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Green Grass of Wyoming

By Martin Berkeley

There were two wild stallions
on the mountain
Only one could rule the land
The son's mighty hoofs
come a-thunderin' down
Great Albino lay dead in the sand, poor boy
Great Albino lay dead in the sand
Thunderhead then was
the king of the mountain
Where he lived, nobody knew where
He would steal to the ranches
in the valley below
Now and then to take a new lady fair,
great lover
Now and then to take a new lady fair
At night many fillies broke for freedom
At his feet another stallion lay dead
Like a thief in the night
he would fly out of sight
Mighty clever
The valley people said
"Shoot that stallion"
They were sure it was
the great Thunderhead
Yes, sirree. Old Thunderhead
was a mighty tough customer.
He kept getting bolder and bolder,
like the night when he struck
at Beaver Greenway's place.
Early next morning, Beaver's granddaughter
found out what had happened to their mare,
and things sure started popping.
Grandpa!
Grandpa, get up. Get up, Grandpa.
- Another mare's gone.
- Huh?
- Another mare's gone. It's Lady Hanover.
- Lady Hanover?
She was run off by some stallion.
His hoofprints are all over the place.
By ginger, it's that Thunderhead.
- Well, don't stand there. Let's go after her.
- It's too late. She's dead.
Dead?

She tried to jump that gulch in the upper pasture. I found her lying down at the bottom.

Lady Hanover.

The finest trotting mare a man ever had.

Why, it was only last spring

we bred her to Willie D.

I was counting on her colt.

- I'm sorry, Grandpa.

- Don't you feel sorry for me!

By ginger, I'm going to tell those

McLaughlins a thing or two. You just wait.

Ohh...

Tell me, was I very?

Yes.

- What day is it?

- Tuesday.

Tuesday.

You've been that way since Sunday.

I'll put the coffee on.

Oh! Carey...

Pump for me, will you?

Honest, ducky, this is the last time.

- Yes, I know. Put your head down.

- Ohh!

Hey, what are you trying to do? Drown me?

Ouch! Ouch, you're scalping me!

I came here to look after you,
and I'm going to, even if it hurts.

There.

Thanks for leaving my head on my shoulders.

Wash your hands.

I'll have breakfast ready in a minute.

All right.

Never mind breakfast.

I just remembered I'm mad.

- You're not going to start a fuss.

- I'm not, eh?

Thunderhead has stolen two of my mares and
if Rob McLaughlin won't do something, I will.

I'll not have you fight with Mr

McLaughlin. It's not neighbourly.

Grandpa, please wait till you feel better.

If I didn't feel as well as I do, I wouldn't
stand here arguing with you. Now scat.

I hope Ken doesn't forget those skillets.
This one's impossible. Just look at these eggs.
That kid should've been back last night.
It's a long pull from Los Angeles,
especially dragging a trailer.

I know, but that boy's got a genius
for getting into trouble.

If you fight with the McLaughlins,
no one in 20 miles will talk to you.

No man's stallion's gonna
steal my mares and get away with it.

- Well, Carey, Beaver, come on in.

- McLaughlin, I've lost another mare.

- Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

- He's sorry, he says.

It's the second mare Thunderhead has stolen.

Wait a minute.

How do you know it's Thunderhead?

Nobody's even seen him since

we turned him loose a couple of years ago.

It's Thunderhead. You know what I'm gonna
do? I'm gonna hunt him down and shoot him.

You got a perfect right to shoot him

- if you catch him at it. You haven't even seen him.

- Are you calling me a liar?

- Please excuse him, Mr McLaughlin.

- No man calls me a liar and gets away with it.

- Will you be reasonable?

I'll get word around

to watch out for a mare-stealer...

That's all I want to know. I come here for a
little action and all I get is a lot of talk.

I'll handle this thing my own way.

- I'm sorry. He doesn't really mean it.

- It's all right. Don't worry about it.

- Carey!

- Coming, Grandpa.

Goodbye, Mr McLaughlin.

Come on, Sundown, let's get outta here.

Hyah!

Huh! Calling me a liar

and sticking up for Thunderhead.

- Why do you have to fight with everybody?

- Me?

- If only you'd stop drinking.
- Stop drinking?
I only take a thimbleful
just to settle my nerves.
If only you would, and start training Sundown
again, then everything would be different.
You took the words right out of my mouth.
That's exactly what I'm gonna
start doing tomorrow - you watch me.
Hello! Pull up a minute.
I got a surprise for you.
- You're the one who's got a surprise coming.
- Hey! Wait a minute!
- I'll see you later, Ken.
- You keep away from those McLaughlins.
Do you think Thunderhead stole the mares?
If he's alive, I'm afraid so. A lot of mares
have been stolen lately besides Beaver's.
What are you gonna do?
If we pick up his trail soon after a mare's
been stolen, we've a good chance of catching him.
Then you'll have to shoot him?
- Yeah.
- I'm afraid that'll break Ken's heart.
- Kenny!
- Hi, Gus!
- How are things in the city?
- Great. I got a surprise in the trailer.
Surprises I like don't come in trailers!
- Ken!
- Hello, Mom. Your skillets.
- Thank you, son.
- Hiya, Dad.
The horses come through in good shape?
Mr McNulty pay you?
- Yes, sir. And have I got a surprise for you.
- What is it this time?
The most wonderful thing happened.
- I met a friend of yours, Whitey Eaton...
- A friend of mine?
- He let me in on a terrific deal.
- Whitey Eaton did?
- He's the crookedest horse-dealer this
side... - You've mixed him up with someone else.

- Take it easy, baby.
- She looks fine, Kenny.
What have you got in that trailer?
Did you let Whitey Eaton sell you a horse?
Sure. And is she a beauty.
Hey, let's get her out, Gus.
Just a minute, young man.
Did you take the 2200 McNulty paid you
for the polo ponies
and give it to Whitey Eaton
for some broken-down piece of crowbait?
- Why, Mr Eaton says she's a sure winner.
- I told you, Whitey Eaton is a crook!
I can't agree with you, Dad. I think this
mare is a very sound business investment.
- Come on, take a look.
- What...
- What is she, Kenny?
- A trotter. Let me get this blanket off.
- There you are.
- Rob, she's beautiful.
Yeah, I've seen Whitey's
beautiful horses before. Come here, son.
Telephone him and tell him
I don't want this mare,
and after breakfast tomorrow,
you're going back to Los Angeles with it.
- I don't think so, Dad.
- You... you what?
You said that on my next birthday
I'll be a partner.
If so, I'm gonna have something to say.
You'll never be a partner
pulling stunts like this.
At least you can let him show her. All Ken
knows about horses is what you taught him.
She's by Bolomite out of
Margaret Castledon - both champions.
You can't beat that breeding.
Well, all right.
Trot her out. Let's see her.
Come on, baby.
Come on, baby, trot. Come on.
- Buying a horse without consulting me.

- I'm sure she'll be all right.
Here. Here, stop that.
Down, girl!
- Uh-oh.
- Ken, be careful.
Whoa! Hey, what's the matter with you?
Down, girl!
I told you about Whitey.
What's the matter?
Something's bothering her.
Listen to her. She's wind-broken,
that's what's the matter with her.
2200 bucks right up the flue.
Boss, it might be the altitude.
It's 8200ft up here.
Yeah, that's it. It's the altitude.
Let her take it easy for a while till
her lungs fill out. Then she'll be fine.
Yeah, maybe.
Meanwhile, you'd better put her up, Gus.
- I'll take her, Gus.
- No, you stay here. I want a talk with you.
I'm sorry I bought her like I did, Dad.
I should have spoken to you first, but...
If you're going to be a partner, you can't
just use snap judgement about things.
Before I do anything,
I always talk it over with your mother.
- Well, I do.
- Of course, darling.
Why don't you think
before you do these things?
I did. I put myself right in your place.
I knew that you'd have bought her
if you'd been in my place.
What's the use? I give up!
I do too, I guess.
He won't take my judgement on anything.
- Hey, Ken.
- Yes, sir?
I've changed my mind.
I'll let you keep the mare.
- You will? Gee, that's great...
- Wait. Under these conditions.

She's your responsibility,
and she'll have to pay for her own keep.

Once she's brought back her costs,
then we'll take you into partnership.

That's very fair of you, Dad.

Thank you. And you too, Mom.

There's one other little matter.

Might as well let you have it all at once.

- Yes, sir?

- Beaver Greenway was just here.

- Thunderhead stole another one of his mares.

- Thunderhead did?

But we don't even know he's alive.

Well, if he is, Beaver's gonna shoot him. And
if I see him first, I'm afraid I'll have to.

- So that's your surprise!

- You like her?

From here I'd say she looks pretty good.

Come on, baby, show her your stuff.

Now, settle down. Easy, girl.

Easy. Trot. Trot.

Trot.

Whoa. Settle down. Trot.

Ah, stop that. Behave yourself.

- She's a little green yet.

- Yes, I can see that.

Now, come on. Come on, baby,
you know better than that. Trot.

- I believe she's got something.

- I got a hunch the moment I laid eyes on her.

Whoa! That's enough for today.

Whoa, Jewel.

- Jewel?

- Yeah. Crown Jewel.

That's a nice name. I like it.

She's blowing. Have you worked her hard?

No, it's the altitude. It got her at first,
but soon she'll have lung power
and stamina to burn. Won't you, baby?

- You look at a horse the way my father did.

- I do?

Mother used to say,

"If you looked at me the way you look at
your prize hunter, I'd faint with delight. "

Must've been quite a guy,
your father. Thanks.

Come on, Jewel.

There we are. Be a good girl
and I'll get you some hay.

- You throw it down and I'll give it to her.

- OK.

- Is that all you're giving her?

- Isn't it enough?

It wouldn't be for my horses.

Oh, Ken!

How was that?

Ken, what are you doing?!

- Hey, where's the ladder?

- Ladder? What ladder?

- Come on, put it back.

- I don't know what you're talking about.

You don't, eh?

Hey! Cut it out!

So that's the way you want to play.

Oh, Ken!

- I'm sorry.

- You are? Why?

- I shouldn't be roughhousing with you.

- You didn't hurt me.

That's not what I mean.

You seem different today, somehow.

Maybe it's because you've never
looked at me before - really.

No. I guess I never did.

I'd better get to work.

I promised Dad I'd fix the corral fence.

- I'll help you.

- Building fences is a man's job.

Oh.

Very well. If I'm in the
way, then I'll go home.

No, don't go. I'm glad you came.

I was thinking yesterday that you haven't
been over to go riding for a while.

- I can't be coming over here all the time.

- Why not?

I have a home too,

in case anybody should be interested.

- You mean I should come to see you?
- Are you asking for a date?
- Well, I...
- Saturday evening would be the best time.

We don't have a radio to dance to,
but from our porch you can almost hear
the dance music from Cave Lakes.

- I'll bet it's beautiful.
- Do you like to dance?
- You mean we have a date?
- Well... sure!

Saturday evening.

- Hey, Ken!
- Shh!

We're having dinner
an hour early for him and he's late.
He'll be right down. And don't kid him.
Remember, it's his first date.

I won't say a word.

- Sorry I'm late.
- That's perfectly all right, dear.

Well, pardon me. Haven't I seen
that necktie someplace before?

Yes, sir. It's yours.

My tie. Don't you think it's a little bit
early for you to start using my things?

- After all, we're not partners yet.
- No, sir.

Hey, uh... what'd you do to your chin?

- Oh, nothing, it's just a little...
- Cut.

Cut? How on earth did?

- It couldn't possibly be a razor cut, could it?
- Rob!

- You have been using my razor, haven't you?

- Yes, sir.

- You see, I've got a date.

- A date?!

- With Carey Greenway, I suppose?

- Yes, sir.

- Planning to take her dancing, I suppose?

- Yes, sir.

And after that, to Red Slade's
for some supper, I suppose?

- Yes, sir.

- Well, why didn't you say so?

Here's five bucks. Have a good time.

Well, thanks.

Your supper's on the table.

Carey.

Carey!

Carey!

It's me, ducky.

I only had one drink. Just a little one.

- You'd better go down and have your supper.

- Doggone it, I was cold.

I've been up in those hills searching
for that stallion. It's just discouraging.

You know I don't want to drink.

I hate the stuff.

But somehow everything's
been going wrong with me lately.

But don't think I haven't been trying.

- I thought you were going to work Sundown.

- Tomorrow.

Tomorrow I'll get Sundown going
like he's never gone before.

We'll enter him in the Governor's Stake,
and then everything'll be peaches and cream.

It's always going to be
peaches and cream tomorrow.

There you go, discouraging me again.

Honest, ducky, I promise.

First thing in the morning I'll hook up
Sundown and get going. Is it a bargain?

- It is if you mean it.

- Sure I mean it.

You'll see. This old boy isn't
finished yet. Not by a jugful.

By ginger, we're gonna win that race.

I feel it in my bones.

We'll get my farm back in Connecticut.

I'll drive in the Grand Circuit again.

- And you'll have a trunkful of pretty dresses.

- Grandpa, please!

Well, you will.

Say, let me look at you. You look real swell.

How come you're all rigged out like that?

- I've got a date. With Ken McLaughlin.
- Didn't I tell you about those McLaughlins?
- You know, they have a trotter too.
- Huh?

A beautiful black mare. I think they're going to get her ready for Lancaster too. First they steal my mares, now they want to win the Governor's Stake.

They will if you don't get busy.

A fine chance they have of beating Beaver Greenway, those Johnny-come-latelies.

You stay away from those McLaughlins.

Go down and have your supper.

You heard me, now.

McLaughlins.

Stealing my horses.

Buying a trotting mare, eh?

Hello, Mr Greenway. Nice evening.

- I hear you got a trotter.
- Yes, sir. She looks like a winner.
- She does, eh?
- Well, I think so. Is Carey ready?
- She ain't going out tonight.
- She isn't? Why? Is she sick?
- Yeah. Sick of McLaughlins.
- What? Oh, you're kidding.

I am, am I? Well, suppose you just scat.

- Carey and I have a date to go dancing.
- Just dance yourself back home.
- Does Carey know about this?
- I told you to scat.

Now, when I say scat, I mean scat.

So... scat.

OK.

- Hey, Ken.

- Yes, sir?

Don't get no idea in your head your mare can beat Sundown.

No horse can touch him when he's going good.

- That's what you think.
- That's what I know.

Huh.

Thinks he can beat Sundown, eh?

The young squirt.

Where's Ken? I thought I heard him.

- Well, he...

- I did, didn't I?

Yeah, that was him, all right.

- Grandpa, you didn't...

- Stay away from the McLaughlins.

How could you do such a thing?

You know how much I wanted to go dancing.

But when you're drinking, you're...

you're just impossible. I'm ashamed of you!

Carey! Carey!

Carey, wait! Don't be mad at me!

Come back, ducky!

I didn't mean to hurt you.

Ken!

- I didn't think I'd make it.

- Neither did I. What goes on?

- Do you still want to take me to the dance?

- Do I? Home, Jasper, and thanks.

I must look a fright.

- Am I all wrinkled and blown to pieces?

- The wrinkles'll come out and I have a comb.

Where oh where is dear little Susie?

Where oh where is dear little Susie?

Where oh where is dear little Susie?

Way down yonder in the papaw patch

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Way down yonder in the papaw patch

Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket

Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket

Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket

Way down yonder in the papaw patch

Where oh where is dear little Carey?

Where oh where is dear little Carey?

Where oh where is dear little Carey?

Way down yonder in the papaw patch

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Come on, boys, let's go find her

Way down yonder in the papaw patch

Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket

Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket
Picking up papaws, put 'em in your pocket
Way down yonder in the papaw patch
- Hey, Gus, sing us a song!
- Yeah!

When I was single, oh then, oh then
When I was single, oh then
When I was single, my money did jingle
And I wish I was single again, again
I wish I was single again
I married me a wife, oh then, oh then
I married me a wife, oh then
I married me a wife,
she's the curse of my life
And I wish I was single again, again
I wish I was single again
My wife she died, oh then, oh then
My wife she died, oh then
My wife she died and I laughed till I cried
To think I was single again, again
To think I was single again
I married me another, oh then, oh then
I married me another, oh then
I married me another,
she's the devil's stepmother
And I wish I was single again, again
I wish I was single again
- What's the matter?
- Nothing.

Your grandfather?

- Maybe I shouldn't have come.
- Carey, you've got to have fun sometime.
Your grandfather can't just
tie you down all your life.
I know, but he'll be worried,
and there's no telling what he might do.
He's been drinking again.
Well, I guess I'd better take you home, huh?
Yes.

- Isn't it beautiful?
- Yeah. Music's good, too.
Oh, Ken, what am I going to do
with my grandfather?
- He's quite a problem.

- He doesn't mean to be.

It's just that he's getting old and he's lonely. He depends upon me so much. If I don't take good care of him and get him straightened out, he won't be a success again.

- Maybe you're not handling him right.

- How do you mean?

You know the old saying -

"Take the bull by the horns. "

You think I should put my foot down more?

- I would if he was my grandfather.

- Maybe you're right.

If I go home now, he'll think he's won his point, that I'm just a child.

Now you're talking.

But... if I don't go...

Come on.

- Just one more?

- You bet!

She left me.

My little ducky.

I shouldn't have chased that boy away, Sundown.

No, sir. I shouldn't have done it.

I don't know why I do some of the things I do.

Maybe I'm just naturally mean.

But I've never been mean to you, have I, Sundown?

I'm gonna get you out of this place.

I'm gonna get you a nice clean barn and a paddock deep in clover.

Tomorrow, first thing in the morning,

I'm gonna hook you up.

We'll show 'em, by ginger.

Yes, sir. We'll show 'em.

Remember when we won the Walnut Hall Cup at Lexington?

That was a great day.

A great day.

But look at us now.

Just look what's happened to us now.

But don't you worry.

We'll do it again. Yes, sir, everything's gonna be just as it was.

You just watch.
We'll get our farm back in Connecticut.
And we'll drive the Grand Circuit again.
And we'll get Carey
a whole trunkful of pretty dresses.
And we'll...
You think I talk too much,
don't you, Sundown?
Well, you're right.
- Grandpa!
- Good morning, ducky!
- Oh, Grandpa!
- Whoa! Whoa! What's all the fuss about?
- Are you really going to work Sundown?
- Haven't I told you so all along?
- Oh, Grandpa!
- Now, now, scat. I've got work to do.
Giddap, Sundown.
Come on, you rascal,
you've been loafing long enough now.
When I was single, oh then, oh then
Wait your turn.
When I was single...
How are you this morning, Jewel?
Hm. Talking to myself again.
Jewel! Breakfast!
Breakfast, Jewel!
You couldn't just evaporate.
Uh-oh.
Holy jumpin' Judy.
Them's Jewel's tracks. These here
belong to a horse that ain't been shod.
Yeah, and it looks like that unshod horse
jumped the fence and kidnapped Jewel.
Hey, Ken. Who do you think it was?
- I don't know for sure.
- You got a pretty good idea, though.
- I guess it could've been Thunderhead.
- You bet your life it's Thunderhead!
As long as he's alive, he's a
menace to every ranch in this county.
He can't be far off, boss. A stallion
won't run his mares hard if he can help it.
That's right. Let's trail 'em.

We'll catch Jewel and Thunderhead.
The only way to catch Thunderhead
is to shoot him. You get the horses ready.
I'll phone the forest ranger,
see if he can spot them with his plane.
Before long
the ranger reported to the boss.
Him and Kenny and bunch of ranchers
started to Thunderhead's hideout.
Took two days and two nights of packing
over country no one had ever seen before.
Then they arrived at a mesa
high enough to scare a mountain goat.
Some of the boys wanted to call it a day, but
the boss and old Beaver, they wouldn't quit.
Well, sir, when they finally got to the top,
they crossed to the opposite side of the mesa,
keeping a little ridge between them and
where they figured Thunderhead should be.
Kenny's heart was in his mouth
as they climbed that little ridge.
He wanted to get Jewel back, but he sure
didn't want 'em to kill Thunderhead.
There they are! And isn't that Jewel?
I bet I can get a bead on him from here.
- Do you want to scare him and the mares?
- Stop that.
You'll get a chance at Thunderhead
after we've rounded up the herd.
Hey, Joe. Take some of the boys
and spook 'em up to the far end.
We'll cut 'em off on the other side
when they come back.
Beaver, you'll hit one of those mares!
The stud's got away!
What are you trying to do?
There he goes.
- I don't aim to jump that.
- Me neither.
- It's quite a jump all right.
- Kinda glad he got away, ain't you, Ken?
Come on, let's get our mares.
I don't see her, Rob,
but this one's sure mine.

- You got Thunderhead?

- No. He's slick.

Might as well give him our mares.

- Did you get your mare?

- No, I'm afraid something's happened to her.

Something's happened to her? But I thought sure I saw her from the hill.

- I'm sorry, son, but she isn't here.

- Maybe the wolves or the cougars got her.

Boy!

Let's go, Flicka.

- Hey, Kenny, where are you going?!

- After Jewel and Thunderhead.

We'll get him this time.

Jewel!

Thunderhead!

Jewel!

Jewel!

- He didn't come this way.

- I told you we took the wrong trail.

Won't nobody listen to me?

- I could've sworn they came this way.

- You're trying to protect Thunderhead.

When he's got a mare that's stood me \$2200? You think I'm crazy?

- Yeah.

- It's kinda late in the day to get all het up.

A little drop of kindness... we'll head back.

- Wet your whistle, Joe.

- Thanks.

Here, Beaver. Settle your nerves.

Oh...

I'm not that nervous.

Giddap.

- Well.

- That's a new wrinkle for Beaver.

Thunderhead.

What have you done with Jewel?

Come back here!

Jewel. How in the world did you get in that fix?

Easy.

Easy, baby.

Come on, Flicka.

Easy.

Easy, girl.

Got to help yourself this time, baby.

That's it.

Whoa, Jewel.

Whoa, girl.

You're safe now. But you're sure a sight.

You love that old rascal, don't you?

Well, so do I.

You just rest here a minute with Flicka.

Maybe we'll take him home with us.

Come on, boy.

Come on.

Thunderhead!

What's the matter, Jewel? What's the matter?

How does she look, Doc?

- She'll be all right, won't she?

- I don't think so, Ken.

With the leg, you've got

nothing to worry about,

but her lungs are so badly congested that

I'm afraid there's nothing else I can do.

- But you can't just give up.

- I'm sorry, Ken, I've done my best.

- If she were my mare, I'd destroy her.

- Destroy her?!

- Do you want me to?

- No. No, we'll attend to that, thanks.

Hey, Gus.

- Dad, there must be something we can do.

- If there was, we'd try it, but there isn't.

You know we would. We don't want

to destroy Jewel any more than you do.

Go with your mother, son.

No, wait. You're not gonna shoot her. I'm not

as smart as Dr Kimbro, but he can be wrong.

- Don't make things any worse.

- We've got to be sensible, son.

Jewel's in terrible pain.

We can't let her go on suffering.

But if she were a sick person you wouldn't give

up. Let me try. I'll help her, I know I will.

If she's gonna die anyway...

that can't do her any harm.

Giving up too easy, Jewel.
He's right, Rob. Let him try it.
A horse ain't never dead
till he's dead, boss.
All right, son. And I wish you luck.
Thanks.
I'll find a way, Jewel.
I know I will.
Congestion-reducer
and the distemper remedy didn't help much?
- No, sir.
- Well, now, here. You try that.
The directions are right on the bottle.
That'll be a dollar and a quarter.
- Let me know how it works out.
- OK.
- Hello, Ken.
- Hello.
- I hear Jewel's very sick.
- If this doesn't work, we have to destroy her.
- I'm sorry.
- Well, so long.
- I wish we could help him.
- Doing all they know how, ain't they?
- I suppose so.
- Can't do more than that.
- What'll you have, Beaver?
- Oh, hiya, Mort. Couple of sacks of oats.
She was such a beautiful mare.
It's a shame.
Seems to me, if I had a mare
with a congested lung...
Well, there's a lot of
old-fashioned tricks a man can play.
- Like what? - These new-fangled
vets wouldn't approve...
Well, if I had a horse with a congested lung,
I'd try some aromatic oils and hot water,
and let her breathe the fumes up
through her nostrils. That might help.
- You think so?
- It might.
- Why didn't you tell Ken?
- He didn't ask me.

- Oh, Grandpa!

- Hey! Come back here!

Hey, Mort, better hold those oats.

Looks like I won't have a car for a while.

- That's enough.

- Now the oil.

- Smells awful.

- I don't care how it smells if it works.

Here we are, baby.

There. That's going to

make you feel much better.

Those kids are still with that mare. Carey

should be at home and he should be in bed.

Oh, let them alone. You used to pick on Ken

for starting something and never finishing it.

All right. He's your son.

I don't...

- She's breathing easier now.

- Yeah.

Gee, your grandfather's a funny guy.

I thought he didn't like me.

Then he tipped me off to this.

I guess I just don't understand him.

I have a hard time

understanding him myself sometimes.

I'll bet.

You've been swell, Carey. It's wonderful to
have someone stick by you at a time like this.

- You'd do the same for me, wouldn't you?

- Sure I would.

You know, it's funny. I never used
to notice what you looked like.

- Then, all of a sudden...

- Now, don't get moony!

I'm not.

I just wanted to say that...

Oh, forget it.

- It's awfully quiet in here.

- Yeah.

That was Jewel!

Look at those kids.

- She's getting up.

- I'll be darned.

Jewel!

Carey, she's better!

- Look, Dad, I told you. She's better!

- Good work.

You're gonna be all right,
aren't you, girl? Sure!

It was sure wonderful
to see Jewel up and around again.

Ken had been working her, but she seemed
to be getting fatter and sassier every day.

- She sure feels good.

- Yes, sir. I think she's gonna be all right.

Hey, Kenny.

I just had Jake Willis on the phone.

He's coming over here tomorrow.

- If he likes the way Jewel goes, he'll train her.

- He will? Oh, say, that's swell.

There's none better.

Rob. Get up.

There's something wrong in the barn.

Dad!

Yeah, I'm coming.

Hey, there! Stop that!

- Jewel!

- Quit that, will you?

Jiminy Christmas!

That's a beautiful mess. Look at that
stall. Come on, get her out of there.

Holy smoke. Did she cut herself, boss?

- I don't know. Let me have a look at her.

- I wonder what's the matter with her now.

Do you know what, Kenny? I think
she's in love. She misses Thunderhead.

- Yeah. It might be Thunderhead.

- Sure it is.

I'll bet he's hanging around here
someplace right now.

As far as I can see, she's OK.

Let's put her in this stall here.

- Now let's get some sleep.

- Go ahead, Dad. I'll stay here for a while.

- All right.

- Good night, Kenny. You ought to sleep too.

Night, Gus.

You'd better behave tomorrow, young lady.

Jake Willis is coming to see you,
and he's the best trainer around.
You want him to take you, don't you?
Sure you do.

- What do you think, Mr Willis?
- Ain't what a man thinks, it's what he knows.

Well, uh, what do you know?

I've seen worse.

- I think she's pretty good.
- Didn't say she wasn't.
- Well?
- More folks asking questions.
- That's what you came here for.
- I thought it was my company you was after.

You got a good square-gaited trotter, Rob.

Might be able to do something with her.

- Then you mean you're gonna take her?
- Well, looking her over casual like I've been,
I'd say she's a whale of a prospect.

Bring her over to my place Saturday.

You hear that, baby? He's gonna take you.

- What's the matter with you?
- Whoa, Jewel!

Whoa! Whoa, Jewel!

Whoa, now. Whoa there, gal.

- Here. Behave yourself.
- Hold her. Come on, let's unhitch her.
- What happened?
- Something must have frightened her.

Looks like I got a job on my hands, Ken.

You won't have any trouble.

I guess Dad and I just started her wrong.
You ought to have her in a breaking cart,
not that thing. That comes later.

Here, put her up, Ken.

- Listen. That's Thunderhead.
- I told you.
- She's trying to get to Thunderhead.
- If we don't put her away quick, she might.

Gus, look!

- Yeah. He's coming after her all right.
- Yeah.
- Oh, no wonder Jewel acted up.
- He'll hang around till he gets her back.

Or gets shot. Hey, Ken, get my rifle.
Go ahead. Hurry it up.
Well, that brazen son of a gun...
Ken, I told you to get my rifle.
- Keep an eye on Thunderhead!
- Come back here and do as I told you!
Look at him.
I could hit him with a rock. Kenny!
He's come after you, Jewel.
Now's our chance to catch him.
- Come on, baby.
- What are you trying to do?
- Catch Thunderhead.
- She'll get away.
She won't. I can handle her.
Now we'll lose her again.
Easy. Easy, girl. Easy. Easy.
Talk to him, Jewel.
Talk to him.
That's it.
That's it.
Whoa, boy. Here she is, boy.
Don't be afraid, boy.
Watch yourself, son.
Watch it.
Look out.
Jump off her, Ken!
You want to get killed?
You've had this wild-goose chase
for nothing, my boy.
That won't do you any good either.
You're coming back to the ranch with me,
Thunderhead. Coming home. Understand?
You want to come back, don't you?
Sure you do.
Easy. Steady, son.
You're not afraid.
Thunderhead! Come back here!
If you go free now, they'll shoot you.
You won't have a chance.
Come on, boy.
Come on, boy.
All right, Jewel. We'll go.
I thought you'd change your mind.

Ah, stop that.
Just take it easy, now.
Steady.
Steady.
That's it.
Everything's gonna be all right.
Easy, son.
Easy, now.
Steady.
That's it.
That's it.
Sure.
Steady now.
Steady now.
All right, boy. Let's go home.
Come on, Jewel.
How do you like that?
Whether I like it or not, it looks like
I've got that stud in the family again.
Now that Thunderhead was home to
stay, Jewel was as happy as a lark.
But she wouldn't work a lick unless the
old boy was right on the track with her.
Then pretty soon
she settled down and worked fine.
Just as long as she knew
Thunderhead was close by.
You're still sawing at her mouth.
Look at her.
- Looks like I'll never get it.
- Oh, yes, you will.
Just sit up straight and
ease off on your lines.
You talk to a horse
with your voice and your hands.
Your hands are light,
you talk gentle and encouraging.
When they're heavy,
you're talking mean and ugly.
- I'll try, Jake.
- Yeah.
You know, Jewel carries her head to the left.
Oh, I'll show you how to fix that.
Jake was a smart old codger.

The sawed-off billiard cue
made Jewel trot as straight as you please.
And the sheepskin roll... Well, that stopped
her from seeing shadows and being scared.
She kept improving every day,
and it wasn't long before Jake figured she
was ready to step out and show some real speed.
Let her step around at about a 250 gait,
but come the last quarter in 32.

OK.

We gotta teach her to leave the wire fast
and come home fast.

Pull up to the wire.

I want to see how good that mare is.

- Ken'll think we're spying on him, Grandpa.

- That's what we're doing. Pull up to the wire.

Now.

She made that last quarter
in 32 and two-fifths.

- Not bad for a green trotter.

- Not bad. Not bad at all. Pretty good, in fact.

Let's go down and congratulate the boy.

- How was it?

- The mare looked pretty good.

Now you've got to learn

some of the manoeuvres and ethics.

- Huh. What's that old scallywag up to?

- He's just curious, I guess.

He's curious all right.

Didn't learn nothing, though.

Nice work, boys. Nice work. How are you,
Jake? The little mare looks great, son.

- You've done wonders with her, Ken.

- Mr Willis has.

Well, there's plenty to do yet.

You can see that, can't you, Beaver?

- Well, I wasn't watching very close.

- Yeah? Better cool her off, put her away.

- OK. Wanna help me, Carey?

- I'd love to.

She hardly turned a hair.

- That little mare of yours has what it takes.

- That's something coming from you.

You can't tell what's inside her

unless you get in real competition.

Then it's drivers that count
as much as horses.

The best horse ain't worth a lick
with a greenhorn behind him.

- Ken is not exactly a greenhorn, Grandpa.

- Course he ain't. Who said he was?

- And it's a good thing too.

- Yeah? Why?

Greenhorns always freeze to the reins
when the going gets tough.

Especially when they get pocketed
by three or four wise old joes like me.

Grandpa!

I remember once in Lexington
there was a kid there about your age.

He was driving his first race, too.

He got pocketed down by the rail.

The driver in front pulled up unexpectedly,
and that kid's horse put his foot
smack in the other fella's wheel.

- What happened?

- They had to destroy both those horses.

That kid never drove another race.

- I think we'd better go.

- Yes, I guess it's time.

Don't you worry, son.

You're doing fine. Just fine.

See you later, Ken.

Why'd you tell him those terrible things?

You scared him half to death.

Who, me? I was just trying
to give the kid a few pointers.

It was a long drive,

but here we were at Lancaster, Ohio,
the heart of the trotting-horse country.

The fairground was already
waking up to some real activity.

Those horses were pouring in
from every state in the union
to compete for the Governor's Cup.

How was I betting? I'd just planked down
a week's pay on Jewel's nose.

- Thunderhead thinks we're gonna race him.

- I just hope he behaves himself.
I hope you stop growing
and spreading out all over the seat.
Ah, there's nothing like the smell of the
fairground in trotting season. Or a good cigar.
You didn't think I'd make it, did you, ducky?
Well, I fooled you, and I'll fool everybody else.
We'll have my farm back in Connecticut.
I'll follow the Grand Circuit, and...
Grandpa, you could lose, you know.
There are other good horses in the race
besides Sundown.
You can cheer for that McLaughlin boy if you
want, but just a couple of times, to be polite.
Ladies and gentlemen, we're ready for
the 26th running of the Governor's Stake.
14-class trotters.
A purse of \$5,000 added.
The best two in three.
A smart driver's always out to win.
You've got a young mare.
The sooner you bring her in, the better.
Don't take any chances. Good luck.
Eight starters are being led to the post
by Miss Barbara Medford
and Miss Marcella Baker.
Introducing to you
the horses and their drivers.
Dillola Lord, No. 1, Dr Parshall up.
Caroline C, No. 2, Mr Harold Bowbee.
Donald Ford is No. 3, Mr Bill Evers up.
Crown Jewel is No. 4, Mr Kenneth
McLaughlin up, a newcomer to our sport.
Relax, Ken. Now, just relax.
He's all right. He knows what he's doing.
6, Miss Bosise,
owned and driven by S Dunwiddy.
7, Sundown, the holder of the track record
of two-four and one half.
Beaver Greenway up,
whom we welcome back to our sport.
No. 8, Cosharo, Boston Shilling.
Sundown looks fine. It's sure great
to see old Beaver out there again.

That's where he belongs, Mr McLaughlin.
On the inside, we have Mr Dunwiddy
and Mr Evers and Ken McLaughlin.
Take 'em on up there, gentlemen. Well up.
Everybody turn 'em, now.
Dr Parshall, your horse is at the rail.
Let him get down to you.
McLaughlin, get over a little bit farther.
Come on, Greenway, get your horse up there.
Wait on him on the outside here now. Careful
with him. Not too fast. Let this horse through.
Very nice. Go!
It's Dillola Lord on
top. Caroline C's second.
Crown Jewel third, Sundown fourth...
Don't worry, boy. She knows you're here.
...Crown Jewel.
Coming up that back lane,
Dillola Lord out in front by a length.
It's Caroline C second.
Crown Jewel is third.
Coming around here now, still Dillola Lord.
Crown Jewel is trotting very fast into second
position. Sundown has moved up to third.
Greenway making a drive now
to improve his position with Sundown.
Come on, Grandpa!
Grandpa!
...Crown Jewel, Sundown.
Come on! Come on, Grandpa!
It's still Dillola Lord.
Come on, Kenny! Now's the time to let her go!
It's still Dillola Lord...
Now, Jewel. Come on, girl. Let's go.
...Crown Jewel. Here she comes.
Passes Dillola Lord...
That's the stuff, Kenny!
- Ken took the lead.
- It's still anybody's.
You bet it is.
And it's still Crown Jewel.
Sundown is on her trail.
Coming through!
Greenway makes his drive.

He leads up to the side of her.
Here they are racing neck and neck
and side by side now.
Looky here. There's a little trouble back
there. And Mr Greenway has his wheel locked in...
- Get off me!
- Keep your shirt on!
Watch him. He's a trickster.
They're coming out of it. Still Crown
Jewel. Sundown moves up beside her.
- Come on, Ken.
- Come on, Grandpa!
Jewel is trotting very fast now.
She's out on top again.
They're trotting like a pair.
They're side by side.
Come on, Kenny! Let her go!
Heading down the lane now. It's still
Sundown who's out on top by a length.
Now it's Crown Jewel who's out in front.
She's a little ahead of him now.
And Crown Jewel is trotting fast
and Sundown is right at her.
And here they are...
Oh! Crown Jewel breaks her gait.
Jewel's broke!
Uh-oh...
...with Sundown. He's moving up to her.
Crown Jewel still on a break...
- Get her back in her trot, Ken!
- Catch on to her, Kenny!
Sundown is trotting fast. Here he comes
on the outside... He's the winner!
Come on!
Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa!
- Oh, he won! He said he would and he did!
- Good. Good. Come on.
Oh!
You made a nice try. What happened?
Jewel lost her shoe. I
hope it didn't hit her.
- There you are. Go out and win the next heat.
- I'd better.
We ain't worried about it, are we, Jewel?

Hey, Ken. You know what I'd do if I were you?
- No. What?
- I'd take me a walk. It's good for the nerves.
Maybe you'll hear the nice things
people are saying about your driving.
That might do me some good.
Rob, if Ken loses,
what about the partnership?
No. Not until the mare pays for herself.
That was the deal.
If you're back in the game to stay,
Beaver, I'll put some horses in your stable.
I'll be proud to have 'em.
I never expected to see old Sundown
trotting like that again.
Well, it's Sundown's legs,
but my hands and my head.
Carey.
Now, that McLaughlin boy has got a mare
with speed to burn, but he ain't gonna win.
Cos he ain't got it here nor here.
Has he, Sundown, huh?
- Relish?
- No, thank you.
- Guess your grandpa figures on this heat too.
- He's out to win.
- So am I.
- It was awful watching that heat.
Oh, Ken. If only the both of you could win.
Yeah, I know. I'm kinda all mixed-up too.
I want Jewel to win, but I hate to think what
it might do to your grandfather if he loses.
He hasn't touched a drop since the dance.
That's just what I mean.
Well, someone's got to win.
And if it isn't Grandpa, I hope it's you.
Good luck to both of us.
Get up there. Get ready. Gentlemen,
trail them down the path at 80 yards now.
Get them together this time. McLaughlin, get
your mare over there a little quicker, please.
Into your position. You're in third position.
Up a little farther. Now let's all turn.
Easy.

Be careful now.
Wait for them in front. Wait, McLaughlin.
Not too fast, McLaughlin.
Not too fast. Let them come.
Go!
Crown Jewel on top.
McLaughlin's setting a very fast pace
with his mare around the turn.
Then it's Dillola Lord in second.
Donald Ford is third. Sundown in fifth.
Still Crown Jewel on top.
He's pushing her too hard.
Take a breather, Ken! Take a breather!
He'll take his mare back to save her.
You'll burn her out at that clip.
It's Dillola Lord, Donald Ford, and
Crown Jewel is dropping back now to third.
It's Dillola Lord,
Donald Ford, Crown Jewel...
- Take it easy, Kenny!
- Come on, Grandpa!
Still Dillola Lord on top.
Donald Ford is second.
Mr McLaughlin makes a drive with his mare
and Greenway makes a drive with Sundown.
They're still moving up that back lane,
and now Crown Jewel comes to the top again,
followed by Miss Bosise moving up
on the outside. Here's a new one in here.
It's Miss Bosise moving up
to the side of Crown Jewel.
We got you now, greenhorn!
Now Miss Bosise is going to the top. Crown
Jewel is still second, Sundown is third.
- Is it Grandpa?
- No, it's No. 6.
Dunwiddy is coming out of that wreck.
- Is he all right?
- He's all right. He's on his feet.
Dillola Lord is third. Around that
turn now, and it's still Crown Jewel.
Looking back to see how close Sundown is.
He's right on his wheel now.
Grandpa'll make his move now. Watch.

Here they are.
It's Crown Jewel. It's Sundown.
Sundown!
Crown Jewel is still on top.
Sundown moving up on even terms with her.
- Here he comes. I told you!
- Come on, Ken!
Come on, Kenny! Come on, Kenny!
It's Sundown
who's got the slight advantage.
Watch it, Ken.
...like a pair again. And what a race it's
going to be. It's Crown Jewel with Sundown.
Come on, Kenny.
...and neck to neck. And what a finish...
Come on, Sundown!
There's Crown Jewel on the inside
and Sundown on the outside.
Now's the time, Kenny!
Now's the time. Turn her loose!
Now Crown Jewel moves away.
He's making his move!
Come on, Grandpa!
It's Sundown almost on her wheel again.
It's Crown Jewel out to a slight advantage.
And here she is. Crown Jewel, the winner!
Whoo-hoo! That's our boy!
- Ken was wonderful!
- Come on. Let's go see him.
You tried, Sundown.
So did I.
It's not good enough.
This heat'll be the tough one,
so keep your eyes and your ears open.
Old Beaver knows a lot of tricks
you never even heard of.
- He'll probably use every last one of them...
- Five minutes!
Get your horses ready for the
class-14 trot! Get your horses ready...
We'll be ready, boss.
- What are you looking for, Grandpa?
- Oh, I thought I'd put a shadow roll on him.
- But why?

- Well, he kind of shied the last time.
Sundown doesn't need
a shadow roll to win, Grandpa.
And you don't need anything either.
In this third heat of the Governor's Stake,
you're going to see some keen competition
between these two heat winners.
Dr Parshall, you know where to take that
horse. Around the rail and come down slow.
McLaughlin, try to get your mare rounded out.
You boys are not obeying the rules very
well. You know what to do with them.
Parshall, turn slow.
McLaughlin, in there where you belong.
- Ken's too anxious.
- Easy, son. Easy.
This is the heat that counts.
Everybody be careful. Watch your horse
at the rail. Don't try to beat him away.
Easy now. Let's get these
horses on the stride.
Everybody on the trot now. That's very
nice. Not too fast. Not too fast. Go!
Crown Jewel is now on the stride again.
It's still Dillola Lord,
and Miss Bosise on the outside is second.
Donald Ford is third and Crown Jewel
is fourth. And Sundown is fifth.
Around that turn,
it's still Dillola Lord, it's Donald Ford,
and it's now Miss Bosise third.
Crown Jewel and Sundown.
Now it's still Dillola Lord. Crown Jewel
moving up to second position on the outside.
Donald Ford third and it's Sundown fourth.
It's still Dillola Lord.
Get away! Don't put them in front of me!
Come on, Kenny!
It's still Dillola Lord,
Crown Jewel, Sundown.
They're all going that short route now,
biding their time to make their drive.
Greenway is making an effort
to get his horse in a better position now.

Still Dillola Lord and Crown Jewel. Greenway has his horse right on McLaughlin's back. Look at Sundown. Beaver's got him breathing down Ken's neck. Sundown is right on his back again. Still going that short route. He knows all the tricks. Come on, Kenny. Dillola Lord still on top. Crown Jewel is still second and Sundown is third. Come on, girl. Let's go. McLaughlin makes his drive. He's coming through. Crown Jewel passes Dillola Lord... That's the boy, Kenny! It's now Crown Jewel. Sundown is second. Dillola Lord is third. Crown Jewel out now by an open length. Sundown is moving on the outside very fast. Now Sundown is up to her wheel. It's still Crown Jewel. Come on, Sundown. ...trotting as a pair, it's Crown Jewel and Sundown. Come on, Sundown! Still trotting very fast on the outside now. Come on, Kenny. It's Crown Jewel and Sundown racing as a pair. Crown Jewel pulls away a little bit... Go on, Sundown! Sundown is trying very hard to improve his position here. Oh! Crown Jewel makes a break. She's broken! Sundown is trotting very fast on the outside. Moving up slowly, he goes to the top. Crown Jewel is still on the rail. McLaughlin finding it hard to get her on the stride. On the outside and going very fast... Here he is - Sundown, the winner! It's... it's Grandpa! It's Grandpa! It's Grandpa! He's won! He's won! Oh, he's won! I'm sorry about Ken. Oh, he's won. Isn't that wonderful? Oh!

Looks like we brought up the rear
that time, boy.

Here is the winner
of the third heat and the race,
the Governor's Stake
for 14-class trotters -
Sundown, owned and driven
by Beaver Greenway.

- What happened to her, Ken?

- I don't know. She just quit.

Yeah.

And it gives me great pleasure to welcome
Beaver Greenway back to the harness game
by awarding him the trophy
for having won the Governor's Stake.

Thank you, sir.

- Mr Greenway, what made Crown Jewel quit?

- Quit? A horse like her don't quit.

- You won, Grandpa. You won. You won.

- I'll get a shot of that, please.

Hop on, ducky. All right.

- What happened to her, Rob?

- As far as I can see, there's nothing wrong.

She didn't stop going just to let me win.

You drove a great race, son.

Thank you, sir.

It wasn't your fault she didn't win.

You were as good as Grandpa.

- Honest?

- Shh!

- What are you laughing at?

- Well, by ginger, I might have known it.

- You're a great horseman, Rob, and you, Ken.

- What do you mean?

This is one for the book. Unless I'm mistaken,
this young lady's going to be a mother.

A what?

Stop bragging. Stop bragging.

Thunderhead.

Of course. Listen, he's giving you
the horse laugh now.

- A colt by Thunderhead.

- That's better than winning the race.

He's Thunderhead all over.

His eyes are
his great grandfather's - the Albino.
- He's got something to live up to.
- He will. He'll be the greatest of them all.
Run along, Storm Cloud. Papa's calling.
To the world
there came a little stranger
White as the mountain snow
Will he live in the
valley as a friend of man
Or as an outlaw
to the great mountain go, stranger
As an outlaw to the great mountain go?