

CHICKASAW  
OPEN CALL

"CHUB MOORE"

1/3

**START** — The driver, CHUB MOORE (22), a happy, over-eager, well-intentioned Chickasaw -- leaps down from the wagon.

Montford's hand glides to the butt of his pistol.

CHUB MOORE  
Howdy, Cousin Montford.

MONTFORD  
How do I know you?

CHUB MOORE  
We're cousins. My grandfather was  
the brother of your Grandma... I'm  
Chub Moore.

MONTFORD  
I don't recall my grandmother  
telling me about a cousin with the  
unusual name of "Chub".

CHUB MOORE  
Well, sir, here I am. I've been  
living over near Blue Creek, heard  
things were going real well for  
you.

MONTFORD  
That your given name, "Chub"?

CHUB MOORE  
No, sir. Clarence... folks started  
callin' me "Chub" 'cause I liked to  
eat and well, sir, I tend to get a  
big 'n round in the middle.

MONTFORD  
(after a beat)  
What can I do for you, Clarence?

Mary exits the cabin and approaches.

CHUB MOORE  
(tips his enormous hat)  
Ma'am.

MONTFORD  
My wife, Mary Elizabeth.

CHUB MOORE  
I'm Montford's cousin, Chub.

MONTFORD  
This is Clarence Moore.

MARY ELIZABETH  
Welcome... Clarence Moore. What can  
we do for you?

CHUB MOORE  
Call me Chub. I like it better.

He searches for the right words.

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2/3

Cont'd

CHUB MOORE

Yes... well... that tornado did a lotta hurt on plenty of Chickasaw folks... we lost some nice people.

Montford nods compassionately.

MONTFORD

Sorry to hear that.

CHUB MOORE

Well sir, we got a few orphans now. They've been passed around to different families in the area, good people who're trying to help, but no one can afford to give 'em a steady place to stay... I think they'd be a great help here, until we can find 'em a proper family. Could you find it in your heart to let 'em roost here for a while?

Montford and Mary Elizabeth exchange a look.

MARY ELIZABETH

They'd be welcome, Chub.

CHUB MOORE

Thank you, Ma'am.

Chub turns and motions to someone in the wagon bed. FRANK DWYER (10) stands up shyly, followed by JOSEPHINE HARRIS (8,) and finally LON GREY (13).

CHUB MOORE

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, this here is Frank Dwyer, Josephine Harris and Lon Grey.

MARY ELIZABETH

I'm Mrs. Johnson... welcome to our home.

Montford and Mary Elizabeth share a satisfied smile.

LUCINDA GRAY (11) suddenly peers out of the wagon bed.

CHUB MOORE

We got Lucinda Gray.

SALLY THOMPSON (10) stands up next to Lucinda.

CHUB MOORE

Sally Thompson.

Sally pulls ALEXANDER "MUGGS" McLISH from the wagon (3).

CHUB MOORE

And Alexander McLish... we call him Muggs...  
(glances at Montford)  
... we used to call him Muggs.

Cont'd

Montford and Mary Elizabeth try not to show that they're shocked -- and overwhelmed.

MARY ELIZABETH  
(gathers herself)  
Welcome, all of you... now get down  
from there and get cleaned up for  
supper.

Montford watches all the kids walk towards his small cabin.

MONTFORD  
(to himself)  
I'm gonna need a bigger house.

Montford turns to Chub.

MONTFORD  
You know much about cattle?

Chub bright, ever present smile turns upside down.

CHUB MOORE  
About as much as that fence post.

MONTFORD  
Well, we're about to do a cattle  
drive... so what do you know?

Chub thinks on it. Smiles, then taps his belly

CHUB MOORE  
Food, I know good eats, sir, and I  
sure can cook like the dickens.  
Nobody can fry a chicken like me.

Montford suppresses a laugh.

MONTFORD  
I believe you. Welcome home,  
Cousin Clarence.

CHUB MOORE  
Call me Chub, Mr. Montford.

END

— The two cousins shake hands.

INT. MONTFORD'S CABIN - NIGHT

All the new children are lined up as Montford hands each one of them a wooden cow with the J brand etched in.

Muggs is the last to receive the cow. He wraps his arms around Montford and gives him a huge hug.

EXT. JESSE CHISHOLM'S TRADING POST - MORNING

Jesse, Montford and Jack lean on the hitching post.