie opens her package and takes out the dress, which she holds in front of her.

KATIE
Jim -- it's lovely!

JIM
I've been aching to see you wearing it.
(looks about)
Where's Travis? Want to see his face when he gits a look at the horse I brung him.

The joy suddenly goes out of Katie.

KATIE
(soberly)
Him and Lisbeth Searcy, they're over on North Hill, burying Old Yeller.

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED (1)

299

JIM
Old Yeller?

Arliss whoops by them. Katie looks at him, then at Jim.

KATIE
Come in the house. I'll
tell you about it.

Jim picks up his saddlebags. He goes toward the cabin with Katie, leaving his horse "ground-tied" by the looped reins lying in the dust.

DISSOLVE TO

300 NORTH HILL - TRAVIS AND LISBETH - ALBERTSON RANCH - 300
FIRST UNIT - (CLOSE SHOTS POSSIBLY STEREOPTICON ON STAGE)

The little hill is framed by a wide vista of rolling countryside. Under a huge, gnarled liveoak is the new grave. It is mounded over with rock slabs. A pick and shovel are propped against the trunk of the tree. Travis comes from behind the tree, carrying a rock slab. Lisbeth follows, also with a piece of rock. They place the slabs on the grave. CAMERA TRUCKS INTO A CLOSER SHOT as Travis looks down at the grave. Lisbeth eyes him sympathetically.

LISBETH
Travis-- maybe if you could
just come to like the pup.
He's -- he's part Old Yeller.

Travis glares at her.

TRAVIS
He may be part Old Yeller,
but he ain't Old Yeller.

Frightened by his savage retort, she steps back. For a moment she stares at the hurt in his face....until the tears start in her own eyes. Then she suddenly turns and runs OUT OF SCENE. Travis looks down again at the grave.

From OFF SCENE come the SOUNDS of an approaching horse. Then Jim Coates rides INTO SCENE on the gray pony. He slides from the horse and moves closer to Travis, who looks at his father, seemingly unable to speak.

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED

300

JIM

Your Mama told me about the
dog.

Travis says nothing. Jim squats on his heels and motions
at the ground beside him.

JIM

Come set down, son.

Travis sits beside his father. Both stare silently OFF
SCENE a moment.

JIM

That was rough, son. As
rough a thing as I ever heard
tell of. But I'm mighty proud
of how my boy stood up to it.
Couldn't ask no more of a
grown man.

Travis still makes no answer. Jim looks soberly down at
the ground, gathers up several pea-sized pebbles and
starts rattling them in his cupped hand.

JIM

The thing to do now is try
to forget it -- and go on
being a man.

Travis reacts quickly, almost glaring at his father.

TRAVIS

How? How you ever gonna
forget a thing like that?

Jim glances quickly at Travis, then down at the pebbles
in his hand.

JIM

Well, I reckon I don't quite
mean that. Reckon it's not
a thing you can forget --
maybe not even a thing you
want to forget. What I mean
is --

Jim breaks off to flick a pebble out into the grass.

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED (1)

300

JIM

Well, what I'm trying to say
is, life's like that sometimes.

TRAVIS

Like what?

JIM

Well, now and then, for no
good reason a man can figure
out, life'll just haul off
and knock him flat. Slam
him agin the ground so hard
it seems like all his insides
is busted.

Jim shifts on his bootheels to look directly at Travis.

JIM

But it ain't all like that.
A lot of it is mighty fine.
And a man can't afford to
waste the good part, fretting
about the bad. That makes it
all bad.

He pauses to look searchingly at Travis.

JIM

You understand what I'm
trying to git at?

TRAVIS

Yessir. It's just that --

JIM

(interrupting)

Sure. I know. Saying it is
one thing. Feeling it is
another. But I'll tell you
a trick that is sometimes a
big help.

301 REACTION CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON 301
RANCH OR STEREOPTICON ON STAGE

As Jim continues to speak, the boy listens with increasing
thoughtfulness.

(CONTINUED)

301 CONTINUED

301

JIM'S VOICE

(continuing)

When you start to looking
around for something good
to take the place of the
bad, as a general rule you
kin find it.

302 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JIM AND TRAVIS - FIRST UNIT -
ALBERTSON RANCH OR STEREOPTICON ON STAGE

302

Travis looks directly at his father -- a long, thoughtful
look. Jim meets the glance, then rises slowly to his feet
and steps toward the gray horse.

JIM

(stroking horse's
mane)

I brung you that horse I
promised.

TRAVIS

Yessir.

JIM

But I reckon you ain't in
no shape to take pleasure
in him just yet.

TRAVIS

No, sir.

JIM

Well, we'll keep him a while.
Maybe you'll come to feel
different later on.

302A LONGER SHOT - FIRST UNIT - ALBERTSON RANCH

302A

Jim goes to the tree and loads the pick and shovel across
his shoulders.

JIM

Your Mama was fixing a supper
when I left the house. Might
hurt her feelings if we ain't
on time to eat it.

(CONTINUED)

302A CONTINUED

302A

Jim turns, leading the gray horse. Travis takes a final look at the grave and follows.

DISSOLVE TO

303 EXT. CABIN - ALBERTSON RANCH - FIRST UNIT - DAY

303

Jim and Travis enter from the gate in the yard fence heading for the breezeway. As they are about to enter it, there is a sudden commotion from the O.S. kitchen. Katie's voice, high and sharp with indignation, makes father and son exchange a glance.

KATIE'S VOICE

You thieving little wretch!

304 INT. BREEZEWAY - CLOSE ON PUPPY - STAGE

304

The pup is dragging a huge hunk of meat out of the kitchen door.

304A INT. BREEZEWAY - STAGE

304A

As Jim and Travis enter, Katie, armed with an upraised broom, emerges from the door. She is wearing her new dress and an apron to protect it.

305 REACTION CLOSE UP - TRAVIS - STAGE

305

He is looking at the pup, both surprised and interested.

306 CLOSE SHOT - PUP - STAGE

306

The pup, for all the world a pocket-sized edition of Old Yeller, is rolling and howling, but it is significant that the meat is still firmly between his teeth.

307 INT. BREEZEWAY - FULL SHOT - STAGE

307

An outraged Arliss, wearing his war-bonnet and armed with his tomahawk, dashes in from the rear of the house, opposite Jim and Travis.

ARLISS

(screaming)

Who's a-beating my dog?

Seeing his mother in the doorway holding the broom, Arliss rushes her, tomahawk raised to strike.

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED

307

ARLISS
You can't hit my dog!
You hear?

Jim springs forward and grasps Arliss by the arm just in time to save Katie from the tomahawk. He swings Arliss aloft to his shoulder, his shouting laughter all but drowning out the wailings and screechings of the pup.

Travis continues to eye the wallowing pup.

JIM
(to Arliss)
Hold it, chief. You're
fixing to raise the wrong
hair!

ARLISS
(struggling)
She was a-killing my dog!

Travis's glance goes to Arliss, then to his mother. He smiles. Lisbeth now comes INTO THE SHOT from the kitchen to stand to one side and slightly behind Katie. She surveys the scene soberly.

KATIE
(to Jim, defensively)
Why, I never even touched him.

Lisbeth looks over at Travis, and seeing the smile on his face, smiles herself. Laughing, Jim takes the tomahawk away from Arliss and lowers him to the ground.

JIM
Well, from all the holler he
put out, I figured you'd
broke his back.

308 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS - STAGE

308

He is smiling down speculatively at the pup.

309 CLOSE SHOT - PUP - STAGE

309

The pup is still lying on his side awaiting the verdict -- also still clutching the stolen meat between his teeth.

310 GROUP SHOT - STAGE 310

Katie looks down at the pup and smiles. Then she turns to the others.

KATIE

Supper's ready and waiting.

She starts toward the kitchen. Travis, however, reaches down and grasps the pup by the scruff of the neck. He holds the dog aloft, studying him. Travis grins and looks at Lisbeth.

TRAVIS

(to Lisbeth)

Looks like it's about time I started learning this old pup to earn his keep.

311 REACTION CLOSE UP - LISBETH - STAGE 311

Her smiling face becomes radiant with joy as she realizes that at last Travis has accepted her gift.

312 GROUP SHOT - STAGE 312

Jim and Katie are going through the kitchen door as Jim turns.

JIM

(smiling)

Don't look to me like he's hardly big enough to learn nothing yit.

313 CLOSE SHOT - TRAVIS AND THE PUP - STAGE 313

Travis holds the pup at eye-level. The pup stares at Travis with a certain defiance. Travis grins broadly.

TRAVIS

(with conviction)

He's big enough to learn -- if he's big enough to act like Old Yeller.

314 CLOSE ON JIM AND KATIE - STAGE 314

As they react happily to this.

DISSOLVE

315 SCOPE SHOT - (BOUQUET CANYON?) - DAY 315

Over the crest of the hill come Travis and Arliss, the pup bounding merrily at their heels. (The pup can be a little older for this shot which therefore should be done at the conclusion of the picture.) Travis carries his gun.

316 SCOPE SHOT - (BOUQUET CANYON?) - DAY 316

As the two boys and the puppy pass CAMERA WHICH PANS WITH THEM as they race along the top of the hill and away into the distance.

FADE OUT

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OLD YELLER
a detailed sequence of scenes

8-21-56
Dennis McCarthy

OLD YELLER

A Detailed Sequence of Scenes

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OLD YELLER

A Detailed Sequence

1. Mr. Coates, his horse saddled, his gun and bed-roll secure, is about to start out on a 600 mile cattle drive. He says goodbye to his wife, who holds back her tears, and to little 5-year old Arliss, who doesn't. 14-year old Travis is there also.

2. Travis, at a signal from his father, walks beside the horse a little ways. Then the father kindly says goodbye, and reminds Travis he will be the man of the family for a few weeks. He rides away, but Travis calls out and runs to him.

3. Travis reminds his father that he is "aching all over for a horse to ride." His father suggests a dog, but Travis puts him straight about that. He'd had a dog, Bell, who died, and no dog could ever take Bell's place. His father agrees that if Travis does his job at home like a man he'll bring him a horse on his return.

4. Travis has a quiet moment of resolution as he walks back along Birdsong Creek, a beautiful place with myrtle bushes and the sound of mocking birds.

5. Travis sees little Arliss at play in the pool of drinking water beneath the spring, and orders him out of it. Arliss responds by splashing water on him. At this Travis cuts a switch from a bush, and Arliss screams and runs. His mother comes out, startled, smiles as she sees that her elder son has taken his first step as man of the family.

6. Travis is cutting firewood, and Arliss comes and stands where he is most likely to get hurt if the axe slips. Travis tells him to skin out for home, and Arliss does, without argument this time.

(continued)

7. Travis is trying to finish plowing between the corn rows before sundown, with Jumper the mule. In the middle of a row Jumper makes his own decision about quitting for the day, and starts across the young corn. Travis whacks him on the jaw, and tells him to get back and finish the plowing. The surprised mule does that.

8. When Travis reaches the house he finds his mother and Arliss waiting supper for him, just as they wait for Papa when work keeps him late.

9. Mrs. Coates, preparing breakfast, asks Travis to bring a side of meat which hangs on a rafter of a covered passage separating the two rooms of the cabin.

The meat has disappeared. Then Travis sees a big ugly dog lounging nearby. The dog comes barking happily to Travis, as if all was well with the world.

10. Travis, much annoyed, kicks at the strange dog, who howls. Little Arliss runs up, screaming with joy at the sight of the dog. He pets him. Travis wants to kick the thief out of sight. But Arliss, fighting mad at this, picks up a stick and cracks Travis with it.

11. The mother sides with little Arliss, says he can keep the stray dog until its owner claims him. She even says the dog stole the meat in a very clever way. Travis is disgusted, especially since the dog looks so smug about it all, as if he knows he's got it made.

12. Travis, on the mule Jumper, is hunting in the woods, hoping for a new supply of meat. He sees a band of javeline hogs, doesn't shoot at them. He sees bobwhite quail, then watches some squirrels tumbling about in a tree. Then he sights a doe.

13. A tense hunt, with the lively doe not offering a standing target. At last, frightened, she wheels away swiftly. Travis fires. He fears he has only hurt the doe. But he finds his bullet has hit the heart, as fine a shot as his father could have made.

14. Travis rides proudly home with the doe. Near the house, he turns violently angry, seeing Arliss and the ugly dog splashing around in the drinking-pool. He picks up a rock, throws hard, hits the dog and knocks him over.

15. Little Arliss is a talented rock-thrower. His first one nearly tears Travis's ear off. And Arliss keeps them coming. Travis turns and runs, with Arliss following with a rock big enough to kill.

16. Mama intervenes, and punishes Arliss slightly. Travis sees plainly that the dog, who caused all the trouble, is going to get off scot-free.

17. Travis, as if setting a trap, hangs up the cuts of venison on the same porch where the dog had stolen the other meat. And he waits for Old Yeller to steal just one piece, so that his mother will have to get rid of him. But Old Yeller is too smart for that, and walks contentedly under the meat like a good dog, practically laughing at Travis.

18. A surprising diversion occurs. In the clearing beyond the rail-fence two bulls, Roany and Chongo, get into a fight. Travis, his mother, and Arliss seat themselves on the fence to enjoy it. It suddenly turns dangerous. The bulls crash through the fence, and Travis, thrown down, is nearly trampled. His mother gets him up. She and the boys get into the house, just in time. The bulls crash like an avalanche against it.

19. Travis, armed with a bull-whip, goes out, and hopes to get Old Yeller to at least yelp at the bulls and divert them. The dog, not understanding, runs from Travis and the whip. And Travis hates him worse than ever.

20. The fight between the bulls ends comically when Chongo lifts Roany off the ground and tosses him into a two-wheeled dump cart, feet up. The cart rolls away, far downhill.

21. At last the cart overturns, dumps Roany into the spring. Roany runs into the woods. Chongo, pursuing, stops to examine the spinning wheel of the cart, and gets his tongue burned by it. That ends the fight. The fence is a wreck.

(continued)

22. Little Arliss delights in catching things: he seizes on horned toads, live snakes, once even a 'possum. Travis sees Old Yeller catch a fish, which Arliss seizes on. That night Arliss boasts to his mother about how he nearly drowned in order to catch that fish. His mother is interested.

23. Travis, cutting logs for rails, hears little Arliss scream. Arliss has caught hold of a tiny cub bear. And the mother bear is charging toward the child, roaring and ready to kill.

24. Travis and his mother, too far distant to intercept the charging bear, first cry out, then stop frozen with fright. But Old Yeller comes streaking from the brush. He flies at the bear's throat, knocks her aside, and hangs on.

25. Travis gets to the spring, yanks Arliss out of the water, and throws him toward his mother. Old Yeller, though taking a mauling, keeps the mother bear engaged until the family gets into the house.

26. The reaction to Arliss's escape is severe, to everyone except Old Yeller, who romps in as if it had been just fun. And Travis is won over to the dog at last.

INSERT 32

27. Travis takes Arliss and Old Yeller hunting. Arliss's by-play and screaming just about scares away all the game for miles. Finally Travis has a bead on a magnificent wild turkey when Arliss yells out. The bird is only winged, and gets away. Travis is pretty sore. Then he finds that Old Yeller has treed the turkey. And the family has a feast that night after all.

28. Red-faced, fat Bud Searcy comes to visit, and brings Lisbeth, his pretty thirteen-year old granddaughter. Both are riding an old thin pony. Travis likes Lisbeth but is a bit shy with her.

29. Bud explains that he has been left behind by the other ranchers to take care of their wives and children. Travis suspects it is because Bud is just talkative and useless. And Bud has some fearful gossip: he is certain some small woods animals have hydrophobia.

30. Bud Searcy also has bad news about Old Yeller. The dog roams at night to neighboring places and robs them of eggs. Lisbeth and Bud have seen him, but haven't told anyone. And Lisbeth mentions that her own female dog is going to have pups, and Old Yeller for a certainty is the father. And she doesn't want her pups' father shot.

31. Travis, fearing Old Yeller will be shot on one of his marauding expeditions, locks him for the night in the corn-crib. His howls bring up little Arliss, who won't stand for this treatment of his dog. So the mother gives her consent to Old Yeller's sleeping in the same room as Travis and Arliss.

32. Travis and Old Yeller have to spend some night-long vigils in the cornfield, to guard the corn from raccoons. Old Yeller protects the corn, but he is lucky to break even in fights with the raccoons.

INSERT AFTER 26

33. The family badly needs a milk cow, and have only the wild and unruly heifer, Spot. By barks and bites Old Yeller manages to round up Spot. She kicks when Travis tries to milk her. But Old Yeller knows how to control her, and when he stands by Spot permits herself to be milked. And she soon becomes gentle.

34. A personable and pleasant young cowboy, Burn Sanderson, arrives at the ranch, seeking his dog. Burn is tending his own little bunch of cattle, and needs Old Yeller. Travis is sick with disappointment, but he obeys his mother and brings the dog to its owner.

35. Sanderson offers to let Old Yeller stay on until Mr.

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Coates returns home. But Mrs. Coates knows it will mean another long trip for the cowboy, and she refuses. Burns Sanderson is mounted, ready to go, his rope around Old Yeller's neck, when little Arliss appears.

36. Arliss goes wild. He hurls rocks at Sanderson and his horse, until the horse starts bucking. Old Yeller joins in the commotion. Eventually Sanderson controls his horse, but neither Travis nor his mother can control Arliss.

37. Sanderson picks up the screaming boy, quiets him, then makes a deal for Old Yeller. Arliss will keep the dog, if he can get his mother to prepare the lonely cowboy a real family meal.

38. It is a wonderful and happy dinner. Afterward, Travis walks to the spring with Sanderson, and the cowboy warns Travis that hydrophobia in the region is spreading. If any animal, wild or tame, shows a trace of the disease, it is up to Travis to kill it, for fear it will touch one of his folks.

39. Travis begins the exciting and dangerous task of seeking out and ear-marking the new pigs belonging to his ranch's shoats and hogs. These are permitted to run wild throughout the winter months, along with those of the neighbors. The mother, who isn't afraid of many things, is afraid of these wild hogs.

40. Old Yeller proves to be a first-class hog catcher. In a blood-chilling game he manages to isolate each pig for Travis to lasso and mark, and manages to avoid the tusks of the angry hogs. Travis, safe in a tree, lifts with his rope a squealing pig, ear-marks it, and releases it. The hogs circled below grow wild with rage.

41. Travis believes he is finished with the hog-marking, until Bud Searcy visits him to tell him about one group of them he has missed.

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42. Old Yeller leads Travis to these strays. They are in a place where flood waters had undercut a dirt bank to form a shallow cave. Travis has to lie down on the sandy ledge in order to reach the pigs with his rope.

43. The ledge crumbles, and Travis falls into the pit with the killer hogs.

44. He is partly covered with sand, but one hog slashes at the calf of his leg and opens it.

45. Old Yeller dives between Travis and the hogs, fighting, giving Travis time to get up and run. But Old Yellow is taking a bad goring.

46. Travis trips and falls, but he is a safe distance away. His wound is severe. He tears his shirt and binds up his leg.

47. He is weak and sick, and starts to limp home. But then he knows he can't just go off and leave Old Yeller like that. He turns back to find him.

48. He comes upon Old Yeller under a rock slab. The dog's stomach has been ripped open, almost disembowelled. Travis presses the lips of the wound together, then with the rest of his shirt he binds it up the best he can.

49. With painful effort Travis gets a stump to block off Old Yeller's hiding place. Then he runs limping to get help from his mother.

50. Travis' mother cleans his wound, treats it most painfully with turpentine, and binds it. She orders him to stay in bed, but he can't do that. He has to go back to Old Yeller.

51. The mother has thought of a way to transport the stricken dog home. She takes along Jumper the mule, a cowhide, and all the pillows she has. Little Arliss accompanies Travis and his mother to the dog's hiding place.

52. The sight of wheeling buzzards points out the place where Old Yeller is. Travis and his mother do not speak, but both feel they are too late to help Old Yeller. But when they get near, they hear his feeble bark, and see he is still fighting off the buzzards.

53. The mother surprises Travis by asking little Arliss to go down to the wash and catch her a lizard. The child runs away, delighted--away from the grim operation about to be performed.

54. The mother, using a horse-hair furnished unwillingly by Jumper, sews up the wound in Old Yeller's quivering body. By the time Arliss returns, with the lizard, it is over.

55. Old Yeller, lain on the pillows so as to make the rough trip endurable, and with Arliss also with him, is dragged on the cowhide back to the house.

56. Both dog and boy are terribly sick. Travis has a fever. The mother has almost more than she can do to take care of them.

57. The mule Jumper is a further severe annoyance. To keep him from jumping into the cornfield and eating up the ears the mother has to hobble him with a chunk of wood. Then there is danger, when he gets the wood caught between rocks, and nearly dies of hunger and thirst before the mother finds and rescues him.

58. Bud Searcy arrives with his granddaughter Lisbeth, who proudly presents Travis with a newly born pup. She is a bit hurt when the sick boy says, "I guess Arliss will like it."

59. Bud, seeing Mrs. Coates, is almost beside herself with work to be done, arranges for little Lisbeth to stay and help her.

60. Lisbeth carries water, tates wood, cooks, changes the dressings on Travis's leg, and through it all has a merry time with Mrs. Coates.

61. Spot, the milk cow, begins to act in an ominously strange manner: bawling, letting her calf go hungry, wandering crazily.

62. The roan bull also seems crazed. And the mother and Travis have to face the terrible fact: the two animals must have hydrophobia.

63. A wolflike warning from Old Yeller alerts Travis to the madness of the bull. The sick animal is rushing toward the wash where Lisbeth and Arliss are. Travis asks for his gun; his mother instead rushes toward the two children. Old Yeller follows her. The bull collapses, however, and lies moaning. Travis limps to him and puts him out of his misery.

64. A fire is built to burn the roan bull. At night the smell of the roasting animal attracts wolves, who make the night hideous with their howling. And it takes three days and nights to cremate the bull.

65. Now the same thing must be done for Spot, the heifer. The fire is built about a mile from the house, so as to be nearer a supply of wood. Travis, still sick and weak and troubled, follows Spot on her wanderings until she happens near the appointed place.

66. The mother orders Travis to stay at home, and she and Lisbeth start out to tend the fire. Old Yeller, as if he sensed a further danger, staggers from his cowhide bed and follows them.

(continued)

67. Travis nearly stops Old Yeller from going so far, since he is still weak and his wounds scarcely healed. But he lets the dog go. For a moment Travis is just a small sick boy, scared and wishing his father would come home. And worn out, he lies down and falls asleep.

68. Travis wakes up, startled. It is after sundown. He sees that little Arliss is safe. Then he hears a weird, savage bark from Old Yeller.

69. The mother and Lisbeth, with the crematory fire burning brightly, are returning toward the house. A loafer wolf, crazed by hydrophobia, appears, then attacks them. The mother is able to grab up a chinaberry pole, and she strikes down the wolf's first lunge.

70. The wolf springs again. But Old Yeller is there, and jumps to meet the attacker.

71. With a lighted torch of bear-grass, Travis is running toward the screaming battle. Old Yeller is tangled and struggling with the loafer wolf.

72. Travis has his gun. He cannot fire, first because he fears his mother and Lisbeth may be in line. Then he finds he cannot get a sight on the wolf that will not also hit Old Yeller. The fight goes on.

73. Then his chance comes, and Travis fires. The wolf falls dead. Old Yeller is ripped and bleeding, but alive.

74. For a moment Travis is exultant. But his mother prevents him from touching his dog. And the terrible realization comes: Old Yeller has been bitten by a wolf with hydrophobia.

75. Old Yeller gets up, starts toward the house. Travis reloads his gun, calls his dog back to him. He places the gun muzzle against Old Yeller's head, and pulls the trigger.

76. Lisbeth and his mother try to cheer Travis up, but he is struck silent and deadened with misery.

77. Travis's father comes home, in fine spirits. The long trip was a success. And he has kept his word, he has brought a fine horse for Travis. The boy tries to show gratitude and enthusiasm, but his father can tell that something pretty final is wrong.

78. Travis rides the horse and gets to know it. But even that does not take him out of his somberness and grief.

79. Arliss's little puppy steals a large chunk of corn-bread, and the exasperated mother hits him. Arliss screams maledictions at her for hitting his dog. The father gets a wonderful laugh out of this commotion. And for a fleeting moment Travis's depression lightens. Then he sinks into sadness again.

80. But Arliss and the little son of Old Yeller are irrepressible. Travis comes upon Arliss up to his favorite trick--splashing with the puppy in the drinking pool. At first he is angry. Then the antics of the dog and the 5-year old cause him to laugh. And his mother and father, seeing him, are sure that his time of grief is over, and that soon his lost health and joy will return.

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