

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID

by Rudy Wurlitzer

November 3, 1972

EXT. - VALLEY - GARRETT - DAY

(NOTE: This first scene is to be gradually intercut with the beginning of the following scene. It may be played silent and shorter, if so.)

PAT GARRETT RIDES A BUCKBOARD ACROSS a high desert valley. Seated next to him, holding the reins, is SAM PECK - white-haired, grizzled, with a turned-down bitter expression to his face. 1-6

Garrett is grey, his features grim, his brow set in a perpetual furrow. Although he sits rigid and unmoving, his shoulders and narrowed eyes suggest an internal pain, a contraction that has forced him relentlessly in on himself.

JOHN POE on horseback rides beside the buckboard.

GARRETT

Goddamn sheep....Listen. I told you not to run sheep on my land.

POE

It's my land, Garrett, it became mine when I signed the lease.

PECK

He's right, Mr. Garrett.

GARRETT (angered)

How long have I known you, Peck?

PECK

Almost a year.

GARRETT

Well, that's long enough. When we get back I'm payin' you off.
(then to Poe)
I'm breakin' the lease.

POE

I don't allow the law will agree to that.

GARRETT

What law? You and the rest of that Santa Fe ring. Your kind of law is ruining the country.

POE

Ain't you still part of that law?

Peck pulls up the horses.

Pat Garrett.....
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P.2

PECK

Something's wrong with the harness.

1-6
CONT'D
(2)

PECK STEPS OFF the buckboard and walks forward.

POE

I believe they elected you and
paid you good wages for killing
the Kid.

GARRETT (outraged, reaching
behind him for his rifle)
Why you dirty son-of-a-bitch.

POE (pulling his
pistol)
That's your last words, old man.

A MAN LEANS around a large boulder, his rifle raised.
Peck has stepped to the side, drawing his pistol,
aiming it at Garrett. AS GARRETT picks up his rifle,
the hideout man cuts loose.

POE AND PECK FOLLOW, thumbing off several shots.
Garrett falls awkwardly forward toward the ground,
unable to get off a shot, his body twisted and grotesque in Death.

FREEZE FRAME: DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - FORT SUMNER - DAY

6X1-13

Ten chickens are buried in the sand up to their
necks.

THREE SHOTS RING OUT - heads fly - slow motion -

A YOUNG MAN NAMED WILLIAM BONNEY, KNOWN AS BILLY THE
KID, is FIRING, twenty-five yards away. He has long
brown hair, dropping to his shoulders, and very blue
eyes. He is thin. There is a heavy sensuality to
his lips that seems out of context to the rest of his
face. At first glance, he might seem vulnerable and
innocent, but his presence is dynamic and highly
charged with erotic energy.

THREE CHICKEN HEADS leave the scene.

THREE CHILDREN pull them out of the dirt for pluck-
ing and cooking. THEY RUN TO THE FESTIVO CROWD of
fifty or sixty people - hungry for a good dinner.
The chickens are plucked into the pot.

SXI-13 CONTINUED

Pat Garrett....

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GXI-13

BILLY TURNS SMILING. It's obvious he's the best. The crowd whistles, claps, then:
A RIFLE FIRES FOUR TIMES - A hundred yards away from Billy.

Three chicken heads leave the scene. The crowd is silent. Billy turns & stares at:

14. PAT GARRETT WHO STANDS BY HIS HORSE, reloading his rifle. JW BELL is mounted behind him.

Billy stares at Garrett. The crowd shows a mixture of emotions - surprise, suspicion, greetings.

GARRETT STANDS STILL, looking over the scene.

BELL WALKS FORWARD, hesitates, looks back at Garrett, who still hasn't moved, then walks on. He offers his hand to DENVER who stares at him, then turns away. Finally PACO shakes his hand and offers him a drink.

BILLY STANDS OFF TO ONE SIDE, surrounded by HOLLY, BLACK HARRIS, and SILVA.

GARRETT WALKS SLOWLY FORWARD. He passes LUKE, BEAVER, ENO and O'FOLLIARD, who are throwing knives at a wooden door.

THE CROWD GATHERS NEAR THE RUINS OF AN ADobe HOUSE. The chickens have begun to be roasted on a spit. THREE MEN play guitars, one a harmonica. YOLANDA and MARIA move among the crowd serving drinks.

LUKE

(to Garrett)

You aint never shot like that in your damned life, Pat.

ENO

Could be that town agrees with you.

BEAVER throws his knife at Garrett's feet.

LUKE

I reckon the whole damn territory will be an open jug for us now, aint that right, Pat?

BEAVER

Ain't that right, Pat?

Garrett picks up the knife and flips it into the door.

GARRETT

Could be.

Garrett steps away. He stares over at Billy. Billy drinks, and stares back. He is still surrounded by Black Harris, Silva and Holly.

15 GARRETT WALKS OVER AND STOPS IN FRONT OF BILLY

BLACK HARRIS

Hell, Pat, I figure you taken that two day ride from Lincoln just to pay me back that five dollars you owe me from that time over to Springer.

HOLLY

You'd better collect it now, Black. We ain't seein' much of Pat these days.

GARRETT

I'll buy you a drink, Billy.

BILLY

Why sure, old compadre, sit down.

SILVA

You don't figure he's too good to drink with us, do you ?

BLACK HARRIS

Maybo it's the other way round.

BILLY STANDS UP. He and Garrett walk forward. They stop near a tree. BOWORE AND BUT COLE pass them, stop as if to greet Garrett, think better of it, and walk on.

GARRETT PULLS OUT HIS FLASK and offers it to Billy.

BILLY

Didn't figure you'd bother to make the ride.

GARRETT

You know me better'n' that.

Billy hands the flask back to Garrett, who takes a pull.

GARRETT

They say them Senoritas in old Mex is better than ever.

BILLY

That's what they say, but hell, you know me, Pat, I got my arms full enough right here... Say, you hear what happened to Eben ? He drowned on the Rio Grande trying to get to them Senoritas you're talking about. Took two of the possee with him.

GARRETT

Always liked Eben... Gut more store by him than most of the other boys around here. At least he knew when it was time to get out.

BILLY

Oh these boys are all right. We been through some times

15 CONTINUED

15

BILLY (CONTN)

... together, ain't we? Can't turn your back
on that.

GARRETT

I guess you want it straight.

BILLY

If that's what you're here for.

GARRETT

The electorate wants you gone. They want you out
of the country.

BILLY

Are you asking me or telling me?

GARRETT

I'm asking you. In five days I'm making you. That's
when I'm taking over as Sheriff.

BILLY

Old Pat... Sheriff Pat Garrett. Sold out to Chicam
and the Banks. How does it feel?

GARRETT

It feels like things are changing.

BILLY

Times maybe, but not me.

Garrett puts the flask back in his pocket. They walk back into the crowd.

BILLY

You want to stay awhile? We still got a few days.

GARRETT

I'd better get on back. I got me a wife now.

BILLY

Yeh. I heard you been hobnobed up.

They walk up to Eno, Luka, Black Harris, Silva and Bowdra. Garrett reaches
in his money bag and takes out a five dollar gold piece. He flips it to
Black Harris.

BLACK HARRIS

Settling up, are you?

GARRETT

You could call it that.

15 CONTINUED

BILLY

15

Adios, Pat. Don't push your luck.

GARRETT

My luck's gain' all right, Billy. It 's yours
that needs watchin.

LUKE

What the hell's happening ?

AND

Pat sold out. He's law now.

BLACK HARRIS

I figured it was true.

SILVA

(to Bell who has been watching)

You too, eh Bell ?

BELL

You boys are playing a losing game. I figure on staying
alive.

LUKE

The hell with both of em. That Bell weren't no good
anyways. Can't even set a horse good lot alone a senorita.

16/22 GARRETT LEAVES. BELL FOLLOWS

16/22

MOLLY

Why don't you kill 'em.

BOWORE

I'll bury his ass right now.

BILLY.

Why? He's my friend.

BLACK HARRIS

He ain't no more.

BILLY

I reckon.

23-25 INT. LINE SHACK (DAWN)

23-25

BILLY AND BOWORE sleep on wooden bunks, their bodies wrapped under
woolen blankets.

O'FOLLIARD sits at a table in front of the wooden stove, slowly dealing stud
hands to himself. In the far corner two horses unsaddled, munching oats.
Coffee begins to boil on the stove. O'folliard is thin, nearly gaunt,
his long hair hanging in stringy lines from underneath his battered stetson.
He wears greasy long Johns. A half empty bottle of whisky sits before him
on the table. He rises.

10-10-73
May 10th 1973

Pat Garrett.....
1-10-73

6A

LINE SHACK DAWN.

20

E RISES FROM THE CHIMNEY at one part of the veranda is another horse, possibly
there is split second of movement across the way - possibly not.

S INT. LINE SHACK DAWN

27

O-FOLLIARD

You boys like to wait the best part of the day. I ain't
here for my health. We got some cows to run.

BILLY

One day I'ma gonna kill you for that.

CONTINUED Page 7

Pat Garrett.....

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BOWDRE GOES over to the stove and pours himself a cup of coffee. Hands it to Billy. Bowdre is very young, with a smooth saturnine face.

27-28
CONT'D
(2)

BILLY (sipping his coffee)
Old Pat ain't goin' to like this.
Coming on him hard the day after he got his badge pinned on.

O'FOLLIARD
He won't know. Leastways not for a month or more.

BOWDRE
Well, I don't give a good goddam what he knows. I ain't afraid of Pat Garrett.
(then)
I'll get the horses watered - heat up them beans.

Bowdre stretches, takes one horse and goes to the door. He opens the door and steps out leading the horse.

THERE IS A DEAFENING SHOT - BOWDRE SLAMS BACKWARDS into the cabin, reeling against the table, screaming and spilling the coffee pot and finally sinking against the wood stove.

29-32

THE HORSE BOLTS through the door and is instantly shot dead, effectively blocking the door.

Billy runs to the door - drops behind the horse.

O'FOLLIARD GRABS his rifle and crawls to the window. He opens fire.

BILLY CUTS loose from behind the horse with his six guns.

EXT. - INT. - DAWN A SERIES OF ANGLES

33

There is a volley of SHOTS from both sides and then silence.

Some big bullets smash through the wall - obviously a buffalo gun is out there. One of them kills the remaining horse.

O'FOLLIARD
Goddamn Chisum. How'd he know we was here?

BILLY (laughing softly)
Hell. That's Garrett...and two months
ago he'd a been here with us. Now he's
got Bell and half the town of Lincoln
with him...

33
CONT'D
(2)

O'FOLLIARD (swearing
under his breath)
Goddamn that Garrett.

BOWDRE (fading fast)
Help me up - oh, sweet Mama's ass...
don't...let me go down.

He falls forward.

O'FOLLIARD (looking
at Bowdre)
I think he's dead.

BILLY
No - not yet.

BOWDRE (quiet)
They've killed me. I'm gut shot for
sure.

BILLY (looking down
on him)
I think you're right.

GARRETT'S VOICE (yelling)
Come on out, Kid. You ain't got a
chance.

BILLY (yelling back)
What you takin' me in for?

GARRETT
We got you for the murder of Buckshot
Roberts.

BILLY (swearing under
his breath)
Hell, that was over a year ago and I
fought him straight up.
(yelling)
Come on in, Pat. I'll warm your
breakfast for you.

There is a FUSILLADE OF SHOTS from both sides.

BILLY AND O'FOLLIARD DUCK into the corner by the stove. They prop Bowdre up by the table. 34

O'FOLLIARD
They got us for sure.

Billy doesn't answer. O'Folliard picks up the cards and begins to shuffle. SHOTS keep SMASHING through the walls, window, the blocked open doorway.

BOWDRE
I'm in for five, Tom. How about it, Kid?

BILLY
Why not.
(he reaches up to the table
for the bottle)
Have a drink, Coley.

Billy pours a few drops of whisky down Bowdre's throat. Bowdre takes it, then chokes and turns his head away.

BILLY
He wasn't too bad with a horse...but
he couldn't hold a gun worth a damn.
Too weak in the wrist.

All-three look at their hands.

O'FOLLIARD
Call five.

BILLY
Raise five.

BOWDRE
Fold.

BILLY (sharp)
What's the matter - no guts?

BOWDRE (mad - putting
in his money)
Enough guts to call you, Kid - two pair.

BILLY (picking up the
money)
Three queens.

BOWDRE (laughing)
Your luck's still running.
(then)

BOWDRE (cont'd)
My wrists weren't all that weak. I
was always good with a rope. Even
when I was a kid I was good with a
rope.

34
CONT'D
(2)

O'FOLLIARD
He wasn't bad with a knife either.

Then more SHOTS SHATTER the building around them.

BOWDRE
I can't see the cards anymore.

BILLY
Maybe it's time you took a walk.

BOWDRE
Hell. Why not - I can still hold a
gun. But we got to move - I'm
going fast.

He sags and Billy slaps Bowdre's face, forcing
a brief revival.

BILLY (to Bowdre
gently)
We're freightin' you out, Coley.
It's the only chance we got.

BOWDRE (rolling
back his head)
Sweet Mary's ass boys, I'm goin'
now... so by God, let's get it
on.

Billy and O'Folliard drag Bowdre to the door.

34
CONT'D
(3)

BILLY (yelling)
We're coming. Hold your fire.
(to O'Folliard)
You go around the right and I'll
take the left.

O'FOLLIARD
Might be they haven't circled us.

BILLY (laughing)
Might be the dog would have caught the
rabbit - if he hadn't thought to shit.

He and O'Folliard lift Bowdre past the dead horse
and shove him out. Bowdre stands for a moment, his
head rolling, gun in hand.

Billy and O'Folliard wait for a moment and then make
their rush.

ANGLES OF THE POSSE SHOOTING - OLLINGER prominent 35-36

BOWDRE FALLS FORWARD, SHOT AGAIN. O'Folliard is 37-38
shot through the leg and shoulder. He reels back-
wards, groping for the door. Another bullet catches
him in the throat.

BILLY SEES that he has no chance and hurls himself
back inside. O'Folliard lies dead by the horse.

Billy stands just inside the doorway, his hand hold-
ing his gun by his side.

OLLINGER, one of Garrett's deputies, lifts up his 39
rifle to fire, as do several other men.

Garrett pushes down Ollinger's rifle and steps in
front of the others.

GARRETT
That's enough.
(then)
Kid. You're played out.

BILLY HESITATES - looks out the door at him a long 40
moment, then unbuckles his gun belt, letting the gun
and belt fall to the floor...then steps out - arms
lifted - smiling a little - and looks at the posse -
at Garrett.

BILLY
You're in poor company, Pat.

40
CONT'D
(2)

GARRETT (softly)
I'm alive, kid.

BILLY (even more
gently)
So am I, Pat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINCOLN COUNTY COURTHOUSE CELL - CLOSE THREE
SHOT - DAY

41

Ollinger stands in the doorway watching Garrett,
Billy and Bell play poker. Billy is seated on the
bunk, Garrett and Bell by the table.

BILLY (opening the pot)
Open for five.

GARRETT (folding his cards)
Too steep for me, Kid. I'm a work-
ing man.

BELL
I call.

BILLY
I knew you was dumb enough to be a
working man, Pat, but I sure never
figured you for marriage and the law.

GARRETT (dealing the
cards)
Well, I reckon I needed to believe in
somethin'. I chose marriage or it
chose me. The law is a way of thinkin'
I'll live to get old and grey.

BILLY
That concerns me, Pat. How much
older and greyer you goin' to get
before I bump you?

OLLINGER (as Garrett
grins at Billy)
The only thing that concerns you, Mr.
Bonney, is in the highest court there
is - and may it sit in judgment on
your rotten soul when your neck snaps...
you will learn to believe before I'm
finished with you.

BILLY

I bet you pass the time with a
stable full of beliefs. How about
it, Bell?

41

CONT'D

(2)

BELL (looking at

Billy)

The only belief I have is knowin'
that I'm only a little man with a
small job to do.

BILLY (throwing in
his cards)

Don't ever run down your size, Bell.
That's the only thing that lowers a
man.

OLLINGER

Time for you to get close to God, boy.

BILLY

Well, I heard God's fast, but I'd
have to go up against Him myself
before I'd bet on it. One card.

GARRETT

You will.

(picking up his draw)

I check.

Up five...What about it, Ollinger?
What do you believe in beside God?

OLLINGER

Me!

GARRETT (studying
hid hand)

Just like Ollinger...always got to
have minority opinion on everything. I call.

BILLY (showing his hand)
Jacks over.

GARRETT

That's good.

Billy rakes in the chips. Garrett rises.

GARRETT

I'm on my way...tax collection.
He's yours for two days, boys....

BILLY

I just hope you'll be back for
the ceremony. I'd like to fix my
last look to be on your law-bought
face.

GARRETT

I'll be there.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

11-8-72

P.12A

OLLINGER

I count eight days until dawn,
Billy. You'd best be on your
knees and making the acquaintance
of your Lord and Master. But since
I don't reckon you've ever been
within a Texas mile of Him - you're
going straight to hell - black tongue
and piss in your pants.

41

CONT'D
(2A)

Pat Garrett.....

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BILLY

Pat, I got one last request.

41

CONT'D
(3)

GARRETT

Name it.

BILLY

Keep that mule away - he's
beginning to gravel me...I might
have to hurt him.

OLLINGER (slapping him hard)

I surely wish you would try, son. I
got my shotgun full of thin dimes,
enough to spread you out like a crazy
woman's quilt. Now why don't you sing
a song of Jesus while there's still
a way.

GARRETT (leaving)

Leave off, Ollinger. You mess with
him again, I'll send your ass out
of town.

BILLY

Don't - I think I like to keep him
around for a while.

Pat grins at him and exits.

DISSOLVE:

INT. - CELL - DAY

42-43

Ollinger paces back and forth. Bell and Billy play
cards mechanically, passing jail time.

BELL (laying his cards

face up)

Pair of eights.

BILLY (laying his cards

face down)

You got me.

(reaching his handcuffed hands
across the table and turning up
Bell's cards. They show two
sixes and two jacks)

Bell, you must be afraid
I'll go out a loser.

BELL

I guess I just ain't seein' 'em.

BILLY

As long as I'm still breathin' I
want it played straight up. I ain't
sold my saddle like the rest of you
town boys. You are a town boy,
ain't you, Bell? Or maybe it's just
Bob over there that smells like a
street shit.

Ollinger walks over and belts Billy in the
kidneys with his shotgun.

OLLINGER

Repent you son-of-a-bitch!

BILLY

Sweet Jesus. I repent.

OLLINGER

Not till you taste the fear of
the Lord.

(grabs Billy as he slips,
then hits him again)

I'll show you...I'll take you to
the Kingdom of Hell. Your trouble,
boy, is that you don't know
about God.

BILLY

I'm ready to learn, Bob. Long as
you keep that shotgun off me.

Bell cocks his pistol and points it at Ollinger's
temple.

BELL

Leave off, Bob. You're gettin' loco.

OLLINGER (straightening
up, angry)

I'm crossin' the street to have
my supper.

OLLINGER LEAVES. BILLY hops up. Watches as Ollinger
places his shotgun down against the door in the
next room.

OLLINGER'S VOICE

I want to tell ya one last thing
personal, Kid. It's going to be a
loose rope and a long drop. People
comin' a long way to see your poor
sinnin' spirit meet the devil. I
aim to please 'em by makin' sure you
say the Lord's prayer before you do
a proper cakewalk and soil your
drawers.

BELL (as Ollinger's
voice fades)
How about callin' it quits for a
while?

42-43
CONT'D
(3)

BILLY
I'd just as soon. I got to get over
to the privy. That last thump got
my kidneys working too fast.

Bell stands up.

44 OUT

EXT. - COURTHOUSE - DAY

45-47

BILLY and BELL come out of the building. Two men
come out of the building next door and watch Billy
and Bell. Otherwise the street is empty except for
an OLD MAN sitting on the porch of the Tunstall
store.

TO THE LEFT, in front of the courthouse, gallows
have been built. The wood is still new. Directly
across the street is a livery stable and a corral.

BILLY WALKS in front of Bell. They turn the corner
of the house and walk along the side to the rear.
The outhouse is in the middle of a field. In the
back of the field the country is wild and endless.

BELL
My hoss got locoed on me once coming
back from Pachico. Had to cut the
second bar in the mouth and bleed
him. Died on me. Had to walk forty
miles.

BILLY
When I travel my feet dangle. I
ain't never been one for walkin'.

BELL
Well, I ain't never walked a mile
since.

INT. - OUTHOUSE - DAY

48-49

Billy awkwardly removes his pants. He sits. The
door is half open, revealing Bell leaning against
an apple tree a few feet away. On the floor are
newspapers.

BELL
Fell in with a bunch of Mescaleros.
They was jest off the reservation and
I was suspicioned of them. But I
had some biscuit on me and I give it
to 'em and they rode off.

Billy reaches down for paper. Underneath the paper
there is

AN OLD COLT .44 REVOLVER. Billy puts the paper over
the revolver and looks out at Bell. Bell is chewing
on a stalk of grass. Billy carefully puts the
revolver inside his pants, underneath his nightshirt.

BILLY
You know I think Pat's lost his
sand. Won't come on a person.

Billy stands up.

BELL
You hadn't ought to run him down,
Billy, you and him used to be
pretty close.

EXT. - outhouse

50

Billy comes out.

BILLY (walking a few
feet ahead of Bell)
He ain't the same man. He's store
sold and womanized. Signed hisself
over to Chisum and every goddamn
landowner that's closing up this
country. Hell, but that's what you
been doing yourself, ain't it, Bell?
Selling the country out and gettin'
fat...

BELL
It ain't that easy.

They walk in silence. They turn the corner of the
house and head for the door.

BILLY
Say, Bell, you was a friend of
Carlyle's, wasn't you?

BELL
You know I was.

Pat Garrett.....

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BILLY (an edge to
his voice)
I don't mean to be contrary, but did
I ever tell you how he died?

50
CONT'D
(2)

BELL
I heard it from Sam Dedrick

BILLY (softly)
Well now, I want you to hear it
from me.

INT. - COURTHOUSE

51-55

BILLY and Bell climb the stairs. Reach the top
turn into the hall.

BILLY STOPS - TURNS and looks down at Bell.

BILLY (cont'd)
I shot him three times in the back
of the head. I blowed his
head off.

BELL (suddenly coloring,
disturbed at Billy's tone of
voice)
You know I hold that agin you.

BILLY TAKES THE COLT from underneath his nightshirt
and turns to Bell, pointing the revolver at his
stomach.

BELL STARES at him, open-mouthed.

BILLY (his expression
abstract, his voice soft and
vague)
I don't want to kill you, Bell.

BELL (unable to move)
I sure hope you don't, Billy.

BILLY
Then move toward me.

But Bell doesn't. He jumps for the stairs and dis-
appears, around the corner.

BILLY
Don't.....

Then he hops after him - reaches the stairs - hesi-
tates, then Billy FIRES. Shoots Bell in the back,
sends him flying into the doorway.

BILLY JUMPS forward, amazingly fast, considering his chains. He grabs Ollinger's shotgun from a gun rack in front of the door. Then he hops over to the barred window, looking out at the street.

51-55
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. - STREET - BILLY'S POV

56-59

The OLD MAN sitting in front of the Tunstall store gets up and runs halfway across the street towards Bell. He stops and looks up at Billy holding the shotgun. He runs back to the protection of the store.

OLLINGER RUNS down the street, holding his six-gun.

There is no sound on the street. Ollinger, feeling Billy's presence, stops, looks up at him. Billy is aiming the shotgun at Ollinger's head.

No one moves.

A VOICE calls out from the store.

BILLY (softly, smiling
with his lips, if not his
eyes)
Hello, Bob - how does Jesus look to
you now?

VOICE
Bonney's killed Bell.

OLLINGER (his face
stricken, staring up at
the shotgun)
Yes, and he's killed me, too.

BILLY
I'll pick up the change, Bob, 80 cents
worth - while you're on your way to
God.

Billy pulls the trigger.

THE FLASHING SILVER COINS HIT OLLINGER in the chest, sending him backwards ten feet. Billy FIRES the second CHARGE into Ollinger's body, causing it to jump and twitch.

He breaks the shotgun over the window sill, throwing the two sections at Ollinger's body. His face, his eyes in particular, seem extraordinarily alive.

BILLY (cont'd)
(to the old man watching,
his voice carrying unnaturally
loud in the silence)
Get me a pickax.

56-59
CONT'D
(2)

The old man stares up at Billy, unable to move or answer.

BILLY (cont'd)
(pointing his revolver at
him and pulling back the
hammer)
Come on friend, get that old ass of
yours movin' and bring me a pickax.

The old man hobbles into the livery stable.

CUT TO:

INT. - COURTHOUSE - TOP OF THE STAIRS

60-62

The gun room door is open. Billy is loading a Winchester.

The old man comes up the stairs with a pickax. Billy moves out and spreads his legs as wide as the shackles will allow.

BILLY
Cut 'em.

THE OLD MAN raises the pickax, his arms shaking, and brings it down as hard as he can. The ax misses the shackle and hits the stair between Billy's legs. Billy looks at him solemnly.

BILLY
You ain't got much force in you.
You must be on the way out.

OLD MAN
Yes, sir.

Billy takes the pickax from him and breaks the chains.

BILLY
I want you to go into the livery and
get me the best hoss. You understand?
Tell me that you understand.

OLD MAN
I understand.

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs.

11-8-72

P.20

BILLY

Saddle him and bring him around. You
ain't back soon I'll have to come
after you.

60-62
CONT'D
(2)

The old man backs down the stairs. Billy goes to
the window and looks outside.

A HALF DOZEN MEN stand silently on the far side of
the street looking at him. He looks at them.
Ollinger lies in the street. He goes back to his
bunk and looks at the clippings on the wall. Picks
up a blanket.

BILLY (singing in a loud
voice, the volume rising
after each word)

Well, I been on the Rio Grande!
And the Rio Pecos! And the Rio
Chama! And the Rio Gila! And the
Rio Montana! And the Rio Hondo!
I been everywhere. I been on the
Rio Felix and the Rio Penasco and
Ute Creek. I been in Pinos Wells
and Tularosa and San Antonio and
the Sierra Capitan Mountains. San
Miguel! Rio Arriba! Socorro!
San Pedro! White Oaks! Espanola!
Fort Sumner! Ojo Milagro!

He walks down the stairs.

EXT. STREET

63-70

Billy comes out of the courthouse. The street has
filled with men, women and children. They have
come from all over the town. They stand silently
against the buildings and watch Billy as he waits
in the middle of the street for his horse.

THE OLD MAN COMES OUT of the livery leading a large
black horse. He hands the reins to Billy.

BILLY WRAPS THE SHACKLE AROUND his ankle. He tries
to mount but the horse is skittish and refuses to
let him on.

Billy strokes the horse's nose. The old man watches
a few feet away. More people have come out to watch,
but they still stand back, near the buildings. They
are totally silent.

Billy's blanket has fallen on the ground.

Fat Garrett.....

Chgs.

11-9-72

P.21

BILLY (talking calmly to
the horse and rubbing his nose)
Come on. You got to get me on out
of here. Yes you do. That's right.
Got to get me travelin'. Settle down
now. That's it. Settle down.

63-70
CONT'D
(2)

The old man comes up and pats the horse's rear. He
speaks to the horse in a low, mumbling Spanish.

BILLY SWINGS HIS LEG OVER the horse's back but the
horse bucks him off.

HE SITS ON THE GROUND. The old man has caught the
horse's reins. He waits for Billy to stand up.

Billy stands up. He walks over to the horse. The
old man holds the reins as Billy swings his leg
over the horse's back and sits in the saddle.

HE RIDES SLOWLY DOWN THE STREET

THE PEOPLE OF LINCOLN WATCH HIM RIDE OUT OF TOWN

At the end of town he suddenly turns the horse and
gallops back. The people have filled the street and
they have begun to talk. On seeing him ride back,
they stop and make a path for him.

AT THE END OF THE PATH, THE OLD MAN STANDS WITH THE
BLANKET.

Billy rides up to the old man and the old man hands
him the blanket. They look at each other.

Billy wheels his horse around and trots out of Lincoln.

DISSOLVE TO:

71-74 OUT

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs.

11-16-72

P.21A

EXT. - LINCOLN - MORNING

75-76

PAT GARRETT rides his horse slowly through the town. He stops at the saloon at the far end. It is early morning and few people are on the street. They stare at Garrett as he walks his horse past them. Some follow him. He slowly dismounts in front of the saloon.

Ollinger still lies in the middle of the street.

GARRETT
Will some of you sons of
bitches get him off the street and
into the ground.

THE BARTENDER comes out as he dismounts and the towns-
people move to pick up Ollinger.

GARRETT (wearily)
Anyone ride after 'im?

75-76
CONT'D
(2)

BARTENDER
Didn't give us no time. Shot Bell
and Ollinger and then rode right out.

Garrett nods vaguely, as if the news is no surprise
to him, and walks into the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

77-79

GARRETT enters. The saloon is large. Wooden beams
support the ceiling. Oil lanterns hang from the
beams. Along one wall is a bar. A barber chair sits
along the wall nearest the door. In the center are
three tables for drinking, playing poker, and eating.

GARRETT (to the bartender)
Do me up good.

* THE BARTENDER LATHERS his face and begins to shape
the razor on the strap against the wall.

GARRETT (cont'd)
Send for a boy.

THE BARTENDER MOTIONS to one of the men sitting at
the bar. He leaves the saloon and comes back with
a BOY. He is ten years old and wide-eyed.

GARRETT (cont'd; his eyes
closed from the lather)
That you, boy?

BOY
Yessir.

GARRETT
I want you to run all the way to my
house and tell Mrs. Garrett that I'll
be home for dinner. Then, I want you
to stampede-like, over to the court-
house, and get John Neully, and whoever
else you see over there. Tell 'em I
says to pay me a visit.

The boy runs out of the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. - SALOON - LATER

80-81

JOHN NEULLY and THREE OTHER MEN walk over to Garrett
in the barber chair.

GARRETT (eyes still closed)
That you, John?

80-81
CONT'D
(2)

NEULLY
It's me, all right.

Neully is a small, fat man; the county clerk. The three others are nondescript cowhands.

GARRETT
John, I want you to compose letters to the sheriffs in Stinking Springs, Roswell, Carrizozo and Hondo. Tell 'em about the Kid and ask 'em to be so good as to inform me as to any information concerning his whereabouts. Tell the posse to check Fort Sumner first, then swing to the South.

NEULLY
I'll do that, Pat.

Neully walks out of the saloon.

GARRETT
I know any of you other boys?

AN UNSHAVED MIDDLE-AGED MAN (BILL KERMIT) with a mustache and a scar across his forehead takes a step forward.

KERMIT
I believe you know of me. Bill Kermit.

GARRETT
Wanted for hoss thievin' down to Seven Rivers, ain't you?

KERMIT
That be me, Sheriff.

GARRETT
Killed old C.B. Denning last year in Silver City after he called you on cheatin' at Monte.

KERMIT
That be me. Alamosa Bill.

GARRETT
I'm makin' you my deputy. You others can have a drink on me up to the bar. Kermit, go on to the back and get me a steak and a mess of eggs and one of them good bottles they keep hid behind the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. - SALOON - AFTERNOON

82

The bottle is in the center of the table, and three-quarters empty. Kermit and Garrett sit morosely at a table, staring past each other. Kermit wears a Deputy Sheriff's ladge. Garrett's plate is empty except for several flies stuck in the yolk.

GARRETT

Got to get a posse started. Ain't no way in hell of bendin' him. More'n likely he's in Mexico now. But they's a few in town that will be suspicioned if'n I don't go after him.

KERMIT

Will be, myself. Some of the boys been wondering when you'd make your move.

GARRETT

I'm making it now.

Garrett stands up. Kermit stares at the bottle. Garrett walks out of the saloon, followed slowly by Kermit.

EXT. - SALOON - DAY

83-84

GARRETT AND KERMIT REACH THE STREET and blink in the sunlight.

Kermit saunters to the courthouse.

GARRETT WALKS down the middle of the street, towards his home. He walks slowly, his carriage a little too erect, his gaze too rigidly to the front. He stops in front of a GROUP OF MEN.

OLD MAN

This is Billy Burt's hoss. The one Bonney stole. There's blood on the saddle.

GARRETT (inspecting
the saddle)

Chicken blood. Chicken shit.

Garrett walks away.

EXT. - GARRETT'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

85

Garrett opens the door to his house. It is a simple adobe house but well kept up.

INT. - HOUSE - DAY

86-87

It is cool and dark inside the house. Garrett enters and hangs his hat on a hat rack. The furniture is simple but elegant. He walks into the kitchen.

GARRETT'S WIFE, IDA, is stirring a pot on the wood stove. She is a native New Mexican. Long dark hair frames her face. Her cheekbones are high. Her eyes dark. She is dressed in a high-neck dress. Her appearance is immaculate and formal. She looks at Garrett with wary suspicion.

GARRETT (sitting on a
straight-back chair)
Hello, Miss Ida.

IDA
They say William Bonney has escaped.

GARRETT (matter-of-
factly)
He has.

IDA
What are your plans concerning
his whereabouts?

GARRETT
Old Mex -- I hope -- where we should
be too, if I had any sense -- if not
I'll bring him in. Too much is rid-
ing on it for me not to.

IDA
I suppose they're all complainin'
about you, especially since you were
in White Oaks and Sumner. They're
probably repeating all those stories
about being friends of his.

GARRETT
I figure that's why they elected
me -- anyway I don't give a damn
what they're saying. I brought him
in once and will again if I have to.

IDA
You might say that you're glad to
see me. It's been over a week since
you've been gone.

SHERWOOD OAKS EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE

6353 Hollywood Boulevard

Hollywood, California 90028

GARRETT (standing up)
I got to get back to the saloon. Some
drunk over there causin' trouble. Says
he rode with the Kid in West Texas.
Goes by the name of Alamosa Bill.

IDA (stepping back and
wiping her hands on her apron)
Will you be blessing this house with
your presence for dinner?

GARRETT
It feels like it's goin' to be a
long night.

IDA (turning to
the stove)
It's been a long year.

GARRETT
Not now.

IDA (turning to face him)
I'm alone all the time. My people
don't talk to me. They say you're
getting to be too much of a gringo
since you been Sheriff. That you make
deals with Chisum. You don't touch
me. You're dead inside. I wish you
had never put on that badge.

GARRETT (sternly)
Not now.

IDA
Yes, now. Or I won't be here when
you get back.

GARRETT (walking over
to the table, picking it up
and slamming it against the
wall; then turning to her
and speaking softly)
When this is over. Then we'll deal
with it.

IDA
I hope he gets away.

GARRETT
He won't. There's too much play
in him.

IDA
And not enough in you.

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs. 11-8-72

P.27

GARRETT (walking over
to her and holding her breast).
Wait for me. I need that now.

86-87
CONT'D
(3)

She nods, half relieved, half defeated. She turns
back to the pot. He walks out into the street.

CUT TO:

88-89 OUT

EXT. - FORT SUMNER - NIGHT

90

Billy walks his horse towards Fort Sumner. A few
hundred yards from the gate, he dismounts and leads
his horse by the reins.

Fort Sumner has been abandoned for several years.
A large section of the outside wall has crumbled.
Inside the walls the embers of several fires are
visible. It is very late and there is no sign of
life. A dog BAWLS and then another. A crude cor-
ral has been built inside the walls. There are a
dozen or more horses in the corral.

Billy leads his horse to the corral and ties it to
a fence post.

He cautiously looks around. Fort Sumner is a typi-
cal adobe fort. Its low, roughly uniform buildings
are composed of barracks, a two-story hospital,
stables and a headquarters building. The buildings,
which are in various states of disrepair, surround
a square parade ground. In the center of the parade
ground is a grove of cottonwood trees, a small
field of corn and a corral.

Billy walks towards a large building faced with
columns. He enters.

INT. - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

91-94

BILLY STANDS at the entrance of a large barracks
room. Bunks are on two sides. In front of him,
the fireplace hosts a low fire.

SNORING comes from two of the bunks. A table in the
center of the room is full of earthen dishes and bowls.

Billy walks further into the room. He peers at the
bunks. He walks towards one of the bunks that is
separate from the others, on the far side of the room.

BILLY LOOKS DOWN OVER ONE of the bunks. LUKE and
CONCHITA are making love.

Billy sits on the end of the bed. He touches
Luke's foot.

91-94
CONT'D
(2)

LUKE

Hey, come on, L.P. You done
already got yours.

Billy tickles his feet.

LUKE (continued; rising
out of his bed and reaching
under the pillow for his
revolver)

I'm goin' to blow the side of
your cow-humpin' head off.

He cocks the revolver.

BILLY (softly)

How you doin', Luke?

Luke puts down his revolver and peers at Billy. The
girl sits halfway up, revealing her full breasts.

LUKE

Who is it?

(he recognizes Billy)

Damn! I thought they was gettin'
ready to trim you. I was fixin'
to ride in myself.

BILLY

Had to spoil the party.

LUKE (gently pushing
Conchita back on the bed)
You want some food, Kid?

BILLY

I'm okay. Got rest. Who all is
out here?

LUKE

You won't be knowin' too many of the
faces. After Bowdre and O'Folliard got
kilt and then they got you, most every-
one parted for the Mongollons. We got a
little bit of everything now...Damn, but
we got enough to square accounts with
Chisum and the rest right now, Kid.
Give us a nod and we'll ride on out and
shoot up the Governor hisself.

BILLY

I reckon to lay back a few days. Maybe
more. Where's Harris --

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs. 11-9-72

P.29

LUKE
Lincoln -- back tomorrow.

91-94
CONT'D
(3)

BILLY STARTS TO TAKE off his boots. Luke gets out of bed. He is completely naked.

LUKE
It surely is pleasurable seein' you, Billy.

Billy finishes undressing and gets into bed with Conchita.

BILLY
I got to put my sights on a few old scores and then I just might ride it out of here.

LUKE MOVES OFF, towards the other side of the room. Billy throws his arm around Conchita and starts to climb over her.

CONCHITA (her voice
registering pleasure, im-
patience and excitement)
Ahh...wait, Billy. You been inside that carsel too long. Wait now...
Oh, Madre. You finish already.

CUT TO:

EXT. - FORT SUMNER - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

95-106

TWO WOMEN are working in the cornfield in the middle of the parade ground. Two hogans stand to the rear of the parade ground, an INDIAN sitting cross-legged in front of one.

SEVEN MEN sit under the cottonwood trees.

BILLY COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE, where he has stayed the night, and walks slowly towards the seven men. Three of them stand up to greet him. The other four remain sitting.

SILVA, native New Mexican with torn pants and dirty cowhide shirt, embraces Billy.

Billy stands and looks over his shoulder at one of the men seated on the ground. One of them, BERT, is looking at Billy. He is short and heavy, with a morose, toothless face. One of the three men with him is extremely young. ALIAS has blond hair and blue eyes and a slightly depraved look to his eyes and another is tall and thin, dressed in black. The fourth is obviously a hard case gunfighter.

BILLY (to the old man)
Bueno, Silva. Como te va?

95.-106
CONT'D
(2)

He acknowledges the others that stand to the side of Silva.

BILLY (cont'd)
Eno...beaver. I figured you'd be down to the Neuces or up to Colorady by now.

ENO AND BEAVER are in their late twenties. Eno is a half breed, dressed in moccasins and leggings, but with an army shirt. Beaver has an old army pants and a faded shirt. They are both lean and voracious-looking, having followed various hard and unlawful trails for most of their lives.

BEAVER (to Billy)
Figured on seein' you stretch first. But I reckon you got more'n a few lives on you. Jest as my shiftless ass gits-restin' and I count you out, you come bustin' on back to set the spurs to everything. Well, it'll be good to git the winter fat off.
(he yells towards the nearest barracks)
Conchita....! Hey, Conchita git your ass out here!

A sturdy young woman, in her late twenties, CONCHITA, comes to the door of the barracks, hands on hips, and scowls at Beaver. She screams at him in Spanish.

BEAVER
Git aigs an' beans and carne for five. You hear that, cinco. Comida!

She stands for a moment looking at Beaver in a sullen rage. Then she sees Billy. He smiles at her, grimacing, then throwing a few punches into the air. She laughs.

BILLY (to Beaver)
Don't yell at her. She's a whole lot tougher than you for one thing.

ENO (to Billy, nodding towards the four other men under the tree)
These here rode in this mornin'. Don't know nothin' about 'em.

The YOUNGER MAN stands up and moves off to the side.

YOUNGER MAN (speaking with a
slow stutter)
I ccccccome in last nnnight. I heard
about you. I wantted tttto sssee...

95-106
CONT'D
(3)

ENO
What's your name, boy?

YOUNGER MAN
They cccall me ru ru ru ru...oh s s sshit.

He can't finish.

BEAVER
Ah hell, call him Alias.

Beaver, Billy and Eno sit down.

MARIA brings out a huge black pot. She is tall and
sinewy, half Indian, with long black braids down her
back. She avoids looking at Billy and hands five
plates to Beaver, who hands one each to Billy, Alias
and the three other men. They fill their plates from
the steaming pot.

LUKE and HOLLY come out of the barracks and stand off
to one side.

Children gather on the outside of the group, peeking
at Billy.

BILLY stares at Maria, unable to look away. She feels
his attention and half turns, staring at him. They are
unable to speak. Finally she blushes and walks back
to the barracks.

THEY EAT IN SILENCE.

BILLY (looking up from
his food and addressing the
short, heavy man)
I didn't catch your name.

BERT (short heavy man)
I didn't give it out.

BILLY
I don't feel too friendly less'n
I know a man's name.

TWO WOMEN rush the children indoors. The men slowly
step to the side, leaving Billy, Bert and the tall,
thin man (B.C.) facing each other.

BERT

I know you'n. That's enough for me.

95-106

CONT'D

(3a)

ENO (to Beaver)

We ain't been through this gate too much lately.

BEAVER (to Eno as they move away)

Seems like it's a way of gettin' acquainted.

BILLY (smiling, and looking around the parade ground)

Well, it surely is good to be here... Hey, Silva, you recollect that meetin' with John Jones and that old man they called U.S. Christmas, down by El Rito?

SILVA (moving away a little)

Si.

BILLY

Seems John stepped on one of U.S.'s boots one night they was both in town. Old U.S. had been huntin' buffler for over six months and he was mean and techy and well-nigh blind drunk. He had on a pair of flat-heeled half-length Wellington boots. Them boots was the onliest things he owned that he put store in. Old U.S. stepped back and said to John: let's git to it.

ALIAS (trying to talk to Silva)

Th...th...th...they're go...go... go...oh sh...sh...sh...shit!

BILLY

John said that if U.S. was goin' to git that riled over a pair of foreign lady-like boots, they might just as well start the ball rollin'.

Bert and Billy don't take their eyes from each other. Billy holds his plate with one hand, a wooden spoon in the other. Billy slowly puts his spoon on the plate.

BILLY

They went out into the middle of the street and took their ten steps and John put three holes right through U.S.'s chest.

As he lowers his plate, he suddenly draws his sixgun.
He FIRES.

95-106
CONT'D
(3b)

BERT SLUMPS AGAINST THE COTTONWOOD TREE, a bullet in his chest. His gun was half drawn. B.C. falls forward, a bullet through his head, his gun falling into the plate of food. The FOURTH MAN, standing, his gun out and cocked, is shot through the chest by Luke.

As the FOURTH MAN falls a knife buries itself in his neck.

BILLY turns. The thrower is Alias. Billy nods to Alias.

BILLY (continued)

I must have knowed them from somewhere. Too soon for bounty hunters to be around. Kept thinkin' they might be Chisum's men, but I reckon they was too well fed for that.

THE CROWD FORMS AROUND HIM AGAIN. Several of the children have managed to elude their mothers' arms and are daring each other to touch the dead man. Maria stands solemnly in the door of the barracks, looking at Billy.

ENO

Looks like that jail food ain't slowed you down none.

The mood breaks and the crowd laughs. People begin to move around.

BEAVER (squatting
down beside Billy)
How long you figure on stayin', Kid?
You maybe ought to be lightin' a
shuck towards Mexico.

BILLY

I ain't thought about it.

LUKE

It sure don't figure to be proper
for you to leave without putting
your mark on them that killed Tumstall
and McSween.

95-106
CONT'D
(4)

BILLY

I reckon.

EXT. - PECOS - AFTERNOON

107-112

Garrett slowly approaches the small town of Pecos on the Pecos River. Before riding into town he hides his sheriff's star on the inside of his vest.

The town has one street, lined with poorly-made adobe buildings. The street has no sidewalks and is deep in mud.

In the middle of the street, two dozen men surround a roped-off area. The men are mostly native New Mexicans, poor and rough-looking.

GARRETT REINS IN his horse in the shadow of a building. No one pays any attention to him.

INSIDE THE RING TWO MEN are holding roosters a few feet apart. The bystanders are betting and calling for their favorite. The cockfight starts as Garrett watches the crowd.

AFTER A LONG MOMENT, Garrett rides slowly towards the edge of the crowd. A small bandy-legged MAN (GATE), with a huge drooping mustache and pale complexion, stands off to the side, holding a half-empty bottle in one hand and a dead rooster in the other. He tries to make a loud and forceful bet with two men in front of him.

GARRETT MOVES HIS HORSE Into Gate and knocks him down. One of the men grabs the bottle and then they both move off into the crowd. Gate lies in the mud, clutching the dead rooster, and struggles to get up.

GATE (on his knees)

Now what the...

GARRETT RIDES HIM DOWN AGAIN. Gate tries to crawl away and reach for his gun while still holding on to the rooster. Garrett rides him down again and he sprawls flat out in the mud. The crowd is too absorbed with the proceedings in the ring to notice, much less care, what is going on.

GATE (standing up
and recognizing Garrett
for the first time)
Garrett...Oh Jesus, I thought you
was in Lincoln. Now what the hell
you doin' riding me...

Garrett rides him down again and he falls, gets up
and starts to weave as fast as he can down the street.

GATE (calling over
his shoulder as he hurries
down the street, still clutch-
ing the dead rooster)
Listen, Garrett, I ain't seen the Kid.
I heard he broke out, but I ain't seen
him.

Garrett's horse nudges him again.

GATE (becoming
frightened as he almost
falls again)
Where we goin'? What the hell you
doin'?

GARRETT
We're walkin' down to the last house
on the left, Gate.

GATE (stumbling on)
I'm walkin', you're ridin' herd on
me for God's sake. You ain't got no
call to pull me in...I done seen the
Sheriff already.

Garrett rides silently behind Gate to the end of the
street.

EXT. - SHERIFF BAKER'S HOUSE

113-116

Sheriff Baker's house is as dilapidated as the rest
of Pecos. It is made out of cottonwood posts, rough
adobe walls, with straw sticking out, and a crude
porch composed of roughly hewn plants. A room has
been added to one side. The bars on the windows in-
dicate that it is the jail. Garrett dismounts and
relieves Gate of his gun.

A WOMAN APPEARS in the doorway. She is massive and
fills the entire doorway. She has a square, thin-
lipped face and squinting paranoid eyes.

BAKER'S WIFE (looking sus-
piciously at Garrett and Gate)
He's out back.

Garrett tips his hat to her and prods Gate. They walk to the back of the house. We HEAR the SCRAP-ING of a rough tool on wood.

113-116
CONT'D
(2)

AS GARRETT TURNS THE CORNER of the house, we see CULLEN BAKER working on the unfinished frame of a small wooden boat. He is planing the wood with slow, even strokes.

Beyond Baker flows the sluggish river Pecos. It is very hot and still.

Baker is a thin, emaciated man in his late middle years. He has his shirt off and is sweating profusely. A holster with a six-gun in it hangs on a fence post near him, at hip level.

GARRETT

Howdy, Cullen.

BAKER

How do yourself. What you doin' with that piece of sheep dip? I like to blow his thievin' head off for jest ridin' through my town.

GATE (still clutching
the rooster, mumbling to
himself)

I ain't paid nobody no never mind.
Been keepin' to my own good hole.
Thinkin' of goin' to Texas...

GARRETT (not paying
any attention to Gate)

The Kid broke out. Killed Ollinger and Bell. Thought maybe Gate or some of his boys might have some sign on him. Want him anyway for that train hold-up at Springer.

GATE (sitting down)

That was more'n a year ago.
Cain't hardly hold a man to what he don't even recall.

BAKER (slowly working
on his boat)

Been thinkin' about roustin' those boys out of town. Gate's been livin' with Black Harris and Sut Cole outside of town. Cain't jest seem to get to it. Could be I'm getting too long in the tooth to go up agin the likes of them.

GATE

I don't know nothin' about the Kid.
Ain't seen him since he gut-shot
Purdy Roberts.

GARRETT WALKS OVER TO GATE and pushes him down on
his back with his boot.

BAKER

Heard you was workin' for Chisum. I'd
as soon be outside the law as wear a
badge for the town of Lincoln and
them what's in it.

GATE

Me too.

GARRETT

It's a job. A man gets to an age he
don't want to spend time figuring
what comes next.

BAKER (spitting
tobacco juice)
Yeah, well, let's get to it. But
it'll cost you some change. I don't
do nothin' no more lessen there's a
piece of gold attached.

Garrett grabs Gate by the collar and pushes him
towards Baker's house.

INT. - BAKER'S HOUSE

117

The inside of Sheriff Baker's house is simple to
the point of austerity: A dining room table of
rough planks, "Wanted" posters on the wall, simple
kitchen utensils.

Baker's wife takes the coins that Garrett gives her
and puts them underneath a floor board. She takes
the dead rooster from Gate and throws it on the table.
Then she ushers Gate through a door into the jail.
She SLAMS the DOOR and turns to Garrett and Baker.

BAKER'S WIFE

I don't like it, Cullen. This town
ain't worth it for you to go up agin
'em jest for Garrett. You ain't that
young no more. I say let 'em lie.

BAKER

Garrett'd get his ass shot off goin'
up agin 'em alone. But I'll tell ya
truth; I ain't got a shine for it
myself.

Garrett reaches in his pocket and hands Baker's wife 117
 some more coins. She puts them away. Then she reaches CONT'D
 for two shotguns hanging on the wall and hands them (2)
 to Garrett. Next she hands Baker another Colt and
 a bottle full of kerosene.

They leave the house.

EXT. - BAKER, BAKER'S WIFE, GARRETT, BUCKBOARD

118-129

Garrett and Baker ride in front of the buckboard.
 Baker's wife rides in back, lying down on a mattress
 so that she is out of sight from passersby. Beside
 her are the shotguns.

THEY RIDE through town and approach a shack at the
 edge of the river.

A MAN SITS BY THE BANK idly fishing and drinking from
 a bottle. He stands up as they approach and grabs a rifle;
 then, he walks behind a woodpile at the side of the house.

BAKER TURNS THE BUCKBOARD around in front of the house
 so that its rear end is pointing towards the door.
 Baker and Garrett climb off the buckboard and stand to
 the side of it, so that they are still protected from
 a line of fire from the shack.

GARRETT (shouting)
 Black Harris.

HARRIS (from behind
 the woodpile)
 I ain't seen the Kid if'n that's what
 you're after, Garrett. If it's straight
 up one to one you want, I'm your man.
 But leave Baker out of it, he's too
 old and mangy and it'd be like breakin'
 off a dead twig.

GARRETT
 I'm lookin' for sign, Black. It's
 either that or I take you and Sut in
 for that job up at Springer.

A GUN SLOWLY APPEARS out of a window.

HARRIS
 Jesus, Pat, that rings lame to me.
 We been lyin' low ever since Chisum
 cleaned us off his range. Now whyn't
 you and that old cow's fart go on back
 to the saloon and we'll jest get on
 with livin'.

BAKER'S WIFE (from
inside the buckboard)
He talk too goddamm much. I don't
want him in my jail.

118-129
CONT'D
(2)

BAKER

Walk on out, Harris, I aim to have
you out of my town.

HARRIS

You come on in, Cullen, if'n your
dead log's legs will carry you this
far. We'll swap old times.

There is a moment of silence.

BAKER

Let's take 'em.

THE RIFLE FROM THE HOUSE EXPLODES and a bullet hits
the buckboard, causing the horses to rear. The rear
gate of the buckboard falls down and Baker's wife
lets go with the shotgun at the window. Then she
grabs the other shotgun and fires at the window again.

THERE IS A SCREAM from the house and Sut Cole falls
out the window.

GARRETT AND BAKER exchange gunfire with Harris, who
is behind the woodpile. BAKER IS SHOT in the shoulder and

THE HORSES LOSE CONTROL and run the buckboard out of
sight.

ANOTHER MAN MAKES A MOVE out the door and is drilled
by the wounded Baker. GARRETT SPRINTS for the side
of the house.

EXT. - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - GARRETT

130-143

Garrett slowly inches towards the corner of the house.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE, Harris inches towards
the same corner. Harris is badly wounded. His eyes
are glazed and blood is pouring out of his side.

THREE HUNDRED FEET IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, Cullen
Baker lies dying on the ground. His rifle has been
thrown ten feet to the side of him and he is vainly
trying to crawl for it.

HARRIS (choking;
crying out)
Us old boys oughtn't to be doin'
this to each other, Pat. They ain't
that many of us left. You and I rode
into this county together. Hell, it
was more'n fifteen years ago...
Oh.....I'm bleedin' like a stuck pig.

There is a moment of silence.

GARRETT SITS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, checking his
pistol. He stands and starts to climb through a
window but

HARRIS MANAGES TO FIRE two shots at him from the
opposite window.

GARRETT SINKS DOWN

HARRIS (cont'd)
Ain't no sense trying to blind-side
each other, Pat. We're too old for
that style. Let's jest have it on
out...For old time's sake. I'll tell
ya another thing: I know where the
Kid is at.

THEY BOTH MOVE SLOWLY towards the corner. A CROWD
has gathered in back of the house. Most of them
stand silently, watching the action; a few quietly
make bets.

GARRETT
It ain't no use, Black. Tell me
where he's at and I'll get you to
the Doc. I ain't interested in
bringin' you in.

They inch closer to the corner. Garrett is tight-
lipped and sweating.

HARRIS (his voice
hoarse, almost a whisper)
You ain't jest a shitten, you ain't.
You're more interested in killin'
me...I'll tell you where he's at
when you're lyin' proper on the
ground. It'll be the last words
you hear.

Harris stands up, leaning against the side of the
house. His legs are wobbly. He shakes his head as
if to clear his vision.

BAKER'S WIFE PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD, carrying a
shotgun. She kneels next to Baker. He is dead.

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs. 11-8-72 P.41

HARRIS UTTERS A LONG CRY. Holding his side, he 130-143
stumbles past the corner. CONT'D
(3)

GARRETT FLATTENS HIMSELF on the ground.

HARRIS FIRES FROM THE HIP.

BAKER'S WIFE RISES AND FIRES into him from the rear.

GARRETT'S BULLET HITS HIM in the leg. He is lifted
clear off the ground.

GARRETT WALKS over to him and bends down.

HARRIS (dying, his
voice barely audible)
Paris, France.

Garrett stands up and walks through the crowd. He
passes Baker's wife, who numbly sits beside her husband.

EXT. - TRICHERA MOUNTAINS - EVENING 144

Garrett makes a simple camp in a small washout at
the base of a rocky butte. In back of him the butte
glows red and purple with the setting sun. In front
of him stretches the rolling desert that leads to
Sante Fe.

GARRETT WALKS to his hobbled horse and takes a bottle 145
of whisky from a saddlebag. He returns to his camp
fire and takes a long pull from the bottle.

146 OUT

EXT. - FORT SUMNER - EVENING 147

Billy walks beyond the fort to a field. He is alone.
The sun sets in front of him. One hundred feet away
lies an old hat. The hat is a Stetson, with half the
brim eaten away and a huge hole in the top.

BILLY DRAWS AND FIRES at the hat. He misses. A 148-150
small squirrel dashes out of the hat.

BILLY FIRES at the squirrel. He misses.

HE FIRES AGAIN AT THE HAT. He hits the hat.

148-150

CONT'D

(2)

THERE ARE GIGGLES BEHIND HIM. He turns and sees two small boys laughing at him. He laughs with them, then stops as he sees MARIA.

Maria is walking across the field towards Fort Sumner. She is carrying a basket of laundry.

The boys run after her. She stops for a moment, turning, and sees Billy. They stare at each other and then she turns and continues walking toward the Fort.

Billy follows.

BILLY

(catching up with Maria)

Hace mucho calor.

Maria doesn't answer.

BILLY

(walking alongside Maria)

Como se llama.

Maria doesn't answer. The boys laugh and Billy turns towards them, feigning anger. Maria walks into an adobe house on the edge of the Fort.

One of the Boys picks up a shirt Maria has dropped and hands it to him.

Billy walks up to the door of the adobe house.

He bangs on the door.

An old Woman comes to the door and stares at him without expression.

BILLY

Pardon. The Senorita dropped the shirt. I'm wondering if...

The Old Woman cuts him off by taking the shirt and going back inside, shutting the door.

Billy shrugs and turns away. He makes a sudden move at the Boys, who run away, laughing.

CUT TO:

151-153 OUT

EXT. - VALLEY - CHISUM HERD - DAWN

154

Billy, Silva and Alias ride. The three horsemen move silently into the edge of the herd.

GRADUALLY THEY SEPARATE FIVE COWS and drive them over the rise, away from the main herd.

155

CUT TO:

156 OUT

EXT. - HILLS - AFTERNOON

157

Billy, Silva and Alias move the cattle through brown hills covered with sparse pine trees. The sun is directly overhead.

SUDDENLY A FLOCK OF TURKEYS start up in front of Billy.

158

BILLY (shouting
to Alias)
Let's get 'em. They can't fly when
they're goin' uphill.
(he yells back to Silva)
Hold the critters!

Billy and Alias ride after the turkeys, who are scurrying up one of the hills. The turkeys are unable to launch themselves although they flap their wings.

Alias and Billy yell and wave their ropes. They miss two or three times. Alias connects one.

BILLY TRIES TO LEAN DOWN AND GRAB A TURKEY by the neck, but he nearly falls off his horse and maybe does.

159

160-162 OUT

THEY CHASE THE TURKEYS into the pine trees at the top of the hill.

163

THE TURKEYS DISAPPEAR into the woods.

164

Pat Garrett.....

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P.42B

ALIAS AND BILLY GET OFF THEIR HORSES and lie-down
They are winded and exhilarated.

165

They are quiet for a long moment. They lie on their
backs and look at the cloudless sky. There is no
sound except for a gentle wind blowing in the pine
trees.

The moment is broken by galloping hoofbeats in the
valley below. Alias starts to get up, but Billy
motions for him to stay down.

Billy and Alias crawl to where they can see the
small valley below.

SEVEN RIDERS ARE CONVERGING ON SILVA. Three have
cut him off in front. Four block the rear. THE
CATTLE ARE STAMPEDING.

166-167

SILVA TRIES TO FIND A WAY OUT of the circle. He
rides straight ahead and then wheels his horse and
tries to angle off. But they close him off at each
turn. They surround him.

168-172

BILLY

Those are Chisum's men.

ONE OF CHISUM'S MEN (WAYNE) grabs Silva's saddle.
Another (RED) takes his pistol and rifle. For
a long moment no one moves.

RED POSITIONS HIS HORSE in front of Silva and
slowly draws his pistol.

HE SHOOTS SILVA in the stomach. Silva falls off
his horse. One foot catches in the stirrup and
he hangs towards the ground.

WAYNE SHOOTS SILVA'S HORSE. The horse falls,
crushing Silva's body.

TWO MEN GET OFF THEIR HORSES and arrange Silva's
body so that his arms are around the horse's
neck and his legs around its belly.

173

BILLY (reaching
for his rifle)
Goddamn sons of bitches.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

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P.42C

BILLY AND ALIAS CUT LOOSE with their rifles. THEY
DROP TWO MEN and throw another off his horse. THEY
MOUNT AND RIDE towards Chisum's men, who are scatter-
ing in confusion.

174-180

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN THROWN, stands and takes aim at
Billy.

BILLY SHOOTS HIM through the head.

ALIAS CRIPPLES ANOTHER HORSE, the rider falling and
managing to jump up behind the rider.

THE REST OF CHISUM'S men escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BILLY AND ALIAS DISMOUNTING NEAR SILVA'S BODY 181

Billy and Alias slowly dismount. Alias can't look at the obscene necrophilic posture of Silva and his horse. Billy is unable to look away. He stares at Silva, his expression blank and yet intense.

BILLY SITS ON THE DEAD HORSE'S RUMP and wipes his brow, finally looking at the ground. 182

BILLY (standing up)
Help me get Silva.

Alias shakes his head and mounts up.

ALIAS
It d--d--don't matter n-n-none once
you-you-you're d-d-dead.

BILLY (prying Silva's
body loose from the horse)
It matters to me. I ain't forgettin'
and I ain't about to be forgot
neither.

183-194 OUT

EXT. - SANTA FE - GOVERNOR'S PALACE - DAY 195

The Governor's Palace is a large 16th Century building built by the Spanish. From a second-story window flies the American flag.

Garrett walks by the GUARD at the door. He addresses a man in a captain's dress uniform who sits behind a large desk. He is the Governor's AIDE.

GARRETT (very slowly)
Come to see the Governor.

AIDE (his manner is
stern and military)
You're late, Sheriff.

GARRETT
It was a long walk, son.

The aide starts to walk into the door behind him but before he can enter, Garrett brushes by him.

INT. - PALACE - DAY

Garrett enters onto a long veranda surrounded by four walls. In the center is a lush garden. Three MEN sit at one end. To one side stands a large canvas map mounted on an easel.

Garrett is greeted by GOVERNOR WALLACE, a tall, thin man with receding grey hair and a rather long mustache. He wears the uniform of a General.

A portly, smooth-faced MAN in a grey business suit sits behind the desk. Next to him stands a small, thin MAN in inexpensive cord pants and wire-rimmed glasses. Behind them, standing rigid, almost at attention, stands JOHN POE, a large and muscular man with a wide clean-shaven face. He is dressed in a shiny black cord suit and black bowler. His entire stance is one of self-righteous determination.

GOVERNOR WALLACE (advancing to Garrett and absently shaking his hand)
Good of you, Sheriff. We have more privacy this way.

The Governor retreats a few paces and peers intently out the window.

GOVERNOR WALLACE
I love these New Mexican evenings. They bring us closer to some greater design. There is a fabulous melancholy to them...
(turning to Garrett who manages not to nod off, snapping his head back)
Ah, yes, Sheriff, allow me to introduce Mr. Lewellyn Howland.
(the man behind the desk nods briefly to Garrett)
And, ah... let me see...

SMALL THIN MAN (softly but with no emotion in his voice)
Norris.

GOVERNOR WALLACE
These, ah, gentlemen are very concerned about the escape of William Bonney, a concern which I believe you also share, Sheriff.

GARRETT
He escaped from my jail.

GOVERNOR WALLACE

Exactly.

There is a moment of awkward silence in the room.
Howland and Norris stare at Garrett coldly.

GOVERNOR WALLACE

How can I best explain? The territory is vast and primitive. There is money here and growing investments and these investments have to be protected so that the area can continue to grow...

Garrett starts to nod, catches himself.

HOWLAND (interrupting)

I believe you rode with the Kid, didn't you, Sheriff?

GARRETT

I did.

HOWLAND

You must be aware of his moves.

GARRETT

I know Billy. But he ain't exactly predictable.

HOWLAND

Come now, Sheriff. As a man who is half outlaw himself and still smart enough to be elected Sheriff by Chisum and the rest of the big ranchers, I expect better than that. Can you bring him in or should we look elsewhere?

GARRETT

I can if'n the big Peckerheads don't mess things up and start another cattle war.

Howland takes a sip from a small silver flask that Norris hands him. He gazes out the window and then stares again at Garrett. Garrett stares at the bottle.

HOWLAND (to Norris)

Make a note to straighten Chisum out. Remind him that 60,000 head of cattle is not so many when seen from our perspective.

(Continued)

HOWLAND (cont'd;
to Garrett)
You people are obsolete, Sheriff.
Oh, the Chisums will hang on for
awhile and a few of them might
survive but you and the Kid have
only a few plays left. I suggest
that you grab onto a few winning
hands while you have the chance.

196
CONT'D
(3)

He stops and takes another sip from the flask.

HOWLAND (cont'd;
to Norris)
say something, Norris. You're good
on this line.

NORRIS (in a flat
dispassionate voice)
We're bringing in the gold and we
don't want the dust stirred up by
famous guns. We want the action
stopped. We want the land. When
it's all over the land will be
what's left.

GOVERNOR WALLACE (try-
ing to join in)
It's most important, Sheriff, for
us not to frighten potential
settlers and investors.

HOWLAND
It's called civilization, Sheriff,
You might get used to it.

He nods to Norris and takes a sip from the flask.
He looks at Garrett, who still stares at the flask.
He awkwardly offers Garrett the flask. Garrett
shakes his head.

NORRIS
We are offering a reward of \$1,000
for the Kid's capture. You are to
have \$500 now regardless of whether
you bring him in or not.

GARRETT (staring
at Howland)
I ain't to bring the Kid in but until
I get him, I'm tellin' you to take
that money and shove it up your ass
and set fire to it.

Garrett leaves. Howland watches him go with a thin,
quizzical smile on his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs. 11-8-72

P.46A

EXT. - EL CAPITAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

197

Garrett makes a lonely camp near a stark butte. He hobbles his horse and prepares a fire. The night is clear, the stars brilliant. Garrett looks tired and drawn in on himself. His gestures are slow and weary.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MOUNTAINS - LATER THAT NIGHT

198

Garrett stares into the small fire he has built. One has the sense of vast space around him. There is no sound.

A VOICE calls out of the night. It is soft, but with an edge to it.

VOICE

Keep on starin' at the fire.

Garrett keeps on staring at the fire.

There is a long moment of silence.

VOICE (cont'd)

Anyone else around?

GARRETT

No.

VOICE

Even so, I'm takin' my sweet time walkin' in. I got me a Remington Navy .36 at the back of your neck.

There is a long moment of silence. Garrett holds his frozen position.

VOICE (cont'd)

State your name.

GARRETT

Pat Garrett.

There is a long moment of silence.

VOICE

Turn your head sideways.

Garrett does as he is told.

VOICE (cont'd)

Come down from Santa Fe?

GARRETT

Last week.

VOICE

I was there. Name is Poe. John W. Poe out of Fort Griffin, Texas. I come from Wallace, remember?

JOHN POE walks into the firelight. He walks around to the other side of the fire and stares down at Garrett. Garrett stares up at him. Poe wears new chaps, a leather vest, and a battered Stetson.

Poe squats down. Garrett throws him a coffee cup.
Poe pours himself some coffee.

198
CONT'D
(2)

POE (trying to
be friendly)
Hobbled my horse back yonder.
Couldn't figure your tracks.
Thought you might be ridin'
the high line.

Poe drinks his coffee. Garrett stares into the
fire. There is a moment of strained silence.

POE
Governor Wallace made me a deputy.
Figure he probably told you.

GARRETT
Got me a deputy.

POE
Three's better'n two...I already
been swore in. And I answer only
to the Governor and to Mr. Norris
and Mr. Howland.
(there is a long silence)
Heard talk on the trail that the
Kid's in Mexico. It don't figure
to me. Too many little signs keep
croppin' up. Most likely he's
tryin' to get his old bunch
together again.
(there is a silence)
But you must know more about him
than anybody, seein' as how you
knowed him these past years. I
heard you shared grub with him at
Fort Sumner and shared a few other
things as well. I reckon that
would be the first place he'd fight
shy of.
(there is a silence)
Feels like rain comin' on.

Garrett lies down and prepares to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MOUNTAINS - RAIN - DAY

199

It is raining. Poe and Garrett have their ponchos
on. They prepare to mount up.

POE (his foot in
the stirrup)
Which way we goin'?

GARRETT (not
looking at Poe)
I'm goin' south to west.

199
CONT'D
(2)

POE (swinging
into the saddle)
That'd be Chisum's ranch. No reason
for the Kid to be in that part of
the country. Chisum is out to get
him. A fine man, Mr. Chisum. The
country needs more like him -- strong-
willed, no bullshit to him. Men
that ain't afraid to raise the flag.

Garrett doesn't answer. He rides down the mountain.
Poe follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CHISUM RANGE - DAY

200-203

Garrett and Poe ride through a high rolling prairie
covered with a knee-high heavy growth of black
grama grass. Around them and stretching as far as
the eye can see are thousands of cattle.

POE (riding
next to Garrett)
The way I see it is that Mr. Chisum
and men like him can't afford to
give any kind of play to the Kid or
anyone like him. The country's got
to decide which way it's goin' to go.
The time is over for drifters and
outlaws and them that's got no back-
bone.

GARRETT
Or money.

THEY RIDE ON FOR A WHILE and then Garrett reins in
his horse. After a few hundred feet, Poe realizes
Garrett has stopped and turns his horse around.
GARRETT SITS in his saddle, staring at him.

POE WAITS for Garrett to catch up, but Garrett
doesn't move. He keeps staring at Poe. Finally,
Poe rides back.

200-3 CONTINUED

200-3

GARRETT

(when Poe has ridden back)

I'm goin' to tell you this once and don't
make me do it again... The country's gettin'
old and I aim to get old with it. The kid,
don't want that and he might be a better man
for it. I ain't judgin'.. and I don't want you
explainin' nothin' to me and I don't want you
talkin' about the kid or nobody else in my country.

203A FORT SUMNER EXT. (DAY)

203A

PACO FINISHES LOADING HIS WAGON. YOLANDA AND MARIA ARE HELPING.
BILLY ALIAS AND LUKE SIT A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

LUKE

I guess when you can't get it up to dance no more
you got to pack up and leave.

(he looks back at Alias and Billy. They
don't answer)

He's old... Yeah.. He got old.

PACO

(who has finished packing. He comes over
to Billy)

Amigo

BILLY

Amigo.

PACO

It's time.

BILLY

Buena Suerte. Until I see you

PACO

Come to Mexico, Billy. People know you are here.
I say this as your friend.

LUKE

Hell. In old Mex you'd just be another drunken
gringo shitten out hot chili peppers and waitin to
get old

A pause. Alias gets up and walks over to Paco. He takes out a knife
with an intricately carved handle. He hands it to Paco.

ALIAS

Adios Paco. It has a good edge.

PACO

(very moved surprised)

Gracias, Amigo.

LUKE

There's a lot of ground between here and the border
and it's all Chisum's. You'd better keep them sheep
moving or they'll wind up on his table.

PACO

I have no quarrel with Chisum....

PACO (cont)

That is an old war that is over. You let him alone and he'll let you alone.

BILLY

Don't you believe it

Paco looks at him, walks over to the wagon and climbs up. He leaves. Maria watches the wagon go, briefly looks at Billy and walks to her house.

LUKE

(gettin up and walking away)

Damn, I'm thirsty.

ALIAS

(after a pause)

You can leave... You can leave.

(Billy looks at him)

Could you live in Mexico ?

BILLY

C ould you ?

ALIAS

(to himself)

Yeah ... leaving.

There is a pause.

BILLY

Have you ever been to California ?

ALIAS

Not yet.

BILLY

I ain't either. But they're sure puttin it on me to go somewhere.

ALIAS

Leaving would sure give Garrett some size.

BILLY

Well, I reckon he's given me about as much time as he can. I guess Mexico ain't all that different for a few months.

ALIAS

That depends on who you are.

204/5 EXT. CHISUM RANCH EARLY EVENING

204/5

GARRET AND POE HAVE RIDDEN FURTHER INTO THE CHISUM DOMAIN. IN THE DISTANCE they can see the ranch houses. TWO RIDERS APPROACH THEM FROM THE WEST. They ride alongside them. They are Wayne and Red. Two of the riders present at Silva's death.

206/7 GARRETT AND POE RIDE THROUGH THE GATE THE TWO RIDERS ON EITHER side of them.

208 THEY DISMOUNT. THE TWO RIDERS STAY ON THEIR HORSES. They are several

Pat Garrett.....

50C

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203

203 CONTINUED

RIDER

(to Garrett)

He's over to the corral.

200-19 EXT. CORRAL EVENING

200-19

GARRETT AND POE WALK TO ONE OF THE CORRALS FARTHEST AWAY FROM THE HOUSE.
A WILD HORSE IS BEING BROKEN IN THE CORRAL. Several cowboys watch from outside.

A TALL WHITE HAIRED MAN STANDS BY HIMSELF watching the horse get busted.
He has his back to Garrett and Poe. He is CHISUM

They walk up and stand beside him. Even though the horse has thrown its rider, STEBBINS, a man present at Silva's death, Chisum stares straight ahead, not acknowledging Poe and Garrett. His presence is lean and tense. The tightness of his lips and the severity of his features suggest great control and the complicated and repressed emotions of a committed puritan.

THE HORSE IS MOUNTED AGAIN by Stebbins.

CHISUM (still looking
at the horse, which has now
thrown the rider again)
Mescaleros stole forty head of horses
last week.

GARRETT
They're off the reservation.

CHISUM
Bonney stole five a couple of weeks
ago and tried to get some cattle.

THEY WATCH THE RIDER get thrown again.

GARRETT
He says you owe him five hundred in
back wages.

CHISUM TURNS TO GARRETT and Poe for the first time.

CHISUM
He rode for me. I treated him
like any other man.

Garrett looks away.

POE
All the signs point to Bonney still
bein' in the country. I believe
we'll get him.

CHISUM
Gentlemen, Bonney won't live the
summer.

He turns to look at another horse being led into
the corral.

POE
The way I see it, once the Kid is
killed, money won't be afraid to
land in Lincoln.

CHISUM (turning to
look at Poe)
Who are you?

POE

John Poe.

THE RIDER STAYS ON THE HORSE, breaking him into a shuddering standstill.

CHISUM (to Garrett)

You have to kill him.

GARRETT

He'll be killed. But not for you.

They look at each other.

CHISUM

I don't want him to be killed for me. I want him gone because too much has already been said about him. I want him gone because he's too short and because he's never killed a man dead center in his life. He also killed three of my best men.

GARRETT

After what your boys did to Silva, he'd sure as hell put one through the center of you.

CHISUM

Sheriff, will you tell me why you rode all the way out here?

POE (confused, seeking to smooth an awkward situation)

We thought you might have heard something.

CHISUM

I'll tell you what I've heard. I always tell you what I've heard, Garrett. Billy the Kid is in Tuscosa. Billy the Kid is in Pecos. Billy the Kid is in Tombstone. Billy the Kid is in Mexico. Billy the Kid is in Taos. Billy the Kid is in Tularosa, Socorro and White Oaks. And Billy the Kid is sitting in my dining room at this moment eating tacos and green chili peppers with my niece, just like old times...Are you staying for supper?

GARRETT

No...thank you.

CHISUM

Mr. Poe?

POE (thoroughly
bewildered, but eager to
be in Chisum's good graces)
Why, yes...I could eat.

CHISUM TURNS TO LEAVE, followed by Poe and Garrett.

CHISUM
Fine...the bunkhouse is behind the
large barn. The men usually eat
when the cook lets them. It was
interesting meeting you, Mr. Poe.
Perhaps I shall see you again.

They walk off, leaving a bewildered Poe.

CHISUM (cont'd)
Glad to be of service, Garrett.
But don't overuse it.

POE STANDS BY THE CORRAL, watching them. Behind
him, another horse is mounted.

GARRETT (the tone of
his voice more reflective,
softer)
I appreciate the loan.

CHISUM
Heard you got some good bottom land
north of Roswell.

GARRETT
Good enough. Far enough from you.

THEY STOP NEAR GARRETT'S AND POE'S HORSES. Poe
walks up behind, stopping near the rear of his
horse and awkwardly rubbing his rear.

CHISUM
Are you going to get him?

GARRETT
Yeah. Most likely.
(he pauses, then turns back)
Leasaways before he gets you.

Garrett mounts up. Poe mounts up. They ride away.

CHISUM STANDS AND WATCHES THEM. His face is stern
and aloof and yet suddenly lonely. He doesn't
move until they have finally disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT. - ADOBE RUIN - FORT SUMNER - AFTERNOON

220

Lupe and Billy are in the corner of a ruined adobe house. They are naked. Billy sits against the wall and looks at Lupe. She lies on a thin pile of straw, staring at the sky. She is a large buxom woman with long black hair.

LUPE (looking at
Billy)
You don't come to me no more. I have
to find you.

BILLY
You found me.

LUPE
No. You are still away. Maybe you
think of someone else.

BILLY (looking away)
Maybe you shouldn't talk so much.

LUPE
You have to go now. Pronto --
esta noche. You've been here six
weeks. People know you are here.
Garrett, he knows you are here.

BILLY
He'll be the last to know.

LUPE
He knows.

BILLY
Pat don't know how to look no more.
He's lost that. He's tied into a
game he ain't dealin'.

LUPE
He will find you.

BILLY (putting his
hand on her breast,
absently stroking it)
I'm known here. I ain't never goin' to
be forgot here. In Mexico I'd be
another drunken gringo, and gettin'
old. I cut my notch here.

LUPE
You will not be old here.

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs. 12-19-72

A. 55-56

220 OUT

221-224

EXT. FORT SUMNER - LATE EVENING

Billy is mounted on a large dun with a black stripe down its back. He has a bedroll tied on behind him, a rifle in its scabbard and a canteen.

Alias holds the horse's reins.

MARIA STANDS OFF to one side, looking at Billy.

SIX OR SEVEN MEN, including Luke, Holly, Alias and Eno, stand around the horse looking up at Billy, in the crowd is Conchita.

LUKE

There's a lot of us that would ride with you.

BILLY

I ain't goin' all that long. I'll be back when this blows over. You boys wait for me.

ALIAS (looking up
at Billy)
Wh-wh-when you get t-t-to Me-Mexico...

BILLY (smiling)

I'll get there, I'll remember you to 'em. But I'd clear out, if I was you, Boy. No matter what happens, hard times are comin' down.

ENO

Ride to Socorro and then through Las Cruces and Mesilla.

MARIA WALLS OVER to him and hands him a silver chain with a St. Christopher medal on the end of it. He hangs it over his neck. He touches his thumb and forefinger to his lips, then reaches down and touches her gently on her nipple.

221-224
CONT'D
(2)

BILLY (turning the head
of his horse and walking
it through the crowd)
Remember me to whoever rides by...

Billy rides briskly through the parade ground. The crowd stares at him as he disappears through the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. - HIGH MESA - NIGHT

225

Billy rides across a mesa. The night is bright and clear. On either side of him loom the shadows of rugged mountains.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

226

Billy slowly picks his way down a steep mountain. The horse stumbles but Billy keeps him upright.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORRELL TRADING POST - EVENING

227

Billy rides his horse towards the Horrell Trading Post. He stops and enters the building.

228 OUT

INT. HORRELL TRADING POST - EVENING

229-231

The Trading Post is a huge room divided into two sections. On one side is the actual Trading Post, with barrels of goods, shelves and rolls of fabric and a long counter. On the other side, divided by hanging stirrups and farm equipment, is the Horrell kitchen, dining room and living room.

Billy steps into the large kitchen. In the middle of the eating area is an oak table with benches on both sides. Three teenage boys and a man sit on one side of the table. The man is ALBERTA BILL, Carrett's deputy in Lincoln. Six smaller children, two boys and four girls, sit on the other side of the table. A stern white-haired man with a lean hatchet-shaped face sits down at one end. A large buxom woman stirs a pot on the stove.

229-231
CONT'D
(1)

EVERYONE STOPS TALKING AND STARES at Billy as he enters.

The woman drops her spoon.

WOMAN (crying out)
Well I'll be. Billy! I didn't think
we'd be gettin' to see you.

229-231
(CONT'D)
(2)

BILLY (shyly, holding his
hat in his hand)
Howdy, ma'am. Felt obliged to pay
my respects before movin' on.

The woman advances on Billy and holds him at arm's
length, carefully looking him over.

WOMEN
You've gotten as thin as a snake on
stilts. Didn't they feed you in that
jail?

Billy turns to the table.

BILLY (to the white-haired
man)
Howdy, Mr. Horrell.

MR. HORRELL (looking at
Billy sternly)
You picked a fine time to come,
Billy.

Billy looks at Alamosa Bill.

BILLY
Didn't figure you for takin' on a
badge.

ALAMOSA BILL (looking
calmly at Billy)
Didn't figure on it myself. I was
in town bein' purely sociable. Rode
in from Seven Rivers to see you hang.
Garrett swore me in when you lit out.

MRS. HORRELL (placing a bowl
of potatoes on the table)
I won't be having any ill talk at my
table. Set, Billy, and fill yourself.

Billy sits at the table, opposite Alamosa Bill. Mr.
Horrell bows his head. Everyone follows.

MR. HORRELL
Bless, O Lord, this house and these
vittles. A-men.

Everyone at the table reaches for the food at once.
The plates are heaped full. No one talks as they eat.

MR. HORRELL (slamming a
spoon down on the boy next to
him)
You know the rules. Keep one foot on
the ground when you reach.

THE REST OF THE MEAL IS EATEN IN SILENCE, with Mrs.
Horrell seeing that all the plates are kept full.

MRS. HORRELL (to Alamosa
Bill after his plate is finished)
Another fried pie?

ALAMOSA BILL
Don't mind if I do, ma'am. Never
tasted anything so good in my life.

MRS. HORRELL
Billy?

BILLY
No, thank you, ma'am.

Alamosa Bill is the last one to finish his meal.
He sits back, satisfied.

ALAMOSA BILL (looking up
from his empty plate)
I don't reckon you run across old
Pat, did you, Billy?

BILLY
Can't say that I did.

MR. HORRELL
He's goin' to track you till he gets
you, Billy. He might not look it
but Pat Garrett has got more sand
than most.

BILLY
I'm outlawed, all right. Alamosa
here will see to that. And it hasn't
been long since I was a law ridin'
for Chisum and old Pat was an outlaw.
Funny thing, the law.

ALAMOSA BILL
Yeah, well, we best get to it.

MR. HORRELL (wiping his
face and standing up)
And I jest got finished puttin' in a
new cottonwood door. Used the old
one for my son John. Got shot up by
Olin Carroll. He's out yonder by that
elm.

BILLY
I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Horrell.

MR. HORRELL (going over to
the door and beginning to unpry
it with a crowbar)
He was a good hand, John. Never could
shoot, though...
(he grunts at the door)
Hardy, you and Lee help me with this
door.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OUTSIDE HORRELL TRADING POST - EVENING

232-236

The light from the setting sun is warm and soft. Mr. Horrell has taken off the door with his two sons. They stand outside with the rest of the family. Billy and Alamosa Bill strap on their holsters a few feet away. Mrs. Horrell dries her hands on a dishrag.

ALAMOSA BILL (to Billy)
You don't reckon there's another way
to work this out?

BILLY
No.

ALAMOSA BILL
Well, we best get to it. Ten steps?

BILLY
Suits me....Start countin'.

Alamosa Bill says nothing.

BILLY
You figured on another way?

ALAMOSA BILL
Can't come up with anything.

BILLY
Then start counting.

STANDING BACK TO BACK, they begin walking away from each other, stepping and counting aloud simultaneously.

AT NINE, ALAMOSA WHIRLS AND FIRES. His shot is hurried and he misses.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

11-14-72 P.61-64

BILLY, SMILING SLIGHTLY, shoots him through the stomach as he counts Ten.

232-236

CONT'D

(2)

BILLY WALKS QUICKLY up to Alamosa Bill. Bending down, he unbuttons his shirt.

BILLY (as he tries to
stop the flow of blood)
You should have tried at eight, old
hoss,

ALAMOSA BILL
I never could count. But leastways
I'll be remem....

Alamosa Bill dies.

Billy straightens up and walks over to his horse.
He mounts and rides off without looking back.

The Horrells stand in front of their home and watch
him ride out of the valley.

(JONES TRADING POST HERE?)

EXT. - DESERT - EARLY DAWN

237

Billy rides slowly across a desert populated by
cholla cactus and sage. His horse scrambles down
and then up a deep arroyo. The night is beginning
to soften into dawn.

CUT TO:

238-258 OUT

EXT. JONES TRADING POST - DAY (This scene plays between Scenes 236 and 237.)
Garrett and Poe ride up to the Jones Trading Post. The country is desolate and parched. The Trading Post is made out of logs and canvas. A sign says: Groceries. Another: Saloon.

Garrett and Poe dismount and hitch their horses to a hitching post. They walk into the saloon.

INT. SALOON - AFTERNOON

260-261

The saloon is long and narrow and very dark. At the rear are shelves holding canned goods and other provisions.

There are only two tables.

LEMUEL, the bartender, an old man with a white beard, is asleep on the bar, his head resting on a half-filled flour sack.

Garrett goes behind the bar and removes a bottle of whisky from a shelf, and two glasses. He returns to a table.

POE AND GARRETT SIT DOWN

GARRETT (softly,
pouring them both drinks)
They know you in these parts?

POE
I ain't never rode through here.
Tell you one thing, though. We
best get the Kid soon. They're
already talkin' about you in
Lincoln. I calculate you ain't
been there in more than six weeks.
I don't want to mess with your
plans, Garrett, but this don't
seem the best way to be trackin'
a man down.

GARRETT
When I want you to keep time for
me I'll ask you.

Garrett pours another round. They drink silently.
Garrett appears moody and distracted.

GARRETT
I'll stay here the night. You
swing to the east and then south.
I'll pick you up in Roswell in
five days. Six at the most. They
don't know you, so you might pick
up somethin'.

Poe stands up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

260-261
CONT'D
(2)

POE

Are you gettin' tired, Garrett?
Looks like you're only good for
another two weeks.

GARRETT (not looking up)

Yeah... Well, adios.

Poe walks out of the saloon. Garrett stares at his bottle.

LEMUEL (waking up)

It ain't the time o' year to go
lookin' for somebody. You get too
rifled up, your bark is liable to
fall off.

GARRETT (still

looking at the bottle)

Yeah...I ain't got much force in
hot weather.

CUT TO:

INT. - SALOON - LATE AFTERNOON

262-280

Garrett sits at the table. The bottle is empty and another full one stands by its side. Garrett stares at the bottle. A fly slowly circles the saloon. The bartender sleeps on the bar, this time curled over his side, with his arm under his cheek. He SNORES softly.

HOLLY WALKS INTO THE SALOON. He is hot and weary. He wears a tied-down gun and a bowie knife.

He takes his gun out of the holster and raps the handle on the bar and stands behind it.

Garrett continues to stare at his bottle.

HOLLY

You like to waste the best part of
the day, old-timer. Gimme a bottle.

The bartender gives him a bottle and a glass.

HOLLY TURNS AND LOOKS AT GARRETT as two more men come in. One is Beaver, the half-breed, with leggings, moccasins and a black bowler hat. The other is Alias.

ALIAS

I li-li-like to br-br-break my laig
cr-cr-crossin' that wash back
yo-y-y-yonder.

They come up to the bar and stop, looking at Garrett.

Garrett slowly turns his eyes from the bottle to the men at the bar.

GARRETT

Hello, Holly.

HOLLY

Howdy, Sheriff. A bit off your
graze, ain't you?

GARRETT

A bit.

BEAVER (trying
unsuccessfully to smile)
A bit off your graze, ain't you?

Garrett looks at Beaver. There is a moment of
tension in the room.

HOLLY (smiling)

Hell, everybody knows he's lookin'
for the Kid. Last we heard he was
over to the Horrell place shootin'
up your deputy jest before he took
off for Tombstone.

Garrett stares at the three men. They turn to their
drinks at the bar.

LEMUEL (cackling)

Ain't nobody in the territory seen
the Kid. For all I know he's out-
side waitin' to see if'n he can get
hissself a drink.

HOLLY DOWNS HIS SHOT and moves towards the door.

GARRETT (an edge to
his voice, as his hand
slowly lays his gun in front
of him on the table, pointing
in the direction of the bar)
Ain't no need to run off, Holly.

HOLLY SLOWLY TURNS, his hand inches away from his
gun. They stare at each other.

LEMUEL AND THE OTHER TWO men watch Garrett, but he
doesn't move.

GARRETT SLOWLY PICKS UP his pistol.

HOLLY

He ain't out there, Pat. Hell, I
thought you'd a heard about Alamosa.
I ain't never had nothin' agin him.
Even pulled a job with him over at
Stinkin' Crik.

GARRETT (his hand steady)
You boys shuck them holsters and
let 'em lie where they fall.

The three men let their holsters fall to the floor.

GARRETT

You boys carryin' wages?

HOLLY

What kind of wages you mean?

GARRETT (laying his gun
down on the table)
Any kind. Thought we might play a
few sociable hands.

THE THREE MEN WALK OVER to Garrett's table. Holly
carries a bottle which he sets down next to Garrett.
He and Beaver sit down. Alias stands next to the
table while Garrett pulls out a pack of cards and
riffles them.

HOLLY

Ain't no harm in bein' sociable.

BEAVER (trying unsucces-
sfully to smile again)
Ain't no harm in...

He stops when Garrett gives him a long look.

GARRETT (still
riffling the cards)
Boy?

ALIAS

Y-y-yes.

GARRETT

Go on over behind the bar and get
that shotgun that old Lemuel's got
his hands on and bring it on over
here barrel first.

LEMUEL (raising the shotgun over the bar, careful to keep his fingers well away from the trigger; Garrett puts the cards on the table and casually puts his hand on his pistol)

262-280
CONT'D
(4)

Ain't no need to get a mad on, Pat. I weren't really set on usin' it. But these boys been patronizin' me real good.

ALIAS TAKES THE SHOTGUN by the barrel and brings it back to the table. Garrett takes it and stands it up against his chair.

BEAVER

Ain't no need to get a mad on, Pat.

GARRETT (emptying out the shells of the shotgun and handing it to Alias)
Go on and stand behind the breed there.

Alias does as he's told.

GARRETT

Now bring the stock down real firm-like on the back of his head.

Alias hesitates as Beaver starts to stand up. Garrett points his pistol at him.

GARRETT

Now boy, you do like I said or I'm goin' to put a hole through his chest that might just tickle your private parts on its way out.

ALIAS BRINGS THE STOCK OF THE shotgun down on Beaver's head. He falls off his chair to the floor.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Lemuel, I want you to drag your rat's ass on over to the table where we can all see you.

LEMUEL (walking over to the table and sitting down next to Garrett, mumbling and spitting on the floor)
Crazier than a goat-humpin' mule. All that law he done put inside himself all these years bustin' out. I don't give a sweet jerk in hell if'n the Kid lays him out. An' him damn near a Daddy to the Kid.

GARRETT (to Alias)

Now, boy, I want you to take his hat and settle it gently like over Lemuel's eyes. Those eyes ain't seen but the bad news side of things ever since he been in this territory.

Alias picks up Beaver's black bowler and pulls it over Lemuel's head. It is a huge bowler and Lemuel's nose is covered by it.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Now, boy, I want you to go on over to that shelf of air tight's and give us a good read loud enough for me to catch your sound.

ALIAS WALKS TO THE WALL in back of Garrett's table and stands in front of a shelf full of tin cans. He slowly and painfully begins to read out the labels of the cans.

GARRETT DEALS OUT a hand of poker to Holly.

GARRETT

Two's a better game, anyway.

HOLLY

He ain't out there, Pat.

LEMUEL

Damn right he ain't out there. The sheriff'd be dead air by now if'n he was around. I ain't partial to your moves, Pat.

HOLLY

Now listen, Pat, we ain't done nothin'. Hell, man, we just come in to wet ourselves down a little.

Holly reaches for the bottle and starts to pour himself a drink.

GARRETT

Take it from the bottle, Holly. No need to stand on manners around here.

Holly looks at him and then takes a slug from the bottle.

GARRETT

Keep on agoin', Holly.

HOLLY

Pat, what're you aimin' to do?
I ain't even a drinkin' man more'n a few belts sociable.

LEMUEL

262-280
CONT'D
(6)

He's drownin' ya, that's what he's doin'. He's gettin' his bark back on like he thinks it'll make him young agin, like the Kid, that's what. They'd better get to it soon; afore the whole territory gets lamed.

Holly takes a belt and then another. Pat deals a hand. When Holly pushes aside the bottle, Pat motions for him to keep drinking.

GARRETT

What're you doin' in these parts, Holly?

HOLLY (thickly, trying to play his cards and drink at the same time. He's starting to get dizzy)
Cuttin' strays. Figured to sign on to a drive...Ah, hell this stuff like to kill me. Whyn't you just knock me on the head and get it over.

LEMUEL

Home made is what it is. Me'n Black Harris whupped it up a month ago. Ain't had time to age. Ain't nothin' have time to age decent in this country.

Garrett pours Lemuel a drink and gives it to him. Holly keeps drinking.

HOLLY (his words slurring)

Are you afraid to take it to him or what? The Kid acts loco about you as well. I believe if he got a bullet into you, he'd get shut of this country for good. I ain't sayin' it too good. Don't take it personal, Pat, but you'n him been a little short of supplies ever since you been knowin' each other. Ah, hell, I ain't partial to neither one of ya.

Holly slowly eases his right hand towards the back of his belt. Garrett doesn't appear to notice.

LEMUEL

If'n it was up to me, Pat, I'd as soon see you get your head blowed off. You ain't been much good to nobody since you been on the tax collectin' side. Lookit the kind of play you're makin' now. Ain't got no sense to it. A dude's play.

HOLLY SUDDENLY MAKES HIS MOVE and whips up his knife to throw.

GARRETT MOVES HIS GUN over a few inches and fires it, without lifting it from the table. The bullet goes through Holly, lifting him up and slamming him to the ground.

ALIAS FREEZES, unable to read or turn around.

LEMUEL SITS IN HIS CHAIR unable to see, his hands half way up towards the bowler.

LEMUEL

You just made me shit in my pants, Pat. I ain't goin' to forgive ya for that.

ALIAS TURNS TO GARRETT. Garrett covers him with the gun. Alias turns back to the cans and keeps reading.

GARRETT STANDS UP and walks to the door.

LEMUEL

What's he doin'? He get Holly or what? Somebody tell me or get this stinkin' hat offen me.

Lemuel's voice trails after Pat as he steps out the door.

THE SUN IS SETTING OVER the vast expanse of barren desert. There is no one in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. - TUCKERMAN'S HOTEL - EVENING

281

Poe approaches a low adobe building. The country is dry and desolate and the outlines of the building seem especially bleak and angular. A large wooden sign, the letters of which have long faded, announces: TUCKERMAN'S WESTERN HOTEL. MEALS.

Poe hitches his horse to the railing outside the building and goes inside.

INT. - TUCKERMAN'S HOTEL

The hotel is a large adobe room divided into two sections by a wooden partition six feet tall. On one side of the wall are four round tables and a small bar made from the remains of a small buck-board. On the other side of the wall are ten bunks. Five on each side lined up in rows.

TUCKERMAN, the hotel keeper, is seated at one of the tables, drinking coffee. He is thin, almost emaciated, and his face is set in cruel suffering lines.

SACKETT, a small, intense man in a bowler hat, dusty striped pants, vest and patched shirt, sits at another table. He mutters to himself, violently drunk and tries to play solitaire.

In the sleeping area TWO MINERS - JOSH AND CODY - sit facing each other on bunks. On the floor in front of them and on their bunks are their worldly possessions. They appear to be dividing them up. They look up as Poe comes in and then return to their task.

TUCKERMAN looks up from his coffee cup but otherwise makes no move.

TUCKERMAN

Ain't see you before.

POE

Ain't been here before.

TUCKERMAN

One dollar for the night. Food extra.

POE

I'll take both.

SACKETT

You'd better take both. I chose the night and I'm gut sore and pissed.

Poe sits down at a table, facing Tuckerman.

POE (cont'd)

I'd welcome a steak and eggs if you got 'em.

TUCKERMAN

I got 'em.

He gets up and goes into a small room at the rear.

INT. - TUCKERMAN'S HOTEL - NIGHT

285-287

The dining room and sleeping area are lit by hanging kerosene lamps.

POE eats at one table. The hotel keeper sits staring at his coffee cup at a table in front of Poe.

SACKETT sits at another table.

IN THE OTHER SECTION, the two miners divide up their goods. JOSH is very old, stooped and white-haired. CODY equally old and battered, with a long handlebar moustache.

JOSH

I'll throw in the bowie knife...
Hell, I'll even give you the
stopperboard and granny bar.

CODY

I'd rather part with my topknot than
my Sharps. You already got yourself
a rifle.

SACKETT (to no one
in particular)
They're worse than a pair of Chinese
playin' with bones.

They are silent. Poe wipes his plate with a piece of bread. He looks up at Tuckerman, who is staring at him.

POE

Hot.

TUCKERMAN (still staring
at Poe)
It is.

Poe continues to wipe his plate.

JOSH

I'll throw in the hanging
bolt and self-feeder

CODY

No way you're gonna get that
weapon

POE (to Tuckerman)

I could use more of your potatoes.
Mighty fine potatoes.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs. 11-8-72 P.76

Tuckerman looks at Poe with suspicion.

285-287
CONT'D
(2)

TUCKERMAN

Can't do it.

SACKETT

You can't get a stage in here. Let alone
a sack of potatoes.

JOSH (his voice rising
in indignation)

That's considerable. That's what
that is. I been with you two years,
smellin' you and listenin' to you
flap your mouth like your jawbone
was broke. You owe me that Sharps
just for bein' the mess o' sheep
dip that you is.

CODY

No way.

Poe finishes his bread and sits back in his chair.
He stares at Tuckerman. Tuckerman stirs his coffee
with a slow circular motion of his spoon. He keeps
his eyes on the table in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. - TUCKERMAN'S HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

288

The goods are divided between the miners. They lie
on their bunks, smoking pipes and spitting on the
floor. Poe lies on his bunk, staring at the ceil-
ing. Sackett sits next to him on his bunk, drunkenly
trying to sew a button on his shirt.

JOSH (reflecting as
if to himself)

You're faced with the likes of him
and you give, that's all there is
to it.

CODY

I never would have.

JOSH

You're faced with Bonney and you
give. I don't want to hear no
more about it.

CODY

I'd give him buckshot.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

11-16-72 P.77

JOSH (sarcastically)
I always allowed you had force in
you.

288
CONT'D
(2)

CODY
Ain't nobody goin't to take away my
hat. Nobody.

SACKETT (sitting up,
receiving one last illumination
before darkness overwhelms him)
I ain't never seen such a bunch of
churn headed half breeds.
And furthermore, I'm not afraid of
man, woman nor beast.

He falls back on his bunk.

POE (still staring at
the ceiling)
You run across Bonney?

JOSH
Over by Seven Rivers. Looked like
he was off'n his feed. Some say
he's gone to Mexico, but not from
what I saw.

CODY
He of stomped his foot you would
have spooked right up your own ass.

JOSH
I ain't afraid of the Kid. Least-
aways not then I weren't. Ain't
nothin' he could do to me but shoot
me. Bein' with you makes that look
like a blessing.

CODY
I'm tired. Tired of lookin' for yeller
rocks. Tired of trying not to look
at your ugly face. Tired of seein' the
land get crowded up. Tired of feelin'
my bones stiffen up. Tired of hustlin'
a stake. Tired of being snakebit and
sunstruck. Tired of listenin' to myself.
Tired of huntin' and fightin' and killin',
and waitin' to be killed.

JOSH
Looks like you're tired all right.

CODY

Yeah, I'm tired.

288

CONT'D

(3)

Poe sits up.

POE (to Cody)

Where you figure the Kid is now?

CODY (suddenly suspicious)

Who wants to know?

SACKETT (drunk,
from his bed)

Yeah, who wants to know?

POE

I do.

JOSH

We don't just open up to any stranger
who comes along, mister. Not about
the Kid we don't.

POE (quietly,
ominously, to Josh)

I want you to watch this and then I
want you to tell me if I'm a stranger.

He gets up, walks over to Cody's bunk, lifts Cody
up by the neck, holds him in the air for a moment,
then belts him on the chin, stops him cold.

SACKETT

Excellent. A gesture long overdue.

Poe walks back to Josh.

JOSH

You ain't no stranger all right.

POE

Where is he?

Poe reaches over and yanks Josh's beard. Then he slaps
him hard across the face, so that the sound is like a
gun report.

JOSH

He's in Fort Sumner, mister. Who the
hell are you, anyway?

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

11-8-72

P.78A

Poe straps on his gun belt and picks up his Stetson.

288

CONT'D

(4)

SACKETT

You handled a crude situation with
remarkable skill..remarkable!

POE (as he leaves)

Obliged.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RIVER- MORNING

Garrett is camped by a small river in the foothills. On either side of the river the growth is lush and verdant. There is an air of peace and total tranquility to the scene. Garrett cooks coffee on a small fire. His horse grazes nearby.

GARRETT WALKS TO THE EDGE of the river. He takes off his clothes and wades in. He dips down and throws water over himself. The sunset shimmers over the river.

UPRIVER, OUT OF SIGHT from Garrett, there is a GUN-SHOT. Garrett runs out of the river, grabbing his clothes and the six-gun. He hurriedly dresses. There are THREE MORE GUNSHOTS.

GARRETT HIDES HIS HORSE and then positions himself in some reeds by the river. There are TWO MORE GUNSHOTS. They are closer. Then a long moment of silence.

AROUND A BEND FLOATS a large flat-bottomed raft. Goods and furniture are piled high in the middle. A SHORT, STOCKY MAN stands in the stern and steers the raft from a long pole. He looks straight ahead, or rather to the side of the goods, but he concentrates totally on the river.

A WOMAN AND A YOUNG BOY sit in the middle of the raft, their backs against the pile of goods. They stare with a stern, mournful expression at the passing riverbank.

A HUGE RED-BEARDED MAN (ARDREY) stands in the bow. He has on fringed buckskins and a large Navajo hat. He wears a tied-down six-gun. On the deck near his feet are four empty whiskey bottles. He throws one in front of the drifting barge. Drawing his six-gun, he fires TWO SHOTS at the bottle. He misses.

GARRETT COMES OUT from his hiding place and watches the barge. As the barge drifts near the bottle

THE RED-BEARDED MAN FIRES FOUR SHOTS into it, finally breaking it.

GARRETT STEPS to the edge of the river.

GARRETT (raising
his hand)
Halloo...

The figures on the barge stare at him. They are still upriver.

Garrett watches until they are directly opposite him.

GARRET (continued;
yelling)
Which way you goin'?

289-311
CONT'D
(2)

ARDREY
(his expression hostile
and suspicious)
What?

GARRETT
I say, which way you goin'?

ARDREY (throwing a
bottle in front of the raft)
Downriver.

ARDREY FIRES at the bottle. He misses.

GARRETT TAKES CAREFUL aim and FIRES at the bottle.
He misses.

ARDREY SLOWLY RAISES his arm and takes aim at
Garrett. GARRETT DOESN'T MOVE.

THE WOMAN AND BOY STARE at the riverbank with the
same frozen, mournful expression. THE MAN IN THE
STERN CONTINUES to steer the raft, not changing
his gaze from the river ahead.

ARDREY FIRES. The bullet strikes the water two
feet in front of Garrett. Garrett doesn't move.
THE RAFT IS NOW PAST GARRETT.

GARRETT RAISES HIS ARM and slowly takes aim at Ardrey.
ARDREY DOESN'T MOVE.

GARRETT FIRES. His bullet strikes the side of the
raft.

ARDREY AND GARRETT watch each other as the raft
floats around a bend and out of sight.

IN MIDRIVER, DIRECTLY in front of Garrett, floats
the bottle.

CUT TO:

312-315
OUT

EXT. - ROSWELL - ROBERTA'S HOTEL - AFTERNOON

316

Roswell is a small, fairly prosperous town. There
is one main street consisting of six or seven frame
houses on each side of the street.

Garrett hitches his horse to the railing outside of the hotel. The hotel is two stories high. The two upper windows are curtained. White paint peels off the outside of the hotel and the wooden sidewalk has a large hole in it. A man sleeps on a bench, his back against the wall of the hotel.

316
CONT'D
(2)

The street is completely empty and quiet.

INT. ROBERTA'S HOTEL - AFTERNOON

317-318

Garrett walks up to the desk and rings the bell.
A MAN'S VOICE calls out from behind the counter.

VOICE

Sign the book. A dollar a night.
Pay in advance. Key is in the
door. Take the first room at the
top of the stairs. Keep the noise
down and no shootin' of any kind
allowed in the rooms.

Garrett signs the book and puts a dollar on the counter.

GARRETT (to the voice
in the room behind the
counter)

When you get around to it, Rupert,
and if'n you're in the right mind,
tell the sheriff that I'm in town.

RUPERT (impatient)
Who's that to say?

GARRETT
Pat Garrett.

RUPERT
I'll tell him but it might take
awhile. Hell, I ain't promisin'
nothin'. I ain't hardly in the
mood. No, wait a minute. Tell him
yourself, you shiftless jackass. I
ain't been up that part of the street
in more'n a month and I don't aim to
start on account of you all.

GARKETT
That bad, is it?

RUPEKT
Worse'n that. But you wouldn't be
of an' understandin' to it.

GARRETT
You're right.

317-318
CONT'D
(2)

GARRETT TURNS AND GOES UP THE STAIRS. Half way up
he stops.

GARRETT (cont'd)
What ladies you got hostin' for you
these days?

RUPERT
We just got us some kind of an
octaroon from South Texas and then
there's Ruthie Lee and them like Mrs.
Susan Malachi, who I've been partial
to myself. She's the one that got
half her tit shot off by old man Serra.

GARRETT (continuing
up the stairs)
Send me Ruthie Lee.

RUPERT
She won't be wantin' to see you.
She's been with the Kid more'n a
few times, you know.

GARRETT
Send her anyway.

RUPERT
You want another one? Last time
you had three or four up there.

GARRETT (disappearing
up the stairs)
Just send me something.
But make sure Ruthie Lee is in the
package.

INT. - ROOM - AFTERNOON

319-323

Garrett enters. The hotel room is simple and plain
- with a brass four-poster bed and a tin washstand.
Garrett lies down on the bed. He puts his arms
behind his head and stares at the ceiling.

Through the open window come the SOUNDS of Roswell:
a player piano, laughter, a shout, the rumble of
wagon wheels, a cow bellowing.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Before Garrett can
answer

A GIRL WALKS IN. She is dressed in a long green and white gingham dress. She is very young, not more than sixteen. Her figure is almost full, her face hard beyond her years, her lips thin and drawn. Her face is oval and beautiful, framed by long blonde hair.

Garrett lies on the bed and stares at her.

GARRETT

Hello, Ruthie.

RUTHIE LEE

Howdy, yourself, Pat. I wasn't goin' to come up but I figured you'd find me anyway. I been waitin' for you.

GARRETT

How've you been?

RUTHIE LEE

Younger and more alive than you.

(she starts to
unbutton her dress)

Which way do you want to go?

GARRETT

I don't know yet. I got to ask you a few questions first.

RUTHIE LEE (stopping
her disrobing)

He was here a few weeks ago. That's all I know. I don't know where he come from or where he went. He's in good shape. I can tell you that. No fat on him anywhere.

GARRETT

You got to do better'n that.

RUTHIE LEE

I figured. But it'll cost you.

GARRETT (sitting up

and reaching into his pocket)

I been goin' broke on this trail.

He hands her ten gold coins which she walks over and accepts, putting them in her purse and then stepping warily away.

Pat Garrett.....

Chgs.

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319-323

CONT'D

(3)

RUTHIE LEE (suddenly
vicious)
Why don't you pack it in, Pat?
You're gettin' too old to follow
kids around. But, of course, may-
be if you nail him, it might quicken
you a bit. God knows you need some...

GARRETT RISES FROM THE BED, steps quickly over to
her and slaps her across the cheek. She reels but
stands up to him.

RUTHIE LEE
But it's easy to uncover
you. Of course, your old core is
rotten and soft enough...

Garrett slaps her again. She begins to cry.

GARRETT (thin-lipped)
Tell me.

RUTHIE LEE
You got to do me one more time,
Pat. I owe the Kid that.

Garrett slaps her twice, causing blood to spurt
from her lip.

AS SHE BEGINS TO FALL, he catches her and lays her
on the bed.

RUTHIE LEE (cont'd)
He's been around Fort Sumner. I
don't know exactly where.

Garrett rips off her dress and touches her breast.

RUTHIE LEE (moaning)
I brought a friend. I figured it
would take some of the harness off
me.

GARRETT (softly)
It won't.

RUTHIE LEE (calling out)
Come on in, Sarah. The transaction
has been made.

SARAH COMES IN. She is equally young, with long
dark hair and a red satin dress. She is half Negro
and expert at her trade. She begins to undress.

SARAH
Is this a party?

GARRETT (undressing)
It's goin' to be real quick.

EXT. - ROSWELL - JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

324

Poe dismounts. He walks up to the door of the small adobe jail. A sign on the door says: NOT HERE - SHERIFF.

CUT TO:

INT. - ROBERTA'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

325

SHERIFF KIP McKINNEY stands outside of Garrett's door. He is 25 years old, heavy-lidded, thick lips, cruel and paranoid.

He knocks. There is the SOUND of a chair being overturned.

GARRETT (o.s.)

Who?

KIP

Kip.

There is no answer.

KIP (cont'd)

Rupert just tol' me you're in town.

GARRETT (o.s.)

I am.

KIP

How about if'n I come in?

GARRETT (o.s.)

Not now.

KIP

Need any help?

GARRETT (o.s.)

No.

KIP (turning to go)

Be seein' you then.

He walks down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ROBERTA'S HOTEL - MORNING

326

Poe dismounts as Kip comes out the door of the hotel. They have never seen each other before. Poe doesn't see Kip although Kip glances at Poe.

INT. - ROOM - ROBERTA'S HOTEL - EVENING

327-328

Garrett lies naked on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Sarah lies on her stomach next to him, her arms around a pillow. Ruthie Lee sits on the edge of the bed, also naked, her back to the door.

There is a KNOCK. GARRETT doesn't reply.

POE

Garrett?

There is no answer.

POE (cont'd)

Listen, Garrett, I found out where the Kid is at.

There is no answer.

POE (cont'd)

It don't matter whether you give a damn or not. We been hired by the government to find him. If'n you lost the will or can't face bein' lead-poisoned, I'm goin' after him myself.

There is no answer. Finally, Garrett speaks.

GARRETT

Come on in.

POE ENTERS THE ROOM. He stops, confused and taken back.

POE

I -

GARRETT (gruffly)

Where's he at?

POE (trying to hold

his ground)

Fort Sumner.

GARRETT

You see him?

POE
No. But folks was actin' mighty
strange around there.

GARRETT (running his
hand down Sarah's back)
I don't want to hear about it.

POE (finally averting)
his face from the scene on
the bed)
Listen, Garrett, ever since I been
with you, you been actin' like you
was more outside the law than behind
it. Maybe it passed you by, but the
Kid already done killed two of your
deputies.

GARRETT
Three.

POE (backing out of
the room)
Well, I tell you, I know he's there.
It's worth a look anyway.

Garrett doesn't answer. Poe looks at the bed and
then away again.

POE (cont'd)
(angrily)
If you don't get him, I'm goin' to.
He turns to leave.

GARRETT
Poe.
Poe stops.

GARRETT (cont'd)
Get Kip McKinney and meet me at the
saloon.

POE
He ain't around.

GARRETT
Wait for him. Don't tell him nothin'.
Just tell him to get over to the
saloon.

POE (going out the door)
What about these...

GARRETT
We'll lock 'em up for a few days.

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Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid

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-328 CONTINUED (3)

327-328

Poe goes out the door. Garrett lies on his back, staring at the ceiling.

29

INT. SALOON (EVENING)

329

GARRETT ENTERS THE SALOON. The saloon is empty except for TWO MEN playing poker at a table near the door, the bartender and Kip and Poe. They sit at a table at the rear of the saloon.

Garrett walks over to him and sits down. An obvious strain exists between Kip and Poe.

KIP
(to Garrett)

What 's this about ? Some kind of South Texas shindig where we all be humpin' each other before the night's out ?

GARRETT
Your jail empty ?

KIP
I recollect it is.

GARRETT
Who's your deputy ?

KIP
Sack Oliver... What the hell, Garrett, everybody here knows somethin' but me. Ain't this my town ? You makin' some kind of run on my town ?

GARRETT
I got your girls upstairs under key. You can keep them up there or put 'em in jail. I don't give a damn. But I don't want them talking.

KIP
(banging the table with his fist)
You come in here and put me up to some lame half-assed Law from Texas and next you're running the most popular girls in town into my jail and you're not tellin' me. I like to know, Garrett. I like to know .

GARRETT
(looking at him squarely)
Shut up.....

KIP HALF RISES

GARRETT (cont'd)
Give him the keys and sit down.

They stare at each other and then Kip sits down.
He hands the keys to Poe. Poe and the girls leave
the saloon.

KIP (after Poe and the
girls leave)
Where we goin'?

GARRETT
Fort Sumner.

KIP
There ain't nothin' over there but
a bunch of old cattle thieves.

They drink.

GARRETT
And a couple of young ones.

KIP
Is it what I think it is?

GARRETT (nodding and
taking a drink)
It is.

KIP (sobered)
Now wait a minute. I don't mind
goin' after some Injun raper or
rope-an'-ring man, but I ain't goin'
after the Kid.

GARRETT
You're goin'.

KIP
Now, listen, Pat. I used to ride with
them boys. I shared a line camp with
Rudabaugh and Billy Wilson.

GARRETT
They're dead.

KIP
I ain't goin'.

GARRETT
You owe it to me.

KIP
I do? What for?

GARRETT (pouring them
both drinks)
For not killin' you over at Rosewater.
For gettin' you this job and not
seein' you run out of the territory.
For pullin' you out of that snowdrift
up in the Chamas. For cold-cockin'
you over at Stillwater's saloon last
fall and savin' you from Rabbit Owen's
bitin' off your ear and from just
puttin' up with you longer than I
ought'a.

KIP
Yeah, well, maybe I'll get my name in
the newspapers.

CUT TO:

INT. - SALOON - GARRETT AND KIP - EVENING

331

They sit silently at the table.

Poe comes over and stands by the side of the table.

POE
We ought to be movin'.

KIP (looking up at him
disdainfully)
Is that a fact?

POE (trying to ignore
Kip)
It'll take us a day to get there.

KIP (to Poe)
You play checkers?

POE
No.

KIP
I didn't think so... Hell, let's get
to it. Only Garrett, you'd better
keep that Texan shit-kicker away from me.

POE PLACES HIS HAND on the butt of his gun, trying
to stare Kip down.

332

GARRETT (rising from
the table)
Come on... We're all shit-kickers.

'They walk out of the saloon.

CUT TO:

332X1 - 332X7

EAT. SHEEPHERDERS CAMP MORNING.

Billy walks his horse slowly through a herd of sheep. The country is hilly and sparse.

He passes several sheep who have been shot. He rides around a dead horse and stops on top of a knoll.

BELOW HIM IN A SMALL VALLEY TWO MEN WAYNE AND RED tie Paco to a wagon wheel. The wagon has been overturned. The men tie him down face first so that he is spread-eagled on the wheel.

TWO BODIES LIE TO THE SIDE. ANOTHER MAN - STEBBINS- heats a branding iron in a small fire.

YOLANDA CRAWLS AROUND THE OVERTURNED WAGON. She has been beaten and is holding a crying baby. She runs screaming at the two men who are tying Paco on the wheel. Red grabs her by the waist, laughing and swings her around. She strikes out at him and bites him on the neck. He throws her away, holding his wound. Then he advances her, taking off his belt. She tries to crawl away but he is on her, dragging behind the wagon, leaving the baby crying alone.

EXT. SHEEPHERDERS CAMP - MORNING.

332X8 - 332X17

BILLY SPURS HIS HORSE FORWARD THROUGH THE SHEEP.

WAYNE

(picking up branding iron)

I'm jest gonna ram this straight through him.

STEBBINS

Oh now... be easy.... take it slow

BILLY FIRES

WAYNE FALLS FORWARD, a bullet through his head.

STEBBINS' WHIRLS, reaching for his gun.

BILLY LETS HIM GET THE GUN HALFWAY UP before he shoots him through the stomach.

RED RUNS OUT FROM behind the overturned wagon, pulling his pants up. He stops when he sees Billy.

RED

Jesus Christ.....

BILLY

You oughta be ashamed of Chisum ?

332X8-332X17 CONTINUED

332X8-17

RED

We're working for him..... Now wait a minute
Kid. We didn't mean no harm. We jest runnin'
the sheepherders off the range.

BILLY PICKS UP THE BRANDING IRON and singes the left leg of the dead man nearest him.

BILLY

He know about this ?

RED

He told us to clear the range.

BILLY SHOOTS HIM.

PACO

(from the wagon wheel)

Hello, Billy.

BILLY

Hello, Paco.

Billy steps off his horse and cuts Paco down. He falls in a heap. His body is singed
and badly wounded.

PACO

They killed me, Billy.

BILLY

I reckon.

YOLANDA COMES FROM BEHIND THE WAGON. Picks up her baby and crosses to Paco.

PACO

(swallowing the whiskey that Billy lets
drop into his mouth)

I will tell you about the house I'm going to build now.
Not here for us, amigo..... in old Mex. I sell off all
these sheep and build this house. I make the adobe
bricks myself. I put grapevines on the veranda.
Then I put three chairs on the veranda. I sit in the middle
chair. Anyone who don't do what is right, according to
nature and my mother, I blow his head off.

starts to fade.

PACO (cont)

Io siente Frio.... come to siente ?

Pat Garrett...
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94c

332X8-17

X8-17 CONTINUED

Billy looks at him. Paco is dead.

332X18-332X20 DELETED

332X18-20

332X21 EXT. SHEEPHERDERS CAMP - EVENING

MORNING

332X21

ALIAS RIDES IN. Billy mounts.

BILLY

Take care of her.

ALIAS

You're going back ?

Billy doesn't answer and rides out the same way he came in.

BILLY AND RED STARE at each other.

332X18-332X20
CONT'D
(2)

RED

Now listen, Kid...

He stops when he sees the look in Billy's eyes.

EXT. - SHEEPHERDERS' CAMP - EVENING

332X21

The sun sets. Three graves have been dug. Red is still tied to the wagon wheel.

Billy walks two saddled horses over to Yolanda. She still sits in the same position, staring at the man on the wagon wheel.

BILLY (gently to Yolanda)

You got a horse here. You can ride back to your people. Figure you want to do that alone.

YOLANDA

And you, Billy...Mexico?

BILLY

Going back.

RED

Don't leave me, Kid. She'll put out my eyes.

BILLY (as he mounts his horse)

I hope so.

Billy rides out of camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. - FORT SUMNER - EVENING

333-337

Billy rides slowly through the gates of Fort Sumner. He is unshaven. His shirt is ripped. He is weary, to the point of collapse.

A man fixing a wagon wheel looks up and stares as he rides past.

TWO BUCKBOARDS are filled with belongings, ready to leave. They are two Indian families'...relatives watch silently.

BILLY RIDES HIS HORSE to the water trough in the middle of the Parade Ground. As the horse drinks, Billy's head drops to his chest. He swings off the

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horse and puts his head into the trough. Then he steps back and shakes his head. He motions to a young boy (MATTHEW) who has been watching them.

333-337

CONT'D

(1)

BILLY

Go on in and git me a clean shirt,
boy.

Matthew runs off. Billy takes off his shirt, wads it up and throws it on the ground.

ENO WALKS UP and takes Billy's horse by the reins.

ENO

I was hopin' it was you as soon as
I seen your dust.

Billy takes a clean shirt from the boy and puts it on.

BILLY

I ain't shut of this country. I
guess I should of known.

Men and women come out of the buildings. Among them, Luke and Denver. Billy smiles and puts his arms around Eno's shoulder.

BILLY (cont'd; looking

at the buckboards)

You're looking a bit grim. I guess you
need me around to stir things up.

DENVER

You want to set the ball rollin',
jest say the word. There's enough
of us left.

Pat Garrett.....
Chgs.

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LUKE
Ah, leave him alone, for God's
sake. He ain't even ate yet.

333-337
CONT'D
(2)

BILLY
Well, ain't nobody ridin' us off
nowhere. That's for sure. Chisum,
Garrett or that goddamn Governor...
(looking at buckboards)
They're smellin' it wrong this time.

He stops as Maria comes out of one of the barracks.

BILLY WALKS UP TO HER. She looks at him, vulnerable,
on the verge of tears.

They stare at each other. He takes off the St.
Christopher's medal and hands it to her. She hands
it back to him.

BILLY
I figure on buyin' a ranch. Maybe
up north in Colorado. Maybe in
Mexico.

MARIA
When?

BILLY
Mañana. Maybe mañana. I want you
to tell your mother and then meet me
at Maxwell's tonight.

MARIA
Si.

She turns and leaves. Billy turns back to the
crowd. Luke fakes a draw at him. Billy tenses,
then relaxes. Eno hands him a bottle.

LUKE
Welcome back.

Billy nods and drinks from the bottle.

CUT TO:

338-349 OUT

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93-95

350-351 EXT WOODS LATE AFTERNOON CLOSE TO FORT SUMNER

150-351

GARRETT POE AND KIP DISMOUNT CLOSE TO FORT SUMNER.

GARRETT

We'll go in at dark.

KIP

(rolling a cigarette)

I'd as soon ride in and git it over with. He ain't there anyway.

GARRETT

(sitting against a tree)

I reckon he's not there, but we might as well do'er right. We'll have a few drinks and locate some muchachos I used to know.

POE

He's there.

KIP

Hell, he's probably back in the jail at Roswell.... It's a damn fool notion. The Kid sees any of us he ain't goin to hunker down and talk about it.

POE

He's there.

KIP

(to Garrett nodding towards Poe)

Let's blow this Mexican Mule's head off. We'll bring the rest of him back proper to Wallace and the tell will be that he's Billy.

Garrett looks at Poe, as if considering the idea.

KIP (cont)

Hell, he ain't got nothin' against the Kid anyway. Saving maybe for killin J.W. Bell. Always did like J.W.. But Hell, I don't think on J.W. much. I never did see him but maybe twice a year.

Poe sits down, his back to Kip and Garrett. Garrett goes to sleep. Kip drinks from a bottle.

352-358 DELETED

352-353

359 EXT. FORT SUMNER (NIGHT FOG)

359

BILLY WALKS BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS.

360-364 DELETED

360-364
365-367

365-367 DELETED

*Chgs. from
Mexico as given
to Saul Dabir's
office + plus
phone conversation*

P. 96 to End

*yellow
100-8*

196

384 EXT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE FORT SUMNER (NIGHT) (FOG)

384

BILLY PACES BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF PETE MAXWELL'S HOUSE, WAITING FOR MARIA.
Maria walks by. He watches her then calls softly. She stands on the porch as he comes up to her.

CUT TO:

384A EXT. FORT SUMNER (NIGHT) (FOG)

384A

GARRETT WALKING.

CUT TO:

385 INT. PETE MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

385

BILLY STEPS INTO THE KITCHEN FOLLOWED BY MARIA. PETE MAXWELL SITS AT THE KITCHEN table. He stares bleakly at a whiskey bottle in front of him. There is nothing else on the table. He is very old. He wears steel rimmed spectacles. He doesn't look up when Billy and Maria walk in.

MAXWELL

(staring at the bottle)

Heard you was back.

Billy goes to the cupboard and gets a glass. He comes back to the table and pours a drink from the bottle. He hands the glass to Maxwell. Maxwell takes it in shaking hands.

MAXWELL

Obliged.

Billy and Maria sit down at the table.

MAXWELL

Been on any drives? Recollect that was the time Toddy Sparks got his hoss stole. Jace Martin stole it. Just up and stole it. Was up by del Rio. Old Toddy got even, though. Put a rattler in his blanket. Bit Jace through the neck. Summer of '71 it was. Buried him in a thunderstorm.

There is a moment of silence.

BILLY

I'd like to bed down in your extra room.

MAXWELL

No reason not to. I ain't got a hankerin for it.

Billy and Maria stand up. Billy leads the way into a room off the kitchen.

355 INT. PETE MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

355 4

BILLY LEADS MARIA TO A LOW BED. THERE IS NO OTHER FURNITURE IN THE ROOM.
They sit on the bed. Billy puts his arm around her. Slowly they undress.

360-369 EXT. FORT SUMNER (LATER THAT NIGHT) (NIGHT FOG)

360-369 5

GARRETT POE AND KIP STOP NEAR THE OUTSIDE WALL OF FORT SUMNER.
Poe watches a window. Kip leans against a tree, finishing the
last of his whiskey.

KIP
(throwing the flask away)
I'm going to have a look see.

POE
No.

KIP
Don't stop me, Tex. It would pleasure me too much.
They don't look at each other, their hands poised above the butt
of their revolvers.

GARRETT
(looking up as if from a reverie)
Don't stop. Both of you ain't worth a damn anyway.

POE
Listen, Garrett. I've had enough. He can barely
walk.

GARRETT
You go on in Poe. Kip, you dirt on through the
other side. I'll go the other way. We'll meet
at Pete Maxwell's past the other gate.

KIP
Yeah, I know old Pete.

He looks at Poe.

KIP (cont)
Well, you goin' in?

POE
Of course I'm goin' in.

KIP
Pat, the man is lame. Why don't he use the door?

Poe shrugs and climbs through the window. Garrett and Kip walk through
the gate and head in opposite directions.

POE CRAWLS THROUGH THE WINDOW. HE LOOKS AROUND.

He hears a sound from a bed. LUKE is making love with a WOMAN.
Poe watches them. Then he starts backing away. Luke, who is on his
back, sees Poe.

370-374 CONTINUED

370-374

LUKE

Man, what are you, some kind of frog watcher?

POE

Take it easy. I got the wrong room.

LUKE

You're damn right you got the wrong room. Who
the hell are you looking for?

POE

(whispering)

Someone else.

LUKE

(rising out of the bed, trying to
reach for his gun hanging at the foot
of the bed)

I don't like the way you said that. Come on
over here.

Poe crawls to the bed, gun in hand. He brings the butt down on the
back of Luke's head, as he goes for his gun. Luke sags to the floor.

The girl screams. Poe belts her on the chin, knocking her cold.

CUT TO:

386B INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

7 386B

MARIA AND BILLY LIE ON THE BED. THEY HAVE MADE LOVE.

386C INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE - MAXWELL'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

8 386C

PETE MAXWELL SWEARS TO HIMSELF.

386D INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE - BILLY'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

9 386D

BILLY SWINGS HIS LEGS OFF THE SIDE OF THE BED.

BILLY

I'm hungry.

MARIA

I'll get you something.

BILLY

No, I'll get it. There's meat out back.

387-3 EXT. HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

10 387-

375-376 EXT. FORT SUMNER NIGHT (FOG)

375-376 //

KIP WALKS THROUGH FORT SUMNER. HE HUGS THE SIDES OF BUILDINGS, keeping in the shadows. He approaches a watering trough. Taking off his hat, he kneels in front of the trough and ducks his head in the water.

BILLY WALKS OVER FROM THE SALOON.

ALIAS BEAVER AND ENO SIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TROUGH. They drink from a bottle.

ENO
We hit Chisum and it'll all pull together.

ALIAS
Don't count on it.

ENO
I ain't countin on it, I'm just saying it.

Billy passes, on his way to Maxwell's.

BILLY
(to Kip)
Thought you was Jake Ketchum.

KIP
(still on the other side of the trough)
People been takin me for him.

yellow

375-6 CONTINUED

375-6

11 20 73

BILLY

Who the hell are you ?

KIP

You know me, Billy. Kip McKinney from
over to Roswell. I done lit out. Couldn't
take wearin the badge no more.

ENO

(suspiciously)

How long you been in town?

KIP

Rode in a few hours ago. Figure to ride
with you boys awhile.

ENO

(standing up and facing Kip)

I don't like the sound of that.

BILLY

(handing the bottle to Kip)

Ah leave him be. Ain't no harm in leavin'
the law. I used to know Kip down to clearwater.

KIP

That's right. We been in some times together.

BILLY

You heard anything of Garrett ?

KIP

People been seein' him on the trail. Heard
he's got a burr under his saddle.

BILLY

That'd be something to see. Old Pat
nakin like he know's where he's sping'.

ALIAS

He'll come along one of these days.

BILLY

Well, I'd look forward to that.

Billy walks away.. Eno walks towards the saloon.

KIP

You ain't been in Roswell, have you ?

ALIAS

No.

KIP

Must have been some other time.

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375-6 CONTINUED

375-6

(12-11)

ALIAS

Most likely.

Kip walks off, in Billy's direction. Alias stares at him. Then follows Kip.

386A EXT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

12 381

GARRETT POE AND KIP STAND IN FRONT OF MAXWELL'S HOUSE

CUT TO:

389-91 EXT. HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

13 389-

KIP FINISHES THE LAST OF HIS BOTTLE. POE WALKS OVER TO THE PORCH AND SITS DOWN on the step.

GARRETT WALKS OVER TO POE.

GARRETT

(to Poe)

The dark one is Pete's room. Most likely he's asleep.

POE

I'll wait out here.

Yellow

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389-91 CONTINUED

389-91
(13 cont'd)

GARRETT

Pete might be dead for all I know. Fell off
a hoss two years ago and lamed himself. Ain't seen
him since.

He walks to the door.

392 INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT)

392 14

GARRETT STANDS INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR. HE CLOSES HIS EYES, LEANING against
the wall. In front of him is the door to Billy's room.

CUT TO:

393-7 EXT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT) (FOG)

393-7 15

BILLY CUTS OFF A SLICE OF MEAT, THAT IS IN A BURLAP COOLER HANGING FROM A BEAM.

Kip and Poe watch him.

KIP

(whispering to Poe)

Well, shoot him.

Poe looks at Billy, but doesn't move. He is frozen with fear.

Five feet from Poe and Kip, Billy suddenly sees them. He stares at them
for a long moment.

No one makes a move.

KIP

I've got something to tell you kid.

Billy suddenly springs, backing away from Poe and drawing his six-gun.

BILLY

Quien es ?

Poe holds out his hands.

POE

Take it easy hombre, we came to see Pete
Maxwell.

Billy backs towards the door. Poe and Kip watch him disappear into the house.

398-402 INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE HALLWAY (NIGHT)

16 398

GARRETT OPENS A DOOR NEXT TO BILLY'S ROOM. NO-ONE IS INSIDE. HE HEARS PETE Maxwell's voice.

MAXWELL

Come on now. Somebody help me git this damn boot off.

There is a moment of silence.

MAXWELL

I'm an old man. I ain't got no more harm in me.

BILLY'S VOICE

(from outside)

Who's the other one ?

Garrett stiffens. He slowly opens the door to Maxwell's room.

BILLY'S VOICE (continued)

Who's out there ?

GARRETT ENTERS MAXWELL'S ROOM DRAWING HIS SIX GUN. He sits near the foot of the bed.

MAXWELL

Who the hell are you ?

GARRETT

Pat Garrett, Pete.

Suddenly it is very still.

Billy backs into the doorway.

BILLY

(facing outside)

Pete, who the hell's that outside ?

Garrett recognises Billy. Billy half turns.

BILLY

Come out into the light.

Garrett fires. The sound is deafening.

Billy slams against the wall then falls across the doorway.

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593-402 CONTINUED

593-102
(16 CASH)

No one moves.

BILLY LOOKS AT GARRETT, starts to say something, a half smile on his lips, then he dies.

Maria screams, Pete Maxwell swears incoherently.

Garrett steps over Billy's body and into the yard.

CUT TO:

407-415 EXT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE (NIGHT) (POE)

17 407-15

KIP

(holding Garrett, who looks straight ahead, his eyes glazed)

Did you get him?

GARRETT

(His voice flat)

It was the kid. I shot the kid.

KIP

Goddamn... Goddamn. You poor son of a bitch.

GARRETT

(with no inflection in his voice)

It was the kid.

Pete Maxwell hobbles out the door, he has one boot on. He falls on the porch, then picks himself up. He is angry and nearly crazy. He runs straight at Garrett, Poe and Kip. Garrett turns, his gun half raised.

KIP

(grabbing his wrist)

That's Maxwell.

MARIA FALLS ON BILLY'S BODY. She weeps, softly slowly.

A WOMAN APPEARS OUT OF THE FOG. Then another. Two men run past. A woman shrieks when she sees Billy.

ENO AND ALIAS APPEAR.

POE SUDDENLY WALKS TO BILLY'S BODY. His movements are directed, weirdly energetic.

POE

(kneeling over Billy)

I want his trigger finger. I want it cut off.
I want it nailed to a tree and then I want him taken
back to Lincoln.

Hereaches for his knife.

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407-15 CONTINUED

407-15

GARRETT PULLS OUT HIS GUN AND SHOOTS POE THROUGH THE SHOULDER.

(17 (17))

POE SLAMS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. He looks at Garrett.

GARRETT
(walking by Poe)
Don't say a word.

416-422 EXT. FORT SUMNER (LATE NIGHT - DAWN) FOG

(8 416-422

GARRETT RIDES SLOWLY THROUGH FORT SUMNER. THE PEOPLE STARE AT HIM AS he passes.

A small boy throws a rock at him as he passes, striking the rear of his horse.

Garrett doesn't look back.

HE RIDES INTO THE FOG AND DISAPPEARS.