

FOLLOWING MORNING

Sunrise. Beauty shot.

Galloway building a fire, pausing to look off at sunrise and the gilded skies and hills. He makes coffee and fries bacon and potatoes.

Polly in cave awakes. Sniffs hungrily the fragrant odor of boiling coffee and sizzling bacon. She peers out, and is amazed to see the stranger. She draws back; but she is a real hungry girl, and that coffee and bacon! Polly puts her hand expressively over her tummy.

Galloway picks up pail and departs to a nearby spring. Polly slips out. Swipes a loaf of bread, and is about to help herself to bacon when she hears the sound of Galloway's cheery whistle as he climbs the hill back toward the cave. Polly panic stricken makes off with the frying pan in her hand, dropping the grease in her hurry. She ducks into the cave.

Galloway is astounded to find his rayions gone. He sees that telltale trail of grease, and follows it around to the opening of the gae. Rifle in hand he roars:

"Come out of there, you thieving coyote!"

The "coyote" comes out with both hands up, a cheek bulging with bacon.

"Don't shoot, mister! Please don't!"

Galloway stares. Then bursts into laughter. He rocks as he laughs, and Polly swallowing her bacon in a gulp laughs with him.

Presently their laughter done, they stand looking at each other, &