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# The Man from Snowy River

By John Dixon

No matter which way I figure it,  
naught and naught still equals naught.  
How about we get Bess in foal?  
Pick up some more brood mares?  
What with?  
If we're going to keep this place,  
we're going to have to get a job,  
out of the High Country.  
Down on the flats?  
Yeah.  
Wouldn't be too bad,  
we could hire out as a team.  
Not as cooks.  
Watch it.  
Must be your music.  
Alright, I'll see to it.  
Hey, Bessie.  
Whoa, Bessie.  
Bess, whoa!  
Steady, girl.  
Whoa...Bessy!  
Steady, girl.  
Whoa, there, girl.  
I reckon the dingo set her off.  
Not wild dogs...  
..wild horses.  
The old thoroughbred's mob.  
It's years since  
he's been this side of the ranges.  
You're not going to shoot him?!  
He's only going to cause us grief.  
Run off our horses.  
He's done it before.  
But Dad.  
There are some good horses there now.  
They'd be worth a far bit.  
Caught and broken, they might.  
Well...we could do it.  
Keep some for breeding, then we  
wouldn't have to go and hire out.  
Hold on. That horse has been running  
free since the day you were born.  
Craftiest animal I've ever seen.  
Who better than a crafty mountain man to catch him.

You've got your mother's way  
about you, haven't you?  
We could build a holding hard,  
up on the flats spur and drive them in.  
No, I don't think so.  
We'll yard them on Kelly's Track.  
Come on! Get up!  
Come on.  
Whoa, there. Good boy.  
Come on. Get up!  
Good boy.  
Looks like we're building a fort,  
not a holding yard.  
When we drop this across the track,  
they'll never get out.  
Bess!  
Jim, the gelding!  
Dad!  
Are you OK?  
I should've put a bullet in that stallion.  
I'll get you down to Spurs' place.  
Here...  
The gelding's broken his leg.  
We'll have to put him down.  
Where's Bess?  
She ran off with the brumbies.  
Oh, Spur's not going to be  
too happy about that.  
..we had a lot of dreams.  
A lot of good times, too.  
NOOO!  
`United in death,' the minister said.  
Superstition.  
It's a nice thought, Spur.  
It's a great comfort to widows and fools.  
There's more to life than death, Jim.  
Well, that's it, lad.  
You can't stay up here.  
But...this is my place now.  
I own it!  
Owning it's got nothing to do with it.  
It's who can make a go of it up here  
that counts.  
I can look after myself!

Maybe.

What gives you the right to say...

LOOK!

You go down to the low country  
and earn the right to live up here,  
just like your father did.

Come.

They blame me for this.

It's a hard country.

It makes for hard men.

Whoa!

Come on.

I'll get the fire going.

Spur's wallaby stew!

Mmm. Spoken of

in hushed and reverent tones.

Dad was talking the other day of you  
taking the harmonium up the mountain.

Uh, your mother's music box.

Your father and me

brought that up the mountain

with never a scratch on it.

She gave me this seat. Mmm.

Whoa! Figured I could use it more.

Mmm. How's that mare Bess?

See ran off with a brumby...

the old thoroughbreds mob.

Mmm.

The big black.

Yeah.

I remember that animal.

I'll get her back.

Sure.

You'll walk in

and pluck her out of a thousand  
square miles of wilderness.

I will, Spur.

Sure.

I'll run down that mob

and fetch her back.

Sure, and on foot too!

Come on!

I've no notion of his breeding,  
but he's a mountain horse...

and a good one.  
He's yours!  
I can't pay you for him!  
He's not for sale.  
Now, hold on, Spur...  
Don't argue.  
A man without a horse,  
is like a man without a leg.  
Thank you, Spur.  
Now I'll get the mare back.  
Forget the mare, you duffer.  
Don't throw effort after foolishness.  
For you, sir,  
I could get down to two guineas.  
Good luck with the colt.  
Very kind of you.  
Good luck.  
Thank you.  
Tell you what...two pounds!  
I've got other things on my mind today.  
Damn Yankee.  
Who is that?  
Harrison. Picking up his colt.  
They say it's worth 1,000.  
A colt worth 1,000?

**HARRISON:**

Ah!  
Listen, I'm sorry  
about this blasted circus.  
Oh, anything to get me away  
from the city...  
..especially when it's to bring you  
the finest colt in the colony.  
Well, he should be, for the price.  
Old Regret. The last colt she foaled.  
Mmm.  
Irreplaceable.  
Let go, mate.  
Let bloody go!  
Whoa, now.  
Are you alright, Jessica?  
If I needed your help, `MATE',  
I would've asked for it.

Come on, easy now. Whoa.  
Whoa.

**BOY:**

Well, I think we're all indebted  
to young Mr...  
Craig. Jim Craig.  
Andrew Paterson.  
And that was Mr Harrison  
and his charming daughter, Jessica.  
Mmm. `Charming'.  
All aboard!  
Are you a stock agent?  
No, as a matter of fact,  
I'm a lawyer. You?  
I've just arrived in town.  
Well, thanks again, Jim.  
If ever we can return the favour,  
let us know.  
I'm looking for work, sir.  
These are hard times, Jim.  
I know that,  
but I've got a place to keep up.  
Mmm.  
I've lived on the land.  
I can do anything.  
And I've got a good stock horse.  
Have you?  
In that case,  
we'd better try and find you work, then.  
I'll give you a letter.  
I know it's sitting  
under your skirt somewhere.  
You damned old trollop.  
20 years you seduce a man  
with a speck of gold dust.  
Then you tempt him  
with a trace of colour.  
Nothing but a harlot.  
Just like a woman -  
has to have the last word.  
How'd you find this place?  
I tracked you.  
You silly old galah.

You leave a trail  
like a one-legged seed drill.  
Damn you, Clancy.  
Always sneaking around.  
No noise.  
I heard noise.  
I heard voices.  
Uh-huh! Sure sign of old age  
when you start hearing things.  
You and your partner  
still searching for El Dorado, then?  
Silent partner now.  
Henry Craig's dead.  
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.  
Yeah, just when  
good colour was showing too.  
You've been saying that  
for near 20 years.  
You know, the only way to shut that  
mouth is with some food. Come on.  
You've been offering me food  
for 20 years too.  
All I ever get's wallaby stew.  
Bandicoot...

**HARRISON:**

That's right, sir.  
Curly!  
Cut the heifer out.  
I'll give you a try.  
Usual wages and keep.  
Make yourself known to the foreman.  
Thank you, sir.

**SPUR:**

In a toxic, festering sort of way.  
You should advertise this stuff  
in the 'Bulletin'.  
'The new miracle cure for appetite.'  
To think I was going to leave you  
a share of the mine.  
Thanks, mate, but I have  
my own rainbows to chase.  
Yeah, Clancy's vision splendid.

You still obsessed  
with those sunlit plains, huh?  
At least I get to see the sun  
and the stars.  
It's better than blundering around  
in a black hole,  
looking for something that isn't there.  
Isn't there?! Now, you wait right here.  
I'll show you.  
'`Blundering around'' in the dark, am I?  
Well, wait till you see this.  
Come here!  
Take a look at this.  
Huh?  
Now, that's the kind of colour  
I've been getting lately.  
Hmm?  
It's not much to show for 20 years.  
You must've dug a trench from  
California to southern Australia.  
That's much better than anything  
I saw there in 49.  
Now, I put a drive straight through  
for 30 chains.  
I go down, sink a shaft and we're  
smack on top of the richest vein.  
Who's `we', Spur?  
Henry Craig's boy.  
You remember young Jim.  
The lad doesn't know it yet,  
but he inherits his father's share,  
no matter what it is.  
Craig! When you're finished here,  
you can muck out the stables.  
Yes, sir.  
Here. He's a hard worker that lad.  
Yeh, seems willing enough.  
I can't understand why the boss took him on.  
He comes from the mountains.  
That was a long time ago.  
Morning, Mrs Bailey.  
Oh, g'day. I'm Jim Craig.  
Pretty good at shoveling that, arn't yeh.  
Pretty smart for a mountain fella.

Uses the flat end and everything.  
Yeh  
Live like bandicoots up in the hills.  
You digging for grubs there bandicoot.  
Have they given you the day off?  
I'm studying to be supervisor.  
Studying to be stupid!  
You.  
Morning, Miss Jessica.  
Morning.  
I'll get Kip out for you?  
No, thank you.  
Well I'll be about my duty miss.  
Getting the hang of it, son?  
Keep it up,  
I'll be back latter to check on your work.  
Kip, what have you been up to...Eh?  
Eh?  
Uh, can I help?  
No. No, I can manage.  
Show me how you did that.  
Easy.  
So.  
In through the loops.  
There's a trick to that one!  
There's no trick at all.  
Let me have a go.  
Now...like that?  
This hand up.  
Aha.  
Turn it in.  
That's right.  
Pull through?  
You've got it.  
This one goes through there.  
The ends go through the loops.  
Pull.  
Pull!  
Wrong.  
What happened?  
I don't know.

**HARRISON:**

Cool off the horse and stable him.

Yes, sir.  
Jessica.  
It's called the 'tomfools' knot'.  
You're getting the hang of it.  
I'll be back later to check on your work.  
Why aren't you at your lessons?  
One of the brood mares is foaling,  
she'll need a hand.  
You're not midwife  
to a herd of horses.  
The men can handle that.  
I can do it better.  
It's not an occupation for a lady.  
'A lady'!  
Yes, 'lady'.  
The word become old-fashioned?  
It's become an excuse  
to keep women under control!  
Please spare me  
your aunt's feminist rubbish.  
You should be thinking  
of marriage, children.  
The well-known cattle breeder  
has a breeding program  
for his daughter as well.  
You keep a civil tongue.  
I don't understand  
where this rudeness comes from.  
Uh, which bed's mine?  
Any one that doesn't buck you off, boy.  
That one's empty, son.  
It's yours if you want it.  
You can keep your saddle  
in the tack room.  
Yeah, stop there yourself  
if you like.  
Grow up, Curly.  
Drop dead, you old fart.  
Watch your tongue, boy...  
while you've still got one.  
Deal the cards, boss.  
Uh, two.  
They're starting the High Country  
muster in a couple of days.

Gonna be an early winter,  
according to Kane.

Huh?

Yep.

I thought Harrison  
controlled the seasons.

I reckon the boss will hold  
the muster till Clancy gets here.

Well, who's he, then? Some kind  
of top rider, this Clancy bloke?

No, he's no rider. He's a horseman.

Yeh Curly, look at this.

Well, what's so special  
about Clancy, then?

I told you, he's a horseman.

`Horseman'?

Clancy's not just a horseman.

Clancy's a...a magician.

He's a genius.

I've met him.

When I was young.

He and my father were mates.

Mates? Bullshit!

Mates! Mates.

Wouldn't have a bloody mate  
to save his life.

Oh, sorry, Your Honour. Mates!

Sorry, beg your pardon, Your Honour.

Mates with Clancy, eh?

**HARRISON:**

Some kind of union meeting?

They've heard that Clancy's coming.

Ah, they've all come out  
to gawk at him, huh?

It's not often they get a chance  
to meet a legend.

Jim Craig, isn't it?

Been a long time.

Yes, sir.

I'll see to your horses?

Watch him, he's a hog for water.

Oh, Jim.

I was very sorry

to hear about your father.

He was a good mate.

Clancy.

Kane.

``Go west, young man,'' they said.

``Go west!''

So I did - 10,000 miles further  
than they intended.

And I found gold.

In beef cattle.

We made more money selling meat to the miners  
than they ever dug up  
in their claims, didn't we, Clancy?

Well, you sold them.

I only drove them.

He was known around the diggings  
as `The California Horse-Trader'.

This is the finest trifle

I've ever eaten, Mrs Hume.

It's more than a trifle, Clancy.

It's a charlotte russe.

Charlotte russe!

My dear sister-in-law occasionally  
bestows on us simple bush people  
the fruits of her learning.

Just as well, or Jessica would've  
been brought up with the kangaroos  
and we'd be dining in a bark hut.

Rosemary, you never appreciate  
the sacrifices made  
in building a property like this.  
Would you pass the decanter, please?

Mr Paterson?

I'm sorry. I didn't realise.

That women may also enjoy what  
custom deems is a man's privilege?

None of your speeches.

Aunt Rosemary's quite right.

Women SHOULD have the right  
to do anything they're capable of.

You hear that?

The notion's like a germ.

My own daughter  
infected with your nonsense.

Your own daughter,  
as you know, has a good mind,  
a way with horses  
and an eye for stockbreeding.  
Now would you have these developed,  
or would you condemn her to domestic dullness  
You should be in a ladys' college,  
and not in the stables.  
Well, whatever the complexities  
of the argument, Mrs Hume,  
you're certainly proof  
the legal profession's been denied  
the services of a great advocate.  
Women lawyers?  
That'll be the day.

**CLANC Y:**

should have fathered su...  
I am sorry, madam.  
MOTHERED such a disputation.  
Rosemary,  
if you're finished with the port...  
Quite.  
It's a far cry from  
the dark rum we drank on the track.  
Ah, yes. Here's to those  
long-gone days on the trail.  
Well, for ME, they're not long gone.  
So here's to their future.  
Oh, there's no future there, Clancy.  
I wouldn't swap the sunlit plains  
for all the tea in China.  
They are a vision splendoured.  
Clancy, how romantic.  
Romantic?! Your brain's gone soft!  
We've got  
the railways and roads now.  
Mr Paterson,  
we can ship refrigerated beef  
to the markets of England, Europe.  
THAT'S where the future lies.  
You were ALWAYS a way ahead  
of the old squatters.  
Which is why there's few of them left.

They tore the guts out of the country.  
THEY did?!  
I see the day when we'll be one of  
the greatest food producers of the world.  
And YOU have it all under control!  
Yes, except for those mountains.  
With the cattle,  
I'd run freighters up there...  
PRAISED be the lack of capitalism!

**PATERSON:**

..may I propose a toast?  
Er...  
Yes.  
To our two romantics.  
To one who sees what is  
and one who sees what can be.  
Lord grant that the two are compatible.  
Mrs Bailey said to bring  
some more firewood.  
Hello, Jim.  
Hello, Jim.  
Good evening, Jim.  
Well, we all seem to be introduced.  
Not all of us, Harrison.  
I'm Mrs Hume.  
How do you do, ma'am?  
Jim, Mr Harrison was just talking  
of taming the Snowy River country.  
You know it better than us -  
what do you think?  
Well, sir...  
..I think you might sooner hold back  
the tide than tame the mountains.  
Excuse me, then.  
That boy has a quality about him.  
Yeah. The mongrel quality  
of the mountain people.  
Does that include your brother?  
I have no brother.  
We have a early start in the morning  
Good Night!  
``And Laban said unto him,  
``I pray thee, if I have found

favour in thine eyes, tarry,  
``for I have learned by experience  
``that the Lord hath blessed me  
for thy sake.'  
`And he said...'  
Here - last time I saw a saddle like that,  
it was at the circus, you know?  
Had a monkey riding on it!  
Where's your rope, Curly? Give up?  
``..and how thy cattle was with me.'''

**KANE:**

I want everyone saddled and packed  
by sunrise.  
We'll eat at the Perry homestead.  
The only time  
the boss eats his own beef.  
And he don't know it.  
Yeah!  
Anything special we've got to take?  
There's been a change of plans.  
You won't be going on this muster, Jim.  
W...?  
They've probably seen  
that half-pie mule of yours!  
He's a mountain horse.  
He knows that country better than I.  
I don't make the orders.  
But when I give them, that's the end of it.  
Anyone not ready to go by dawn  
gets their tail ends kicked!  
``..spotted cattle,  
and all the brown cattle among...''  
You too short man.  
Amen.  
`And there were spot...'  
Mr Kane?  
Why? Why me?  
I think I know.  
You'll get your chance, Jim.  
Don't forget to feed the chooks bandicoot.  
Pshht!  
Really, Jessica.  
You're attacking that piece with all

the sensitivity of a road-mender.  
Now, let's begin again, shall we?  
And this time, `con amore'.  
And spare me  
the affectations of martyrdom.  
Come.  
Ah, hello, Jim.  
Ma'am.  
Uh...Mrs Bailey said I should  
bring this up. To save her legs.  
Your timing is Jessica's salvation.  
Hello.  
Whoops.  
Will you join us for tea?  
No. I can't, Mrs Hume.  
Oh, nonsense.  
Male company will be a pleasant relief  
in this hothouse of female emotions.  
Er, Jessica, pour the tea.  
I'll get another cup.  
Do you mind?  
Well, no. Why should I?  
Well...we're both feeling  
sorry for ourselves today.  
Neither is where we want to be.  
Yeah.  
I think they're trying to make  
a butler out of me.  
Well, they're trying  
to make a lady out of me.  
They won't have no luck.  
Thank you very much!  
Hang on. That's not what I...  
They won't make a gentleman  
out of you either.  
Do you play?  
Yes. Just a bit.  
Before my mum died,  
she was starting to teach me.  
Do you miss her?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I miss her.  
I never knew my mother.  
I'm sorry.

I bet she was pretty.  
Like you.  
Mmm, thank you, kind sir.  
Thanks for the tea...  
..Jessica.  
I've got a few jobs to finish  
before dinnertime.  
There's a man.  
Yeah.  
He's a pretty thing.  
There's not a mean bone in his body.  
Curly will find one.  
He does all the breaking around here.  
Curly?!  
You've got to be firm  
with a young horse.  
But not cruel. You work  
with a horse, not against him.  
Really?  
That's what my father taught me.  
This is not just a mountain brumby.  
It's no different.  
Are you saying  
you could break this horse?  
Yes.  
Well...  
What about your father?  
He'll be away for more than a week.  
If the job's done before he gets back,  
what can he say?  
Whoa, boy! Hey.  
Whoa, boy! Whoa.  
Bess!  
Jim? Don't you dare!  
JIM!  
How's the head?  
Mrs Bailey told me this is your favourite.  
What happened to the colt?  
We yarded him.  
Is he alright?  
Oh, he's still a bit flighty,  
but not hurt - luckily.  
There'll be hell to pay  
when your father finds out.

Well, he won't find out.  
We've all agreed not to tell him.  
'We'? Who's `we'?  
Mrs Bailey, Aunt Rosemary and I.  
I'm not hiding behind the skirts  
of a bunch of women!  
Oh, I'm so sorry!  
I must remember that  
next time you try to kill yourself.  
That's nonsense, Jessica.  
Well, somebody's got to save you  
from your own thoughtlessness!  
Don't you Harrisons get tierd of  
running other peoples lives.  
You ungrateful...!  
Because I'm getting tired of it.  
Well don't worry,  
thats the last time I'll stand up  
for the likes of you.  
Jessica!  
You are a foolish boy, Jim.  
How many missing?

**KANE:**

Take your horse for you,  
Mr Harrison?  
Hey, where's the mountain boy?  
Uh, still in his bunk.  
Craig?  
You waiting for breakfast in bed?  
What happened?  
I came off the...  
..off a horse.  
You think you could get back on?  
Pick up 20 strays we left up on top?  
Yes, sir.  
Before those mountain men  
get their grubby hands on them.

**JIM:**

At least nothing changes up here.  
I saw Bess again with the brumbies.  
Nearly got her back.  
I toId you not to throw effort

after foolishness. Forget it.  
How are things going on down there?  
Not good.  
I'm working for a fellow called Harrison.  
He reminds me of someone.  
You never told me you had a brother.  
You never asked.  
Well, I'm asking now.  
You just concern yourself with Jim Craig.  
Have you seen Jessica?  
Yeah.  
What's she like?  
She's a Harrison.  
I'm getting out after this muster.  
Henry Craigs' son quitting?  
Are you saying I should stick it out?  
You can learn more from Harrison  
than you know.  
I'll be searching for his strays for weeks.  
Not if you know where to look.  
At the first hint of snow,  
every beast on this plateau heads for the bluff.  
Warm pocket, good forage.  
Gather them up with a butterfly net.  
How do you know?  
Well, I don't always eat wallaby, son!  
Huh?  
Grubby hands.  
Harrison was right.  
I'd say prime 2-year-old Hereford.  
Mm-hm.  
Fattened on mountain pasture.  
Mmm!  
Might be a good cattleman yet!  
You walk this horse to stable.  
Whoa.  
What happened to the colt?  
The wild horses came down,  
ran through the place. They set him off.  
I'm asking Jessica.  
A bruise in the foreleg.  
Black soil from the bottom paddock  
still on the hoofs.  
And a girth mark

around the horse's belly. Huh?  
You're an intelligent girl, Jessica.  
What does that add up to, huh?  
Your old friend is still alive.  
The stallion.  
He was leading the brumbies.  
Who rode the colt?  
We were breaking him in...  
'We'?  
Jim's very good with horses.  
That mountain boy.  
Now, wait. It wasn't his fault.  
He was riding it  
when the brumbies came down.  
He went to save the stock horses.  
What stupidity!  
To save stock horses  
worth a few shillings  
and risk a colt worth 1,000?!  
You can't blame him for that.  
It happened too suddenly.  
Well, 'suddenly', he's finished here!  
He gets off this place  
the moment he gets back.  
There's a train tomorrow.  
Take Jessica with you.  
You will board  
at the Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
No! I won't go!  
You're as deceitful as your mother.  
You wouldn't dare break the spirit  
of that wretched colt  
the way you just crushed  
your own daughter.  
My daughter?  
You really believe that?  
Oh, when will you give up  
this obsession?!  
You tell me. Matilda's your sister.  
You see other people so clearly,  
but look at yourself  
What if the night you fired those shots,  
your aim had been better?  
What then?

Now all we need's  
a butterfly net.  
Get uphill.  
Get up.  
Get uphill.  
Oh!  
NO!  
I don't understand.  
She's never done  
anything like this before.  
They've been drinking  
since they got back with the cattle.  
Weather turning bad.  
We've got to find her quick.  
They're not going to be  
any use to us.  
What?  
The men are drunk.  
They won't be any use to us.  
I want them ready to ride in 10 minutes.  
Yes, sir.  
Alright, up! I want all men.  
Moss, you've got five minutes  
to be dressed and outside!  
Curly? Curly!  
God save us.  
Come on, old man. I need you.  
It was him or me.  
You better be careful  
what you say in your sleep.  
Jessica's gone and got herself lost.  
I need a tracker and you're it.  
Can't even see to find my boots.  
Well, go without them!  
Five minutes!  
Whoa.  
Boss, the men are exhausted...  
and there's a storm coming up.  
And my daughter's out there in it.  
In a few minutes we're not going  
to be able to see anything.  
Then stay here and rot.  
Kip?  
JESSICA?

JESSICA?!

JESSICA?!

Yah!

Boss, there's no hope of finding  
any tracks after all that rain.

We've got to keep looking.

Jessica!

Jess!

Jessica!

Jess!

HELP!

HELP ME!

Oh, help.

Jess!

So, that's it, eh?

No more working for the old...

..your father.

I never thought

I'd be sorry about that...

..but I am.

Why are you sorry?

I'll miss seeing you.

You won't miss seeing me,

'cause I'm not going back.

Come on Jess, you can't...

Listen!

When I was trapped on that cliff,

I was terrified,

but that passed and...

I started to see things very clearly.

All I wanted was to see you again.

To be with you.

Nothing else.

And so I hung on until you came.

Jess, I...

I have to take you back.

But I'm not going back.

They'll be worried sick about you.

I don't care.

There'll be men out looking for you,

risking their lives.

Anyhow, I've got to get the cattle down.

Haven't you been listening to me?

Yeah, it's just that...

..I have to finish this job.  
I'll take you to Spur's place  
and come back for the cattle.  
I'm sorry.  
It's just that,  
everything seemed so clear to me.  
I'm sorry.  
It's so peaceful here.  
It's like we're the only two people on earth.  
You ready, then?  
Oh, Jim.  
It's...  
It's beautiful.  
But wait till that gets here.  
It changes so suddenly, doesn't it?  
One minute, it's like paradise and...  
..the next, it's trying to kill you.  
Yep. That's how it can be up here.  
But, uh...  
..if it was easy to get to know it,  
there'd be...no challenge.  
You've got to treat the mountains...  
..like a high-spirited horse.  
Never take them for granted.  
It's the same with people too.

**SPUR:**

Nothing.  
No colour.  
Jezebel!  
OOOH...  
Holy creature!  
So, that's what you've been trying  
to tell me all these years, huh?  
That you're up HERE.  
Spur?  
Spur!  
Damn.  
What a strange place!  
Who is this Spur?  
I thought you knew him.  
Why should I?  
You wait here.  
I'll check down at the creek.

Spur?  
Hello?  
He's not down there.

**SPUR:**

Jim Craig!  
Jim, my boy!  
They said old Spur was mad...Ha!  
Man! Ha! YA-HOO!  
Are you alright?  
I never felt better in my life!  
I...  
Matilda.  
I found the gold.  
I'm Jessica.  
Jessica Harrison.  
Oh, Jessica!  
You've grown up.  
Jess, this is Spur.  
And, uh...  
..he's your uncle, your father's brother.  
One of life's injustices. You never  
get to choose your own relatives.  
Uncle?  
Let this be a lesson to you, Jim.  
I find a little gold  
and suddenly, after all these years,  
the relatives turn up.  
Why do you keep  
this portrait of my mother?  
Uh...  
The prettiest visitor I've ever had  
and not even a cup of tea! Come on.  
What are you trying to hide from me?  
I'm not a child.  
Hey, Jessica...  
when you try to dig up the past.  
Look Spur,  
Jess has to get home,  
and I have to go back for the cattle.  
Can you take her down?  
Sure. Sure.  
You look after her for me, then.  
Oh, I'll look after her...

..like you were my own daughter.  
I won't be far behind you.  
And don't touch his wallaby stew.  
Why, you ungrateful tyke!  
There'll be no wallaby tonight!  
I'll kill the fatted calf.  
Come to think of it,  
I already have.  
Yah!  
It WAS silly, I suppose,  
but I was so angry!  
Then I couldn't think  
of anything else but seeing Jim.  
No harm done.  
What's the sense of being young  
if you can't be impulsive now and then?  
Now, tablecloth.  
No expense spared.  
And you can read the news  
while you're eating.  
Aha!  
They charge you three guineas extra  
for the cobwebs down in the city.  
Glasses?  
On the shelf.  
Oh. These must be quite valuable.  
Matched pair.  
They're both broken.  
Jessica, take this plate,  
and follow me to the cool room.  
Now, for the pice de rsistance.  
Ah, you raise beef!  
Oh, well known for it.  
Small, modest herd  
made up of poor creatures  
who've lost their way.  
And, uh, `H' is for...?  
Uh, `homeless'.  
Thank god she's safe.  
Where is she?  
She's on her way home.  
Why haven't I been told about Spur?  
Well, was my mother unfaithful? Or...  
Nonsense, girl.

Was she?

What did Spur tell you?

Nothing.

Aunt Rosemary, please.

About 20 years ago,

two brothers fell in love with  
the prettiest girl in the district.

Oh, she was young and life  
for Matilda was like childish games.

Well, both the men

wanted her hand in marriage,  
but she couldn't choose between them.

So she decided the first one to make  
his fortune would be her husband.

She hadn't the faintest idea

what chain of events

that would set in motion.

Well, one of the men scraped

all his savings together

and gambled in one bold throw -

a horse named Pardon in the Cup.

It won, at 50-to-1 . He was wealthy.

Father.

And Spur?

He went looking for gold.

My dear Mrs Bailey, tell me,

by what magic do you transform

this humble farmyard chicken

into such delicate ambrosia?

You do go on.

And you gave me my favourite piece too.

Oh?

A plump breast.

Unless it be...tenderloin.

Ooh! Mrs Bailey!

Ooh, you're a cruel woman!

Oh, I'm sorry.

Are you alright?

I knew the moment I walked in.

I said to myself, ``This...is a woman

to satisfy a man's...appetites.''

I didn't expect you for a while.

So I see.

How's Jessica?

She's fine.

Er...Spur was, er, just helping me  
get her supper ready.

Oh, YOU'RE still here!

Well, you'd better not be  
when your brother gets back.

Run away? I'm too old  
to play the prodigal son.

Er, thank you, Mrs Bailey.

And come on, Jim.

After I see Jess.

Hey, I think we'd better be going.

We'll let the weather clear a bit.

I want to see her.

Hey!

Yes?

Forgive me?

You're back.

My thanks to you  
for my daughter's safe return.

Kane speaks highly of you.

Says you'd make a good cattleman.

I've got a few ideas.

Well, maybe I can be  
of some help to you.

It's time we had a talk.

You just rest, Jess.

Come.

When did you find Jessica?

Yesterday morning.

Morning.

Sit down.

You're very fond of my daughter, huh?

I love her.

Mmm. Love?

It's a goddamn strange sort of love.

Well, would you call it love?

Take a girl who'd been brought up  
to this and put her in a bark hut? Hmm?

We'd make do.

Living on air? Watch her grow old  
with hard work and child-bearing?

I'd look after her.

Mm-hm.

Anyway, why don't you ask her?  
The decision is yours.  
If you had a spark of man in you,  
you'd know the right thing to do is to walk away.  
Now hang on! You're not the only one  
that can make something out of life.  
I've got plans for my own place.  
Make them  
with someone else's daughter.  
I didn't carve this place out  
to see Jessica run off  
with some fortune-hunter!  
You BASTARD!

**SPUR:**

How dare you come in this house?  
My long-lost brother.  
Didn't recognise you without a gun.  
Get out.  
Gun? What is going on?  
Come on, Jessica. Back to bed.  
Oh, no. I'm sick of secrets.  
Get to bed!  
And both of you, get out or I'll...!  
You'll what?  
Blow off the other one?  
Spur...please.  
I only shot to warn you off.  
I'd hate to be around  
if your intentions were serious.  
Father!  
Tell me what happened!  
Jessica, go to bed.  
No!  
I have a right to know!  
Oh, for heaven's sake, Harrison!  
Let's get this thing out of the way  
once and for all.  
Spur gave your mother  
a wedding present - a young colt.  
Old Regret's first foal.  
But your father couldn't stand the thought  
of another man giving her anything.  
I wanted to shoot

the animal, but...I couldn't.  
I'm glad you draw the line someware.  
Your mother feared for the horse  
and turned it loose.  
Spur saw it running free  
and came to tell her.  
And your father found them together.  
Oh, it was all quite innocent, but...  
..your father was in a rage  
and...Spur was shot.  
In a way, she did go of her own accord...  
..when you were born.  
You're more a part of this, Jim,  
than you realise.  
Matilda's colt is now the old stallion.  
He leads the brumbies.  
Now, who's to judge a man the rest  
of his life for one impetuous act?  
It happened a long time ago.  
I want to forget it...  
bare no malice.  
Hey, don't worry.  
It's just the beginning.  
Not the end.  
Spur?  
Mmm?  
I haven't had so much  
feminine attention in years.  
I like it.  
I'm leaving too.  
It couldn't work, Jess.

**SPUR:**

You come to open the gate,  
for your crippled brother.  
You said enough tonight.  
Turning Jessica against me.  
Just as you did Matilda years ago.  
You misjudge the girl.  
Just as you did her mother!  
Whose child is she?  
Poor Mr Harrison.  
You owe me the truth!  
If you realy knew Matilda...

..you could never ask that.  
Of COURSE she's yours!  
But you dont deserve her!  
Hah!  
Oh, bandicoot! Oh!  
Hear you've been up the big house,  
boy, eh?  
Did you break in more than the colt  
while you were up on that muster,  
hey?  
Did you have to use your spurs, boy?  
You've got the mind  
of a gutter rat, Curly!  
CURLY!  
Loose the bottle!  
I did it before...  
and so help me, I'll do it again.  
Oooh!  
Oof!  
You know, I could be hard to find  
in the mountains.  
You're welcome at my fire any time.  
That horse is worth 1,000, Moss.  
You know how much money? Huh?  
Oh, yeah.  
That's more than you'd earn in a lifetime  
working for that PRIG Harrison!  
Yeah.  
Well, I'm going to fix him.  
Yeah!  
That fixed him! Yeah!  
Who?  
Bandicoot, you idiot.  
They'll think he did that.  
OK.

**KANE:**

Well, it's definite. We found clean tracks.  
The colt's joined the brumby mob.  
Jesus Christ.  
Well, at least he's not been stolen.  
Somebody set him loose!  
No prizes guessing who.  
Every man from every station about

will be here by morning.  
You find Clancy?  
Not as yet.  
Well, get him!  
That man's part bloodhound.  
We'll get the colt back, boss.

**JIM:**

**SPUR:**

with your partner?  
Partner?  
The goldmine.  
Your father always had a half-share in it.  
It's yours now.  
You reckon there's enough in it for two?  
You'd better have a drink.  
May be the only thing  
you ever get out of the partnership.  
In that case...  
Jesus, Clancy!  
You're going to give me a heart seizure!  
You never could hear anyone else  
when you were doing the talking.  
G'day, Jim.  
Thought I'd find you here.  
Staring at the mountains.  
Yep.  
Only place I'll ever feel at home.  
Aren't you heading  
in the wrong direction?  
No.  
Heading back for Harrison's.  
You're a demon for punishment.  
Somebody let Harrison's colt go.  
What?!  
The colt from Old Regret?  
He's joined the brumbies.  
There's a mob of us  
going after him in the morning.  
I thought you might want to be in it.  
Well, they said  
you were, uh...good with a horse.  
What's the first thing you do

when a horse bucks you off?  
You don't let him beat you,  
you get straight back on.  
Well?  
Well?  
No, Clancy.  
Oh, well, that's a shame.  
Harrison's blaming you for it.  
Why?  
ME?!  
And you expect me  
to go back and help him?  
It's asking too much of a man.  
'Man', did you say?  
That's what my father raised me to be.  
Ah, yes.  
I often think of Henry Craig.  
He was a good man.  
Well...maybe it's just as well.  
Yeah, they probably wouldn't let him  
ride with us anyway.  
No.  
Where's Clancy?  
He's not here.  
Goddamn it!  
We can't wait!  
Gentlemen...  
..I appreciate the speed  
with which you responded to my call.  
My colt, the colt from Old Regret,  
is running with the most cunning mob  
that ever crossed the ranges.  
Now, we must be careful.  
I've positioned scouts to send up flares  
as soon as they're sighted.  
Now... Hoo!  
Thank you, Clancy.  
I need your help.  
I'm ready.  
Look at him.  
Come to survey his handiwork. Kane!  
If he'd done it, he wouldn't be here.  
You believe that?  
Get him off my property.

Hold it!  
Both he and his hourse are mountain bred...  
...I think he should come along.  
We don't need him.  
I asked him.  
You did what?  
I want him along.  
As you wish.  
He'll dig his own grave.  
You ride with me.  
Come on!  
Gentlemen...  
..there will be a reward,  
to be divided among you as you like,  
when the colt is recovered -  
100.  
Hey!  
Mrs Bailey!  
Whoa!  
All the men have just left.  
Well...  
Where'd they go? Huh?!  
Oh, I so wanted  
to go with them.  
But...somebody's got to stay here  
and look after the womenfolk, right?  
How's he pulling up, Jim?  
Raring to go. Thanks for your help.  
Clancy, wheel 'em to the right.  
No fancy riding!  
We'll have them from the jump.

**MAN:**

**BOTH:**

**MAN:**

First bath for the week?  
Wait for me!  
You can bid the mob good day.  
Look!  
Where's Jim?

**STOCKMAN:**

Will you look at that?!

Hah!

Hah!

Hey...

...promised 100.

It's yours.

That's not why I rode.

There are a dozen good brood mares  
in that mob.

I'll be back for them.

And for whatever else is mine.

I don't like to repeat myself.

She's not for you.

Jessica can make up her own mind  
about that.

You've got a long way to go yet, lad.

He's not a lad...brother.

He's a man.

He's a MAN!

The Man from Snowy River.

Whoo-hoo!