

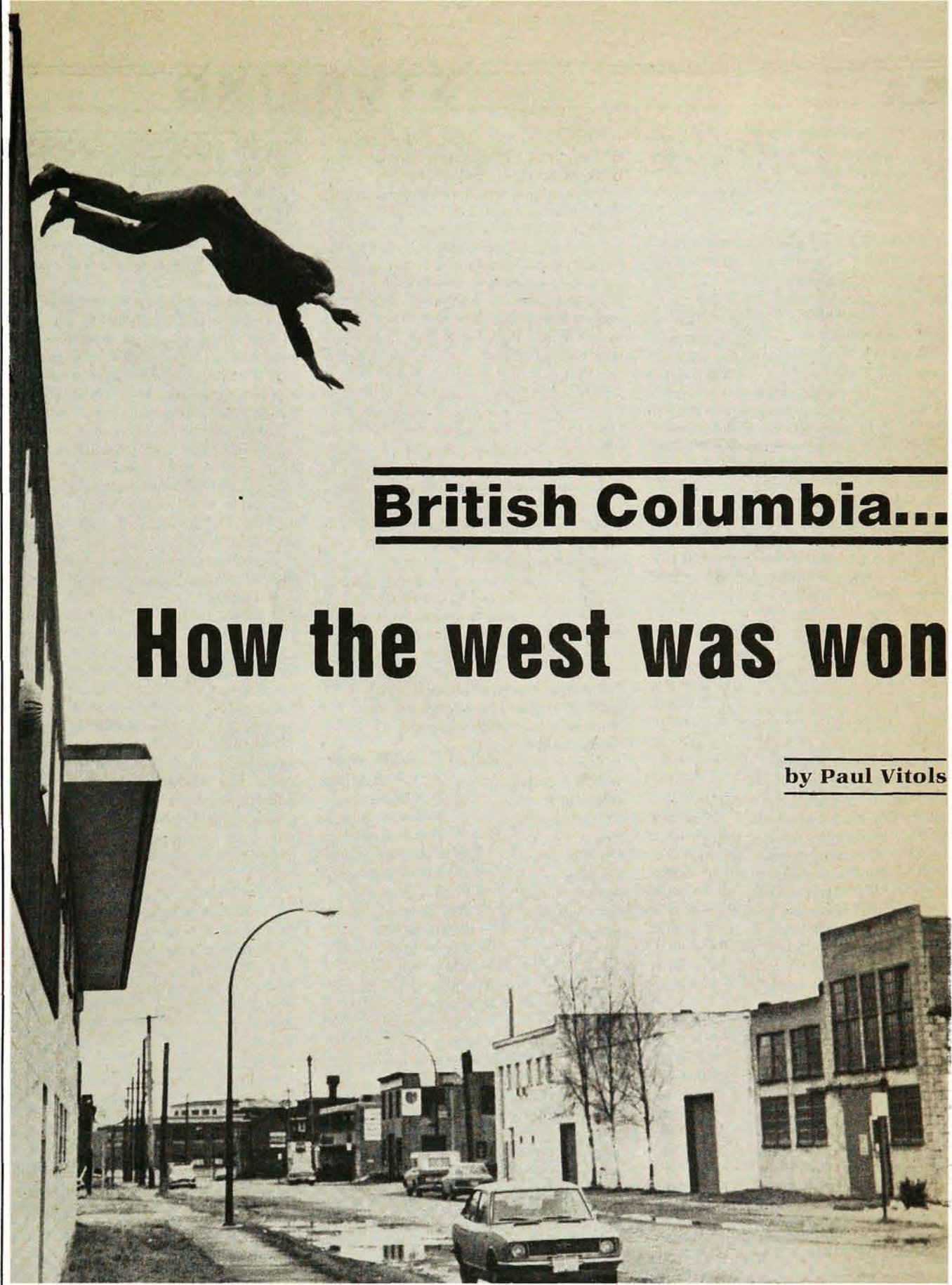
"You 'turn on' just before you do your stunt. You'll probably find that a stuntman, about the last 20 or 30 minutes before he's going to do a stunt, wishes to be alone. He'll walk around by himself. He's talked to the director, and even other stuntmen give him his time. The adrenalin builds up. Then, like turning the key in the car, you turn on, and you go and do it. And it's just wonderful. There's you, and there's the stunt, and there's God."

It wasn't till near the end of our one-hour interview that Alex Green, one of Vancouver's most successful stuntmen, expressed so forcefully what it's like to be a stuntman. Until then he, like the other stuntmen with whom I had spoken, had downplayed the glamor of doing feats before the camera, emphasizing instead the need for a businesslike attitude, an unquestioning acceptance of the chain of command on a movie set, and acting ability. The image of the stuntman as daredevil, as one who likes to have brushes with injury and death, was most disparaged by those who had worked on many films. Instead, they see themselves as film professionals whose job it is to ensure the safety of themselves and others while executing spectacular effects for the screen, and for whom the glamor of their job stems mainly from the fact that it is connected with the make-believe world of the movies. No prima donnas, no secret death wishes. But it was reassuring for one in a more staid occupation to hear Alex Green warming to the subject just a little.

My introduction to Vancouver stuntmen was with John Wardlow, born 38 years ago in Yorkshire, who moved to Canada at age eight and has been doing movie stunts since *The Groundstar Conspiracy* in 1971. More recently his credits include the stunt coordination of *Never Cry Wolf* and the upcoming releases *Iceman*, *The Glitter Dome*, and *The Never-ending Story*. He is one of the most busy and successful stuntmen in the country; co-founder of Stunts Canada, a group of top western stuntmen trying to build a national association; and ex-business representative of the Directors Guild of Canada. Even so, Wardlow is like almost every other Canadian stuntman in that he has not been able to make a living in stunts, and has worked variously as a production assistant, first and second assistant director, location manager, and production manager. But his first love is stunts, improbable as this seems on first meeting a quiet, compact man with an easy-going drawl and persistent concern for the state of the film industry in Canada and especially Vancouver.

After an early unsuccessful effort to break into the business in Hollywood, a period of working his way up the ranks of CBC Vancouver, taking time out to study physical education at the University of Alberta, and an encounter with Jean "Frenchie" Berger, one of Canada's first stuntmen, Wardlow decided to plunge seriously into stunt work by joining Vancouver's first stunt school: the Western Academy of Film, Television, and Theatrical Arts (WAFTTA). For all the loftiness of its name WAFTTA was a simple organization: set up by Dave Ostair, a man who had been to Hollywood and done some stunts there, and whom Wardlow met at the Pacific National Exhibition doing a live stunt

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● John Wardlow takes the plunge off the old German Embassy in Vancouver. "Two feet of foam rubber wasn't enough..."

show, and Peter Lavender, now working in casting in Toronto, it accepted \$50 each from 20 young would-be stuntmen in exchange for training them and acting as their agent on a commission basis. Before too long WAFTTA was defunct, but in the meantime people who were to become some of Canada's top stuntmen had passed through it, including Wardlow's Stunts Canada co-founders Alex Green and Keith Wardlow, as well as John Thomas.

WAFTTA was an early example of the now-familiar phenomenon of the stunt school: discipleships that come and go like mushrooms around someone who can claim a few—or sometimes no—film credits. They have become common since the appearance of television shows such as *The Fall Guy* and *That's Incredible!* WAFTTA failed, says John Wardlow, "because you couldn't go on producing young stuntmen; there wasn't enough work." There still isn't. But apart from that, "stunt schools don't

work. I train people for free, and I train them on a one-to-one basis, because no stuntman goes into the business without working with somebody else. Although we're under tremendous pressure to run a school, our philosophy is that we wouldn't want to flood the industry with people going to the producers saying, 'I'm a stuntman, I learned at Stunts Canada,' who go on the set, and because they don't understand the business hurt, not themselves, but someone in the crew. I've had stunt guys working for me that have 5, 6, 10, 20 pictures under their belt still making mistakes because somebody hasn't worked with them."

Understanding the business is a point stressed by all the stuntmen I talked to: it is perhaps the main distinction between the serious film stuntman and the professional daredevil. For while both must be daring by nature ("Life is a gamble anyway," says Wardlow, "and stuntmen take it to the edge"), the film

stuntman's main interest is in performing. Wardlow and Green both wanted to be actors until they learned that the movie stars were not really doing the exciting things shown on the screen. Then they saw glamor in stunt work, but movies were still the important thing, and that meant a slow learning of all the intricacies of the business, as well as an acceptance of the fact that neither the stunts nor the time of their performance would be of their own choosing, but would be dictated by script and director.

Working in movies means working as a team; Wardlow is emphatic about this. His own checkered career enables him to do many things on a film set, and if that means helping to haul a generator through deep mud, then that's what he will do. The Canadian industry is too young and fragile to have refractory "stars" in its midst; Wardlow has no patience for those who won't lend a hand where it's needed, won't go to a set unless they're on a call sheet, are other-

British Columbia...

How the west was won

by Paul Vitols

STUNTING

wise too preoccupied with status and money at a time when Canadians must continue to outperform and undersell the American competition if they are to establish an autonomous industry.

Will there be an autonomous industry? Is there a future for stunting in Canada? Wardlow is optimistic. "We work cheaper. We can work cheaper. Our base rate is lower, our dollar is worth less." He knows the top stuntmen - Alf Joint, Vic Armstrong, Junior Randall - working in the big films: *King David*, *Temple of Doom*, *Never Say Never Again*, and says, "I could go on all these shows because I'm part of the international stunt fraternity. But to me it's more satisfying to base out of Vancouver. I get to run my own shows, I'm not chasing half-way round the world. I've traveled a lot and Vancouver is the place to live." And the industry here is promising, having to rely less and less on money from the east and even from the south: "Hong Kong money is coming here, German money is coming here."

It's good that the international productions come here to shoot; it's good that they bring the international stuntmen with them; Wardlow asks only for the opportunity for local people to work alongside them and learn. Wardlow, Green, and John Thomas were unanimous in expressing the view that their careers had been retarded by being overlooked not just by American producers, but by Canadians, and by Canadians at a time when the Americans were no longer overlooking them - the notorious Hollywood chauvinism of an insecure domestic industry. Wardlow's opinion is that by all means the best men should be hired, but that local people should also be hired, even at nominal rates, to work with them. Only in this way can a pool of competitive, cost-effective Canadian talent be formed.

Wardlow practises what he preaches. On recent films where he had the authority to do so - coordinator of *Iceman*, de facto Canadian coordinator of *Space Hunter* - he hired Canadian stuntmen to work with the Hollywood veterans, bringing some from Toronto, which, from Vancouver, is farther than Los Angeles. He had no objection to the producers of *Iceman* bringing in American specialists Dar Robinson and sky-diving cinematographer Carl Boenish, who filmed Robinson doing a 2,000-foot fall from a helicopter. (For high falls Robinson has no equal; he jumped off the CN Tower. The *Iceman* stunt meant a trip for him to the vertical wind tunnel in Las Vegas to test the effect of falling through the air wearing 50 pounds of buffalo skins.) The main thing is to provide work for Canadians, and Wardlow believes this aim would be furthered by the establishment of Stunts Canada as a national professional association.

In the West this is already all but a fact; with Wardlow and Green in Vancouver, and John Scott and Tom Glass in Alberta, the organization is almost a roster of our best stuntmen. It is in Toronto that there is resistance to the idea, notably from Bobby Hannah and Dwayne McLean, who for reasons of their own prefer to lead stunt teams under their own banners and thus effectively block its spread to the East. Without their support there can be little hope of a national association, and therefore, Wardlow maintains, of building a corps of skilled and thoroughly screened stuntmen to present a united front and guarantee of quality to foreign, and even, one day, domestic producers.

Wardlow's most dangerous stunt? As with all the stuntmen I talked to, nothing sprang to his mind in response to this question, and so he detailed a stunt about which we had just been speaking. It was a fire gag; he was doubling a woman in a low-budget film shot at a Shaughnessy mansion in Vancouver in 1972. The scene was in a bedroom, and Wardlow was in wig and nightgown with a firesuit underneath. The effects man, who Wardlow had assumed understood what he was doing, applied the flammable rubber cement solution so that the flames would go no higher than Wardlow's waist. "I was supposed to start burning slowly. I exploded into flames. I had a whole lot of action rehearsed, and I just went through it at lightning speed. And I was screaming. I was screaming real screams, because that was part of what I was supposed to do. The girls went hysterical; it took hours to calm them down." Wardlow, as had been blocked, spun around, spun around, and turned the whole room into an inferno - much more spectacular than what had been planned. He was in the end only slightly singed, especially under the arms, where he had cut away his firesuit to make himself less bulkily masculine for the scene. "It was my introduction to fire - I've got a healthy respect for it."

When I met Alex Green, a solidly built, outspoken man in his 40s, it was in his office at Art & Design Studios, western Canada's largest commercial art house, located in Vancouver's pricey Gastown district. He is company president. His stunt credits include *Superman* and *Superman III*, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, *Klondike Fever*, *Space Hunter*, and *Death Hunt*, where he was both coordinator and Charles Bronson's "skin double." He is also, ventures John Thomas, "probably the best on the planet at handling a whip to camera," not to mention a crack gunslinger and expert on Western lore. Green considers himself strictly a film performer, and deplores daredevilry ("If you're in it just for the sake of crash 'n' burn, you won't last. I've never broken a bone; I look after myself." John Wardlow has been hurt twice on movie sets, neither time in the performance of a stunt).

In fact, Green places the most emphasis on the acting demands made of the stuntman: "A good stuntman has to learn to act, to react, to watch the star. I doubled Charlie Bronson in *Death Hunt*, and I sat in the Banff Theatre for one day and saw five of Bronson's movies. There was the operator there, and Alex Green sitting in the theater. And when I left

that theater at night I started to walk like him, run like him, move my shoulders like him. Two weeks later, when he arrived on the set, his wife Jill Ireland called me 'Charlie,' from no more than 20 feet away, and I turned around and it was me." Green studied acting for a year, and besides stunt work has played many bit parts in films.

The whip and gun skills came from Green's years on his uncle's sheep station in his native Australia, where he was taught by an aboriginal stockman in the use of the 12-foot whip, used there instead of the lasso. From the age of nine Green was whipping the heads off flowers and poisonous snakes while becoming a fast and accurate shot with a .22-caliber rifle, practising on the rabbits that infest the outback. Now he can draw and shoot out a four-inch balloon in 0.38 second with a single-action 1873 Colt .45 and fan five more shells out of the same gun in less than a second. These talents put Green in demand both as a performer (he appeared with whip on *The Mike Douglas Show*) and as a coach of actors (he taught Geraldine Chaplin gunhandling for *Buffalo Bill*, among others). There has not, however, been enough production here for Green to make a living out of it, hence the commercial art business.

"We were promised a couple of years ago \$200 million worth of film. I don't think \$50 million was done. It just doesn't seem to happen." There is not enough work up here to allow American talent to compete uncontrolled, says Green; there ought to be checks at the border. "They've got to stop it somewhere. There's not one film that's been done here [Canada] in the past 15 years that couldn't have been stunted by Canadians. How many years do you have to put in? I'll just be too damn old to do stunts, and we're still fighting this thing." In the U.S. a man Green's age would be coordinating full-time, and possibly headed for the position of second unit director.

He has felt the sting more personally than others in being dropped as coordinator of *Harry Tracy* in favor of Walter Scott - an admittedly fine American. Green was in prime position for the job, having just coordinated the much bigger-budget American picture *Death Hunt*, and being a Canadian with outstanding Western credentials. But, says Green, the producers at the last minute went with the American.

A natural alternative for Green would have been to go into art direction. But "I like it in front of the camera, I like dressing up." The thrill is in the make-

believe, of which the stuntman, more than almost anyone, is the emblem.

Asked for a dangerous stunt, Green recounted a scene from *Superman* in which he doubled Ned Beatty, who played Gene Hackman's stooge (Hackman was doubled by Alf Joint). Green was strapped to a stretcher in the back of a moving ambulance being filmed from a truck behind. The ambulance rear doors flew open and the wheeled stretcher fell out, hit the road, and was dragged behind the ambulance by a cable. Green, strapped helplessly, flying six inches above the road surface, could only hope that he would not flip over and be killed. The stretcher, still rolling, was dragged back up to the ambulance, where Green had to get up and fight with Joint in the open rear door. A good and difficult stunt. Green shrugs. It never went in the movie.

It is a drizzly Saturday afternoon when I go to visit Thomas Special Effects in the Lion's Gate Industrial Park of North Vancouver. Behind a tiny office containing a telephone answering machine and a cabinet full of breakaway glassware and rubber organs, is the two-story effects atelier of John and Betty Thomas: benches and high stacks of shelves of cables, come-alongs, 2,000 pounds of flocking snow in dogfood bags, fog and rain machines, a dismantled elevator set, and a forklift parked at the back. Overhead as one enters is a loft with a workbench. No rail at the edge, of course - these are stunt people.

I venture up the stairs to find a large Doberman pinscher eyeing me capably and Betty Thomas, a petite woman - 5-foot-1 or -2, as occasion demands - making up a batch of breakaway London gin bottles. She is the only person in western Canada who makes breakaway glass, the CBC having an inhouse shop in Toronto. Having the product available locally is a boon to filmmakers, who must otherwise ship it from Hollywood at great expense. As it is, a top-grade glass from Betty's shop costs \$15. She also makes other specialized gear: I am shown an adjoining room where lie some props from *The Aviator*, her latest project, shot in Yugoslavia by Mace Neufeld Productions: a full-size wolf corpse; a lurid jumble of pig entrails; an articulated wolf's head puppet operated by hand and cable to snap its jaws and curl its lip. With the addition of artificial saliva this last makes an intimidating sight, no less to Bomber the Doberman than me. I also notice, on a high shelf next to the industrial ventilator over Betty's hotplate, a rotting corpse sitting in a director's chair - a relic from *Space Hunter*.

Betty Thomas's list of credits in prop-making is long, and includes *The Aviator*, *The Glitter Dome*, *Draw*, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, and *Iceman*. But almost as long is her list of stunt credits: *The Aviator*, *Space Hunter*, *The Ruffian*, *Mother Lode*, and so on. But before we can talk about that John Thomas, her husband, returns to the shop and ushers me out back to see what he regards as their central piece of equipment: a 45-foot semi trailer.

As we leave the shop and step into the trailer John, a well-built, medium-sized man in gumboots and jeans, inventories shelves and wooden drawers full of tools of the trade in his gruff, authoritative voice. The trailer is filled floor to ceiling with bolt cutters, chainsaws, cutters and dies, vices, acetylene tanks, wren-



● On the set of *Shadow of the Hawk* (1976): Keith Wardlow, Alex Green, Buddy Joe Hooker, Frank Parker, John Thomas, John Wardlow, Rusty McElhannon, Dick Albain

ches, blocks and tackle, paint, cables, winches, racing belts, ratchet webbing, slings, capsule gun equipment, tree-climbing harnesses. "It's like a mini hardware store on the road," John concludes. The trailer is ready to roll any place, any time.

Ninety-five percent of his work has been in feature production, which, he having elected to stay in Canada, has meant lean times, and has only been possible because of the support of foreign producers, making for a local production level of three to five films a year since 1969. How has he, at that rate, been able to amortize his gear? "You can't think of it in terms of a dollar paying for itself; you have to think of it in terms of, it makes you known. It establishes you as somebody who is serious about your profession."

There is no doubt that John Thomas is serious. A native of Fairmont Hot Springs, he entered the British Columbia Institute of Technology in 1968 to study hotel management. He took the course to prove to himself that he was "not totally stupid," and was attracted by its businesslike, suit-and-tie atmosphere. However, in the team approach taken to the program John found himself "carrying another individual through school," and afterward decided that he would, as a matter of policy, work alone. He entered Dave Ostair's WAFFTA in 1970, and the hotel management diploma was never used. Since then he has spent almost every hour and every dollar trying to further a career in film.

It was difficult. "Here I am, a passable athlete - that's being very generous to myself - trying to compete with the world's best football players, gymnasts, rodeo riders, trampolinists, track and field stars, who are trying desperately every day to get into this business. So you have to have something to offer the producers that's going to get you in over somebody else." And so John worked with Alex Green to learn whip- and gun-handling while maintaining, and coaching Green in, his own rigorous fitness program, as well as slowly building his stock of effects gear, which originally he hauled onto sets in a Volkswagen van. There was a dearth of local effects men, and John found he could fill gaps. For example, he shows me a crimping tool he bought during the production of *The National Dream*. "They wanted to hang eight guys dressed as Indians off a 200-foot cliff. I said, 'What equipment do you have?' They had one piece of 50-foot rope. I said, 'Okay, I'll provide the equipment.'"

Who has been the greatest help in his career? At this John smiles, and with exaggerated diplomacy indicates that without the American productions it would be almost impossible to find work. "Producers back East have not heard of me, but international ones who come here, have. Unless you have an L.A. address, very often you're not recognized by the Canadian producer." John does however make special exceptions of Bob Baylis, Murray Shostak, and Ron Cohen; they are producers to help whom John would drop whatever he was doing.

Some of the most helpful people haven't been film people, but the woodsmen and highriggers who have taught John his specialty, climbing and descents. "The pictures that come up here are not your car-chase shows; they're more your outdoor, rough terrain, rugged arctic adventure: *Never Cry Wolf*, *Iceman*, *The Thing*, *Bear Island*,

The Ruffian." When John coordinated Phil Borsos's *Spartree* he had eight riggers working on it, and learned much from senior rigger Graham Langley - "a genius."

Now John is himself an expert high-rigger, and spends less time doing stunts than coordinating them - a job which involves difficult stunts never seen on the screen. When asked to describe a dangerous stunt, John mentions not a stunt, but a setup he rigged for *Iceman*: a glacier had to be planted with explosives to make it collapse on cue. The ice was too delicate to walk on, and so John hung by cable from a helicopter and

"moonwalked," planting charges at intervals. When he attached harness hook to cable hook a large static charge went from helicopter to ground, making the use of electrically detonated explosives impossible. This entailed the rigging of a special mechanical means of detonation. Of course, there were no injuries.

Back in the shop I learn that before Betty met John seven years ago she was not involved in film. After a period of following John in his work she asked whether it would be possible for her to get into stunting. There being no stunt-women about at that time, John saw a

great opportunity; he was "ecstatic." And so, with John as taskmaster, Betty learned stunting. She studied stunt driving at the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving in California; she holds a Helicopter Descent and B.C. Blaster's Licenses; is expert in motorcycle riding, whitewater work, and free-hand rope climbing.

At the mention of the latter John abruptly orders Betty to go and scale a one-inch rope hanging by the edge of the loft from a roof beam. At one time neither of them ever used the stairs in their shop, but made their way solely by climbing ropes and shelves. Betty at first refuses, already behind scheduled with her glass order, but John, a self-confessed "bastard to work for," insists. Obliging, Betty goes and, apologizing for the easy climbability of one-inch rope, easily scales the 12 or so feet to the roof, and hangs there, two stories over the concrete floor below. One of her recent climbing gigs involved scaling a 40-foot wall on half-inch rope - in high heels.

She comes down and John climbs on and crimps the rope between his feet, using his hands to work on an imaginary fixture. When the Thomases installed ceiling fans in their shop they did it with only vertical ropes for support. To keep in shape, John climbs down and speaks with pride of his wife's achievements, not least of which is surviving the rigors of his coaching. "I demand perfection. If I don't get it, you're not with me, you're gone." Well, Betty's not gone.

But it seems unlikely that John Thomas will ever be part of any organization larger than his marriage; his uncompromising attitude prevents his associating even with Stunts Canada. John Thomas is a compulsive worker, a movie mono-maniac; he feels he could not work alongside someone who took even one week off in a year from his work. This leaves him with a simple view of life: "My wife, my dog, and my business - that's it. I want to be the best I can possibly be."

In the pursuit of this goal the Thomases will be working till midnight to get the props made. Maybe tomorrow - Sunday - there will be time to work on the house they're building here in North Vancouver. They invite me to visit them in a couple of months' time, when things will be "busy." I gladly accept. Betty smashes a beer glass over my head, and I'm on my way.

In my investigation I only sampled the local stunt community; I did not talk to Jacob Rupp or George Josef or Keith Wardlow - John's cousin and stuntman on several *Beachcombers* episodes. I spoke only briefly with Rob Boudreau of Cobra Stunt Promotions in Cloverdale. There, with film credits *Sunday in the Country* with Ernest Borgnine (1974), *Fun in Acapulco* with Elvis Presley (1963), and episodes of the television series *Emergency!*, he is operating a stunt school geared to the burgeoning live stunt circuit. John Wardlow, Alex Green, and John and Betty Thomas are the ones with the most and the most major international work. For them it is still not enough, but there is no easy way to increase the amount of business. Perhaps John Wardlow has taken the most promising alternative: he and three partners, including *Never Cry Wolf* star Charles Martin Smith, have just established the Polaris Entertainment Corporation, a Vancouver-based production company. That's still how it is in Canada: if you want to be in the movies, you have to make them.

Alberta who's who

by Linda Kupecek

Most film stunts in Alberta are done by members of Stunts Canada, a professional organization which covers B.C. and Alberta.

John Scott, the Stunts Canada representative in Alberta, estimates that there are about 15 stuntmen and stunt-women working out of the province. Since many of the stunts for westerns involve horses, there is an interweaving of union jurisdictions: stunts fall under ACTRA, while wranglers belong to Teamsters. Add to that the recent surge in stunt coordinators (who are not in front of the camera, and will probably end up under the DGC's umbrella) and contractual confusion is a possibility.

Understandably, the majority of the Stunts Canada members in Alberta are strong horsemen (and women) including champion cowboys, chuckwagon drivers and barrel racers. "Especially in westerns, the wranglers and the stunt coordinators have to work hand in hand, to get the right horse in the right place at the right time," says Scott, who, logically, in addition to his work as stuntman and stunt coordinator, is a stock supplier through John Scott Motion Picture Animals in Longview (south of Calgary).

On the recent production *Draw*, shot in Fort Edmonton and the Drumheller badlands for Harold Greenberg and HBO, stunt coordinator Scott and his co-workers drew a tough assignment: a runaway stagecoach scene. "It was tough," remembers Scott, "a man going under the wagon and jumping on the horse." Canadian champion chuckwagon driver Tom Glass doubled for Kirk Douglas on the stunt, while another big name from the chucks, Richard Cosgrove, handled the team. In this case, the "four-up" (four horses in harness) were a balance of light workhorse and thoroughbred. But the stunt worked well, and both production manager Grace Gilroy and location manager J.P. Fin were impressed. "John Scott and the wranglers provided an outstanding performance. They deserve laurels," says Finn.

Many of the riders have already earned them, the list reading like a who's who of rodeo and racing: Tom

Glass, Reg Glass, Joe Dodds, John Dodds, Joy Duce, Isabella Miller, Tom Bews (five-time champion all-round Canadian cowboy), Bill Ferguson, and Fred Larson.

Scott, an ex-rodeo cowboy, moved into stunting after working on *Little Big Man* in 1969. Since then he has doubled for a number of stars, including Gene Hackman and his boyhood idol, Roy Rogers. He has travelled to Toronto, Colorado, Louisiana and Tuscon, Arizona (for *Another Man, Another Chance*). And he has worked as stunt coordinator on *Draw*, *Mustang Country*, *Lost and Found*, and *Wild Horse Hank*. (In the latter, shot in Waterton Park in 1978, a quick-thinking Linda Blair averted disaster by swimming free of a floundering mare in mid-river, while Scott's standby riders rode to the rescue.)

Stunts Canada has about 12 members in B.C., Scott reckons, who specialize in cars and high falls, while the Alberta group works more with cars and horses.

"If I require stunts," says Doug MacLeod, a Calgary producer who also served as location manager on *Superman III* and *Finders Keepers*, "I go to the three Johns... John Scott, John Thomas, and John Wardlow." (Wardlow and Thomas are B.C.-based.)

Another aspect of stunts is helicopter work. Geoff Palmer, a helicopter pilot in Banff, has worked on films on a number of occasions but primarily to get a high camera angle in the filming of stunts. What makes that difficult, he says, is that the aircraft has to get closer than normal, which may disturb any animals in the shot. Movie work "creating the illusion of danger with a high degree of safety," is fairly simple to Palmer, whose regular activities include mountain rescue work (which may involve suspending a man on a line under the aircraft).

The Alberta stunt people, if not working on stunts on a film, may work as wranglers or drivers, says Scott. Or if there is no film work at all, they may continue with their other lives as cowboys, drivers, horse trainers, rodeo judges and ranchers.

"You've always got to be prepared to go when you get a phone call," says Scott. "A picture may call saying they're having trouble with horses and they need three wranglers tomorrow to handle it." And Scott's associates of star stunt riders and drivers may be just the people for the job.

Actress Linda Kupecek is Cinema Canada's Alberta columnist.